

HOW WHITES SUPPLANTED THE INDIANS AT CATHLAMET.

Thomas N. Strong Concludes His Interesting Narratives of the Lower Columbia.

No picture of the Indian can be complete without reference to the race that supplanted him and the circumstances of the contact of the two races so long as it existed.

Shuffle Shoon and Amber Locke. Six together building blocks. Shuffle Shoon is old and gray, Amber Locke a little child.

One speaks of the long ago, where his dead hopes buried lie, one with chubby cheeks asleep, Prattle of the By and By.

In 1859 there were probably not to exceed 2000 white men in all the vast district lying north of the Columbia River. The Willamette Valley, south of the Columbia, was comparatively well settled with white people, but from Cathlamet northward for thousands of miles the wilderness lay unmarked by white men's hands. A few hamlets on Puget Sound, a house at Cathlamet, another at Oak Point and a few others here and there, with Fort Vancouver, was all. Cathlamet was one of the loneliest places on the earth. Into its loneliness in 1859 came a white pioneer and his wife, with two little babies. A trail through the woods was made to the point on the river about a quarter of a mile below Mr. Birnie's, and here a small log house was built and occupied.

It is hard to conceive of the impulse or instinct that brought two such people into such a situation. The man was a trained lawyer, as after events made clear, one of the highest types of his profession. Even before he left the East his abilities were recognized, and he stood on equal terms with men who in the stirring events of the next 10 years were to earn world-wide fame. He was a man of culture and refinement. At a time when college graduates were rare, that they are now, he was a graduate of Yale College, and always bore about him the evidence of his training. Greek was familiar to him, and Latin he could read to the end of his days almost as readily as he could English. Not only college-bred, but a man of wide and choice reading, he made a strange choice of a place for the exercise of his undoubted talents and capabilities, but, strange as was his choice of a home, it was still more strange here for his wife, who for some years was the only white woman at Cathlamet.

A refined and cultivated young woman, thoroughly educated and accustomed to the best social circles of the Eastern States, with two little babies, was somewhat out of place in the Cathlamet of 1859. The pioneer instinct is one of the strongest instincts of a white race, and no stranger manifestation of it ever appeared than this. In the winter nights the wolves howled within hearing of the little log house, and the young women of today fearful of a mouse would not have thought it a cheerful sound. With wolves on one side and an Indian village on the other, the bravest of women might have felt a little timid.

Years of Hardship. The first few years at Cathlamet were years of hardship for this white family. The duties of the man as the first Judge of the Oregon district compelled him to be away from home at Oregon City, Salem and other points a great portion of the time, and his wife was left alone with her children.

The salary paid the Judge by the Government was ridiculously small, and was almost consumed in traveling and similar expenses, so that the improvement of the place grew very slowly, and household comforts were not to be had.

One of the peculiarities of Indian life is the little apparent effect that an Indian village has upon wild animals in its proximity. The large gray wolf, the most knowing and elusive of animals, will loiter around the outskirts of an Indian village, and upon occasions will come into it almost as fearlessly as the native dog. It may be that the wolfish nature of the Indian dog invites such familiarity, but there is no love lost between the wolf and the dog, and it is not uncommon for the wolves to kill and eat their dog brethren. In Metlakatla, a large Indian village of 800 people, on Annette Island, in Alaska, two years ago, large gray wolves came, even in the summer nights, into the heart of the town, and the shadowy creatures were frequently met on the streets. Wolves would not have come within five miles of a town of equal size of white people. Wild animals fairly swarmed about Cathlamet.

Every now and then a choice duck of the same flock would be heard squawking loudly and seen progressing across the tundra in a direction in which he evidently did not want to go. A cunning little mink had seized him from below and was towing him off. Not a sign of the mink could be seen, and when anybody shot at the sorrowful procession they generally killed the duck, and the mink went free. The family pig, upon which was centered many hopes, would be feeding in a little pasture near the house when a great hulking bear would come rolling over the fence and little pigs, with a frantic squeal issuing from one end of him, and his curly tail twisting frantically from the other, would disappear in the dark woods, never to be heard of more. The cougars took toll from the dozen or so of sheep that were kept, and would come into the very corrals for that purpose.

Killed Off the Dogs.

