

SWIFT'S IMMENSE PACKING PLANT READY SOON

Under Way for a Year, Big Industry on Peninsula Will Be Thrown Open to Trade September 15.



NEW PORTLAND UNION STOCKYARDS ON PENINSULA, WHICH WILL OPEN SEPTEMBER 15—THE SWIFT PACKING-HOUSE, NEARLY COMPLETED, IS SHOWN IN THE DISTANCE, WHILE THE SQUARE BUILDING IN THE FOREGROUND IS ONE OF THE TWO SCALE-HOUSES.

AFTER the greater part of a year spent in construction work, the big plant of the Union Stockyards on the Peninsula near the new packing-house of Swift & Co. is so nearly completed that preparations have been made to open it for business on September 15. This announcement was made this week by D. O. Lively, of this city, general agent of the company.

The new stockyards and the buildings in connection represent a cost of \$200,000. They will offer to the seller and buyer of livestock the last word in convenience. Although the stockyards in some Eastern livestock centers are larger, none is so thoroughly modern in every detail of construction and facilities for handling the stock. The arrangement of the pens and racks, the swing of the gates, the safety of the unloading chutes, the modern sewerage system, the cemented pens and alleys, the water supply, the size of the scales and the arrangement of the scale house, the automatic weight-registering devices and the capacity of the barn and office all show improvements over similar devices at the older yards.

The exchange building of the plant is one of the finest structures of its kind in the country, and the arrangement of offices is convenient. The

Postal and Western Union Telegraph Companies will run wires and maintain operators in the exchange building and both telephone companies will have booths and switch boards there. Streetcars carrying Union Stockyards sign boards will run north on Second street and will go to the door of this building.

"When the Union Stockyards open for business September 15 Portland will take a Class A position as a livestock market," said Mr. Lively yesterday. "What this means to the commercial life of the city and to the Pacific Northwest is understood or appreciated only by those familiar with what like events have done for such centers as Denver, Omaha, Kansas City, Chicago, St. Joseph and Fort Worth. What the livestock market have meant to those cities will be repeated at Portland.

"The immensity of the livestock industry is almost unbelievable. Steel, the standard of market comparison, is but a child alongside the giant, meat. The former has its furnaces where they may be seen and heard, where the tonnage and the price are as countable as apples in a barrel, while there is no hamlet so insignificant that it cannot point with pride to its local butcher shop, more often than not the selling place of the product from the packing houses at the points named. In Chi-



LIVESTOCK EXCHANGE BUILDING, WHERE STOCKYARD COMMISSION FIRMS HOLD THEIR TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH OFFICES.

cago fully 20 per cent of the population gets its daily bread from the meat industry. In St. Joseph, Mo., inbound livestock increased 50,000 carloads in ten years.

"In Fort Worth, Texas, inbound livestock shipments for eight months this year will approximate 50,000 cars and it is safe to say that the outbound freight added to the cars of fuel necessary to convert that many cars into a tallow, soap and fertilizer, and even drugs, will make an equal number of carloads. This means an added 100,000 cars of freight to the commerce of the Texas town. It means that the livestock market industry has tripled the population of Fort Worth in ten years and makes fully 15,000 people fill their dinner pails daily because of the building up of a livestock market.

"Each of the livestock markets mentioned had a struggle. The adverse conditions that Denver, Omaha and Fort Worth had to overcome were greater than those which confront Portland. Each city was in a less favored location from a standpoint of the then existing agricultural conditions, and then, too, each was nearer the older and more prominent markets than is Portland. Even the most optimistic saw times when they were almost ready to give up the struggle,

but while there is much to be done before this market reaches such colossal proportions as those mentioned, the natural surroundings are much more favorable. None of the big things that have fallen into Portland's lap is of greater importance than the establishment of its livestock market.

"The new yards will be able to handle from 75 to 80 cars of livestock a day. The officers of the company are: President, William H. Daughtrey, of Portland; vice-president, Frank J. Hagerbarth, of Salt Lake; secretary-treasurer, O. M. Plummer, of Portland; general agent, D. C. Lively, of Portland.

Up-to-Date Hotel Roofs.
Popular Mechanics
Not many years hence a hotel will not be up-to-date unless its roof is turned into an airship station, and several hotels in other parts of the world and one in Philadelphia have already made preparations, doubtless expecting immediate advertising and future aerial guests. The aerial garages planned for the roof of the Philadelphia hotel will have a repair shop, stored electricity, gasoline, and all the paraphernalia needed by aerial navigators. Though only a few years ago the roof was used for communicating with other stations on the land and at sea, will then be used for receiving room reservations from aerial travelers as well.

