

Vol. I.

JUNE, 1899.

No. 2.

KLOS NESIKA ILLAHEE



**OREGON
NATIVE
SON**

and Historical Magazine

Devoted to the History, Industries and Development of the Pacific Northwest in General and Oregon in Particular.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE NATIVE SONS

AND UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE

**PIONEER ASSOCIATION, INDIAN WAR VETERANS
AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY.**

\$1.00 A YEAR

IN ADVANCE

10 CTS. A NUMBER

NATIVE SON PUBLISHING CO.,

PUBLISHERS.

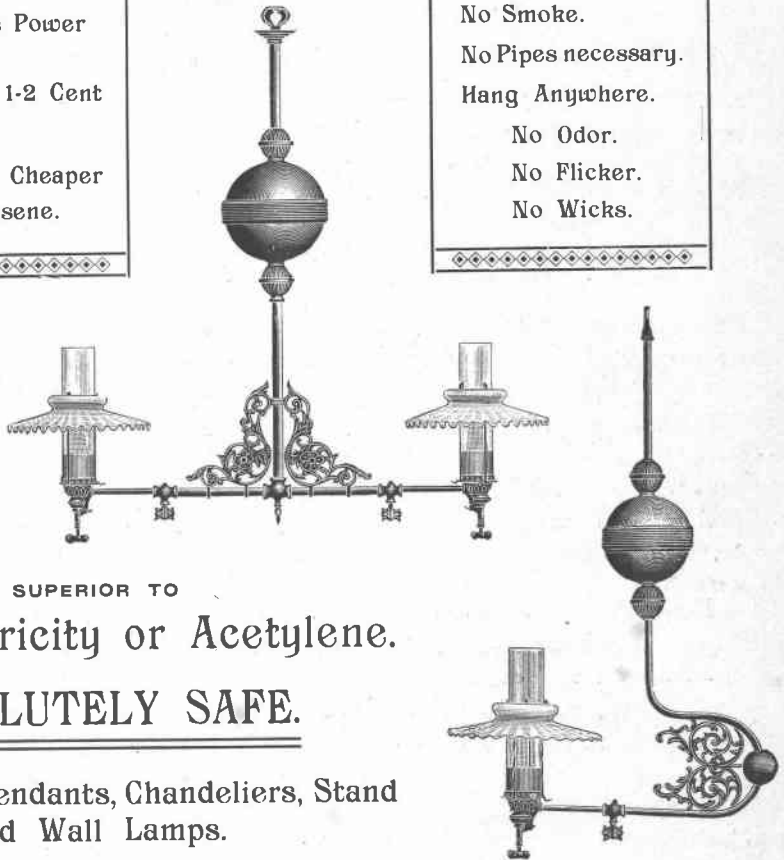
PORTLAND, OREGON.

The "BEST" Incandescent Vapor Gas Light

100 Candle Power
At a Cost
Less than 1-2 Cent
Per Hour.

50 per ct. Cheaper
Than Kerosene.

No Smoke.
No Pipes necessary.
Hang Anywhere.
No Odor.
No Flicker.
No Wicks.



SUPERIOR TO
Gas, Electricity or Acetylene.
ABSOLUTELY SAFE.

In all styles: Pendants, Chandeliers, Stand
And Wall Lamps.

INSURANCE COMPANIES GIVE PERMITS FOR USE GRATIS.
AGENTS WANTED IN OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

ON EXHIBITION BOTH DAY AND EVENING AT
188 Third Street, Portland, Oregon.
The "BEST" Incandescent Lamp Co.

OREGON NATIVE SON.

\$1.00 a Year in Advance.

10 Cents a Number.

NATIVE SON PUBLISHING CO.,

OREGONIAN BUILDING, Publishers, PORTLAND, OREGON.

The entire contents of this magazine are protected by copyright, and must not be reprinted without proper credit being given the OREGON NATIVE SON.

Contents for June, 1899.

	PAGE
The White Dove, <i>Ella Higginson,</i>	61
An Interview With a Survivor of the Whitman Massacre,	63
Our Emblem Flower, <i>Ena M. White,</i>	65
Mountain Lore,	67
The Stolen Loaf, <i>Thomas H. Rogers,</i>	75
Beautiful Willamette, <i>Sam L. Simpson,</i>	79
Homer C. Davenport, <i>T. W. Davenport,</i>	80
A Pocket Full of Rocks,	90
An Interesting Letter on the Yakima War, <i>Lieutenant T. J. Small,</i>	91
Oregon Past, Present and Future,	94
The Regalia of the Native Sons,	95
Oregon Historical Society,	96
The Boom and the Boomerang, <i>W. G. Steel,</i>	97
An Effective Immigration Association, <i>Eugene D. White,</i>	102
Curio Flotsam,	103
Native Daughters, <i>Mrs. Elizabeth Weatherred,</i>	104
Purple and Gold,	105
Nesika Wawa,	107
Biographical,	109
Bible Statistics,	118

Agents wanted in every locality. Write for our terms. Unusual inducements offered.

Manuscript sent to us should be typewritten and must be accompanied by stamps to prepay return postage, if writers thereof so desire.

Address all correspondence, of whatever nature, and make all P. O. or express money orders, drafts, etc., payable to

NATIVE SON PUBLISHING CO.,

Portland, Oregon.

COPYRIGHT 1899, BY NATIVE SON PUBLISHING CO.

The readers of this magazine will confer a great favor upon the publishers if they will kindly mention the Oregon Native Son when dealing with our advertisers.

J. A. STROWBRIDGE,
189 Front Street,
PORTLAND, OREGON.



LEATHER AND FINDINGS



Bernstein's Art Store 307
Washington St.

Correct Effects and
Originator of Art Novelties.

Oregon 'Phone Brown 462.

The Paris Millinery
MRS. MARSHALL.

Latest Styles...

330 WASHINGTON ST.,
Portland, Oregon.

UNION TICKET AGENCY.

128 Third St.

Portland, Or.

Frank Bollan, Manager.

THE H. F. SPALDING,

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF THE OWNER.

EUROPEAN PLAN. S. E. COR. PARK AND ALDER. TEL. 938.

P. C. H. S. A.

STANDS FOR

Co-Operation and Combination by the People.

Merchants, Manufacturers, Bankers, Brokers, Capitalists, and Railway Magnates, have combined in various ways for their mutual benefit and protection, and why shouldn't *Farmers Profit by their examples*. 40,000 farmers, mechanics, dairymen, stock raisers, etc. have already formed A BIG COMBINATION, with headquarters in Portland, through which they purchase all their supplies direct from the wholesale houses and to which they ship all their crops and products to be placed on the market at the highest prices. For further particulars and terms of membership address:

PACIFIC COAST HOME SUPPLY ASSOCIATION,

41 (FIRST STREET and 220-224 ASH STREET, - - PORTLAND, OREGON.



OTTO SCHUMANN,

The Leading
Maker of **MONUMENTS**

And all kinds of

Marble, Granite and Stone Work

Best Prices,
Best Work,
Quick Delivery. **DRAWINGS MADE BY DESCRIPTION.**

204 Third St., near Taylor,

PORTLAND, - OREGON.

THE WHITE DOVE.

Written for the Oregon Native Son.

They marched thro' San Francisco's streets,
In the topaz flush of morn;
Their feet left blood-prints on the stones,
Their clothing was soiled and torn—
And one brave lad among the rest
Bore a white, white dove upon his breast.
The bombs went thundering to the skies,
And echoed across the bay,
Where rocking on the flowing tide
The waiting transports lay—
And white as the dove upon his breast,
One brave lad marched among the rest.
We cheered the captain as he went by,
We cheered the haggard men,
We cheered the bugle, the fife, the drum,
We cheered the flag—and then
The lad with the dove upon his breast
Came marching by among the rest.
A silence ran along the street,
And broken were our cheers,
And something trembled in our hearts
That filled our eyes with tears—
When the lad marched by among the rest
With the white, white dove upon his breast.
And thro' our springing tears we saw
A mother, bowed and sad,
Who knelt in a far Atlantic home
To thank her God for a lad
Who was proud to bear among the rest
A white, white dove upon his breast.

—ELLA HIGGINSON.

SEVEN SURVIVORS OF THE WHITMAN MASSACRE.



MRS. REBECCA HOPKINS
(nee Hall).

MRS. SUSAN M. WIRT
(nee Kimball).

MRS. ELIZA WARREN
(nee Spalding).

MRS. LORINDA CHAPMAN
(nee Bewley).

MRS. NANCY A. JACOBS
(nee Osborne).

MRS. MINA A. MEGLER
(nee Kimball).

MRS. GERTRUDE DENNY
(nee Hall).

OREGON NATIVE SON.

VOL. I.

JUNE, 1899.

No. 2.

AN INTERVIEW

With a Survivor of the Whitman Massacre.

Mrs. Owen N. Denny, of Portland, is a survivor of the Whitman massacre, at which time she was quite a small child; but the terrible scenes of that day are indelibly impressed upon her mind. In the following interview she trusts wholly to memory, and gives incidents as they are recollected:

For many days preceding the massacre, rumors of an outbreak prevailed, which were substantiated by an apparent insolence on the part of the Indians. In 1847 I was one of the youngest children attending school in Dr. Whitman's house, with a Mr. Saunders for teacher, who, as well as our own family, was an immigrant, having arrived that year from the States. On November 29 preparations were made for killing a beef, because of which the men of the mission were all expected to be present and assist. This was an opportunity desired by the Indians, who expected to annihilate the attaches of the mission. One man, who was expected to be present, failed to arrive on time, in consequence of which the work was delayed until late in the day. The result was that when night came the Indians had not finished the massacre; and delayed a portion of it until next morning. Thus did it happen that there were survivors. During the afternoon recess we children were in the kitchen, where we found John Sager, busy untangling a large lot

of twine. He loved children, and often played with us, whereas we thought a great deal of him. On this occasion, however, he was so downcast and gloomy that we could not attract his attention or make him smile. We tried every possible way to get him to look up and smile upon us, but all to no purpose. He was so deeply engrossed in his own sorrow, as to make a great impression on all of us. Just after recess we heard the reports of firearms, and at first supposed our friends had commenced their work. The continued firing, however, excited Mr. Saunders' suspicion, and he started out to see what was the matter. As the door opened I caught a glimpse of an Indian making a dive at him. Mr. Saunders closed the door quickly and started for the immigrant house, a few rods distant, where his family was stopping. It was necessary for him to climb a fence on the way, and when doing so was shot. As the door closed I turned to the opposite window, and saw Mr. Kimball running toward the house and holding his left arm, which was bleeding. Soon after the firing commenced mother and Mrs. Hayse came running from the immigrant house, and arrived barely in time to get in, as Mrs. Whitman was barring the doors to keep the Indians out. Mother told me that on the way she saw Chief Teloukite trying to hit Dr. Whitman on the head, but the latter kept dodging from side to side

and missing the blows, although he had already been shot and was bleeding. The chief was on horseback, and the doctor on foot, near the house, which he reached before mother and Mrs. Hayse. As mother entered, she saw him lying on the floor, and Mrs. Whitman asked her to help lift him. In taking his head in her hands, it was bloody and felt squeshy. He told them, however, to let him alone and look out for themselves, as he would die anyhow. Mrs. Whitman was first shot in the wrist, after which she was still active in her efforts to look out for the welfare of others, during which time Joe Lewis, a halfbreed whom she said was the ringleader of the trouble, kept slipping and dodging around the outside, trying to get a shot at her through the pantry window, which he finally did, wounding her in the breast. After being thus shot twice, Mrs. Whitman went upstairs, where Mr. Kimball had gone. At the first alarm the large boys knew the threatened massacre had commenced, so hurried the small children into a sort of loft in the schoolroom, then climbed up themselves, telling us to keep perfectly quiet under all circumstances. Here we remained what seemed to me a very long time. When the Indians had killed all the Americans outside, they called to those in the house to come out, as they were going to fire the buildings. The Bridger boys, who were part Indian, and Frank Sager, who were also attending school, were with us in the loft. After the shooting stopped Joe Lewis came in and called to us to come down. The large boys told us not to answer or make a noise. Lewis then went out, and the boys told us if he came back we had better go down, but under no circumstances were we to speak of their being in the loft. After a short interval Lewis returned and again called for us to come down, which the children did. As we

entered the kitchen, the first thing that greeted our eyes was the dead body of John Sager, lying across the door, over which we had to step to enter the dining-room. In our fright we children remained together, and seemed not to be noticed. Nowhere was there anyone visible except Indians, some of whom tried to go upstairs, but Mr. Rogers threatened to shoot the first head that appeared. They then called out that they would fire the house, and for everybody to come out, saying they would not get hurt, and making many promises of good treatment. After what seemed a long time, Mrs. Whitman was induced to come down, Mr. Rogers helping her, my mother Mrs. Hall, and Mrs. Hayse coming down at the same time. Mrs. Whitman, being unable to walk, was placed on a settee. The Indians said they would take her to the immigrant house, so they picked up the settee and started, mother, Mrs. Hayse and Mr. Rogers following. Before getting across the room they put the settee down and engaged in animated conversation, which mother could not understand, but Mrs. Whitman and Mr. Rogers could. They then carried her into the middle of the kitchen and again put the settee down, when another pow-wow was held. In the meantime a friendly Indian urged mother and Mrs. Hayse to go on ahead, faster. The Indians at last picked up the settee again, and moved a few feet outside the door, when the friendly Indian again urged—almost pushing—mother and Mrs. Hayse, to go on ahead, which they finally did. At this point I joined mother. It was now getting twilight, when the same friendly Indian who urged mother and Mrs. Hayse to go on ahead, took off his own blanket and held it before the children, who remained behind, that they might not see the horrible tragedy being enacted. However,

they informed me that about the time we got to the immigrant house, the Indians shot Mrs. Whitman in the face, struck her several times on the head with a heavily loaded whip handle, then rolled her off the settee into the mud. At the same time they shot Mr. Rogers and Frank Sager, who had come down from the loft where we left him. We did not see the part-Indian boys any more, but they were not injured. Of course we were all terror-stricken in the immigrant house that night, and none of the adults were able to sleep. Before leaving, the Indians told Joe Lewis, a Frenchman, to leave during the night, as they would return in the morning and kill all the survivors. This Frenchman was in love with Mrs. Hayse, and wanted to marry her, claiming that the Indians would save her, and probably all the others, if she was his wife. This she refused to do, but at the request of the other women, consented to have him report to the Indians that they were married, and said if she could reconcile herself to it she might marry him later.

Very early in the morning the Indians returned, came into the house, helped themselves to whatever they wanted, and

very deliberately began preparations for killing the survivors. As Lewis had not gone away, they demanded to know why, which gave him an opportunity to plead for us, which he did with all the eloquence of desperation, claiming that Mrs. Hayse was his wife and he would not leave her, but if she was killed they would also have to kill him. He told them that we were all inoffensive, had never harmed the Indians and were not disposed to; that they had killed Dr. and Mrs. Whitman, and all those whom they considered enemies, and should spare the women and children, who were merely passing through their country. After a time the chief, Teloukite, granted his request, but some of the Indians became very angry and wanted to finish the work of slaughter at once. It is a mistake to suppose that the entire tribe was engaged in this massacre, as it was a conspiracy among a few only, said to be twenty-five to thirty, while others stood around helpless, and some of them weeping. The Indians supposed the food to be poisoned, and permitted us to retain all of it. Considering their nature they treated us with marked courtesy in many ways during our stay among them.



OUR EMBLEM FLOWER.

Copyright 1899, by Wiley B. Allen.

Wild flow'r of Oregon,
Loved by each native son,
Of thee we sing.

Emblem of hope and pride,
Along the mountain-side,
Down to the ocean's tide,
We praises bring.

From cascades to dell,
Where birds in echo swell,
Their songs so free,

Where rolls the Oregon,
By love's sweet labor won,

From morn to setting sun,
We sing of thee.

From Hood's prophetic crest,
Throughout the golden West,
In ev'ry bower,

Columbia's breeze has blown,
Sweet yellow petals grown,
"Wild grape of Oregon,"
Our emblem flower.

ENA M. WHITE

*The Oregon grape is the Oregon state flower. The marguerite is the emblem of the Oregon Native Sons.

OREGON NATIVE SON.



MRS. MYRA F. EELLS.
A Pioneer of 1838.



MRS. MARY R. WALKER.
A Pioneer of 1838.



Photo by Browning.
MRS. MARY AUGUSTA GRAY,
A Pioneer of 1838.

OREGON PIONEERS.

MOUNTAIN LORE.

MOUNT HOOD.

Mount Hood, as seen from Portland, appears to terminate at the summit in a sharp point. Such, however, is not the case, as the present summit is the irregular north rim of a crater that once existed in a complete circle to the south, making a mountain of form similar to St. Helens. In the course of time the south, east and west portions of this rim disappeared, leaving a long, irregular, jagged portion to the north, at right angles to Portland. After the southerly walls of the crater disappeared, a rock several hundred feet in height was left near the center of the old crater, now known as Crater Rock. As the volcanic heat decreased, snow accumulated above this rock, formed glaciers and moved slowly down the mountain to the right and left, thus forming a sharp ridge, now called the Devil's Backbone, the Hog's Back, or the Big Backbone. As these glaciers moved down, they left the north wall of the original crater, thus forming the Great Crevasse, over which it is sometimes impossible to pass.

Hood is located in latitude 45 degrees 22 minutes and 24.3 seconds; longitude 121 degrees, 42 minutes and 49.6 seconds, and is one of the very few snow-capped peaks in the world that stands alone, rising directly from sea-level, and is visible from a city of nearly 100,000 population. It was known among the Indians as Pat-to (accent on the last syllable), a general term, signifying very high. On October 29, 1792, Lieutenant Broughton, of Vancouver's exploring expedition, discovered it, and named it in honor of Lord Hood, of England, a personal friend of Captain Vancouver. During the '40s there was an effort made

among Americans to fix the names of presidents on the various high peaks of the Cascades, and to permanently designate them all as the Presidents' Range. At this time Hood was known as Mount Washington. On several occasions since the whites occupied the country it is said to have been in eruption; especially in 1846 and 1865. At the present time it constantly emits steam, and at times black, sulphurous smoke, in limited quantities. On the south side numerous caves are formed under the glaciers, caused by the heat from the sides of the mountain, which melts away the ice.

On Friday morning, August 4, 1854, the following party left Portland, with the published determination to "make a scientific examination of this hitherto unexplored mountain, to measure and get the relative height, location, etc., of this and all the other snow peaks. For that purpose the necessary instruments have been procured and will be taken with the party": T. J. Dryer, Wells Lake, Captain Travillot and Captain Barlow. General Joel Palmer was to have joined them, but failed to materialize at the last moment. Judge Olney went by way of The Dalles, where he was joined by Major Haller and an Indian guide, and together they came in from the east, joining Dryer at the timber line. Several days were spent examining the mountain, and on Thursday, August 8, they crossed White River canyon and ascended from the southeast, along the dark ridge, so plainly seen from the south, and which leads, not to the summit of the mountain, but to the top of Steel's Cliff. As it is impossible to reach the summit from this point, it is unnecessary to say Dryer never reached the summit of the moun-

tain. Of the entire party, Dryer, Lake and the Indian only, succeeded in scaling Steel's Cliff. While returning from the climb, a novel measurement of the mountain was made by the scientists of the party. It is described by Dryer as follows: "When descending we found Captain Travailot, Major Haller and Judge Olney making observations, triangulations and distances for the purpose of ascertaining the height of the mountain. It being impossible to use the barometer, calculations were made by taking the table of the line of perpetual snow on the principal mountains of the globe, as laid down by Baron de Humboldt. By keeping a rigorous account of both the latitude (44 degrees 30 minutes), the temperature given by the thermometer and the exposition of the side by which we made the ascent, we took as the height of our encampment, 11,250 feet; the snow at the edge of the snow-fields being 28 inches within 30 feet of our camp, and the meltage only three hours in the afternoon. From that basis Captain Travailot and Mr. Lake took several distances, and obtained by calculation 15,442 feet, or two miles and a half to ascend under an angle of 35 degrees to reach the pinnacle; which distance gave the height of 7,111 feet, which, added to the basis, makes a total of 18,361 feet as the height of the mountain." To students of modern science this may seem somewhat complicated, as Mr. Dryer neglected to say just how deep the snow was 31 feet from camp in the dark of the moon.

On August 23, 1867, Colonel Williamson, with a government party, ascended the mountain, made numerous scientific observations, and, among other things, secured a careful barometric measurement, which showed the elevation to be 11,225 feet. Future investigation may change these figures slightly, but they are

very nearly correct, and the most reliable of any now in existence, manufacturers of souvenir spoons to the contrary notwithstanding. Those interested in such matters will find Colonel Williamson's report in the *Oregonian* of September 24, 1867.

In Armstrong's "Oregon and Washington" may be found the following choice contribution to history: "The loftiest of the snow peaks is Mount Hood. It was ascended by Mr. Belden, in October, 1854, and found to be 19,400 feet high. They ascended as high as they could travel, first with snow shoes, then with ice hooks and spikes. When they reached a point some 18,000 feet high respiration became very difficult, owing to the rarity of the atmosphere. At length the blood began to ooze through the pores of the skin like drops of sweat—their eyes began to bleed—then the blood gushed from their ears. Then they commenced their downward march. At the point where they commenced the ascent, they had left their pack-mules and two men to guard them. The men went out hunting, and when they returned found that the cougars had killed two of the mules." Mr. Belden's first name is not given, but it was probably Ananias.

