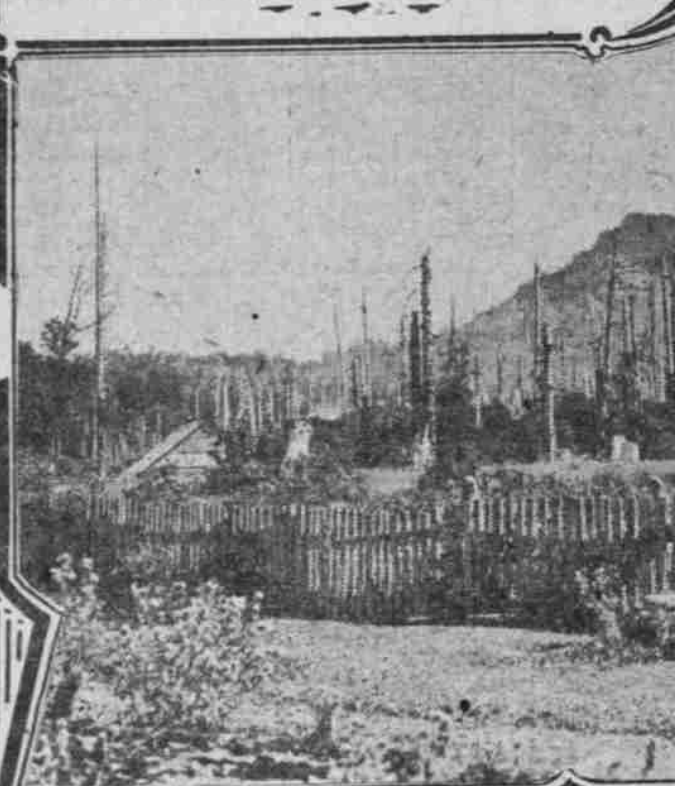


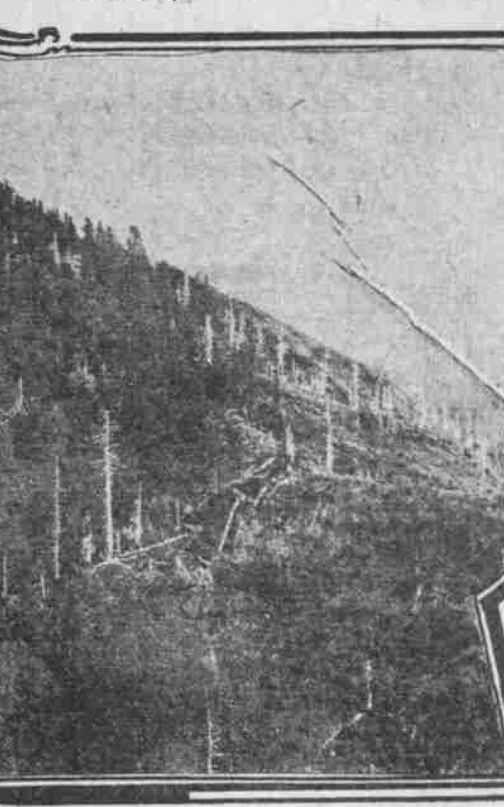
CLATSOP WANTS ITS WONDERLAND PRESERVED

Saddle and Humburg Mountain Region May Become National Park.

VIEW OF SADDLE MOUNTAIN FROM POINT SIX MILES NORTH



EAST OR LOWER HUMP OF SADDLE



ASTORIA, Aug. 28.—(Special.)—A concerted movement is under way in Clatsop County to make Saddle and Humburg Mountains, which are located about 20 miles south of this city, a National park. To further this effort, a large party of Astorians recently visited those mountains and secured photographs of them and the surrounding points of interest to show the advantages should a park be located there. These two mountains comprise five distinct peaks and for rugged scenery and beautiful views from their summits extending far up and down the ocean coast and from the broad Pacific to Mount Hood in the interior are equalled at few points in the Northwest. In addition to its natural beauties, Saddle Mountain is a point of attraction by its fund of Indian legends. From that section came Talapus, the Hermes Trismegistus of the Oregon Indians. Its forests were haunted by the Bookums and Cheatoes, while from the pinnacles of Swallowtail, the Indian name for Saddle Mountain, the thunder bird went forth on its daily quest for a whale, and at the mountain's foot, Quotash and Toulux produced the first men from the mammoth eggs of that great bird. Such is the legend handed down in Indian lore.

