

FIRST CARLOAD SHIPMENT TO THE PACKARD PORTLAND STORE, 109 SIXTH STREET, NEAR WASHINGTON, OF THE

# Famous Packard Shoe for Men \$3.50

ALL STYLES—ONE PRICE—ALL LEATHERS

The Packard Shoe people extend a cordial invitation to the good people of Portland and vicinity to call and see the new home of the PACKARD SHOE, PRICE ALWAYS \$3.50.

The Packard Shoe differs from other ready-to-wear Shoes in as much as it is the only Shoe that resembles and equals the regular custom Shoe. In other words, the PACKARD SHOE IS A REGULAR \$6.00 SHOE for \$3.50.

The PACKARD SHOE has reached this perfection after years of experience, and like Rome, the reputation of the PACKARD SHOE was not built in a day.

The PACKARD SHOE lasts, patterns and styles are in advance of other makes and can only be found outside of the Packard Shoe in the custom bootshops of the larger Eastern centers.



The leathers that go in the PACKARD SHOES combine elegance and endurance and are a special tannage for this celebrated and world-famed \$3.50 SHOE.

The PACKARD SHOE is made in all weights of sole to meet the requirements of all occasions, climate and weather.

The PACKARD SHOE in the workmanship excels other makes, carrying with it the finish that only goes with a custom-made Shoe.

The PACKARD SHOE people employ the most skillful union shoemakers in the construction of the FAMOUS PACKARD SHOE, and not a single item is slighted in making the PACKARD SHOE the king of all \$3.50 SHOES.

We again ask you to call and see the PACKARD SHOE in its new home, and we can safely boast that Portland has the finest exclusive Men's Shoe Store on the Pacific Coast, devoted to the sale of the PACKARD \$3.50 SHOE.

Store Ready for Business Monday, December 20th.

## Packard Portland Store

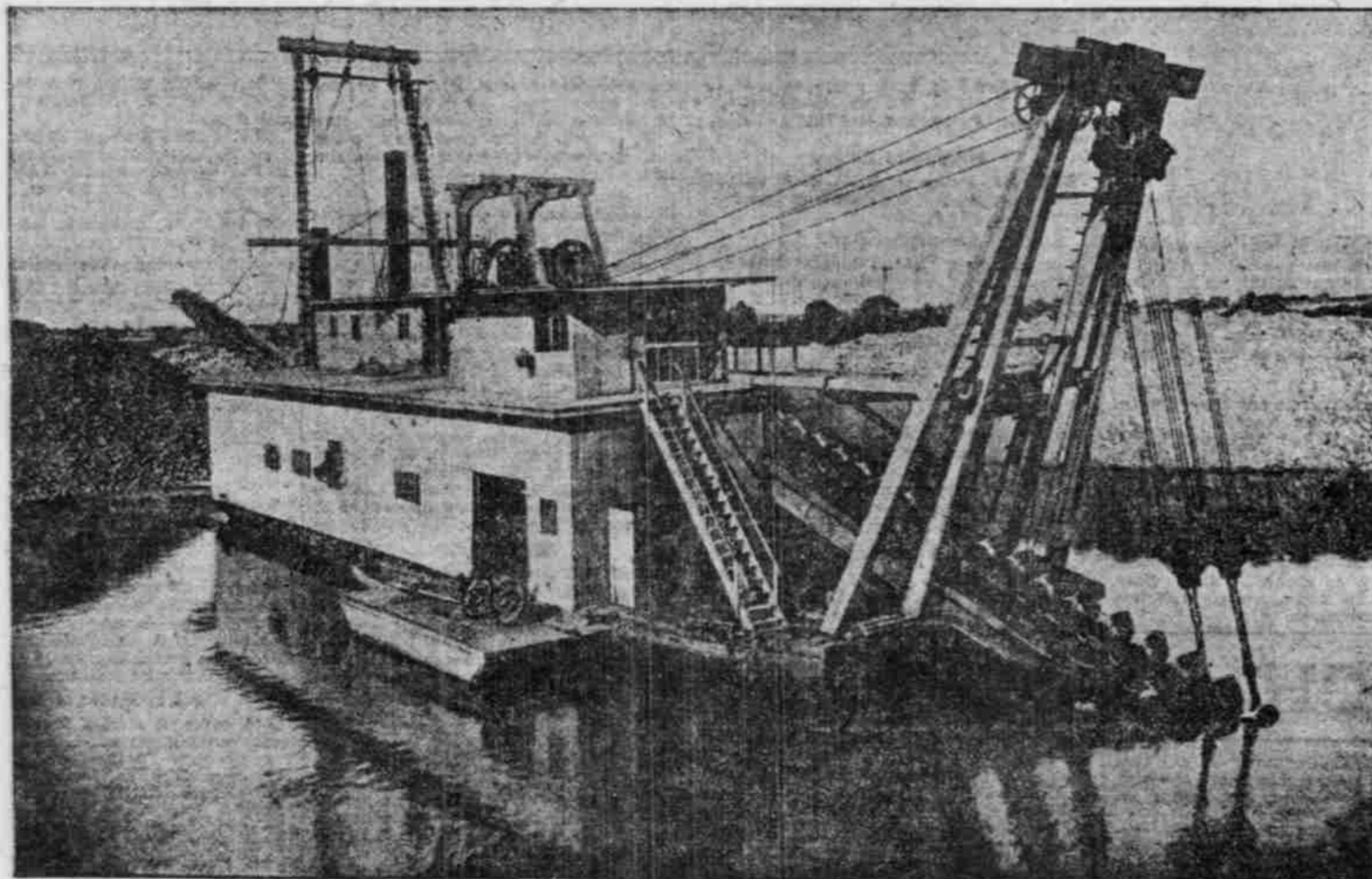
Store Ready for Business Monday, December 20th.