On July 11, 1857, the first actual ascent of Mount Hood was made by Henry L. Pittock, W. Lyman Chittenden, James G. Deardorff, William Buckley and Professor L. J. Powell, of Portland. Since that time it is probable that more persons have stood on the summit of this mountain than any similar one on the American continent. Many years ago the idea was suggested of illuminating it, and in 1885 it was seriously discussed, but not attempted until the following year, when several young men from Portland attempted the experiment with red fire, intending to set it off at the appointed time,

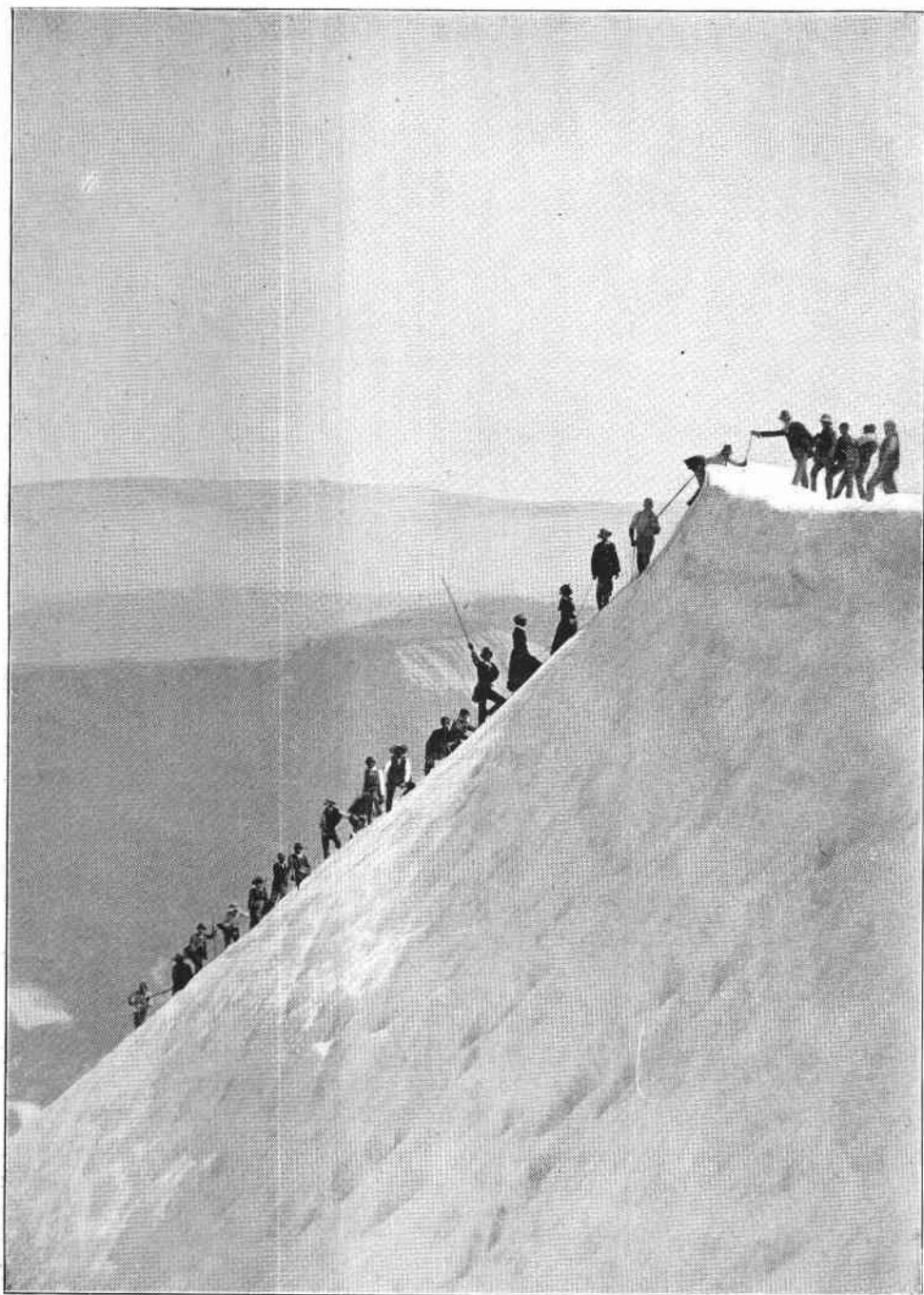


Photo by C. C. Lewis, Monmouth.

MAZAMAS ATTAINING THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT HOOD, JULY 19, 1894.

by means of clock-work and acids. By careless handling, however, it was ignited during the day, so the effort proved a failure. In 1887 a party was sent out under the direction of the Fourth of July committee of Portland, the result of whose labors are thus described by the Oregonian next morning: "The celebration closed with the illumination of Mount Hood, the grandest and most unique event of the day. Precisely at 11:30, the time appointed, just as the fireworks display was over, a bright red light shone away up in the clouds above the eastern horizon, which was greeted with cheers from the thousands congregated on the bridge, wharves, roofs, boats on the river, and on the hills back of town, and with vigorous and long-continued whistling from every steamboat on the river." Again, just one year later, the mountain was illuminated, and, in response to a request from Eastern editors, the Mazamas will set it ablaze on the night of July 4 next.

MAZAMAS.

Mazama is a Spanish word, first used by a naturalist in Mexico, about 200 years ago, to designate the mountain goat, or American chamois, found on the Pacific coast of the North American continent. It is also the name of a club of mountain-climbers, with headquarters in Portland, the object of which is to advertise American natural scenery. To compel the world to recognize the fact that our own native land is blessed with scenery equal to or superior to anything found in Europe or elsewhere. Its very organization was romantic, and its life has been one continual labor on scientific lines, together with bold mountaineering feats well planned and successfully carried out. It is composed of ladies and gentlemen familiar with science and literature, as also sturdy moun-

taineers, whose lots are cast in the wilderness. It was organized on the top-most peak of Mount Hood, July 19, 1894, at which time 200 persons participated. Never before was there such a gathering on a mountain over two miles high. Charter membership was limited to those present at the organization, and no one can join without first climbing to the summit of a snow-capped mountain, on the sides of which there must be at least one living glacier. It must be a mountain, too, up the sides of which it is impossible to ride, horseback or otherwise. Annual excursions are organized, and regular business meetings held on the summit of some mountain of perpetual snow. Scientific investigations are carried on in various lines, and lectures are delivered around the camp fires by men celebrated for their learning.

Accompanying Colonel Frank V. Drake's poem, "Mazamas," descriptive of the organization on Mount Hood, is the following interesting note:

"Mercury passed between us and the sun in July, 1894, being at inferior conjunction July 26 at 4 hours 28 minutes P. M., central time. Venus passed by Jupiter on the morning of July 20. Jupiter and Neptune were in conjunction with Venus on the morning of the 20th. See 'Astronomy and Astro-Physics,' June, 1894. All these planets were in this rare conjunction (occurring at intervals of many centuries) on the morning of July 19, when the Mazamas began the ascent of Mount Hood."

On the evening before organization over 300 persons camped on the rugged moraines at extreme timber line, fully a mile above the line of snow. As the day wore on and the sun descended, word was passed from camp to camp to watch the western horizon. Far off in the distance, by one sweep of the eye, the fa-

mous Willamette valley could be seen through its entirety. Beyond it the Coast range of mountains shut the ocean from view, and almost from our very feet the great Columbia flows on to the sea. The Cascade range extends to the south in a line of snow peaks and cross ranges, while here and there bits of cloud gather over the valleys below. Mount Jefferson, fifty miles distant, seems like a sentinel, while forty miles beyond the Three Sisters stand in chaste beauty. One hundred and fifty miles down the range Diamond Peak rears its snowy crest aloft. Fifty miles to the east the plains of Eastern Oregon lie like a scroll, tessellated with fields of ripening grain.

But the sun is descending, and as his rays strike the waters of the Pacific at the proper angle they are reflected to us on the mountain, and a yellow line along the horizon shows us clearly the ocean, over a hundred miles distant. Everybody in camp is excited as Old Sol descends, for clouds have gathered in the west, and Heaven's artistic hand is at work on the canvas. Every moment the scene grows more brilliant. The gilded clouds roll into golden streets and celestial palaces and cities rise up and disappear. Great temples and walls of precious stones linger for a brief season and fade away. The waters of the ocean seem like molten gold in their magnificence. Finally the sun sinks to rest, the ocean disappears, the brilliance of a moment is but the vivid recollection of a glorious scene that shall never fade from memory. Before us stands the grand old mountain, bold and beautiful, while a sea of snow stretches away to the summit and is lost in the timber below. As the sun goes down a great yellow ball appears on the eastern horizon, and a full moon covers the world with a soft, effulgent light that grows brighter as the night advances. Camp is pitched fully a mile above sea-

level, beyond all impurities of the atmosphere, and is surrounded with pure snow, which reflects and increases the already bright light of the moon. So light is the night that many sit and marvel that such things can be.

A weird scene presents itself as we look up and down the moraines and see scores of camp-fires, from around which happy voices are heard, mingled with various musical instruments. Shouts and laughter greet the ear, and dull care is banished from our midst. Some of the brightest minds of the country are gathered here, with mechanics and farmers' boys, presidents of colleges, students and beautiful women. Original songs float upon the breeze, and trained voices add melody to the general rejoicing. Newspapers sent representatives, and delegates are here from schools and religious organizations. The musicians of Portland sent a bugler, who at 9 o'clock climbed high up the mountain and played "America." Quick as thought camps here and there joined with words, and it seemed that every voice on the mountain-side was awaking the echoes in one grand refrain. Then the bugler played "Nearer, My God to Thee." The notes came like whisperings from heaven; every voice was hushed, every sound ceased, and all seemed charmed into absolute silence. Never did music sound half so sweet, never was poor humanity so peacefully at rest. "Taps" followed in quick succession, and camp was stilled for the night.

Promptly at 2 o'clock the "Reveille" was sounded, and all was activity. Far down below us the foothills and mountain valleys were filled with clouds, through which vivid flashes of lightning could be seen, and from which came loud peals of thunder. The air was chilly and the wind strong. Fears were expressed for the day by those unused to such

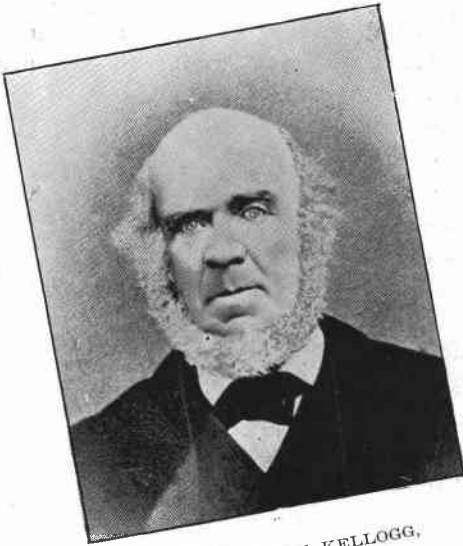


Photo by Porter.
CAPTAIN ORRIN KELLOGG,
A Pioneer of 1849.



Photo by Moore.
MRS. MARGARET KELLOGG,
A Pioneer of 1849.

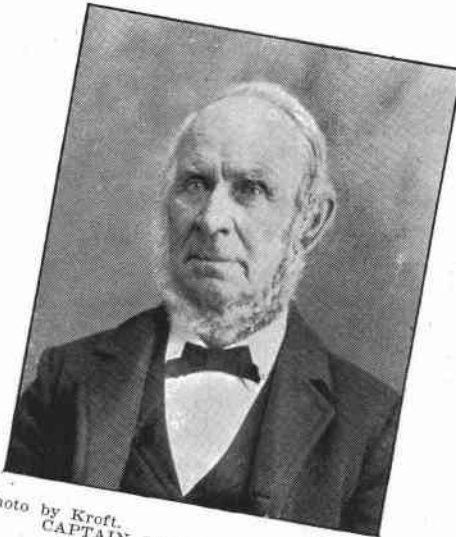


Photo by Kraft.
CAPTAIN JOSEPH KELLOGG,
A Pioneer of 1849.



Photo by Watson.
MRS. ESTELLA A. KELLOGG,
A Pioneer of 1849.

scenes, but the order was given to advance. After a hasty breakfast, more than 300 persons started over the snow. At 7 o'clock a snow storm overtook us, and an hour later a hail storm pelted us until it was tired. Many discouraged climbers turned back, some of whom repented and reached the summit later in the day. At sunrise a shadow of the mountain was shown, clear and sharp, in the atmosphere to the west. In a few minutes a second, smaller and darker shadow-mountain appeared behind the first, then both gradually melted from view. When the hail storm ceased, the sky above became clear, but the clouds below remained until nearly noon, when they, too, disappeared, leaving an unclouded atmosphere and a view unsurpassed and seldom witnessed by poor

humanity. Two great states lay at our feet, and a dozen grand old snow peaks were before us. For a hundred miles in all directions the view was unobscured, and will never be described, for human language is powerless before such stupendous grandeur.

The shadows of the mountain seen in mid-air are the subject of a beautiful Indian legend, which, among other things, is described in Colonel Drake's poem, of which it may be said, in the native Indian dialect, "Tahoma" signifies the god, or spirit of the mountains; "Red Tamahnous," the spirit of love; "Black Tamahnous," the spirit of hate, envy, malice. In the word tamahnous, accent is on the second syllable, the letter "a" having the broad sound.



LEGEND OF MOUNT HOOD.

"Tahoma"—thus the native Indian legends run—

"A god magnificent and pure of soul, dwelt in a grove
Of giant trees where stands this mountain now. None came to share
His meditations, or his loneliness,
'Till form empyreal, of loveliness
And grace and majesty and holiness
Coequal with his own, swept through the vault—a goddess fair,
On errand from the stars. 'Twas Red Tamahnous, queen of love!
Tahoma saw; she smiled, and passed beyond the sun.

Aflame with strange, ecstatic fire, the fervent god,

In sleepless vigil, waited through the years for her return—
Ten hundred years. She came at last, at rising of the sun.
Exalting all his form Tahoma rose

To greet his queen; in maidenly repose

She lingered in the west; upon her brows

A wreathed effulgence flamed. In form the lovers were as one.

Their ornaments the same. Each learned that fires celestial burn
Where love is pure. Thus, near opposed, they willing stood.

Foredoomed to earthly home, Tahoma sued her dear

Companionship—that she, with silver hair untressed and spread
In beauty through the skies, no more from stars to sun should roam.

An errant messenger. She gave consent:

OREGON NATIVE SON.

Above the pair a morning halo bent,
 The greater spirit's token of assent.
 With arms outstretched the god essayed to clasp his bride's fair form,
 When lo! behind her 'rose a grisly shape of aspect dread;
 It veiled her from his sight and bore her through the air.

'Twas Black Tamahnous, fiend of rage and hate, the foe
 Of all the good and pure in heaven, on earth; relentless, fierce,
 Of form prodigious, aspect foul, she murders joy and love
 Where e'er she goes. Transfixed Tahoma stood;
 Then burst his heart: above his head the blood,
 In fountain red and hot, poured all its flood,
 And thus he died. The Spirit Great bewailed his son and wove
 A mantle pure and white around his form, and as the years
 Speed past renews the garb, as symbol of his woe.



DRAWN BY FRED A. ROUTLEDGE, A MAZAMA, AND AN EYE WITNESS OF THE SCENE.

And ever as the summer comes the mystic queen,
 Forbidden ever to return as comet to the sky,
 Steals silently from out the west, at rising of the sun,
 To look upon her lover's mantled form
 And meditate, alone, that sweet, sad morn
 When first they met; and still the hag, hell born,
 Pursues and draws obscuring veil o'er each; to realms unknown
 They thus return. The tale is true, for even mortal eye,
 When blessed of sight, may yet behold that very scene."

Thus runs the tale of Red Tamahnous, Hag and Hood:

Were those the phantom forms we saw this morn? and were we blessed
With more than mortal vision while we stood in rifted storm?

Ah! Who shall read that wondrous mystery;

Or ever know how far Time's history,

Part written in these rocks, may testify

The truth of whispered story and the lore of spirit forms?

Thus much we know: Time was, the lava on this mountain's crest
Was red and hot within its breast—a sea of blood."



THE STOLEN LOAF.

A TRUE PIONEER STORY.

His hair is silvered by the hand of Time, his step is no longer the buoyant one of youth; yet the keen blue eyes have lost none of their brightness, nor the hearty laugh its ring. His faculties are well preserved, the recollections of pioneer days being retained and told with vividness, which old age cannot efface. The Stolen Loaf is one of his best stories, and as he smokes his pipe on the porch, a dreamy, far-away look in his eyes as they rest "away over yonder," where the evening sunset lingers on the snowy Cascade range, I will chronicle it verbatim, as he told me.

"In 1852, while the Yreka mining excitement was at its height, Sidney Cook, his father and two brothers, crossed the plains to Oregon, and settled in Yamhill county, where the old man began teaching school for a livelihood, the boys taking advantage of every odd job that came along. Like a good many other young fellows, Sid was ambitious, and concluded to make a stake by going to the mines. Having no money to pay his way—traveling was mighty expensive then—he concluded to go on foot, and take his chances while on the 300-mile tramp of catching a meal wherever circumstances offered.

"So Sidney, being one of the best men God ever put breath in, set out with a roll of blankets on his back, sleeping sometimes in houses, sometimes in barns, and at other times sleeping on the ground with the sky for a tent. In due course of time he arrived, foot-sore and hungry, in the Umpqua valley. Yes, Sidney was hungry; there wasn't any doubt of it. To tell the truth, he hadn't tasted any grub for 24 hours, the houses on the road being mighty few and far between. What to do for grub he didn't exactly know; so he sat down by the side of the road, mighty lonesome like, and pondered. Then all of a sudden a thought struck him. Over in the woods he could hear the rumble of a waterfall; so he concluded he would yank out a trout, if he could, and ease his gnawing stomach.

"Sidney didn't have any fish line along, or hooks, either, for that matter; but in his pack was a spool of old-fashioned thread, stout enough to hold a yearling calf; so with this, and a common pin, he rigged himself up a line. Then he cut a pole and caught a dozen grasshoppers, and started for the creek. But wasn't he surprised, though, when he ran slap-bang on a cabin in the woods, Well, I should say. Smoke was curling out of

the chimney, and the door standing open, so he walked right up and said hello. Not getting any answer he poked his head in the door and said hello again, but no one answered.

"Just then Sidney saw something and smelt something that made him feel good all over; and his spirits rose up like the feathers of a wet hen standing in the sun. Hanging on the crane, over the fire, was a kettle with a big hunk of beef in it, simmering and sputtering. That beef,

ner of the cabin, hanging on a peg, was an empty flour sack. Into this Sidney dumped the red-hot beef and pone of bread; then, holding the steaming sack at arm's length, he lit out again on his way to the mines. This grub he used sparingly, it lasting him within range of Yreka.

"On arriving at the mines, Sidney commenced prospecting. In order to get tools to work with, and not having any money, he sold two of his shirts and pur-



A MAN WAS STANDING IN THE DOOR.

so Sidney told me, smelt the best of anything he ever smelt in his life. On the table, too, was a pone of sour dough bread, which made his eyes water. 'What's the matter with me getting away with that bread and beef?' said Sidney to himself. 'It ain't stealing to do a thing like that when a fellow's hungry.'

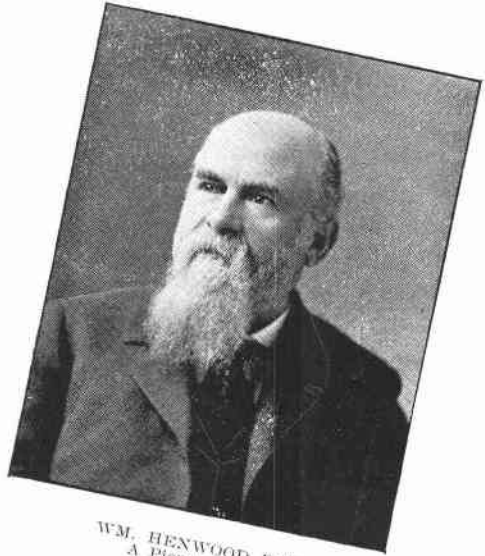
"Going to the door, Sid poked his head outside and took a careful look all around; no one was in sight. In a cor-

chased part of an outfit, as near as he could. His prospecting was successful from the start, going one dollar to the pan; and, within four months, he had taken out in the neighborhood of ten thousand dollars.

"Knowing that his father was pining away for a sight of old Tennessee, and having the means to send him home, Sidney bought a mule, and, in company with several others, lit out for Oregon,



CAPTAIN SETH POPE.
A Pioneer of 1850.



WM. HENWOOD POPE.
A Pioneer of 1854.



CHARLES POPE.
A Pioneer of 1851.



MRS. SARAH E. POPE.
A Pioneer of 1851.

with his gold dust in a cantena over the pommel of his saddle. On arriving at Jacksonville—a mighty small town then—Sid's party attended a hoe-down, in which one of the crowd, to have a little fun out of him, pinned a dish-rag to Sidney's coat tail. That made Sid as mad as a wet hen, and he vowed if he could find the one who did it he would whale blazes out of him.

"Sid didn't find who did it that night, but next day, as the party went aboard the ferry-boat at Rogue river, he was told who it was; and the two men went at it 'tooth and toe-nail,' in which Sidney slapped the other fellow clean over the railing into the river. When the fellow was fished out by some men on the bank, all hands sided against Sidney and a separation followed, and he jogged on, alone and forsaken.

"When Sidney reached the Umpqua and passed down the valley, the remembrance of the old log cabin came into mind. 'Now,' said Sidney, 'is the time to do a good act;' so he turned his mule's head into the brush, and rode up to the cabin. This time a man was standing in the door.

"'Hello!' said Sid, reining up; 'are you the landlord here?'

"'Yes,' said the man; 'I'm the one that runs the shebang.'

"'Were you living here four months ago?' Sid asked, to make sure.

"'I was,' said the man.

"'Then,' said Sid, alighting from his mule, 'I owe you five hundred dollars.'

"'Five hundred dollars!' said the man. 'Why, I never saw you before.'

"'It don't make any difference,' said Sid. 'I owe you that amount; and I'm going to settle it right here.'

"Sid then dropped his bridle reins, took his cantena from the saddle pommel, and started for the house. 'Now,' said he, as he entered the cabin, 'get me a couple of tin plates, and we'll proceed to settle up.'

"The man, who was mightily amazed, got the pans and placed them on the table. Then Sid took a pair of six-ounce scales from his pocket; and, after emptying a great wad of gold in one of the pans, proceeded to weigh out five hundred dollars into the other pan, six ounces at a whack.

"'There,' said Sid, pushing the pan across the table; 'that's yours.'

"'But I tell you you don't owe me a cent,' persisted the man.

"'Can't help it,' said Sid. 'Do you remember,' said he, looking the man straight in the eye, 'of losing a chunk of meat and a pone of bread, about four months ago?'

"'Well, I should say I do remember it,' said the man. 'It's always been a mystery, too, what became of it.'

"'I got it,' said Sid; 'and that dust is to pay for it.'

"'But what am I to do with the gold?' said the man.

"'Keep it,' said Sidney, as he mounted his mule and rode away."

THOMAS H. ROGERS.

It is said that the first cattle which came to Oregon were shipped from the Sandwich islands in 1835. In 1836 some Mexican cattle were driven here from California. The first blooded stock—the Durhams—came the plains across, in 1847, John Wilson being the importer.

Pottery was first made in the state in 1865, A. M. Smith inaugurating the industry among us, locating his plant at Buena Vista, where the same continues in operation at the present time.

The first flax mill established in the state was built at Albany in 1877.

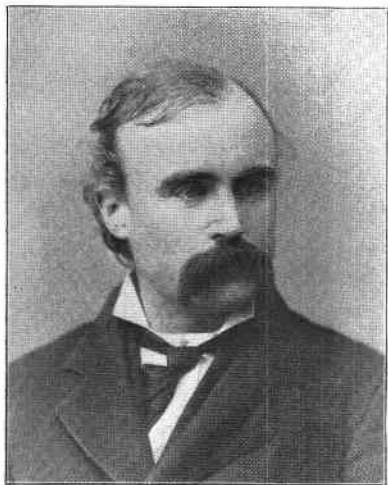
BEAUTIFUL WILLAMETTE.

Sam L. Simpson.

From the Cascade's frozen gorges,
 Leaping like a child at play.
 Winding, widening through the valley.
 Bright Willamette glides away:
 Onward ever,
 Lovely river,
 Softly calling to the sea;
 Time that scars us,
 Maims and mars us,
 Leaves no track or ~~trace~~ on thee!

trace

Spring's green witchery is weaving
 Braid and border for thy side:
 Grace forever haunts thy journey.
 Beauty dimples on thy tide.
 Through the purple gates of morning,
 Now thy roseate ripples dance:
 Golden, then, when day departing,
 On thy waters trails his lance:
 Waltzing, flashing,
 Tinkling, plashing,
 Limpid, volatile and free—
 Always hurried
 To be buried
 In the bitter, moon-mad sea.



SAM L. SIMPSON.
 A Pioneer of 1846.

