

A Change for the Lumberjack

Man Who Works in the Woods Is Not Required to Do the Dangerous Tasks of the Old Days

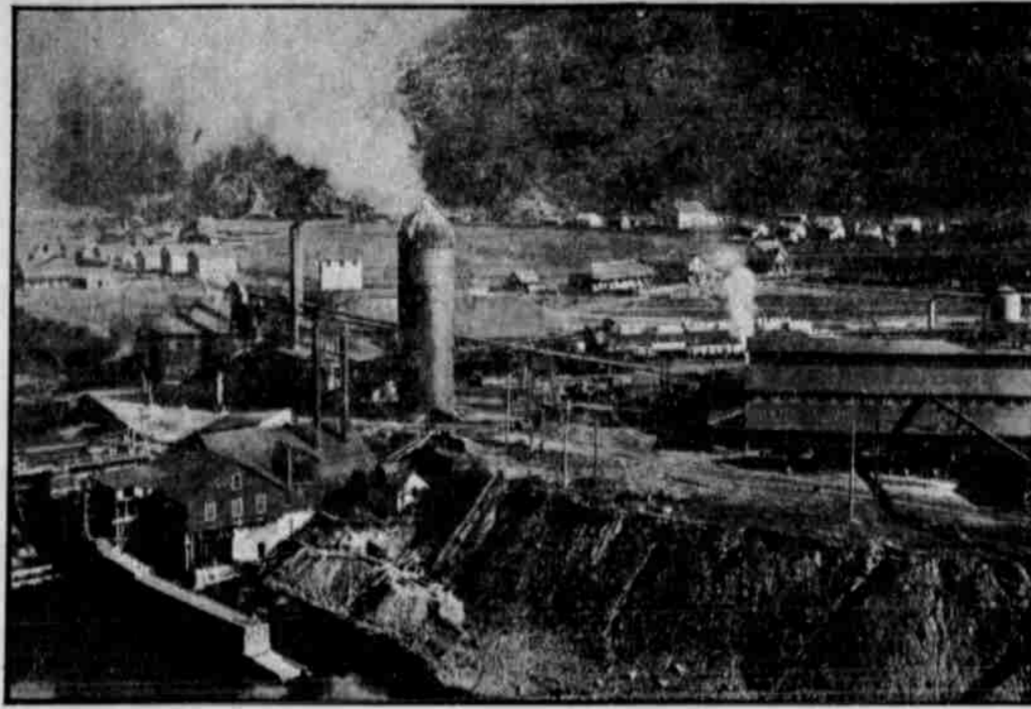
IT IS hard indeed to think of anything more picturesque and attractive than the lumbering industry in its infancy. The lumberjack with his calked shoes has been a veritable gold mine for the novelist and descriptive writer. Always has he been associated with the drive and to the average person—unacquainted with the real article—the name of lumberjack conjures up the vision of a gaudily-dressed individual, equipped with long and pointed pole, who skips nimbly around over logs as they whirl and twist their way through rapids always represented as madstroms equal in their ferocity to the immortal Charibdis. Time changes all things, however, and has wrought a great transformation in the lumberjack and his vocation. No longer do he and his logs ride the crest of the spring freshet. His aquatic feats now consist of steering logs around the placid millpond, where they have been delivered by the logging train, which has been the chief instrument in reducing to the prosaic the lumberjack's duties.

Western Montana is the location of some of the largest lumbering concerns between St. Paul and the coast. These mills are located at Bonner, Hamilton and Missoula. The largest of these companies is the Big Blackfoot Milling company, which gets its lumber from the marvelous stands of timber to be found in the Blackfoot valley. Time was—and not so very long ago—when the transportation of lumber to

the mill was not a problem. The densely-wooded mountain slopes seemed to offer an inexhaustible supply of lumber. However, many years had not elapsed before it was seen that the transportation question was becoming one of moment. It was found that the spring high water could not be depended upon as a means of bringing a year's supply of logs to the mills. Here the railroad enters on the scene. Logging railroads have been built and the lumberjack now confines himself to swinging the axe. The railroad does the rest.

