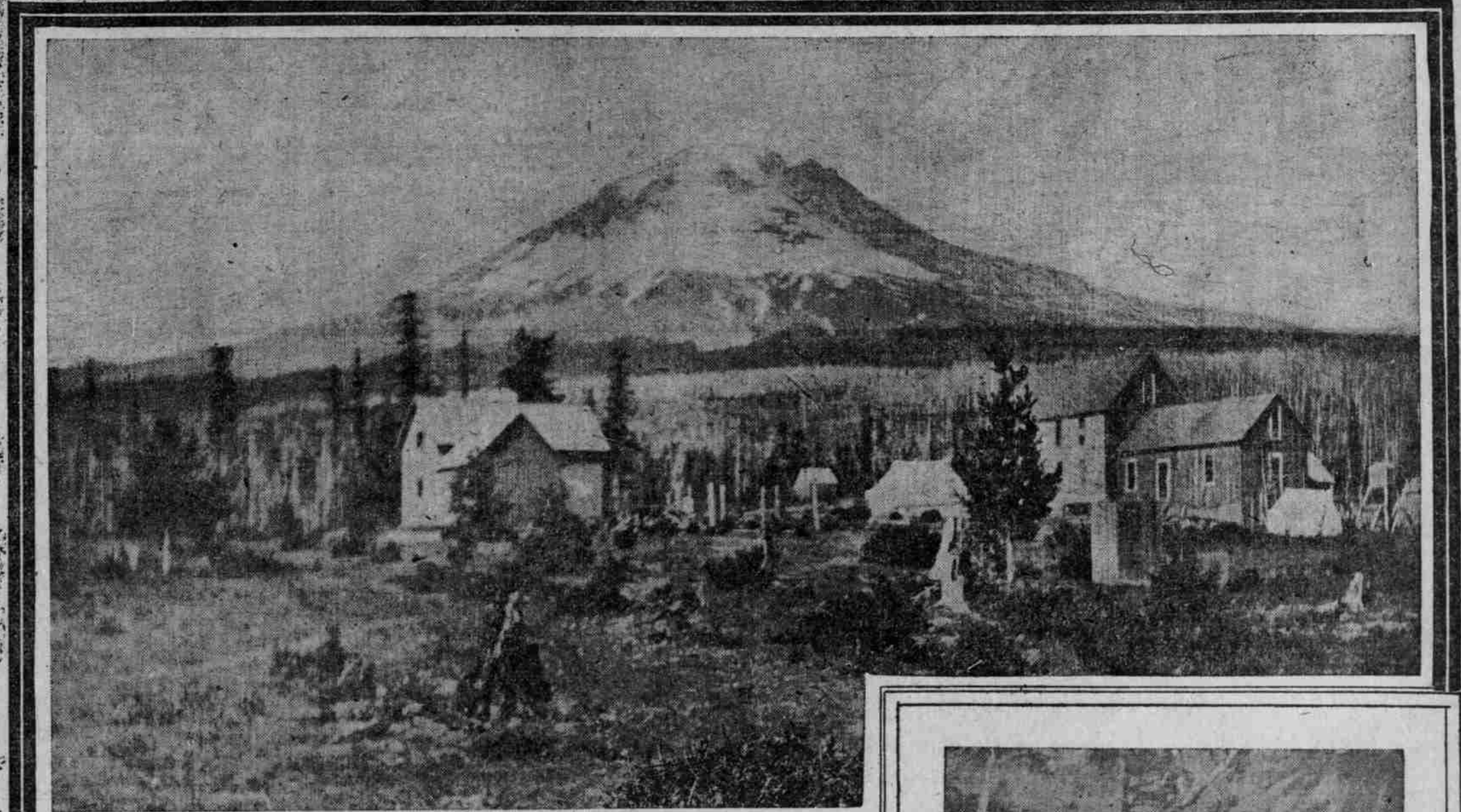
