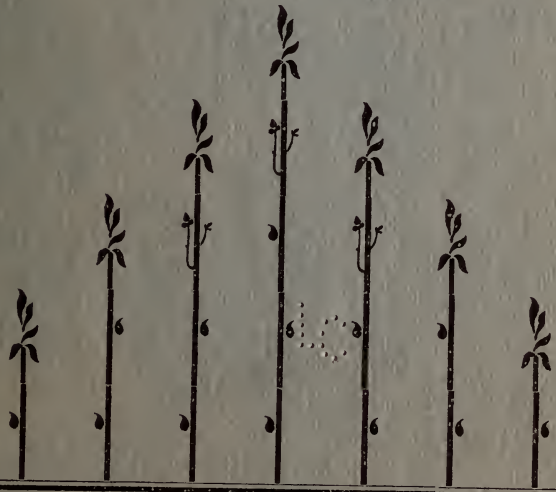


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Loitering in Oregon

—BY—

Mae Celeste Post







LOITERING IN OREGON

—BY—

MAE CELESTE POST

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F881

.P88

(Dedicated to the memory of my father, David
Young Jones—for my mother's sake.)

From Maine's rough coast and snow-bound forests,
he came

By foot, canoe, horse, and plodding ox, over un-
trailed lands,

And after all these years his journey ended here.
He stepped from the door of Progress' palace car
Into his last home, among the palms and roses
And poppied fields that rim another ocean
And decorate a fairer land.

Dear old Daddy, sweetly sleep and rest, guarded by
These steadfast hills, fir-crowned and evergreen.
Forever sweetly sleep.



Handwritten signature or initials, possibly "D. J. S."

FEB 24 1914

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LOITERING IN OREGON

WHERE THINGS ARE REAL.

Take my hand comrade and we will go,
For the scarlet, and gold, the blue of the sunrise,
The orange and black as he sinks back of the hills,
The towering, swaying pine, the fern lining the
 dim trail,
Are real, out on the ragged edges of things.

The boom of the wave, the damp of the spray,
The howl of the wind, the kiss of the sun,
The song of the bird and the eagle's scream,
Are real, out on the ragged edges of things.

The brawn of the man, and the brown of his cheek,
 the rough beard on his chin,
That deepens the rose that gleams thru the mesh
 of her tangled hair,
The pound of his heart, and the clasp of her arms,
Are real, out on the ragged edges of things.

The echoing cry of the hungry beast,
The pallor of fear when the mountain slides,
The numb of the cold, the faintness from heat,
The chill at the heart when the chum lies down,
Are real, out on the ragged edges of things.

The thrill of joy when a sail comes in sight,
The helloo! long drawn, because you're alive,
The weariness won by the long, rough climb,
The gem in the rough, that you proudly hold,
The sleep at the top where the sky leans down
Are real, all real, out on the ragged edges of things.

CHAPTER I.

ALL OVER OREGON IN 20 MINUTES.

"I will loaf and invite my soul."—Whitman.

I know that these pages are written recklessly, without regard to rules. (May I not make a cake with the stuff I have on hand, though famous cooks have laid down rigid rules?) I saw and felt these things with my own eyes and consciousness, so I must write them with my own pen, though it be a poor one; I must tell them with my own mouth, and I must open it myself.

When I first came out here I was homesick. Oh, dear me, how I longer for a hot day, or a cold one, or a Hoosier cornfield, for a thunderstorm or a blizzard! A cyclone would have seemed almost like a friend. I waited for winter to come, to close its white doors upon me and shut out the verdant hills. Along in February, when I found there was no real truly winter, I waited for spring. In July I found that spring had passed by unknown—so calmly and evenly do the seasons blend one into the other.

Then one day I met a grand-daddy-long-legs, and I have felt better ever since.

We know where you are by the particular perfume you affect.

You are gray, you are smelly, you are crawly; and everywhere we go, from Minnesota to Louis-

iana, over the mountains to Oregon, we find you straddling aimlessly about, still hunting for the cows, and telling that a warm day is to come. Friend of my childhood, to thee I sing.

And, loitering about, as I am sure to do, always taking my pencil and my soul with me, I met a sunflower.

He leered at me, across the whitewashed pickets,
His brown face and yellow bonnet just as fresh
and gay

As when forty years ago I played with clothespin
dolls

Beneath his shade on Minnesota's trackless plains—
A little barefoot child in gingham apron and freck-
les brown.

Today he mocks my whitening hair and lines,
And signs that number off the years; and then he
Brings to me the prairie scent, and blue flax flower;
The "cool-cool" of the prairie chicken, the lessening
Carol of the lark, and a glimpse of the red-epau-
letted blackbird,

And the wild, weird cry of the loon at night, hidden
In the pathless swampland; of the awful days when
the

Cruel Sioux murdered and burned; of the black
cloud

And the terrible wind, when the storm god raged
And his lightnings split the humid air and leveled
the sod cabin—

The blizzards' biting blasts that blended nights with

Days of cold and hunger, and dread fear for the
absent ones ;
Of the day when the baby brother came, and the
mother went away ;
Of the other day when the black cat died, and the
gray hen brought forth her peeping brood ;
So you, too, of the familiar things have followed
Me, and greet me here, in the shadow
Of Sierra's jagged walls, and smile and bow,
And with your long stems stir up the stagnant
waters of the past.
I am pleased to meet you, happy scalawag—flower
of the sun.

Now I am content, for with the assurance of my
friends, grand-daddy-long-legs and gay old sun-
flower that this was a good place to be at, I have
settled down, and there are faint signs of webs be-
ginning to grow upon my toes.

My first stroll was up the hills to the city park
of Portland. I climbed—but every breath of that
balsam-laden air was so refreshing, and the soft
green of the lawns and golden brown with gaudy
splotched scarlet of foliage that lined the pathway
was so enchanting that I forgot the effort my limbs
were making to hoist my body to the summit of the
mountainette that we call the City Park of Port-
land ; and, before I had time to think of the effort
there lay before me such an unrivaled scene that I
never did awaken to a consciousness of weariness.
It is impossible for pen to describe the scene—
great fantastic piles of brick and stone, temples of

Mammon, homes of the rich—palaces ; homes of the poor—cunning cottages (yes, here the poor have homes) ; religious looking spires, officious looking skyscrapers ; piles of red brick that send out great waves of intellectuality ; woven among these buildings stately firs and spreading forest trees, a thread that still holds the metropolis to the primeval forest ; stretches of green lawn—the plazas—where the old and young may play. A great city split in two by the placid Willamette, and then bound together again by woven iron bands ; beneath these swaying highways, riding the jade-green waters, are the ships, “come up out of the deep”—three and four-masted windjammers, their sails furled like brown rolls of parchment that could tell tales of seas and climes and peoples in the ragged ends of the earth ; smart, trig steamers—you know they move on schedule time by the look of them—they are masters of the voices of the deep ; rowboats, sailboats, impudent little tugs and launches that splutter like an angry old woman out of breath ; houseboats moored along the mill-lined, log-fringed shore that has a finishing trim of parallel bars of shimmering steel, kept shining by the ceaseless roll of Commerce’s wheels.

Away to the east above a gray string of clouds rises that snow-spangled monument to the everlastiness of things—Mount Hood, whose glittering ice fringes are ever dissolving and dripping down from her glistening crags and cloven sides to furnish drink to bird and wandering brute and the

children of men. Between the river and the snow-draped peaks are the foothills in all the wondrous shades of greens and grays, purples and iridescent hues, loaned them by distance, mist and mischievous tricks of sun and cloud and wind, who play upon the view, an ever-changing game.

Although filled with the emotion that such grandeur feeds, in sight of food and fuel for millions, my heart feels a heaviness for the thousands of women and children who toil, pale and hungry, with cold fingers, in damp cellars and unsanitary dens; men who grind their noses on the rough stone of necessity, disfiguring themselves that their children may eat and their wives may be clothed. I close my eyes and in the silence I beseech the Source of Knowledge to be shown how and in what way these broad acres may be made to feed and these gigantic forests to warm and house the multitude. Millions may be comfortable in this great empire with that which today is waste, and, unnoticed, returns again to the elements.

Close to me stands the beautiful statue of Sacajawea, the magnificent squaw who helped guide and protect the explorers of this country, when the Oregon rolled and heard but the sound of "its own dashings."

Of all things! I rub my eyes and look; I pinch myself and look again—yes, it is! That bronze squaw lays down her bronze baby, covers it with the bronze blanket, gives it a nice little pat, and

then walks over to me! Holding out her hand, she says: "I am Sacajawea. Come, I will show the white woman many things, and she will write to the tired and hungry and they will come." And as she spoke there came out of the perfumed air shadows of Bryant, Lewis, Clark, Astor, great crowds of hunters and trappers and blanketed braves. I was surprised and delighted. I am very fond of "shades," and I said, "Pleased to meet you, Sacajawea"; and then I said to Bryant—for I thought he would know me, for I had recited "Where Rolls the Oregon"—I said, "Just listen, Mr. Bryant! Hear the screech of the whistle, the rumble of wagon wheels, the hum of the electric and grinding roar of the steam cars; hear the honk-honk of the auto, and the tinkle of the biker's bell; hear the laugh of the thousands, the groans of the few, and the pipe of the newsboy. Those wild dashings are outdone now—they cannot hear themselves, and the huge swells of the great liners drown them out."

