

CHASING HENEY IN THE WILDS OF OREGON

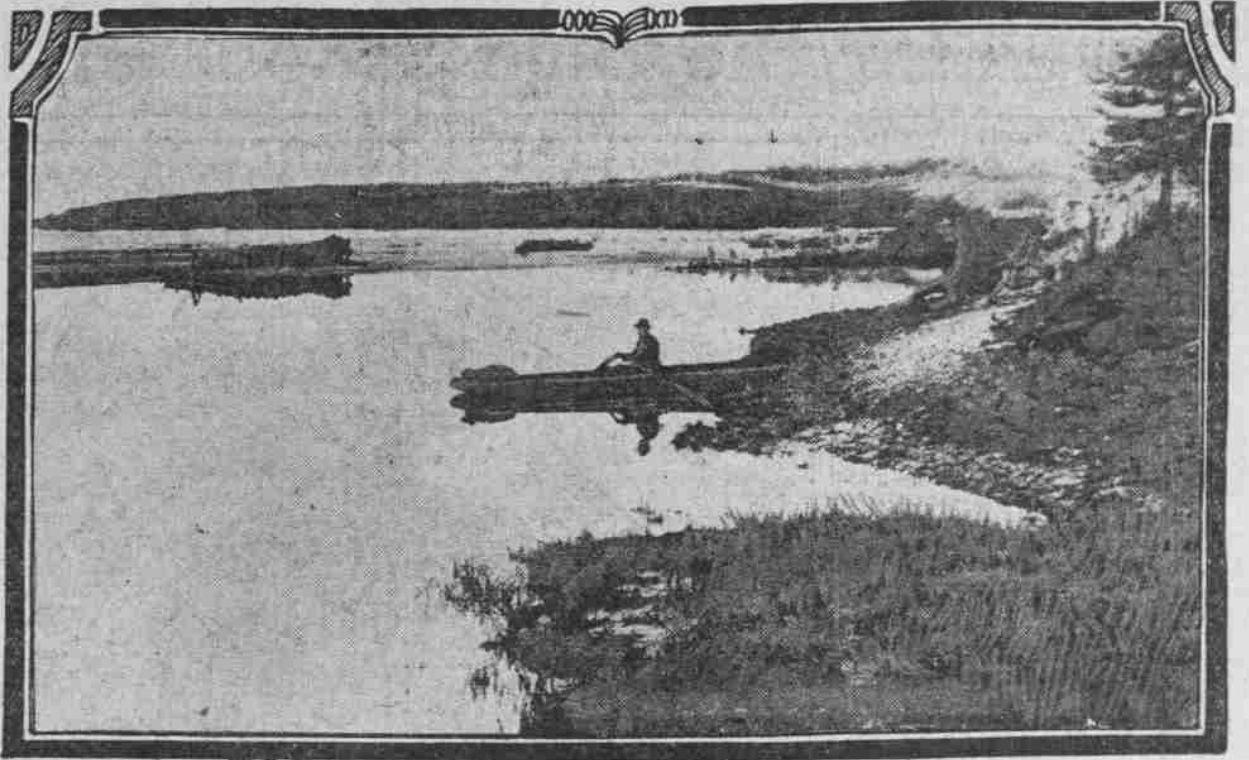
How a Correspondent of the Oregonian Secured an Interview Near Cape Perpetua.



CAPE PERPETUA FROM THE NORTH.