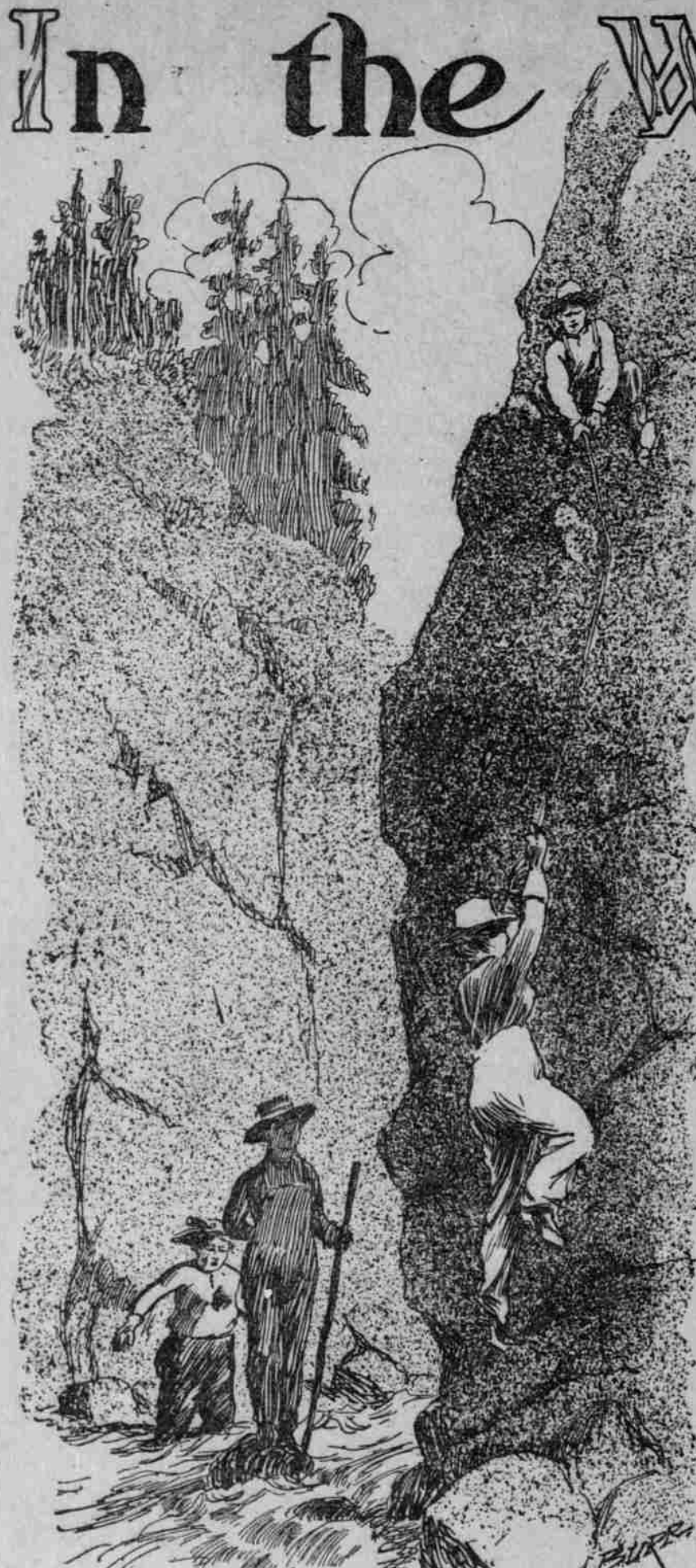