But before he answered me, and though I would have visited with them longer, the squaw led me along the trail to higher ground. "Come, see the city below. There are three hundred thousand souls—homes, churches, schools, cars, lights. See the snow on yonder mountain. The white man has brought it down through miles of iron pipe, pure as the dew. See the soft pink skin of the women; see the snowy linen on the lines to dry, this water is so pure and soft; no typhoid germs live in it; no

lime to weigh down the legs and cause aches in the white man's back. See the mills—hundreds of men earning—grinding the flour, making the lumber, paper, cloth, cement. See the ships—hundreds of men loading the lumber and flour, unloading tea and sugar and silk—all earning. See the new houses—carpenters, masons, plumbers, painters—earning. See the new streets—men earning, for they must cut down the hill and fill the valley, lay the paving stones, and the city must pay. See the new bridges; see the new schools, churches and hospitals; see the libraries; see the play-yards for the children.

“Come, I will show you more, for this is a great land and room for the tired white sisters. This is a lumber camp. In all these houses live men who are earning. See the children play and the women sit on the doorstep and smile with red lips.

“Come! This is a mine—coal to burn. See the cabins—look in: the women cook; see, on the table, bread, potatoes, meat, great bowls of berries and thick cream—plenty, plenty. See over yonder the long reach of green-gray marshland. Look closely, for the wealth hides in the mosses—thousands of acres of cranberries. See the women and children and some of my people gather the berries, glistening red jewels that they change for money. See overhead flocks of wild geese and ducks, sport for the hunter and a treat for the family.

“Come, there is more. See the rivers, the Willamette, Columbia, Yamhill, and men fish with the

nets ; and in that red building perched over the water they can the luscious red flesh of salmon, and that ship slipping up beside will carry it to the end of the world. There are other men who fish—they catch small things—crawfish, and they earn two, four, and six dollars in a day. Then there on the beach are men in long boots. They gather clams, oysters, crabs, shrimps.

“Come, we must hasten. This is a country of many miles. Where there were lumber camps last year, today, see, they cut cordwood and bolts for the factories. See the women and children in the tents and the cabins, happy and free—no rent, no gas bill, no fuel to buy ; the water gushes for them from the hillside. Smell the sweet scent of the balsam. See the young man—the mother brought him here ; he leaned on her shoulder. The dandelions were blooming then—like stars they bespattered the grass ; then he coughed—coughed ; the mother’s face paled, and the boy wiped blood from his lips. Today the blackberry hangs ripe over the fallen log, and the boy walks with a quick step, and says, ‘Hurry the dinner, mother ; I have earned two dollars this morning, and I am as hungry as a bear!’ Such medicine is the balsam of the fir and the breeze of the hills.

“Now I will show you something. There is nothing like this in any country. See the pink shoots crawling out of the ground like angleworms ; see them crawl up the strings and run along the wires and hang out their millions of little green ruffled

petticoats, and through all the warm air is a perfume that brings visions of a brown jar in your mother's cellar—oh, yes, an odor of hops! See the great steamer stop at the landing and five hundred men, women and children spread out on the sand; they climb into the waiting wagons and men take them into the fields to gather the hops. Wait! This is only one boat, one day at one landing. Every day from steamer and steam car and electric stations streams of people, thousands, thousands! And then there are not enough to gather the hops.

“Come, back to the springtime, and I will show you level fields, where the women and children gather berries—strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, currants, loganberries, blackberries. They live in the tents and the children play, fat and happy. Then comes the time to gather the apples—great boges that grace the tables of kings—and pears, peaches, plums, cherries, prunes. All these must be planted, sprayed, pruned, packed, shipped, canned and dried and shipped again, and men do the work, and the owners pay and the women and children help, and eat, and wear warm shoes and live in their own homes in the winter, and long for the harvest days to come, for this is the playtime.

“Now we will go to the foothills. Here are the vineyards; and again we see women and children at work, and hundreds of men. Now we follow the trail over the mountains. We meet groups of people; some hunt in the hills, some catch trout in the mountain brooks; others wind over the rough

way to play on the seashore, there to live in the spray and the ozone, to breathe in the vastness, to catch the exultation of the ceaseless billowing of the waters. Then we cross the long row of hills and come out on the plateaus, golden with wheat, surging waves, billowing, rolling. There is bread for the world in this shipless sea. Iron monsters roar and travel round and round the fields and pile up the grain in sacks ready for the mills. There are fields of barley, wheat, oats, rye; oases of alfalfa. God leaves the snow on the hills and man trains it down into his fields. Immense herds of cattle—see the horsemen circling—droves are coming this way, fat, sleek steers; slowly they wind down the trail to the valley. We follow out on the Peninsula to the red acres of buildings—new packing houses. It is six o'clock. See the hundreds of brawny men leaving the gates, tin buckets on their arms that were filled with food in the morning when they kissed the wife and baby good-bye.

“Come, yet more will I show you, white woman: Quarries—marble, granite; mines where they find the silver and gold, and gems—opal, topaz, copper and lead, iron, coal—they have only entered the outer walls of the fabulous jewel-lined hearts of these sublime hills, temples of the god of riches, on whose sides graze the sheep and goats, softly calling to the little ones that wobble by their sides. In a pasture, emerald and sparkling with the dew of the morning, stands a bay stallion, sending out a lordly call to the dam who fondles his twenty-five

thousand dollar offspring, and arches her neck in pride, for in all the world there is none like this. Even Kentucky's bluegrass-fed racers are no finer.

Across the field on the hillside against the rough
rock wall

Stands tossing his horned head as he listens to the
call

Of his mother-part, a monster spotted bull,
Each part of his mighty body developed in the full
Of Nature's glorious perfection.

“And his offspring dot the hills and plains of this vast country, and the judges have tied a blue ribbon on his shining horns.

“Down in the valleys live the women and children in their own homes, with their own gardens and chickens and bees. These people gather the walnuts that grow nowhere like this; everywhere grow the potato, cabbage, celery, beans—everything to eat. Your sisters need not hunger nor thirst nor go naked or cold.

“Now, white woman, nowhere have you seen slums, sweatshops, nor tottering tenements; but everywhere broad acres, room for thousands, and sweet waters and cubic miles unnumbered of ozone, the health of the 'nation.’”

“Coming back to the valley, we hear music, and the streets are filled with children wreathed in roses; banners float in the balmy air, and men and maidens shower the streets with roses—red, white, pink and

yellow—five million roses a day for six days; they strew the streets, cover the horses and carriages—roses, roses everywhere. The people feast on fruits and drink the glorious waters from the hills, and shout and song express the free joy of their being because they live.

“This is the ‘Carnival of Roses!’ This is the City of Roses! Write quickly, white woman, and tell the white sisters, the tired, hungry sisters of the Eastern cities, of the great opportunities in this new country. I, Sacajawea, say to you, write!”

She picked up her bronze baby and took her stand, where for ages she will watch the development of the valley.

I was somewhat rattled, after all this dodging from sea to river, and jumping from mountain peak to wooded valley, and the strange experience of changing seasons in a minute—Spring to Fall, and Summer to Winter. I thought at first it was a dream; but for weeks I have loitered since, and questioned, and find it all as she showed me from the park, and much more; for I found by talking with women that many of them owned the fields where they earned their first dollar. Women lived happy and comfortable raising chickens and turkeys or bees and they got their start earning at healthy outdoor work that is not as hard as the mechanical work in factories.

CHAPTER II.

ALONG WITH THE WOOD CHOPPERS.

Did you ever go into the woods to camp? and the day was fine, and the earth was dry, and the shades called you in cool tones? Then you unpacked and leave things scattered on the ground and strung on branches every which way, and go to bed trustingly, leaving the arranging for the next day—(never put off 'til—no I won't say it.) In the night the gentle patter on your woven roof keeps time to a lulling song of unbalanced clouds, and ariel fountains broken loose.

You rise in the exceeding early gray, and get breakfast with the water squishing between your cold toes, then you notice the oilcloth shelter to your little stove is bellying down in the middle, and you think you are wise in tipping out the water gathered there, and so you are, but you are ignorant of the perversity of an oilcloth bag filled with water, so you get a stick and poke in the right place to dump all that water adown the only warm streak in your whole carcass.

The sun pours down a shower of golden sparks and the grass and towels and lillies and stockings begin to steam and you rush off to a cool and shady dell. While you are gone some enterprising blue-jays eat up your eggs, and a fussy bee takes possession of the tent. Tired, you flop down and watch the bee—'round and 'round he flies, and then



pounces upon a common fly, grabs him and stings him to death. Then he sits down upon the ridge-pole and balances himself with hind feet and tips of his wings, proceeds to pull off the victim's legs and wings and drops them down upon my month-old Journal, then he rolls the balance of the poor little black corpse into a tight little wad and covers it over with a sticky mess, canned meat for next winter.

And did you ever pick blackberries in the woods?

