The Runner and the Landlady and the Ten Guests

EPISODE IN PORTLAND AMATEUR HOTEL-KEEPING INCIDENTAL TO THE LEWIS AND CLARK CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION

I HAD occasion to meet two friends at the station the other evening, and while waiting in line for them to arrive had time to notice others also in the waiting procession. As soon as the puff of the engine was heard there was bustle and commotion, the faces of the watchers lighted up with thoughts of the loved ones they expected to meet and a few built castles in the air in regard to the amount of money they would amass by having so many of these prospective Fair visitors in room No. 1 at $1 a night per head and $1.50 for the lovely front room with the divan in the corner.

Suddenly, as if to arouse these people from their wool-gathering, the gates clicked, flew open and the crowd of weary, be-booted passengers filed forth. Just then a tall woman with a distinctly masculine face of scarlet hue, clothed in a tight-fitting purple dress, a hat cocked up on one side and a general demeanor of "I'll get there," who from the time the gates clicked had been nervously fingering the cards in her hand, stepped forth, despite the presence of a severe-looking policeman, approached a lady and gentleman coming down the line, authoritatively tapped the lady on the shoulder, pushed her card under the lady's nose and in a shrill voice exclaimed: "Do you wish accommodations? I have fine rooms; come, and I will make you cheap rates," etc., etc.

The demure little woman, with a husband to lean upon (did you ever notice how retiring and twining a woman with a man seems, especially to a poor female who hasn't a mighty oak upon which she can try the ivy act?) shook her head as if to say she had a place upon which to rest her weary head, and passed on.

Unfazed, my purple lady stepped forth again and again, repeated the tap and presentation of cards. Just how long she stood in line, or whether successful at that exact point, I know not, because in the meantime we had met our friends, and after assisting them in finding the baggage-room, where they checked their trunks, were about to depart for home, when walking through the waiting-room en route to the car, I once more saw my lady in purple standing with quite a crowd about her. My curiosity was aroused, and becoming interested I made some excuse to my sister about having other business to attend to, and advised her to take her friends on up to the house. As soon as they left I strolled about the station close to the lady in purple, her compatriot, who was dressed in white shirtwaist and skirt, and the by this time party of ten that she had caught with her bait, the cards and her fluent tongue. There were all sorts of satchels set about, from the black pasteboard-looking affair, with its shawl strap holding the bulging sides in place, to the leather suitcase; even the lunch-box, with its remaining stale bread and dry piece of ham, was in evidence. They were passengers from the tourist cars who had been beguiled by my masculine looking friend and her shirtwaist cousin.

As I stood watching and wondering by what magnetic power she had succeeded in gathering this goodly crowd under her wing, the party gathered up their belongings and started forth procession-like behind their leaders. They walked two by two as orderly as any girls of a boarding school. As they passed the various licensed runners, there was a stir and the poor runners wore an envious look, as much as to say: "There's my quarter-a-head gone up to flume," and "I wonder where that purple damsel got 'em." Several of the more pugnacious runners pushed forward and tried by wiles and promises of low rates to secure some of the little party, but it was "no go." On they proceeded with their heavy satchels, and even the tempting illuminated sign of a certain hotel on Sixth street held no charms for them. One enterprising spieler for a house in the vicinity of Burnside street thought he surely would captivate some of the fair sex of the procession, and shouted as they passed: "My, for a crowd like you all I'd give wholesale prices; and for the ladies an extra 10 per cent discount." As if in a trance or under a hypnotic spell, the 10 followers plodded along.

As they neared Sixth and Washington streets, I wondered how much further they were to be taken before they reached this boarding-house, and if they weren't tired carrying those heavy satchels after their long, tiresome, dusty train journey, and why the woman in purple and her friend didn't take a street-car, or if they were the enterprising business women they seemed to be, why didn't they hire a 'bus. Washington street was eventually reached, and even then there was no sign of them boarding a car.

If I was tired of my tramp without any load, what must these poor wayfarers be? I was tempted to go on my way rejoicing and not to try to fathom the depth of this web, then I said, "No. I will see to what limit women's vocation extends, and how far it leads them." Gazing abstractedly in the distance, and wondering what course I should pursue, I suddenly saw my lady in purple leave her party and make a B-line north all by her lonely. Now, here was a conundrum, why did she cast aside her fish, after having taken such pains to catch them? While I was trying to decide whom I should follow, my purple lady or the shirtwaist cousin, who had the 10 fish trailing behind, I noted the fish were making headway and I followed them with one eye a-squintin' after my purple friend. But she escaped my vigilant glance, and my little crowd passed on up the hill while the city folk and downtown paraders cast an interested look after them, and no doubt wondered where they were going, how far they carried those heavy satchels, and whether they wouldn't enjoy a good bracer.