In the Wilds of Clackamas

Expedition to Secure Photographs of Salmon River Falls Successful Despite Great Obstacles

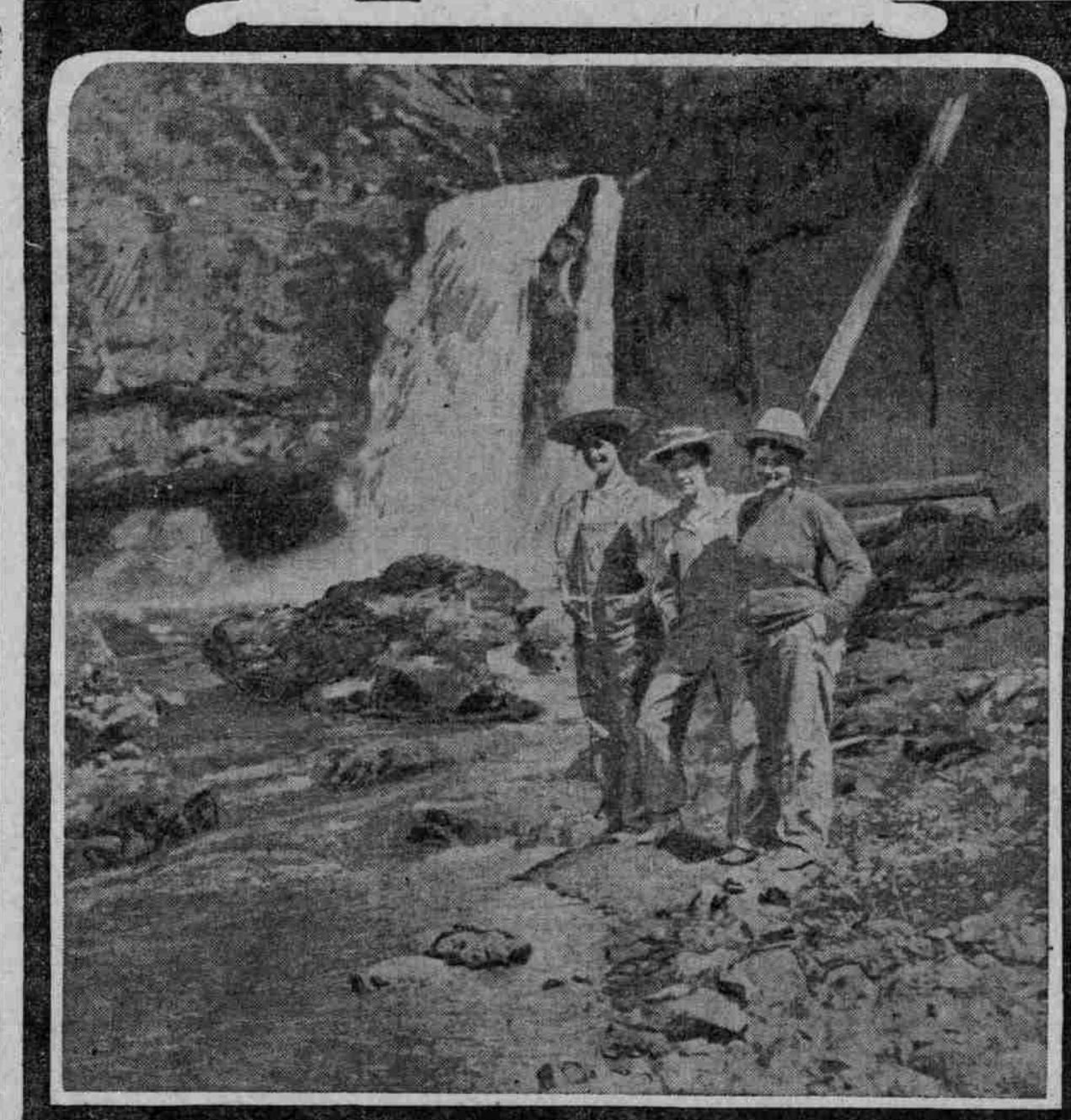
These Women—the First to Endure Such Hardships—Prove to be Plucky Climbers



