

# END OF THE ROAD OVER THE MOUNTAINS INTO THE SIUSLAW COUNTRY

## Land of Great Beauty Where All Nature is Lavish in Her Blandishments

BY FRANK JENKINS.

THE Siuslaw country! Isn't that a name to make you push back the papers on the desk, and use unforgotten language about business, and go out on the street and stand in front of the gun stores, and gaze hungrily at the sporting paraphernalia displayed there? And if you are a half-baked hunter-foot, just long enough out from the level monotony of the Middle West to have fallen deeply in love with the dreamy, smoke-haunted mountains that ring our Oregon valleys round, the chances are a hundred to one in favor of your consulting business-to-well, to the rest of the office force, and taking the trail.

The Siuslaw country! There is a tang of mountain and wilderness to the words that calls to a man's blood. Ever since I first heard the words, I have been answering the call; straining at the chords in the mornings when the fresh breath of the fir comes down from the canyons and across the fields into the town, and longing to be away in the big woods with no cares but wood and water, and a place to pitch the tent. A few days ago, it came too strong to be resisted, and my father, brother, uncle and I made our preparations.

Stern circumstances compelled this time that the trip be a short one, so we loaded light. The stage offers the easiest and most accessible way of reaching the country, but it is too swift, too business like, too much in a hurry. It tolerates no lolling by the way, no pausing where the road swings around a hill and tilting your eyes and feasting your soul with a vista of timbered mountains and twisting, churning river, no stopping and exploring a canyon that leads back into the mystery and darkness of the hills. No stage for us! We loaded a light two-wheeled buggy with guns and fishing tackle, and took the trail. Realizing we didn't intend to make a very large hole in the wild population of the hills, but if you are a tenderfoot, and have ever been out in the big woods at night, you know what a comfortable, friendly feeling a gun has in your hands—something like the touch of your mother's fingers on the forehead, when you were a little bit of a kid, and were going off in the dark to bed. If I should tell the ardent hunter that we took with us, I could never bring myself to tell the story of the bag that we brought home, so it will remain a dark and bloody secret. However, if we had been charged by a bear, we would have been too heavily loaded with artillery to make fast time.

The first 14 miles of the road lead through the level fields of the Willamette Valley, with their white farmhouses hid away in the orchards, and with fields of wheat and vetch meadows stretching away behind them to the foothills in the blue distance. It is a lovely pretty ride in the early morning, and its pastoral beauty prepares one for the rugged grandeur that is awaiting him.

Beyond the Long Tom River—they call it a river, but it looks more like an irrigation ditch on a vacation—the open country comes to an abrupt end. One enters the region of the mountains. As far as Elinora, the country is quite closely settled, numerous little clearings opening on the road, each with its little cottage in the center. The road is like a park lane, with the big firs along the sides, interspersed with the brilliant green of the mountain laurel, and where it dips into a hollow, with the graceful white stems of the alders.

Elinora is a peaceful little village with its stores and a sawmill, and an air of quiet self-satisfaction that is refreshing. Beyond here, one leaves civilization rapidly behind. The strips of forest between the clearings become wider and deeper, and off to the sides, you begin to catch glimpses of deep canyons, with hills sweeping back from them, up and up, just as far as you want to look. Rounding a point in the road about five miles beyond Elinora, we came in sight of a little valley that brought us to a stop in rapturous admiration. Down below us at the edge of the green timber, was a little white farmhouse, with a red barn behind it, and stretching away to the creek were level fields of oats and vetch. Climb it on every side are tall mountains, blue and indistinct through the smoke haze, with here and there a canon opening on a level of oak and vetch. Climb it on every side are tall mountains, blue and indistinct through the smoke haze, with here and there a canon opening on a level of oak and vetch.

For five minutes, we sat silent, our mouths open, and a tremendous desire to something poetical to say. I had just figured out a sentence that I thought would floor them, and was getting ready to fire it, when my man's temper rose, and he said in a commanding tone, and remarked in a Juliet in the balcony tone: "Isn't it wonderful, transcendently inspiring!"

I could have pulled his nose. There I had put in five minutes of faltering brain work thinking up a beautiful sentence, and he had pulled his nose. I had pulled his nose, and he had pulled his nose. I had pulled his nose, and he had pulled his nose.