PORTLAND'S UNION DEPOT A VERY BUSY PLACE

Fifty Trains Daily With 25,000 People, Average Throughout Summer.—Continued From Page 2.

last month was placed at between 30,000 and 35,000, and no single day did it drop below 15,000. This month this mighty volume of passenger traffic is growing still heavier rather than decreasing.

They come from all parts of the country. Perhaps more are coming from the Middle West this year than from any other one section, but there are thousands from New England, from the Atlantic States and from Boston. It is peculiar about Boston. Whether because Portland has the name of being the "Boston of the Pacific Coast" or for purely practical reasons can't be told, but the number of people who are making this city their destination is quite surprising. And the states south of the Mason and Dixon line are also furnishing a big percentage of the travelers to the depot.

Now thousands of these persons have already visited or are bound for the Seattle Exposition, but other thousands—and this is of great importance—are making the Exposition travelers almost as three to two, make this city their direct destination from the East. Hundreds of them are coming to look over farm sites and agricultural lands in the rich Willamette Valley, Central Oregon and other sections of which they have heard much. Thousands more were brought out by the recent drawing of land on the Spokane and Coeur d'Alene Indian reservations. But by far the greatest number are tourists. Portland at last is coming into its own as the Mecca for West-bound tourist travel.

To handle these huge crowds and their regular local passenger business, the railroad companies are running 25 passenger trains each way in and out of Portland daily. Time was—and not so very many years ago—when we staid old Portlanders were remarking to each other that a total of 10 or 15 trains going both ways was a remarkable showing for our town. But that isn't all. Of those 25 trains a day, five of the inbound and four of those outbound come and leave in two sections, each larger than the average heavy passenger train.

It is throwing in the nine extra sections for good measure, to make ample allowance for a few local trains on stub runs which have fewer than eight cars. But it's pertinent to add that these local trains are very bit as crowded as those coming overland.

Each Month Shows Gain.

Now perhaps you don't like statistics any too well, but here are just a few that are too good to keep. The month of July was much lighter in the amount of traffic handled than August has been, and August was lighter in traffic than the first few days of this month. The month of August, however, compares with figures which throw light on the vast number of persons carried by the railroads during July.

In July these figures show that the terminal company received and sent out 11,930 passenger cars. That was an average of 374 cars for each of the 31 days. It means that on every one of those 31 days no fewer than 23,440 passengers came and went through the depot gates. And for the month of August the figures are even more impressive. In that month the terminal company received and sent out 12,300 passenger cars. That was an average of 397 cars for each of the 31 days. It means that on every one of those 31 days no fewer than 23,440 passengers came and went through the depot gates. And for the month of August the figures are even more impressive. In that month the terminal company received and sent out 12,300 passenger cars. That was an average of 397 cars for each of the 31 days. It means that on every one of those 31 days no fewer than 23,440 passengers came and went through the depot gates.

But it's fortunate for both the depot and Mrs. Fields that she was born with a decided bump of humor, for otherwise it's not very likely there would be much left of her by this time. The nerve strain of answering so many questions and having so many responsibilities every day alone would be enough to incapacitate most people.

—What would the average woman do, for instance, if she were suddenly called upon to render first aid treatment to a burly logger who had received such a severe dose of knockout drops that he appeared to be dead? And how would you take it, madam, if you had to take a big bottle of whiskey away from a grown man who was determined to drink it, while his family of three youngsters were howling with fright and about to miss their train? Matron Fields was called upon to do both those things one day recently, but such trivial matters as that don't bother her in the least.

She was sitting at her desk in one of the waiting-rooms a few weeks ago when

a man came in with three little children. As soon as she saw them, Matron Fields knew something was wrong. When she questioned the children, she found that their mother had just died, and their father, the man with the whisky bottle, was taking them up to an aunt in Walla Walla. He was trying to drown his grief by drinking. They had to catch their train in ten minutes, but the man didn't seem disposed to catch anything.

Matron Fields collected their baggage and made the man get up and stomp around a bit to clear his head. Then she very quickly and deftly reached into his pocket and took out the whisky bottle, and onto his train with it. "You can't take that on the train with you," she said determinedly.

"What?" said the man, as he made a grab for the bottle. But Mrs. Fields was left him, he pointed after all sorts of people in depots for 20 years for nothing. What she did was to take the man by the collar and give him a good shaking. She was saying the Exposition traffic must be falling off. The next day this train made up for its temporary "inactivity" by taking out 25 cars and more than 2000 passengers.