On and on proceeded my party of ten and their leader, and as they neared the Portland Hotel, the sweet strains of music floating in the air from the orchestra of that famous hostelry seemed to fascinate the wee procession of tourists, and when they reached the front entrance to that famous establishment they loitered awhile and listened to its lulling sound. But the pause in their march only lasted a few minutes, as time was fleeting, and they must get to their headquarters and secure the much-needed rest, but their guide explained to them that her place was only a few blocks distant and that they could come down any evening, seat themselves on campstools in the little yard or court and enjoy the music quite as well as the swells who were seated on the porches in their fancy and costly robes. So with this pleasure in prospect, they were satisfied to tear themselves away for this evening.

When they reached Morrison-street corner they stood again to lay down their satchels and change arms. Those few blocks, as at first represented by the beguilers, had lengthened terribly and the poor wayfarers felt as if they would never reach their destination. As they stood resting, I noticed three men walked up to them, but before doing so they conferred among themselves and said, "It isn't fair; she has no license," and the youngest man of the party remarked, "Well, maybe they're her friends," at which the third derisively added, "Not on your tintype; she just hauled 'em in, I'll wager. I'll brace them and see," which he accordingly did, holding forth a much bedattered card. The other two men marched up and stood beside him, but the two ladies thus accosted absolutely refused to even glance their way, and they retired in disgust. Then, as if to save themselves from future importunities, the whole party picked up their luggage and once more set forth.

My party turned a couple of corners and at last entered an humble-looking frame house, stalked into the small parlor, sank on the horsehair chairs and sighed a contented sigh. The little old coal-oil lamps cast forth their sickly light, but what mattered that? Peace was not for long, however, for just as they were parleying as to rates along came two husky men and started removing the furniture from the house. It was a case of eviction, the rent had not been paid, and at this hour—10:30—the tenants were being put out. The shirtwaist lady begged for more time but to no avail. The unappeased landlord would not listen, so the tired party disgustedly packed their luggage, meandered forth and later all ten piled into one room somewhere in the neighborhood. They said that would do until morning, when they would go out and hunt a place for themselves and trust no one.

As I was returning to my home along Washington street, I heard the plaintive notes of a hand-organ. A woman was grinding it, and as I dropped a coin in the outstretched hand I scrutinized the countenance beneath the black sunbonnet, and to my surprise, noted it was my purple lady, now attired in black, and plying another trade.

F. F. F.

THE PROCESSION SLOWLY MOVED UP SIXTH STREET.

Some Interesting Romances of the Traveler's Guide

BY PAUL DANBY.

"THE railroad engineer and train dispatcher are all right," said the tired city ticket agent the other day, "but they are not the whole thing when it comes to hard work, and they don't see all the romance there is in the railroad business. Yet to read some of the newspaper articles about the engineers and the dispatchers you'd think the men who come in personal contact with the passengers have nothing whatever to do with the operation of the railroads.

"But I want to tell you that the ticket agents, the train conductors, the Pullman conductors, the trainmen, the porters, even the waiters, the stewards and the chef on the dining cars, are all entitled to some degree of sympathy and recognition from the public. Oh, yes, I suppose there are some black sheep among them. There are a few lawyers, doctors, merchants, policemen, labor leaders—there are even some office-holders who are not altogether what they should be. But the majority of men in all walks of life are good fellows, hard workers, and eager to play their parts in the game of life squarely. It is so with the men in every grade of railroad passenger service, too.

"I suppose you think it's a cinch to sell tickets all day over the counter of a railroad ticket office. Well, let me tell you differently.

"In fact the ticket agent's lot never was an exceptionally happy one. Twenty years ago, though, he had much easier time than now. Then about all he had to do was to hand out one little parallelogram of pasteboard after another, with the names of the stations at the beginning and ending of the passenger's journey printed on it, take in the price in each case and keep his cash straight. It isn't so now.