MR. HENEY IN HUNTING GARB



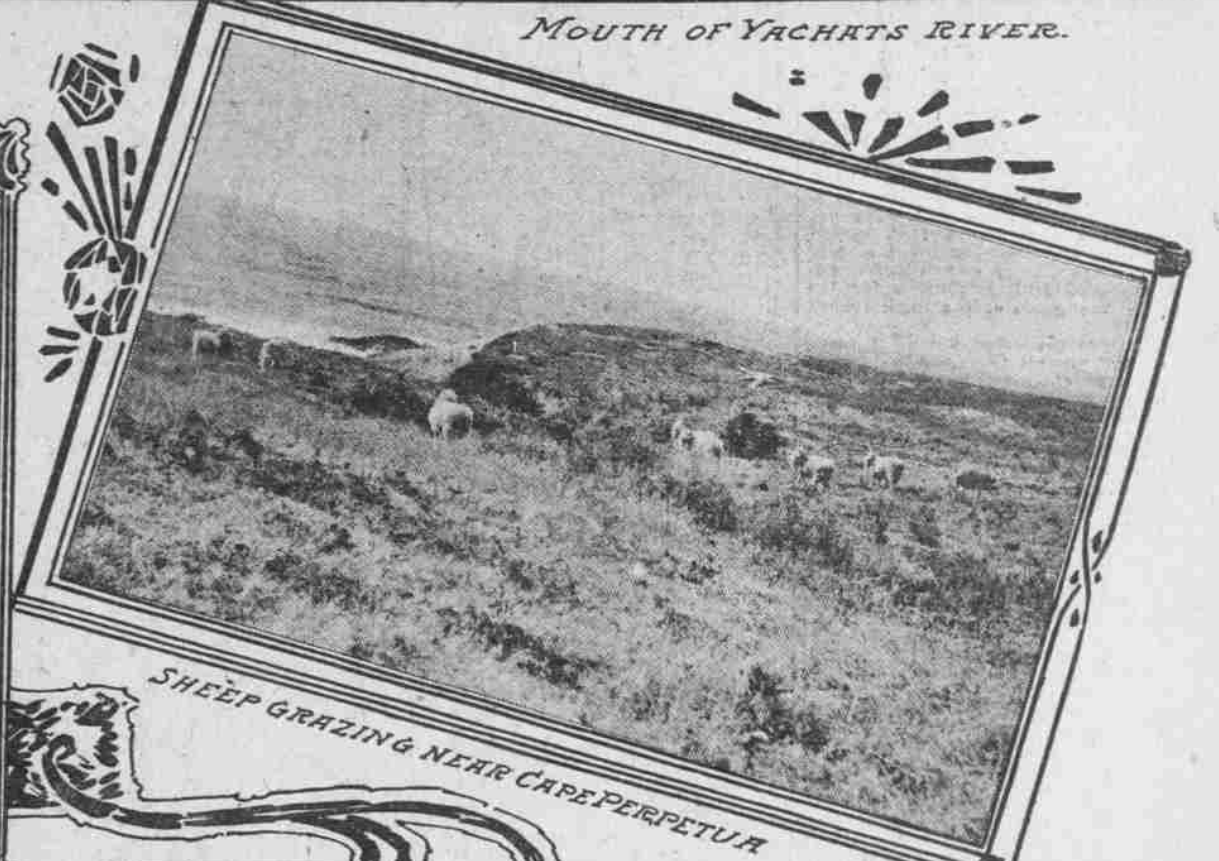
MOUTH OF YACHTS RIVER.



GNARLED TREES ON THE COAST



MR. HENEY AND GENE MCMAHON.