Leading from Astoria to Saddle Mountain is an old military road that was constructed by the War Department in 1853, before Oregon became a state, and even now this highway is in a fair state of preservation. All that is required to make it passable for teams is to clear away the underbrush and remove a few fallen trees.

The bill providing for the creating of a National park at Humburg and Saddle Mountains passed the Senate at the last regular session, but failed to reach the House before adjournment and therefore must be reintroduced at the approaching regular session. Those who have given most careful attention to the advantages of these mountains for a National park have been impressed with the facilities here provided for the propagation of elk. The Government is in need of a location for this purpose and no better could perhaps be found anywhere.

Elk Once Covered Slopes.

The venerable John Chitwood, who was one of the recent party to make the Saddle Mountain trip, relates how he has seen the entire east slope of the mountain covered with elk some 40 years ago, and today, although there are quite a number of families living in the vicinity, elk are more abundant in this locality than in any other section of the northwestern part of the state, generally considered to be the best elk ground in the Northwest. Upon the occasion of the present trip, Mr. Chitwood, who, by the way, was the first logger to do a practical logging business in Clatsop County near the headwaters of Youngs River at the base of these mountains, told some interesting stories of elk that were new to all of the members of the party. There are many different kinds of trees growing on the slopes of these mountains, and he emphasized how proud an animal the elk really is by telling the manner in which they colored and tinted their antlers. Some of them would walk up on a red bark tree so that their branching horns were quite crimson. Others would find a yellow bark tree and tint their bushy head-pieces a brilliant chrome. And he went on to explain how in a herd of elk it was even possible to see the proud antlers exhibit almost every color of the spectrum.

At this time there is no timber growing on the top of Saddle Mountain, but Mr. Chitwood states that when he was a young man engaged in logging about the base, timber grew over all of the slopes and even on the very summit. A fire which destroyed the trees was started by a camper who was hunting elk, or at least he always believed this was the case, although the man suspected of being so careless denied having any camp fire.

Should the movement to make a National park of these mountains prove successful, the credit will be due in no small degree to Mr. Chitwood. This is his pet scheme. As an illustration, it may be said, that recently he took the money out of his own pocket necessary to brush out the trail to the foot of the mountain in order that tourists might make the ascent with more or less convenience and comfort. This blazing extended over a distance of more than three miles along what was many years ago the military corduroy road.

Sparkling Spring on Saddle Summit

One of the extraordinarily pleasant characteristics of Saddle Mountain is the sparkling effervescent spring to be found on the summit. After climbing the steep trail, and when one is fairly winded, the water from this spring tastes just a little better than water from any other source. If there are degrees of purity in mountain spring water then certainly the superlative degree should be found in this spring nearly 4000 feet high, and it must be sustained by some powerful artesian force, coming up through a solid cone of lava which in many places in the bright morning sunshine, glazes with the brilliancy of polished anthracite, or ebony, or jade. Indeed it would appear most reasonable to a layman not versed in all the intricate lore of the geologist, to expect that anthracite coal should be found in the vicinity of these mountains because of the large pieces of shining black material cropping out all the way up the slopes. The mountains have a volcanic formation, and the waves of lava can still be seen layer upon layer as if they had cooled but yesterday.

One is interested in the various formations that have been spewed out of the

crater, and in one place hanging down the canyon for four or five hundred feet may be seen a pile of grayish rock entirely different from any other in the vicinity. Mixed in through the gray, which is almost as hard as granite, is a glittering substance like the frosting used to represent snow scenes in city show-windows.

The botanist would be more pleased with the trip to Saddle Mountain than with any similar trip in the Northwest. The surface of part of the cone being free from timber and best seen while going up, thus settling the advantage of the sunshine, is a veritable flower bed, and the flora are of the most brilliant colors imaginable.