Then most ticket agents had to sell tickets only over the lines by which they were employed. Now, in most offices—it is so in the one I am lucky enough to have a job in—tickets are on sale on 20 or 30 or more lines, to say nothing of the tickets to various destinations in foreign lands. You can buy a ticket at the office I work in to almost any place in the whole world to which railroads or steamships run.

"When I began there as office-boy 25 years ago, you could buy tickets to only a few prominent places not on our lines, and as the price of every ticket we had to sell was plainly indicated by printed schedules I could sell tickets about as well as the boss, only I couldn't make the change quite as rapidly and surely.

"Unless you have been a ticketseller yourself, you can't understand what a difference the new way makes. From my office I can sell tickets to San Francisco, for instance, over several different routes. There are excursion tickets, limited tickets (as to time), and unlimited tickets. We sell sleeping-car tickets also, and they are now of two varieties—'standard' and 'tourist'. 'Tourist' cars are not much used in the East as yet, but you will find them on many of the Western lines, where the distances are greater, and there they are a great boon to those travelers who do not have any more money to spend than they actually need.

"It is these 'through' or long distance tickets that make us work—yes, and study too. Many of them are several feet in length, with sections to be torn off and turned in by the conductors of the various divisions over which the passenger passes. And of course the computation of the prices is sometimes an intricate arithmetical operation. It has taken me a full half-hour, many a time, to figure out just how much to charge a passenger and just how to send him through with the least loss of time and without charging him more than he wanted to pay.

"This brings to my mind the study of time-tables.

"It makes a passenger good-natured and inclined to travel more freely if he is able to make connections just as he expects to, and it makes him a sore-headed stay-at-home to spend a lot of money and find himself hundreds or thousands of miles away from home with a ticket that won't carry him just where and as he expected to go.

"So we have to make the most elaborate studies imaginable of the railroad guides. It is a comparatively easy thing to get the run of the time-tables of one line, though some lines have enough branches to make your head swim. But it's a really difficult job to familiarize yourself with a vast network of lines stretching from ocean to ocean, North across the boundary into Canada, South across the boundary into Mexico, and out upon the seas over the steamship lines. Why, the first few weeks of a green ticketseller's life are positively miserable if he really tries to master the situation in a short time. Even the most experienced of us have to study nights, sometimes in the Spring and Fall, just after the seasonal changes of schedules are made.

"The making out of our reports is another thing which has become extremely complicated and that often calls for night work. We ticket-agents are by no means sticklers for just so many hours a day, nor are we able to get clear of work altogether on Sundays and holidays, as you might suppose.

"City ticket agents have an easy time of it in one way, as compared with the station ticket agent, however.

"They are afflicted a good deal more than we are with the last-minute passengers; people who rush up to the window five minutes before train time to buy tickets half or all the way across the continent, or to some remote Mexican or Canadian point, and with impossible ideas as to stop-overs and time and expense. Were it not for the bureaus of information that are now a feature of nearly every big railroad station, I don't know how the station ticket sellers would get along at all.

The Travelers' Joys and Sorrows.

"Do you never get in touch with the romance of real life? Why, my friend, I have heard it so many times that of all people in the world the lawyer and the doctor know most about the troubles of their fellows, their hopes and their fears, but I don't believe either of them hears many more hard luck stories than the ticket seller—or good luck stories, either, for the matter of that.

"When folks are going on a journey to attend a funeral they always have to tell the man who sells them their tickets all about it, and so do the folks who are called home, suddenly, or summoned peremptorily from home because of the mortal illness of some one near or dear. Is the journey undertaken reluctantly, because there's a disagreeable lawsuit at the other end, or because a lot of money has been lost? Into the ticket seller's ear the story is ruthlessly poured, with never a thought that perhaps he may have troubles of his own that are about all he wants to know the details of just then.

"But there are compensations, for, of course, the ticket seller hears all about it when the prospective traveler is going to be married or to get the money that has been left by an aunt he never heard of, or has unexpectedly made a strike, and for the first time in his life is able to make a journey because he wants to see the country. On the whole, there's more pleasure and profit than the reverse in listening to the unsolicited passengers' stories of love and grief, of joy and misfortune, and the business will be a pretty tame one when the passengers stop talking to the ticket sellers about themselves."

Life as the Pullman Man Sees It.

