OUR TENDERFEET WITH SUNDRY SAD EXPERIENCES IN GETTING READY, INCLUDING SEVERAL TUSSLES WITH THE DIAMOND." HITCH. FOREST

IGHT here in the beginning, I want to explain that the reason we didn't

get any big game on our mountain trip was that we went at the wrong time of the year. We left Eugent right in the of the heated season when the deer had left their ranges and gone or their vacations taken to the deep canyens to recuperate for a month or so,

No decent person could expect a deer to come out and permit itself to be shot at with the thermometer at 30 in the shade. Weather conditions were very unfavorable. All the natives told us so.

Of course, I have been in the mountains when it was cool and damp, and got no deer, but that does not alter the basic facts in the case.

The weather was against us. It always

But here I am explaining away like the office boy when he comes down at 10 in the morning, before I have anything to expisin about. The truth of the matter is that I have been so busy for the last week teiling why it was, that whenever I think of the mountains, I start to explaining just as naturally and automatic ally as a book agent starts to talk when

Now that I have the explanation out of my system, I will begin at the beginning. About a month ago a quartet of us-Doc Con, Dad and I-got our heads together and made the discovery that the only thing that would save us from serious illness was a vacation. It was four physical wrecks that gathered in Doc's office appetites gone, not able to work, eyes hollow-we came near not getting up the stairs. We came down two steps at The woods have wonderful tonic properties, even in absent treatment. During our session, we had decided to take a pack horse trip into the Cascades, the object to get as far from civilization as possible, and the date as soon thereafter as circumstances would permit.

Early in the game of assembling our outfit we discovered a very annoying tendency in dealers, friends and others whom we approached. Although we had all been in the West more than a year, folks of whom we made inquirles insisted on treating us as raw tenderfect, and giving us information of the most elementary nature. of the fact that we had been reading Western stories almost all our lives, and that we knew Frederic Remington's pictures by heart, this was professional discussions of it. Of course, we were a little shy on experience, but we felt that our vast amount of theory ought to make up for

We soon saw that it was useless, however, and while we were obliged to put up with it when we asked for advice, we maintained a bold front of blase experience when we entered a store to purchase a part of our outfit. We frequently entered with a good deal more assurance than we took away with us. For instance:

We knew by the pictures in the Wild West books that before a horse could reasonably be expected to carry a camp outfit, he would have to be supplied with a pack suddie, and we felt confident that we could identify one on sight. Accordingly we strolled around to a harness shop, and asked the dealer to show us some of his nicest pack saddles. He disappeared into an upper gallery, and returned with a thing that looked like a cross between a ciothes horse and a toy raft. We looked it over, and took mental stock of the outfit we had purchased to go on that pack animal. canned goods, sacks of flour, sides of bacon and sundries were to be attached to that drying rack was a problem for more mathematical minds than ours. "Haven't you-er-a value, or some

thing, to hang on and dump things in?" "Sure, he replied, and vanished gain, reappearing with a pair of big tanvas sacks liberally supplied with

These are afforqueses," said he. I couldn't just see why he should have them there if they belonged to a man by the name of Forkas, but the more I looked at them, the better I could see that our expedition would be lame and impotent without them. We simply had to have them at any

"Would be sell them, do you suppose?" I queried. "Or maybe he would lend them to us, anyway."
-Would who sell them?" the dealer asked belligerently.

"Mr. Forkas," said I, "Mr. Al Forkas, I think you said." Hs gave me just one withering giance, and I felt that he knew all.
"That's the name of them," said he. 4-What they call them, you know, Alfor-ques." . . .

I subsided. I would have subsided I subsided. I would have subsided farther, but the floor unkindiy intervened and held me there while Consat down on a box, and acted just as if he saw a joke. After a while he recovered, and with the bearing of an old and experienced packer resumed the negotiations. I assumed an air of scornful dignity, and began to examine a new-fangled bridle. Con proceeded to nurchase the bags in question, an to purchase the bags in question, an outfit of straps, a tarpaulin for the top of the pack, and hobbles, then after a critical look around, declared that the list was complete.

