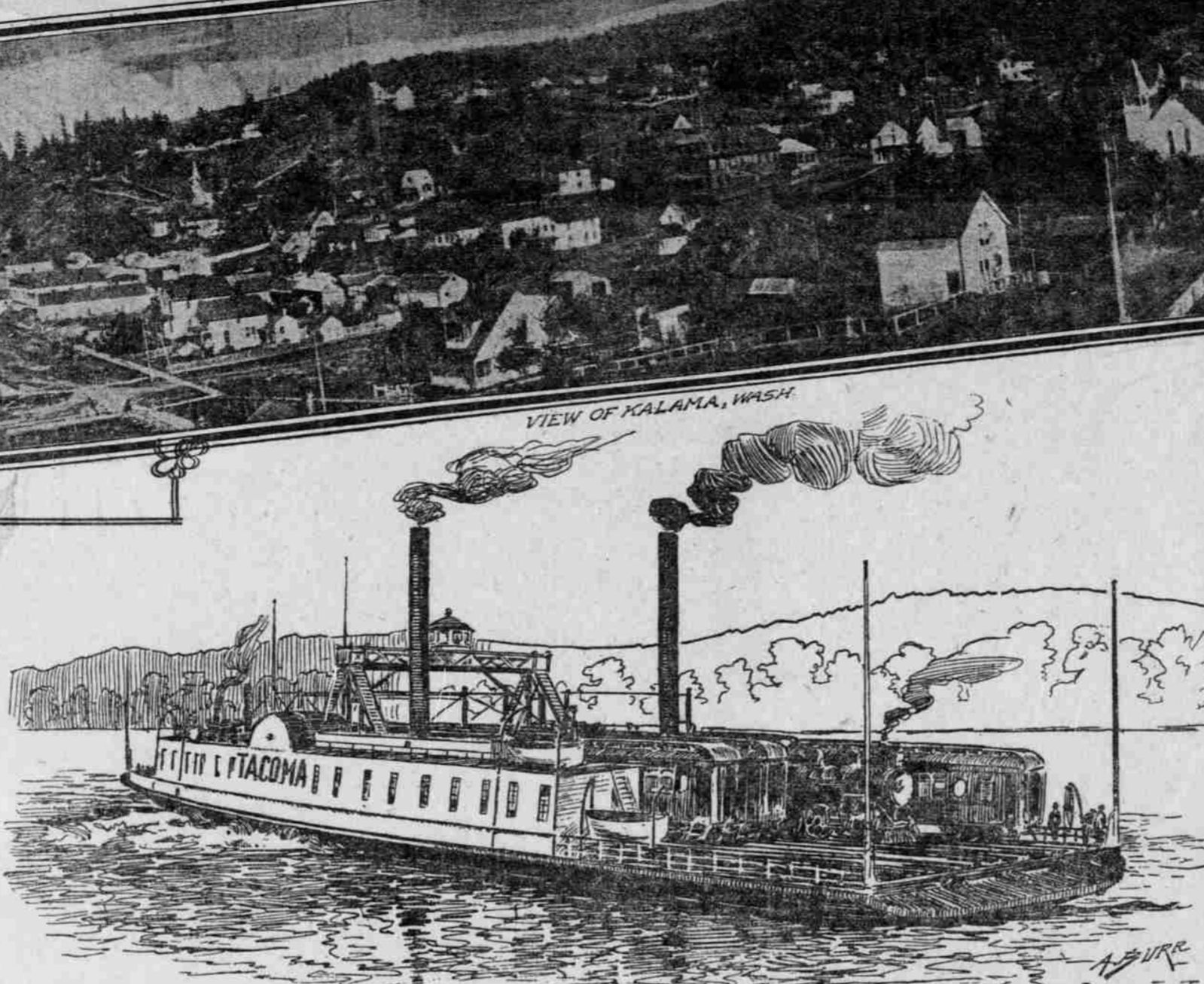


PASSING of the BIG TRANSFER BOAT

AFTER SERVICE OF A QUARTER OF A CENTURY THE STEAMER TACOMA TO BE DRIVEN OFF THE COLUMBIA BY THE MARCH OF IMPROVEMENT



WITH the completion of the bridge at Vancouver in June and the one across the Willamette at an early date will go the Northern Pacific's transfer boat Tacoma at Kalama, Wash., at least as far as transferring freight and passengers across the Columbia is concerned.

