

PORTLAND IS IDEAL RESIDENCE CITY

Beauty of Its Surroundings Is Beyond Description, and Dwellings, of Modern Architecture, With Rose-Bordered Lawns, Line Its Streets for Miles.

BY ERNEST McGAFFEY.
PORTLAND is not only a city of homes, it is the city of homes beautiful. On all sides rise the mountains, crowned with everlasting green, bordered by winding valleys and silvered by the streams that flow past. Along the slopes and foothills about the city are thousands of acres of the most picturesque spots imaginable for residence purposes, and these are being built up and added to continually, as the carlines push out and make them easily accessible.

It hardly seems a breathing-space from the heart of Portland until one begins to strike into the hills. Down the embankments on which the cars run a few scattered trees still rise, and far over the valley distances curl wreaths and festoons of purple mist, hiding at times the outlines of remote peaks or, blown aside by the winds, revealing long vistas of diversified beauty.

Over some of the faraway hills wind the country roads, dimly seen, with an occasional automobile, dwarfed by the distance, swerving over the tops of the inclines, or rising upward to the heights. Farmhouses scattered here and there seem scarcely a stone's throw from the cartrack, and yet many miles may intervene between them and the summit where the cars travel.

From Council Crest the view is more varied and beautiful than can be described adequately. To one side, the valley lies smiling before you. To the other side the Willamette rolls seaward, with the Columbia's broad current seen farther on. The country in the valley resembles a wide checkerboard, squared off into fields and orchards, dotted with buildings and making a picture worthy of an artist's brush.

On the heights rise the homes of Portland, some of the bungalow design, some reminiscent of the Swiss chalet style of architecture. Most in this vicinity are of recent construction, others show, by their lawns and shrubbery, the signs of long occupancy, but all are beautiful, and all look out on a prospect which is ever changing and always lovely.

Surely nature never lavished such beauties near a city before as she has on Portland. Forest crowned and eternally green the hills rise and fall, billowed into waves of misty green and gold, shadowed into purple as the clouds drift by. It is the essence of color far niente to loaf on these wooded heights, looking to the right along the slopes of the far valley or to the left where drowsy, smoke-wreathed, tall of cargoes, slow warping out to sea. However, the furnaces glow, and the pulsation of throbbing machinery in the city below tells of the fierce struggle in the arena of commerce, the hills spell silence and the sense of rest.

Here are homes where, to open one's door is to look out into nature's galleries, lone stretches of canyon and river, far heights fir-crowned and dreaming, cloud-rimmed mountain ranges, and blue hills melting into dim horizon lines. It is on such canvases that God's pictures are painted; it is such scenes as are to be viewed from these crests which make for an artist's inspiration.

From the Willamette Heights the scenery is more bold, more abrupt in its descent from height to river, more suggestive of a sea-change into something rich and strange, as one looks from the homes there out on the broad sweep of the Willamette. Very beautiful are these homes, and the view from them is a picture in architecture, and bulwarked beyond by the still rising bluffs that top the westward outlook.

Below the Lewis and Clark Exposition grounds lie, memories of life and laughter, still holding in the deserted buildings and empty ways a perspective of massing crowds and waving colors. The view from this vantage-point does not soften from valley to woodland and from woodland to river in crescents of green and gray, but leaps, like a statue unveiled, from cliff to shore, sharp-etched at once on the vision, and none the less exquisitely beautiful.

Homes here, jut out castle-like, and Rhone nor Rhine with all its windings has more of romance to suggest than the far view of the Willamette and Columbia, marching with stately mien towards the sea. Here are homes for utter rest from labor's sore struggles, respite for heart and brain, rose-embowered and clad in greenery, where blossoms blow and the birds build their nests, where in the long summer days the echoes of river and mountain meet in wind-free spaces, and languor bends in vain to catch a single discordant echo to break the circle of her dreams.

Eastward the prospect for beautiful homes reaches everywhere along the hills, and rising on height and by forest the houses grow, as though flung from the hand of some mighty sower, so swiftly have they taken root and sprung into existence. From Mount Tabor the eastward-bearing hills stretch out like a caravan of jumbled canyons, traveling down to Mecca. Some are shaggy with their coat of dense timber, some show cleared spots where the farms are rising, and where in days



PORTLAND HEIGHTS

to come the orchards of April and May shall laugh into blossom to the quiring of muffled-murmuring bees.

To the south and north the homes are spreading, and everywhere the stroke of hammer and trowel, the tool of laborer and artisan proclaims the march of the home-seekers and the rest-gainers. Everywhere the eye turns there is the sign of broken sod and piles of building material ready. It is safe to say that in not many years there will be an exodus to the myriad locations about Portland as these beautiful homes are built, which shall make her suburbs unsurpassed anywhere in America.