You start early and boldly enter the inviting galleries and wandering arched ways; there you meet three bald cows, they hold their breath long and blow it out fiercely at your tiny poodle that pattered along ahead of you, in a joyous voyage of discovery. The cows have also discovered a white and woolly thing, the like of which they had never seen before.

They won't turn back, so you have to for the path is narrow.

Down another trail you wander, clinging tightly to the tin bucket (still empty) dodging the branches and drenching your garments with leaf-hoarded dew. You see ferns and pink, white and purple blossoms, but pass them by, for today you are after berries. There is nothing just like the lure of the wild berry. Aloft it holds its signal light of crimson, then crawls along the ground coily hiding from your view.

Heeding not the briar or hidden pitfall, nor gar-

ments torn, nor life blood shed through long thin scratches, bravely trudging over log-strewn pathways for weary miles. Now and then a few green promises of ripened fruit tinkle against the bottom of your pail of shining tin. Arriving home between the dark and daylight, you proudly show a scant handful. You could not sell them for a copper cent.

One day after a long tramp, you sit down upon a log to rest. After sitting a half hour resting serenely you change your position and notice, cutely coiled beside you two smooth, black-bodied, golden-striped and beautiful, perfectly silent snakes. They do not say anything; they do not move—you do.

On your way home you come across some wood-choppers. After your experience of sitting on a log, this time you sit upon a stump.

My! but it is interesting to watch these fellows split the great bolts of wood. Little by little the iron wedges are forced into the yellow wood and cling! cling! clang! clang answers the wedges to each blow of the heavy sledge, and the great bolt pops open with a sound like the cutting of a ripe watermelon, only more of it, and the smell of the disturbed balsam is something to be remembered.

You stay a little longer, and yet a little longer, but now the cool of the evening comes and you must go, positively must go, but you don't, for the part of your gown that you are sitting on clings fast and tight to the pitchy stump, for these newly sawn stumps are generous with their balsam and

exceedingly adhesive. Never more will you sit on a stump, and never more will you wear the pink gingham gown.

But the men are going to fall a tree and you linger yet a little longer. A strange feeling of impending disaster enfolds you.

Timber! Loud and long the call, like the warrior's
cry of old;
The great tree shudders from root to wavering
crest;
The crashing of his great body, against his brothers
as he sways,
Fills the air with wild screamings.

Now you trudge slowly tentward for you have seen a sight and heard sounds, that your children and their children's children will never see nor hear. For like the Indian and buffalo, the firs are passing. passing. Now you make some tea, part uncolored Japan and part fir needles and a few fern leaves that flicked into your bucket, as you packed the water a half mile, and up hill too.

The fire burns merrily, and the supper is delicious, (potatoes and bread with the aforesaid tea), and here comes Henessy to get acquainted. He is the lone Irishman, and follows lightfooted Alene and Ruth from the camp above, and Togs, the black dog, who being large, sniffs disdainfully at my small pet—and Teddy, and Rob and the Martyr (he has a boil, a long scratch and a pounded shin) and Scoty the Fletcherizer, and Dad, the parent of

the Martyr, and Babe, Gen's lover (she named him.)

Are there any cougars or bears in these parts, you ask, and Henessy drops the lid of a laughing eye. "You see me here," which we take as evidence without question, and scent a story of experience in the jungle, for Henessy has seen service.

"Are you married, Mr. Henessy?" politely asks Alene.

"No-o," he drawls, "Wonse I was goin' to" (another whiff of story), "She was a Chiny woman, about half Chiny, but I changed me moind."

"Oh, my, a Chinese?"

"Yep," "but you see I changed me moind. No Chiny women nor lions for me. That's why I'm here."

Just at this point the poodle ran up and barked dreadfully at Henessy. Of course, I apologized and picked her up. She weighs three and a quarter pounds.

"Oh, mam, I am not afraid of it, mam. I can tame a dog in the worst stage of its vexation."

It is almost too bad that we have so few Henessys.

CHAPTER III.

HOPS.

So you are a hop-vine. I watched last spring, when you came crawling out of the mud, like a long pinkish, purplish angleworm, and you waved your brown nose about, and sniffed the earthy atmosphere.

I thought you didn't know "where you were at," but you knew your business all right. You just straggled about until you found a string and then, "watch me," and up you went,—up, up, over and under and round about, like a boy shinning up a tree for a bird's nest.

Then you found a wire—long stretches of wire—and you hung out your millions of be-ruffled green petticoats, and there they swayed and swished in the wind, sending out a pungent scent, that reminded me of a brown jug in mother's cellar, which in a mysterious bubbling way, contributed to our supply of daily bread, and great round-bellied barrels that the same shaped sort of man, topped with a red face, rolls off his wagon every morning at the back door of the tavern across the way.

Now I walk down between the trellised rows; you reach out long green hands that rasp me like a bearded lover's cheek. No garden of rare roses, nor field of waving tasseled corn, but must covet your peculiar graces.

Now, "under the dim September sun," I see hurrying forms, burdened with great baskets, a democratic crew, of every color, every creed, straggling in from all the way stations of this old world's social life. We hear a chorus chanted in every tongue, "Hop weigh," and "wire down!" and tired and soiled, we retrace our steps down long rows of ugly posts, now stripped of your clinging loveliness, clutching in our swollen hands a small green ticket that calls for fifty cents.

And now you lie tangled and braided, knitted and twisted with your kind, and, 'tis strange, you are tangled in some mysterious way with politics, morals and finance.

And all winter you will sparkle and make a good fellow of yourself, and bubble over queer old "steins."

I am dining with a friend, cozy and warm. Faintly we hear the pounding surf of the Pacific, and moaning winds hover in the firs. My friend is lonely and she tells me that her husband is in New York selling hops.

So? Your straggling vine has crept across the continent? and under the Anheuser-Busch? So?

Here are a few figures (I don't like statistics myself) from the Oregonian of August 17, 1913. Other papers also advertised and many small growers hire only neighbors or overflow:

Wanted—12,000 hop pickers.

Wanted—200 hop pickers.

Wanted—1,000 hop pickers.

Wanted—500 hop pickers.

Seventy-five hop pickers and five other adds that did not state the number wanted.

These adds state that shacks, tents, water, fruit, potatoes and wood will be furnished, free. Cheap rates, special trains. Hurrah, boys! let's go. And we did, and we did pick hops, and we did get a cent for a pound for doing it, and had more fun, and got more dirt on us, and ate more food than we ever did in the same length of time in our lives before.

One night we heard a sudden cry on the still air, "light the glim! light the glim!" "W'at's eatin' you?" roars another voice. "I've stepped in the liver," the weird voice pleadingly whines. It developed that the liver for breakfast had been floured and placed in a flat pan near the door, to facilitate an early breakfast. The late carouser, sneaking in through the dark, had stepped in the pan. The next day my little dog was busy all day burying it.

O, those four boys were campers, all right. They brought home a chicken, (in a hop camp there is an unwritten law that no one shall ask questions in such matters,) and prepared the same for breakfast, and in order to prevent such an accident as befell the liver, they sat it out on a high stump. Now it so happened that a wily widow was camped close to the stump and after these boys left for their evening stroll, she and two others, just as wily, and just as hungry, cooked the chicken and ate it, carefully put the bones back on the stump. There were no questions asked about that either,

but there were questioning eyes. Widows are good campers also.

One family of seven took \$300 out of that field, and another of four \$125. When I settled up my account I had 17 cents left, and when I got back to Portland I had to borrow six bits to pay for some hop gloves that I had worn out. But I do loaf so, and I really do like stale bread. It was a jolly two weeks. I am going again.

Oh, of course, you get wet sometimes; of course it is hot, but then so there are tears and smiles, pains and joys everywhere.

It is a great place to study human nature. One evening we had a great bonfire, and one girl sang, "School Days" three times,—she had to, to get the notes all in. There was a great bunch of us around that fire, and not one of them came out there to pick hops, unless it was the Wiley Widow, and she frankly admitted that she did.

One lady and her three daughters stated many, many times that they came just for the outing, and every morning they passed my tent with a lantern, so to get to the field early enough to hear the birds sing. They were picking like sixty when I crept down there about 8 o'clock.

On the day we left the mother spoke of papa, how pleased he would be that they were coming home. "What is your husband's business?" I asked. "Oh," she said, "My husband is a retired capitalist."

I met Indians, Negroes, Chinese, Japs, Dutch, Irish, but never an I. W. W.. I met Democrats, pretty girls, interesting men, red haired women, white horses, but never a W. C. T. U. Oh, well!

CHAPTER IV.

AN EVENING VISION ON THE TUALATIN RIVER.

I would try to tell you of a wonderful vision—a vision that the Divine exalted, glorified beyond anything, that I in my wildest fancy had believed possible for mortal eye to see or mortal mind to comprehend—and since I have wondered, if for the moments which it endured that I was not let loose from the mesh of entangling aching flesh, just long enough to make me ashamed of repining—of taking the price of bacon as the finality of life's economic endeavor, for I had been a-marketing to the nearby village and was aweary, aweary from the long walk through sloshing mud, aweary from the endeavor to make two-bits buy bour-bits' worth of troublesome bacon. Aweary from the weight of the parcel and the gray weather, for it was a day whose gray edges flapped against the ragged horizon of a gray world, and damp, straggling strands of the gray flipped my face and chilled my fingers.