The largest sawmill plant is located at the mouth of the Big Blackfoot river, a few miles from the prosperous and beautiful town of Missoula. The stream and the valley through which it winds its way are extremely picturesque. The river heads in the main range of the Rocky Mountains over 100 miles from its confluence with the Hell Gate river at Bonner. The mill was erected in 1885 by A. B. Hammond, now of San Francisco, and has been in continuous operation since that time during the seasons of the year when a supply of logs could be floated to the plant. The annual production of the mill has ranged from 25,000,000 to 50,000,000 feet per year, and, quite naturally, all the available timber that could be transported to the river on snow, by log chutes or sleighs, has been logged off, so that eight years ago it was deemed advisable to go into the logging railroad business.

The Big Blackfoot Lumber Company's Mill at Bonner



The Blackfoot river flows through a very rocky, crooked canyon for a distance of 12 miles above the plant. As it was found that the cost of construction through this canyon would be about \$50,000 a mile, it was decided to transport the material for the construction of this road by teams. The equipment, consisting of two 32-ton Lima locomotives, 62 Russell logging cars, 25 track miles of 45-pound rails and boilers weighing about 24,000 pounds each, was hauled by teams and

construction commenced. This railroad brought the logs to the river and they were floated to the mill.

The year 1910 witnessed the construction of a branch line through the Blackfoot valley by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway and the building of this branch effectually disposed of the river as a means of transportation. The flatcars—piled high with logs—are now run directly to the millpond, where they are unloaded. The construction of the railway has

worked other changes. The Blackfoot valley is rapidly becoming one of the greatest hay and stock-raising valleys to be found in the west. In the year 1912 the Blackfoot valley produced 78,960 bushels of wheat 126,810 bushels of oats, 45,596 tons of hay, in addition to a large amount of rye and barley. Although this valley was thought originally to be of value only for its timber, time has changed the scene of the lumberjack's activities to one of agricultural prosperity.

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Ready for the plow.
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Finest Inland Climate.
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It kills off rats, mice or cockroaches in a single night. Does not blow away like powders; ready for use; nothing to mix. This exterminator is sold under an absolute guarantee of money back if it fails.

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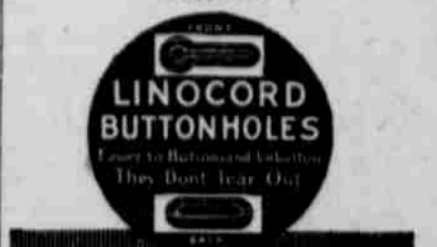
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LINCORD BUTTONHOLES are so protected where the strain comes that they don't tear out. Hence, IDE SILVER COLLARS retain their style and fit to the end. The DELMAR, because it's baked and so shaped in the baking by our special Vertiform Process, has the vertical effect so much desired. Has ample scarf space.

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Always the Best
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Editor Said to Be Passing

Eastern Publication Holds That Old-time Journalist Is Giving Way to Advertising Manager

THIS is from Life, published in New York, evidently under a Gotham sense of what is what:

"In these days the world is moving so fast that many things are sticking to the wheels of Progress which would long since have dropped off of their own weight if those wheels had been moving slower. Among these are editors.

"For many years the editor has served a useful purpose. In fact, we could hardly have done without him. He has persistently and with rare courage stood between the public and the Ultimate truth. This alone would be enough to entitle him to immortality.

"He has kept us fully informed about all the murders taking place among our neighbors, and has kept us—as things go—fairly well satisfied about their marital difficulties, their quarrels and scandals; and there have even been times (strange as this may seem) when he has let us know about changes in foreign governments and countries. Not enough, perhaps for us to tell how far wrong the last geography is, but enough to pique our curiosity about it.