In thy crystal deeps, inverted,
 Swings a picture of the sky,
 Like those wavering hopes of Aidenn
 Dimly in our dreams that lie:
 Clouded often, drowned in turmoil,
 Faint and lovely, far away—
 Wreathing sunshine on the morrow,
 Breathing fragrance round today.
 Love could wander
 Here, and ponder—
 Hither poetry would dream;
 Life's old questions,
 Sad suggestions,
 "Whence and whither?" through thy stream.

On the roaring waste of ocean,
 Soon thy scattered waves shall toss:
 'Mid the surges' rhythmic thunder
 Shall thy silver tongues be lost.
 Oh, thy glimmering rush of gladness
 Mocks this turbid life of mine,
 Racing to the wild Forever,
 Down the sloping paths of time—
 Onward ever,
 Lovely river,
 Softly calling to the sea;
 Time that scars us,
 Maims and mars us,
 Leaves no track or trace on thee!

HOMER C. DAVENPORT.

Written by his father.

The subject of this sketch was born on his father's farm, located in the Waldo Hills, some five miles south of Silverton, Marion county, the date of his birth being March 8, 1867. His mother's maiden name was Miss Flora Geer, daughter of Ralph C. Geer. She was married to the writer of this article November 17, 1854, and died of smallpox on November 20, 1870.

Homer has no doubt been the subject of more "write ups" than any other newspaper artist in the United States.

His appearance among the foremost cartoonists was so sudden and unheralded, that writers of all degrees were tempted to try their descriptive and analytic powers upon him. Of necessity they had not much data to draw from, for he had no diploma from an American art school; had not been in England, Germany, Italy or France; in fact, had not been educated in art anywhere; and as he was not a lineal descendant from artists, as any one knew, it is not strange that many of the "interviews" were as grotesque as the artist himself could wish. He never claimed to be an artist, and so when questioned as to the employment of his youth, he generally gave such facts as would make a humorous picture, such as firing on a steamboat, wiping locomotives, breeding and fighting game chickens, playing clown for a circus, feeding lions and tigers in a menagerie, clog dancing in a minstrel show, umpiring baseball games, or any other of the thousand and one things boys attempt in the rattle-brain period of existence.

As such things made up the greater part of his antecedents, upon which his interviewers delighted to dwell, the opinion became prevalent that his case lay

outside of heredity, and that early art training is unimportant. If from such vagaries, and without previous training, a green Oregon boy could enter the field of art and carry off high honors and emoluments, why not others do the same? Hence all over the Pacific coast boys who had never taken a thought of how pictures are made, began to draw cartoons, full of enthusiastic purpose to become famous like Homer.

Young men just beginning to encounter the earnest tug of existence and wanting to find an easier way of making a living, and boys who had seen Davenport's pictures in the Examiner and Journal and were stirred with emulation, these brought samples of their art yearnings to be examined by the celebrated cartoonist during his short visit in Salem two years ago. One hopeful woman desired him to leave the train and go six miles into the country to see the work of her darling boy, who had been drawing for only three months, and never made a line until he was 12 years old. One of Homer's early companions, now editor of a Seattle paper, said "it is too bad so many young people should abandon pursuits in which they can make a living, and spend their precious early years in drawing hideous pictures and dreaming of brilliant success in art." To satisfy his regret of such a condition, he proposed to publish his opinion that Homer's success is the worst calamity that ever befell the boys of the Pacific coast. Such a statement, however emphatic, will not deter any ambitious boy, for has not everybody seen the catchy write-ups of Homer, who was pictured in spicy phrase as a queer, jolly fellow; a veritable freak of nature, given

to all sorts of vagaries and having a disrelish of book learning, as well as any remunerative employment, and that his present success is the result of one or two lucky incidents?

One that he painted on the outside of a henhouse, a gamecock so lifelike that his bulldog thought it a veritable live cock and bristled for a fight every time he passed that way; another that of a friend having confidence in the sagacity of the dog, suggested to Homer that he had better work at art for a living.

There is plenty in all this to rattle the boys and make them believe there is an easy way to fame and fortune, such as Homer had found or strayed into. But the dear school of experience is a very effective teacher, and two years of experimenting and cartooning has convinced most of the boys that the hill of art is as hard to climb as the hill of science, which they abandoned to loiter in the royal road to fame. Only here and there an art scribbler is left punishing himself in the vain endeavor to evoke a faculty too weak for self-assertion; very much like making something out of nothing.

The plain, unvarnished truth as respects Homer's early years would have saved the boys from the unlucky diversion, but his interviewers were not informed thereof. In fact, Homer himself attached no importance to his early habits, nor had he considered the controlling impulse which prompted them. It is doubtful if he could have given as good a reason for himself as Topsy did, that he "just grow'd."

The common mind everywhere takes but little account of what is most influential in the formative period of human character. Unless a person has received an academic education, he says at once, "I am uneducated," and considers as unworthy of mention the early, constant and unaided exercise of his mental facul-

ties, the only true and reliable education. And it is owing to the omission of the basic conditions, the absolutely essential antecedents, from the biographical sketch that make of Homer an inexplicable personage. Very creditable accounts, however, have been written within a year by Allan Dale, Julian Hawthorne and Arthur McEwan, but they contain no antidote to the irrational intoxication which possessed the young, would-be artists of Oregon. If they could have been assured for a fact that although Homer never attended an art school or had an art teacher, he had spent his whole life in the daily and almost hourly practice of art, not as technically understood, but of drawing such pictures as suited his fancy, not because any one else was an artist, or to satisfy an ambition to be an artist, for he was void of purpose, but from an inherited endowment of special faculties, and an irrepressible desire to exercise them, they would have dropped their pencils in utter amazement, to think of following in the track of such a being. He didn't wait until he was 12 years old before he began to trace his mental pictures on paper. Before he was 3 years old he was observing and drawing, rudely but continuously, subject to such intermissions of play as children take. It is nothing uncommon for young children to draw, but it is very rare to see one absorbed in the work hour after hour, putting his observations to paper as though it were a devotion.

His extraordinary love for animals, and especially of birds, was exhibited when only a few months old. Unlike other babies, toys afforded him but little amusement. Shaking rattle boxes and blowing whistles only fretted him, and his wearied looks and moans seemed to say that he was already tired of existence.



MRS. ELIZABETH ECKERSON
A Pioneer of 1851

49



MAJOR THEODORE J. ECKERSON.
A Pioneer of 1851

49



Photo by Moore.
JUDGE M. C. GEORGE.
A Pioneer of 1852.



Photo by Moore.
CAPTAIN GEORGE POPE.
A Pioneer of 1856.

Carrying him around into the various rooms and showing pictures soon became irksome, and in quest of something to relieve the monotony of indoor life, his paternal grandmother found a continuous solace for his fretful moods in the chickens.

It was worth the time of a philosopher, to observe the child drink in every motion of the fowls, and witness the thrill of joy that went through his being when the cock crew or flapped his wings.

Such a picture is worth reproducing. Old grandmother in her easy chair upon the veranda; baby sitting upon the floor by her side; the little hands tossing wheat, at intervals, to the clucking hen and her brood, the latter venturing into baby's lap and picking grains therefrom, despite the warnings of the shy old cock and anxious mother. This lesson with all its conceivable variations learned, ceased to be entertaining, and a broader field was needed. So grandma or her substitute carried baby to the barnyard, and there, sitting under the wagon shed, acquaintance was made with the other domestic animals, which afforded him daily diversion. At first their forms and quiet attitudes were of sufficient interest, but as these became familiar, more active exhibitions were required, and the dog, perceiving his opportunity, turned the barnyard into a circus of animals.

Whether this was the cause and beginning of Homer's love for dogs is probably not material, but unlike Madame DeStael, who said "the more I see of men the better I like dogs," he has love enough to go all around. All this seems very commonplace, as any child would be likewise entertained, but it is a very rare infant to whom such scenes and acquaintances are a necessity. And that the forms and actions of his speechless friends were being photographed upon his brain, was shown by the fact

that as soon as he could use a pencil he began to sketch them, very imperfect in proportions and form, but exhibiting them in action with sufficient accuracy before long to label one as untamed, another mad, and another frolicksome.

After his mother's death, from smallpox, as stated, the family was subjected to several months of social isolation, during the rainy season, when Homer, just recovered from the dread disease, was kept indoors. During these dull months he worked more assiduously at drawing than ever since for pay. Sitting at the desk, or lying prone upon the floor, it was draw, draw, draw. Fearing the effect of such intense application upon the slimy fellow, his grandmother tried various diversions, without much success. She could interest him with Indian or ghost stories, but such gave him no bodily exercise, and only set him to drawing "how granny looked when telling ghost stories."

(Among Homer's subjects for illustration was his father, whom he pictured in various ways upon the fences, barn or wherever he could find a board large enough to accommodate the scene he wished to portray. For years this habit brought about no ideas in his father's mind of a some day future prominence for his son, but rather a feeling of irritation at being drawn as he was, and in ludicrous positions. As a result he put in considerable time in trying to develop, with the aid of a branch of hazel-bush, a more matter of fact manner of action in Homer. He had to finally give it up, however, for the latter kept on making his cartoons, often showing "what father did when he got mad at them." These incidents the now justly proud parent has seemingly forgotten, but this article would not be complete without giving

them mention, so the liberty has been taken to supply the omission.—Ed.)

Plainly observable, even thus early, was his love of the dramatic in everything having life. Though much attracted by beautiful specimens of the animal kingdom, his chief satisfaction came from representing them in their moods. His pictures were all doing something. Horses, dogs, monkeys, chickens, ducks, pigeons, were exhibiting their peculiar characteristics, and so fitted to the occasion as to awaken the supposition that the artist must be "en rapport" with all animated nature. Of course, his artistic creations were wide of the mark, as respects conformity to natural proportions, which his visiting critics unflinchingly pointed out. "Homer, this horse's legs are too

long for his body; his back is too short, and his neck too long. And this dog, chasing the horse, is too long-bodied and short-legged. Nobody ever saw a dog like that." His reply was, "that is a bench-leg dog, and the horse can't kick him." The real excellence of the disproportioned animals, which the voluntary critics did not see, lay in the fact that they were truly acting out their natures, under the circumstances, and exhibiting the same controlling animal desires in every limb and feature.

A mad horse was mad all over, and an ardent dog showed it in every part, regardless of proportions.

It may be said that these are a fond parent's after-thoughts, or the result of

his own suggestions at the time, but neither of these suspicions can be true. The suggestion as to harmony in dramatic compositions and co-ordination of details might be elaborated to a student a thousand times, and yet, without the natural faculty to perceive, without the sympathy with nature, the suggestions would result in a mere artificiality, as devoid of life as "a painted ship upon a painted ocean."

Art education at the highest schools can not supply an artist's natural deficiency in mechanical aptitude, or give him a receptive sympathy with life.

A highly accomplished Parisian artist, working on the Examiner, saw a cartoon by Homer, representing the havoc created among the animals of a

barnyard by the passing of the first railroad train through it, and remarked: "No man who was not born in a barnyard could do that."

Evidently that artist was off in his casuistry, for he, too, had seen ducks and geese, cows and calves, goats and sheep, horses and mules, all of them in action, and while he could represent them in action with far more accuracy as to proportion of parts, his animals in such a scene would be doing some very poor acting; in fact, not looking and acting like themselves. If an early acquaintance and continuous existence with domestic animals could make an artist, then all farmers' boys would be artists. The poor Irish who raise pigs and chickens in



HOMER WATCHED HIS FATHER HOEING CORN,
AND REPRODUCED THE SCENE ON
THE BARN DOOR.

the house, and the Arabs who tent their horses and children together from birth, should be artists. Such incidents do not make artists; they merely furnish opportunity for the exercise of birth endowments.

And Homer's early method of work, if an impulsive employment, may be dignified by the term method, was "sui generis," and probably unique, if not wonderful. Coincident with the drawing of a mad horse, was the acting by himself. The work would be arrested at times, seemingly for want of appreciation or mental image of a horse in that state of feeling, and then he took to the floor. After viciously stamping, kicking, snorting and switching an improvised tail, which he held in his hand behind his back, until his feeling or fancy became satisfied, the picture was completed and referred to me with the question, "Is that the way a mad horse looks?" "Yes, he appears to be mad through and through."

Granting that the importance of harmony in a composition was frequently spoken of in his youth, I lay no claim to being his teacher, for he was moved by an impulse that paid but slight regard to the technical restrictions of scribe and rule.

And although it has been said by a writer in *The New York World* that he "has a robust contempt of art," his natural ability and aptitude for accomplishing such results as the critic would call artistic are unsurpassed. The mechanical aids and dilatory processes of the schooled artists are never resorted to by

him. He does not use a snap-shot camera, or wait for a dead-rest pose, but sketches on the spur of the moment, and "shoots folly as it flies." Under such circumstances, faultless art is out of the question, nor does a daily newspaper need it.

During the Columbian exposition at Chicago in 1892, a famous horse race occurred, and all the great newspapers sent artists to sketch the winning horse. Homer's picture for the *Chicago Herald* easily surpassed all competitors. What other artist in America can study a man's features for a minute or two, then walk a mile to his studio and draw a better likeness of him than was ever done by an artist having a pose?

Sam Rainy's picture was taken in this way, and he was so pleased with it that he procured the original from the *Examiner* and has it framed in his office. And still Homer makes no pretensions to serious art, as taught at the schools. His forte is caricature, though Clara Morris says it is not, but that he is a great actor.

He fell in love with the beautiful beasts and birds at first sight, and the attachment continues unabated.

His fondness for dramatic scenes, first noticed in connection with them, did not end there. Very early, even at 3 years of age, he was experimenting with his playmates, for no observable reason, except that he desired to see them act. People said he was a hector, a tease, and few of them discovered the cause, as there seemed to be no connection with anger or ill will. Many a delightful play



DAD FOUND THE PICTURE. THEN
FOUND HOMER.

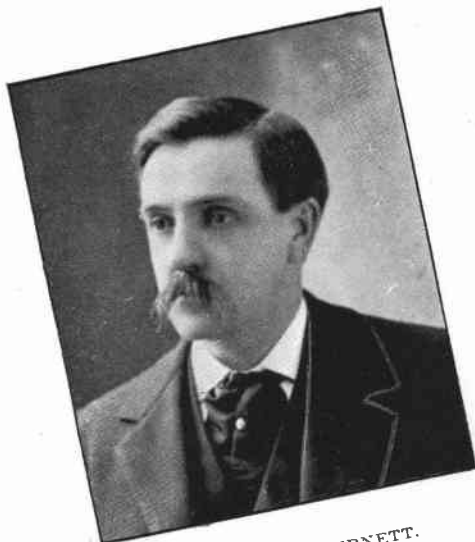


Photo by Cronise.
JUDGE GEO. H. BURNETT.

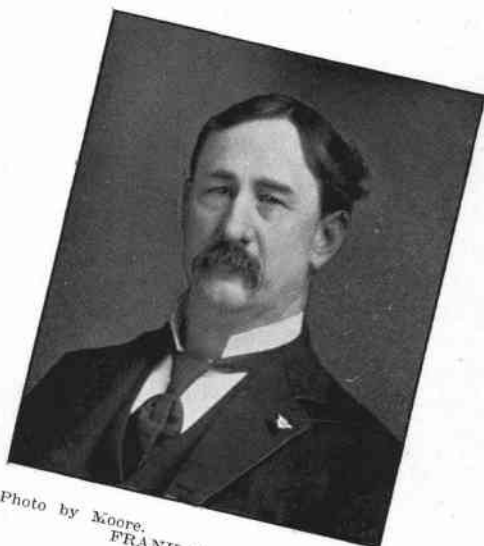


Photo by Moore.
FRANK C. BAKER.



Photo by Cronise.
JOSEPH D. LEE.



Photo by Moore.
JOHN C. LEASURE.

ended in a rumpus, which he eagerly eyed, the only placid and sweet-tempered one of the company. One woman said she believed Homer loved to see children quarrel and cut up. Indeed, she had come very close to the truth, but the motive she had not divined. Likely he was probing human nature and assimilating its moods. I do not take him to be a philosopher. His peculiarities in this respect are referred to his mother, who was the most consummate reproducer of social scenes. No person, however old in feature, form, voice or gesture, was beyond her powers of imitation. And it was all so natural that I did not call it acting. Rather, it was being. I asked her once how she could do this, and she said, "I feel like them." I have often thought, when seeing Homer immersed in his work, that he, too, feels like his subjects.

All through his boyhood days he was fond of pictures, and spent much time in poring over illustrated books and papers, and in visiting art galleries, but he was never known to copy from them. His innate desire and tendency, as well as my advice, was to illustrate his own conceptions and fancies. His first observations, as before narrated, were at home in his father's barnyard, but as he grew he began to roam in quest of something new, and when he heard of any strange breed, or any extraordinary specimen of the animal creation, he was at once seized with what ordinary people would call an irrational desire to see it. And to see, in his case, meant the most intense study, not for a few minutes or an hour, but continuously, until the subject became a part of him. Of scores of pigeons, he knew every individual, and discovered that the old story of their marital faithfulness is a myth; that they have their little jealousies and love intrigues like human beings. Of

his visits over the country, people said they were idle, purposeless; that he was sowing wild oats, a mere pleasure-seeker, but I noticed that he came to me full, not of book learning, but of the only kind of acquisitions for which he cared, new birds and beasts, new men and their character manifestations, as he could prove with his ever-ready pencil.

They were as much voyages of discovery as Columbus undertook in 1492. Unlike the great navigator, his cruising were not for wealth or power, or the introduction of religion to heathen lands; they had no ulterior purpose of financial gain, for the thought had never crossed his brain that he was, in this spontaneous and almost unconscious way, preparing himself for gainful occupation.

But he was approaching manhood, and I occasionally remarked to him that he had so far been acting as though life here is a holiday or a visit, when in fact it is a very serious matter, and requires earnest effort to get a good living. He did not dissent from my view of it, but seemed at a loss in deciding for what he was best fitted.

We had a general merchandise store, and he had experimented enough in selling goods to know that his mind could not be tied to the business. Customers buying tobacco got it at their own price, and shopping women objected to his habit of stretching elastic tape when selling it by the yard. There was fun in such things, but no perceptible profit. He opened the store in the morning while I was at breakfast, and took his afterwards. Upon going in one morning and finding the floor unswept, I soon saw what had engaged his attention during the half-hour. A magnificent carrier pigeon on the wing, and above it in colored letters this legend: "How glorious the flight of a bird must be!"

My mind was made up; Homer is an artist or nothing; he shall fly. As a preparatory step, he was sent to the commercial college in Portland, which was of great advantage to him, although he spent considerable time in his lifelong habit. The principal reported him bright, but not studious of the works in vogue, and mildly suggested that book-keeping by double-entry was not, as a rule, illustrated by animals, wild or tame. Receiving a letter from me containing a reprimand for his want of earnestness, he no doubt gave an hour or two to retrospection, and passed in review his various attempts at the employments which afford other men a living, and wisely regarding them as hopeless for him, he turned to the only thing he could do, and applied for a position on the West Shore, an illustrated monthly published in Portland. The publisher sent him to the head artist, a Mr. Smith, who eyed the young man rather contemptuously. "Then you think, Mr. Davenport, that you have a natural talent for drawing?" Mr. D——, somewhat withered, thought he had some. "Do you see that man across the street, leaning against a drygoods box? Draw him." And the artist went down stairs and across the street to where the leaning individual was, thinking, as he went, that one egotistical greenhorn was effectually disposed of. He was surprised upon his return to find the greenhorn had finished two pictures, the leaning person and Mr. Smith. "Where did you take lessons in art?" "I never took any," said Homer. Thinking there was a misunderstanding, he asked, "What art school did you attend?" "I never attended an art school." Mr. Smith slowly and musingly ejaculated, "Well, young man, you are either a liar or a fool." Homer felt let down at such abuse, but I consoled him, saying it was the only genuine compliment

he had ever received from a professional, though couched in rough language.

Shortly afterwards I said: "Homer, the fates are against us; we must separate; here is some money, go to San Francisco, and, recollect, it is art from this on." We had supposed that the head of an art school would be glad to welcome a young man with such decided predilections as Homer had shown, and be willing, as well as able, to add improvement and give discipline without attempting to destroy his individuality, but in this we were completely in error. Homer was soon informed that his art was not art at all, but an uncouth vagary, which must be forthwith abandoned. Henceforth he must drop his fancies and draw by scribe and rule; everything must exist in natural, and therefore proper proportion; expression without it is a veritable nightmare, and the boy who would undertake to draw a figure without, in the first place, blocking it in proportion, is a fool from whom nothing excellent can be expected. This lesson was dinned, with so much rudeness and so continuously, that the benefit hoped for was impracticable. Homer was too long for the teacher's Procrustean bed, and, therefore, spent very little time in that school. As before, the city with its zoological garden and heterogeneous population, became his school, at which he was not laggard in attendance.

A siege of la grippe sent him home, and soon after he got a position on the Portland Mercury, and worked several months for that paper, using star plates, the abomination of all artists. While working there he was sent to New Orleans to sketch the Dempsey-Fitzsimmons fight, and made some very clever drawings of the combatants.

The short time he was in the South was very valuable, as it introduced him to a new world, and one rich in that un-

restrained and exuberant abandon of the negro race. He returned with his head and heart full of it, and for several days was oblivious to all surroundings, until he had put into form the queer characters he had observed away down in Louisiana. He has never produced anything better than the darky preacher, traveling on the train through Texas, engaged in his pastoral work. It was equal to anything from A. B. Frost, and with the addition of Homer's humor, which is extravagant enough for any darky, was superb. In sanctimonious swell, the negro divine far exceeded the Rainsfords and Talmages of the North. Though his plug hat was somewhat battered by long and rough usage, his clothes seedy and threadbare, and his patent leather shoes really spurning his ample feet, and grinning with more teeth than a shark, they did not prevent a lugubrious flow of religious unction, all impossible to the thin-lipped Caucasian.

If I were inclined, like some of Homer's interviewers, to distrust the force and persistency of inherited genius, I might say that if he had not made that picture, he would not have obtained his present place upon the New York Journal, and the conclusion would not be as violent an assault upon human nature as much that is written about him. That picture was an evidence of his ability to go up much higher, and I thought so well of it that I sent it, with some others, to C. W. Smith and William Henry Smith, our cousins living in Chicago, who received them in the presence of the head of the art department of the San Francisco Examiner, and by the aid of those gentlemen, Homer was forthwith employed upon the great daily. But that was only an opportunity, and one so hedged about with unobserving control, that his expressed desire to begin the work to which he is by nature best adapted was unheeded. He is a humorist and caricaturist, but at that

time Mr. Hearst was absent in Europe, and his art manager had either not made the discovery, or was doubtful of that sort of work being a paying investment. Being tied up rather sternly, and his pet yearnings often rebuked, he went to the San Francisco Chronicle, where he was allowed more liberty, and was fairly beginning to show how the world of humanity looks, stretched in the line of its tendencies, when the desire to see the World's Fair took him to Chicago.

At its close he returned to the Chronicle, and the Mid-Winter Fair coming on soon after, he found therein an ample field for the use of his faculties, and exercised them with but little hindrance from the kind and appreciative art manager of that paper. At that time he was getting but \$35 a week, and when W. R. Hearst returned from Europe and took in the situation by personal inspection, he saw what all others, managers and artists alike, had failed to see, viz.: That a caricaturist so affluent in imagination, so overflowing with distinctly American humor, so fertile in artistic expedients, and withal so rapid in execution, could be put to a higher and more extended use than merely making people laugh. The result of Mr. Hearst's discovery was the employment of Homer upon the Examiner at \$100 a week. Everybody knows the rest. The purchase of the New York Journal by Hearst, the transference of Davenport to that paper, in which the unschooled Oregon boy has proved himself equal to the ambition of his employer.