"Do I see much of the romance of real life in my trips back and forth?" repeated a gray-haired Pullman conductor on a transcontinental train. "Well, it's this way: I'm so busy holding down my job most of the time that I don't take much notice, generally, to tell the truth. Yet, on the whole, I guess the Pullman conductor sees about as much of real life as anybody going.

"Only yesterday we had a little example of what you might call the pathetic side, I guess. When we pulled up at a station somewhere in Kansas, there were four farmers with a stretcher. Standing beside the stretcher was the most woe-begone looking woman, all in black, I ever set eyes on. On the stretcher lay a tall young fellow, with a face the color of baked clay and wide, staring, rolling eyes that seemed to take in everything in sight. The expression in the poor chap's face told of an awful story of horror, of amazement, of despair. The poor woman almost broke down when she learned that we never received the message she supposed had been sent to us to have a berth made up for the sick man.

"I had the porter hustle around right lively, I tell you, and we got the unfortunate man in as quickly as we could and made him as comfortable as possible. After the train was started the story came out. The man was the woman's brother. She had been down in New Mexico with her husband, who had struck a mine or something else that both felt sure was at last going to bring them the wealth they had worked for together for 20 or 30 years. He had unexpectedly sickened and died, though not till the strike had materialized to the tune of some thousands of dollars, with a prospect of considerable more.

Story of a Plucky Woman.

"She had brought the body back to Kansas, the funeral had been held, and she had gone to make her unmarried brother a visit on his ranch in the western part of the state. Two or three days after her arrival—as if she hadn't had enough to bear—he had been stricken with paralysis, and she was taking him to Topeka to see if he couldn't get some help in the hospital there, it being impossible, of course, to get proper treatment out on the ranch. The country doctor, who had been called, had told her there wasn't much chance, at the best, for the paralysis was complete, except as to the eyes. He couldn't speak, he couldn't so much as move a finger, he couldn't even swallow; but it was probable, from the look of his wife, staring eyes, that he was conscious, at least, partially.

"I must say that his sister took it like a thoroughbred. It was plain enough that the double blow was about all she could bear, but she didn't complain, and she sat by her brother's side all the way to Topeka, changing wet cloths on his head every few minutes. Before she had been on the train very long a motherly woman, somewhat older than she, sat down by her side, asked if she couldn't help and talked with her as soothingly as if talking to a little baby.

"After a while the face of the woman whose husband was dead and whose brother was stricken began to lose its set look and pretty soon I saw that she was crying, not sobbing and boo-hooing, you know, but just quietly. I thought it was all up then, and I wondered why some women couldn't let well enough alone, but I guess it was all right after all, for I heard two other women passengers talking about the case and one said to the other.

"'She's crying now, poor thing; it'll do her good.'

"Well, you know, I think it did. All the women in the car gathered 'round her presently and, when we reached Topeka, she looked a good deal better, in spite of her crying spell—more hopeful, I should say. She was not at all the forlorn creature she was when she got on the train, and she almost smiled when she bade her friends of a couple of hours good-by, as her brother was put into the ambulance that was waiting for him.

The Brides and Bridegrooms.

"Yes, there are plenty of funny things happen, too. You've heard the story about the man by whose side on the seat sat a big traveling bag, and the car being full, with passengers standing, he was asked by the conductor to put it down and refused. Also, how, after awhile, the conductor himself put it down only to find that it didn't belong to the man in the seat at all?

"Yes? Well, I'll bet that's happened a good many times. I saw it happen some years ago, before I was in the sleeping-car service, and was working out of Chicago as a news butcher. The joke was on the train conductor, and everybody laughed right hearty, of course, and the conductor he had a fit of the sulks which you wouldn't expect from a railroad man, now would you?

"The new married couples are some fun, but they don't interest me any more; they are all so much alike. So are their friends who play smart and tell everybody on the train that a bride and bridegroom have just gone aboard. I can't say that I think much of that sort of thing myself, especially the rice throwing. They don't allow anybody to get on trains any more with rice if they can help it.

"'Cause why? Well, some fool youngster threw about a quart of rice through a window of a train one day, and it got into the aisle. The road was full of twists and turns, and the train was a fast one. A passenger, an old man—nice old chap he looked, too—started to go down the aisle to get a drink of water. Just as he reached the rice the train took a sharp curve. Now, he might have stood the rice, and he might have stood the sharp curve, but together they were too many for him. So he slipped and fell and broke his arm in two places, 'suffered a compound fracture,' a doctor said who was in the train and set the old gentleman's arm in the baggage car. The old man was like the woman I told you about in one thing—he was game.