And still clinging to the ancient coils of vantage, even in the heart of urban surroundings, putting away the roar of busy streets, with stretches of green lawn or high-banked walls, are other Portland homes. Homes where first the pioneer spirits made their rendezvous. Homes where men went forth to die for liberty. Homes sacred to tradition and memories of years gone by. Monuments to the state's history, homes whose occupants saw the city grow from hamlet to metropolis, shapers in its glories and its legendary lore. Cloistered away from the turmoil of city life, here in the city's midst are hung the old family portraits; here are laid away the bygone daguerotypes of men and women of the past generations; here rests the culture and spirit of the ante-bellum days, blent with the life and eagerness of the rising generation.

Here are homes, green-hedged about with a divinity of their own, rose-glowing with countless unfolding buds, and sometimes forested close with the still primeval timber of ages gone by. These are the homes where the old names abide; where the past is not entirely obliterated by the present, nor the strenuous current of the times allowed to carry away the old-fashioned sweet courtesies of speech and action.

Portland homes. The old residences.

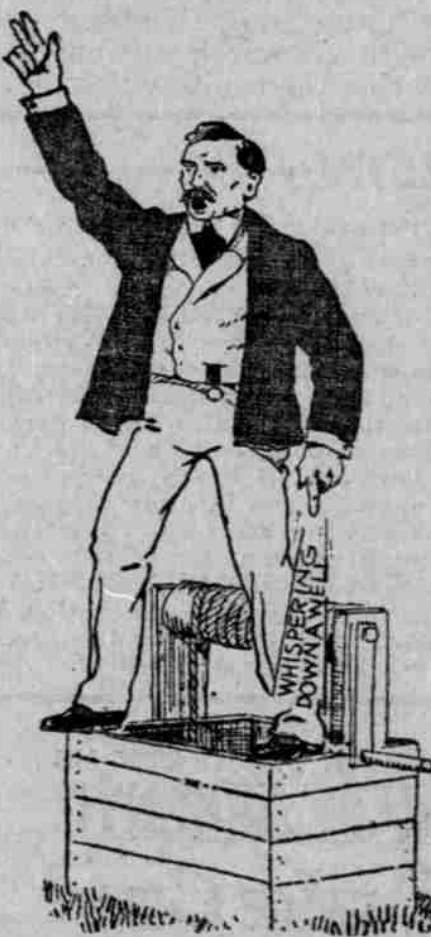
Quaint in their appointments sometimes, maybe, suggestive of minut rather than waits in their merry-makings, holding fast to their exclusiveness, somewhat incredulous in their occasional Colonial outlines of the newer giddy architecture, but conscious in their fealty to the old regime.

And so in crowded streets and wooded heights and on beetling cliffs arise the homes of Portland. And everywhere the march of progress searches out the syl-

van beauties of river and lake, of woodland and mountain, and everywhere the homes spring up in the wake of the pioneer forces of advancement. And whether by west or east, whether by hill or hollow, slope, forest, river, lowland or highland, there can be no more exquisite places to pitch camp in for a lifetime, than around and among the picturesque surroundings that lie at Portland's very threshold.

WM. KILLINGSWORTH AT WORK

For the past 25 years I have advertised the certainty of Portland becoming the largest commercial city on the Pacific Coast and that greater Portland, when built, would be located on the matchless tableland between the rivers. Many scoffed at the idea; now they all see the handwriting on the wall. This issue of The Oregonian tells the story most eloquently of the supremacy of this location. Just think of it: Only a few years ago a dense forest covered this entire territory, now dotted with beautiful homes, and which now has under construction the largest school building on the Pacific Coast, costing over \$250,000. It will be known as the Jefferson High School, located on WALNUT PARK BLOCKS, hence, commands a central location for GREATER PORTLAND.



A POINTER

Millions of dollars will be made in the next few years by the fortunate investors in land between the rivers, and should you desire a home site, the best in Portland, I would advise you to investigate Walnut Park before making your selection. My excuse for advertising, if one is necessary, is contained in the following truism:

A man having anything to sell
Whispering the fact down a well,
Will never gain the shining dollars
Like he who climbs to a height and hollers.

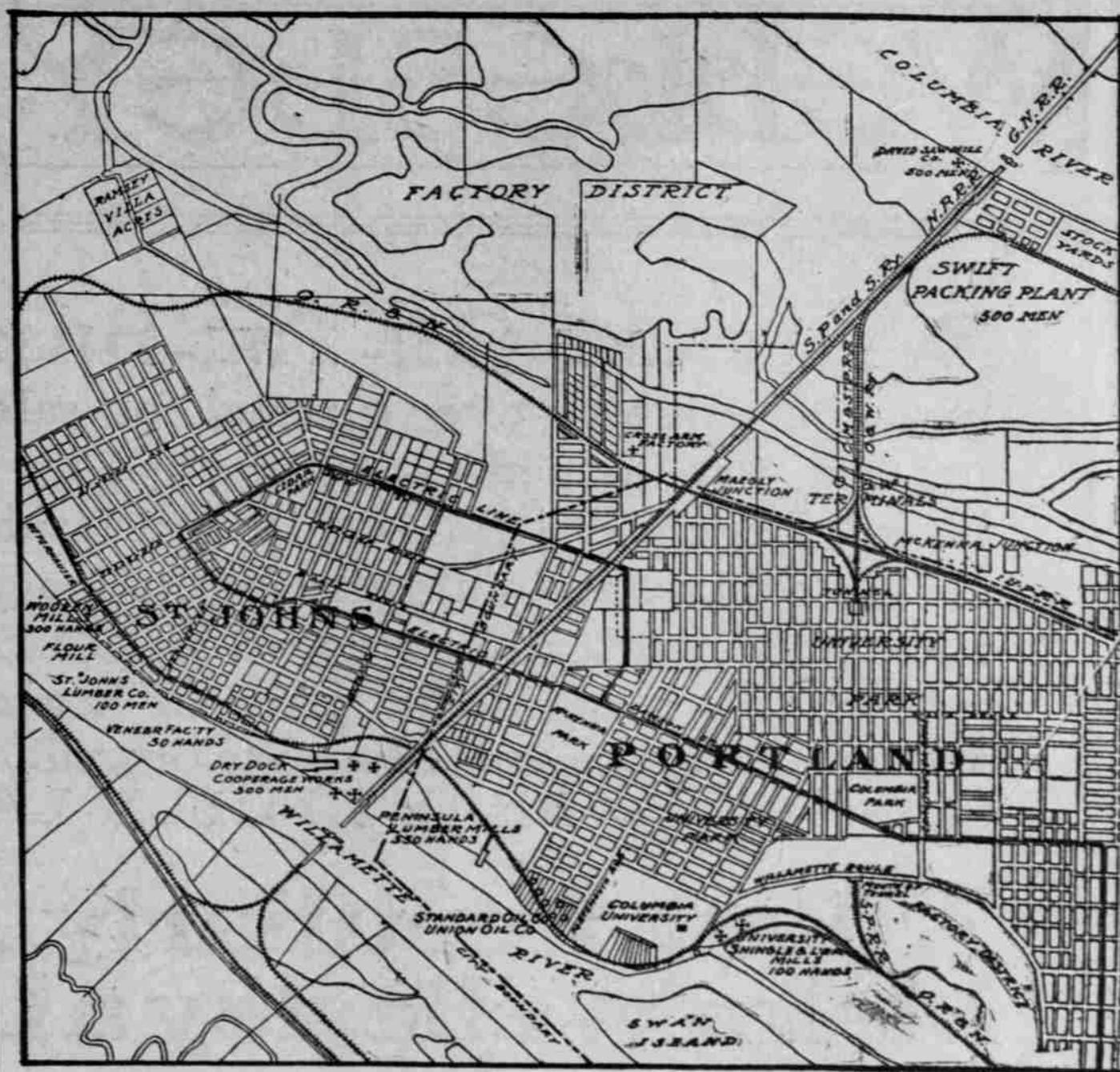
Here I am, after your dollars, and I intend to give you full value for every dollar invested with me. Wake up; we live in a most rapid age. The child of enterprise today is a grandfather tomorrow.

CALL AT ONCE.

WM. KILLINGSWORTH
538 Chamber of Commerce Phone: Main 7974

Additional Real Estate
News and Advertisements
Will Be Found in Sections
2 and 3 of This Issue.

STUDY THE PICTURE



YOUR COMMON-SENSE WILL DO THE REST

WE HAVE NO PROPERTY FOR SALE

We cleaned up a handsome fortune within the past twenty years by investing in Peninsula real estate, and you can clean up a million dollars within the next twenty years by the same methods. We pay for this space only for the privilege of telling you how to make a fortune. Years of rigid economy have deprived us of all taste for expensive luxuries, therefore we get more pleasure out of our money by spending part of it for advertising space to tell you how to make a fortune than in spending it for anything else. We have acquired the advertising habit and can't break off.

UNIVERSITY PARK

is the business center of the Peninsula. If you will place your money on well-selected property in that vicinity it will grow into a fortune within twenty years.

WE HAVE NO PROPERTY FOR SALE

FRANCIS I. McKENNA