PHILLIPS SHOE CO.

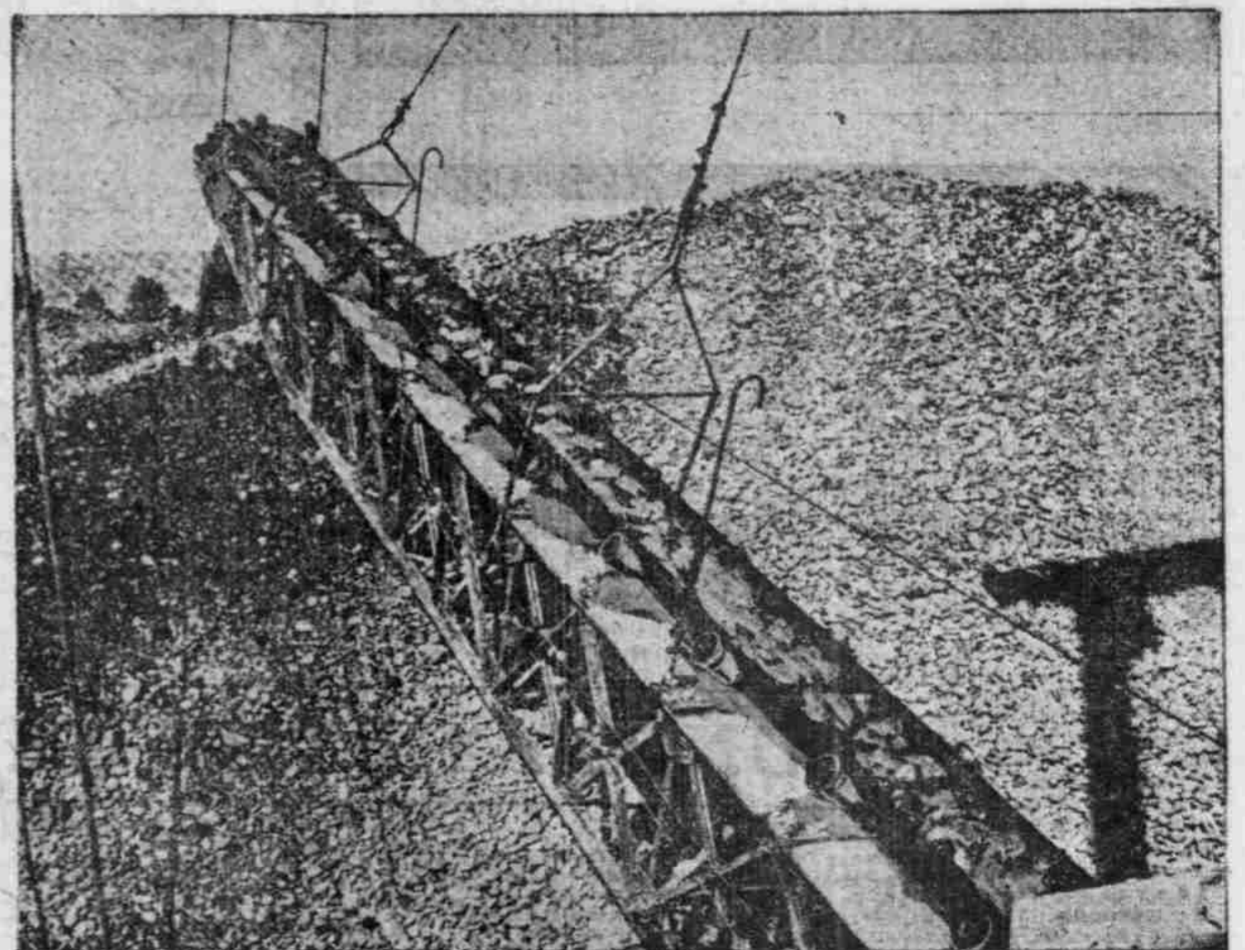
109 Sixth Street, Near Washington

### DREDGERS REVOLUTIONIZE PLACER MINING

Mammoth Machines Dig Their Way Through Gravel Beds and Little Gold Escapes



THE GOLDSHIP, FLOATING IN ITS PORTABLE SEA.



THE TAILINGS ELEVATOR AND THE TRAIL OF THE MONSTER THROUGH A ONCE FERTILE FIELD.

In the golden days the ancients had a fable of a fish that lived on land and climbed trees in quest of food. In these modern and commercial days into which no breath of fable or touch of romance finds its way, we have the story of monster ships which sail on land and, as if by magic, from the seas in which they sail. A weird and uncanny tale it is, kin to the story of the devastating dragon whose white-hot breath swept the prehistoric plains and left them, burnt and baked, a desert for all time to come.

The day of the gold ship is come, and that vast monster who has been striding through the plains of California, uprooting with its iron nose the fertile valleys, the blossoming orchards and the waving fields, has begun its march in Oregon, and, digging deep down, like the ranging swine in search of acorns hidden underground, has begun to lick the golden sands from off the bedrock of Eastern Oregon valleys, and passing on to new fields, leave behind a wreck of tumbled rock and gravel.

It is an unlikely-looking thing, this gold ship monster, which is coming to devour, with its insatiable appetite, the fertile soil of our valleys and leave in its wake the bleaching bones of the land. A great square bulk lies upon the breast of the backed-up waters of the little mountain streams. From its belching stacks, come night and day the soot and smoke of a never-dying fire. Down from the front into the bottom of the river dips a snout of solid steel up which marches an end-

less procession of bobbing, hump-backed buckets bearing the age-old treasures of golden sand torn from the bosom of the valleys. High in the center whirl and rumble giant drums into which the obedient and tireless buckets pour their burdens in the face of innumerable jets of water, which wash the sand and dirt from the gravel and carries the half-liquid mass down through many devices onto the mats and sluices set to trap the golden grains as they pass. Out at the back points a giant arm of crossed and bolted steel, along which runs an endless belt bearing away the gravel and debris, and casting the worthless rock in great heaps of unsightliness in the track of the monster as it marches steadily onward, ever-hungry and ever-eating.