Time and modern methods eliminate many things but none hardly more imposing, useful and majestic than this transfer boat, and yet the building of these two great bridges at Vancouver and St. John renders her a useless thing to be cast aside as an impediment to modern progress.

Built and put into commission more than a quarter of a century ago she has faithfully responded to the will of man for all these years, never missing a trip across the river unless hindered by some outside agency.

Day after day and night after night has this faithful carrier of human freight made her trips, the traffic ever increasing, till during the Lewis and Clark Fair her capacity was tested to the utmost. Not waiting on either side of the river a minute over the actual time it took to unload the trains, her three crews were kept busy taking one train over and bringing another one back. The time consumed in making this trip of two miles was cut down to the limit and where, heretofore, 20 minutes had been consumed to cross the Columbia, but ten were now used. A freight or passenger was always waiting for a chance to cross and not many minutes was the boat idle from the opening to the closing of the fair.

To the citizens of Kalama she is a thing of life, a factor entering into the daily routine of the town. This little city has always known her and many of the younger generation were born and reared in hearing of its whistle. They know no more familiar sight than her smokestacks looming up at the slip or her steaming across the Columbia, and when the first faint intimation was breathed that two great bridges were to be built that would carry traffic 60 miles to the south and that the time had come when the "Transfer" would be no more, there were none to believe; it could not be. It was impossible that a thing that had cost so much, had had spent on it so much for repairs, could be given over for the sake of cutting down the time to Portland some 20 minutes.

But time went on and rumors were rife. Although but rumors they had an ominous sound to those interested in the welfare of Kalama, and it was put down by every inhabitant of the city that it was a dream never to be realized. The river was too wide, too deep and too swift. The Government, even, would not allow it and no franchise could be had for right of way across. The interest on

the money used to build the bridges would keep the Transfer in repair and pay all expenses for years to come. But all this argument was useless. The cutting of 20 minutes from Seattle to Portland was a great thing, and the hauling of wheat over the North Bank, over these bridges into Portland was a greater, and while traffic was increasing by leaps and bounds and the freight handled from the inland Empire alone was as great as the Transfer would, in a few years, he wholly inadequate.

Finally huge timbers were being shipped through Kalama for Vancouver. Great stacks, all of a uniform size, filled flatcars, all speeding to the city to the south. Then the first iron structural work of the bridge passed by and Kalama began to realize. Some, too, had been to Vancouver and came back saying that work had actually begun on the bridge. "Not it could not be; and not till the third pier was well under way did the citizens of the little town believe that it was so. Then they woke to the realization that the Transfer was doomed, a thing that was a part of their daily life, of their very sustenance was to be wrested from them as a result of the onrushing tide of improvement and advancement, and this realization spurred the citizens of the place to action, that something had to be done to take the place of this great bulk of machinery that supported half the people of the town. They rose to the occasion and how well they met this obligation was a credit to the place; but that

is another story. As it said however, that other industries will spring up that will more than compensate the loss of the ferry.

But two captains have had charge of the Transfer since it was put into commission. Captain Gore was its first master and served as such more than 20 years. He died just before the Lewis and Clark Fair, the new captain, Thomas Popham, taking charge just as the heavy travel began to the fair in 1905. This was the heaviest business done during the lifetime of the boat.

As many as 40 trains were handled a day. The passenger trains were run in two sections consisting of 12 cars each, running about one-half hour apart. This gave the ferry time to cross with the first section and return before the second section arrived. This was so planned that trains leaving Portland arrived at Kalama about the time the Eastern trains arrived at Kalama, so that the ferry after landing the first section of the Eastern train, brought back the first section of the Portland train, thus loading four trains of 12 cars each in the space of one hour, a total of 24 trains every 24 hours and a total of some 15,000 passengers. Besides the passenger trains there were the freight trains and fruit express which made up a total of 40 trains a day amounting to 500 cars handled in a single day.

