OREGONS MATCHLESS BEAUTY

APPRECIATION BY A LOVER OF NATURE WHO WRITES AT LONG DISTANCE

By Rev. Alfred R. Glover, formerly archdeacon, Diocese of Oregon.

OREGON! The very name carries with it the poetic atmosphere and abiding natural charm of that vast section of our great Northwest, of which the poet sang so sweetly and grandly nigh onto a century ago:

"The continuous woods where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound save his own dashings."

No man knoweth to this day the true origin of the name of the state, but whether from the Algonquin "Waueregan," "Beautiful water," or from the old Spanish Aragon, we care not, since her always radiant and perpetual beauty, seen in towering mountain and tropically rich valley, in plunging waterfall and majestic river, all tend to make one somewhat negligent of her dim past, to center one's thoughts in the contemplation of her present fadeless glory. Yet even in her name there is enshrined a modicum of sentiment and loveliness, for in the commonly accepted Indian source of the original name of her great river, we are unwittingly carried back to that primitive age, when this mighty flood "Heard no sound save its own dashings," while in the alleged Spanish origin we catch the glow of that classic kingdom in old Spain—Castile. In fact, whether it be her poetic name or her entrancing scenery, her eternal hills or her many laughing waters, Oregon, at all times, is enhaloed in a beauty that is peculiarly her own, that exercises an almost weirdly fascinating influence over the hearts of those who once come to live within the magic circle of her wide boundaries.

Why this very garden of the gods remained so long a terra incognita to the outer world, no one can tell, but when, at last her sublime natural secrets were uncovered to a wondering world, Oregon began to entice within her charming embrace the very best blood of our Eastern States. Aye, from over the sea, from Britain and the Continent, came men and women who, once settled within her welcome borders, never could think of ever bidding her farewell! This great state, of 96,000 square miles in area, is naturally divisible into three characteristic parts, of which the largest lies east of the Cascade Mountains, the smallest between the Coast Range and the Ocean, while the central occupies the extensive valleys between the two great mountain ranges, and each of these has its own natural attractions—its individual scenic beauty.

From distant Astoria, in the extreme north, on the Columbia River (Old "Oregon") down to the California boundary line, there is a reach of sea-coast second to none in the world in its immortal green vales and rich soil, backed by the Coast Range with its towering crest.

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You have heard of the big trees of California? True, they are big, but they are few in number, and you must travel far to see them, while up there in Western Oregon, fed by the condensed vapors of "old ocean's melancholy waste," you may behold a whole forest, 400 miles long, made up entirely of big trees! Not one can be less than a century old, while their average age is 500! Many run into the limits of 900 and 700! I love California's big trees, but these vast stretches of Oregon's mountain forests, entirely made up of giants ranging from 100 to 700 years of age, appeals to one far more sensibly than the few giants of the Golden State. So dense and luxurious is the vegetable growth of the region of the Oregon Coast Range, that one may be easily lost in its depths within a few minutes' walk of his back door!

Standing in the dark and silent Oregon forests, amid this tropic verdure, the companion, for the moment, of millions of pine trees centuries old, one realizes strange feelings in the heart's region—lost in the revelry of the hour—in the contemplation of this awful, solemn majesty. But when we cross over to the Cascades, the visions we then behold are even lovelier and more awe-inspiring still. The glory of the Cascades is acknowledged to be Mount Hood, that lifts its bald summit in the air over 12,000 feet. Always capped with snow and reflecting the rays of the sun, varying in its manifold tints from purple to richest crimson, Mount Hood, when seen from Portland across the 60 miles of intervening tableland and forest, is indeed a thing of indescribable grandeur and loveliness combined. You say that you have seen pictures of Mount Hood, bathed in the purple glory of the sunset, but did not quite believe the artist? Well, we shall pardon you your unbelief, only come with me to Portland, and, ascending the heights on the west of this proud city, look yonder toward the east—and then acknowledge your mistake.