The leaves of the forest were turning gold and purple and crimson, with all the tints of the rainbow, of the setting sun, of the clouds before a storm, of the halo of the moon, of the blush of the maiden's cheek, of the hues of her golden curls.

Every tree and flower was a different color and those high up on the mountains were distinctly tinged from those in the valleys. Fairyland held nothing more exquisitely, delicately beautiful and sure nothing from the hand of an artist could be so inspiring as this Autumn landscape in Oregon's mountain forests painted by the frosts, with the glow of the evening sky, with the red of the robin's breast, with the purple of the overripe grape, with the yellow of the golden nugget, with spangles and splashes of color from nature's most lavish palette, of every hue and of every tint and of every shade.

Far up the mountain side in the waning twilight the leaves were such a deep red that the tree tops and the very rocks seemed bursting into flame.

These beauties interested me for a while," said one of the tourists, "then I thought of the cheerless Winter they presaged. But if there should be no Winter there could be no Autumn and none of the beauties around me. Then I thought of how the lustrous, rejuvenating Spring would follow the bleak Winter, and thus the seasons in their course and on forever.

Where twisted round the barren oak The Summer vine in beauty clung, And Summer's life the willow broke, The crystal icicle is hung.

How Mountain Gets Its Name.

Saddle Mountain takes its name from the appearance it presents from Astoria, that of a large saddle with a broad, flaring seat and high pommel. In the seat of this saddle there are probably 15 or 20 acres of almost flat surface, covered with a luxuriant grass different from any seen in that vicinity or in the valleys among the foothills. On the pommel of the saddle, which looks like a near point from Astoria, there is room for at least 1000 people to stand and sing "America" if they should perform the usual feat under the impulse of the moment there in the midst of the wild forest.

And such wilds! The party finished its descent in the gloaming. Saddle Mountain shut in the range of vision ahead and Green Mountain away in the rear. Giant fir and spruce and hemlock shot straight upward to the stars, the fingers of the world pointing to God. And no stars ever shone brighter than these, nor never were there more to be seen in the sky.

The full-orbed moon, like a molten globe, hung a little way down from the zenith toward the Eastern horizon just over the tops of the highest hills. Out of sight of the campfire was to be realized the most picturesque mountain solitude, a few miles from where the Pacific pounded into furious breakers. The woods were silent. No cry more shrill could be heard than that of the illusive jay. The wind, always keen and fresh, kept up a gentle stir among the leaves far above. No luxuries were there to command excepting this one, to refuse to be bound by the conventional time called time, the relentless master out in the busy world from which we had escaped. In this solitude, as had been said of another, there was no one to accuse of being a deserter or to herald his holy powers or wonder-working faculties.