In all this time no accidents of any kind

occurred, and no train was delayed beyond the actual time it took to cross the river. * * * During the flood of 1894, when the track between Portland and Goble was inundated, a train was put temporarily on the transfer and trips were made between Kelso, 12 miles north of Kalama and Portland, the passengers being transferred to the train on board the ferry and then again to the trains at either end of the route, the distance being 22 miles between the two stations. The advent of the Transfer daily at its dock in Portland brought out the people by the hundreds to view the strange sight. No accidents occurred during this time, although on June 2, 1894, a cyclonic wind hit Portland just as the Transfer was due to leave. The hundreds that were watching the boat as it swung from her moorings and headed down stream expected to see her driven against the bridge, but Captain Gore took her safely through, although the wind was blowing a gale never before experienced in Portland. These trips continued during all the flooded period which lasted four weeks, when the train was taken off and the boat resumed her old course between Kalama and Goble some the worse for her daily trips amounting to over 100 miles a day.

Although no accidents of a serious nature have ever happened to the boat itself, there have occurred accidents of different kinds to both freight and passenger trains while stationed on it. Several years ago one engine of a freight train

was shoved off the ferry into the river, but no one was hurt. Several months later another engine was shoved off in like manner, the fireman who was supposed to be feeding the fire at the time, going off with a great scar on the forehead showed he was probably killed before falling into the river. The engine were afterward recovered. Boxes have been pushed off on one or two occasions, but the death of the fireman was the most serious accident ever occurring on the Transfer.

Captain Popham has three bright children and when he took command of the ship he was obliged to spend all his time aboard. He therefore moved his family onto the vessel, giving up a neat home on the hill for one on the water. The children thus exchanged a playground of grass and gravel for one of comparatively cramped quarters on the ferry, where hard steel rails, three tracks of them, drew down the hot sun in Summer and the damp blasts of Winter.

There are not many children that live in two different states continuously as these three do. They attend school on the Washington side, but when at home their time is almost equally divided between two different states. They may begin their dinner in Washington and finish in Oregon. They may go to bed in Washington and cross over into Oregon several times before they awaken. If



CAPTAIN POPHAM, WIFE AND THREE CHILDREN

the school bell rings in Washington and the ferry is in Oregon, 30 chances to 1, they will be late, but provision is made for this and they are not counted tardy. To look at the vessel as it lies at the slip she appears a chunk of broad dimensions and almost 400 feet in length. One would not imagine she held anything but machinery, but there is a kitchen, a dining-room where hundreds are fed every week, several living rooms, and quarters for the men employed, on the boat.

The Captain's quarters are spacious, well lighted and catch the fresh breeze from the river. These cosy rooms are in direct contrast to the rest of the boat which is built for utility and usage of the hardest kind, and only this partition separates the cold outside from the cosy interiors.

To most housekeepers the larder is the most interesting of all on the boat. One entire side from floor to ceiling is given up to canned goods—fruits canned on the boat in big two quart glass jars, and

from fruits bought of the farmers living near. Hams by the dozen, sugar and beans by the sack, crates of eggs and lard by the barrel shows there is always a plenty at hand as is also everything else in the line of cooking and housekeeping.

Thomas Popham, master of the Tacoma, was born in Ireland. He came to the Coast in 1872 and lived awhile at Coos Bay. He has spent the past 20 years on the Columbia on various vessels, being on the Tacoma 17 years.

He has having built a substantial residence at Thirtieth and Hancock streets, Portland, Or., and will go there when his services on the Transfer are no longer needed.

The crew of the Tacoma consists of 21 men. There are four engineers and five firemen; master, mate, first and second officers and 11 deck hands. It is reported the Transfer will be sent to some Sound port after the middle of August. KALAMA, Wash., July 21.

Imprisoned in Boiler With Fire Under it.

TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE OF A YOUNG MAN WHO FACED AN AWFUL DEATH BY INCINERATION

A PLAIN working man, a boiler-maker, recently passed through so terrible an experience down in Arkansas that the imaginary scenes of horror as portrayed by such a writer of fiction as Victor Hugo pale before it. This man, who survived being locked inside a boiler while the center was turned on and a fire built beneath him, is gray and wan and haggard while yet in his youth.