"He made no holler, and he wouldn't stop over and go to a hospital as the doctor said he ought to. He was hurrying East from California to some place in Pennsylvania, where his only daughter was going to get married. He had lost a day already; another day's delay, he said, would make him late to the wedding, and he didn't mean to let a little thing like a broken arm interfere. All the railroad men are down on rice-throwing, you can bet on that."

Graft on the Railroads.

"Making the passengers show their tickets at the gate has just about done away with any pickups by the train conductors," chimed in the train conductor, "because it has shut off the cash fare, but every once in a while some sharp passenger gets the better of one of us. Maybe you have heard of the fellow who wanted to go to Omaha from Chicago, and had only enough money to buy a ticket to the third or fourth station out? Well' I've seen it in print, and I've heard it told, but I don't know whether it is so.

"This chap waited till he saw a man buy a ticket to Omaha; then he bought his short single trip ticket. Then he managed to sit in the same seat with the Omaha man. Taking out his pencil he asked the Omaha man to lend him his ticket for a minute—he didn't have a scrap of paper himself, and he wanted to make a few figures. The ticket was lent and the figures were made on the back of it. Then the conductor took up both tickets and then the man without a cent went forward to the smoking car.

"The conductor remembered him and later charged him with trying to go away West on a short-trip ticket.

"'But,' said the man without a cent, 'I gave you a ticket to Omaha, and you gave me a check. If you'll look through your tickets you'll find mine with some figures on the back of it.'

"Sure enough, the conductor found the ticket, and he had to carry the man through to the end of his run, but he was short one ticket, and he felt sure he'd been done.

"You probably have never heard that a year or two later the man without a cent, having made money meanwhile, hunted up that same conductor and made good to him? No? Neither have I, and I wouldn't believe it if I had."

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In Joyous Jersey.

A little girl living in Jersey
Used to put on her clothes topsy-turvey,
Till her ma, in despair,
Cried out: "I declare
This child ought to be dressed in kersey."

Secret Explosive of Japanese

Dr. Shimose Worked Eleven Years on the Powder That Bears His Name.

Correspondence Chicago Chronicle.

TOKIO, July 20.—While the whole world is filled with amazement and even consternation at the victorious arms of Japan alike on land and sea, few people give a thought to the wonderful powder known as "shimose" after its ingenious and expert chemist-inventor, which has wrought such terrific havoc among the hosts of imperial Russia.

As all the world knows, every nation has its own pet rifle for the army, and its peculiar theories about naval ordnance also. Germany swears by her Mauser, England has Lee-Enfield, and so on. Similarly every nation has its own "high explosive," the British cordite, the French melinite, etc. In all cases the various government chemists pursue their investigations and experiments in absolute secrecy.

An Unknown Power.

As in all other departments of Japan's wonderful work, an all but impenetrable veil of secrecy has been drawn over the investigations and even the personality of her chemist in explosives, Dr. Gian Shimose. He was born in the very humblest circumstances in the province of Hiroshima some 47 years ago, when railways and regular steamers were practically unknown in the island empire. And yet as a youth Shimose determined to make his way to the capital, although it is over 450 miles from his native village in Hiroshima to Tokio.

That his plans were already full developed in his mind will be seen from the fact that on reaching the Japanese capital he was able to pass a fairly stiff examination at once and forthwith gained the first round in the battle of his life by entering the imperial university—surely one of the most go-ahead academical institutions in the world, not even excepting Yale, Harvard and Columbia.

But his studies in the home village were necessarily limited for want of books, and now on arrival in the great, rambling, teeming City of Tokio we find Shimose compelled to beg and borrow textbooks from ex-students, who took pity on him and he has been known to stay up whole nights copying some of these by hand in order that the books themselves might be faithfully returned to their owners in the shortest possible time.

His Indomitable Spirit.

It is no exaggeration to say that young Shimose quite commonly felt the pinch of actual starvation. Certain it is he was ordinarily without the few coppers necessary for the barber or the bath man! It need hardly be said that the future hero of his country passed every examination with perfect precision; yet, strange to say, after graduating with the highest honors, he could find no better employment than assistant in a humble printing office at wages which appear to us simply laughable—something under ten shillings a week!