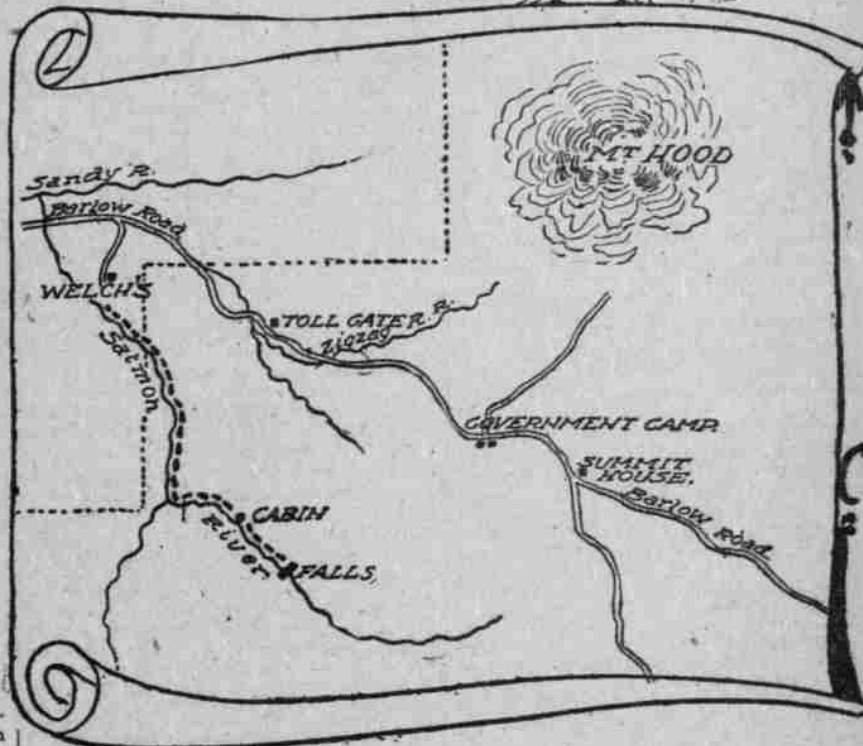
GOVERNMENT CAMP SOUTH BASE OF MT. HOOD. Photos by F.A. Rasch.



THE EXPLORING PARTY



THE ONLY WOMEN WHO EVER REACHED SALMON RIVER FALLS.



IF ANY Portlander believes that the unexplored country is confined to the wilds of Africa or the interior of Asia, all he has to do is to penetrate to the Upper Salmon River country and try to seek out spots there where hardly a single human foot has ever trod. He will find wild, inaccessible country where there is no sign of trail or habitation; where only the wildcat and the bear roam unmolested.

A party of Portland people had an experience in exploration this summer during a vacation spent at Welch's, on Salmon River, that proves how wild a country is within striking distance from Portland.

People camped at Welch's heard of a mysterious waterfall in Salmon River 10 miles to the south which had been seen by white men but twice. These reports have been told by Indians to old settlers. Plucky fishermen with trout rods have succeeded in reaching a point in the Salmon River Canyon a mile or so from the falls, but could get no further. The high cliffs and gorges through which the river pours resisted any assaults made upon them. Hunters going after deer and elk have reached points where they could hear the rushing waterfall, but could never reach it.

So far as known, the party of Portlanders is the first which has ever succeeded in overcoming the obstacles Nature has placed to guard this beautiful waterfall. The Portland party is the first which took women into this little-known and seldom-penetrated country. Portland women were the first of their sex to see the falls.

John Roberts of Gresham, who has hunted elk in the region of the Salmon River Falls for 40 years, has never caught a glimpse of them and he was never able to get near them. Yet his curiosity has led him to try many times.

Invaded by Railroad.

Last year the Mount Hood Railway & Power Company had to build a trail to carry supplies to its surveyors, and this trail runs to within one mile of the falls. Beyond the trail's end is untraced wilderness, with thick timber and underbrush, while the country is very rough. Mountains, cliffs, boulders, fallen logs and rapid streams all combine to repel the explorer.

To give an idea of the difficulties of penetrating this wild jungle, it took 20 men a week to cut out one mile of the trail built by the Mount Hood Company. Since the trail was built, parts of it have been washed away and obstructed by storms and falling timber.