"All these things, and more, can be laid to the credit of the editor. But even the most useful ones have their day.

"One of the most curious phenomena about the editor of the present day is the fact that he does not realize that he is passing. The transition from editor to advertising manager has been so gradual that he has scarcely noticed it.

"This is intended by no means to detract anything from the value of periodical or daily literature. It has long been recognized that the advertisements are far more interesting than the text, in most of our periodicals.

"With the gradual elimination of the editor will come to the supreme advertising head a finer sense of responsibility. He will see more and more that the best advertising is in reality the best literature. He will no longer exploit his advertised articles in the way it is done at present—by cheaply asking people to buy them. But these articles will be celebrated in verse and story; their faults will be satirized, their virtues brought out in contrast.

"The epic of the future is in the advertising pages. The editor's obituary is already written."

Life is pleased to attempt to be cynical in the words that have been quoted. Judging from the general policy and make-up of the metropolitan paper of today, however, Life is more than half right. Time was when the papers of the great cities had their traditions, their ideals, their sense of right and wrong, when editors thundered their wrath or smiled their praise, all irrespective of subsidy of any sort. That day is gone. Life's strictures apply, in a large way, to the great newspapers of the country. Still, Life is wrong about the passing of the editor. He will never pass. There are in this country today hundreds of thousands of honest, capable, fearless editors, men who uphold the finest traditions of their craft, men who say what they mean and are sincere in their efforts to make their people think as is right. These men are at their desks in the smaller cities, in the towns and villages of the United States. Day by day they work, with the anonymous brilliance that is a Yankee newspaper attribute, doing what they can in the best way they know. It is in this class that the American editor is to live. The hope

of a greater journalism rests on these men, and, in a great measure, the literary future of the country, also. The editor must not pass.

"Captain," said a wealthy passenger, who was about to take his first trip across the ocean. "I understand this ship has got several watertight compartments."

"Yes, sir," was the reply.
"Captain," the passenger went on, decidedly. "I want one o' those compartments—I don't care what it costs."
—London Telegraph.

HE DID NOT DOUBT.

Rev. Herbert L. Trenchman, in a lecture on "Woman" at a Methodist church in Duluth, was condemning this winter's type of hobble skirt.

"It's worse than last winter's," he declared. "It's altogether immodest. I wish all husbands had the courage of a Duluth man I heard about recently.

"This honest fellow's wife turned complacently from the mirror, and, smoothing her new hobble skirt—a skirt of that ultra sort which must be put on with a shoe horn—said:

"I wonder if the hobble skirt will ever go out?"
"Not with me," the man answered firmly."
—St. Paul Dispatch.

If every young man could see the girl he is in love with eating her dinner when nobody is watching her, the crop of old bachelors would increase.

HIS CHOICE.

"You've been sleeping in the telephone booth, I believe," said the manager of the summer hotel.

"Yes."
"I can give you a billiard table now, if you like."

"No; I'll stick to the booth. I rather like the room. Isn't large, but it's cozy."
—Kansas City Star.

FOREIGN HUMOR.

"You are the proprietor and a pharmacist of the first class?"

"Yes, madam."
"And you know your business well?"

"From the foundation."
"That is well. Give me two cents' worth of gum drops."
—Le Rire.

A girl who has been engaged three or four times may look as hopeless as a woman who is married.

Used Cars at Sacrifice Prices

A WRITTEN GUARANTEE backed by the responsibility of The Winton Motor Car Co. goes with every car

A GOOD REBUILT CAR is worth twice as much and costs much less than a cheap new one

Out On the Road, the Car You Drive Tells Your Class

Drive a high-grade car and people know at sight that you are a man of discrimination. Nobody asks you what price you paid for your good car. Price doesn't enter their minds. It's the car they see, and it's the car that fixes your class in their minds.