Anyone visiting him at his home in East Orange, N. J., will readily see that although he is no longer a resident of the Web-foot state, in respect of character there has been no change. He works from the small hours in the afternoon until near midnight, at the New York Journal office, in the Tribune building, New York city, and after breakfast in the morning he and his two children live in his barnyard, which has a larger

assortment of choice animals than his father's had. His rest, relaxation and inspiration are with his earliest idols. Game chickens with long pedigrees, from the parks of United States senators and foreign noblemen, aristocratic bulldogs with immaculate hides and no taint of cold blood, a beautiful Arab steed, Kou-bishan by name, and a real child of the desert, with a grace and style worthy his lineage of a thousand years, a Kentucky thoroughbred carriage horse, numerous parks of native and foreign pheasants, quails from the Pacific coast, and carrier

pigeons, suggestive of the legends of his youth. To be with these and of these is his only dissipation.

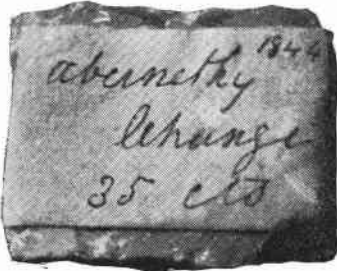
Every room in the house is ornamented with pictures by Nast, Remington, Frost, besides his own pen pictures of distinguished men, odd characters by nature, and the abnormal or excruciating shapes of humanity, the products of social environment, religious mendicants of Rome, cockneys of London, colored Southern gentlemen, unscrupulous political bosses and less heartless thieves.

T. W. DAVENPORT.



"A POCKET FULL OF ROCKS."

In the early '40s this expression was used and no one considered it a slang term. Those who make use of it now probably never heard of its origin, and, unlike the pioneer, use it with a very different thought in mind. When there is little if any money in a new country, especially fractional change, traders with trappers for customers transact their dealings by the use of drafts, stock in



trade, etc. During the infancy of Oregon, coin was a scarce article, and fractional coins were almost if not entirely unknown. When the pioneer began to come here, coin began to circulate, but the smaller pieces were insufficient to supply the demand. As the character of the buyers changed, so with the business of the traders, and something beside drafts was needed. In 1844 there were but two places in Oregon which had grown beyond the customs of the frontier trading post. One of these was lo-

cated at Vancouver and was in charge of Dr. McLoughlin; the other at Oregon City, Governor Abernethy the agent. The latter found the small-change question a most perplexing one, and he conceived the idea of surmounting the difficulty in rather a novel manner. The Indians used to manufacture arrow-heads at the falls out of pieces of flint rock, and from the refuse Mr. Abernethy collected a lot of pieces, which he shaped up and glued around them strips of paper, on which he wrote the date, the amount of the change and his name. These were handed out and passed current at his store for the sum indicated on them. One was liable to have a number of them at a time, through various transactions, and it was no more than natural that "a pocket full of rocks" became a term of frequent use. We give an illustration herein of one of these "rocks," showing their size; as stated, some were worth more than others; this one was worth 35 cents. This piece was presented by Governor Abernethy to Hon. S. S. White many years ago. We have also shown it to several old pioneers, who recalled using them for change. And there are others who will no doubt be carried back to memories long since forgotten when they view the illustration. It will, however, be a curiosity to the greater number.

AN INTERESTING LETTER ON THE YAKIMA WAR.

Jefferson City, Mo., Jan. 29, 1899.
T. A. Wood, G. C. I. W. V. N. C., Portland, Oregon:

My Dear Sir and Comrade—The world of letters has always been democratic in the sense that all upon proof of merit are admitted to its privileges. I do hope you may find some merit in mine.

In reviewing the history and events of any country for a stated time or period, attention should be given to all historians and fiction separated from truth. As I see it, men with prolific imaginations wrote fiction, while now and then one is found who wrote truth pure and simple. Often I have been requested by friends to write up my experience while in Oregon, and especially that part of it that found me a member of company K, First regiment O. M. V., in the Yakima war of 1855-6. This request I have continually refused. The fact is I have nothing to gain by so doing. Not many of my old friends and comrades in Oregon are now living, and the few living do not remember me. I am sure nothing I could write would flatter them, and I am not inclined to fulsome praise of any class. Hero-worshippers did not exist in Oregon in 1855-6, and its inhabitants had not become "Hobsonized" as they are in this country today. If they had been, the world would have learned much about the First regiment, O. M. V., and especially would they have learned a little about that noble and patriotic band of Frenchmen, French half-breeds and Americans of Marion county, who composed company K, better known as the G. L. Curry scouts.

As I now remember them they were a noble, brave lot of dare-devils, ever ready for duty or battle. Clever fellows, true friends, who would die for a comrade. I admit all the chains that bind me to

those old associates and neighbors are made of beautiful roses. Mrs. Frances Fuller Victor loses the First regiment, or a part of it, near The Dalles, and no trace of company K, after that march from the Palouse country to the Columbia river. My aim now is to locate company K, and keep it in view until it returns to the Willamette valley and is disbanded in Salem by order of Governor Curry.

After the four days' battle at Laroque's farm, in the Walla Walla valley, the First regiment went into winter quarters on the dry fork of Touchet river, having found the friendly Indians and white settlers further up. It is now necessary for me to introduce some history not mentioned in Mrs. Victor's work. The reorganization, the election of Captain Narcesse A. Connoyer as major, the election of Lieutenant Revais as captain and the election of T. J. Small as first lieutenant, all of company K. The settlers, their families, and Howlish Wampool and his band of friendly Indians, were removed to the Walla Walla valley, and First Lieutenant Thomas J. Small, with a detachment of company K, detailed to guard them during the winter, which he did. The rest of company K remained with Captain Revais in the main camp. I located the camp of settlers and Indians on the Walla Walla river, fourteen miles from main camp. The winter was an extremely hard one. It snowed and sleeted often, and in our three tents and thin clothes we suffered much. Provisions grew scarce, and many of my men were almost shoeless, but there was no complaint from them. It is true we had bread and frozen beef and some vegetables during the winter. We often satisfied our hunger on camas and corn, with pure mountain snow water, but my men seemed happy, doing camp duty and scouting for In-

dians without a murmur. It was while guarding the Indians and settlers and their stock that the Indians were on a raid. Colonel Cornelius warned me to be on my guard or I would lose all the command's horses. Scouts came and reported seeing the Indians drawing off a part of the regiment's horses. In early spring I received orders to join the regiment and immediately did so, thus getting K company all together again under the command of Captain Revais, and the regiment was complete. During the winter, in storms and snow, and in the Indian country, the regiment had built boats and made arrangements to cross Snake river in the spring of 1856, and renew our fight on the Indians. The new battalion came up in March, when the boats were loaded on wagons by the old battalion—company K with them—and marched for Snake river, the new battalion following. When we came to Snake river we found a small Indian village. The bucks gave a war whoop and fired shots at us across the river, but we soon crossed over with a sufficient number of men and horses to disperse them, to burn their village and kill several of the Indian beauties. We captured many horses from them and recaptured some stolen from us. Company K was among the first to cross the river and did much to scatter the Indians. At night they had a scalp or two to show that they had been in a fight. We camped on the battleground until the regiment came up and crossed over. The next day we spent in scouting the country, trying to locate a body of Indians at any place. I started down Snake river with company K and when we struck the deep sand my horse gave out and I started to return to camp. I was soon joined by a soldier whose horse had also given out. We traveled slowly together until we came in sight of the river and camp. The trail led us to

the river bank and then up the river. At this point six Indians came up the bank with their guns. I fired on them, pulled my horse back and ordered my companion to fire. He put spurs to his horse and left me alone, when I jumped from my horse and kept him between me and the Indians, guiding him up the bluff. The Indians fired two shots at me and ran off. My brave companion reported seeing me killed on a scout on Snake river, and it was so reported and published. I am happy to know it was a mistake, and that my bones are not bleaching on Snake river.

The command then moved on to Crawfish creek and went into camp. No supplies having arrived, we took our first meal of cayuse beef, which caused the new battalion to "buck so strong." Canned roast and embalmed beef had not been invented in 1856, and the soldiers of Oregon had to eat horse meat, an article of diet far superior, but at this time it was revolting to many of the men. That action of "bucking like an Indian pony," came near resulting in a bloody tragedy that would have startled the people of Oregon and Washington. The murmurs of the men at night became serious on the morning following. A mutinous spirit was rampant. Members of the new battalion mounted their horses to return to the valley. During this time Lieutenant-Colonel Kelly was feeling the old battalion to see if they would stand by the officers and enforce order. Finding the old men ready and willing to obey orders, and to see that others did the same, the old battalion was formed, guns in hand, facing the sullen mutineers. Lieutenant-Colonel Kelly then addressed them, asking if they had enlisted for a May day picnic or merely for sport. He informed them he would bleach their bones on the prairie if they attempted to return. He then ordered them to dis-

mount, which they did. Obedience to this order saved many lives and the reputation of the regiment, all by the gentle, yet firm hand of that noble, brave and true man, Lieutenant-Colonel James K. Kelly.

The next day the regiment marched for the Columbia river. I will never forget that march, across a sandy desert. No water, no grass. The first night we camped at a spring of salty, sulphur water that had in it several dead Indian horses, maggots and filth. We removed the horses and filth as best we could, and used the water, which turned our horse meat blue, besides being very disagreeable to the taste, and increased rather than diminished thirst. Early next morning we resumed our march through hot sand and scant grass. "Water, water, oh, for a drink of water," became the cry of every man. Horses gave out, the minds of some of the men gave way. Men walked and packed their saddles and bridles besides their arms. I could see water everywhere, but none cooled my parched tongue. My mouth was dry and my breath hot. I did all in my power to encourage the boys and keep them together. Some that I could trust scouted for water, but did not find it. In the evening we came in sight of the Columbia river. Welcome sight to half-famished men. The sweetest drink ever taken was the one each man took from the Columbia river. Here we camped and drank water, bathed in it and at night dreamed of it. On this march company K lost all its horses but sixteen, but not a saddle or rope. At this point the command was divided, a portion crossing the Columbia river into the Yakima country and the remainder marching to the Walla Walla valley. Company K proceeded with the latter and was ordered to remount the members if possible, then to scout the entire country on its march to

The Dalles. Major N. A. Connoyer, Captain Revais and several others of company K crossed to the Yakima country, and I never met them again. I marched with company K down the Columbia to the mouth of Snake river. On this march we saw a poor Indian seated on a rock on the Columbia river. He was wounded in the head and his brains could be seen with maggots in them. He was wounded at the crossing of Snake river by our men. After I left him one of the boys shot him and thus ended his troubles. With company K I crossed Snake river near its mouth and camped, then sent out scouts to see if any Indian horses could be found. The boys were lucky and drove in a band of them, so that we were soon mounted and ready for duty. We marched to Walla Walla, secured of the quartermaster a few supplies and went into camp for a much-needed rest.

We then scouted the Walla Walla valley, found some Indian caches, in which were jerked beef, camas and potatoes, crossed over the divide to the Umatilla valley and camped near Fort Henrietta. Scouted Birch and Butter creeks, secured some horses and a few cattle and had a running fight with a small roving band of Indians, then moved to John Day and camped. Scouted a portion of it and moved for The Dalles. Having received notice from Major Connoyer not to turn over property at The Dalles, and of a movement to keep company K in the field, I sent there for supplies and moved to Indian creek, thence across the Cascade mountains to Foster's, and by slow marches on to Salem, where I surrendered stock and equipment, and by order of Governor George L. Curry, company K was disbanded. In our dirt and rags they turned us loose without money or sympathy. Fortunately most of the boys lived in Marion county and had friends or

families to go to. In my poverty I returned to Champoeg and found employment. In 1857 I returned to Missouri where I have resided ever since.

I hate men and nations who have kind words only for the dead. Why not be just and sympathetic while they live, and laugh while they are dead? The world and governments never give their defenders justice while living, and Indian war

veterans must learn to do without it. The East has the power and pensions only those who benefit it. The government did not reward the First regiment, O. M. V., with much trash called money, and we did not get our pay from sacred white hands or more sacred red lips. No such fools lived in 1856.

LIEUTENANT T. J. SMALL.



OREGON—PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

We know its past; the present is with us and the future will be molded as we put forth effort. The contrast between the present and what it was fifty years ago is a remarkable one. Inventive genius and scientific research have so changed the conditions that it seems but a dream to the pioneer, and he can hardly realize the boon it is to be surrounded by the blessings of the age which progress and improvement have brought to pass. Had you told him back in the early '50s that the long and weary six months required to cross the plains would in so short a time be reduced to three days he would not have believed you. As he contemplates the changes wrought by the iron horse, electricity and other improvements and inventions, he is lost in amazement. Great has been the reward of those who braved privations to reach, claim, build up and make Oregon one of the grandest states of the Union. But the pioneer is fast passing away; his work so grandly begun will be left to more recent arrivals and to the native born to carry forward. If the industries, institutions and development of the state are to keep pace with the revealed sciences and aids to progress and prosperity, those to whom its destiny is entrusted must be on the

alert when and where a move for advancement of interests can be made. The history of the world reads that no state or nation ever became wealthy which depended upon agriculture alone for support, relying upon other countries to provide the products of mechanical industry. Millions have come to us through the salmon, stock, lumber and mining industries; still, candor will compel all to admit that our main source of revenue has been produced by the tillers of the soil. Shall we rest content with these and give no heed to the encouragement of manufacturing interests? Most assuredly not; if we hope to reach that high degree of stable prosperity to which we can attain, and which is necessary to place and keep Oregon in the ranks of the leaders, we must begin to foster and support them. The raw materials, in part, we now raise and we can raise others; what our soil and climate is capable of bringing to a state of perfection are by no means limited in variety, and nowhere can be found greater natural facilities for their being turned into finished products. A people who look out for their own interests will have wealth at their call and happiness and prosperity will brighten their homes and firesides.

THE REGALIA OF THE NATIVE SONS.

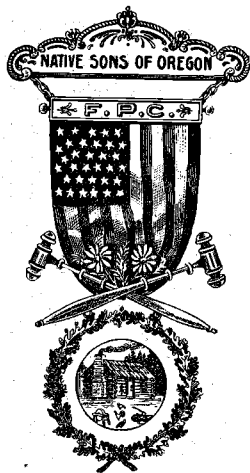


Photo by Browning.

We show here in the badge or regalia adopted by the Grand Cabin as the regalia of the Order. It consists of a bar on which is inscribed the words "Native Sons of Oregon"; suspended to this is a smaller bar having thereon the letters "F. P. C."; to this is suspended, by an American flag, a wreath of oaken leaves encircling a log cabin set in a background of royal purple. In the event of the wearer being an officer, the emblem of his rank is placed between the flag and the wreath, as shown in the above, a Past President's badge. The letters on the bar are indicative of the cardinal principles of the order—"Friendship, Protection and Charity." "Old Glory," with its thirty-three stars, indicates Oregon's rank in admission as a state, and the loyalty of her sons to our country, its maintenance and support. The wreath, to remind the membership of the steady and sturdy manner in which each should perform the duties incident to the perpetuity of the Order and of the Cabin of which he is a member. In the selection of the cabin as another feature of its composition, they have called to mind the obligations which they—which all—owe to the pioneers, who braved the trying hours and hardships of a long and dangerous journey across the plains, that the fairest land under the sun might be made a home for themselves and their descend-

ants—a land ultimately to become the brightest ornament in the galaxy of our United States. In the royal purple background it is plain that royal birth is outlined—that the boys of Oregon are descended from as noble, brave and true as any who ever wore a crown. The motto of the Order is "Klose Nesika Illa-hee," the Chinook for "Our Country Is the Best."

The marguerite has been adopted as the special flower of the Order, and, though it may not be, as some will tell, a native of the soil, its claims to being a pioneer cannot be denied. Its selection was the most appropriate that could have been made, for no language could better portray the purposes of the organization than is found in its signification—"to uphold." The lessons of the ritual teach



Photo by Moore

that the members should be true to themselves, the welfare of the pioneers, the fostering of the interests, institutions and progress of our state, and to "uphold" it in all ways beneficial.

As yet no emblems have been made, but a committee has the matter in hand, and its report will no doubt be accepted by the Grand Cabin, when it will be but a short time when Cabins can be supplied with them. A portion of the emblem, consisting of the cabin with the letters "N. O. S." thereon, is being worn as a charm and button. We give an illustration of the button; the background is royal purple enamel, and the cabin, in relief, of gold. This is the work of the well-known wholesale jewelry manufacturing firm of Butterfield Bros., and any of the members wanting them can be supplied by applying to their local retail jeweler.

OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The objects of this society are the collection, preservation, exhibition and publication of material of a historical character, especially that relating to the history of Oregon as a territory and state. For the accomplishment of this end, to explore all places of deposit of archaeological matter; to acquire documents, manuscripts and publications of every description; to obtain narratives and records of the pioneers of the Oregon territory; to ascertain and preserve the Indian names of mountains, streams and localities in Oregon, and their interpretations and significations; to gather and preserve the Indian traditions relative to the history of the Pacific Northwest prior to white settlement; to maintain a gallery of historical portraiture and an ethnological and historical museum; to publish and otherwise diffuse information relative to the history of Oregon and of the original Oregon territory; and in general to encourage and develop within this state the study of history. The organization is purely unselfish, and the result of its labors will be held by it in perpetual trust for the people of the State of Oregon, but the control will be at all times maintained by the society.

This work was initiated at the State University and much valuable progress has already been effected. The present organization has been made in support of the action of the university authorities and in continuance of the very commendable start which has been made by them. The society will gather the material and our historian will be forthcoming.

An earnest appeal is made to every person in Oregon who has diaries, letters,

books, pamphlets, newspapers or any written or printed matter whatever, germane to its objects, to generously give them over to the society, so that they may all be intelligibly collated and safely preserved. It is also desired to collect portraits or photographs of all persons who were prominently identified with questions affecting the acquisition and settlement of the Oregon territory. The society also purposes to establish and maintain a museum of objects of historical and geological interest, and bespeaks contributions to this department of its work.

The society desires to co-operate on the most friendly terms with the State University and other institutions of learning, with the Pioneer Association and the various county societies, with the Native Sons of Oregon, and with all other organizations engaged or interested in its field of effort. But above everything else it desires to arouse an active popular interest in its work throughout the state. To this end the terms of admission have been made such as to open its doors to all, and every citizen of Oregon is earnestly invited to enroll himself or herself as a member.

The society is officered by a board of directors consisting of H. W. Scott, F. G. Young, L. B. Cox, Mrs. M. L. Myrick, Mrs. H. K. McArthur, J. R. Robertson and J. R. Wilson. Mr. Scott is the president, Professor Young secretary and George H. Himes assistant secretary.

It is earnestly hoped that every one will aid the society and that its work will be a monument which will be lasting, creditable and the pride of all.

THE BOOM AND THE BOOMERANG.

The name Alaska is derived from the Aleutian word Alakshak, meaning the continent, or large country. It was modified by the Russians into Aliaska, and given to the peninsula south of Bering sea. After the purchase of the country by the United States, Charles Sumner succeeded in having the name applied to the entire region. It has an area of 577,390 square miles, being equal to one-sixth of the United States, or one-seventh of Europe. Its greatest extension, east and west, approximates the distance from Pittsburg to Portland Or., whereas, starting west from Portland, Me., when one reaches Portland, Or., he is but half way to the western extremity of Alaska, the coast line of which exceeds 11,000 miles, and with the islands all considered, it is estimated the extent of coast line would exceed the circumference of the earth. The region itself is equal to New England, the middle Atlantic states, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, Kentucky and Tennessee, or 70 times the size of Massachusetts. It is equal to Great Britain, France, Spain, Portugal, Switzerland and Belgium. The southern limit is in the same latitude as Manchester, England, and the north coast of Germany. Sitka agrees in this manner with Aberdeen, Scotland, while Dyea and Skagway are equal to Cape Farewell, Greenland, and St. Petersburg.

A great deal of the early history of discovery in Alaska is veiled in mystery, which in part, probably, accounts for the popular hazy impression of romance relative to that section. In many ways this early history is entwined with that of the United States, in a manner but little understood. For instance, the first recorded proposal to import cheap Chinese labor, was made by Count Razanof in

1806, with the idea of raising agricultural products in the Russian colonies of California, for the support of fur hunters in Alaska. At this time Russia claimed the entire coast, from the Arctic ocean to a point immediately north of San Francisco bay. Baranof, the first and greatest manager of the Russian American Company, not only pushed the claims of his country into California, but sent an agent to the Sandwich islands, to secure their annexation to the Russian empire. Under Baranof's management, Sitka became a town of importance, possessing one of the best-equipped shipyards in the Russian empire, containing all sorts of workshops and magazines, brass and iron foundries, machine shops and nautical instrument-makers. Experiments were made in the manufacture of brick, woodenware and woolen stuffs, from materials imported from California. For this work, skilled labor was brought from Russia. Vast sums of money were wasted in an effort to extract iron from an inferior grade of ore. Agricultural implements were manufactured here for the Russian colonists in California, who were too lazy to use them. Plowshares were not only shipped to California, but to Mexico. Axes, hatchets, spades and hoes were turned out by these industrious mechanics, and bells were cast for the missions of the Pacific coast, some of which are said to be still in existence. After Baranof's time, activity lagged and warehouses were filled to overflowing with unsalable goods. The gold excitement in California caused a sudden revival of business, and these accumulated goods were sold in San Francisco at an enormous profit, besides which a lucrative trade was inaugurated in lumber and salt fish, and a little later, ice was shipped

in large quantities. In 1865 a telegraph line was built to within 350 miles of Sitka, on its way to Europe, via Bering strait and Siberia. This work was being actively prosecuted when the Atlantic cable was finished and declared a success. At the time of the transfer of the country to the United States, all the employes of the Russian American Company were gathered at Sitka, and from that time to 1869 they received in salaries from \$40,000 to \$50,000 per month, which was quickly circulated in the community. There were also two companies of soldiers, a few hundred American and other traders, while a man-of-war and a revenue cutter were always in the harbor. From September, 1867, to August, 1869, 71 vessels arrived, aggregating 13,339 tons.

The southeastern portion of Alaska is a narrow strip of coast, running north from Portland canal, along which are thousands of islands, between which and the coast is what is known as the inside passage, through which ocean steamers pass continually. Sitka is located on one of the outer islands, whereas the other towns are on the inside passage. The northern extremity of this passage is known as Lynn canal, at the extreme northern point of which Dyea is located, while Skagway is several miles below. Dyea is an old Indian trading post, but Skagway was called into existence by the great rush of 1897. For several years preceding this, the specter of hard times had oppressed the world generally, causing millions of men to become dissatisfied with their lot, and ready to answer any call. This was the condition of affairs in July, 1897, when the steamer Portland arrived in Seattle with a ton of gold, from the dim and distant north. The ice-locked, mystic, far-away land of romance and story. Within a few hours the news had penetrated the uttermost

parts of the earth, and the whole world was preparing for a grand rush to this new Eldorado. Railroads were puzzled to handle the business; steamers were crowded to their utmost capacity, with passengers and freight, but were unable to carry all that offered. Steamers carried more passengers than the law allowed, while harbors were filled with every conceivable craft, from all lands and seas. Some were queens of the deep, and others floating coffins. Some went down on rocks, and others foundered at sea. Human life was cheap in this wild rush for gold. Names unheard of before became household words—"Klondike," "Dyea," "Dawson," "Skagway."