Credit for the successful trip of the summer should be given to C. W. Kern, of Welch's Camp, a guide who knows that country thoroughly. It was he who proposed taking women to the Salmon River Falls, something never before accomplished.

First Exploration Party.

On the morning of August 23, a party consisting of Guide C. W. Kern, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Rasch, 1818 Twentieth street; Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Compton, 520 East Alder street, and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph O'Connor, 723 East Ankeny street, started from Welch's, mounted on Indian ponies and taking two pack horses with supplies. The first objective point was the lonely cabin at the end of the trail built by the Mount Hood Company. This was made without mishap by noon. Here the party rested for the remainder of the day, the men fishing and the guide making such preparations as he could for the rough work ahead.

Early the next morning the start was made for the falls. The country traveled was most difficult. Although the falls are only a mile above the cabin, it took half a day to make that distance. The party followed the river in a general way, but often the bed

of the stream would have to be crossed and recrossed, and very frequently big boulders and cliffs would make further progress along the stream impossible. Detours through the most dense brush and over the very roughest rocks and big boulders would be necessary.

Alpine Climbing.

Everyone worked like a Trojan. Foot-holds often had to be dug before the party could pass. The rope was freely used until the trip partook of the nature of a difficult mountain ascent. Long poles were frequently resorted to for help in crossing treacherous sliding rocks.

At times the party would despair of ever reaching such a difficult goal and the members would be on the point of giving up the undertaking. But the guide urged them again and again to have courage and press on.

At one point, where it would have been utterly impossible to have scaled a high cliff otherwise, a giant fir tree had fallen from the mountain above and the roots still caught on the cliffs above. This saved the day, for the party would have had to turn back had not this tree been made to serve as a ladder, up which the whole party scrambled. Those behind boosted those ahead until all were up, steps having been chopped to aid in the climb.

When this fir tree was reached, the ladies balked. They did not care to risk life and limb in attempting such a difficult climb. But by the urging of Guide Kern, they were persuaded to press on and reached the top in safety. The women feared they would not be able to descend by the same way, but this was safely accomplished also.

When the falls were finally reached, the sight was found to be well worth the hardships of the trip. The whole river was precipitated sheer over the cliff about 50 feet high. The mountains towered perpendicularly on every side. It was a magnificent sight and the women enjoyed it all the more keenly from the fact that they were the first to ever reach this point.

In the basin below the falls were innumerable mountain trout. Two of the men in the party brought fishpoles and they cast their flies into the pool. The fishy beauties were quick to respond and the fishermen said afterward that it was a shame to catch the fish. It was no easy task.

Behind the falls is a cavern 20 to 30 feet deep, and about 15 feet high. This extends across the falls in a crescent shape over 100 feet. The cavern has apparently been worn away by the falling water.

The return to the cedar cabin at the end of the trail, where the horses had been left, was no less an undertaking than the journey up the river in the morning, and when the explorers reached it again, it was quite dark, and all were thoroughly tired out. They threw themselves into the bunks in the cabin filled with fir boughs and slept like dead.

The return was made to Welch's the next day.

An incident of the strenuous trip was a slight attack of ptomaine poisoning experienced by several members of the party, which did not, however, result seriously.

All declared the rough experience was well worth the trouble, and it is likely they will try the same trip next summer, as nearly all who went this year make it a practice to spend the summer at Welch's.

Photographing Under Stress.

"How did you manage to carry your camera on that climb?" asked an Oregonian reporter of Mr. Rasch, who is an amateur photographer of note.

"To be inebriated with a heavy camera when one is using every fiber

of his muscle to make a dangerous climb as this, is no pleasure," he answered. "You strap it to your back, and every shrub and tangle pulls and bundles it about your body until you wonder at your stupidity in attempting to carry anything with you. Your hat is too much, a cot impossible; why, then, just for the mere sake of a picture, should a camera be a member of the party? It had to be petted and cared for; on the descents of the rocky slides it had to be shifted and tenderly handled; around the treacherous cliffs it had to be passed from hand to hand. You stand hundreds of feet above the roaring waters and the fear of losing limb or life sets every nerve on tension. Why does one with rash decision desire to heave camera and

all to the depths below? And again you hesitate. So far I have carried it, why should I acknowledge defeat? Exhaustion says, 'Throw it overboard.' Pride says, 'Don't be a quitter.' And so at every hazardous approach these moments came and were conquered.