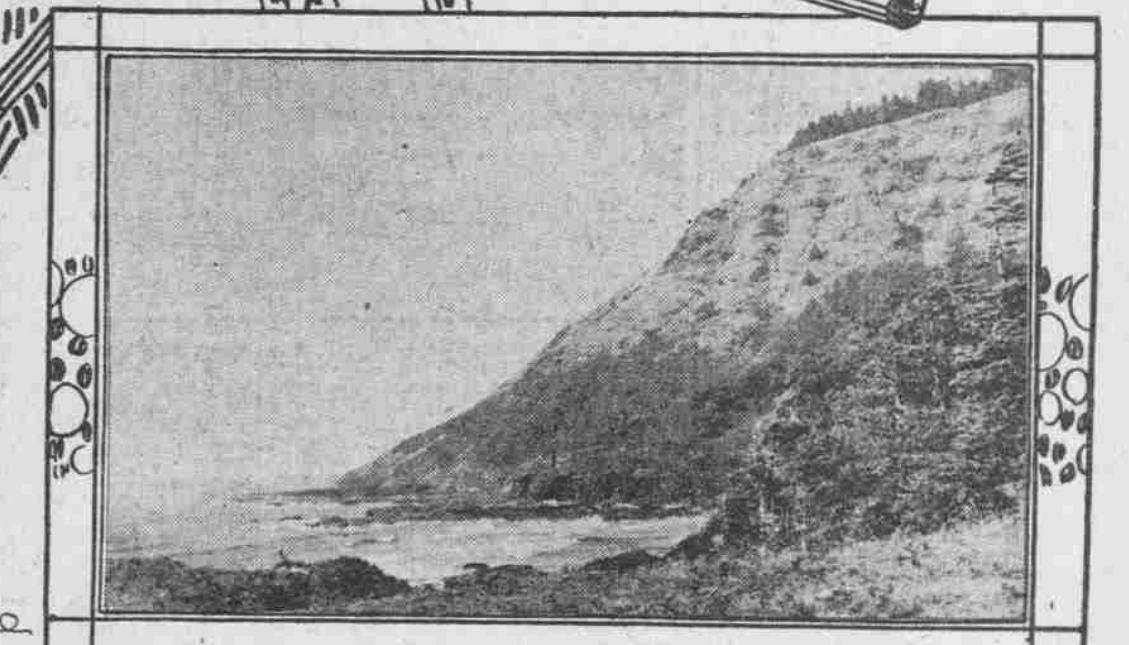
SHEEP GRAZING NEAR CAPE PERPETUA



IN CAMP AT YACHTS.



DINNER IN THE WOODS



CAPE PERPETUA FROM THE SOUTH.

BY JOSEPH PATTERSON.

WHEN orders were received to find Francis J. Heney's camp, located somewhere south of Newport, I tried to get Waldport on the phone, but was unsuccessful as the Sheriff of Lincoln County had silenced long-distance conversation by taking the switchboard away to satisfy a judgment gained in a suit, it being easier to attach that instrument than to coil up a 15-mile wire. So I left at 6 in the morning by the Waldport stage, which follows the shore line excepting for a mile at Seal Rocks, where the road winds inland among the cottages of Professor Hawthorne, Squire Farrar, Postmaster J. O. Baker and other well-known men. The stage stopped at Lutjens, which is on the north side of Alsea Bay, and I (with the other passengers) waded in soft mud to a scow which was towed across the bay.

This was Waldport, a quaint little town with a sawmill and brass band, and there I learned that Heney was somewhere below. Shades of Hades! There, right next to an old solid-wheeled wagon, was a large automobile. Mrs. Wakefield, at the Waldport Hotel, learning of my haste, gave me some cake, pie and cream, and in five minutes I was in Mr. Fisher's auto speeding south along the beach. Mr. Fisher told me how he grew strawberries in Irvington that would have taken the first prize if The Telegram editors hadn't eaten all his large berries. It was this way. He sent a crate to the editor who acknowledged them and gave him such a complimentary notice in his paper that the managing editor refused to believe the glowing tale, so he had to be convinced at the expense of a crate. Next the city editor demanded proof, and got it; another crate. The head of the reporter staff was dubious, and had to be assured of the veracity of the statement, and so on until he had given all his biggest berries to The Telegram men.

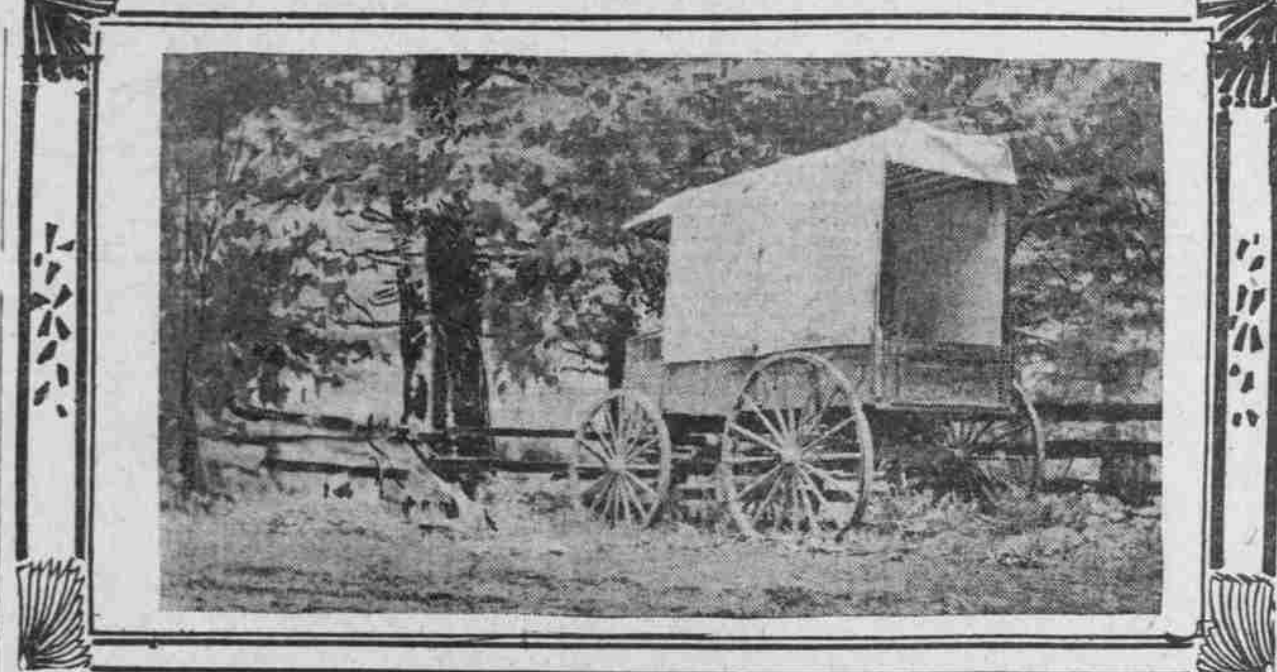
Eight miles brought us to The Rocks, and as the machine could proceed no farther I left the Oregon Burbank and set out on foot for a two-mile walk along a rocky shore. The sea, churning over rocks and forced into indentations, was condensed until it shot up like a geyser 100 feet in the air. This beautiful sight made the walk in the sun bearable, and in less than an hour I found myself in Yachats before the camp of the Hon. A. J. Johnson and family, of Corvallis. I told him that I bore a telegram for Heney from The Oregonian, and he, after inviting me to have something to eat, took me to a shaded nook and pointing to an object said: "That is Mr. Heney's