As if this were not enough, the Indian dogs took a hand in the sport and worried the sheep whenever they could, and nothing would persuade the Indians to reduce the number of their canine pests. Mr. Birnie and Judge Strong formed a protective association, and shot the dogs whenever they could catch them, until the dogs learned the trick of running into the lodge whenever they saw a white man around with a gun. This protected them for some time, until the sheep were nearly gone, when something had to be done, and Judge Strong, with a rifle in one hand for emergencies, and a Colt's revolver in the other for dogs, boldly went into the lodge and shot the dogs there. It was risky work. The inside of the lodge was all smoke and confusion, and the children and the Indians hid the dogs in the beds, but canine curiosity was too strong, and every now and then a dog would stick his head out and bark. Crack would go the revolver, half a dozen more dogs would break out simultaneously, and it would be how-wow-crack, crack, until the revolver was empty. In this way the dog pest was kept down and the sheep were given some chance for their lives. There was naturally a very limited mar-

ket, and not much variety in food, and salt salmon and potatoes grew tiresome. Wild game in its season was abundant and cheap. A few charges of gunpowder and shot would buy a fine wild duck or goose, and an Indian would sometimes come in with his one-man canoe loaded with wild fowl.

One Woman as Counselor. The family grew larger, and as children were born to Mrs. Birnie or Mrs. Strong the white woman and the red would minister at each other's bedside like sisters, and the friendship so formed never failed or changed so long as the two women lived. Occasionally some relief came to the monotony. In 1853 a visit was made to Fort Vancouver. To save expense the traveling was done in a canoe, with an Indian crew, and as a baby 6 months old was a necessary passenger on the journey, it will be seen how anxious this white woman was to see and talk with her own people again.

During all of this time at Cathlamet the Indians looked to the white woman for help in every time of trouble. Was a native baby sick the white mother would know some remedy, was any Indian hurt the white woman in the absence of the white man must do the necessary surgical work. It was one continual demand, and the back porch of the house was lined with Indians almost every morning with oolich (berries) to sell, with ducks or geese to dispose of, or with some tale of woe or sickness to tell. Generally one or two Indian women were about the house, helping in some capacity, and their relatives would visit them as often as they were allowed. Indian women visiting were not unenviable creatures. Coming in quietly with a hardly articulate "klowhum," or good morning, they would stand around, saying nothing. When pressed to stay they would look around, chatter a little among themselves, and then carefully avoiding the chairs, would curl their legs under them and squat down on the floor. Once there they were fixed to stay until told to go home. The original Indian woman always equated the floor in preference to sitting on anything higher, and always stayed until she was told it was time to depart. She used her eyes a good deal, but her tongue very little.

As household help the Indian girls were quick to learn and ready to work, but so soon as they were educated to a point where they were useful and dressed nicely and kept clean, they became so attractive that they were married out of hand. The household help by reason of this was a continual succession of Indian Lucy, Margaret, etc., without number.

Thrilling Adventure.

With visiting the sick, teaching the young and caring for her own family, the pioneer mother had her hands full and of the fruits of her labor she saw but little. The life was terribly narrow, but so full of labor and danger that there was no time to repine. The coming of a

white man with a white woman who settled in the Ellokomon Valley, about two miles back of Cathlamet was a great event. The low divide between the Columbia and Ellokomon Rivers was covered at this time by a dense forest of the spruce and Douglas fir, and so thick was the growth that the fir trees would go up for 100 feet without a limb, and not a ray of the sun could reach the ground. The trees grew very tall, and one a short way outside of the forest on the edge of a little prairie being measured with instruments, was found to be about 26 feet in height. An almost obliterated Indian trail went over the divide between the rivers, and so anxious were the white women to see each other that it was a very common thing for them to go over it. One hundred yards up the trail there was nothing to see but trees, and one mile in the woods was as far away from human help as the wilds of Siberia. One day when Mrs. Strong with two of her little boys were on the trail in the midst of the woods a large cougar suddenly appeared in it not 40 yards away and stood looking at her. Now the cougar is an uncanny beast, and in these northern woods, a most formidable one. A man can live in the woods for years and never see one, and yet some day the supple yellow panther will stand in front of him on some woodland path as though he had come there by magic. Not a footfall or sound of breaking twig will give any warning of his coming. He will simply be there, it is a trick of his, and he always takes the same position, calmly looking at you without curiosity and without fear, very rarely if ever crouching or ever growling in more than a gentle, sing-song drawl, more like purring than anything else. With low flattened head, the little ears drawn back, softly poised on sleeky, tawny legs and velvet pads, and with the long sweeping tail gently going from right to left and left to right with a quiet, steady motion, the cougar when he steps out of obscurity into the open to observe man, is an impressive creature. An armed man stops at a moment before he fires, and an unarmed man has a very lively desire to be somewhere else. Only in the woods can you see a cougar so, and it is not a pleasant sight for a woman with empty hands.