"You have forgotten a hook-cinch, haven't you?" said the harnessman.
"Why sure," says Con. "How careless of me. I never forgot a hook-cinch before in my life. Better put in a half dozen of them. "Just as you say," the healer an-

COMMISSARY OF THE TE

swered, with another of those Kansas hot wind expressions, "but it's a job for the average man to put one of

That evened things up. We paid the bill and walked out in mutual humility. I find that the Western people are most exclusive about admitting a man to the outdoor fraternity. I almost think at times that he would have to have the goods before he could come in as a full member.

in as a full memoer.

Finally our outfit was all purchased, a pack horse secured, and the eventful morning for the start arrived. We had morning for the start arrived. We had had everything delivered at Con's home, and we turned out at 5 in the morning to pack. When we saw the pile of stuff we had heart failure right there. We had emphasized the fact that we wem going very light—only the bare necessities of life, you know—and there on the back porch was what looked like the commissary department of the Seventh Cayalry prepared for a campaign. Just very galling and annoying to us. We wanted the information, all right, but we objected to the way it was given. We felt that our extensive course of reading had taken us past the raw stage, and instead of sitting and listentof packing, we wanted to enter into professional discussions of it. Of the horse just as nicely and saved all the expense and weight.

We did finally succeed in piling a larger part of the supplies on the horse than had looked possible, put on our tarpaulin, and were ready to tie the whole thing down. The evening before a friend had asked me at the club if we were going to use the diamond hitch.

whole thing down. The evening before a friend had asked me at the club if we were going to use the diamond hitch. "Certainly we shall use the diamond hitch," I replied. "A man showed us just how to tie it the other day, and it strikes me as a very simple and con-venient method of attaching a pack." We all remembered just how he had done it. He had thed the pack rope to the hook-cinch, laid the rope along the horse's back and then thrown the cinch borse's back and then thrown the cluch over the hore, just like playing antiover. We stid all that carefully and methodically, throwing the cinch over so hard that it came around and hit her on the under side and made her kick that it came around and hit her on the under side and made her kick that some of them told me things that carefully and the read is full of heavy freight teams from morning till night plans for tunnels and stations as well as the world in the w

and dislodge about hair the pack. That bothered us. While we were getting the pack back on, we forgot what to do next. We threw the cinch over, and tied the rope around every part of the horse that we could think of, but it didn't seem

realized right there that our trip was going to be a success, come what might. One look up at the smoky, blue hills, One look up at the smoky, blue hills, surmounted by the glittering pile of the Sisters, convinced us of that. Every canyon that opened up to our view hinted of mystery, and the only thing that worried us was that we couldn't explore them all. We turned up the Willamette, and headed for Lowell, where we would strike the old Military Road, which we expected to follow as far as Hazel Dell. We stopped for dinner at Pleasant Hill, and as we lay under

upper Pleasant Hill valley to Lowell. Pleasant Hill is the oldest settled section in Lane County, and they still point out the chimney of the first cable that was built. Those early settlers were men of discrimination. No more beautiful fields can be seen in Oregon than are located in Pleasant Hill. The second generation is now growing gray on the farms taken up by their fathers, and commodious houses have taken the place of the log and shake cables. We arrived in Lowell a little

to get results. Finally we tied the pack down in the way you rope a trunk, and got under way. If we hadn't been balked in our first attempt, we should have thrown the hitch perfectly. We knew that we could do it by taking time, but we wanted to get off. we wanted to get off. In the saddle at last, and started! We

That afternoon we rode through the

cabins. We arrived in Lowell a little after 6, and stabled our horses in the big Hyland barn, and went up to the house to eat a supper that it seemed to us we had been awaiting for a month at least. Lowell is now as lively a little place as you will find in Oregon. A big construc-tion camp of the new Oregon Eastern

dweller can well realize. The upper valley has always been practically isolated from December until May. The next morning when we went to the

I DROPPED A

BELOW -

PERBLE INTO THE

STREAM_400 FT.

barn, a forest ranger was just packing his outfit to leave. We became an audience right there. Of course, we knew that we could study the diamond hitch that we could still the diamond inten-out all right, but our trip was becoming so pleasant that we didn't like to spare the time. We watched him lay the rope along the horse's back, throw the cinch over, pass the rope around the bags, and pull it tight and fasten it with the beautiful completeness of the diamond hitch. We looked at each other and nodded. "Perfectly simple," said I.

"I see now right where we went wrong," "Easiest thing ever." Doc chimed in.