Mount Hood! Into what raptures thou dost throw me, at the sight of thy changeless glory! The purple mists of evening, mingling with the sun's rays slanting over the Coast Range, clothe this giant peak in robes that artist may only faintly portray on canvas. Now the purple merges into crimson, now into most delicate pink—that hazy pink—that alluring pink. Mellowing, mellowing, dark blues succeed, to be followed by the black of night, and out of the east the full moon looms up triumphant to bathe the monarch of the Cascades in the silver sheen of the Queen of the Heavens!

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Looking north through any one of Portland's streets, one beholds another mountain gem in the beautiful Mount St. Helens. Of the appearance of a sugar-loaf, always white with snow, smooth as a carpet, glistening in the sunshine, Mount St. Helens is always in light. It is as much a Portland landmark as is Mount Hood, and when the latter is hidden from sight by clouds, Mount St. Helens rises out of the north hoary and glorious. Mount Adams, northeast of Portland, across the Columbia, together with Mount Jefferson, and one peak of the Three Sisters, toward the southeast, complete the diadem of white mountain summits always in view from the fair city on the Willamette. I suppose that no city but Portland is so charmingly situated. What with mountains forever in view, north, east and south, and high wooded bluffs shutting out the chilly winds from the ocean on the west, the Willamette bathing her feet, with its many green islands dotting its surface, and the mighty Columbia flowing onward toward the sea a few miles to the north, Portland is indeed one of the favored cities of the world.

The scenic attractions along the Columbia above Portland for about 100 miles rival anything that can be seen from the Atlantic to the Pacific. On either side giant mountains rear their heights above the river, those on the north also like Crater Lake, occupying the heart of an extinct volcano. The scenery here, in some respects, surpasses that of the Columbia River, and the fame of Crater Lake has become widely spread during the past six or eight years. It is almost a new discovery and only a few have yet visited it. The water is as clear as crystal and its bottom has never been found. Over all this retired spot breathes the spirit of nature's alluring majesty.