Immediately after dinner, we began to climb, following for a distance a little mountain stream that made our fingers itch to get hold of our fly rods, then suddenly leaving its canon, and zig-zagging directly on the level of oak and vetch. A half hour's climb brought us to the summit, and without warning, we plunged into another canon, the road leading us between columns of trees, each of which would have furnished timber enough for a good-sized bungalow, with enough left over for a woodhouse, and a fence around it. And the breath that came out of those canons! O, ye dwellers in hot city streets, take one last sniff of spaghetti, hot asphalt and Frankfurters, and then while the memory of it is fresh in your nostrils, lie away to the mountains, and breathe in the air that comes down out of a deep fir canon! You will find whole city additions to it, every 20 yards. The air that have I been used for so long they are overgrown with dogfennel.

At the bottom of the canon we crossed a silver little stream that later widens into Wild Cat Creek, one of the finest little trout streams anywhere. For the next two hours we drove rapidly, as we wanted to get some time left to fish. We were planning to spend the night at Meadows, one of the stage stations, and figured that we had just about time to make it. Shortly before 5 o'clock the trail led us right down to the waters of the creek, with ideal riffles falling over the rocks about every 20 yards. The sight was too much for my brother and I. We forgot that supper was nine miles off, and grabbed for our fly rods, struggling to see who would be first to get a fly on the water. Within three minutes we had them rigged and were standing knee-deep in a beautiful riffle. At the first cast I pulled out a nine-inch Dolly Varden, and started to do it all over again with the next cast that only one who has long been denied the sight of a green riffle and a



THE DIVIDE

plunging trout can know. For ten delicious minutes we whipped the pools, swelling up when he landed a good one, and using wild, untamed words when we missed a strike, and then the older folks on the bank sounded the recall. We begged and pleaded with tears in our eyes, we swore by the seven days in the week that if we could be permitted to fish that stream for another hour, we would be content to make a supper on scenery, and then drap ourselves over a limb and thus pass the night in satisfied reflection; we maintained that it was unhealthy to sleep under a roof in the mountains, and that there would be bugs in the beds, anyway.

There is nothing in all the wide world quite so foolish as a fisherman when the frenzy is on him. But it was useless; the older folks held the cards, and we had to follow suit. We climbed into the buggy, knowing just how Napoleon felt when he had to turn back from Moscow.

As the frenzy wore off, however, our stomachs called in again and con-

quered our tempers, and we began to see that, while scenery might be ideal as a desert, it would be decidedly out of place as a piece de resistance. The farther we traveled, the longer those nine miles looked, until, before we had progressed more than a mile, Meadows seemed as far away as the days when we prattled at our mother's knee. Every five minutes we took up another hole in our belts, and within a half-hour, a slice of bacon looked more desirable than a block of Union Pacific preferred. Just then we met a woman and two children in a mountain wagon, and lifted the buggy out over a 50-foot precipice to let her pass. As she was scraping by we inquired how far it was to a place where we could stop for the night. She replied that there was a place about a mile down the road where we could put up. You have read how the people took on that memorable Fourth of July when they heard the Liberty Bell ring, and how they swung their hats, and swelled out their voices in joyful thanksgiving. You ought to have seen us; it was a great historical restoration. We had fallen on that woman's neck and

idly, but the valley, instead of widening, became steeper and more rugged. In places, the road wound along a little narrow shelf cut in the bare face of the cliff, and at some points, as at Beecher Rock, we could look directly down for 100 feet into the water. The scenery was splendid, closely resembling in many places the little Alpine valleys of Switzerland. As far as we could see up the canyons that opened on the river, wooded mountains stretched back, one after another; indeed, we knew that with very few breaks they stretched away thus up and down the entire Oregon coast.

Throughout this magnificent land, wilderness is the sovereign overlord. Here and there in the level bottoms settlers have done him homage, and taken from him lands in fee, but he exacts his feudal dues with a stern and mighty hand. Whenever his followers become lax in their services he casts them out, and takes back their lands to his own demesne. Throughout the mountains, you see these abandoned holdings; his faithful henchmen, the ferns and the quick-growing fir, standing in close ranks about them, removing swiftly all traces of a former tenancy. He is a stern autocrat, yet his vassals adore him; having once won his favor, they are content to doff it to another. His wild, untamed spirit calls to the strain in their blood that harks back to the days when man and the wilderness lived in the closest communion, and they answer the call.