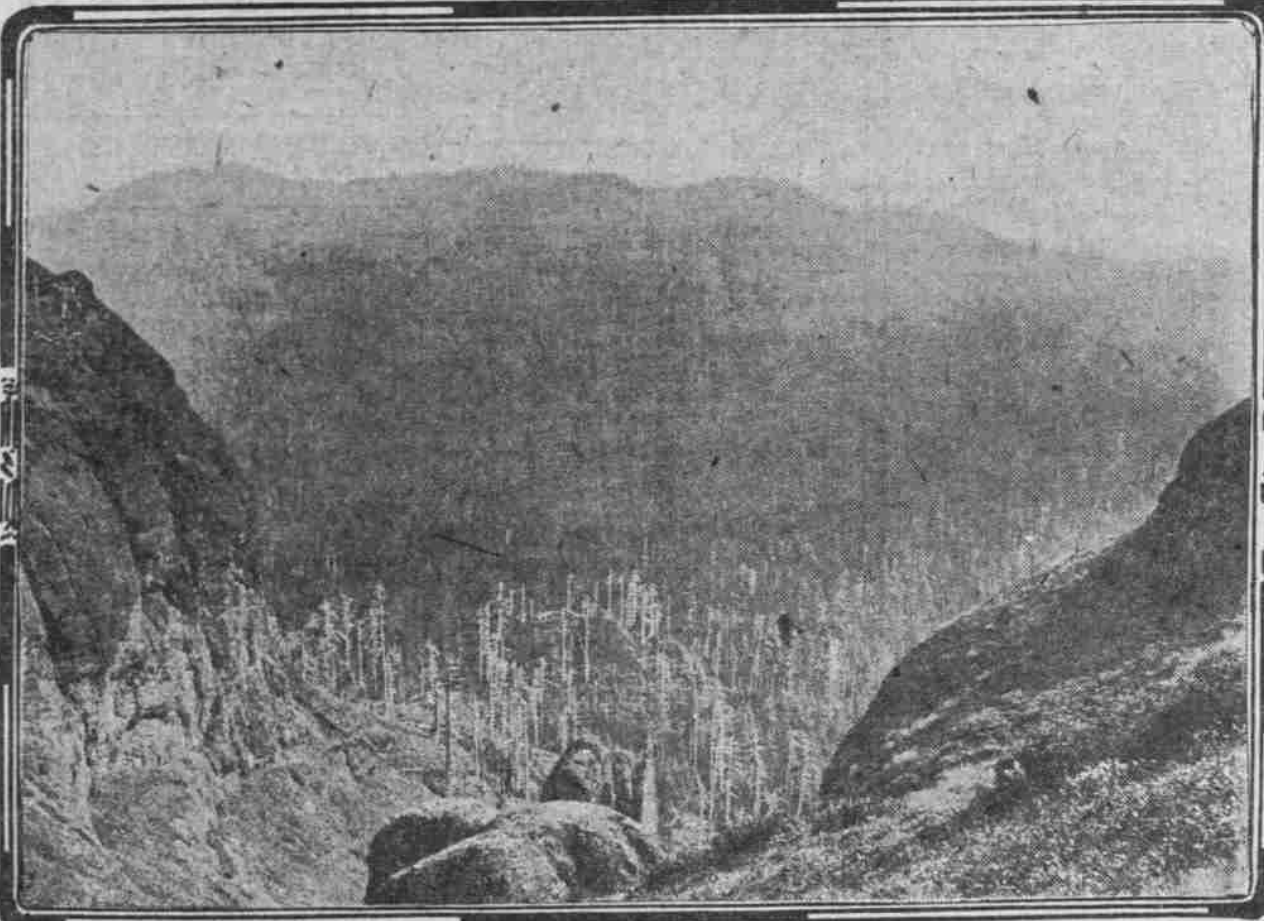
In the morning there was the glory of the dawn for all but the sluggard. The blue of the sky became paler. Then to see the sun rise, and wonderful to relate, there was no noise in the streets while the day shook the dew from off the wing. In the loom of nature such is the warp and woof of the finest texture. What a fitting place for the tomb of a really great man!

They carved not a line Nor raised not a stone, But left him alone In his glory.

Peak Not Hard to Climb.

Saddle Mountain is not a difficult mountain to climb, and it furnished just about the proportion of exercise and physical attainment to the ordinary city mountain climber. It may be climbed by most people in about two hours and a half, and the descent may be made in about an hour. There is no danger in climbing this mountain if one keeps in the trail. In that part called the "Devil's Kitchen" there is almost a perpendicular wall near the summit for more than 500 feet, and very few even of the most hardy mountain climbers have the temerity to try and ascend by this bluff.

The Marxen family and the guide, Mr. Otto Johansen, who lives near by, tell a most interesting story of a pair of black bears which annually make the ascent for the purpose of raising their young. They climb up this straight, steep surface. When these bears ascend, Johansen states they look a little distance away through a glass, like bearskins tacked out to dry, so flat do they cling to the cliff. Last Spring he shot at the male bear 17 times as he was making his upward journey, but none of the shots took effect. Neither did the bear seem



VIEW FROM 'SEAT' OF SADDLE MOUNTAIN SHOWING TRAIL USED IN MAKING ASCENT



SUMMIT OF HORN-SADDLE MOUNTAIN.

PHOTOS BY COE ASTORIA.

to be excited as he kept on the even tenor of his way until he had finally reached the top. It is perhaps not very clear to the average hiker, and especially to Mr. Johansen, why this bear, which ought to be a good-sized bear, should be climbing the mountain in the most difficult place. After all, it may not be a very difficult feat for a bear to climb straight up the side of a mountain. Other wise the four-footed climbers would probably seek out an easy trail.