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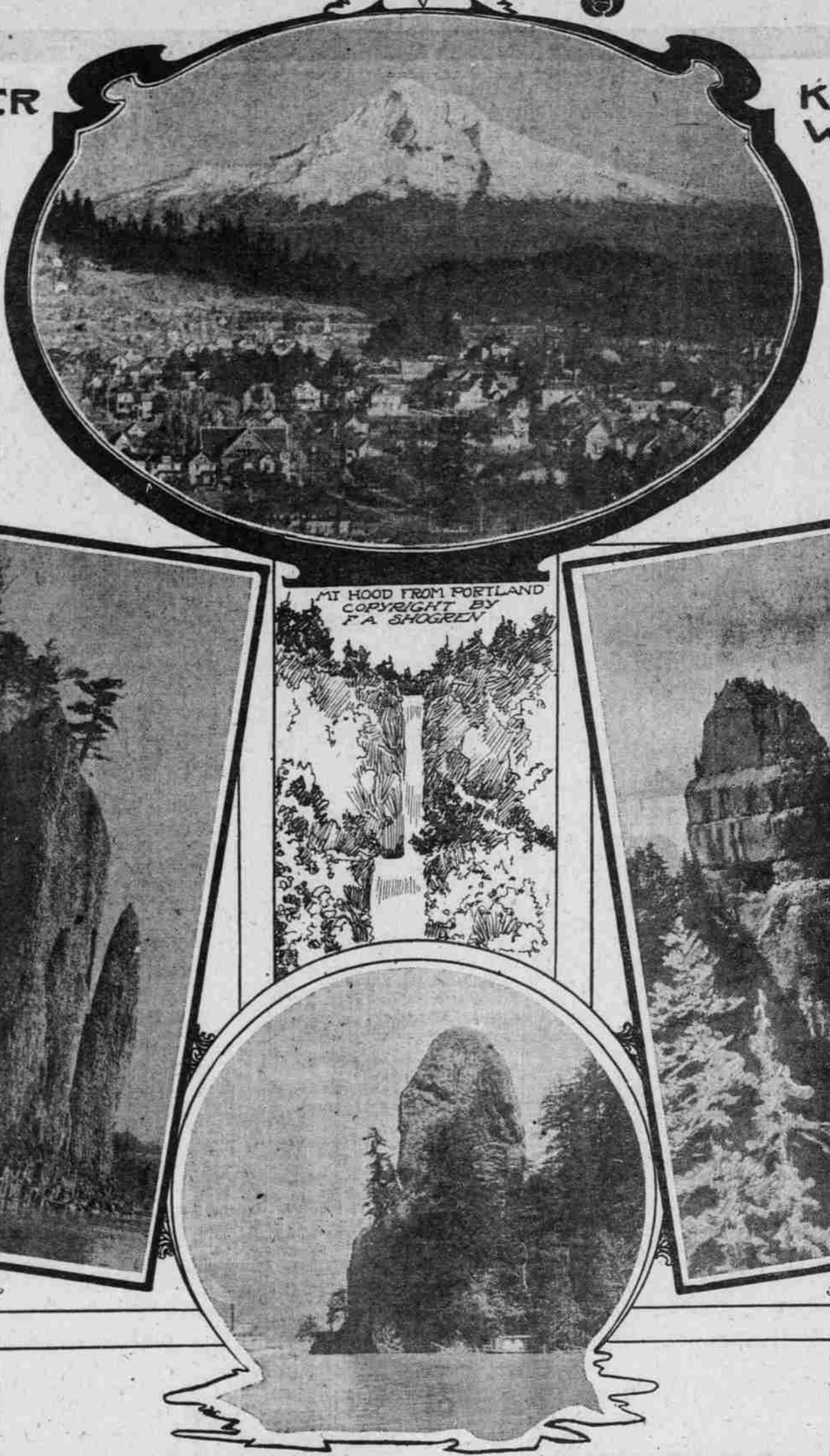
The whole range of the Cascades is visible from the car windows as one travels north or south on the Southern Pacific road, and only in cloudy weather are the prominent peaks shut out from view. The whole of Western Oregon, from the Cascades to the sea, and from the Columbia to the California line, is one matchless panorama of successive, entrancing, dissolving visions of natural beauty and impressive grandeur, and Portland seems to have been, providentially, a kind of natural center from which a good share of Oregon's glory may be seen and realized. With one sweep of the horizon from Portland heights, the eye catches beauties never fading, in the wide reach of Nature's comprehensive perfection. Some people have a dread of the desert, but Oregon's high desert plateau, east of the Cascades, has no terrors in store for the tourist or settler. Across it run sparkling rivers, teeming with fish, and, ever and anon, one drops down into luxuriously green valleys, thousands of acres in area, yielding those rich golden harvests of wheat and other grain, that make up a scene of agricultural loveliness. There thousands of head of cattle browse, as well as sheep, lending to the landscape visions of pastoral calm and charm that transfigure the Oregon desert into a paradise. And O, what of sunrise and sunset on the desert! We have seen the glory of the sunset on the slopes of Mount Hood but, out in the wide expanse of Eastern Oregon one sees sunset and sunrise that no artist might dare essay to depict. While from Portland one views these delicate tints of pink and purple, coloring the peak and rugged slopes of Mount Hood, out in the desert east of the mountains the sky at sunset is robed in the most brilliant hues of mingled violet, yellow, orange and red, shading off at times into magenta, and throwing the Cascades into high relief. The desert, moreover, is covered with crystal lakes and mighty rivers, with ever and anon a lone high hill rising out of the level floor, and relieving the flatness of this vast region, while far toward the west the whole scene is dominated by Mount Hood's crystal summit, rising like a giant sentinel to guard his mystic realm. So alluring is the so-called "Oregon desert," that many cultured Eastern people have settled there, captivated by its mysterious charm and the glory of its sunsets.

So, from east to west, from north to south, Oregon teems with natural beauties. Towering mountains and pleasant valleys, rushing rivers and placid lakes, glorious skies by day and by night, all mingling together to lure the stranger from afar to rest within the wide circle of Oregon's matchless expanse.

San Diego, Cal., September 28.



VIEW OF A TENDERFOOT

KANSAS YOUNG WOMAN WRITES HOME CONCERNING WONDERFUL OREGON

BY ESTELLE RIDDLE.