Probably, for picturesqueness of scene, no point compared to Dyea. Located on an island at the head of Lynn canal, it contained, in February, 1898, about 3,000 to 4,000 people, and was nearly two miles long. For half a mile north of the tide flats, it was four streets in width, whereas the remainder of the town was mostly confined to a long, very narrow and crooked roadway, known as Trail street, or the Midway, along the sides of which were crowded low, rambling, dirty Indian huts, log cabins, tents, combination houses, dirt houses, snow houses, frames, and every conceivable species of habitation, including a piece of open ground, used as a dog hotel, where hundreds of poor brutes were chained in the cold, howling for a living. Here and there were great halls, filled to overflowing with eager throngs of men, elbowing their various ways through the crowd, while every device for gambling was run in full blast. The sing-song notes of Honest John, joined with the click of glasses and dice, the muffled rush of shuffling cards, the low tread of many feet, the quick step of dancers, the cracked notes of music and the laugh of women, combined to add variety to an already animated scene. The

weather was clear and cold. while a fierce north wind blew by day and by night. This narrow, tortuous street was crowded by every conveyance and nationality. Chicago's Midway was tame beside this jostling mass of dogs, goats, horses and humanity, all in deadly earnest, rushing on headlong, regardless of consequences, men thinking only of gold, gold, gold. Like mortal enemies, goats and dogs rush upon each other now and then, scattering freight over the ice and snow, while men, and women, too, curse and fight like the other brutes. In the midst of this stirring scene, I watched an Indian boy, with a face wreathed in smiles, dragging a sled, on which was built a tiny house, in the form of a Sedan chair, with little windows in front, on the sides and in the rear. Peering in I saw an Indian baby's bright eyes, sparkling in a mass of furs and wraps, while the child crowed with delight. On all sides, rushing like mad, were old men and boys, dapper clerks and hardy miners, saintly mothers and abandoned women, sanctified parsons and keen confidence men, mothers' darling boys and escaped convicts, gamblers and Y. M. C. A. young men, sure thing men and peddlers of tracts, the Salvation Army and the army of the unemployed, dead beats and business men, lackeys and bankers, brilliant intellects and stupidity personified, artists and artizans, Americans, Japanese and Hottentots. All rushing to the land of gold and cold.

Many men of many minds,
 Many maids of many kinds,
 Hottentots and Japanese,
 Spanish dons and donsenese.

Yellow mackintoshes, blue mackintoshes and caps of curious workmanship. Blankets, furs and other clothes of every name and color. Women dressed like men, rigged up as women were never rigged before. Some wore close-fitting pants and some wore short skirts and

high boots. Some had hats and some wore caps, but nowhere were bonnets seen. Some drove dogs and some wore packs, but all were busy as the men. Dog teams, goat teams, horse teams, man teams, and queer combinations of all these motive powers, rushing hither and thither, blocking the street, colliding with each other, fighting, tearing, shouting, swearing, madly insane on gold. Everybody in a hurry, selfish to the last degree, afraid the other fellow would get there first. Unmindful of the rights of others, out for the almighty dollar and determined to get it. Away from home and kindred ties, and willing to resort to any swindle, any deception to gain a point. Restless, sleepless, working night and day, with a desperate determination to make money, and make it quick. In deadly earnest to catch a will-o'-the-wisp. In this motley crowd were men who had held up their hands and solemnly sworn to discharge their duties as officials of the government. Scarcely were the oaths taken when they began devising ways and means to use their official positions for private gain. Offices were sought and bartered away, merely as a means of illegitimate profit. Grafting was reduced to a science, and the profits divided in a manner best calculated to protect the trade. A law prohibiting the importation of intoxicating liquors made the smuggling of whisky the leading industry. Hundreds of saloons were run with wide open doors, and patronized by officials whom the government paid to enforce the laws. Every liquor-dealer contributed hush money or took the consequences, which consisted in being raided, having his stock confiscated and himself fined for violating the law. Letters were sold by postmasters, and a snug revenue derived. The postmaster at Dyea sent thousands of letters to Lake Tagish, in British territory, and left them

with an agent to be dealt out on the shares, at 50 cents a letter. Government officials were looked upon with suspicion, for complaints about such shameful proceedings were sure to be ignored, thus creating the impression that higher officials were sharing in the profits. Complaints at Washington had no effect, and the graft remained defiant, protected at the eastern end of the line. Senators and congressmen used their influence to retain corrupt officials and law became a mockery.

From Dyea the trail runs north, through a small valley that soon narrows to a deep canyon. Then comes a desperate winter climb, through regions of perpetual snow. Here were thousands of excited argonauts, crowding and jostling each other on that memorable Sunday morning in April, when fifty men and two women were caught in the great avalanche and swept into eternity. Over the ice, over the summit, defying the fearful Arctic blasts, pressing on to Lake Lindermann, where the first waters drain off to the Yukon. Here thousands stopped to build boats and prepare for the journey to Dawson. Like a cyclone the crowd swept by the new-born city of Dyea; up the canyon, past Sheep Camp to the foot of the great climb. Here every face is raised to the summit and solemnly the throng moves in single file, rising painfully, step by step, each man watching his neighbor in front and crowding into his tracks. On every upturned face is a fixed expression of an indefinable vision, a looking into the beyond as it were, a far away glamour of men treading the border of spirit land. Slowly they move up that wall of ice, bearing burdens they could not have borne at home. At last the summit is reached and packs placed on the snow. Some there are who must return for other goods, for, you know, these men are beasts of burden, freighting

over the mountains. To return, a man sits on an icy slide, raises his feet, there is a sudden "swish"—and with a glass you see him picking himself up at the bottom. One hour up and one minute down.

Night and day the work of building continued, through the bitter cold of winter. A dreary wilderness was suddenly transformed into a busy, bustling city, teeming with humanity. Whole blocks of ground, without buildings or tents, were used to store thousands of tons of freight, while multitudes of restless men and women thronged about, clamoring for their property. Real estate climbed up from nothing to London prices; then a steamer touched the dock with thirty-five passengers instead of 600. Instantly the boom was off. It was too late to stand from under. Princely fortunes disappeared and men of means found themselves penniless. In the morning a lot was valued at a thousand dollars, but at night a thousand cents measured its value. Paralyzed and stupefied, men ceased their scramble, and glared at each other in breathless astonishment; then for the first time in the history of the Klondike rush, ceased labor altogether, gathered in little groups and inquired of each other, "What does it mean?" Quickly this great multitude melted away, and could it have grown, grass would have covered the streets. The ring of hammers ceased, and buildings were vacated, deserted. Quaint signs superseded signs of prosperity. Nailed to the door of a deserted saloon were soon displayed these words: "The fool and his money are soon parted, and God's country twelve hundred miles away." On an old gambling hall, where excitement had run high, was this notice: "It was all a dream. Busted and gone to hell." At the crossroads a finger-board was erected with this inscription:

To Sheep Camp.....	15 miles.
To Canyon City.....	9 miles.
To Skagway	6 miles.
To God's Country.....	1200 miles.
To Hell	6 inches.

The process of occupation by Indians soon began. A great wooden hotel and lot were bought by them for \$60. They moved in, occupied the second story and amused themselves by pulling the window shades down to see them rush to the top. When broken they made good kindling. Old bucks and klootchmen swung out of the upper windows like children, used the partitions and bedsteads for firewood and chased each other up and down stairs. After a time the novelty of living upstairs wore off, and all hands moved below. Desolation followed quickly on the heels of mushroom prosperity, and "the deserted village" took the place of "a celebrated city."

While thieves and cutthroats flourished in these wild and troublous times, still it is true that many a rich cache remained untouched, although unguarded. Several times a correspondent passed over the summit, and each time noticed a tent, around which lingered six dogs, but there was no other sign of habitation. Finally he made inquiry, and found that three weeks before a stranger set the tent over his outfit and disappeared, since which time nothing had been heard or seen of him. The correspondent went to Juneau, visited a friend in the hospital, and told him of his trip to the lakes. At this point a stranger asked if he had noticed a tent and six dogs on the summit.

"Yes."

"That is my outfit. I came to Skagway, intending to return next day, but took the spinal meningitis and here I am."

After several weeks of illness, he returned to the summit, to find the neighbors had fed his dogs and his goods were undisturbed.

Below Lake Lindermann come the rapids leading to Lake Bennett. These rapids are dangerous, and lives have paid the forfeit of running them. On a little

plat of ground overlooking them, rises a knoll, upon which is a rudewooden cross, marking a lonely grave. During all the winter months, rough-clad goldseekers reverently attended this home of the dead, and kept it free from snow. Seek an explanation, and this is the story you would get: Early in the Klondike rush a hard-working man sold his little home in the East and started out to get his fortune, leaving wife and children behind. He arrived in Dyea with over half a ton of provisions and a good outfit, but with no money to pay for transporting his goods over the summit. With true American grit he started in to do the work himself. The rainy season was on in the valley, and snow storms raged over the summit, but encouraged by visions of a happy home and a reunited family, he waded through mud, defied the snow and cold, climbing to the summit and descending to the foot of Lindermann, thirty miles distant, where his goods were cached. Back and forth he passed, cheered by dreams of the waiting ones at home. At last his task was finished, the outfit was at the foot of the lake, and he began the construction of a cabin in which to live while the lumber for a boat was sawed by hand. After this slow and laborious process, the boat was completed and loaded with his worldly possessions. Lightly he pulled into the stream and started over the rapids, but in a moment the wild waters dashed him upon a rock, wrecked his boat, and all was lost. Sadly he retraced his steps to the summit, where many weary days were spent in the drudgery of packing for pay, until sufficient funds were accumulated to buy a new outfit, which he again carried on his back to the lakes. Profiting by bitter experience he made his cache at the foot of the rapids, where all his goods were finally stored. Again the lumber was sawed by hand, and a new boat constructed to carry

him to Dawson. A day came when the long task was finished, the boat was complete and the outfit snugly stored upon it. Everything was in readiness for an early start on the morrow. Brightly the day broke, and with a light heart he approached his boat to begin the last long pull for Dawson. Alas, for his cherished hopes, every pound of goods had been

stolen in the night, and he was again left destitute, this time with winter close upon him. Slowly he climbed to the top of the little knoll, took one parting look at the rising sun, then sent a bullet crashing through his brain.

That is why the goldseekers reverently approach this lonely grave and keep it free from snow.

W. G. STEEL.



AN EFFECTIVE IMMIGRATION ASSOCIATION.

For many years an immigration board has been maintained in Portland, the purpose of which was to advertise, not Portland, but the state of Oregon, its resources, climate and general advantages. That the purpose has been well served goes without saying. Every inch of Oregon's broad domain has been benefited, because the advertising done in the past has brought new people into the state with new money, new energy and new enterprise, who have invested in various ways and have contributed in no small degree to our progress and development. That advertising our resources has brought men of means into the state who have become permanently located has been demonstrated over and over again. The same is true of capital. Therefore, that advertising pays, all doubt has been removed from the minds of those who have cared to investigate. Two factors are pre-eminently essential to the development of our resources and the establishment of new enterprises—people and capital. If we create a demand for our products and a market for our vacant lands, we must increase our population, and capital follows—invariably follows. The most densely populated states of the Union are the wealthiest, and there you will find manufacturing industries the most prosperous. But all the money that has been expended in

the past for advertising our resources has been paid to immigration bureaus by the citizens of Portland. Interior cities and districts have been urged to contribute at intervals, but have never done so.

The money which Portland expended brought her a good return, but the state at large received the lion's share. It is a source for regret that our recent legislature did not give this important matter consideration. A state board has been, by law, appointed, but a ship tied up, while an ornament, perhaps, is of no value. The funds needed for the work would not be felt as a tax upon our taxpayers, and the results accruing would, if computed as interest on the appropriation, soon make the principal look like a mole-hill pushed up to obscure a view of Mount Hood. The people of Washington are never laggards in this respect. Three important cities of that state and many towns have contributed their pro rata of expense for the purpose of attracting capital and increasing the population, and that they have succeeded and are succeeding every one knows. The point has been reached now where it is absolutely necessary for the entire people of Oregon to join hands and co-operate in this work if the supremacy of the state's manifold advantages is to be maintained. What are you going to do about it?

EUGENE D. WHITE.

CURIO FLOTSAM.

LIFE.

A lady occupied a whole year in searching for and fitting the following 38 lines from American and English poets, the whole reading as if it was by one author:

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?—(Young.

Life's short summer—man is but a flower;—(Dr. Johnson.

By turns we catch the fatal death and die—(Pope.

The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh.—(Prior.

To be is better far than not to be.—(Sewell.

Though all man's life may seem a tragedy;—(Spencer.

But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb,—(Daniel.

The bottom is but shallow whence they come.—(Sir Walter Raleigh.

Your fate is but the common fate of all;—(Longfellow.

Unmingled joys here no man befall;—(Southwell.

Nature to each allots his proper sphere.—(Cosgrove.

Fortune makes folly her peculiar care;—(Churchill.

Custom does often reason overrule—(Rochester.

And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.—(Armstrong.

Live well—how long or short permit to heaven.—(Milton.

They who forgive best shall be most forgiven.—(Bailey.

Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see his face.—(French.

Vile intercourse where virtue has not place.—(Somerville.

Then keep each passion down, however dear.—(Thompson.

Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.—(Byron.

Her sensual snares let faithless pleasures lay.—(Smollet.

With craft and skill to ruin and betray.—(Crabbe.

Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise;—(Massinger.

We masters grow of all that we despise.—(Crowley.

Oh, then, renounce that impious self-esteem;—(Beattie.

Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.—(Cowper.

Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave—(Sir Walter Davenant.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.—(Gray.

What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat.—(Willis.

Only destructive to the brave and great—(Addison.

What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?—(Dryden.

The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.—(Francis Quarles.

How long we live, not years but actions tell;—(Watkins.

That man lives twice who lives the first life well.—(Herrick.

Make then, while yet ye may, your God your friend.—(William Mason.

Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.—(Hill.

The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just.—(Dana.

For live how we may, yet die we must.—(Shakespeare.

NATIVE DAUGHTERS.

MRS. ELIZABETH WEATHERRED.

On Tuesday afternoon of May 16, one of the objects of the organization of Native Daughters was very feelingly as well as patriotically carried out, and that is to praise and commend all worthy or heroic deeds of Native Sons and Daughters of Oregon. This being the anniversary of the departure of our soldier boys to Manila, the following resolutions were read:

Whereas, The existing condition of affairs between the United States and a foreign element during the past few months made it necessary to appeal to American patriotism and American honor; and,

Whereas, Among the first to arise in the strength of their noble manhood, and to offer themselves as a sacrifice in defense of the flag of their country, and among the first to fall in line equipped and ready for battle, were native sons of Oregon; and,

Whereas, We recognize the laurels they have won for themselves, their state and their country; therefore,

Resolved, That we, as Native Daughters, on this anniversary of the departure of our soldier boys, show on the records of today's session, that we remember sacredly the time when they marched away; that we have never ceased to possess a deep interest in their welfare; that we have heartily applauded in the time of victory, sorrowed in the hour of their sickness and distress, and mourned with those who mourned.

These resolutions were carried by a rising vote. All remained standing while Miss Kathleene Lawler, with a violin and piano accompaniment, played by Misses Bessie Wemple and Lola Hawler, sang the "Star Spangled Banner."

The Native Daughters of Portland extend to all ladies born in this state a hearty invitation to come to the reunion of pioneers of June 15 and participate in the parade. Headquarters will be at the Tabernacle, Twelfth and Morrison

streets, where all pioneers and native daughters will be welcome.

Mrs. Edyth Weatherred is secretary of the Portland preliminary organization, and will furnish information to any native daughters residing in outside towns who will write her, care Native Sons' Magazine.

Abernethy's Cabin has shown the Native Daughters many courtesies, all of which are duly appreciated.

Committees on reception and entertainment of the pioneers at the Tabernacle have been selected, to act in conjunction with those of the Native Sons, and every care will be taken that no one is overlooked, but all done to make the time pass as pleasant as possible for them.

Everything is moving along as rapidly and smoothly as possible in connection with the preliminary arrangements, toward permanent organization of the Native Daughters. The delay is due to a desire to await the actions of the grand cabin, which convenes on the 13th of June. Some steps will be pushed forward at such time, in way of a getting up a ritual and promulgating other necessary matters, incident to a beginning of the work. Portland will start out with a membership of about 150 at least, and show a lively increase as time passes. From the meetings held heretofore and the interest shown and the popular favor given them, the future is well assured. All want to be enrolled as charter members.

The Native Daughters of Junction City have effected a preliminary organization, and will be ready to begin permanent work as soon as the grand cabin is heard from.

PURPLE AND GOLD.

Matters relative to the annual reunion, the twenty-seventh, of the Oregon Pioneer Association, are progressing very favorably. From the outlook it will be more largely attended than any held in previous years. Many pioneers have passed away during the past year, but distance, time and other circumstances did not permit of the greater number of them identifying themselves with the association; still when one of them, no matter where he lived, paid nature's debt, those surviving dropped a tear in remembrance of a hero or heroine who had passed away.

All who are not members of the association are urged to become so, as far as practicable this year, the fiftieth since the United States assumed territorial jurisdiction over the Pacific Northwest, all at that time being embraced within the boundaries of Oregon.

The secretary of the association receives inquiries from the Eastern states concerning the possible whereabouts of relatives who came to Oregon during the early days of its settlement, and through the records he is enabled to give the information desired. Often, however, all effort is fruitless, owing to the large number who have never enrolled themselves as members.

The general committee on arrangements for the grand cabin has just completed arrangements with the Southern Pacific Company for the following round-trip rates over the company's lines for June 13, 14 and 15, returning from Portland on any regular train on or before the morning or evening of the 17th:

Medford*	\$429.00	Woodburn	\$ 57.60
Ashland	443.30	Corvallis	155.20
Grant's Pass...	415.80	Independence ..	121.60
Roseburg	277.20	McMinnville* ..	80.00

Eugene*	172.20	Dallas*	100.80
Junction City*	154.00	Sheridan	91.20
Oakland	253.60	Newberg	41.60
Albany*	128.00	Dundee	44.80
Brownsville ...	153.60	Hillsboro*	33.60
West Stayton..	105.60	Lafayette	54.40
Silverton*	73.60	Turner	96.00
Salem*	84.80	Aurora*	44.80
Gervais	62.40		

These rates are for carloads of sixty people. Any point named herein can obtain a car by raising the sum designated and placing such amount in the hands of the local agent of the railroad company. The car will be furnished by the company at such time as desired on the dates named. It will be necessary, of course, for some one at the respective points at once to take hold of this matter, and make arrangements as speedily as possible, as the railroad company will have to arrange for coaches and print a special ticket for this excursion, and must have reasonable time in which to do these things.

Cabins are located at all points indicated by a star, and Native Sons are expected at these points to take charge of this matter and fill the cars as nearly as possible with Pioneers, Native Sons and Daughters. At other points, where no cabins are located any Pioneer, Native Son or Daughter can take this matter up; but, of course, are expected as nearly as possible to bring only the class of people above named. These rates are certainly sufficiently low to permit all Pioneers, Native Sons and Daughters, and especially all members of subordinate cabins throughout the state to attend the grand cabin exercises at Portland, Or., on the 13th and 14th, the grand encampment of the Indian War Veterans on the 14th, and the Pioneers', Native Sons' and Daughters' reunion on the 15th.

The grand cabin at its first annual session, will convene at Elks' hall, at 11 o'clock Tuesday, June 13, and will be composed of the present grand officers and delegates of cabins throughout the state. Under the constitution all members in good standing in subordinate cabins are permitted to visit as guests the grand cabin during its session. The business of the grand cabin will continue over the 13th, the evening of the 13th and the 14th, until 6 P. M. On the evening of the 14th an entertainment will be given under the auspices of the grand cabin at the Marquam Grand theater, public to Pioneers, Native Sons and Daughters, and attending delegates upon the grand cabin. Native talent only will be used at this entertainment. Hon. T. T. Geer, a charter member of Abernethy's Cabin, and the first Native Son governor of Oregon, will deliver a short address on that occasion.

After the entertainment a banquet will be served at Brandes' restaurant to the grand officers and delegates in attendance upon the grand cabin and invited guests. The morning of the 15th, Pioneers' day, will be heralded by strains of music and the assembling of Native Sons and Daughters at the Tabernacle building, corner Twelfth and Morrison streets, which will be decorated with evergreens, flowers and colors of the order. At this place, during the morning of the 15th, the Native Daughters will serve refreshments and coffee for the Pioneers, and the First Regiment band will furnish a concert from 9 until 12. This is to be the home and general rendezvous of Pioneers, Indian War Veterans, Native Sons and Daughters until they march to the Armory, where the programme of the State Pioneer Association will be rendered. The Native Sons will form a guard of honor to the Pioneers in their march to the Armory, and will turn out in full

force in a grand parade, under the charge of John W. Minto, grand marshal of the grand cabin, assisted by the marshals of the subordinate cabins throughout the state as aids. Nothing will be left undone by either the Native Sons or Daughters to give our statebuilders, the fast-passing pioneer, a cordial and earnest reception on this Pioneer day in the year that marks the semi-centennial history of Oregon.

June 14th will be the date of meeting of the grand encampment, Indian War Veterans, and as the meeting will be one of the greatest importance to veterans all of them that can possibly attend should do so. This will be the fifty-third anniversary of the first Indian war in Oregon. The wives and daughters of the veterans of Portland will furnish a fine dinner for all connected with the society on the afternoon of the 14th. The session of the encampment will be held in G. A. R. hall, likewise the dinner given. Those who are entitled thereto and who have not yet made application to Grand Commander T. A. Wood for a copy of the history of the Indian wars of the state, which was recently published by the state, should do so at once or secure the same while attending the grand encampment. It is claimed that there are inaccuracies in the volume published and all desire correctness; if veterans will send in their stories of the wars, then and then only will the full resume of what occurred be known and claimed errors rectified. Another volume will be printed giving other data and pages pointing out differences of opinions in relation to these wars. Remember the veterans all, you are getting older day by day, and if you don't forward your manuscript soon it will not be long before it is too late to do so and valuable contributions to history will be lost. Special attention is called to the following:

Among the more than worthy acts performed lately can be mentioned the gift of a piece of property, valued at about \$20,000, to the Homeopathic Medical Society for hospital purposes, and the presentation to the Thompson public school of a piano and a library of some 340 volumes, together with suitable cases for them. Both of these gifts were from pioneers; the former was the generous offering of Hon. H. W. Corbett and the latter came from Hon. D. P. Thompson, for whom the school was named.

The Native Son is in receipt of sketches from several of the native-born boys of Oregon. A set illustrating some of the early incidents of Homer Davenport's life, will be found in the biographical sketch of him in this number. They are the work of Sammy Gellert. Some of his sketches Homer has seen, and has advised Sammy's parents to the effect that if they will give him an opportunity that he will make a name for himself. We also have some sketches drawn by Fred Cooper, of McMinnville, which show great talent in the caricature line,

almost every stroke of his pen fairly bristling with a story without words. We endeavored to have them reproduced for our magazine, but could not do so because the lines were drawn so fine that they would not stand a reduction and show half of them. Both of these boys will be heard from in the future, for they are born artists.