There was one best thing to do, and, prompted by the mother's instinct, this mother did it. Taking one child by each hand and drawing them close up to her, so as to present a united front, she calmly looked the beast in the eyes and slowly and steadily moved toward him. She said it was the only thing that she could do. The grim lips curled back a little, and the white teeth showed; but few animals unprovoked can face man, and, retreating step by step, the cougar moved back before her, and gliding into the brush, disappeared. An Indian woman would have stood in her place and gathered her children under her blanket, would have waited the issue in patience, and, if

From 1859 to 1862 this pioneer life went on, the white population steadily increasing and the red as steadily diminishing. The order of burial of the Book of Common Prayer was continually in use and was read over many lonely little graves, every trace of which has been swept away. One of the saddest of these burials was that of Indian George, a young Indian of 16. He had been a slave of the Timmians, Northern Indians, from Fort Simpson, and on one of their insolent wars occurred into Puget Sound Judge Strong saw him, and, moved with pity at his deplorable condition, bought him for \$250 worth of goods and brought him

forced into a fight, would have made a better one than the white woman; but steadily moving up into the face of the cougar was the English blood, and for cold-blooded courage when courage was necessary, the white woman was the superior of her red sister.

Perils and Anxieties.

This was only one of many anxieties and perils. With so many burdens the children had largely to take care of themselves, and one day a 2-year-old boy being missing, a search was instituted and the youngster was found floating in an eddy of the Columbia River, quietly clinging to a little piece of driftwood. He had fallen over a rocky cliff about eight feet high into the river, and had found a natural life-preserver just at hand. Indian Margaret was the nurse then, and she quickly stripped herself, swam out like a duck and towed the baby in. Except for that friendly piece of driftwood and Indian Margaret, these papers would never have been written.

Another time of extreme anxiety was when the Indians had procured large supplies of liquor, and especially when this happened in the absence of Judge Strong. A frightful hubbub would prevail in the Indian village, and as this was directly between the Strong and Birnie houses, it made a fearful situation. The Indians, harmless enough at ordinary times, were liable to be dangerous when drunk, and more than once the children were drawn home by drunken Indians with drawn knives. It was perhaps a drunken joke, but if so, the joking was on a very serious subject, and a white-faced little woman barring her doors and windows, with only her small children within, had no enjoyment of the situation.

Chief Kamikini's Friendship.

The Indian War of 1855-56 brought great anxiety to Cathlamet. There were a few more white men there then, but the preponderance of the Indian was still overwhelming. Judge Strong was away at Fort Vancouver, in command of a company of Volunteers, and when it became known that the Klilikat Chief Kamikini, the head and front of the war, had messengers at Cathlamet, there was fear everywhere, but the native Indians all stood up manfully for their white friends, who had helped them, and Mrs. Birnie and her husband held them with a steady hand. Here was one of the great advantages to the Hudson's Bay men of having Indian wives. No plotting could go on without their knowledge, and in a time of stress the Indian wife could always be relied on. No white person saw the messengers or knew who they were, but that they came was certain. Across the little creek in a small pasture stood two tall spruce trees, and at the top of one of these, placed on a limb trimmed off for the purpose, suddenly appeared a large box, red as blood. There it remained for months, and even years, and was said to be Kamikini's signal to war, but no white man knew how it got there or what its message was.

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Visit From a Distinguished Man.

The earlier Cathlamet life was sometimes enlivened by the visits of strangers, and one of these is worthy of remembrance. Half way between the Hudson's Bay store and the Strong House was a little cove in the low, rocky bank below which, in high tide, floated the Indian canoes and behind which was the Indian lagoon. An old logging railway and cannery wharves now hide it almost from sight, but it was in this early day the principal landing place for the Indian village, and here in times past McDougall, McDougall, McTavish and many other notable men had landed.