The history of placer mining, if it were to be written out, would show that of all the \$11,000,000,000 worth of gold mined in the world since the discovery of America, fully nine-tenths would have been taken out by the aid of water in one form or another. The old-time prospector of '49, with his pick and shovel and pan, the rocker-box, the cradle and the sluice have had each its time, and all are still to be seen in many parts of the world. The mile-long ditches emptying into the bulging pipes, led down the mountain sides into the workings of the big hydraulic companies, have been seen and pictured, but it remained for the gold dredge to come before the placer miner could reap his harvest in any field and in any clime.

In the old days the placer miner washed the gold out of the benches, reaching above the mountain streams, and sluiced

the dust from out the top layers of the valley lands, but there his labors ended. Whenever in his search for gold he went down into the earth and found the water rising around him, his efforts had to be abandoned and new fields sought.

Mining engineers have gazed longingly at the golden sands dragged up from the bottoms of rivers, but have found no way to work the fields in a practical manner. On every hand the waters closed over the treasures and protected them. Many dredges had been made and tried and abandoned, but the secret still remained. All the ingenuity of man was turned towards finding some way of getting at the gold along the bedrock, down 20, 30 and sometimes 60 feet underground, but to no purpose. Shafts were dug and immense pumps installed to drag the sand and golden dust to the surface, but they proved to be failures. Airtight tubes were sunk into the ground to great depths and powerful engines forced compressed air into them, pushing back the water so that the miners could work out the sand along the solid face of the bedrock. But the waters, beaten for a time, rushed back upon the miners and drowned them at the bottom of their airtight graves, and that plan was abandoned.

It seemed as though no one would ever find a way to get at the vast riches of the underworld, when two orchardists of the Feather River Valley in Northern California hit upon the plan which bids fair to revolutionize the placer mining industry and bring thousands of acres of heretofore unthought-of land into the lists of the gold fields. These two men had one of the largest and most productive olive

orchards in the state and were laboring earnestly to increase it both in yield and extent. One day, while digging a new well to furnish water for the trees, the men found that the sand brought up by the drill was laden with gold. Other holes were drilled and the experiment ended by the two men who had been fighting the orchard pests to save their orchards, buying a thousand acres of the land adjoining. This secured, they went to work to perfect some machine which would be able to raise the golden sands to the surface, where their glittering dust could be separated for the use of man.