Hon. L. F. Grover sailed from Philadelphia late in December, 1850, on a vessel commanded by Captain Isaac A. Bray, of Newburyport, Mass. The vessel was owned in Newburyport, but was chartered to carry a load of goods from Philadelphia to San Francisco. During the voyage the captain showed to Mr. Grover a British sailing chart of the Pacific coast, supposed to have been published about 1790, on the margin of which was printed, opposite the Oregon of later years, substantially the following words: "This coast is called Origan, from the Origanum, which is found in the interior." If a copy of this chart could be found it is not improbable a flood of light would be let in on the dim history of the name.



NESIKA WAWA.

Among the very many kind notices we have received from the press, not only of Oregon, but elsewhere, we copy the following from The Lantern of May 5, 1899. It does full justice to the pioneer, to what should be done in way of endeavor along the line of the history of the state, and to our aim to accomplish the much-needed end desired:

"The Native Son, a magazine devoted to the interests of the native sons and daughters of Oregon, and the sturdy pioneers, who, footsore and weary, wended their ways beyond 'the States,' and builded an empire 'in the innumerable woods,' which Bryant peopled with the dead alone, whose efforts made it possible to erase 'the Great American Desert,' that in-

tervened between the people of the Atlantic and those of the Pacific, from the maps of our country, now lies before us. The magazine is typographically and artistically perfect, and its pages are replete with articles of heretofore unwritten local history and Indian legends from the pens of many noted native writers, and embellished with the counterfeits of the countenances of many of the state's noted public men. It is full time that steps should be taken by those born and raised in our noble state to organize, as they are now doing, into bands of sociality and fraternity. It is full time that an effort should be made to expunge from the records the foul aspersions which have been cast upon the noble men and women who, almost leaving hope behind, carried the banner of civilization, liberty and Christianity into the wilds of Oregon, educat-

ing the savages to peaceful pursuits, and driving the wild beasts of the forests before them, to make way for the cabin of the husbandman, that he should 'tickle the soil until it laughed a crop.' The hair of those who were to the cabin born, and the first epoch in whose lives was marked by the time in which they grew 'big enough to pull the latch string,' is already frosted by implacable Time, while their fathers and mothers, who have not already solved the great problem of the hereafter, are stooped by the same relentness agency to the height of the latch, and are pulling on the string for entrance into the great eternity. It is full time that the epitaph of the pioneers should be written; and the history which they have made should be justly recorded. Those who acted have passed away; but those who saw and knew, and who in the circle of each year's growth bear a remembrance of some hardship endured or act of heroism and bravery enacted by their sturdy parents, should stand up manfully and speak. Such appears to be their purpose, and the magazine before us is their selected organ. May its wordly success be measured by its efforts to search out the truth and record it."

We are also in receipt, among others, of the following:

New Whatcom, Wash., May 17.—Native Son Publishing Company: I am delighted with the

The half-tone portraits we publish will not all be as perfect portraits as we should like, but this cannot be helped, on account of the poor quality of material we secure to work from. A good, clear-cut photo of a first-class subject will produce a good half-tone, but a photo not well taken, or taken from a crayon, painting, or enlarged from a small photo will not be any better than the original.

The grand cabin adopted as a uniform a beaver hat, shaped like the military hats usually worn for parade purposes. It is hoped that all will secure them, so that those in line of march or in Portland on the 13th, 14th and 15th will have a distinctive mark and will be at once known

new magazine, and I sincerely regret that I was unable to send you a contribution to your first number. I shall do so as soon as possible, and shall be glad to help you all I can.

When it comes to the erection of a home for the society, I hope most earnestly that it may be a Grand Cabin in reality—as grand as you please, but built of logs and finished in native woods, with big fireplaces and historic "cranes" and shovels and tongs and "grub boxes," etc. It could be made large, beautiful and picturesque, and stand forever, in memory of those who are proud to have been born in a log cabin—as I am. Yours sincerely,
ELLA HIGGINSON.

Klamath Agency, Or., May 19.—Native Son Publishing Company: Thanks are due some friend for the initial number of the Oregon Native Son, a publication which promises to supply a long-realized want. The preservation of true historical data in regard to early times upon the Pacific coast, is well worthy the earnest efforts of the sons and daughters of the noble men and women who planted American settlements, under circumstances of trial and danger, many of which have never been adequately told. The society of the Native Sons of Oregon and its organ have my heartfelt wishes for prosperity and success. Very truly yours,

O. C. APPLEGATE.

by all. These hats cost but very little. They are on sale at Will Wolf's, 208 Morrison street, and will be at the cabin and grand cabin. All wanting them should purchase at once, so as to insure a correct fit. First come, first served.

Daniel H. Lownsdale was the pioneer tanner of the state. One of his sales was to F. W. Pettygrove, to whom he traded leather valued at about \$5,000 for the present site of the city of Portland.

Ex-Vice-President Thomas A. Hendricks was an applicant for the position of United States district judge of Oregon, at the time the late Judge Deady was appointed to the office.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

MRS. MARY RICHARDSON WALKER.

Mrs. Walker was born at Baldwin, Me., April 1, 1811. Her parents, Joseph and Charlotte (Thompson) Richardson, came of old American families, and for several generations were prominent members of the Congregational church. The Thompsons were originally of Scotch descent, the ancestry being traceable back for upwards of two hundred years. Count Rumford was of this family stock. Judge D. P. Thompson, the author of "The Green Mountain Boys," "Lock Amsden" and "May Martin," was a second cousin of Mrs. Walker's. Both her grandfathers were Revolutionary soldiers, Daniel Thompson falling in the second day's skirmish at Lexington. Miss Richardson's parents both had a good education. Her mother was of an intensely religious nature. Her father was a man of sterling worth, and had an original and practical turn of mind, which the daughter inherited.

There were eleven children in her father's family, but the eldest child died when Mary was about three months old, leaving her the oldest of the remaining children. She received a good education at the Maine Wesleyan seminary, at Reedfield, Me., which she finished when about 20 years of age, after which she taught school until about the time of her marriage. She joined the Congregational church at about 20, and six years afterwards offered herself to the American board as a missionary and was accepted. At first she was to go as a single lady missionary to Siam, but before it was time to leave, she became acquainted with Elkanah Walker, a then recent graduate from the Bangor theological seminary, whom she married March 5, 1838. Previous to this marriage it was the intention of the board to send them to the Zulus of South Africa, but a war in that country between two Zulu chiefs delayed their departure. In the meantime, in the latter part of 1837, Mr. W. H. Gray came with a message from Dr. Marcus Whitman and Rev. H. H. Spalding, who had come out to Oregon as missionaries the year previous, for more helpers. They readily responded to this call, and started the day after their marriage, on a bridal tour that did not end until they reached Dr. Whitman's station, August 29, 1838, having traveled about 3,500 miles. The journey from

the Missouri river over a trackless wilderness the courage to face unknown dangers, hardships and trials incident to a trip to Oregon was made on horseback, or, rather, for Mrs. Walker, on muleback, for the Indians stole her pony soon after leaving the above river. The winter of 1838-39 was spent at Dr. Whitman's, where Cyrus H. was born, December 7, 1838. Here they learned to know how horse meat tasted.

March 5, 1839, just one year from her marriage, they left Dr. Whitman's and went 150 miles further north, to Tshimakain, where the mission among the Spokanes was located. Here one daughter and four sons were born. This was her home until in the spring of 1848, when that mission was abandoned on account of the Whitman massacre the November previous. Nearly two years were spent in Oregon City, or until the fall of 1849, when the family removed to Forest Grove, which was her home until her death.

The summer of 1871 she accompanied her husband on a visit to their New England homes, after an absence of 33 years. She was left a widow by the death of her husband, November 21, 1877. During the greater part of the succeeding years her affairs were looked after by her youngest born, Samuel T. In later years of her life her mind was sadly clouded, requiring patient and even heroic watchfulness, that was faithfully rendered by her sons, Samuel T. and Levi C., she dying at the home of the latter. She was widely known as "Grandma Walker," and when her death took place, December 5, 1897, the sad news was swiftly heralded all over the North Pacific coast. She was laid to rest beside her husband and two sons, who had preceded her, on the 59th birthday of her eldest born. The funeral discourse was delivered by Rev. Myron Eells, in compliance with her request, made some time previous to her death. She was the last to die of the missionaries sent out by the American board, the longest on the coast, and the oldest when called from earth.

MRS. MYRA FAIRBANK EELLS.

Mrs. Eells was the daughter of Joshua and Sally Fairbank, and was born at Holden, Mass., May 26, 1805. At the early age of 13 she made a profession of religion, and all

her future was guided by such act, giving gon in its wild and savage state in 1838. She became acquainted with her future husband, Rev. Cushing Eells, while he was teaching school in her native town, and on March 5, 1838, they were united in marriage. On the next day they started for Oregon, where Dr. Eells had engaged to go as a missionary among the Indians. Only two women—Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spalding—had ever made the trip before, in 1836, and in the company of which they were a part, was Rev. E. Walker and wife, Rev. A. B. Smith and wife, Wm. H. Gray and wife, and Mr. C. Rogers. The most of the trip from the Missouri river was made on horseback. They arrived at Waiilatpu in August, 1838, and there spent the winter with Dr. Whitman. In the spring of 1839 they, with Rev. Mr. Walker and wife, who were their associates until 1848, went to their mission station, Tshimakin, among the Spokane Indians. Upon the massacre of Dr. Whitman, they moved to the Willamette valley. They both taught school for a short time at Abiqua, and in 1849 removed to Forest Grove, where they had accepted a request to teach in what was the beginning of the now well-known Tualatin Academy and Pacific university. In 1851 they removed to Hillsboro, and in 1862 to Walla Walla. Here the plans were laid for the building up of Whitman college, in memory of his co-laborers. In 1872 they removed to Skokomish, on Puget sound, and there, on August 9, 1878, she passed away, at the age of 73 years, leaving behind to mourn her loss, her husband and two sons, Edwin and Myron, and friends in all sections of the Pacific Northwest, who recognized in her a true Christian woman, a firm friend and a lovable companion and neighbor.

MRS. MARY AUGUSTA GRAY.

This pioneer mother was born January 1, 1810, her maiden name being Mary Augusta Dix. During her early life she received an education which, together with her appearance and manners, fitted her for the most polite society. In addition to these accomplishments, she was a humble and consecrated Christian, at all times endeavoring to spread sunshine among those with whom she came in contact, and had a word of cheer and hope for those in trouble. In 1838 her hand was given in marriage to William H. Gray, who came across the plains in 1836 with Dr. Whit-

man, and who had returned to the East for reinforcements for the mission, which had been established in Oregon by the doctor and his associates. The marriage took place at Champlain, N. Y., on March 5, 1838, and almost immediately they set out for the scene of their labors, a labor for the Master among the Indians, a work which entailed a long and weary six months of travel across the plains, one of self-denial, banishment from home, its comforts, associations and benefits; an undertaking that required fortitude and bravery to accomplish. The party arrived at Waiilatpu September 1, 1838. After a short sojourn there she accompanied her husband to the Lapwai mission. Here Mrs. Gray entered heartily into the work of teaching the Indian women and children. Of the latter there was from 50 to 100, whom she taught under a pine tree during the fall, and until a log schoolhouse was built. This is described as "a puncheon-seated, earth-floored building," and here she taught her pupils until March, 1839.

In the fall of 1839 she left for the Whitman station with her husband and infant son in a Chinook canoe, paddled and steered by two Nez Perces Indians. They remained there, Mrs. Gray assisting Mrs. Whitman in teaching until 1842, when they came to the Willamette valley. Later they removed to Clatsop plains, where they resided for several years, and finally settled in Astoria. Wherever they went they strove to advance the kingdom of Christ, and exerted a decided influence in the cause of education, temperance and benevolence. In 1846 they assisted in forming the first Presbyterian church in Oregon, with Rev. Lewis Thompson and Mr. and Mrs. Condit, at Clatsop Plains. (Clatsop church organized September 19, 1846.)

Judge J. H. D. Gray, of Astoria; Caroline A. (Mrs. Jacob Kamm), of Portland; Mary S. (Mrs. Frank Tarbell), of Tacoma; Sarah F. (Mrs. William Abernethy), of Dora, Coos county, Or.; Captain William P. Gray, Captain Albert W. Gray and Captain James T. Gray, of Portland, are children of Mr. and Mrs. Gray, a family which occupies leading and respectable positions wherever they are known.

In 1870, after an absence of 32 years. Mrs. Gray, accompanied by her husband, returned to New York for a visit, going by steamer to San Francisco, and thence by rail to New York. One can imagine their sensation as

they were rapidly whirled over the ground which they had crossed so many years before so slowly and laboriously.

On the 8th of December, 1881, Mrs. Gray died at her home on the Klaskanine farm, aged 71 years 11 months and 7 days.

Her husband survived her until November 14, 1889, when he closed his eyes in death, to reopen them and stand beside the faithful wife and mother who had gone before, and receive from the Master that crown of righteousness which is bestowed upon all true Christians.

CAPT. ORRIN KELLOGG.

Captain Orrin Kellogg was born at St. Albans, Vt., in 1790. His ancestors were of Revolutionary stock. In 1811 he was married to Miss Margaret Miller, who died at Milwaukie, Or., August 22, 1858. The fruits of the union were 12 children, of whom four are living, as follows: Captain Joseph, Elijah and Jason, in Portland, and Edward, near Medford, Or. In 1812 he removed to Canada; and, the war between Great Britain and the United States breaking out, he, as an American, was not allowed to return until after hostilities had ceased. While thus detained, the eldest of his children, Joseph, was born. By action of congress, this child, in common with others in like circumstances, was still regarded as a native citizen of our nation. After the war he moved back and settled near where Lockport, N. Y., now stands, but soon moved further west to the state of Ohio, and made a home on the Maume river. In 1847 he made up his mind to come to Oregon, and removed to St. Joseph, Mo., to make ready for the trip. By May, 1848, all was ready and the journey began. After reaching some distance on the plains, he met Joe Meek, who was on his way East, and from him learned of the Whitman massacre and of the Cayuse war. This intelligence somewhat sobered him, and would have been the means of turning back many men, but, nothing daunted by it, he continued his journey, preparing, if necessary, to fight his way to his destined home. Fortunately, however, he reached Oregon without molestation. One of the pioneers in the train of which he was a member, was B. P. Coruwall, since known as one of the wealthy men of California. To him had been intrusted by the Masonic grand lodge of Missouri, a charter for a subordinate lodge to be established in Oregon. On his arrival at Fort Hall, he concluded to give up coming

to Oregon and go to California instead. He therefore placed the document in the keeping of Mr. Kellogg and his son Joseph, who brought it through and established Multnomah lodge, No. 1, the first Masonic lodge in Oregon; in fact, the first lodge of any kind instituted on the Pacific coast. This fact makes notable the year 1848, and also the Kellogg family. Soon after reaching Oregon City, Mr. Kellogg took up a donation claim, located between that place and Milwaukie, and, although advanced in life, set about with great vigor to build up a new home, and it was not long before he had one of the best farms and homes in the territory. He was one of the first to begin fruit culture on a large scale, and built and operated one of the first tanneries established. Captain Kellogg was a man of great liberality, never stinting his hospitality to travelers and strangers, and as for his friends, they always found the latch string on the outside of his door, indicative of hearty welcome. He gave attention to navigation on the lower Willamette and Columbia, being the first of the remarkable family of river captains bearing his name. Upon the opening of Yaquina bay to commerce and navigation by his son, Dr. George Kellogg, he accompanied the expedition and contributed very largely to its success. He died in Portland, February 14, 1873. All in all, Captain Orrin Kellogg was a man of robust character and sterling worth, one of that class of men whose energy, fairness and goodness are of the utmost value in the formation of a commonwealth, and make it pleasureable to live in after the ball has began to roll.

CAPT. JOSEPH KELLOGG.

Captain Joseph Kellogg was born June 24, 1812, in Canada, though by action of congress he is declared to be American born. The circumstances will be found in the biographical sketch of his father, Captain Orrin Kellogg, in this number. The most of his life up to 1847 was passed in the state of Ohio, leading the life of a farmer. In 1844 he met and married Miss Estella A. Bushnell, a young lady of noble character, who was born February 22, 1818, at Litchfield, N. Y., and who moved to Ohio in 1820. Mrs. Kellogg still survives to bless his home. In 1847 he caught the western fever, and made one of the party of which his father's family were members, to rendezvous at St. Joseph, Mo., expecting to begin their journey in the spring follow-

ing. In May, 1848, the march was begun, and after an uneventful trip, though trouble with the Indians, who were reported to be on the war path, was looked for, they arrived at Oregon City in the following fall. He took up a land claim near Milwaukie, and at once began that career of activity which has made him one of the foremost business men of the state.

With Lot Whitcomb and William Torrence he platted the town of Milwaukie and built a sawmill. He also built for the firm a schooner, which was loaded with produce from the adjacent farms and taken to California, where they sold both schooner and cargo. In the spring of 1850 they commenced the construction of the first large steamer built in Oregon; and known as the Lot Whitcomb, which was launched on Christmas day, with great festivities and rejoicing. In the midst of the exercises, however, a cannon exploded and killed Captain Morse, master of a ship lying at Milwaukie. The business of the firm prospered, a flouring mill was built and two brigs were kept busy carrying lumber to Sacramento, where it was sold at \$200 per 1000. Withdrawing from the firm of Whitcomb, Kellogg & Torrence, he formed a partnership with Bradbury & Eddy, with whom he put up the Standard flour mills, for many years the most extensive in Oregon. About 1857 he became interested in the construction of a telegraph line from San Francisco to Portland. He was also interested in the construction of the old Macadam road from Portland to the White House, the first of its kind built in the Northwest, and still the best road out of Portland. About 1864 he united his efforts with those of the People's Transportation Company, and superintended the construction by that corporation, of the basin above the falls of the Willamette, which stands today as a monument to his engineering skill. Captain Kellogg began with Captain Pease the navigation of the Tualatin river, with the little steamer Onward, and constructed the canal from that river to Sucker lake, making it possible to bring freight to Oswego from the Willamette. In connection with this enterprise, he bought the ground and platted the town of Oswego, then made an agreement with the Iron Works Company, by which they were able to resume business. In 1870 the People's Transportation Company sold out to Ben Holladay, and the Willamette Transportation Company was formed, of which Cap-

tain Kellogg was vice-president and a director. He subsequently sold his interests in this company and formed the Joseph Kellogg Transportation Company, composed of himself, his brother and his sons. Under his direction the steamers Joseph Kellogg and Toledo were built, and operate on the Cowlitz river route to Toledo, 40 miles from the Columbia river. Although nearly four score and ten years of age, he is still hale and hearty, and is actively engaged in business in this city.

✦

**MAJOR THEODORE J. ECKERSON.
MRS. ELIZABETH ECKERSON.**

Major Eckerson joined the United States army more than 60 years ago, and, after service in Florida in the Seminole Indian war from 1840 to 1843, served in all the battles of the Mexican war except Buena Vista. For these services he afterward received his first appointment as a commissioned officer. His second commission was given him on the recommendation of General Ulysses S. Grant, then commanding the United States armies, from his headquarters at City Point, Va., under whose eye Major Eckerson's Mexican war service had been performed, which reads as follows, the original now being in the major's possession, and highly treasured by him:

"Headquarters, Armies of the United States, City Point, Va., February 3, 1865.—To the President of the United States: I most heartily approve the application of Theodore J. Eckerson for the appointment of assistant quartermaster in the regular army. He has served for more than 25 years in the army, and has maintained a high character. He is very efficient and well acquainted with the duties of almost every department of the service. I know him personally, and can vouch for what I say of him. He will make an excellent quartermaster to have on the Pacific coast, where he has been long and favorably known.

"U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General."

His third commission (that of major) came in due course of promotion.

Major and Mrs. Eckerson arrived at the mouth of the Columbia river May 8, 1849, after a voyage of six months on board the United States steamship Massachusetts, and landed at Fort Vancouver on the 15th of that month. Here he established and taught the first American school north of the Columbia after the boundary treaty with Great Britain, a school for children of the various Indian

tribes having previously been carried on in the Hudson's Bay Company's fort; and here, while in charge of the United States ordnance depot, he furnished, in 1855, upon his own authority, the arms, ammunition and accoutrements to the governor of Oregon (Curry) for the Oregon troops in the then Indian war. Strange to say, this action of his received no notice in the work recently printed under the authority of the legislature, nor is any reference whatever made to the source whence the troops procured their arms. This omission is to be corrected in a future edition, and, in the meantime, it is considered proper to subjoin here an extract from an article printed in the "Oregonian" on the subject in 1888. The "Oregonian" of June 16, 1888, thus refers to the invaluable service rendered by him to Oregon and Washington in the Indian wars of 1855:

"Major Eckerson did excellent service for Oregon in her early days of trial and danger. He had charge of the ordnance depot at Vancouver during the period of the greatest Indian troubles, and took the responsibility, without orders from Washington, and against the remonstrances of General Wool, to supply arms and ammunition upon the requisition of the governors of Oregon and Washington territory, for the use of the people. In this he rendered an invaluable service that never will be forgotten. Without the arms and fixed ammunition, defense would have been extremely difficult, and aggressive war upon the Indians impossible. The temper of General Wool was such as to make the matter one of serious difficulty to Captain (now Major) Eckerson, but he took the high position that there was no need of a depot of arms here unless some use were to be made of it for the protection and defense of the country."

The major holds medals and diplomas from the Grand Army of the Republic, the Mexican war, the Loyal Legion, U. S.; Sons of the American Revolution, Society of Foreign Wars, and Indian wars of the North Pacific coast. In 1888 he was elected an honorary member of Multnomah camp, No. 2, Indian War Veterans, and, at the meeting of said camp in 1898, was unanimously elected as first lieutenant. Himself and wife are also members of the Oregon Historical Society.

Major Eckerson was born January 22, 1820, and, though now in his 80th year, retains his mental facilities to their full, and moves

about like a man of 50. He was united in wedlock November 2, 1848, with Miss Elizabeth McCabe. She was born in Monaghan county, Ireland. The writer of this, who knows her well, has found a description suitable to her in an article contained in a prominent Eastern magazine, reading as follows:

"The women of the Celtic race have no superiors in point of general comeliness, purity of life and healthy femininity. To integrity of conduct they add a cheerful and sympathetic temperament, which enables them to surmount all trials and to brighten the places wherein they find a home."

It may readily be concluded from this that as a wife, a mother and a friend she has, in the 50 years just past, well filled her place as a true pioneer.

Four sons and two daughters were born to the major and wife. Of them, one died at Astoria, two received commissions from President Grant in the army, one is an employe in the postoffice department at Washington city, and both daughters became the wives of army officers.

CHARLES POPE.