But even in those days of obscurity Shimose's restless spirit was casting about for openings for his ability. He was wondering what destiny had mapped out for him, and had, moreover, a craze for "bettering himself" that would have done credit to a conscientious city clerk. He became so skillful in the printing office that it suddenly occurred to him he might get employment from the government in this way, and at length, after many demonstrations of his ability, he was given, on trial, a somewhat responsible position in the government printing works at Tokio.

It was at this stage of his career that Shimose turned his thoughts to invention, and, naturally enough, he began operations in connection with his own employment. After many experiments he succeeded in producing the curious ink which is now used in Japan for bank notes and paper money generally, and which renders forgery and alteration practically impossible. The secret, like all Japanese secrets, was so well kept that the productions of the very ablest counterfeiters were instantly detected.

It was while employed in the government printing works that Shimose turned his attention to naval and military implements of all kinds, offensive and defensive. He was brought into contact with the naval and military officers, both foreign and native, and began to discuss eagerly with them the components of the various high explosives used throughout the world.

Best Not Good Enough.

He soon saw that most of the smokeless powder of the world—and, indeed, also the Japanese service powder in use at that time, and known as "men kayaku"—had very serious defects. The "men kayaku" had been adopted by the Japanese government as a kind of compromise, and it certainly possessed the best qualities and fewest defects of all the service powders of Great Britain, France, Germany and Russia. Unfortunately, when dry the slightest concussion was apt to set it off, and it was found absolutely necessary by the then war chemist of Japan to add at least 20 per cent of moisture to it if it were to be considered at all safe.

But, like all high explosives, the stuff was extremely capricious and delicate, and the slightest excess of moisture caused it to become entirely nonexplosive. It was also very delicate to keep, and in a year would dry up completely. In some respects the "men kayaku" resembled the American "geraltine," which is tremendous in power but is apt to get frozen in very cold weather, and this fact has brought about very terrible tragedies in mines and elsewhere.

After a time Japan grew extremely dissatisfied with her service powder, and began to make inquiries about American "moshlite," French "melinite" and the "loplit" of Germany. Dr. Shimose one day resolved to devote himself entirely to the production of a new powder which should be as perfect as it was humanly possible to make it. He would, he said to himself, devote years to the work if necessary.

To the writer, who met him recently in Sasebo, the great naval arsenal of Japan, the doctor declared modestly that he had spent "a little over 11 years" in producing the terrible explosive which now bears his name. He is an exceedingly modest little man, this war chemist of Japan; and not for himself, but from high government officials, was I able to learn that he was in the habit of spending entire days and nights in his laboratory working year after year upon his powder.

On one occasion he was nearly blinded for life by a premature explosion during one of his experiments. Very frequently his hands and fingers were dreadfully burned, but nothing ever seemed to turn him from his purpose, and at length, when the new famous "shimose powder" was a perfect chemical compound, he took it modestly to his government, with results now known to all the world.

American Scenery and Its Influence

Continued From Page Thirty-Eight.

tect has flung universal castles, domes and turrets of palace and tower in infinite disorder, and then throw the radiant prismatics of the spectroscope over it all.

Do not say you have seen scenery unless you have seen American scenery. Here it rises to its loftiest perfection in moods of solemn vastness or quiet grace. Come up along this Western coast as a climax of all. Here by the Pacific, nature revels all its glory, here every wild antic of nature has found full vent. This is indeed the end of the world—the last show on earth.

The Southern Coast.

Think of that charming Summerland of Southern California, that land where the sun-kissed hills and valleys are ever changing into the commerce of beauty. There where paradise is being restored among the palms and pomegranates, where a scorlated Campagna vaster than many Italys is blooming like the rose. There the trees of life bear their fruit literally every month, and the traveling nations have found healing in the leaves that shade this orange-groved Eden. There, too, have the endless processions brought the glory and honor and wealth of nations.

Again These Cascades.

This whole Western range with its mighty sentinel peaks containeth glories and wonders undreamed of by the world. Let me tell again of the silent hall of Mount Mazama, just below us here. Here is that old volcano into whose open crater you can fling Vesuvius out of sight. To have once looked into this almighty vortex where blue heavens are repeated a mile below your feet, is worth several journeys around the globe. From this terrible sanctuary of silence, this shrine of the gods, even the redman stands aloof in dreadful awe. Sometime millions will have seen it and been hushed. I am glad I saw it and slept upon its brink many moons before the trail grew wide enough for two. Floating there in the deep night shadows of Wizard Island one hears the voice of God. But let no reckless foot venture the inner sanctuary, lest he be hurled into the unknown forever that reigns down there in the lower blue, which looks the upturned dome of the universe.