From the summit of Saddle Mountain the broad expanse of the Pacific could be seen from Cape Mearns on the south to Shoalwater Bay on the north. Mount Hood, Jefferson, the Three Sisters, Adams and Mount St. Helens showed their white-covered peaks, while Seaside, Port Stevens, Canby, Scarborough Head and the mouth of the Columbia were all in plain view. It is said that even Portland Heights, Hillsboro and Vancouver can be plainly seen on a clear day. Then there are numerous streams and settlements everywhere that make a picture of incomparable beauty.

Not far from the spring, on the top of the mountain, is a shallow cave which would afford an excellent place for camp in case of a storm. Mr. Johansen tells of having been on top of the mountain on one occasion when a severe wind storm overtook him. He took shelter in the cave and the storm grew worse and blew for two days so hard that he could not get outside for fear of being blown away. The cave is entered by a path on a narrow ledge not more than six feet wide, over the edge of which, should one fall, he would be tumbled almost straight down for hundreds of feet. It is not a place anyone should try to visit when the wind is blowing anything like a gale.

Place for Game to Increase.

Opposite the "Devil's Kitchen" is Humburg Mountain, heavily wooded, and now the home of deer and elk, whereas Saddle Mountain used to be the favored re-

sort before the timber was burned away. In making a Government park of this place it is desired by the citizens of Clatsop County to include both Saddle and Humburg Mountains, as the Government, through the Department of the Interior, expressed itself as desiring a place where elk can be propagated to the best advantage, and at this time none of the parks in the Northwest are considered especially adapted for the purpose. Humburg mountains were protected in a Government park, there are enough deer and elk, and black bear, already within the preserve to make it a place of extraordinary interest within three years after hunters were excluded.

There are a number of places on these mountains where taverns could be built, and as soon as an electric railway is completed to the park it is altogether likely that there would be more strangers and visitors seeking accommodations than one good-sized inn could accommodate during the summer season.

The movement to make a park of these two mountains is a worthy one and should be encouraged. In the great Northwest at the present time there are almost innumerable beautiful parks that are indeed so picturesque that a sacrifice to disturb the perfect work of nature has already accomplished. Within a few more decades the population of this section will have increased to such an extent that the destructive hand of civilization will begin to tear down nature's work, while at the same time it will construct something more beneficial to the practical needs of the Northwest than mere scenery. Yet it would seem that out of the abundance of natural scenery everywhere, now is the time to save. A century hence the present generation should calculate in such a way that all the world may come to see what glorious beauty there is, a reminder of what the wilds of Oregon really were. A traveler recently said of the forests of Germany that one could travel through 100 miles of giant trees everywhere as well kept as a parlor. An-

other traveler said of German forest preservation that the timber was so well placed that after using a match one could sell the stub for kindling. These little straws in the wind show just what a thoughtful man today may have in mind while trying to prepare a little for the generations of 100 years from now. The best man is the man who renders the most service to the human race. In forming and carving an empire out of the Northwest, there is an opportunity for the display of much judgment and good sense and one of these opportunities is in the preservation of such naturally beautiful and historic spots as Saddle Mountain from being spoiled of its beauty by the ruthless hand of man and in the setting aside of a preserve for the protection of those noble animals—the elk and deer—whose kind is being so rapidly destroyed.

MUSICAL TREAT PROMISED

(Continued From Page 4.)

This company and is one of its most reliable members. Miss Lina Bertossi, the artist that will open in the part of "Aida," is a young Italian girl of 26 years, but as she made her debut at the early age of 17, she is of vast experience in the operas. She has played in the Italian theaters where they run 20 operas a season. Bertossi's first part was Gilda in "Rigoletto," at Lugo, Italy. She afterwards sang with success in Trieste, Venice, Genoa, Verona and Bari; also in the large American cities with the International. She is called a "lyric soprano." That means that she is not only a lyric-soprano, but can sing leading dramatic roles equally well. Bertossi's animation and vigor are so great that it gives one the impression that she could give expression to the heavier dramatic roles.