DEAR People at Home—When you are ready to make that visit out West, pack all your trunks, as well as the household furniture, for when you have seen this country well, you will surely want to stay. And do come quickly; you ought to see the flowers in Portland! They tell me this is a poor time of the year to judge of Portland's flowers, but the roses are quite lovely enough for me as they are. Every yard has its bordering row of the beauties, pink and yellow and white, and they do smell so sweet! Every Portland business man goes to his daily task lit up with a rosebud, and the roses seem to make the business more than half pleasure. Every home is decorated with them as lavishly as we decorate when we are giving elaborate parties and spending lots of money with the florist. And they bloom nearly all the year round in the open gardens. Think of that, roses all the year round!

What makes it most attractive, perhaps, is the contrast to those miles of desert and sand between the Rockies and here. I never realized there was so much desert in our United States. All the way across Wyoming and Montana and Idaho I gazed on the great bare brown plains, with the majestic mountains rising bleak and calm on either side, and the stretches of mesquite and sage brush so quiet and solitary and grand that I wondered railroad builders ever had the assurance to invade their magnificent solitudes. Yet, lonely as it seems, the desert is today giving way to habitation. Great fields of hay along the edges of the green and winding rivers, and miles of immense haystacks, tell of the industry of the American rancher. Then here and there patches of irrigated land dot the desert with oases, blooming prolifically. Irrigation is accomplishing great things in this Western country.

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I saw that demonstrated at Ontario, a little town in Eastern Oregon, which is just next door to an irrigated district, but not quite in it. Ontario reminded me of Kansas towns, as they must have looked 30 years ago, with its long-stretched row of one-story business houses along a single street, its nodding poplar trees and its plank sidewalks, white with the fine dust that blows industriously nearly every day of the year. This dust lies so thick in roads and fields that the farmers' teams usually wear bells, because two teams meeting raise such clouds of it they quite hide themselves. The real estate men and their prospective buyers, when they go out to look at land, always wear linen dusters to protect themselves, so that the linen duster has become quite recognizable as the regalia of the real estate man. But just the same, that dust is mighty productive. Spill a few buckets of water anywhere, and you can have a peach orchard or an alfalfa field almost before you know it. I donned a linen duster one day, and went for a drive across the Snake into Idaho, where the Payette-Boise irrigation project has turned the desert into a garden. We passed peach orchards where the fruit hung as large as croquet balls from branches fairly breaking with their weight. Here, too, we saw the dried raspberry field. A fruit raiser has—I don't know how many acres—in black raspberries, which, when they ripen, he allows to dry on the vines. Then the vines are cut, and threshed, and the fruit sold for fine evaporated berries. They are fine evaporated berries, but produced in the most original way I ever heard about. The clever fruit man has saved all the expense of picking and drying the berries, and is making a big thing from his experiment. I was told he gathers 600 pounds of dried fruit from the acre. At Ontario I ate plums and grapes, apricots and prunes, watermelons and cantaloupes, as fine as any I have ever dreamed about, and all grown on desert land, reclaimed by grace of the ditch and the flume.

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Every town in this thirsty land talks irrigation. Every hamlet has its irrigation project, in reality, on paper, or in the imagination. Every settler has his desert claim, which he is holding with the hope that some day it will be watered. The dust, they say, is not plain dust; it is volcanic ash, than which nothing is more fertile. All this great country, you remember our physical geographies used to say, from Puget Sound to the Rockies, was once the bed of an immense inland lake, which was formed by that volcanic action which first lifted these wonderful mountains out of the ocean. That may or may not be a true theory, but at any rate all this sandy ground is full of round smooth pebbles, water-worn, if ever pebbles were. You cannot find a rough or jagged stone anywhere, save perhaps at the foot of some of the rocky cliffs rising near the Columbia. Dig down for six feet, you excavate only pebbles, smooth, round and polished. And over them sifted this yellow sand, soft and shifting like seashore sand, but so productive it will grow anything—given a little water.