"When the falls were reached, and fast gave your eyes to see and nerves to enthrall your brain to enjoy such a

sight, then were you thankful that your camera companionship was a reality and a view of such grandeur the possibility of friends to enjoy. I had no tripod, and the darkened depths of the canyon made me doubt the speed of my lens to catch the falls

with an instantaneous snap. However, I tried, and 'made good.' Climbing boulders and fallen logs, I succeeded in obtaining some good views and groups. Placing the camera on a large rock and focusing, I had Guide Kern snap one of the entire party."

Why Hair Turns Gray

ALTHOUGH usually regarded as a sign of age, gray hair, or canities, as it is called in the language of medicine, is not always so. It may appear early in life, even in the teens. In that case it usually affects young women rather than young men.

A peculiarity about the gray hair of the young is that it is almost always entirely white, and becomes so suddenly. All the hairs are equally affected, and one seldom sees the mixed color, or iron gray, so common in those of middle or advanced age.

Sometimes in the young, even in children, there is one gray lock like an island in the sea of normally colored hair about it. This is usually a family peculiarity, occurring in one generation after the other.

The cause of the hair turning gray is something that puzzles the doctors. The color of the hair is due to the deposit of pigment in the interior of each hair, and graysness follows the loss of this pigment. That is self-evident, but the puzzle is what causes the pigment to disappear. Some have believed that it is due to the drying of the hair, which causes a shrinkage of its fibers, and so allows the entrance of air bubbles, the refraction of light from which then gives the white appearance.

The proof which is adduced in support of this belief is that if a gray hair is put into the receiver of an air pump and the air is then exhausted, the color of the hair may return more or less completely.

Metchnikoff, the famous bacteriologist, says the cause of graysness is the penetration into the hair of wandering cells, resembling the white blood corpuscles. These cells, assisted by other cells, the aggregation of which makes the hair, seize upon the granules of pigment and destroy them.

Nearly every one has read of instances of the sudden bleaching of the hair—even in a single night—under the influence of fear, grief or some other intense mental emotion. That such cases have occurred is undoubted, but the explanation by either of the theories above mentioned is difficult.

There is no cure for gray hair so far as is known. The use of curling irons is said to retard its formation; perhaps, if Metchnikoff is right, by destroying the activity of the cells which consume the pigment.

Heaviest Elk Is Married.

Exchange.

W. T. Brinson, weighing 585 pounds, has married Lucie Allen, 105 pounds, at Waycross, Ga. Brinson is said to be the heaviest Elk in the world.

Occupation for Diseased

(Vienna Correspondence in the Pall Mall Gazette.)

SOME interesting experiments conducted at the state institution at Mauer Oehling have completely demonstrated the great value of work as a means of healing in various forms of chronic illness, especially in mental and nervous disorders, alcoholism and epilepsy.

Under the supervision of Dr. Starlinger, the chief of the institution, no less than 64 per cent of the patients are engaged in some kind of occupation. The majority are employed in farm, dairy and garden work, while others turn their attention to mechanical trades, including the production of a newspaper, which is printed and also largely written by the inmates.

It has been found that the mentally affected and those suffering from alcoholism make the most willing and efficient workers. Work has a quieting influence and renders the patients much more satisfied.

The favorable effect on their physical condition is shown from the fact that the number of deaths from tuberculosis have steadily decreased since the introduction of the work treatment, although the number of patients has constantly increased.

One other good effect of the work treatment is that the general public are found to lose much of their dread of asylums when they see the patients engaged in some useful occupation.

Advertisement in the London Chronicle: "Scully maid, wages £10, annual rise; gold watch end of five years; testimonials preferred. Address," etc.