Arthur McDonald, the man in the case, took a train at Baltimore last week bound for Colorado. He has tried an ocean voyage and will add to it a sojourn in the Rockies in an attempt to recuperate from his wretched death. He told his own story as a plain unimaginative man would tell it, and the telling took but half the time of the railroad journey between Baltimore and Washington.

"I am 24 years of age and for the last three years have been employed as a boiler-maker, principally in railroad shops. I learned my trade when quite young, and, though fully aware of the dangers of a boiler-maker's life, I never once dreamed of the awful experience I would go through or I should never have attempted to drive a rivet. The experience to which I refer occurred four months ago below Hope, Ark. A new set of boilers had been put in and negro firemen were called upon to attend to them. They soon got out of order and the foreman sent all the way to Pine Bluff to get a boiler-maker. There were none available there except those in the railway shops there. As a pretty good sum was offered, I laid off from my regular work and decided to make a few extra dollars. This try came near being the end of me.

Caused by Workmen's Mistake. "When I reached the sawmill I found the boilers in a bad fix. The flues were choked and needed reaming badly. In

addition they were soaked on the inside, and as there was not enough help to be had I decided to go into the boilers myself and chisel off some of the caked matter while the negroes were reaming out the flues.

"This worked all right on the first boiler and I soon had it in good shape. I then went to the second boiler and found it choked with scale. I struck and finished reaming out the boiler, and replaced the manhole on the first, fill it with water and fire up for a test.

"I went down on the inside and found the second boiler's flues in an especially bad condition. I must have worked for an hour and was so busy I did not notice that the noise of the reaming had ceased until I was nearly through. My first intimation that anything was wrong came when the candle began to burn dim and the boiler seemed full of candle gas and smoke. I turned around to see what the matter was and to my horror saw that the manhole cover had been replaced.

"I crawled along the flues as fast as I could until I had reached the spot and tried to push the manhole cover up, but I was too late. The workmen had crowded it down firmly. I struck one side of the boiler with my hammer and called repeatedly. The sound was almost deafening to me, but I am sure it was hardly heard outside. It then flashed over me that the men had mistaken me and were preparing to make a fire under the second boiler instead of the first.

Lost His Only Light. "The horror of my situation caused me to feel sick for a moment, but I realized that if there was anything to be done it must be done at once, so I crawled along the rust-covered flues to the end of the boiler. In doing this I accidentally knocked over my candle and put it out. With a cry of anguish I reached for it, but it had fallen down among the flues and was out of my reach for good.

"I was gone and never before have I seen such darkness as surrounded me.

"I had not calculated correctly on the time, for the water had been coming in several minutes before I noticed it. I could feel it creeping up among the flues. For a moment I stopped and, I am not ashamed to admit it, prayed earnestly for deliverance from the awful fate that confronted me.

"After an agony of suspense I heard the water shut off with a gurgle that sounded to me like the voice of some demon bent upon devouring me. I attempted to jump up, but struck my head a severe blow upon the casing of the boiler, and cut a gash in my scalp, but I hardly felt it, so alarmed was I at the thought of the next step that the men would take. The fire!

"I had been fortunate enough to possess a revolver or even a pocket-knife I would have ended it all there, but I was unable to do a thing but yell and beat the sides of the boiler with all my might and main. I was forced to wait and know that under me the negroes were building a fire that would slowly roast me to death.

Terrible Mental Torture. "I cannot describe my feelings of agony during the following moments. I imagined I could feel the heat already. The atmosphere was suffocating, yet cold beads of perspiration stood out on my forehead and trickled down my spine. To me every minute was an hour.