In the fall of 1853 a canoe turned in to the landing from the Columbia River, and in it were an Indian crew and a rather stout young man of pink and white complexion, evidently one of the new United States officers at Fort Vancouver. He was a stranger in the country and was on a trip to Shoalwater Bay and very anxious to get some white man to go with him. He stayed at the Strong House for several days and so prevailed upon his hosts that at the end of his visit they went off together. The day. No record of this trip exists, and no official report of it was ever made. The Indians were reluctant in regard to it, and all the two men vouchsafed to say was that they had had a jolly good time and would have stayed longer had the provisions held out. Twice again the young officer came to Cathlamet, a welcome guest, and then his short stay of a year in this country and being finished, went away to the career that time had in store for him, and a marvelous career it was. The obscure ten in the book of fate that the obscure young Captain Grant should command the armies of the great Republic in the mightiest war of modern times, should sit as a ruler of the Nation, and should finally sleep in that great tomb that looks down upon the Hudson. It was fated that both host and guest should sleep at that Riverside, one under his stately tomb and the other under the trees and grass by the dark forest he loved so well, looking down upon the Willamette. The rendered a great service to his country in its time of need and met with quick and great reward; the other at the fountain head of the history of a great commonwealth expended his life and strength for a coming people and gave of the best that was in him for a future state.

Other Visitors.

Another visitor was a dashing young fellow from New York who entered into wilderness life with a zest. For the few years he was here his adventures

were numerous. When as clerk of the court in some fiercely contested murder or other case he carelessly unsling his revolver and sat at his desk with it lying on the table before him. There was order in the court for everybody knew what he could do with firearms. Only once did the wilderness get the advantage of him, and then he owed his life to the friendly service of an Indian. While surveying a road from Cathlamet northward to the Bolafort Prairie, with the idea of extending it to Puget Sound he was, when a little away from the party, suddenly charged by an enraged elk. Biting without weapons, he dived for the first place of shelter at hand, which happened to be a small fallen tree lying about two feet above the ground. The elk would furiously strike at him with hoofs and horns on one side, and would then jump over and strike at him from the other, and the only way to avoid him was to keep up a very alert dodging under the tree from side to side. This game of hide and seek went on for several hours until the man was nearly worn out, the elk growing more and more active and his legs growing greener and greener and more furious as the manner in which he would strike at him coming up shot him and allowed a very tired, dirty and humbled young man to limp back to camp. It was written of this young man that he, too, should serve his country in the Civil War, but that less fortunate than some of his comrades he should fall in battle at the head of his brigade crippled for life by a shot through the hips. As a white-haired old General he now walks haltingly in his vineyard near Los Gatos, in California, and thinks often of early Oregon and of the days when "all the world was young."

A Freeze-Up.

About the time of the great flood of 1861 came one of the coldest winters ever known in Oregon. The winter of 1861-62, ice rarely forms at Cathlamet, but that winter the water along the shores of the Columbia was frozen so solidly that horses and sleds were used on it, and snow fell and remained on the ground to the depth of three feet. The little steamer Multnomah, with genial Captain Hoyt as master, was frozen in at Cathlamet, and so were quite a number of other people. There is at least one staid, elderly woman of Portland who will remember the gay carnival of that winter in the white Indian town of Cathlamet. The Indians had plenty of food and clothing and were happy. The whites were jolly, as pioneers always were if they had half a chance. The six weeks of freezing weather was filled in with sleighing, games and dancing, and from the hills of Cathlamet to the Columbia River the men, boys and women, white and Indian, coasted continually. Food with the white people grew scanty, but this made no difference, and a fine young horse was shot for meat and was served on the tables as roast beef. In the log houses and the lodges great fires blazed and there was nothing of sorrow or fear, and so we leave it, for here Cathlamet ceases to be Indian Cathlamet, and it became from this time on a town of the "Bostonians."

THOMAS N. STRONG.

"Freedom in Whist."

Argument Against Too Many Modern Conventionalities.

Brooklyn Eagle.