Below me now was a gray lake spanned by a gray bridge, there was a green field yesterday where this great lake spread out so solemnly today, whose waters tapped, tapped against the spiles of the bridge so insinuatingly that I was almost tempted into believing that it was inviting me to lie down and rest beneath its gentle, murmuring depths.

I tried once to tell of the beauties of an angle-

worm, and out of our much-praised vocabulary of 300,000 words, there were none that would tell you exactly of the marvelous wonders of the lowly thing,—but I know that you can hear the last chord, when David sang of the “green pastures,” and the “snow-like wool,” and how the “Hoar-frost was scattered like ashes,” I know, that your heart beats in unison with Solomon when he tried to tell us of the beauties of his sweetheart’s lips, and breasts, and rounded neck like a “tower of ivory.” And the ardor of his love, tho’ the words are vacant things. I know that you have the understanding in your inner self, and though I was dumb like Paul, astounded by the glory of it, I rattle on like John, when he saw the Heavenly City—knowing that you can build the palace of beauty upon those unpolished cobble stones of human words of which I can only build a rude foundation of the wondrous vision.

Slowly a golden light slipped upon me, so slowly and silently it came that the world was all aglow before I realized it.

My first sensation was one of cowering, or kneeling, of abject unworthiness for not noticing the glorious change from settling gray to floating gold, pure gold, rippling, rolling gold, the sky a deep sea of gold, rolling back away behind the sun and stars—farther yet than the throne of the eternal one, pouring, dripping gold.

Transparent as the gauze of the flimsy mist, solid as the nugget from the rock-lined hill, just out-

lined by a zig-zag line of turquoise lighted by the last sweeping ray of the evening sun—it settled deeper, deeper into the lake—until it was a golden mirror reflecting golden forest, fern and grass blade, it dripped from the needles of the fir—it painted a golden arabesque against the background of a golden curtained world.

Out of an indefinite and golden horizon to the eastward loomed a mountain pale rose deepening to a glowing crimson, with opals dribbling down the folds of the drapery loaned by the winter sunset; then suddenly, directly above this, transformed snow spangled pile eternal, came the rainbow, faintly, a stripe in the golden heavens, then widening, ribboning, curving, brightening, shimmering, shaking out its seven colors in gorgeous harmony; earthward it came, until it slid into the growing things just a little fluttering change, just a dabbling in the golden-green of a fir, on one bank and the golden-red of a maple on the other, then widened, and curved and ribboned, sifted into the waters of the lake, a perfect circle of divine arrangement.

Oh, the glory of it.

Then the waters ceased their lazy tapping and the birds folded their fluttering wings and there was a silence, because of the glory of it.

And the bronzed and reddened leaves of the maples ceased their idle flitting, and there was no movement on the face of the waters, because of the glory of it and my body shrivelled and shrunk away and left my soul naked and alone, awed by the glory of it.

CHAPTER V.

POULTRY RAISING IN WASHINGTON CO.

Said the old hen of Michigan to the young hen of Oregon, "It is a long time between bugs." This of course by chicken wire-less.

And it seems after due thought and financial embarrassment that the whole chicken business from A to Z resolves itself into a question of bugs. The hen of high degree, backed by gold medals and silver cups, or my dear old dominick that lays about six eggs a month, the darling downy chick that cuddles, the nasty little leghorn cockerel that fights all, all have the bug habit. You train them to live on high-class, commercial food, clean, warranted, pasteurized, sterilized—I say you get them trained to this food and then just as they are about to graduate, perfectly cured from the bug habit, they die, peacefully of course,—but they die.

You civilize them, Christianize them, caponize them, and educate, you bar their feathers wide or narrow at your will, grow feathers on their legs, or shave them off again, yellow skin, or blue legs, big combs, or white earrings, they are just like Indians,—turn them loose and they will go straight back to the bug-chasing, worm-devouring, maggot-eating days of their darkest and most ancient benightedness. I talked and argued with them about it, but they looked at me and said, "bugs."

Eggs were 50 cents a dozen and going up, and

these hens of mine stopped laying, because the bug market was closed.

I needed money, the eggs would bring it, and I thought and planned until finally I contrived the greatest scheme in the annals of poultry-farming.

I would raise bugs to bring more eggs to hatch more chicks to eat more bugs, et cetera, et cetera.

I took the Poor Relation into my confidence and he at once fell in, and went into a little inside pocket of an inside pocket and brought forth a dime, (that I never supposed he had) and said, "I will swamp my all in this venture." He said it so solemnly that it almost made me cry, and outside the little chicks said, "Cheep, cheap, cheep." I was afraid it would hurt his feelings and I shoo'ed them off the porch. This was the beginning of my success.

I bought two pounds of liver and hung it in the sun, and placed boxes of sand below. Then came a blue fly, the most gorgeous of his kind, then two, then five, then seven, units, tens, hundreds, thousands.

They deposited their eggs on the liver. In 24 hours there were maggots, fat, delicious morsels. It would make any hen's bill water to see them. They grew so fast and got so heavy that they fell off into the sand, which by a mechanism I had arranged, swayed gently and shook them out into a box. They were there sorted and graded into three separate boxes, a pink, blue and green one with ribbons to match. In the blue box I put such

maggots, as I considered fit for breeders, in the pink boxes the maggots that were to be fed daily, and in the green boxes those that were to be fed next winter. I find order and system is a great thing.

So the business grew. The orders from friends and neighbors came in until I could not handle the mail alone, so added a clerk and two stenographers.

I attended personally to the rearing and propagating of the flies and maggots, and the hens began to lay. I kept an accurate account and you can figure it up for yourself For everybody knows, or should learn, before they go into the poultry business that

1 hen lays 1 egg per day.

No hen lays 2 eggs per day.

$1 + 2 = 3$, therefore

1 hen lays 3 eggs per day.

So from my 50 plain hens I received dated and stamped, ready for market, 150 eggs per day, or a little better than 12 dozen.

I had arranged to sell stock, 'allamagotted' stock, when a nosey person complained of the flies tormenting his cattle. I was just ordering screens to keep them enclosed, when an auto snapping and snarling stopped at my gate, and off climbed a very pompous individual. He leaned over my counter as far as he could. He was not as flat as the counter, and thus addressed me: "Madam, you are under arrest." "Arrest?" I screamed. "For what?" "I—" "Never mind all that. You may explain to the court,

In the name of the law I arrest you for harboring a nuisance—under the impure food laws.” I was speechless. I tried to call the Poor Relation. He was out helping my stenographers into our red and gold auto. My private telegraph instrument ticked, ticked, and I was too near fainting to answer the call, but it ticked so loudly and rapidly that I made one last effort, opened the door, and there was those scoundrels of half-grown Plymouth Rocks picking wheat off the porch, and I went out and brought in four eggs. One was frozen and one was cracked.

They do say that green bone is just as good as bugs.

Now that I am awake I can tell you some facts about chickens.

It is one of the biggest chances in the world for women to make a living in this Oregon state.

The Plymouth Rocks of the dream are real. There were ten pullets in the lot. I saved them, they started to lay at Christmas and I received from 50 cents, down to 25 cents per dozen for the eggs. I set the hens as fast as they became broody. I raised 102 young chickens. In July I sold the whole bunch, father, mother and children, for \$49.

The grandma hen cost me 50 cents, the setting of 15 eggs 50 cents. I never kept account of the eggs the pullets laid, but it bought all the feed for the lot up to the time I sold them, and my groceries. Then I had the rest of the summer in quiet from their cheeping. Geese and ducks do fine, and turkeys are worth their weight in gold.

But they do admire bugs.

CHAPTER VI.

SILENT OCCUPATIONS.

There is so much rush and roar about so many things, that we miss sight of greater ones, that are being accomplished every day, and like the undertone of the orchestra, you will have to listen on purpose to hear it, but without it the music would be pretty flat.

We see stringing out at the mouth of the rivers, what seems to be a part of a bridge or a fence. Come to find out it is a jetty, and it cost the government of this great United States and the Port of Portland, or Nehalem or Coos Bay as the case may be, millions of dollars. There were used in the building of it hundreds of spiles, hundreds of ties, miles of steel rails, and billions of tons of rock.

You sometimes may see a few men, who look like insects creeping about, barges moving to and fro. All is silent, all looks small and insignificant. The bay is so wide, the mountain wall so high, the surf on the bar rages so fiercely, the Pacific is so vast, that the jetty just seems to shrivel to a little ragged fence. And it is one of the triumphs of engineering skill, and makes possible the commerce of the sea.