Mr. Pope was born at Plymouth, England, August 23, 1807. In 1818, while still a youth of 12 years, he moved with his parents to New York, where he engaged with his father in the cabinet-makers' business. On November 21, 1832, he was married to Miss Sarah E. Archer. Three sons and four daughters were born to them, the youngest of whom is a native daughter, and all of whom lived to maturity. In 1851 he thought that the Oregon country offered inducements which New York did not afford, and he set sail with his family for this coast. The vessel on which he took passage rounding Cape Horn, consumed 153 days in reaching the Columbia. As they passed up the Willamette, Portland was yet so much in its infancy that little or no notice was taken of it, but the vessel went onward to Oregon City, its cargo being consigned in the main to Abernethy & Clark, who were then running a general merchandise store there. Not being able to reach such place on account of the shallow water, their belongings were transferred by barges, as was the ship's cargo. There the family was made welcome by the Abernethys, Mrs. Abernethy being a sister of Mr. Pope, and who had come to Oregon with her husband in 1840. Mr. Pope soon formed a partnership with a Mr. Ralston, and under the firm name of Pope

& Ralston, they carried on a general merchandise business for a number of years. He was a leading member of the Methodist Episcopal church, and was prominent in Odd Fellowship. After the dissolution of the firm of Pope & Ralston, he formed a partnership with his sons in the hardware business, under the name of Pope & Co. He remained actively engaged in its management until his death, which occurred June 11, 1871. Mr. Pope was also treasurer of Oregon City. His wife survived him until September 11, 1893, when she passed away. They were pioneers who were revered and loved by all who knew them, keeping open house for their friends, and never turning the deserving from their door. Of their sons, the eldest, Charles W., died a few years since; William H. is living in Portland, and Thomas A. is a resident of Oregon City. Of the daughters, Mary S. (deceased) became the wife of Dr. R. H. Lansdale; Annie E. (deceased) became the wife of J. W. Laswell; Eva became the wife of George A. Steel, and Georgie the wife of J. W. Mel-drum.

CAPT. SETH POPE.

A lineal descendant of ancestors who settled at Plymouth and Sandwich soon after the Pilgrim Fathers came in 1620, was born in Fairhaven, Mass., October 6, 1803. His father and grandfather both took part in the war of the Revolution, and were present at the battle of Bunker Hill. His oldest brother also served in the war of 1812. The subject of this sketch began to follow the sea in 1817, and soon arrived at the head of his profession, commanding ships in the European and South American trade. Later he owned his own vessels, and, engaged in the West India trade, visiting all but three of the inhabited islands. On the breaking out of the California fever, he loaded his brig, the Nonpareil, and sailed from New Bedford, January 10, 1850, for San Francisco, arriving in June. Disposing of most of his cargo, he took passengers and freight for the Columbia river, arriving at Astoria about October 1; proceeding up the river to St. Helens, he sent freight and passengers in small boats to Oregon City. He then erected the first frame house at St. Helens, from material brought by him around the Horn, and began a general merchandise business, keeping his brig in the lumber trade, in the command of W. F. Brewer, whenever he remained ashore. He finally sold his vessel in 1854, taking up a

claim near St. Helens. He was the first postmaster at that place, and during the following years served as county judge for a period of 12 years. His health becoming impaired, he removed to Portland in 1883, to be near his son, Seth L. Pope, and died there July 23, 1886, and was buried in Riverview cemetery.

Captain Pope married when a young man, and the union was blessed with a family of two sons—Seth L. Pope and William H. Pope, both of whom now reside in Portland; both are well known and leading and honorable citizens. Mrs. Pope died when the youngest son, William H., was about three years of age.

WILLIAM HENWOOD POPE.

Mr. Pope was born in Fairhaven, Mass., April 11, 1839, his parents being Seth and Mary Pope. When but three years of age his mother died, and from that time until he left for Oregon, he lived with his uncle and in boarding schools in his native town and in New Bedford. His father was a sea captain, and came on one of his vessels to Oregon in 1850, and through this his sons, Seth L. and our subject, were induced to come here. At this time the latter was 14 years old. The brothers left their old home in 1853, and after a long trip around Cape Horn, arrived at St. Helens in 1854. After arriving there Mr. Pope secured a situation as clerk in a store, which he held until 1860. In 1855-6, during the Indian wars, a blockhouse was built there for the protection of the settlers in case of attack, and though he was too young to go with those who went to the war, he watched their homes and firesides, with others, while they were absent, by performing guard duty. In 1860 he went to Olympia. He was there employed in the recorder's office until 1861, when he received the appointment of clerk and interpreter of the Tulalip Indian reservation: better wages being offered, he went to Vancouver and then to The Dalles. In the spring of 1863 he was appointed quartermaster's agent, and was placed in charge of the military supply station, located on the Snake river at the mouth of the Palouse, all government supplies destined for points beyond, passing through his hands. He had as a garrison a non-commissioned officer and five privates. In the fall of that year the post was abandoned, when he went to the Sound. He was assistant clerk in the house of representatives during the winter of 1863-64. He interested himself in the hotel business for a short time at Walla Walla, mined in the Coeur d'Alenes and in Montana. In 1867 he entered the em-

ploy of the First National Bank of Idaho for seven years. He then went to San Francisco and engaged in the real estate business. After two years' experience, which was very satisfactory, he again started traveling, visiting Mexico, Arizona, Utah and Colorado. In 1892 he returned to Oregon, and in 1895 he was appointed auditor of Multnomah county by the county court; this position he still retains, giving the utmost of satisfaction to all. Mr. Pope is unmarried.

MELVIN CLARKE GEORGE, LL. D.

Judge M. C. George is the third son of Presley and Mahala George, pioneers of 1851. He is a gentleman of brisk mental qualities and great force, with refined, popular attainments, and an honorable reputation that extends to every corner of Oregon. He was born in Noble county, Ohio, May 13, 1849, and at the early age of two years came across the plains with his parents to this state, making him a pioneer and in feelings a native son, as his first recollections are of being here. He received his education in the public school near his father's home, near Lebanon, at the Santiam academy and at the Willamette university. He began independent life as principal of the public schools of Albany, and subsequently of the academy at Jefferson. He was for some considerable time engaged as a journalist, but abandoned such pursuit for the legal profession, and was admitted to the bar in 1875. He was early brought into political prominence, and was elected as a republican state senator from Multnomah county in 1876. In 1880 he was elected representative to congress and re-elected in 1882, being the first congressman from the state to serve twice consecutively, or a second term up to such time. At the close of his second term he declined to consider a renomination. In 1885 he was chosen professor of medical jurisprudence in the medical college of Willamette university, retaining the position for about 10 years, when he resigned. He was elected without opposition a member of the board of directors for the public schools of Portland for five years, and in the same year received the honorary degree of LL. D., from the leading university of the state. In June, 1891, he was appointed by the circuit judges of Multnomah circuit court, pursuant to an act of the legislature, a member of the bridge commission of Portland. On the death of Judge Stephens as circuit judge, he was appointed to the vacancy by

Governor Lord, and elected to succeed himself at the election held in June, 1898.

Judge George is an able lawyer and influential in public affairs. As a private citizen he is respected and esteemed for his upright conduct and genial manners. He was married in 1873 to Miss Mary Eckler, and has three children now living.

CAPT. GEORGE POPE.

Captain Pope was born in Aberdeen, Scotland, November 7, 1840. In his early life his mother died and he went to live with his grandfather. While with him he was sent to school and acquired a good education, as he was very studious and allowed nothing to interfere with his studies. At the age of 12 years he entered a shipbuilding establishment, remaining in that employ until he was 17, gaining a thorough knowledge of naval construction. His father came to the United States several years before he did, and became one of the earliest railroad engineers in the state of New York. Through this means he heard of America and the opportunities here for young men, and he made up his mind to try his fortunes in a new country. He therefore fixed upon the Pacific coast as the most desirable locality, and to it he came, locating in San Francisco, and engaged in business with his uncle, Roger Pope, who was an argonaut to California. In the summer of 1856 he came to Oregon, and was for some time connected with the survey of government lands. In 1860 he went East, and the Rebellion breaking out he entered the Union army and was sent to the Brooklyn navy-yard, where his knowledge of naval construction was at once recognized. He was then transferred to the line and continued to remain on the vessels of war until the close of the Rebellion. The Anchor line of steamships offering him the command of one of their vessels he entered their employ, plying between New York and Glasgow. In 1872 he associated himself with a brother and they built a ship for the Portland and Sandwich islands trade, but after they had sailed her around Cape Horn and reached Portland the firm of Corbitt & Macleay induced them to sell her to them. He then entered the employ of that firm and made some 25 trips to the islands, when he concluded to remain on shore. He then opened an office as shipping agent, and by energetic and satisfactory dealings with shipowners, he soon obtained a very lucrative business. He represents

Lloyd's, in the construction department, for both Oregon and Washington.

Upon the formation of the naval battalion of the state, he was chosen lieutenant, which rank he continues to hold. He is the senior member of the firm of Pope, Anderson & Co., of Portland, shipping and commission agents.

JOSEPH D. LEE.

Joseph D. Lee was born in Polk county, about one mile northwest of where Monmouth now stands, on July 29, 1848, his parents having come to Oregon the previous year from Iowa. His boyhood days were spent on a farm, during which time he attended school. He completed a partial course in the La Creole academy of Dallas, after which he sometimes assisted in his father's store, sometimes worked on the farm and at others teamed between Dallas and Portland. In 1870 he was appointed postmaster of Dallas, but resigned after three years' service. In 1872 he was married to Miss Eliza Alice Witten, a graduate of Willamette university, who, previous to her marriage, was a successful teacher in the university of Washington. In 1878 he was elected to the legislature from Polk county, and in 1880 was elected to the state senate, serving in that body four years. During the latter year he was a leading spirit in securing the extension of the narrow-gauge railroad to Dallas, which line has since been made a standard-gauge road.

In 1883 he and his wife accompanied the Oregon pioneers on their famous Eastern trip over the Northern Pacific railroad.

At the expiration of his term as senator for Polk county, he was elected joint senator for Polk and Benton counties, serving four years in that capacity, thus making ten years of continuous service in the legislature. Probably no other man in Oregon has ever represented his native county continuously in the legislature for a full decade.

In 1886 he moved from Dallas to The Dalles in the hope of improving his daughter's health. During his residence in the latter place a large portion of his time was required looking after interests in the vicinity of Portland. In 1891 he bought a dry goods store in East Portland, and in 1892 removed to the East Side, where his family still resides. In 1893 he sold his mercantile possessions and was appointed deputy clerk of the municipal court, in which capacity he served until 1896.

In the fall of that year he canvassed the state for McKinley and Hobart. In the autumn of 1897 he received a proposition from the Chamber of Commerce of Portland to represent that body in cities east of the Rockies, in an effort to direct Alaska business via Portland. This work kept him busy between Pittsburgh and Denver until the spring of 1898, and was very successful in many ways. Immediately after his return he engaged actively in the state campaign, and after the election he canvassed Western Oregon, securing products for the industrial fair. At the special session of the legislature called in September, 1898, he was chosen reading clerk of the senate, and was re-elected at the regular session in January last. On April 1, 1899, he became superintendent of the Oregon penitentiary, by appointment of Governor Geer. In addition to the usual duties of that responsible position, the last legislature made it the duty of the superintendent to build seven miles of road by convict labor, which work is already under way. He is one of the original incorporators of the Native Sons of Oregon, and now holds the office of first vice-president in the grand cabin. He also belongs to the Masons, Odd Fellows, Woodmen of the World and National Union. Mr. Lee's life has been a busy one, full of kind words and deeds. He is blessed with an accomplished, faithful wife and a happy family, to whom he is deeply devoted.

FRANKLIN CALHOUN BAKER.

Frank C. Baker, 13th state printer of Oregon, was born in what was formerly Washington county, now Multnomah, Oregon, June 18, 1854. His father, W. W. Baker, emigrated from Wapello county, Iowa, in 1850, and came directly to Oregon; his mother, Frances Isabel, accompanied by her brother, Theodore Hackney, coming three years later. Mr. Baker attended the common schools during his early youth, obtaining an ordinary education, and in 1867 gained his first knowledge of "printer's ink," as he designates it, while in the employ of E. S. McComas, at La Grande, Oregon, in the office of the Mountain Sentinel. After learning the printer's trade, he was employed on the Baker City Herald, Silver City (Idaho) Avalanche, and subsequently on the Boise City Statesman. He finally returned to Portland, where he worked at his trade, principally in the employ

of H. L. Pittock. In 1886, while serving his third term as president of Multnomah Typographical Union, one of the leading labor organizations of Oregon, and while engaged with his father in the publication of the North Pacific Rural Spirit, he was nominated for the office of state printer by the republican state convention. This nomination was made in response to an unanimous request by the union printers of the state. He was elected by an overwhelming majority, and in 1890 was renominated by acclamation and re-elected by an increased majority over that accorded him on his first election. His administration was characterized by prompt attention to business and universal courtesy to his associates and the public in general. He enjoys the distinction of being the first state printer to succeed himself in office.

Mr. Baker is a shining light in the Masonic fraternity, being a member of all its various degrees. He is a past sagem of the Improved Order of Red Men and a past exalted ruler of the Elks. He is at present interested in various enterprises, both in California and his native state.

JUDGE GEORGE BURNETT.

Judge Burnett was born in Yamhill county, Oregon, May 9, 1853, and was educated at McMinnville college until 1871, when he entered Christian college at Monmouth, and graduated in the classical course, with degree of A. B., in June, 1873, after which he studied law with Mallory & Shaw, in Salem, being admitted to the Oregon bar in December, 1875, and subsequently to the United States circuit and district courts. In June, 1876, he was elected district attorney of the third judicial district and served for two years. In 1890 he was elected grand master of Odd Fellows, and in 1891 grand representative to the sovereign grand lodge, at which time he secured the session of that body for Portland in 1892, during which year he was elected circuit judge of the third judicial district and was re-elected in 1898.

Judge Burnett is a typical representative of that noble species of manhood known as the self-made man. Throughout his entire life his success and popularity have been due to an indomitable will, and a broad mind filled with knowledge by unremitting toil, together with a heart full of kind impulses, and good will to all mankind. In youth and early manhood, physical necessities united with thirst of knowledge, taxing his strength and time to

acquire both, until he considered himself a common laborer by occupation, but a lawyer by profession. Industry and constant application, however, have earned their own reward, until he is recognized as one of the ablest representatives of his profession in the state.

JOHN C. LEASURE.

Mr. Leasure was born June 9, 1854, in Marion county, Oregon. His education was obtained in the public schools of that county, and in those of Eugene, where his parents removed in 1868. In 1870 he was left to carve out a future by his own exertions, by reason of the death of his parents, but being endowed with energy and determination to make something of himself that would be worthy of effort, he began life's battle. His first work was that of a farm hand, then an employe in a tannery. Feeling that he must be more than a manual laborer, he resolved on further education in order to fit himself for a more prominent station. He entered Philomath college, Benton county, paying his tuition by acting as janitor, and earned his board by doing work on a near-by farm. In 1875 he started to Eastern Oregon, expecting to teach school there. On arrival at The Dalles, his means being limited, he could not spare funds for riding, and he bravely set out for Baker City, 250 miles away, on foot and walked the entire distance. He taught school in Baker county for ten months, and with his earnings resolved to further educate himself. With this view he returned to Philomath and resumed his studies, graduating in 1877 with high honors. From this time until 1880 he taught school in various places, the last engagement being president of the Blue Mountain university, located at La Grande. In his leisure hours he studied law, and in January, 1880, was admitted to the bar. He located at Pendleton, and at once had a lucrative practice. When the Hunt system of railroads was inaugurated, the management, recognizing his ability, engaged him as counsel of the corporation and elected him vice-president thereof. This position he retained for two years. He was mayor of Pendleton for two terms, and a presidential elector in 1884. He was also prominently identified with the Young Men's Republican League of the state, and was for six years vice-president for Oregon of the National League. In 1894 he removed to

Portland, where he at present resides, and, as before, his legal attainments receive due recognition.

Prior to July, 1898, the native sons of the state had made several attempts to get together in permanent organization, but the efforts were futile on account of lack of leadership. At such date Mr. Leasure, with others, made another attempt, organizing a grand cabin, and he was selected as the first grand president thereof. He set about to enthrone his associates, and under his direction, in the main, they soon had a large subordinate cabin in Portland, the organization of which was quickly followed by others in various sections of the state, until 15 cabins were instituted within seven months, with a membership of about 1,200, and many others at this writing are about ready for institution. What the Native Sons and also the Native Daughters of Oregon are, and will no doubt become as societies, the credit will be largely due to the pluck, planning and push of John C. Leasure.

As a lawyer he has no superior as a ready speaker: as a man he is one whose character is without blemish. Personally he is congenial, kind and charitable and holds the unqualified esteem and respect of all.

He was married in 1881 to Miss Annie L. Blakley, a granddaughter of Captain James Blakley, an Indian War Veteran and Pioneer of 1847.

SAM L. SIMPSON.

When the bard is surrounded by environments which serve to bring him into notice, the ladder of fame is not a difficult climb, but the plowboy, the mechanic and child of the pioneer are not so favored, and it is seldom that the world awakens to full appreciation of their rhymes, until long after they have paid nature's debt. Then slumbering acknowledgment comes to life and erects with bronze in memory of him whom it is their delight to honor. In the dim vista of coming time our prophetic vision sees memento grand on which is read—

From the Cascades frozen gorges,

Leaping like a child at play,

Winding, widening through the valley,

Bright Willamette glides away;

Onward ever, lovely river,

Softly calling to the sea:

Time that scars us, maims and mars us.

Leaves no track or trace on thee.

The author whose name heads this sketch was born in the state of Missouri, October 10, 1845. When still a babe he came across the

plains with his parents, who were pioneers of 1845. His folks settled in Oregon City, and afterwards lived mainly in Marion and Polk counties. In early days the district school-houses were the log-cabin class. These he attended until he was about 15 years of age, when, in company with his older brother, Sylvester, he was sent to Willamette university, graduating there with the degree of A. B. in 1876. Studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1868. Practiced law in Corvallis until 1871, when he became editor and owner of the old Corvallis Gazette (lately deceased), and, unfortunately, left law for journalism. Was married to Miss Julia Humphrey in 1868, two sons, Eugene and Claude, being the fruit of the marriage. Since 1871 has been most of the time engaged as a writer on various papers in Oregon and Washington—writing poetry at odd times in a desultory way. His first verses were published in the P. C. Advocate (Portland) when he was attending school at Willamette university.



BIBLE STATISTICS—THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

(London Answers.)

The

Bible con-

tains 3566480

letters, 810697

words, 31175 ver-

ses, 1189 chapters

and 66 books. The

longest chapter is the

119th Psalm; the shortest

and middle chapter the 117th

Psalm. The middle verse is the

8th of the 118th Psalm. The long-

est name is in the 8th chapter of Isa-

iah. The word and occurs 46627 times;

the word Lord 1855 times. The 37th chap-

ter of Isaiah and the 19th chapter of the

2d book of Kings are alike. The longest

verse is the 9th of the 8th chapter of Es-

ther; the shortest verse is the 35th of

the 11th chapter of John. In the

21st verse of the 7th chapter

of Ezra is the alphabet.

The finest piece of

reading is the

26th

chapter of

Acts. The name

of God is not men-

tioned in the book of Es-

ther. It contains KNOWLEDGE,

WISDOM, HOLINESS AND LOVE.

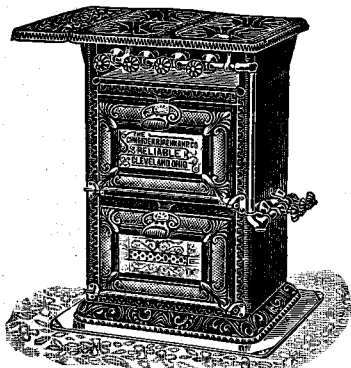
How To Cook.

The question of cooking is a daily one, and how it shall be done is of greatest importance, for your health is to a greater or less degree, dependent upon it.

A GAS RANGE

In the house settles the question effectually, for it cooks everything correctly.

Portland Gas Co.



PHOENIX ASSURANCE CO., OF LONDON.

This old and reliable Fire Assurance Co., established in 1782. which has done business on the Pacific Coast for nearly half a century, and which has written millions of dollars' worth of risks, has recently transferred its agency in this city to Pope & Macleod, with offices at 13 and 14, Sherlock Building. Capt. Geo. Pope, the head of the firm, is also the Surveyor to Lloyd's Register for Oregon and Washington.

Eastman's Kodaks Load like a Mauser — 12 pictures without stopping to re-load. Everyone guaranteed to be perfect or money refunded.

Premos, Pocos and Cyclones The best glass-plate cameras in the world—in every style, and last but not least, the A1 VISTA, a camera which makes a panoramic view—its lens is like an eagle's eye—the photograph tells the story.

What does it cost? We have good cameras for \$2.50—better ones for \$5.00, and so on up the scale to \$75. Send in your address and get catalogue free. We carry the largest photographic stock on this coast and undersell all competitors.

Woodard, Clarke & Co. Photographic Department
Fourth and Washington, PORTLAND, OR.

CALL AND SEE US...

Our stock of Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware is complete.

JEWELRY MADE TO ORDER.

Our Glasses make the eye-sight perfect. A competent optician will examine your eyes free of charge.

L. C. Hennrichsen & Co.
SCIENTIFIC & MANUFACTURING OPTICIANS.
PORTLAND, OREG.



Sole Agents for
KNOX and WARBURTON HATS

BUFFUM & PENDLETON,

Hatters and Furnishers

94 Third Street, - Portland, Oregon.

1867 1899

The Pioneer Book and Stationery
..Store..

THE LATEST BOOKS AT CUT-RATE PRICES

Headquarters for Stationery of all kinds

The J. K. Gill Co.

MASONIC TEMPLE PORTLAND, OR.

History
Law
Poetry
Religious
Medical
Scientific, Etc.

DON'T BUY NEW BOOKS

When Second-hand ones just as good can be had at

LARGEST STOCK OF NOVELS IN PORTLAND

THE OLD BOOK STORE ...

HYLAND BROS, 229-231 Yamhill St.

School Books
Magazines

When Dealing With Our Advertisers, Please Mention the OREGON NATIVE SON.

Residence, 475 Morrison St. Res. 'Phone, Ore. Redj2721

JOHN C. LEASURE
ATTORNEY AT LAWCriminal, Probate and Corporation Law Specialties
Office Rooms,
401-2-20-21 COMMERCIAL BUILDING, PORTLAND, OREGON
Office 'Phone, Oregon Main 6**NATIVE SONS**

REGULATION BEAVER HATS

On Sale only by **WILL WOLF,**

208 Morrison St., Portland, Oregon.



Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

**Clothing, Furnishing Goods,
Shoes and Hats.**

Also the Dependable Line of

**Sweet, Orr & Co.'s Pants, Overalls,
Shirts and Coats.**TAKE THE
CITY AND SUBURBAN
STREET CARS

TO ALL POINTS IN THE CITY AND SUBURBS

Upper Albina.	Mt. Tabor.
Lower Albina.	Waverly.
Portsmouth.	Woodstock.
St. Johns.	North Portland.
Irvington.	South Portland.
Montavilla.	Fulton Park.

If you want to go to the City Park, Cemeteries or Hospitals, take these cars.

Passes all Hotels, G. A. R. Hall, Tabernacle, and the nearest line to the Armory.

Transfers given by conductors without extra charge.

EUGENE D. WHITE & CO.,
REAL ESTATEFire Insurance and Conveyancing; Commissioners of
Deeds for all the States and Territories.
Notaries Public.