wagon." My heart rose up, but quickly fell when he added: "Mr. Heney, with Professor E. R. Take, of O. A. C., is a guest of L. H. McMahon, of Salem, and they are out with pack horses and attendants on Fairview Ridge, probably 15 or 20 miles below. Mr. Bray, at the mouth of Ten-Mile Creek, 10 miles south of here, can probably help you locate their camp." Thanking him for the first valuable information which I had received, I looked around for a saddle horse, for I was beyond the road country and must follow a pack trail; I was in one of the most remote, yet beautiful places in the United States.

Of course, there wasn't a horse not in use, and, anxious to make time, I set out on foot, discarding an overcoat, which I left with a man named Hestford, who keeps a delightful, clean, little inn to accommodate hunters and fishermen. The trail was as crooked as the railroad on Mount Tamalpais, winding along the top of a bluff at times, over hills and back into the edge of the forest, where quaint, gnarled trees blown by the wind had taken most fantastic shapes—a good place for fairies. The crags, where the foaming sea rushed in, indented the shore line, and the path through edges of the forest was almost black, making a complete contrast of black and white.

I reached a level spot covered with grass, where cattle ranged, and there was a barbed wire fence, a sign of civilization. Suddenly I came upon a bull, and I climbed that sign of civilization without arguing, but on the other side was another and a bigger bull. I had run out of civilization, so trusted to my ability to run. I am a good runner, though late in discovering the fact. As I approached Cape Perpetua I came to a gate upon which was the sign: "Look out for the dogs." I did. The trail around the cape is about half way up to its summit, and 400 feet above sea level. It is cut out of solid rock and quite narrow, so that I could look down upon the grinding waves. It was necessary to hurry on to keep from getting dizzy and I just stopped long enough to get two views of the shore line, one looking north to the Yaquina lighthouse and the other south to the Recta lighthouse. Only danger could mar the grandeur of the scenery.

I continued along the trail and came to a small farm, where sheep were seen grazing. Here I met two men, with large strings of trout and they informed me that Bray's was about seven miles below. The charm of the scenery fascinated me and took almost all my attention. The trail was so very rugged, and continued to follow precipitous bluffs overlooking the great Pacific. I just had one opportunity to follow a beach, and this beach was but a few hundred yards in length, and lay a few miles below the cape. Five



THE WAGON AT YACHTS, FIRST SIGN OF HENEY



AT LUNCH

miles more of the rude trail was traveled, and still no signs of Bray's house, but I suddenly came upon a couple of hunters, a man and a boy. The boy carried a Winchester rifle, and the man had one also, as well as a Luger pistol. Over his shoulders were a pair of leggings, and on one arm was a gray sweater. I approached him, and holding out my hand said: "Allow me to congratulate you, Mr. Heney, upon your nomination for District Attorney of San Francisco." His face

lighted up and he grasped my hand and said: "Well, well, I'm glad to see you. Isn't this a fine country? Here, meet my young friend Gene McMahon, of Salem. Gene and I are trying to beat each other shooting." Then he added, as I handed him a message from The Oregonian and a paper: "We're going back to Yachats to camp tonight. Our camp, 10 miles back, on Fairview Ridge, has been broken, and Professor Lake and Mr. McMahon are following Gene and me with pack horses. Yes, I feel fine. Never was better and Mac's cook, Johnnie Johnson, would make anybody grow fat."