The watchword in the modern game of whist, as developed in New York and vicinity during the past three or four years, is "freedom" freedom from the restraint of old-time conventionalities. The Eagle has all along taken the attitude that this fundamental idea is a good thing, that, under certain conditions, it leads and will lead, to a truer development of good all around whist ability, better than can be attained even by the most careful and conscientious study of American leads or any other system of conventionalities.

The two standards by which it seems fairest to judge a man's game of whist are: First, accuracy, and second, adaptability. Accuracy is the necessary groundwork for any and every good game of whist. Adaptability is the quality which brings success after accuracy has been mastered. Adaptability implies accuracy in card reading and in the understanding of different systems of play, both partners and opponents. It implies a freedom from bias against systematized play and a readiness of perception and appreciation which enable the really first-class player to meet the new conditions which constantly arise, from errors, both of partner and of opponents; in the one case, to ward off evil results, in the other, to make the error as costly as possible. In short, adaptability is but another way of expressing the freedom from restraint which has become the ideal of metropolitan whist.

But—and it is a very large and positive particle in this instance—there is a great danger in attempting to acquire adaptability without first making certain the groundwork of accuracy. In whist, as in everything else, the way to freedom is through the law.

In civic life freedom without a knowledge of the law leads to anarchy, disorder and crime. The crimes of whist are not in the penal code, but, in the eyes of the votaries of the game, they are as real as those in daily life.

The attempt to exercise freedom from restraint in whist without a knowledge of the law is sure to result in anarchy and disorder, and in New York today this state of affairs exists.

The poem, which was published in the Eagle of last week by some Western whist player, was a fair criticism of the game as it is played locally by the class of players referred to who have forgotten to build upon the foundation of accuracy. The state of affairs described is deplorably too true.

A large percentage of the men who play at local clubs when asked what game they play say with more than suspicion of pride: "Oh, we haven't any conventions. We play from the drop of the cards." If the seeker for knowledge pursues the inquiry further and asks: "Do you play long suit?" the answer is usually given hesitatingly in some phrase like this: "Well, yes—in a way."

The game goes on. One of the alleged long suiters picks up his hand and after some deliberation in which he is presumably plotting out the hand before him, leads a deuce of spades. He is followed by a deuce of hearts. Subsequent play develops the fact that he has led from deuce, seven and eight.

Shades of Cavendish and Pohl! Whether does the liberal, the "free adaptable game" lead? This lead actually occurred during the tournament of the New Jersey Whist Association in the first match for the Metropolitan trophy, which took place on Thursday night. And the teams entered were supposed to be the best available representatives of the clubs they came from. And this was only one of a dozen equally weird plays made in that match.

We play from the drop of the cards. Long suit is the basis of our system, but we have no iron-clad rules," said the opener, when the writer questioned him in regard to the opening. Words fall the situation.

But to bring the question more nearly home, how many players who play the old fashioned fourth best, long suit game know the meaning of fourth best and the meaning of the word "long suit"?

So far they go and no further. All of the beautiful possibilities of definite card reading from this system of play are lost. They are but hazy suspicions, distant dreams and exaltations.

And it is really not surprising that, lacking a knowledge of the reasons for so valuable a rule the player, while complying with the external forms of the system, should fail in realizing the value of its application.

To illustrate: At one of the local clubs it was suggested last winter that many of the newer players would benefit by drill in the four best American leads. A veteran of the game, who has stuck to Cavendish through thick and thin for 25 years, made varying his fourth best leads, volunteered to give instruction in the "dubious" system. He met and in his first lesson the veteran enunciated the rule of eleven. Some innocent asked the obvious question, "Why is there an 11?" The veteran said, "Why,—" and then stopped. He could not completely to give any explanation of the simple mathematical calculation which is the basis of the rule.

The explanation is the simplest thing in the world, and there is nothing which stimulates accuracy in card counting so strongly as a firm grasp upon it. The statement of the calculation upon which the rule is based is here given as a suggestive line of thought. It may be a work of supererogation, but the writer thinks not.

At whist the cards of each suit range in value from 2 to 14, the ace representing the latter figure. If a card is led, the number of spots on the card subtracted from 14 will give the total number of cards below which will beat the one led. If the card led is fourth best it is evident that three of the total number out are in the leader's hand. Subtract these three from 14 and we get 11. Subtract the spots on the card led from 11 and we get the number of cards outside the leader's hand to beat the one led.

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