COMMERCIAL BUILDING, - PORTLAND, OREGON

The Spanish War
in The Century Magazine.THE CENTURY is making a wonderful success of its great series of articles on the Spanish War by the men who fought it. Captain Sigbee has told the story of the *Maine*; Lieutenant Hobson has given his graphic narrative of the sinking of the *Merrimac*; General Shafter has described the Santiago campaign. In March General Green begins his description of the Manila campaign; and in April is**ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S
PERSONAL NARRATIVE
Of the Capture of Cervera.**

THE MAY CENTURY contains one of the most remarkable features ever printed in an American magazine,—nothing less than

**The Santiago Naval Battle
Described by the Commanders.***Iowa*, by Capt. R. D. Evans,
Indiana, by Capt. H. C. Taylor,
Texas, by Commodore J. W. Philip,
Brooklyn, by Capt. F. A. Cook,
Gloucester, by Lt.-Com. Wainwright,
New York, by Capt. F. E. Chadwick,
Oregon, by Lieut. E. W. Eberle
(in command of the forward turret).

EACH man tells the story of his own and of his ship's experiences in the fight,—all with novel illustrations taken from the decks of each of the above vessels during the action.

BESIDES the War Articles, THE CENTURY has an unprecedented list of general attractions, including a new life of Alexander the Great, superbly illustrated; Marion Crawford's historical romance of the Second Crusade; Paul Leicester Ford's articles on Benjamin Franklin; capital short stories; etc.

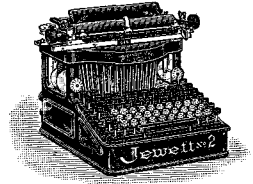
NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS may begin at any time (price \$4.00). The magazines are always for sale on the news-stands by the first day of the month, price 35 cents.

THE CENTURY CO.
Union Square, New York.



New and Second-Hand
TYPEWRITERS
 Of All Makes
RENTED, EXCHANGED AND SOLD.

OUR LEADER.



Platens, type and parts for all Machines. N. W. Agents for "STAR" Ribbons, Multi Kopy and O. K. Carbon, "STAR" Typewriting Papers. Edison's Mimeograph and All Duplicating Goods, Etc. Postal Scales, Letter Books and All Office Supplies.
EXPERT REPAIRING. YOUR ORDERS SOLICITED.

COAST AGENCY COMPANY,

OREGON 'PHONE 38.
 COLUMBIA 460.

266½ Stark St., Portland, Or.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK ✻

OF PORTLAND, OREGON.

H. W. CORBETT, President.
 G. E. WITHINGTON, Cashier.
 J. W. NEWKIRK, Asst. Cashier.
 W. C. ALVORD, Second Asst. Cashier.

Designated Depository and Financial
 Agent of the United States.

Letters of Credit issued, available in Europe and the Eastern States. Sight Exchange and Telegraphic Transfers sold on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul, Omaha, San Francisco and the principal points in the Northwest. Sight and Time Bills drawn in sums to suit on London, Paris, Berlin, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Hong Kong, Yokohama, Copenhagen, Christiania, Stockholm, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Zurich, Honolulu. Collections made on favorable terms.

NATIVE SHREWDNESS IS BEST SHOWN BY **NATIVE SONS**

When they Buy GARDEN TOOLS, LAWN MOWERS, CREAM FREEZERS,
 SCREEN DOORS, POULTRY NETTING, RUBBER HOSE of

SECOND AND MORRISON.

HUNT HARDWARE CO.

Half Tones in this Magazine were made by...

Designers,
 Zinc Etchers
 and
 Half Tone Photo
 Engravers

W. J. Thomson & Co.

105½ FIRST STREET,

Between Stark and
 Washington Streets...

Portland, Oregon.

Open Day and Night

Perfect and Complete



Hotel Portland Turkish Baths

ANDREW P. HANSON, Proprietor.

LADIES' HOURS: 9 A. M. to 10 P. M., except Sundays

Only First-Class
Turkish Baths in the City...

COR. SIXTH AND YAMHILL STS.,
Portland, Oregon

J. P. FINLEY & SON

Embalmers and
Funeral Directors.

Lady Attendant. 275 Third St., Cor. Jefferson.

TAILOR CIVIL and MILITARY... 

CHARLES COOPEY,

Cor. Stark Street... 88½ Third Street.

MANUFACTURER:
**Harness,
Collars and
Saddles.**

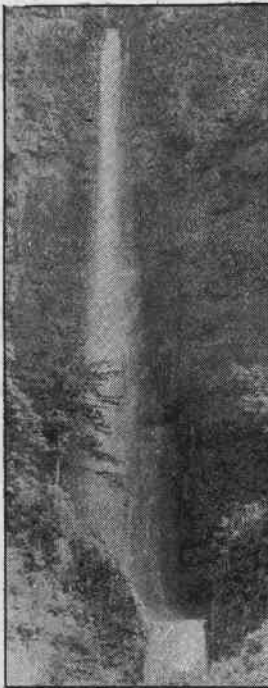
JNO. P. SHARKEY

55 UNION AVE.,

PORTLAND, OREGON.

Write for Catalogue.

IMPORTER:
**Blankets,
Whips
And Robes.**



BEST EQUIPPED

BEST TIME

... The Great Scenic Route To and From the East ...

3 A CHOICE OF THREE DIRECT 3
ROUTES

Save Time and Money by Traveling via the

Oregon Railroad and Navigation Co.

Fast Mail Trains Daily to all points... **EAST AND SOUTH**

Leaves Union Depot for the East
Via Walla Walla and Spokane, daily at
2:10 P. M.

Leaves Union Depot for the East
Via Pendleton and Huntington, daily
at 8:00 P. M.

Reaches All Sections in the Pacific Northwest
Its farms, mines, timber land, cities and towns direct or through connecting lines.

Quick connection with River Steamers and Steamers for

SAN FRANCISCO, ALASKA and THE ORIENT

Through Pullman and Tourist Sleepers. Baggage checked to destination of tickets

For handsomely illustrated descriptive matter, tickets, sleeping-car reservations, etc., call on or write,

Portland City Ticket Office,
Third and Washington Streets.
Telephone Main 712.

W. H. HURLBURT,
Gen'l Passenger Agent,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

ACME HEALTH KOFFY Is without an equal in the world for
 HEALTHFULNESS AND PALATABILITY.

HICKEY & HICKEY,
..Dentists..

DEKUM BUILDING,
 Rooms 818-819.

THIRD AND WASHINGTON,
 Portland, Oregon.

THE NORTHPROP & STURGIS CO.,

Established 1856.

MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS.

Superior Carbonated Beverages, Novelty Ciders
 High Grade Flavoring Extracts, and
 Standard Perfumes.

Sole Distributors of "Napa Soda."

PORTLAND, - OREGON.

Telephone, Oregon 2892.

A. L. MALONE,

Plumbing and Heating of Every
 Description at Reasonable Rates.

NEW AND SECOND-HAND PUMPS,
 MACHINE AND ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES.

187 Morrison Street,

PORTLAND, - - OREGON.

CHAS. SCHULENBURG,

COMMISSION MERCHANT,
 FLOUR, HAY AND GRAIN.

49-51 Sixth Street,

PORTLAND, ORE.

OREGON 'PHONE 821.
 COLUMBIA 'PHONE 637.

SUTCLIFFE & BLIED,

WALL PAPER AND DECORATIONS

Paper Hanging, Painting and Kalsomining,

309 ALDER STREET,

PHONE BLACK, 1963. PORTLAND, OREGON.



PURIFIER Tested and True
 THE PEOPLE'S FAVORITE REMEDY...

Cascade Mineral Water
 FOR HEALTH AND AS A BEVERAGE
 T. Moffett, Prop., 274 Taylor Street, PORTLAND OR.



General Arthur Cigars

"General Arthur" Cigar
 Is the best seller in its grade in America. Even if there were an equally good cigar for the money on the market, it could not approach the great sale of the "GENERAL ARTHUR." That is because of its wide reputation - everybody knows it, and knows how good and how reliable it is.
ESBERG-GUNST CIGAR CO.,
 Distributors, Portland, Or.

H. C. BRANDES. PROPRIETOR OF BAUM & BRANDES.

LEADING RESTAURANT AND CONFECTIONERY.

145 First Street, Portland, Oregon.

ELEGANT LUNCHEES, 25c. FRENCH DINNERS, 50c.

Private Family Rooms, 228 Alder St.

J. F. DAVIES, President.

C. T. BELCHER, Sec. and Treas.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL (INCORPORATED.)

Front and Morrison Sts., PORTLAND, ORE.

Electric Lights, Electric Bells and Hydraulic Elevator.

150 Rooms at 25 to 50c. Suites, 75c. to \$1.00

Good Restaurant in Connection.

Give us a Call. DAVIES & BELCHER, Managers.

THE "DELSARTE" SHOE FOR WOMEN.

All Styles at \$3.50 Equal to any \$5.00 Shoe.

E. C. GODDARD & CO.

OREGONIAN BUILDING, PORTLAND, ORE.

Martinez' Restaurant. Formerly of The Hotel Portland The Commercial Club. For Ladies and Gentlemen. The Only First-Class Dining Hall in the City. 128 Sixth Street, Portland.

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK. PORTLAND, OREGON.

J. FRANK WATSON, President. R. L. DURHAM, Vice-President. RALPH W. HOYT, Cashier. GEO. W. HOYT, Assistant Cashier.

Transacts a General Banking Business.

Interest paid on time deposits. Drafts and letters of credit issued, available in all parts of the world.

COLLECTIONS A SPECIALTY.

A FEW \$150.00 PIANOS LEFT

Whose cases became marred and slightly damaged in transit but otherwise the pianos are in perfect condition. The railroad officials have promptly settled all claims for damages which enables us to sell these

\$300 and \$400 Pianos for

\$150--ONLY--\$150

They are fully warranted for five years. Fine Stool and Scarf with each instrument.

SOLD ON EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS.

The WILEY B. ALLEN CO.

THE LEADING MUSIC HOUSE.

211 First Street, Portland, Oregon.



SMOKE THE SCHILLER CIGAR.

SCHILLER CIGAR FACTORY

MANUFACTURER, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

Havana and Domestic Cigars

281 WASHINGTON STREET,

N. W. Cor. Fourth, Portland, Oregon

Telephone Black 1831.

JOHN H. MITCHELL.

ALBERT H. TANNER.

MITCHELL & TANNER.

Attorneys at Law.

Commercial Block. PORTLAND, OR.

ST. HELEN'S HALL *

A Boarding and Day School for Girls.

For Catalogues and Particulars address

MISS ELEANOR TEBBETTS, M. A., Ph. D.,

Telephone, Red 391.

Principal.

ARE YOU BUILDING?

IF SO, YOU NEED US!

POVEY BROS. GLASS CO.,
Sixth and Davis Streets.

Gotshall Printing Co.

Commercial Book and Job Printing

63-64 Union Block, Portland, Oregon.

Frank E. Ferris, D. D. S.

Raleigh Block,

N. W. Cor. Sixth and Washington Sts.,

Portland, Oregon.

I. D. BOYER

....Merchant Tailor.

*

Removed to 177 Fourth St., Y. M. C. A.
Building.

*

FOREIGN AND
DOMESTIC WOOLENS. Portland, Ore.

Ladies' Tailoring

Notary Public.

John T. Whalley,

Attorney at Law,

Portland,

Benson Block,

N. E. Cor. Morrison and Fifth.

Oregon

Fireworks AND Flags

We carry the largest stock of Fire-
works in the city; Cannons, Torpedoes,
Pistols, Etc. Also Japanese and Chinese
Curios, Matting, Etc.

Catalogues furnished on application.

ANDREW KAN & CO.,

Cor. 4th and Morrison Sts.

NORTHWEST SCHOOL FURNITURE CO.

291 YAMHILL ST., PORTLAND, OREGON.

MANUFACTURERS OF

"TRIUMPH AUTOMATIC" SCHOOL DESK

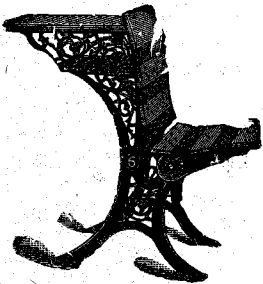
School officers cannot afford to experiment with public funds. The "TRIUMPH
AUTOMATIC" is no experiment. Over a million Triumph Desks in use.


HYLOPLATE BLACKBOARDS.

Write for Samples and Special Circulars and Catalogues.

Globes, Charts, Maps, Window Shades, Flags, Bells, Teachers' Desks, Settees, Chairs,

When Dealing With Our Advertisers, Please Mention the OREGON NATIVE SON.





HOUSE PAINTING
& DECORATING

Proud of Your House...

Is what you will be after having it Painted
by E. H. Morehouse & Co.

They have a fine stock of the best

**Leads, Oils,
Varnishes, Brushes.**

Also a fine line of

**Wall Paper,
Room-Moulds, Etc.**

E. H. MOREHOUSE & CO.,

Send for Estimates
And Samples... **293 ALDER STREET, Portland, Or.**

Portland Cut-Rate Taxidermist Co.

All species of Birds, Animals, Fish, Insects, Etc., finely mounted and posed according to nature. Birds and animals bought and sold.

Inspection Invited. Prices Reasonable.

W. B. MALLEIS, Mgr.,
184 1/2 Third Street.

Headquarters for →

NATIVE SONS.

Hotel Perkins.

Fifth and Washington Sts., Portland, Or.

EUROPEAN PLAN.

First Class Check Restaurant in connection conducted by the House.

Only First Class European Plan House in the City.

SMOKE THE... Beau Brummell



BEST 5-CENT CIGAR.

BLUMAUER-FRANK DRUG CO.

WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.

SOLE AGENTS. **Portland, Oregon.**



EAST AND SOUTH

AND VIA

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY

LEAVE	Depot, Fifth and I Streets.	ARRIVE
* 7 00 p m	OVERLAND EXPRESS, for Salem, Roseburg, Ashland, Sacramento, Ogden, San Francisco, Mojave, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans and the East.	* 8 00 a m
* 8 30 a m	Roseburg Passenger.....	* 4 30 p m
Daily	Via Woodburn for Mt. Angel,	Daily
except	Silverton, West Scio, Brownsville, Springfield and Natron.	except
Sunday		Sunday
† 7 30 a m	Corvallis Passenger.....	† 5 50 p m
‡ 4 50 p m	Independence Passenger.....	‡ 8 25 a m

* Daily. † Daily except Sunday.

Direct connection at San Francisco with steamship lines for Hawaii, Japan, China, The Phillipines and Australia. For through tickets and rates call on or address J. B. Kirkland, City Ticket Agent, 134 Third St., Portland, Or.

YAMHILL DIVISION.

Passenger Depot Foot of Jefferson Street.

Leave for Oswego daily at 7:20, *9:40 a. m.; 12:30, 1:55, 3:25, 5:15, 6:25, 8:05, 11:30 p. m., and 9:00 a. m. on Sundays only. Arrive at Portland daily at *6:35, 8:30, 10:50* a. m.; 1:35, 3:15, 4:30, 6:20, 7:40, 9:15 p. m.; 12:40 a. m. daily except Monday and 10:05 a. m. on Sundays only.

Leave for SHERIDAN daily, except Sunday, at 4:30 p. m. Arrive at Portland at 9:30 a. m.

Leave for AIRLIE Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 8:40 a. m. Arrive at Portland Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 3:05 p. m.

* Except Sunday.

R. KOEHLER,
Manager.

C. H. MARKHAM,
Gen. F. & P. Agt.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THE

"MT. HOOD" SHIRTS

AND CELEBRATED

THOROUGHBRACE AND KING
OVERALLS.

MANUFACTURED BY

FLEISCHNER, MAYER & CO., PORTLAND, ORE.



OREGON TELEPHONE BLACK 2945.

Dr. Emmet Drake,

. . DENTIST . .

253½ Washington Street, N. E. Cor. Third.

ROOMS 7 AND 8,
COUNCIL BUILDING.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

S. G. SKIDMORE & CO.,

Established 1866.

PIONEER DRUGGISTS.

DEALERS IN **Drugs, Chemicals, Sundries,**
Patent Medicines

AND THE COMPOUNDING OF PRESCRIPTIONS.

151 Third Street,

Portland, Oregon.

ESTABLISHED 1882.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT

E. HOUSE'S CAFE

128 THIRD STREET,
Portland, Oregon.



Clams and Oysters. Home-made Pies and Cakes

*Cream and Milk from our own Ranch.
The best cup of Coffee or Cocoa in the City.*

W. R. FLINN.

C. L. BERGEVIN.

FLINN BROTHERS & CO.,

PAINTING, PAPER-HANGING AND KALSOMINING

Estimates Furnished on All Kinds of Work.

Shop: 154 Seventh St., OFFICE: 343 MORRISON STREET,
In Basement. Bet. Seventh and Park.

The Kilham Stationery Co.

OFFICE OUTFITTERS and
GENERAL STATIONERS

267 Morrison Street.

Successors to Stuart & Thompson Co.

Household Furniture and Bankrupt Stocks
Bought and Sold.

Phones 505 and South 541

J. T. WILSON,

AUCTIONEER

Office and Rooms,

190 Third St.,

Portland, Oregon

LADD & TILTON, Bankers.

+ + ESTABLISHED IN 1859 + +

*Transact a General Banking Business.
Interest Allowed on Time Deposits.*

Collections made at all points on favorable terms. Letters of Credit issued available in Europe and the Eastern States. Sight Exchange and Telegraphic Transfers sold on New York, Washington, Chicago, St. Louis, Denver, Omaha, San Francisco and various points in Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana and British Columbia. Exchange sold on London, Paris, Berlin, Frankfort and Hong Kong.

LIBRARY ASSOCIATION OF PORTLAND.

STARK ST., BET. SEVENTH AND PARK.

26,000 VOLUMES.
250 PERIODICALS.

Hours, 9:00 A. M. to 9:00 P. M., except Sundays and holidays. \$5.00 per year; \$1.50 per quarter. Students' special membership \$1.50 per year. All standard and popular magazines circulate as books.

BOTH 'PHONES 700.

TERMS STRICTLY CASH.

ELECTRIC LAUNDRY CO.

OFFICE, 128 SIXTH ST.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

BISHOP SCOTT ACADEMY.

FOUNDED 1870. J. W. HILL, M. D., PRINCIPAL.

A Boarding and Day School
Under Present
Management Since 1878.

For catalogues or information address
the Principal,
J. W. HILL, M. D.,
P. O. Drawer 17, Portland, Oregon.

Primary, Preparatory and
Academic Departments.
College Preparation.
Military Discipline.
Manual Training.
Boys of all ages received.

KUSALANA CEYLON TEA

YOU cannot imagine how good this tea is until you taste it. Buy it at once and you will always use it.

Don't lose any time, but order it NOW from your dealer. He can get it from us.

Corbitt & Macleay Co.,
TEA IMPORTERS.



Fisher, Thorsen & Co.

WHOLESALE...

PAINTS, OILS and GLASS

Building Material

PORTLAND, - - OREGON

DR. C. B. BROWN,

Dentist.

*Post-Graduate Haskel College,
Chicago.*

*Room 516 Dekum Building,
PORTLAND, OR.*

Misner & Hayden

FASHION STABLE.

Livery, Boarding and Hack

TELEPHONE 45.

Sixth and Oak Sts. Portland, Or.

PHIL METSCHAN, Pres.

C. W. KNOWLES, Mgr.

Imperial Hotel Co.

SEVENTH AND WASHINGTON STS., PORTLAND, OREGON.

CHANGE OF MANAGEMENT.

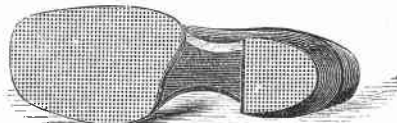
American and European Plan:

EUROPEAN PLAN,	-	\$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00
AMERICAN PLAN.	-	\$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00

THE GUTTA PERCHA & RUBBER M'FG CO.

We are the Manufacturers
Represented Direct of

Rubber Belting, Hose and
Packing in the Northwest



87-89
FIRST STREET,
Portland, - - Oregon

When Dealing With Our Advertisers, Please Mention the OREGON NATIVE SON.

J. POLIVKA & CO.

Tailors and Importers.

229 Morrison Street.

PORTLAND, OREGON.



Are noted for Quality of Work and Prompt Service.

Wanted!

Young men and women

who can do *some one thing* better than any one else can.

Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Penmanship

are lines in which those well qualified can always find profitable employment. Spelling, Grammar, Arithmetic, Writing, Correspondence, Commercial Law, Bookkeeping, Business Forms, Business Practice, Office Work, are included in our business course. Call at the college, or write for illustrated catalogue.

Portland Business College

Fifth and Yamhill Streets

A. P. Armstrong, Principal

When Dealing With Our Advertisers, Please Mention the OREGON NATIVE SON.

PORTLAND DENTAL PARLORS

THESE PARLORS, situated in the Washington Building, corner of Fourth and Washington Streets, have this double advantage, viz: The best situation in the city and the most sumptuously furnished suite of rooms in the Northwest.

Under the management of Dr. Martin A. Jones, and his many expert assistants, the establishment has attained a most enviable position, not only by courtesy and good work, but by popular prices.

In addition to the above, Dr. Jones guarantees perfect satisfaction and does not compete with cheap dental work.

Crown and Bridge Work, \$4.50

Best Set of Teeth, Rubber, \$5.00
(The same as you pay \$10.00 for elsewhere.)

Best Gold Fillings, - \$1.00 Up.

Best Alloy Fillings, - 50c. Up.

Teeth extracted painless by
our new method, - - 50c.

"Henry the Fourth"

Choicest, Clear Havana

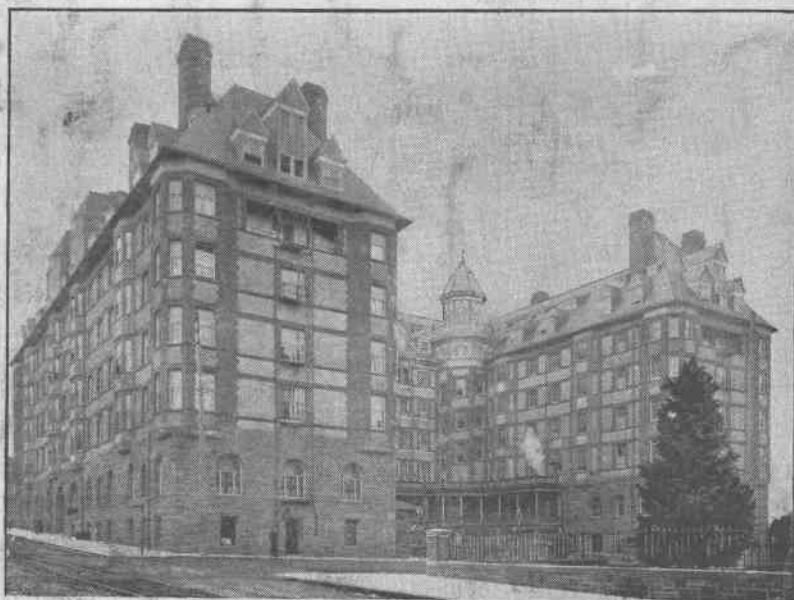
Cigars...

Sold in 20 Sizes

Allen & Lewis

PORTLAND, ORE.

Sole Distributors



AMERICAN PLAN.

\$3.00 PER DAY

AND UPWARDS.

Special Rates made to families and single gentlemen.
A modern Turkish Bath establishment in the hotel.

THE PORTLAND

PORTLAND, OREGON.

Headquarters for

Tourists and

Commercial Travelers.

H. C. BOWERS, Manager.