Dad said nothing. He had lived longer han we had. gddle, hung the alforqueses on it, piled

clear around with the rope. We had a
feeling that something was grong somewhere, but we pulled on the last rope
with a first-class imilation of confidence.
The whole thing came off in a knot that
it took us 20 minutes to untie. We capitulated and asked for help. Some one will
be sure to tell you some day, if you ever
make a pack trip, that the diamond hitch
is rerfectly simple. Ask him what his is perfectly simple. Ask him what his game is right there. Compared to it the game is right there. Compared to it the binomial theorem is scarcely fit for men-tal gymnastics for a two-year-old, and it has the forty-seventh problem of Euclid beaten so far that the old man would die of shame if he ever came West and saw the diamond hitch. And yet for doing neatly, compactly and permanently the work for which it is intended, it has no

Cascade National forest. One who has merely seen its outline on the map has no conception of the vastness of this piece of forest wealth that the Government has set aside for the generations to come. Later in the trip we climbed Diamond Peak, and from its top we could see a forest empire covering a radius of approximately 40 miles. In all this vast domain the only visible break in the solid growth of timber were the mountain lakes. The homes within the vast wilderness beneath our eyes could have been counted on the fingers of one hand. Nor was it fit for any more homes than were there. After leaving Hazel Dell we did not pass a single acre of land that could truthfully be said to be more valuable for agricultural purposes than for timber. I may be a savage at heart, but I before we found feed. We had been told that there was a meadow some eighteen miles from Hazel Dell, but if for agricultural purposes than for timber. I may be a savage at heart, but I confess to a thrill of joy at the thought that here is a land where the advance of settlement will be stayed and where we dwellers of the towns can always find the big woods untonched and unsuilled. That night we made Hebert's place at Hazel Dell, the end of our trip over the Military road, for the Sait Creek trail leaves just beyond his house. The barn in which we stabled our horses that night would be a revelation to a pampered Easterner. With the exception of five boards in the door, not a single stick night would be a revelation to a painpered Easterner. With the exception of
five boards in the door, not a single stick
of timber in it ever saw a mill. Framework, flooring, siding, shingles, every
stick of it was split from the virgin
trees, and it is a square and symmetrical building, too. Many of the shingles
are almost as thin and shapely as if they
had been sawed. It takes the finest timber in the world to do that. When I was
a small boy in the woodhouse we didn't
have that kind.

That night when we took off the pack That night when we look off the pack we made a great and solemn resolution. So help us, we would learn the diamond hitch, or stay right there in that barn trying till we were gray headed and had to buy our teeth. As we took it off the pack we studied every coil till we felt that we could make another like it with our eyes shut and our hands tied behind us. Every time we loosened a rope we promptly tightened it up, and tried it to see if it was right. After we got it off we put it back immediately, and by a miracle it came out right. We were miracle it came out right. We were prouder than a brand-new college graduate. After the pack was off we turned a wheelbarrow over on its back and practiced for an hour. It took brain work, but the next morning we had our reward. While we were packing up six grizzled old mountain men stood around with their hands in their pockets waiting to see the tenderfeet put on their pack. Every one of them had been packing

horses since he was big enough to know what one was, and we could fairly feel the scorn that would meet such a trunk rope hitch as we started with. We put rope hitch as we started with. We put on the saddle as if we had been doing that sort of work ever since the time whereof the memory of man goeth not to the contrary, piled on our outfit, and took up the rope with our hearts in our mouths. Right there was the proudest triumph of our lives. We threw the hitch without a mistake, and wound up according to Hoyle by putting one feet against the skafe's side and pulling till she grosned. Then we rode away before anything had time to happen.

Just beyond Hebert's we Fairyland. The Sair Creek trail leaves the road, and leads off through a forest of tall straight firs, and in five minutes, you are beyond sight, sound and almost sevond memory of civilization. A quarter of a mile after you enter, and before you strike the waters of the creek, green and foaming, and fairly shouting of We came very near abandoning trout. the whole trip and settling right down there to fish. For a half hour's ride wa followed the water, and then the canyon became too narrow for the trail, which turned to the left, and began abruptly to climb the mountain.