The rivers are lined with small boats, and two men stroll down to each one of them and silently they spread out, and cast their nets, leaving a long line of huge beads upon the water. In the morning they row silently to a shabby looking building standing on long legs in the water, and unload fish, as big as a ten-year-old boy. Pink-fleshed salmon. They are put into little round cans and shipped all over the world. The figures concerning this

industry may be obtained through the United States government or any publicity bureau. It is too big for me, but they tell me that it is one of the most valuable assets of the Western Coast. I know that I pay twenty cents a pound for salmon and that one fish weighed 23 pounds and the man that caught it got 43 that morning and there were many hundreds of men fishing, but I never heard a sound of it all. It made me tired to try and realize the magnitude of the business, though after I fried that one pound, and helped eat it, I felt strong, with a heart for any fate.

The mountains are tunneled, the rivers dredged with only now and then a blast, silently the beautiful United States Mathloma, the Champoeg, the Columbia, ply up and down the Willamette, their great shovels spewing out tons of sand and removing other obstructions of navigation, the busy little tender Salem puffing about carrying messages and materials. These boats are manned by picked men, college men, fine fellows they are, too; men with objects in life, men with histories, men who love their mothers, men with wives, and men with sweet-hearts, two or more, most always more.

All the commerce of the rivers and sea is so great and so still that it is hard to comprehend it. Boats come into Portland and take out lumber enough to build a small town, flour enough to feed the people in it, in one day, and you don't hear a sound.

There are hundreds of people travelling up and down the Coast, and we don't hear a thing about it, and sometimes if we try to tell them about it, they do not comprehend. I was in company with a school teacher, intelligent and cultured. I marveled at the

great tunnels on the P. R. & N. R. R. As we approached I raved over it. "Just think of it," I said. "It is so long, so high, it cost so much, it took so many men to build it." Just then we entered its dark mouth, darker, darker it grew minute after minute, and just when we made up our mind that the train had started on a voyage of sub stratum discovery, heigh O, we came out on the other side of the mountain.

"What do you think of it," I said. "Say something, anything. Isn't it marvelous? Isn't it a masterpiece of engineering?" "Why, yes," said Miss Schoolma'am, "it seems to be a very good tunnel." I looked out the window at the great mountain walls with the melted snow dripping down, and I never spoke to that schoolma'am again that day. And one day when I first came to Oregon I looked up and there loomed a great snow-capped mountain, clear-cut against the purple sunset sky. "Is that Mt. Hood?" I asked a woman leaning over a little gate. "I guess it is," she said. "Oh, you are a stranger, too." "Oh, no, I am not," she emphatically replied, "I have lived here seven years." I strolled down the street, humbled in spirit, and longing for a kindred soul. Didn't somebody say long ago something about "having ears and hearing not, and so forth, and so forth."

There are some masterful things in this big state nevertheless, and notwithstanding.

P. S.—Some of the men on the dredge boats have been known to get tangled up in the hop-vines that grow so plentifully on the river bottom lands. It seems that hops in more ways than one are a peril to navigation. Of course one industry always overlaps another. It cannot be helped.

CHAPTER VII.

FOOT HILLS.

One snowy day I walked four miles up and down over, and across and came at last to a little white tent in the woods, and dwelt there in, one young man, and he was glad to see me.

Oh, those woods, dark pathways lead away off to somewhere. Dripping hazel arched the way, forest that was there when came the first white man and patches of it are there still.

There are kindly folk scattered about, and back in the hills are mysteries.

There is one old house whose floor is marred by a dull stain, that is again shown upon its wall. Farther back was a log cabin. Its occupant, an old man nearly ninety, with long hair, tottering about these winding trails, guarding the wild strawberries from the depredations of the people. He is a strange appearing old fellow. Sometimes you will see him walking up and down a well trodden path in an obscure place. He won't sell the land. He would never let it be farmed. Sometimes he goes about with an old hymn book under his arm. He is talkative and friendly, but always as I looked at him I could see back of him in a smoky haze a gallows and a long, noosed rope, swinging and swaying in the breeze, and looking intently at it as though waiting a lean and hungry dog.

Oh, there are tales of that hill, of buzzards that

circled round and round a compost heap, and of a strange still thing taken out of it. And of the quarrel on a summer day and another still thing, carried away, of a woman who sold her hair to get away. Of a bruised and mangled form, carried from a barn, and the still part of it brought back, and kept in a cement apartment, builded on purpose for it.

There are dark canyons among those hills, and stealthy steps in the dark. Sixty years ago it was wild and far away, but the settlement is crowding back, still farther back, and some morning there will be wheat harvested where the buzzards circled.

In the valley there is beaver dam and there they raise more onions than it would take to spoil the breath of all the pretty girls in the world.

The young man that was so glad to see me that day, moved down on to this beaver dam, and spent the summer on the trail of the fierce and dangerous wire worm, and incidently raised four acres, or maybe eleven acres of green cucumbers, at least they were green at first.

Now the young man planted,—no he plowed first, then he marked criss-cross lines—they looked pretty straight to me, but he squinted one eye, and said he didn't believe a "snake could crawl up 'em." There where each line crossed he dug a little hole and put a shovelful of black, vile smelling stuff, mixed with straw, into each one and covered it up. He said it would warm up the soil.

I was glad that he covered it up.

Then he made a little line and put in some sprouted cucumber seed and they grew, and waxed green on the face of the land, and the next day they lay withered and dead. Again he planted. The manager of the big ranch said it was wire worms.

Now the war was on. Having no bugle, nor no bugler to bugle it if he had, he whistled "Way Down South," or something.

He armed himself with a trowel eight inches long by two inches wide. He wore blue overalls, and a wide straw hat. He carried a jack-knife, a nail, and two brass pants buttons in his hind pockets, and a hoe in one hand. Behind him at a respectful distance followed his mother and a poodle dog, and a baby turkey named Mose. Valiantly they fought, the young man hoed and sliced the yellow tough worms in two parts, the mother dug them out and laid them in the sun to dry. (I have a sneaking idea that they came to life again. They are very sly.)

Now I come to the sad, sad part of this sad part of this sad tale. Poor Mose. He was the great hero. He trudged patiently about and grabbed worms by the tail and swallowed them raw. So earnestly did he follow up this policy that he died that night. Dear little brown Mose. How lonely we were, for he was a darling pet and slept every night in an old iron tea kettle safe from weasles.

As the weather grew warmer the cucumbers grew strong enough to withstand the worms, and they

were picked, sorted, sacked and hauled to the salter every day. Up and down the long rows trudged the pickets, piling the cool green colocky things into baskets. There were tons of them. Just think of tons of cucumbers.

One of those pickers was a sorrowful old Jeremiah. "Howl," is no name for his woeful mourning. He would lean over the fence and tell the young man's mother how lonesome he was, and finally invited her to go to the village with him to celebrate the Fourth of July. Then he gave the young man a cigar. Things began right there. The young man eloquently pictured his mother, and the Jeremiah sitting on the edge of the sidewalk, eating peanuts out of one five-cent sack, and standing at the pink lemonade counter sucking the circus fluid out of one glass, thru two straws that sucked as one, and following the band up the street holding hands, and as the Jeremiah came up the lane he proudly announced, "There comes my mother's future step-husband."

They say that foolishness is next to happiness.

There were blue-green acres of onions, dark-red acres of beets, feathering acres of carrots, plummed acres of sweet corn, celery, beans, squashes, and great golden pumpkins ripened there on that curved piece of beaver dam. Around its border all summer was a snowy bank of wild bloom, like a lacy border on a great piece of tapestry. Early rains came on and it was turned into a great lake of

still water, that reflected the willows on its scalloped shore, and the pumpkins that were left on the field because of the early coming of the waters, floated about and lined up around the shore like a gigantic strands of golden beads. All winter they lay there, a gorgeous and novel picture. All winter the lake is the resort of wild ducks and geese, serving thus a double purpose. It is not every farmer that can turn his farm into a hunting resort in winter, but it is so in some parts of Oregon.

Always will I long for that ranch, its level fields of grain and hay, woods and pasture, the beaver dam, the peaceful river gliding by, the spreading maples shading the ranch house, the pigs and chickens and turkeys, the horses and cows and goats, the fast filly, the old team, the little toad that had never had a vacation, the little turtle that looked as tho' he had never had any childhood, the owner, who was born there, "the mistress, moderately fair" who made the best Dutch cheese I ever ate in my life, and read of God on the green or golden maple leaves.



CHAPTER VIII.

LOGGING.

Of course, James, if you must have authentic statistics, you will have to go to the newspapers, the Commercial clubs and railroad booklets, and as I said James, the farther you go into them the bigger they get until by the time you have read the literature of the P. R. & N. R. R. your head will just crackle, the figures of Oregon are so big.

Why sonny, when they told me that a spruce stump on the hill was 13 feet across the top, 12 feet from the ground, I had in mind an old oak stump that stood beside the gate back home, that we used for a step when we laborously mounted Louise for a ride. (I could always ride any horse that ever walked. I don't say this to brag of my swift-gate either.) Well, coming back to the stump, I went up to look at it, and lo, behold it had a room inside of it as big as my bedroom; it had a door cut in the side, and was used for a chicken house. Some stump, eh?

They took seventeen logs ont of the boom and sawed them into 60,000 feet of lumber and burned up the slabs. That much lumber would lay a board all along the trail to Bay City from Brighton.