Upon his invitation I joined them and the three of us proceeded back the seven miles which I had just covered. When we reached the beach we waded, and later McMahon, who is 14 years of age, disappeared through tall brush while trying to find a short cut, but hanging to the brush avoided falling into a canyon which was completely covered, and was drawn up by Mr. Heney.

Mr. Heney's conversation, was chiefly concerning his trip, with exceptional remarks about the grand scenery and sunset. We arrived at Yachats at 9 o'clock, where Mrs. Hestford cooked a splendid meal for her distinguished guest, and the cream from her separator went down by the glassful. After a while Mr. McMahon and Professor Lake and Johnnie Johnson arrived, and they in turn were fed. There was real milk and wild honey, besides the other refreshments. I remained with the Hestfords over night, while Mr. Heney and the others went to their camp, sleeping in bags.

Mr. Heney is an excellent walker as well as a crack shot, but the hunting at the ridge was not good. Only seven deer were seen by the party, they claiming that the game has been chased into deep canyons by amateur hunters with dogs. A cougar approached the camp at night, but was not seen.

Mr. Heney always does his share of the work about camp. Upon arising in the morning he takes a cold bath and then shaves. When it is necessary to pack horses Mr. Heney is an expert, having learned how to throw the diamond hitch while a cowboy in Arizona. During his first day on the ridge he walked 15 miles in six hours, going without dinner, which gives an insight into his physical condition. He is proud of his ability to empty the seven shots of his Luger into a card at 30 paces apparently without effort.

The original plan was for the party to go to Waldo and Davis Lakes, at the summit of the Cascades, but the uncertainty of the Calhoun case caused them to take a shorter trip. Mr. Heney is so fond of outdoor life that he is almost persuaded to try that life again instead of the courtroom.

forestry expert, is doing more botanizing than hunting, and incidentally has charge of L. H. McMahon's large orchard near Salem.

The host, L. H. McMahon, is over 50 and superintends everything. He is a good hunter as well as an able lawyer, and as a host is very successful. When seen on Saturday morning after a night's rest, Mr. Heney offered to write out his own statement, which he did immediately after eating a hearty breakfast. "The truth and good are mighty and will prevail," said he as he handed me the written statement, and soon after bidding them all goodbye, I hastened off in a buggy that I might reach Newport in time to telegraph to The Oregonian, and in that I was successful, as the Sunday's issue contained Mr. Heney's statement in full.

The party is undecided as to their next camp, though it will probably be at Drift Creek, near Tidewater. Mr. Heney returns to San Francisco about September 1 after visiting Portland and Seattle.

Newport, Or., Aug. 22.

CHINA IS FOR TEMPERANCE

History of Abstinence Extends Back to 100 B. C.

SHANGHAI, Aug. 28.—(Special.)—One of the speakers at the meeting of a temperance society which has been started at Suchien gave an interesting account of the history of distilled spirits in China since the Chou dynasty, 500-100 B. C. Wine-drinking, it seems, had grown to be such a curse in the Han dynasty that strict laws against intemperance were made. If three men were found drinking together they were to be fined "four ounces of metal." Later in the same dynasty drinking was allowed, but the output of liquor was lessened.

In the Tang dynasty the attempt was made to regulate the number of distilleries in each district, stills to the proportion of people being fixed by law. After a few centuries drink had again grown to be so heavy a burden it was prohibited, and distillers were to be punished with death.

In the Sung dynasty, 1000 A. D., the law to decapitate offenders was reaffirmed. In the Ming dynasty, 1500 A. D., distillers were to be punished with banishment, and their sons and grandsons were to be banished, also. The present dynasty has not tried to prevent wine-drinking by legislation. The distillation of spirits, however, is often prohibited during famine seasons, and distillers are required to pay for a license, though the tax is not heavy.

There are a number of curious coincidences regarding Wagner and the number 13, which he always declared was a lucky number for him.