In that two hours something like 5000 persons leave the station on the six outgoing trains, and on the six inbound ones, three of which are locals, 3000 more come in. When you realize that most of those 5000 outward passengers have tickets to buy, baggage to check, or something of the kind, you can see that the depot staff has no genteel siesta of it.

Another big rush takes place at 5:30 P. M. and still another at midnight. In between times it's comparatively quiet, only 1000 or so an hour passing through the gates.

To take care of this great crowd of people requires a small regiment of 105 employes on duty during the day and night. They are divided up into 55 baggage "smashers" and mail handlers, seven ticket sellers, one depot master, one assistant depot master, five gate-men, six red-cap porters, two Pullman ticket sellers, eight men validating tickets, ten men in the parcel room checking hand baggage, four young women telephone operators and five telegraph operators—which is going some. It is the biggest force that Manager Lyons has ever had on at the depot, and half the time it is being worked to death with the press of business.

Depot Force Is Largest.

It is, moreover, the largest force now employed in the depot of any city on the Pacific Coast, except San Francisco. If this were not excellent evidence that Portland's tourist travel is exceeding that of the other Coast cities with the single exception of San Francisco, the figures of the validating office at the depot would pretty effectively clinch it. The statement was made by the validating clerks the other day after they had checked up the business from May 15 to the end of August, the practically 35,000 persons arriving with this city as their destination have made side trips while here, requiring the validation of their tickets. They also made the announcement that San Francisco leads Portland by a small percentage, with Seattle a close third, while for the first time in its history Los Angeles is in fourth and last place.

Now, you can readily see in the face of all this that being matron of a busy station like the Union Depot is not exactly a job that a physician would recommend to one of his patients as a rest cure.

Mrs. Carrie Fields, the present day matron, has served in that capacity in Portland for two years. Mrs. Fields is the best matron the depot has ever had.

the matron rescued the infant from its impending peril.

Family troubles? Oh, there are lots of 'em at the depot. But if they ever come to Mrs. Fields, she settles them all. One night an eloping wife came down to the station with the man for whom she was deserting her home, just a few minutes before her rightful husband appeared on the scene. The terrified woman was weeping and pleading to return home, and the would-be eloper was slinking out of the station.

A helpless woman is bad enough, but Mrs. Fields is authority for the statement that a helpless man is a little bit worse. Every evening before she leaves the depot, the matron makes the rounds of the waiting rooms just to make sure that no excited young parents, in the rush for the train have forgotten the baby. One day a month ago she thought even this had come to pass. Wrapped up in a bit of old shawl, a little fellow reached the depot at six months old and crying lustily. For once in the day, there was nobody in the waiting-room. It seemed clear he was forgotten or deserted. Mrs. Fields took him over to her with the youngster, when a man in a great state of excitement rushed in.

"He saw the child on the train and made something to eat before his train left, he had left it alone in the waiting-room. When he came back and found it gone he had thought—"

After that Mrs. Fields, who has three grown sons of her own, felt a tender spot expanding in her heart for that baby. There wasn't time before the train left for her to dress it up, but she took it on the train herself and left it with a woman in one of the cars, who promised to see that it had every care a baby could have. Mrs. Fields was so grateful he could only express his thanks by taking the matron's hand and kissing it in the Italian fashion.

Recovery From Knockout Drops.

Well, they put the logger in one of the cots at the hospital, and Mrs. Fields, who is also a trained nurse made a careful examination of his injuries while they were sending for a doctor. If he wasn't actually dead, she saw that he had at least a mighty sick logger. He had a big gash in his scalp, and no sign of a pulse could she detect. But Mrs. Fields had seen sick loggers before, and something made her think that this one might have been given "knockout drops." She got the bottle of contraband whiskey, pried open the logger's mouth with the aid of some of his scared fellow-loggers, and poured about a gill of the burning fluid down his throat.

In about three seconds a great change came over that logger. His arms began to wave wildly, his eyelids twitched, and he suddenly sat straight up in the cot and began to blink. When the doctor came, the logger was so far recovered that he was asking for another drink.

What would you think of the absent-minded father who would give his baby case to his wife to hold and take the baby over to the baggage room to check him through to his destination? Mrs. Fields straightened out a lovely family mix-up of that sort not long ago. It was a new baby, too, and the father was so proud of it he wouldn't let it get out of his arms when he came to the depot. In the excitement of looking after the baggage, however, he hurried over to the checking-room and tried to explain to a perplexed baggage man that he wanted it checked at once. The hysterical mother, who hadn't realized at first what was happening, hunted up Mrs. Fields, and

Trains in Two Sections.