"In a moment of desperation I seized my hammer and dealt myself a severe blow in order to stun myself, so that the last pang might not be so terrible. The blow only burst the skin and caused me additional pain. Hotter and hotter grew the flues, until I felt that I could no longer stand the agony. Strange and weird figures appeared before my vision. At last, more dead than alive, with every nerve racking with agony, I threw myself down upon the burning pipes to hasten the end. My teeth ground together like a vise as the heated iron burned my flesh. I could not have remained there over three seconds, though it seemed to me a lifetime, before I seemed to hear, as plain as I ever did in my life, the voice of a brother who died years ago. I will never understand the connection of my older brother with my deliverance, but it will always stick in my memory that it was his voice that told me the way to it. The voice sounded as if al-

ready to be used in the case of a fire.

"I had been fortunate enough to possess a revolver or even a pocket-knife I would have ended it all there, but I was unable to do a thing but yell and beat the sides of the boiler with all my might and main. I was forced to wait and know that under me the negroes were building a fire that would slowly roast me to death.

Terrible Mental Torture. "I cannot describe my feelings of agony during the following moments. I imagined I could feel the heat already. The atmosphere was suffocating, yet cold beads of perspiration stood out on my forehead and trickled down my spine. To me every minute was an hour.

"In a moment of desperation I seized my hammer and dealt myself a severe blow in order to stun myself, so that the last pang might not be so terrible. The blow only burst the skin and caused me additional pain. Hotter and hotter grew the flues, until I felt that I could no longer stand the agony. Strange and weird figures appeared before my vision. At last, more dead than alive, with every nerve racking with agony, I threw myself down upon the burning pipes to hasten the end. My teeth ground together like a vise as the heated iron burned my flesh. I could not have remained there over three seconds, though it seemed to me a lifetime, before I seemed to hear, as plain as I ever did in my life, the voice of a brother who died years ago. I will never understand the connection of my older brother with my deliverance, but it will always stick in my memory that it was his voice that told me the way to it. The voice sounded as if al-

ready to be used in the case of a fire.

ready to be used in the case of a fire.



ARTHUR McDONALD.

WHERE MOSQUITOES ARE PLAGUE

BRAZIL is handicapped in the settlement of her richest river bottom and forest districts by the presence of insect pests, which exceed in number, if not in variety and viciousness, those of any other part of the globe. There are mosquitoes of all sizes and stages of virulence.

In years gone by these insects were regarded as a mere intolerable annoyance, but modern biological research and studies in parasitism have taught that certain insects are not content with subsisting themselves off the blood of man and lower species, but that they are actually mean enough to leave behind the spores of blood parasites, which, if they were all able to accomplish their deadly work, might exterminate the mammals from the earth.

We have learned that several species of mosquito deposit germs that cause malaria in the blood of their victims, that the anopheles species deposit the germs of yellow fever, and that the sleeping sickness that is devastating sections of Africa is due to the bite of a parasite-infested fly. We also know that the cattle disease known as Texas fever is due to the bite of certain flies and ticks, and that the deadly anthrax is often communicated to men and beasts by insect bites. Thus it is gradually developing that the most dangerous enemies of men are not the beasts of prey, but creatures which were once thought insignificant.

Brazil, with an eye to the future, has made overtures to this country for the transfer of dragon flies, because these

are the most voracious consumers of mosquitoes and gnats. It develops that the "devil's darning needle," which as children we feared would sew our ears up and make us deaf, is one of the best friends of man, and that the savage beauty which makes the observer instinctively draw back from too close acquaintance has given this good friend a bad name.

A number of Columbia University students are going to try to carry some vacation money by capturing dragon flies for shipment to Brazil, where they command a fancy price.

About the only chance for a capture is when the creature first emerge from the water to transform from the pupa to the imago state. For about an hour after they emerge from their last shell they are as flabby and helpless as a June fly, their color is pale, their wings are bedraggled and they appear dead, but the sun makes their surfaces and it takes on brilliant coloring and lustre. The limp wings expand into four propellers of an efficiency that makes the highest developed gasoline engine seem a clumsy top. The hungry jaws begin to work, and the huge lower lip, that covers all the face except the two immense eyes that look in all directions at once, is gradually lowered, disclosing its armament of seizing hooks, and the creature is off like a bullet to snap up its dinner. From this time nothing slower than a stream of lightning has any business chasing a dragon fly, until the lady fly begins depositing her eggs in the submerged stalks of grass and weeds in some lake or pool.