The loggers are a class by themselves. Sawmill men are alike everywhere, but Michigan has her French-Indian-Canadian loggers and Minnesota, her Lars and Andersons and Olesons. Oregon has her

own, made on purpose. If you meet a man with overalls "staged" and a plaid shirt which he has a rain hat, or a straw hat, or none at all and his forgotten to tuck in—it is a logger.

The widow told me about the loggers. They used to dig clams for her, and after a half dozen of them had dug for her she smiled and asked the one that delved today where the nice fellow was that dug her clams yesterday. He looked blankly at her, wiped his muddy hands on his muddy overalls and said he didn't know. The ways of widows are peculiar. How she found out all these things I don't know. She said that one of them came from New Jersey, one from Texas, one from Kansas, one was a sailor who happened not to be aboard the wrecked boat that fatal night. That one came from Timber alone.

She knew that they got their meals in a house on the hill-side, and that by some sort of gymnastic twist they could put both feet over a long bench and pour their own coffee at the same time. She knew that one big red headed fellow stood on a slip of board stuck into the side of a tree 12 feet from the ground and sawed down a tree 200 feet high, that only shaved once a week; had a voice low and sweet, and he tamed baby chipmunks for pastime. The ways of widows are peculiar.

The loggers told her that there were worms in the clam holes two feet long. That the government built the jetty to keep the Germans out, and

when she grew hysterical over the horses that were being taken down the bay on an open barge, and wringing her hands, cried, "Oh, are they going to take them across the bar on that open bark. Oh, they will be so frightened." "Will, they?" she asked. "Oh, no, calm yourself madam," the logger replied. "When they get to the bar they will shove them off and drag them over by their necks." The ways of loggers are peculiar.

The day after we returned to the city the widow asked me to mail a letter. It was addressed to Timber.

The United States is justly proud of her homes and schoolhouses, bridges, toys, closepins, her telephone poles and her rolling pins, her paper pulp her autos and machinery, but before any of this can be, we must go way back, back of the factory, of the sawmill, back of the log boom, climb the mountain and hunt up the logger. He,—his own individual self must climb the swaying spring board and saw down the mighty giants, he must buck and snipe and swamp, he must sling rigging, he must run the donkey engine, and drag that long brown log down, over, across, out on a long cable over the railroad kersplash! into the bay. Great is the logger and barren are the hills he leaves behind him.

I met a carpenter, just from Chicago. He told me the last work he did there was the inside finishing of a Chicago public school. It was finished with Oregon spruce. The company paid fifty-five

cents a hundred pounds freight on it, from Brighton, Ore. to Chicago, Ill., and I suspect that Bill loaded that car himself.

When I climbed the mountain to find these loggers in their lair, I found the top covered with a tiny round leaf and holding up a bunch of scarlet berries striped with gold and tiny white fragrant, star-shaped bloom no larger than a pin-head. Oh, tiny flower you are as great as the giant spruce, as great as the mountain or the everlasting sea, as great as the logger. You never say a word and the world does not know that you are here. I cannot describe you, any more than I can tell of the afterglow. The tiny flower, the red berry and the logger help to make the perfect whole.



CHAPTER IX.

OUT ON THE RAGGED EDGE OF THINGS.

Today I picked up on the beach a most beauteous thing, blue as topaz, bordered by a fairy fringe, its gelatinous body blue, shaded to violet. Standing erect over this oval is a white ribbed sail, like a woven basket, thin as tissue and transparent. It floats upon the salt water. I wonder if it knows that it is, it is so beautiful, so dainty, so perfect. It is too bad if it does not know of it.

They told me you could stand in one place here in Brighton, and see the sky, the river, bay, the mountains, sand spit, the bar, the strand, the open sea—forever the surging sea.

'Tis true, believe me.

Brighton lies in a long line, a crumpled notched, and ruffled line, trimmed with rushes and salal, along the shore of Nehalem bay, may be a mile long, it reaches back into the hills as far as you can see, and each end runs into another place just like it.

The hills and canyons are wild and look as though there might be all sorts of fearsome things abiding therein, but a man has surveyed, plotted or whatever you call it, and sold lots there, and returned alive.

There are people live in Brighton, nice quiet people; they never hang around the saloon, nor go to church. There is no school or cemetery. They

do not attend church for the reason there is none there, saloon ditto, school ditto. They have no need for a cemetery, people do not die there. When they depart they get drowned. It saves fuss and feathers. The waters mourn and the spruce chants their requiem.

There are babies born there, and wavelets play upon the sand a' crooning lullaby, the bluejays shout in glee, and gorgeous wildflowers bestrew the pathway of their tiny feet.

To the north is Mt. Neah-ka-nie, the old Indian trail showing a golden thread against its bronze green side. No wonder the Indian held it sacred, it is so solemn, so still, so different from the other mountains.

The white mist from the sea sometimes curtain it from view while unseen hands recolor its mighty wall. Now wind sprites pull the curtain down, sometimes threading them out in long slimsy strands wavering across the bay, sometimes they carry them entire into the hills beyond, and leave the mountain that was green, a purple pile, or gray with arabesque in browns, and while you watch in wonder it is turned by Nature's magic wand into a silhouette against a stardecked wall.

Now, Nehalem bay is a long wide stretch of mud, the playground of the loons and long-legged, solemn cranes, something attracts your attention for a little while, and, lo! now it is a sea and ocean boats are sailing by.

Water is indescribable; you may not give the

exact measurements of its surface; you can only approximate its depth—its boundaries are varied, its color,—who may hint of its color? I may tell you it is blue and by the time you can adjust your eyes it is gray or green or black. Now it is a level surface, reflecting all the colors of the spectrum, now lashed to fury by a flying wind, and its long curving waves are edged with a filligree of silver, now undulating coaxing swells, reaching, reaching, ever calling, ever carrying out to sea all that comes within reach of its long fingers.

Across the bay is Nehalem spit, a long gray hand, ever pointing its gray finger at the treacherous bar. It is piled with wreckage of old ships and of small boats; there they find the mysterious wax; great logs are there buried in the sand. There must have been tidal waves sometime in the long ago that piled them there.

Beyond, forever is the open sea, making wild dashes to cross the bar and enter the bay, ever warring with the sand. Always is the moan and sigh, the croonings and the laughter, the wild shriekings of the surf, and underneath its wild uproar, the little songs and wavelet cries, that you must go alone, and bend your ear closely that you may hear.

They told me that I could have clams for breakfast, crab salad for lunch, and salmon for dinner, bear steak any time, venison according to law, roast wild duck and geese, of course.

I was told of the birds, and there they are. Early

in the morning when the tide was out there were eagles, blue cranes and brown ones, loons, wild ducks, kingfishers; later, around the shore, were all sorts of song birds, and humming birds, and millions of crows and seagulls, and in a sort of misty haze I saw the shadow of a stork.

I see in the future a great hotel upon this mountain side, and floating wharves, and pleasure boats, and a labyrinth winding back among the hills, where you may wander and get lost a little, but just enough to make you feel deliciously creepy; where city people, tired and worn, can pay good mazuma for all this.

There are now graded streets, a sawmill, store and post office, and an appropriation for a school house. New houses are being built all the time.

The pleasure of living is increased a hundred-fold, and the judicious buying and conscientious selling of the storekeeper has reduced the cost of living a quarter of a cent in Brighton.

One morning I found the track of a coon, so I followed it, and there the little scoundrel was, with a clam; he carefully washed it in a little fresh water stream, removed the shell, washed it again, and with almost human intelligence ate it alive.

Now there were others digging clams there a little later, so I went along. Clams are born and grow to clamhood in one place, and if you disturb them they send up a little spout of water and settle down in their little cellar. They believe that all

things come to those who wait, and they know where to wait.

One of the clamdiggers was a large, capable-looking woman; she looked as though she could do anything she wished to. After prodding about a little in the mud, she sat down upon a mossy rock and howled, according to the advice of one Jeremiah, long since deceased. She spread her two feet to view. "This is a mighty costly outing for me," she said, "a four dollar pair of shoes, twenty-cent carfare, skirt all mud, waist the same, and here is the shovel broken, a borrowed one, fifty cents, and no clams, no clams, no clams!" The loons took up the cry. Sounds never die on the seashore, and if I go there a hundred years from now I know I will hear the argent waves singing that refrain.

The rest of the party gathered, dug and scratched out clams, and then more clams. I dug clams with nurses, milliners, sweet high school girls, merchants, loggers, republicans and sinners, but I have not yet had the pleasure of digging clams with an adventist.

I think people are like clams, they dislike being uplifted. One woman out there in the woods sent for me one day because she said Tom most always got drunk and was late getting the doctor at such times when she needed him the most. "Mercy," I said, "does he do that! Mercy! mercy!" "Yes," she drawled, "I hate it awful." "Well," I said, "I wouldn't have this happen again." "Yes, I hate that, too, but if you will stay until he comes it will



be all right." It was a girl—that was the fourth; four more women to be emancipated against their will.

Another one told me that she had lived there five years and had never been to the beach, because her man didn't think it was a proper place for women. Oh, well, some clams spout when you disturb them, and some don't, and that's all there is to it.