M. N. Bari is a tenor with a phenomenal range of voice. He is one of the purest of the operatic stage today; he

SITE OF SPRING 40 FEET BELOW SUMMIT

elder he has great acting ability. He is spoken of as the legitimate successor to Canuso.

Louis Samoloff is a robust tenor who has a brilliant future. Blessed by nature with a tenor voice of great power, a splendid physique and robust health, his success in Italy has been beyond words. An American that can go abroad without any influence, financially or other, to secure an engagement in the leading theater in Rome for two years, cannot but win the highest place in his chosen profession. He made his debut in the part of Manlio and so successful was it that the management produced the opera 15 times the first month. Samoloff will open here in Hadamas, the soldier lover, in "Aida." His singing of the "Celeste Aida" is one of the features of the opera. On Wednesday he will be heard as Manrico in "Il Trovatore," and Thursday in "Eugene Onegin."

CIRCUS DEPENDS ON BAND

(Continued From Page 2.)

mechanicians to the effect that he wasn't a mechanic at all, and never would be. But one day Kerslake got mad. "You're not mechanics, either," he shouted. "Why, I could take a barnyard pig and make a better mechanic of it than you fellows will ever be."

Next day two cute little porkers, with blue ribbons around their necks, were tied to Kerslake's front door. With the ribbons was a note, which read: "Make mechanics out of them." Kerslake trained those pigs till they could do anything but talk. And his success with them took him into the circus business.

Once upon a time, when you were a boy yourself and went to Sunday school, you may have gotten a delectable book out of the Sunday school library called "Toby Tyler, or Ten Weeks With a Circus." Toby, according to this weird, wonderful story, ran away from home to join a circus, and he had a pretty hard time of it while he was there. But the clever youngsters who are with Ringlings did not run away, and they do not have a hard time of it. Most of them were born into the circus, and their parents were circus people, and their ancestors had been with circuses for generations. Turning flips, riding bareback, and all that, seems as natural to these children as yelling a blue streak does to the average child. And every-body in the show takes a hand in the training of the little fellows, and putting them on to some new trick. More than that, at the end of each year, these generous-hearted circus folk often put aside a big sum of money to be used in giving the youngsters a school education during the winter time. And in addition to this they shower them with presents, Christmas and birthday. So just as eagerly looked forward to by the circus

child as by the most petted little boy in the land.

There are three troupes with Ringlings' circus composed partly of children. These are the Bedford family, the Lorch family and the Patcheeho troupe. They all do tumbling and acrobatic stunts and things of that sort, and they are nightly clever at it. And one mustn't forget the little Japanese lad who climbs into a tub-like affair, which his father supports on his feet while lying flat on his back, and spins around in the air at a great rate.

One of the acts that never failed to draw from the children a chorus of delighted "Ohs" and "Ahs," and tickled their elders, too, was the trick performed by the two dwarf clowns, who marched around the track with their trained dog, Charley. These little fellows sprang some capital stunts. One of them was dressed like a miniature Roman soldier, and every time his companion would slap him on the back with a cartridge stick, his eyes bulged out into great flaming orbs, like a jack lantern. Concocted batteries did the trick, but the stunt was originated by the dwarfs themselves. They are the smallest clowns in the world.

And then—out what's the use. No mortal living man could begin to tell all the interesting things and the strange facts and figures that could be told about the show. We'll just have to wait till it comes back again next year and see it all for ourselves.

APACHES SHOOT UP TOWN

French Criminals Introduce Wild

West Ways to Paris Suburb.

PARIS, Aug. 28.—(Special.)—Apaches in the suburbs are again very active and their misdeeds in the course of the night have caused a man to die from fright and brought a little girl who is now in hospital to death's door.

A gang of the young miscreants had been drinking heavily at Aubervilliers and went into the street to settle a quarrel. Pistols and revolvers went off as if they were celebrating a national holiday and bullets flew in all directions. A workman who was returning home found himself in the midst of the fray and fell dead on the pavement from heart failure. The medical examination afterward showed that he had not been shot, but must have died simply of fright.

A little girl 6 years of age, who was playing in the streets, was hit by a bullet in the chest and had to be carried to a hospital.

The Apaches, after discharging all their firearms, scattered at the approach of the police.

The eyes of a champion move independently of one another.