I was at Pasco—you remember we read about Pasco in "The Spenders." That was where She met Him, you know. You have heard the saying, "Keep your eye on Pasco"? The sand blows so much of the time there that the Pascovers have perverted that saying into "Keep Pasco out of your eye." The man who invented that boom phrase began to advertise Pasco 30 years ago. It took all this time to set things moving. But in the past ten months Pasco has built an entire new town, brick store buildings, cement sidewalks, a fine new hotel and hundreds of new residences. The railroads have made it a division point, you see, and have been building miles of trackage in their yards there. But the sand still blows. It has such a way of piling up on the sidewalks that now they build the sidewalks up on stilts, to let the sand flow under. And the Pasco habit is to wear brown shoes, for the sand makes black ones look too forlorn for any use.

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That is the place for Summer girls! In pleasing contrast to the average Summer resort, there are plenty of young men—and no girls. You can be a belle in Pasco and not half try. Name almost any college you choose, and you can find it represented among the young men there. This is the young men's country.

Pasco is the town from which they have built that new North Bank road, officially known as the Spokane, Portland & Seattle, which is now operating trains from Pasco to Vancouver, and will some day be connected by bridges across the Columbia, with every town along the northern boundary of Oregon. The little stations along its route, established as stopping points for its trains, are already all laid out, and are thriving towns—on paper. It won't be long, either, until they are really towns. That's the way things do out here; grow. I came down part way on the North Bank to The Dalles. Stopped at a little red station in the midst of the sand hills to ferry across to the south side. When I alighted from the train and stood on the pebbly platform, I could not see a building nor a sign of habitation as far as I could look. As I hesitated, a little plaid ginghamed girl approached me and asked, "Do you want to go to the ferry?" When I said I did she pointed out a gray-looking house among some poplar trees about a mile away. I had not seen it before because it was so near the same color as the hills. "That is the ferry-house," she said, "and my father is the ferry man. You go there and he will take you across." I wondered how I should get my heavy grips there, too, but she explained that her father had a "rig" and he would drive up after them. So I struck off down the railroad track and then across the rattlesnake hills to the ferry-house, and found the lady of the house engaged in getting out a large-sized family washing. She announced that "Jim" would soon be in, so I waited, and pretty soon "Jim" drove up. He was a shock-headed individual, who drove a pair of shaggy mules to a rattling, ragged-looking buckboard. After he got my grips from the station I climbed into the buckboard and we drove to the ferry. "Jim" was a communicative rascal. He informed me that Umatilla, my destination, was a poor sort of place. "They voted 'er dry at the last election," he said, "and I hain't seen a man there since." He hopes to remedy that difficulty by establishing a saloon on the ferry-boat.

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"Take the Bailey Gatzert from The Dalles," my friends in Portland had written me, and at The Dalles began the best portion of my journey. The trip down the Columbia is truly beautiful, for on a clear day the mountains can be seen in all their grandeur—the snowy caps of Mount Hood and Mount Adams are to be plainly seen, and all the purple distances between are continually thrilling to the beholder. It is quite as beautiful, though in a far different way, as the trip down the Hudson. Here and there rise immense rocky knobs, that look as if they had been squeezed up out of the molten interior of the earth, and hardened just as they squeezed through. Numbers of rushing falls stream from the summit of the rocks into the clear green river. Waterfalls, I heard some one on the boat call them, with the accent on water, as if he expected them to be some other sort of falls. Perhaps he looked to see this wonderful country literally flowing with milk and honey, as all the advertising literature would lead us to believe.

Portland is to me very like Kansas City. Built among the hills, and on the brows of the hills, it has much the same effect as hilly old Kansas City. But it is free from coal smoke, which is one great thing in its favor, for everything looks fresh and clean in Portland, not dingy and dusky as Kansas City is growing. And Portland has not yet been built up to flats and apartment-houses so generally as Kansas City, but people have their own pleasant homes, and better than all, their own flower gardens. It is acquiring the skyscraper habit, though, more's the pity, and a half dozen tall buildings are now in process of construction, with as many more to follow soon. I wish they would pass a sky-line ordinance, restricting the height of the build-

(Concluded on Page 11.)