A novel plan was hatched between them. A big hole, as large as a house, was dug in the middle of their land and in this a monster dredge was built. One hundred thousand dollars were spent in perfecting this before the thought of return came into the minds of the experimenters, but at last the dredge was done. Then the irrigating ditch which had in the past fed the fruits of the orchard were diverted into the bed where reclined the newly-born monster, which soon floated in an inland sea.

Now began the harvest. Down deep under the dying orchards the iron miner reached its steel tipped hands and scooped from the surface of the bed rock, 30 and more feet below, the long hidden gold.

Since that time, now three years past, many changes have been made in the Gold-Ship, until it works with only the watching of a single man, and carries out fortunes for its owner in a day. It is estimated that land bearing 40 cents of gold to the cubic yard will yield, through the efforts of one of these mechanical

miners, \$100,000 net income on an investment of \$100,000. One of moderate size will dig 200 cubic yards of land in 24 hours. That means a gross output of \$800 a day, or \$24,000 per month. The expenses are about \$100 monthly, which would give the approximate income quoted above.

Down in Oroville, Cal., there are now 22 Gold Ships running night and day. In all the Pacific Coast fleet there are more than 100 of these uncanny ships floating in their portable seas. Each one is eating up one acre of land every month and leaving behind a heap of uneven gravel, dragged up from deep below, while down along the bedrock is being placed the soil in which once grew trees and flowers and grain. What the end will be is a matter that is beginning to bring alarm to men and to cities. Oroville is facing a line of the encroaching ships which are slowly circling the town and devouring the orchards and the fields. Farms have seen the approach of the never-stopping laborers of steel and are now barren wastes of rock. Thousands of acres of the richest valley lands in California are marked as food for the ever-hungry toilers. In China and Africa, across the ocean, the strange animals have begun to forage. Nearer home, in Mexico they can be found. Idaho, Montana and other of the mining states hear the breath of the engines through day and night. And now they have come to Oregon.

Nestling in one of the valleys of the Blue Mountains the first of the Oregon fleet is taking hitherto inaccessible riches from the beds of the mountain streams. Eastern men are writing to agents in Portland, as well as to those in Eastern cities of the state, directing them to buy

up these little mountain valleys reaching along the Burnt River, North Powder and the John Day. All through these mountains, where in the past years the humble prospector has panned out his daily wage, are little dales and valleys along the banks of the mountain creeks and streams. For years it has been known that the soil of these places bore paying quantities of gold, while here and there are rifts of unthinkable wealth. The ever-present water has kept the miner to the upper levels and only the advent of the deep-ranging dredge has made it possible to scoop out the gold hiding along the bedrock.

In Southern Oregon, where for many years the placer miner has been at home, are to be found pasture lands for the forage ground of the new invader. Another era is coming to the mining industry of the state and before many months have passed the rumble of the revolving cylinders as they separate the dross from the yellow gold will mingle with the creak of the chains, and the groan of the never-stopping procession of buckets, as the steel miner digs deep into the heart of the Oregon mountains in search of the treasure sleeping there. R. A. WATSON.

Leaves on Extended Trip.  
W. C. Puffer left last evening over the Southern Pacific on an extended vacation trip. As he could not get away in the summer, he is going where there is summer weather now. He will visit Southern California, and thence make an excursion into Mexico; and after looking over the principal cities and most interesting parts of that country, will

travel across Texas to New Orleans whence he will proceed to Cuba. After seeing all he wants to of this island, he will visit the principal cities in the Southern and Eastern States before returning home. He intends to take his time and enjoy his vacation thoroughly and expects to be gone six or eight weeks.

PLACING FIRE HYDRANTS.  
Unprotected Districts Are Remanded in the Distribution.  
District Engineer Holden reports that fire hydrants are being placed in many unprotected districts on the East Side. Those asked for in Hawthorne Park Addition were placed, and also in Holladay Addition. Hydrants were planted near the Central and Thompson schoolhouses, which adds greatly to the protection of these buildings. Hydrants are now to be placed on East Twenty-eighth street, where they have long been desired. The East Side gets 50 fire hydrants out of the recent contract for 100, and these are being planted where they will do the most good. Owing to the constant spreading of the suburbs, 50 hydrants do not go very far.

BUSINESS ITEMS.  
If Baby Is Cutting Teeth.  
Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea.