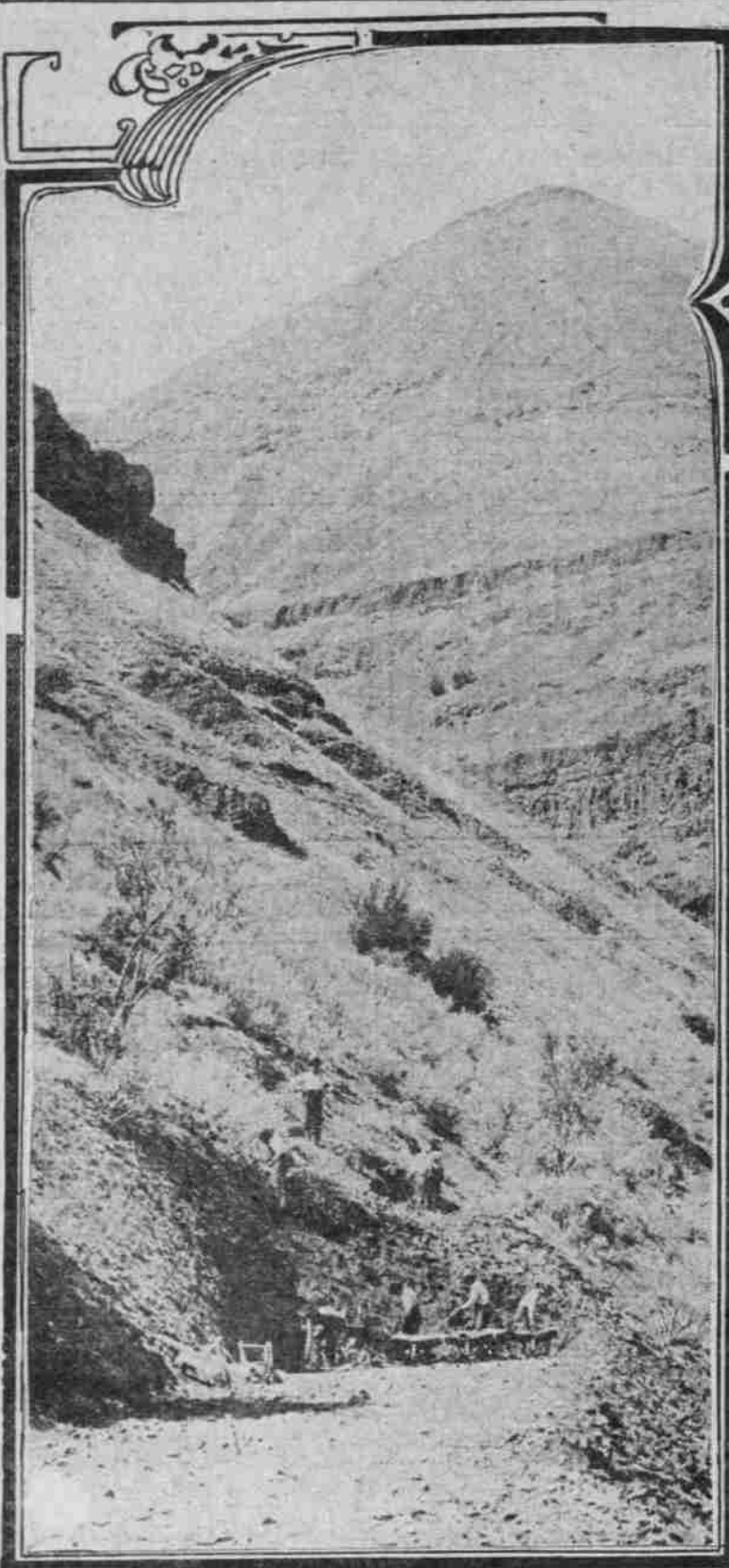


Tremendous Battle Rages in Canyon of the Deschutes River Between Rivals for Rich Trade of Central Oregon Country

Before Revenue-Producing Country Is Reached, \$5,000,000 Must Be Expended by Both Roads—Indications Point to Hill as Opponent, Through Porter Brothers, of Harriman.



PORTER BROTHERS MEN
AT WORK ON CUT

THE two weeks that have passed since the Oregon Trunk Line promoters began their contest with the Deschutes Railroad Company over rights in the Deschutes River canyon have not thrown any positive light upon the motives back of the rivals of the Harriman railroad.

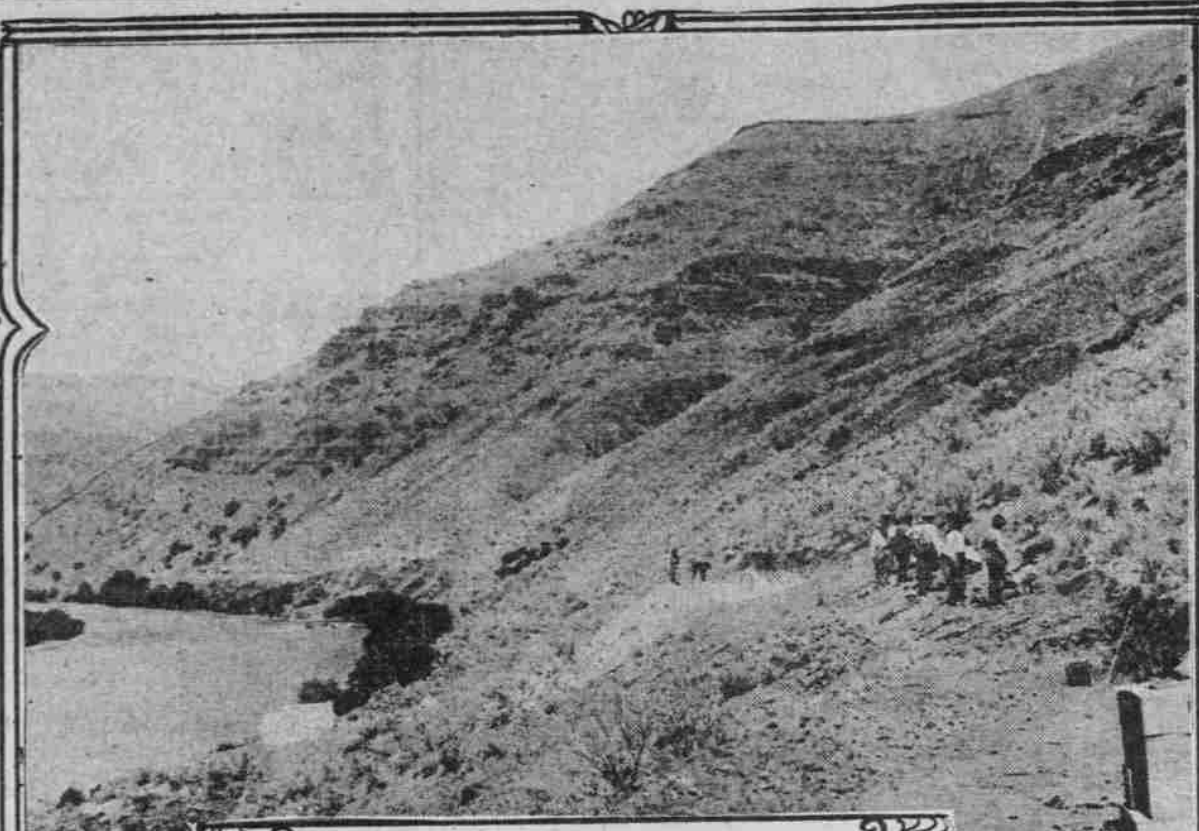
While bluff and holdup have been suggested, the mind of the average man is not capable of grasping the temperance of any person or set of persons who would expend the sums Porter Bros. are putting into the Oregon Trunk Line without intending to construct a railroad, or at least gain traffic rights in Central Oregon.

Both projected railroads are in a deep canyon, whose walls rise from the river bed for a height on both sides of from 1,000 to 2,000 feet. The construction itself will be difficult and expensive, and the cost of getting equipment and supplies on the ground has been duplicated in the building of few railroads.

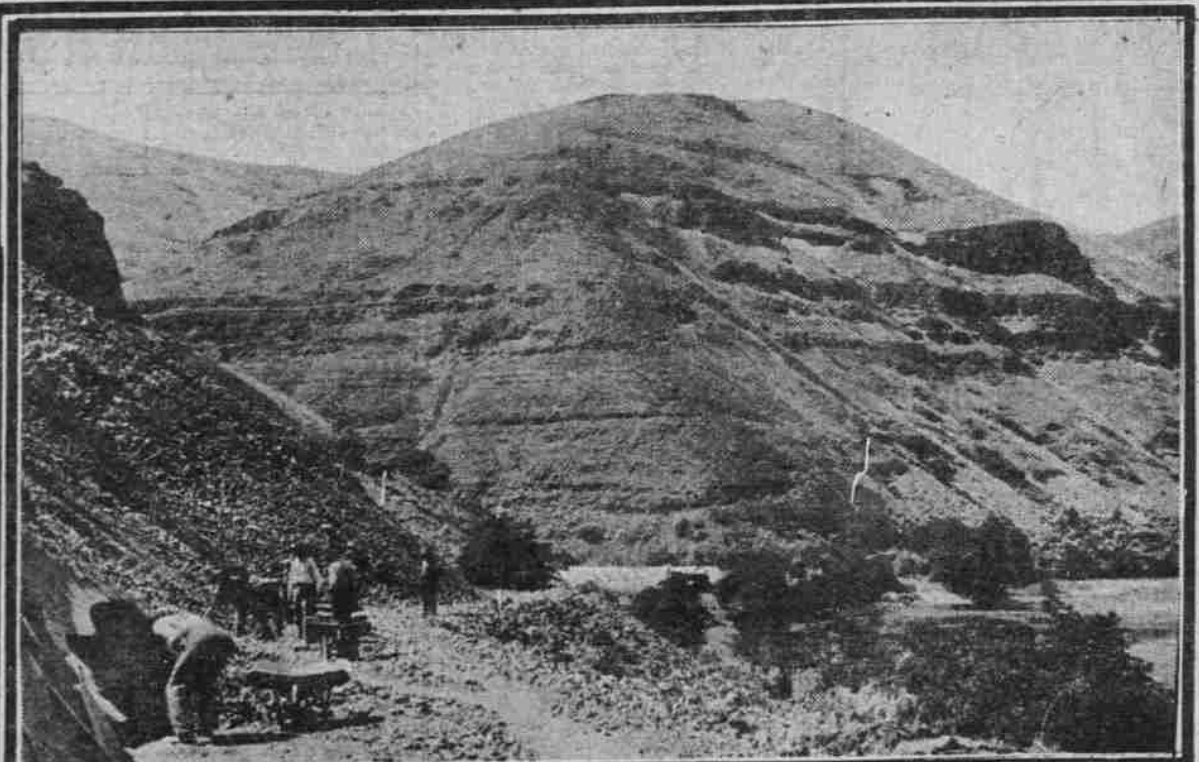
The rough character of the country will call for several tunnels on both roads. There are to be four on the Harriman road, one of which will be 1,200 feet long, and another 1,000 feet long. Canyons that cut into the Deschutes canyon must be bridged with costly steel trestles. Two of these steel trestles will carry the railroad rails at a height of 300 feet above the bed of the stream, their bridge, if the Oregonian building were placed beside one of these trestles, in the bed of the canyon, the top of the tower would still be 100 feet below the rails.

Thus one and possibly two railroads are to be built in a canyon difficult of access, where rock work, tunnels and bridge work will run the cost of construction up to more than \$5,000,000 before either railroad reaches a country capable of producing tonnage sufficient to make the road a paying investment.

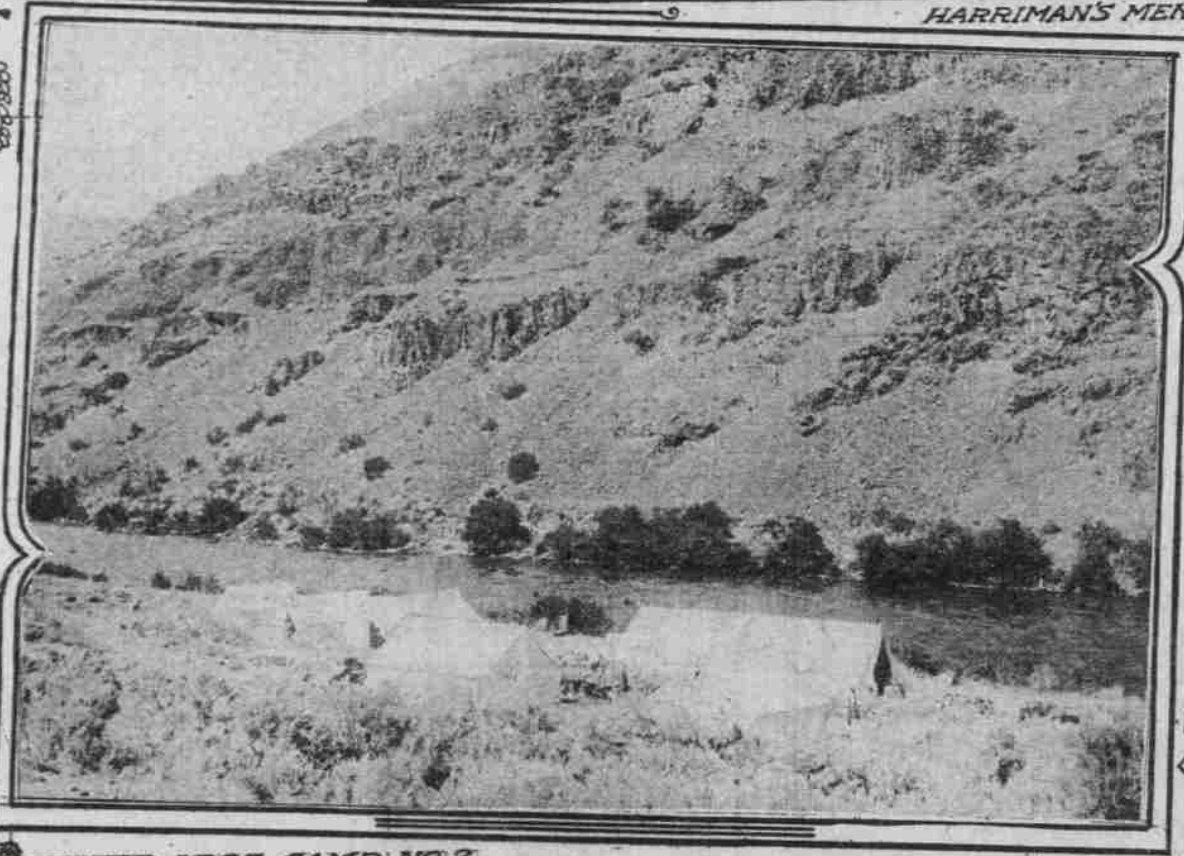
Whenever these elements are considered, conjecture reverts to the probability that the Hill interests are back



TWO-WAY WAGON ROAD TO TUNNEL.



HARRIMAN'S MEN AND CAMP IN DISTANCE



PORTER BROS CAMP NO. 2

of the Oregon Trunk Line. As against the Hill argument, the recent traffic arrangement between the Harriman and Hill systems which lets the Harriman road gain an immediate entrance to Puget Sound cities is cited as an indication that the old war be-

tween the two interests has been amicably adjusted. On the other hand, it is argued that Hill has agreed to the new traffic arrangement, sale, or whatever the understanding is, in view of Harriman's intention of building a railroad of his own from Portland to

Seattle and thus invade the Hill territory.

The theory is broached that Hill, having been virtually compelled to grant Harriman access to Puget Sound, is now going to compel Harriman to grant him like concessions in Central

on the ground that she saw only one Rhododendron near; but this error should make us all more careful to look up our facts before drawing conclusions. For every one who reads the article referred to, can come up and find six large plants just in front of the entrance, and in a walk of two minutes count hundreds.

This is a homelike hotel, built and maintained by two of Portland's well-known citizens, ex-Mayor Rowe and ex-Fire Chief L. G. Holden.

Sunday, August 1, was passed in a restful way walking and driving, and Monday morning we started up the grade for Mount Hood. A jolly party was made up here, consisting of D. H. Rowe and A. L. Holden, sons of the proprietors of Rhododendron Tavern, with their friends from Portland, B. Alger and R. MacMahon. Joyce Kelly joined us later at Government Camp. Laura Akin, Mrs. Clarence True Wilson and daughter Virginia, with the writer, made up the party of eight persons who on Monday evening, accompanied by E. Coleman and his assistant guide, Mr. Miles, started up from Government Camp for the four-mile climb up steep grade to the timber line. Here could be seen as beautiful mountain flowers as were ever picked, and fragrant as Portland roses. We were to camp here for part of the night. A big bonfire counteracts the snow and chill of the night.

Ready for the Climb.

Five young men are arranging to sleep, spreading blankets so that there will be actually sleeping between them and the stars as they rest. Mrs. Wilson and

Laura Akin occupy the tent, and the guides are busy putting screws into the shoes of all who are to ascend the glacial peak tomorrow. It is interesting to hear each of the young men plead for middle place in the bed that must hold five for the night.

But almost as soon as it takes to tell the story we are all called at 2 o'clock A. M. to break camp at 2 in the night, with the stars to light us, we are off on the snow rivers, to touch no more of earth until we are 11,225 feet above the level of the sea on Mount Hood. The day was perfect, the party congenial, the guide a master of his profession and built for his task. The snow is firm beneath our feet, and we are moving grandly up. Where we are to cross snow fields diagonally and the snow has become slipping ice, our guide precedes the party, and, ice as in hand, cuts footholds for us. After four miles of this kind of traveling, we seize a rope and begin climbing the crater itself. As we ascend we find the rocks warm from internal fires and our guide shows us a crevice in the rock from which issues gases, smoke and heat so intense that we can cook or warm our lunches by simply sitting things near. One young man remarked: "One look into that crevice makes a fellow determined to be good."

While lunching here the Rev. Mr. Montgomery, pastor of the Third Presbyterian Church of Portland, and one of the most skillful mountain men on the Coast, came up, accompanied by his son and Mr. Pratt. They joined us, and we made a party of 13. Hurroon! No, not yet. For remem-

Oregon. The prediction is made in Portland that if two railroads are not built up the Deschutes river Hill will at least have traffic arrangements which will give him a share of Central Oregon railroad tonnage.

At two other points are Hill and Harriman contesting for railway traffic. Dispatches tell daily of conflicts in the Lolo Pass country. The Harriman road recently announced the intention to construct a cut-off between Lookwood, on the Spokane-Wallace line, and Coeur d'Alene lake. The construction work has now commenced on this branch, and its building was inspired by the inroads made by Hill on Northern Idaho business. Passenger traffic from Wallace and Mullan and other Idaho cities on the Wallace branch of the Harriman system now travel on the Harriman road to Harrison, on Lake Coeur d'Alene, transfer to steamers on the lake, enjoy a pleasant ride and then get into Spokane over a Hill line, saving about 40 additional miles they would have to travel by remaining on the Harriman road. The latter is now building a cut-off to the lake, which will give it as short a route as that offered by the Hill system, and with its completion the fight for Idaho business will be on in earnest.

As a further indication that there is no peace pact between Hill and Harriman, the traffic arrangement, just closed between the Hill roads and the North Pacific Steamship Company is cited. This arrangement puts Hill in a position to compete with Harriman for through California business via the Portland gateway, something the Hill roads never before possessed.

That the Deschutes canyon is now a big railway battleground, and not the arena for an attempted colossal holdup, is the conviction of many. So many straws point in the direction of the Hill interests that denials of Porter Bros. and the Hill officials themselves have not served to convince the public that Harriman's antagonist in Central Oregon is not the Empire Builder.

ber our party of 13, including both ladies, reached the summit at 12:30 and Government Camp at 4, without a single mishap. "It" is sometimes a lucky number.

On leaving Crater Rock we have a climb to the ridge of Hogback, and along this steep, precipitous backbone of the mountain for 200 feet we make our way, with a

store for her, robs the expectant mother of all pleasant anticipations of the coming event, and casts over her a shadow of gloom which cannot be shaken off. Thousands of women have found that the use of Mother's Friend during pregnancy robs confinement of all pain and danger, and insures safety to life of mother and child. This scientific liniment is a God-send to all women at the time of their most critical trial. Not only does Mother's Friend carry women safely through the perils of childbirth, but its use gently prepares the system for the coming event, prevents "morning sickness" and other discomforts of this period. Sold by all druggists at \$1.00 per bottle. Book of valuable information free.

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yawning chasm to our left, at its foot a crater throwing out fire, smoke, lava and some stifling gases, with enough sulphur to suggest brimstone, and the bottomless pit.

Rather Rugged Scenery.

On our right is a terrible slide of 800 feet, with rocks at the bottom. Neither horn of the dilemma suggests a pleasant fall, so, "given the choice of two evils," we took neither, but pursued our way up that narrow ridge of snow. This is the women's very souls. You stand at the junction of two snow ridges surrounded by three precipices. The worst of these we must cross over to reach a steep snow bank, and the only way is to creep on hands and knees over a temporary wooden ladder, which our guide places and holds for us, and then from a narrow bank of snow, climb over an opening in the snow, the bottom of which has not been found, though a 30-foot rope has been let down the full length without touching anything. There, another thousand-foot ridge of snow, almost perpendicular, awaits us. Steadied by the rope, we ascend and then the real fun of running up the soft snow to the glorious summit of Mount Hood.

What a day! What a view! There is Portland, 60 miles away, and Vancouver, plain as day. There lies the Columbia at our feet, stretching toward the sand-fringed ocean, in plain sight, 20 miles distant. There are all the great mountains in Washington, but we have enough of our own to keep us busy. There stands Jefferson and the Three Sisters here at our feet in Bull Run Lake, Portland's pride, a jewel of beauty, reflecting the sunlight and furnishing our city the healthiest beverage in the world. But I would like, while I have the bracing effects of this mountain air, to have hold of the man who first gave this diamond of a lake the name of Bull Run.

We found in the rock-hewn receptacle the Mazama register book and inscribed our thirteen names, with the facts and dates of our ascent, and with becoming pride congratulated our guide, and each other, and especially the ladies, for their pluck and perseverance to the last.

At 1 o'clock we started down. Much of it must be done carefully, but the work is so much less in coming down than we have time to enjoy the incidents of the trip. The descent over the ladders is as dizzy as the ascent had been, but the snow has softened under the sun's rays and now we just slide down what with such difficulty we climbed two hours before. And, sliding, running

jumping, we came down the mountain to timber line in less than two hours. Go again? Well, not this summer! We are all wiser, but the glamor of climbing Mount Hood "just for fun" has all been removed. Let us climb Mount Hood for reasons of patriotism; it is Oregon's historic peak. Let us climb it as a nature study. God has blended for us flowers and snow-burning craters and icy gorges, volcanic formations and scenic wonders, all in one condensed nature study—Mount Hood.

CLARENCE TRUE WILSON.

Russian Prince Dies Pauper.

BERLIN, Aug. 7.—(Special.)—Recently Prince Emir Wladimir, whose ancestors go back to the illustrious family of Rurik, founders of the Russian monarchy, died at St. Petersburg Hospital from typhoid fever. It is stated that the Prince contracted the malady in a shelter where he had gone to spend the night as a homeless outcast.



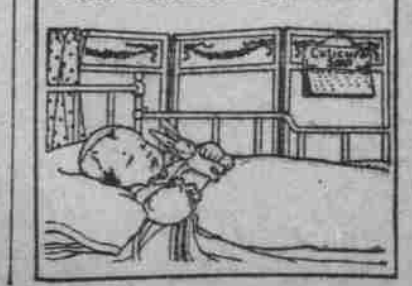
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Gives Buoyant Narrative of Climb to Summit of Mt. Hood

Rev. Clarence True Wilson Resorts to Literary Ecstasies in Relating What Happened to His Intrepid Band of Adventurers.

RHODODENDRON TAVERN, Mount Hood, Aug. 2.—(To the Editor.)—Our voyage to Mount Hood in a prairie schooner was an interesting one to us and may suggest a pleasant trip to others who contemplate a Summer vacation. We purchased a second-hand grocery wagon and, after equipping it with brake, pole and other necessities for mountain roads, painted it the patriotic colors, red, white and blue, possibly because we think it the duty of travelers to see their own land first. For instance, what right has any Portlander to sit and pine to see foreign scenery and long to travel abroad or even to the natural wonders of our sister states, who has never even ascended Mount Hood?

We packed our camping outfit and set sail or rather we had a canal experience and were towed as far as Government Camp by our two horses before setting sail.

The thriving little city of Greenham was our first stop and over smooth roads we glided along to Pleasant Home and ultimately to Sandy, our first camping place.

Few Portland people know that by a short drive of 25 miles they can reach a total change of climate at Sandy—nearly 1,200 feet above sea level, with its inland atmosphere. In California, great boasts are made of the rapidly with which the sick or weak can change climate by a few miles' drive. Portland is not one whit behind Los Angeles in this respect; only we do not know it sufficiently to impress it upon others.

Here's a Pretty Drive.

The drive from Sandy next morning was picturesque in the extreme. Cherryville, with its mountain streams, loaded with tempting fish, was attractive, but we were bound for Mount Hood. Finally we arrived at Salmon. Here we camped and it rained and rained for a week and we stayed and stayed until Thursday, July 23, when we cast off our moorings and set out for Rhododendron Tavern, a mountain hotel, a work of art in rustic building. There are lovely little cottages scattered around among the trees. A writer has recently criticised the naming of it Rhododendron