My Cathedral Vision.

Come again and stand yonder at the meeting of these great waters; look up at these five enormous fields of snow, held miles toward heaven, and somehow, divinity is enshrined about you. Thank God these awful scenes cannot be marred by man's folly. Man is insignificant here, and so vast are these, man can only worship in silence, and that silence is so intense it cannot be broken. Like St. Peter's in Rome, which is so vast no audience can perceptibly fill it, so standing there man seems but a moment in eternity.

The coming of the millions of earth to worship here in all the years hence can never crowd the corridors and aisles of this universal cathedral. This old Columbia Cathedral, whose ether blue vault is supported by these spiritual snow-white columns. These manifestations of divine purity.

Behold a never ceasing processional and recessional that shall in all the coming years move up and down that enchanted transept that cuts its way through this range. In the Columbia gorge can be seen and felt all varieties of the Divine Architecture. Behold unmeasured architraves and terminating cornices, towering spires, or lofty vaults and domes with arches and flying buttresses in endless array. Vast and impenetrable niches where stand millions of unapproachable forms and spirits chiselled and painted here by the God of Ages. To complete the cathedral effect, unnumbered hexagonal organ pipes are full of the music of silence, blending ever with the vox-angelic of a thousand vapory waterfalls.

Standing there at the eastern portal of our continent wait the multitude audiences whom no man can number, to be guided through this cathedral aisle. Here where the dusky race are vanishing toward the sunset, will come the paleface in his turn to worship in stillness and pass out into the unknown sea beyond.

Desecrations.

The advertising fiend is abroad in the land. Let every true American that loves Nature refuse to purchase anything whose God-defying advertisements now ruin hundreds of miles of lovely fen and moor. These beauty-hating men of board and brush, would daub the white throne with some brand of whisky and tobacco and drive the angels out of heaven with distraction.

Let railroads use their great power to save us from this unmitigated prostitution. I insist the eye is more sensitive than throat or nostril, and if our boards of health prosecute when food is polluted, then why pure scenery be polluted, and none protest, nor find redress. Must the vast army who pay to view and adore the landscapes be forced to ride in wrath between sky-high boards on either side of your train, and read and reread, for a thousand miles, of some brand of emetic nicotine, until he turns pale and pulls the curtain down to prevent sickness.

Any man who allows these advertisements on his buildings or fields, is only thereby advertising himself as very cheap. Wanting in all the refinements of Nature.

Value to Scenery Merchants.

Let us keep American scenery as the greatest asset the country has. If it has been worth $50,000,000 to New Hampshire alone in ten years, then calculate its value from a continental basis.

Above 14,000 people visited the wilderness of Yellowstone Park last year, while some days 20,000 people walk the streets of Southern California, all of whom are guests of travel, and the mountains of Colorado are ever filled with happy pilgrims. The number that visited the Colorado Canyon reveal the following remarkable increase:

1900	812	1903	12,704
1901	2,992	1904	15,985
1902	6,608		

This amazing increase illustrates in one concrete case what I have found all over the continent, but have not time to tell. These are only characteristic of the present interest in our unique scenery, and ten years hence it will bother the railroads to transport the scenery lover.

The whole world is coming to see this continent. The whole East is coming to see the wonderful West. If the old Baltimore & Ohio could advertise its crooks and turns as worth the time of travelers to come and see, then this continent has an inexhaustible world of wildest beauty in crooks and turns of hill and vale, increasing ever as you come westward. Westward the course of empire takes its way, and let me dedicate my verse to this Columbia River region, down whose gorgeous gorge came Lewis and Clark 100 years ago, in whose honor we are celebrating in this Exhibition City.

His Only Opportunity.

Philadelphia Ledger.

"Little boy," said a gentleman, "why do you carry that umbrella over your head? It's not raining."

"No."

"And the sun is not shining."

"No."

"Then why do you carry it?"

"'Cause when it rains pa wants it, and when the sun shines ma uses it, and it's only this kind of weather that I can get to use it at all."