Today I crossed the bay and waded the white sand on the spit, and came out upon the beach where the surf beats over the hulk of the German ship Mimi. I suppose that old Canute would have ordered the surf back. He wasn't there. I wonder what Jesus would have done, he that poured oil on the troubled waters. The Sea of Galilee was only about as large as Nehalem bay. I know that he would have stood beside the widow who brought down dry shoes for the husband who never came ashore, and spoke gently to her. He would look, oh! so kindly at the little browned woman, who laid a wreath of wild peabloom upon the casket of the only sailor who was washed ashore, unknown, and friendless in that wild place. I will never see the wild pea in all its tangled beauty but I will think of that strange funeral there among the towering forest trees!

I went into the store one evening—now, a country store is an institution. There the storekeeper, with his head under the counter, was digging out a pound

of prunes and answering questions at the same time. The store is a post office, ticket office, and ice cream parlor, and they hold church in it. In comes Red or Blue, I have forgotten the name, and blandly inquires, "how much is a ticket to Lake County." "Well, I don't know," says the storekeeper, "but I will find out for you tomorrow." In the lifetime of some of Oregon's citizens Lake County had no definite boundaries. I think it has now.

On the beach I watched the ships sail by; there are ships that pass in the day, and they leave no trail upon the blue-green turnpike; they make no rumble or roar; there are no crossing bells to jar your aching nerves; and boats that carry a whole village pass as silently as a thistle down, and fade away into the horizon, that blue line that is not there.

Sitting silently in the shelter of an old log I saw two bald eagles settle down upon the sand. I held my breath, they were so close to me. One raised himself with his wide wings and with incredibly swift motion pounced upon a snow white gull. The eagle is a part of the well-appointed whole; he is harmonious, he is still, his attitude is correct, so is the gull's.

He tore the gull's warm body and spilled its blood upon the sand, then slowly rose and carried it to his babes sheltered in the curving arm of a mighty fir. A long sliding wave came forth from the edge of the sea and removed all trace of the scarlet from the sand.

Two little downy gulls waited long for their supper; the cold night came on, and no mother's warm breast hovered them. In the morning their little necks and legs were stretched out long and cold.

I am glad I saw the eagles. It is not every day

that you can sit so close to a wild eagle that you can count the feathers on his neck.

I remember in Portland last summer there was a great convention of some sort. Lucile's mother was a widow; she was well to do, she held a position, and Lucile was to take part in this great doings. Now, this mother was calm, well poised, held the right attitude.

Mary's mother was a widow. Mary was to go and see the parade. Mary's mother washed; she washed for Lucile's mother. Lucile's mother was generous and kind to her. Mary's mother was an attribute of the whole.

As Lucile's mother dressed her for this great parade, she remarked that "a dollar and a half was an awful price to pay for hair ribbons, but Lucile's hair was such a rare shade, etc., etc.

"No Mary, darling, I couldn't get you the shoes; you will have to stay at home. Lucile's mother couldn't spare me my pay today. Don't cry, darling."

It will take a mighty wave to wash away this stain.

I am glad I saw the parade—ten thousand children, wearing flowers and bearing banners, our own red, white and blue.

This morning early I met a hand from the mill. "Are you not working this morning," I asked. "No," he said, "I quit this morning; it took up so much of my time." I chatted away, then I noticed that he was casting anxious glances down the beach, and I caught a glimpse of scarlet sweaters, big hats, and bare feet. I kept him just as long as I could, but he broke away, and started on in a swift little jog just as the red sweaters rounded Fisher's Point.

It seems that the bill to repeal human nature has not yet taken effect.

CHAPTER X.

NEHALEM.

After the P. R. & N. R. R. took ten cents away from us, they let us ride on a little tin car fitted with portholes, as far as Wheeler.

Wheeler is as spick-span new, and prim as a little girl in a pink pinafore and sunbonnet. New saw-mill, new hotel, new houses, new walks. Men grading down the hillside so steep that they work up 'till dinner time and then slide down; after dinner they work up until six o'clock and slide down to supper. It will be terraced and bungalows will be built, homes for the men who will work in the mill.

Now we walked down a little gangway and boarded a little launch, Juanita; it took us across the bay to Nehalem. We were out for a frolic. We were going to wait until tomorrow before we worried about today. We had two small boys in the party, and you know they always help some. After we had turned around three times and then sat down, some men brought down and put aboard a long and narrow box; it was one of those boxes that make you think of tomorrow in spite of yourself.

The small boy swung himself out over the water, and we thought again of tomorrow.

Oh, that kid! he wanted to sit where the fat man sat, and no other place would do, and he stepped on the lady from Eugene, and he threw a piece of pie at his mother. "Braced right up to his mother," the other boy told me. I would have liked to have seen the severe lady, alone with that

boy five minutes. I think there would have been an active engagement, that would have interested that whole boatload.

With whistle and fuss like a real steamer, the Juanita squared around to the wharf and there were were in Nehalem.

The village leans up against the hills in a loving, trustful way, old Neah-kan-ni sheltering her from the sea, and reaches his arm around to keep away the encroaching sand. All is quiet and homey in Nehalem.

There is a fish cannery there and a cheese factory, a department store, and kindly obliging people, and they visit with you. You tell the druggist about the boil on Tom's knee, and you feel as though you had just run across the street with your dish apron on.

As we stroll about among the homes it seems as though grandma will come down the dahlia-bordered path, in her big gathered apron, her specks poised on top of her head, and a handful of clovepinks for me and ginger cookies for the boys,—and you will go in and sit on the stoop and she will tell you all about the mysterious Nehalem wax. How the ship came into the bay for water and was wrecked on the bar going out, and her load of beeswax was cast upon the sand. One man was saved, and he made friends with the Indians. All day he watched from Neah-kan-ni for a ship, all day, every day, for forty years, and then a ship sailed by and paid no attention to his signal. And they do say that the Indian women who cooked for him loved him and cared for him tenderly. He died of a broken heart. Then she carved copies of some writings he left her on the rocks, and great chunks

of the wax, hoping that sometime, some of his people would find it and understand. They have found it, far-away maiden of the hills, but they do not understand.

And then we forget today and tomorrow both, and we wonder about the ship, and the man and the wax, of the Indian maiden who loved him, of the strange hieroglyphics on the rocks. Oh Spanish romance! Oh golden sea! Oh vanquished redman!

And some way we think of a locked chamber, in the days of our childhood, where they kept our mother's things. They showed us the lacy white things and the shawl, and best silk, her jewels; but our mother, her voice, her smile, her features, what were they like?

Nehalem will always be like this, for it is so sheltered, and the railroad passed her by. People will go there to live, though; they can't help it; and the tourists will bide awee.

As I said, we forgot today and tomorrow both, but only a little while, for the boy brought us back with a jerk. It is a good thing we had both of those boys with us, otherwise I am afraid that we would have started out on a war of extermination of boys, but the older one was such a manly little fellow that he balanced the thing. Boys are something to be studied, but it is useless to form an opinion of them, for you will have to change it in ten minutes.

This one, the older one, is a royal spender. He bought a purse for a nickle to keep his other nickles safe, then spent all of them in five minutes.

I have another little boy friend; his father is a Jewish gentlemen of wide proportion. I made a

ball for the small chap. "Now, sir," I said, "it will cost you fifty cents an hour for my work." He stretched himself up 'till he was nearly as high as my chair, reached for the ball, and sweetly asked, "You couldn't do it for 35 cents, could you?" These three boys will be men at the same time the unemancipated woman's little girls will be women, and I find myself wondering about tomorrow today, which I shouldn't according to New Thought.

Then again, there is Moroney Town. Just roll that name around awhile, with Brighton, Manhattan, Rockaway, Bay View. Don't it make you think of a pensive island, green and far away?

Don't you imagine it is a little town, between two little lakes, and a little river running past hidden by tall reeds and bubbling mountain streams coming down from sheltering hills on one side, and just over a ridge high enough to keep off the wind is the sea? Can you believe that the water in the little lakes is fresh and there are trout dwelling therein and waterlilies floating.

There is an old man who has lived there longer than any other man except one. He says this proudly, and with a little, just a little, rolling sound in his voice, that makes you think of St. Patrick's day. He has a little leaky boat, and he takes you out in this and rows all about these little lakes, and the water is so warm and shallow and still, you don't care if you do fall in.

Can you imagine a little garden back of the lake

with superb vegetables and fruit trees, growing in land that has never been plowed? Can you imagine this old man platting and selling off this land for homes where anyone can make a fortune raising fruit and poultry, vegetables, asparagus, bees? Verily, it is a paradise for bees. It is there just the same, the prettiest spot on the whole shore, and different from all the rest. The railroad folders tell you of all the rest, a solid row of towns the whole length of the beach, strand and sea on one side, then the railroad, then a string of fresh water lakes, then the mountains.

An automobile road is under construction right along between the lakes and the sea. It is the finest place to bathe in the whole world. You take a dip in the sea and almost freeze to death, and just when your toes begin to curl up, you run out and warm yourself on the sand, then covered with sand until you are as gritty as a bulldog, you skip over to the little lake and take a good old-fashioned bath, warm and soapy, wash the sand off and go back to your room warm and clean.