Not only does a high-grade car give a man distinction, but, more than that, it gives him satisfaction. We insure that part of it, for we give a WRITTEN GUARANTEE with the cars we are now selling.

WE GUARANTEE

A Car for You at a Price You Can Well Afford to Pay

An Offer Worth While

WRITE TODAY



WINTON SIX

Various Makes, Various Styles, 50 Cars. These cars must all be sold in 30 DAYS HIGH-GRADE QUALITY—LOW-GRADE PRICES

We also have constantly on hand a line of other cars that are carefully overhauled, repainted and put in first-class mechanical condition, and are capable of making more good road miles than many new cars.

These cars consist of Roadsters, five and seven-passenger Touring Cars, Coupes, Limousines, Hotel Busses, Stage Cars and Delivery Cars.

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And many others. If we do not mention what you want, write us, or, better still, come in and see us, look over our modern manufacturing plant and make a personal selection.

To out-of-town buyers we will refund railroad fare to and from their homes

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23rd & WASHINGTON, PORTLAND, ORE.
1421 SECOND AVE., SPOKANE, WASH.
339 SO. SECOND ST., WALLA WALLA, WASH.

Name _____
Address _____

Gentlemen: Please send me full details of your Rebuilt Car offer

Looking It Over

(Continued from page one)

ing, dipped into its pockets and recovered two watches, his own and another. The man at the table said not a word and Dr. Peel sat down again and finished his meal. Then he advertised for the owner of the other time-piece.

Dr. Frederick P. Friedman, who claims to have discovered a cure for tuberculosis, has made repeated statements to the effect that he does not intend to keep his method a secret. It had been current that Dr. Friedman planned to grow rich through his discovery, which is now undergoing a thorough testing. He is now in the United States.

Still men explore the Arctic. Vilhjalmur Stefansson, who discovered the blonde Eskimos, is planning to start for the north next May. He is not trying to find the North Pole and will attempt to secure results purely geographical and scientific. The expedition expects to return to civilization in 1916.

A news story has it that 36,000,000 lady-bugs have been captured for shipment by the California State Insectary to various parts of the commonwealth. The lady-bugs prey on the melon aphid, a pest that destroys new vines. The bugs are valuable to hop growers, also.

A California woman had her savings, \$1,200, in a bag and her child dropped the money into a bucket of chloride of lime, where it lay two days before being discovered. Nothing was left on the bills to indicate their denomination and the unfortunate woman is not thought likely to be reimbursed by the government.

A pearl necklace worth \$15,000 has been returned to Mrs. A. A. Sprague, II, of Chicago to whom it had been given by Marshall Field. The necklace disappeared mysteriously on a Pullman car last September between Boston and Chicago. The police of a dozen cities searched for the gems, while the five-year-old daughter of a night watchman was wearing them. The girl's father, coming home from work one morning, noticed the rope of pearls in a pile of sweepings from Pullman cars. He thought it was a castoff trinket of no particular value and took it home. The child wore the pearls until a jeweler chanced to see them and informed her father of their value. Then he advertised his find. He was given a handsome reward.

Frank James, brother of Jesse James and with him once an outlaw, is reported to be dying somewhere in the mountains of Idaho. He is in hiding, but not from the officers of the law. He is in the final stages of consumption and shrinks from his fellow-men on account of his condition.

C. D. Hale, pitcher for the baseball nine of the Northwestern university, lost two fingers from his pitching hand while working at a lathe the other day and had them back in place within a few minutes. The fingers were washed and sewed back on immediately after the accident. There is hope that he may be able to play ball this spring. He is an engineering student and last season made a good record with the Northwestern nine.

Professor Frederick Starr of the department of anthropology of the University of Chicago says that some time in the future hair, teeth and little toes will be missing from members of the human race. "Predigested food, hats and shoes have rendered hair, teeth and little toes useless," he is quoted as having declared, "and the time will come when the man, woman or child possessing these will be a curiosity."