We rode on through wonderful scenery until about 11 o'clock, and then suddenly we seemed to notice a difference. At first, we couldn't understand it. The mountains were just as magnificent as ever; the river splashed on, becoming more beautiful with every mile; new vistas opened up before us unceasingly, but something was wrong. We weren't long in finding out what it was—we had inside information. Dinner-time was approaching, and no camping place was in sight. We began to cast an anxious eye around the next corner, hoping that the coveted water, wood and shade would appear, but it was a game of progressive disappointment. Wood and shade were plentiful, but the water was a long way off. With each repeated disappointment we became more sour and unmanly; nearly remarks that in the morning had aroused a responsive laugh, now brought forth only a scorn and contempt; optimism on the part of one called forth scathing criticism from the rest. We deprecated the country; we heaped scurrilous abuse

on the luck of the trail that had led us between the hours of 8 and 10 past lovely springs with grass and water in abundance, and made our remarks about the way nature handled things, anyway, and criticized her very sharply. And then, just as we were beginning to feel that we were very badly abused people indeed, old Nature, tender and loving mother that she is, forgave us the mean and slighting things we had said, and opened her arms to us in plain little children and led us out into a little glade, and gave us every comfort that was hers to give, and cuddled us close up to her, and told us never to mind; that she knew all about it, and that it was all right. And we cooled dinner and ate it, and were at peace with all the world.

That afternoon we drove into Madras, and found some of the warmest-hearted and pleasantest people I had ever been our fortunes to meet. We felt that all mankind were our brothers, indeed, and wished we could settle down here among such neighbors and spend the rest of our days. The next day we took passage with Captain Hurd on the steamer Hazel for Florence, arriving there about 10 in the morning. Florence is a land of promise. Back of her stands the largest body of merchantable timber of any equal area in the world, and a great part of the lumber cut from it must pass over her wharves. From her fisheries \$100,000 worth of salmon goes out every year. A deeper entrance to all the seas, and the people of the Siuslaw country are rallying for the fight to get it. A movement is already well under way to bond the western part of Lane County for \$100,000, as evidence to Congress that Florence knows what she wants, and that she is going after it. Through the courtesy of Dr. Edwards, the secretary of the Siuslaw Improvement Club, we were furnished with a launch which took us to the beach, and for several hours we stood within the roar of the surf, and looked out over the old Pacific and

## The Aims and Ideals of a Girls' High School

BY REV. EDWIN V. O'HARA.

HISTORICALLY, the high school or academy holds the primacy among our educational institutions. Our present elementary school system is of comparatively recent origin. The universities of today can trace the story of their origins in the records of the medieval universities of Paris and Bologna and Oxford. But four centuries before Stephen Langton was dean and rector of the incipient University of Paris, high schools had sprung up under the fostering hand of Charlemagne in practically every cathedral city of Europe. The Irish monks who flocked to the shores of continental Europe, scolding the perils of the deep, brought with them the idea of the cathedral school of Europe. The Irish monks who flocked to the shores of continental Europe, scolding the perils of the deep, brought with them the idea of the cathedral school of Europe. The Irish monks who flocked to the shores of continental Europe, scolding the perils of the deep, brought with them the idea of the cathedral school of Europe.

of our sociological problems because young men of moderate income could not afford to marry them, or they have flooded the divorce courts because they were neither willing nor able to adjust themselves to the simple duties of the home. Industrial or domestic training in the school should give pupils a truer perspective in life; it should teach them that work and service are ennobling. It should spread the spirit of him who was fore-

## CHAMPION BARGAINER

Baraboo (Wis.) Special to Chicago Record-Herald.

NATHAN WOOD'S riling passion is bargaining. He is noted over the whole countryside for his brilliant victories at the bargain counter. To his laurels he yesterday added the crowning one of all. By his shrewdness he was enabled to enjoy the luxury of an attempt at suicide which cost nothing.

Wood now stands out as probably the only man who has revealed to his business associates the secret of his success. In a few hours the town heard that Wood had attempted suicide. He had desperately fired a bullet point-blank at his brain. The existing power of his skill was such that the ball had simply flattened itself against the bony structure and had been removed after making a mere scratch.

The clerk in the hardware store heard the news. He smiled and pondered. Then he casually remarked to his employer that he had sold a revolver to Wood on trial, but that he scarcely thought Wood would bring the weapon back.

Hardly were the words out of his mouth before Wood appeared, produced the pistol, with the remark that it was no good and demanded his money back.

The clerk was too astonished to debate the matter. He gave Wood his \$3 and the would-be suicide left the store with the look of a man who has reached the prospect of indefinite existence on \$3.

Finally he selected the former.

"Then his bargaining instinct urged to the fore."

"Suppose I take this and it does not answer, will you take it back?" he asked in a low voice.

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