While I was roaming around these places I met many people. I told them I had a cottage at Brighton. When I am in Brighton I tell the storekeeper to send the stuff down to my shack. Summer resorters seem to naturally fall into these ways. I wasn't far enough away from home though, to make it stick. Oh, well, what is the difference? Shack or tent or cottage or hollow stump; there is no place like this to spend awhile, to loaf and eat, to find out how small you are, and how great is Tillamook beach.

CHAPTER XI.

CHEESE.

I have a long strand of memory gems and yesterday I added thereto a beautiful pendant, a charm, the center and most valued of the whole collection, it is golden and solid, none of your rolled plate affairs, it was given me by the business men of Tillamook, and it is made of cheese, wonderful Tillamook cheese.

I had rather be a salesman for Tillamook cheese than to hold any other position in the United States. Are you from Missouri? Then I will show you. In the first place, it is a perfect article.

When you have a golden cube of it served with your apple pie, just try and remember some of the great things back here in Tillamook county that must come to pass before this delectable cube may be served to your order.

There must be great green meadows, great clover fields, there must be the tender grasses of the mountain side. There must be great herds of sleek cows sniffing the glorious air, sea salted. There must be sanitary barns, pretty girls and brawny brown men to care for and milk the cows. There must be slender legged horses and steady drivers to tote the milk to the factory in the early morning.

Then, back of the factory, with all its perfect appointments of vats, and hoops, its boiler and

system of hot and cold water, its ventilation and drainage, its white-capped pleasant men to manage and order it all. Back of this is the Co-operative Association, solid and sure. We watched the milk carefully strained into huge vats, almost big enough to live in, and gradually by some means scientific but mysterious, it gradually changed into a solid golden mass, was cut into small squares and salted and drained, men stirred and lifted it, until it was pronounced just right, packed into hoops, banked up on shelves, wrapped tenderly in white cheese-cloth; after cooling three days it is dipped in melted parafine—and again laid up on long snowy shelves. There it remains until its appointed day, and is then a dish fit to set before a king.

Now the salesman can say that he has the best, that he knows it's prepared in a cleanly manner, from feeding the clover to the cow to loading the white spruce boxes on the boat or car.

That it is an ideal, nourishing food that no blood was shed to produce it, that its manufacture gives employment to hundreds of people from the tiny lad that "drives up the cow from the pasture" to the salesman.

That the profits that accrue go back to the producer and build homes and schools and good roads.

He can say that the success of the Tillamook cheese industry is the practical working out of the socialistic ideal of co-operation, and that it has been brought about without the aid of a soap box

orator, or of any society's ranting agitator, but by the cool "United States" brand of business ability of the men and women of Tillamook county, under Republican and Democratic administration, under the red, white and blue, star-spangled banner. Hurrah for Tillamook county!

He can say that the recipients of the money and the glory of this achievement are well clothed, well fed and happy, that they live an out-of-door life.

One of the 23 factories uses 20,000 pounds of milk per day; that will make about 2000 pounds of cheese. The whole of the milk is used, cream and all, fresh from the farm every morning.

Just try to visualize this amount of milk, put up in pint bottles, and spread upon the Portland porches at 8 cents per quart, and then figure up how much you would have left if you paid the bill, and then figure up that amount for 365 days in the year and multiply it by the 23 factories, or try to think how big a stack of sandwiches the 2000 pounds, the product of one day, would make. I haven't tried it myself; it makes me dizzy.

Now, they tell me there is room for and need of four times as many cows, four times as many men and women to care for them, four times as much money invested, four times as much cheese can be made.

And the valleys are smiling and the hills are waiting, the genial climate and the sea are call-

ing, and the people are waiting for you, and the table is all ready spread for your entertainment.

Make some sandwiches like this for a lunch, pack them in waxed paper, take the train or boat, or auto, or foot trail and come and see for yourself:

Take one-half pound of Tillamook cheese, 1 green pepper, remove the seeds and veins. Chop fine, then run the cheese and pepper through the fine grinder of the food chopper, season with salt, a dash of paprika, and spread on thin slices of whole wheat bread.

Tillamook City is the county seat, and therefore bristles with important things. Of course, the court house, two newspapers, homelike hotels and restaurants, and the most courteous people I ever met.

Tillamook City is an intaglio set down deep in a frame of green hills. It is impossible to give any idea of it. You may say that a certain man's hair "looks like a mop." At once you see your friend going about with some old rag on his head, instead of his pretty red hair.

You cannot say that Tillamook looks like Chicago. It don't. You cannot say that it looks like Cornelius. It don't. It looks just like Tillamook, and so there you are.

Level, fine streets, cement walks, schools and churches. The children have to go to school,

whether they will or no. Grown people can go to church if they wish, but if they stay at home nobody knows anything about it. Everybody in Tillamook is minding his own business, and he has plenty to do.

If Moses had lived in this century he would have added one more Commandment, and it would have been: "Mind your own business, for the Lord's sake." Come to think of it, he would have left out all the rest, so thoroughly does this cover the ground.

You might say that Tillamook is a fine place for a home, that there is an opportunity there, one to a block for a great many men and women. That there is cubic miles of ozone; many linear feet of smiles. There is. And with your cheese, you may have fruit and fish, potatoes and salt, a house to live in, boat rides, auto rides over the finest roads in the country. You may have anything you want—it is there.

Finally, you can truthfully say, that the only way you can thoroughly appreciate it, is to visit it yourself.

The residents of Tillamook are at home.

*Published in the Tillamook Headlight.

CHAPTER XII.

A SONG.

Long ago Emerson said, "Oregon and Texas are yet unsung."

The Morning Oregonian says we must have a scribe to write of our autos and flying machines, and such.

And the Poet of Dallas,

"When they come they will chant us the pity of the mill and the moan and the mine." Oh, fudge! The greatest poem has been written, and its title is Oregon. It is written on the face of the earth by the hand that holds the universe in its palm.

No human pen can write a proper poem of Oregon. Imagine a goddess on Mt. Hood. Just think of our loggers hobnobbing with a woodland sylph, a Casca Bianca of today, if he was only five years old, would have taken his peanuts and got off of that burning ship, and his mother would have rated him soundly for not bringing the captain home to supper.

Solomon could never think of the Shulamite if he should see an Oregon woman picking hops. David would never lie down in green pastures; he would have had energy enough in this invigorating climate to busy himself buying another pasture, and more sheep or angora goats.

We have poems, lots of them, man-made, too. The Forestry building in Portland is a poem with the bark on. It is written in the meter of the square and plumb line. It is *the* wonder of the world; it could not have been written anywhere else.

The forests of fir and spruce are Psalms forever chanting.

The rivers and lakes and mountain streams are lyrics.

The hills and valleys, the moonlight on the bay, the sunlight on the sea, the sunrise on the mountain top. The glow and glint and sparkle of the sunset, weaving gold and silver threads into the edges of the day, and beading the rim of night with pearls; all these are sonnets.

The sea, the wide, wild sea, a psalter. We have poets among our people, too. The captain of the little tug that put a buoy on treacherous Nehalem bar is a poet.

The logger that cuts down those great spruce trees in the day and tames baby chipmunks in the evening is a poet.

The plain little woman that placed a wreath of wild pea upon the casket of the unknown sailor, is a poetess.

The one S. Benson that placed thirty brass fountains, and upon each brass fountain on the four sides thereof a brass spigot, that bubbles, bubbles sweet and clean water, that has been brought down from the melting crystals of Mt. Hood's mighty crest—

placed them in the city of Portland where thousands of people quench their thirst—the black man and the dainty maiden side by side ; the unfortunate, upon whom the sins of his fathers have been visited, may drink without danger of contaminating the dimpled babe, whose mother holds him that he may “swallow a bubble”—this man is a poet.

They live out here, because of it. They are so big, and do such big things, they must live where they can breathe and stretch themselves. And like the sea that roars, and mouths great ships, then spews them out upon the sands, that ever beats upon the rocks and cannot be controlled, yet throws up from its mighty silent heart, and lays gently at your feet, a piece of perfect, pink and purple seaweed, that your slightest touch destroys, so these great men and women build great and mighty for the race to come, and awe you with their energy, yet breathe a song of love and rest and peace, right from their silent tender hearts.

Yes, Oregon is a poem, and saw and hammer, hoe, needle and loom keep time to its rhythmic swing.

In the cities you may have the rag-time, in the mountains the chants, on the sea the requiems, and everywhere the martial strains, and Oregon is marching on.

POST SCRIPT

P. S. Oh, I forgot something, so I must call your attention to Mr. Moroney's Cranberry lands; they lie right along the Railroad, and can be flooded at any season. God has arranged that.

Only 16 miles to Tillamook South, and all the towns on the P. R. & N. to the great city of Portland East, are waiting markets.

There is no timber, nothing but grass to clear.

Mr. Moroney will sell you 5-10-20 acres or more of this land. You can carry the price in your vest pocket and give him half of it. You will have to hire the Express Company to carry your product to market and a bank to handle your profits.

Ask MICHAEL MORONEY.

Rockaway,
Tillamook County, Oregon.

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