The four outbound trains which are now running regularly in two sections every day are Southern Pacific No. 14, the California Express, which leaves at 7:45 P. M., and Northern Pacific Nos. 14, 24 and 2, respectively the Portland and Vancouver special, leaving at 10 A. M., the Puget Sound Limited, leaving at 3 P. M., and the Eastern Express, leaving at 11 A. M.

Inbound, the five daily trains running in double sections are Southern Pacific Nos. 16 and 14, respectively the Oregon Express, leaving at 7:30 A. M., and the Portland Express, arriving at 11 A. M., and Northern Pacific Nos. 1, 7 and 23, respectively the Eastern Express, arriving at 7 A. M., and the Puget Sound Limited, which gets in each night at 8:35 P. M.

Now perhaps you can get a better idea of what all this means when you know that each of those 50 passenger trains a day will average about eight passenger cars to the train, which does not include express and baggage cars either. And each of the passenger cars will seat at least 60 persons. The newer and more modern coaches seat 20, and 24, Lyons, for many years manager of the terminal grounds and the Union Depot here, said the other day that the average number of passengers actually being carried now would come closer to 35 than to 40 in each car—for there are no empty seats in the trains this month.

That means that in a single day, nearly 20 passenger coaches, carrying 34,000 passengers, enter and leave the depot. And

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Maintains Milk Depots for Poor in New York.

Nathan Straus. Photo copyright, 1909, by George Grantham Bain.

Nathan Straus has sailed for Europe to attend the International Medical Congress at Budapest. Mr. Straus will urge the concentration of action toward the Pasteurization of milk. Mr. Straus has maintained a similar station in German cities. Mr. Straus is at the head of a big shop in New York, and he is just now in conference with one of the New York papers which has condemned his milk. The question at issue is whether Mr. Straus withdrew his advertising from the paper in question before it began to oppose his milk depots, or whether the paper turned sour after Mr. Straus had withdrawn his advertising. It has long been understood in newspaper circles in the big city that Mr. Straus and his pet scheme were sacred subjects and not to be handled lightly.

Deals With Many Foreigners.

The matron has great success with the foreigners. Scores of them come to the city every day direct from the old country, so ignorant of the customs and language of America that they are almost helpless. In the course of her long experience, the matron has picked up a smattering of half a dozen foreign tongues, and she can converse with all these people and see them on their way. Some of the foreigners are so grateful for it that they send her letters and little presents for months afterwards.

Those are just a few of the interesting incidents that happen almost daily to the matron at the Union Depot. One could write of a host of others if space or time permitted. But they serve to show that it takes a remarkable woman to fill the place, and that Mrs. Fields must be a remarkable woman. Every-thing there likes her; all the 105 employes at the big station call her "mother" and

Unsale to Steel Radium.

PARIS, Sept. 4.—(Special.)—A doctor attached to a large hospital in Paris left in a cab a few days ago a small box containing salts of radium. Although there were only some milligrammes of radium in the box, they represent a value of \$400. The person who has found the box and who does not want to return it may meet with an accident, as the radium in the small packet can by contact cause terrible burns. The substance cannot be handled by inexperienced hands without danger.

It is expected that this announcement, which appears in the papers today, will induce the possessor to return the box to the Prefecture of Police.

Baggage Men Are Rushed.

During the month of July alone, 102,294 pieces of baggage were handled by Mr. Groh and his men, and last month the figures were more than 10 per cent greater. In July, 1905, the Exposition year, only 76,075 pieces of baggage were handled and last year only 64,000. You can see for yourself what the growth has been.

Since May the depot "baggage-smashers" have handled baggage to the amount: May \$7,000 and June 25,000. Corresponding figures for 1905 were 62,000 pieces for May and 22,000 in June.

The efficiency of Mr. Groh and his men is strikingly illustrated when one learns that in almost 250,000 pieces of baggage handled since May, only two have been permanently lost. One of those was a tourist's suitcase, and the baggage-master hasn't yet given up hope of recovering one of them.

The baggage-men have their troubles just before a heavy train pulls out, when all the way from 50 to 200 passengers of the "last minute" variety are yelling their heads off in the effort to get their baggage checked. When, as often happens, a ticket calls for several stop-overs and a side trip or two on some obscure branch line, it isn't any ten-second job to fix up the checks, though many passengers seem to think it is. No train leaves the station until the depot master in person has gone to the baggage-room three minutes before leaving time, and seen to it that all the baggage has been checked up and will get into the baggage car on time.

Yes, everybody at the depot has his troubles these days. If you doubt it, try to run down and see for yourself. Only whatever else you do, don't under any circumstances ask them about it, for from the matron to the policeman on the beat, the gateman and the red cap porters, answering needless questions is by far the greatest of their troubles.

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