Some four years ago I crossed the Coast Range by the Wilson River stage road, and after I returned, wrote an article saying thirgs about the cliffs around which the road ran. If anyone around which the road ran. If anyone ever throws those remarks up to me I shall kill him in cold blood. That road shall kill him in cold blood. That road is a level, city street, with are lights on both sides and a railing compared to the Sait Creek trail. At one place I leaned from my horse and dropped a pebble into the waters of the creek 400 feet below. The trail was a narrow ledge some 18 inches wide cut in the abale of the mountain side, and a missian of the mountain side. step on the part of one of the horses would have meant a side trip not included in the original plans.

From the moment one enters the Salt Creek trail he is in the midst of mountains not to be surpassed for scenle beauty anywhere in the United States. On the other side of the creek the moun-tains rose so high that we never saw the top of them. We were afraid to take time to look clear to the top for fear our horses would fall off the trail while we were star-gazing. To our left one mighty crag rose sheer 500 feet above its fellows, its bare summit surmounteby a lone tree, so far above us that it looked like the Christmas trees you see in the shop windows in December. At its foot were two stone pillars, looking exactly like gate posts, even to the knobs on their tops. The minute we saw them we felt the gnawing of an almost un governable desire. Every other traveler in the West has felt it, and evidences of t are scattered all over We felt as if we just had to call that place Castle Gate. It didn't look like a castle gate, but that didn't matter. Ever since the West has been a West, people have been traveling around over. it and calling places like that "Castle Gate," and it has got to be heredlary instinct. We fought it, though, and con-quered it. We wanted to make our trip different from other trips, and we knew that to do it would require some sacriffice.

The trail followed high up the mounain for about an hour, then dipped again to the creek. At the water's edge it passed around the base of a tall clift over which poured a tiny waterfall, and we rounded the point between the rock and the greater part of the water, al-though we got a plentiful shower bath. sagone, name the arrepared to throw the Below the waterfall was one of the hitch. We imitated the motions of the most enticing trout pools I ever saw, but ranger as closely as possible, and got ranger as closely as possible, and got ranger as closely as possible, and got we had to find grazing before we could step that something was prong sometically that something was prong sometically that it was about eight the creek, and that it was about eight miles distant from Hazel Dell. Did you ever travel eight miles in the mountains when you were hungry? If you ever did, I'll wager you were ready to swear at the end of it that they had measured the distance with a crow,

that he hadn't registered right at that. Those were long miles. We finally arrived at the hot springs, however, unsaddled the horses, and started out to find the pasture as per directions. We found the trail that directions. had been described to us, followed it up the side of a mountain so steep that it would have discouraged a goat, and A short distance above Lowell we passed over the boundary line of the Cascade National forest. One who has merely seen its outline on the map has no conception of the vastness of this

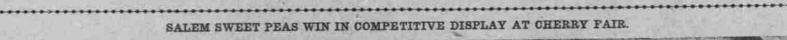
> told that there was a meadow some eighteen miles from Hazel Dell, but if the last ten miles were as long as the first eight, we thought we might travel clear to Eastern Oregon. Ima-gine then, if you can, the feelings with a green, fresh little meadow of about an acre in extent! We almost fell off our horses and tried to eat the grass ourselves. I never saw a better sight which we came out onto the

than that grass. We spent the remainder of the day there, before resuming our trip into one of the most beautiful regions in the West. The latter half of it, tothe West. The latter hal gether with our experience door beds, I shall take up in another letter to follow soon. Engene, Or., September 1.

> VACATION. Just now we pender.
> As home we wander.
> Where we may squan
> Vacation days. The seasons nigh us When we must try us Some where to hie us In pleasant ways.

Were purses fatter, it were no matter.— Ourselves we'd scatter And hum our lays In mountain passes.

Or where no grass is, But sand and spray if too expensive, Such trips extensive, By look too pensive Do not betray.





VINES GROWN BY MRS. J. D. SUTHERLAND, OF 212 COTTAGE STREET, SALEM.

SALEM, Or., Sept. 4 .- (Special.) -In the sweet pea competition held at this year's Cherry Fair at Salem, Mrs. J. D. Sutherland, of 212 Cotlage street, was awarded the first prize for the finest specimen. The vines grown by Mrs. Sutherland produced an unusually large number of blooms. Their size, beautiful color and texture were greatly praised during the competition. The seed was planted in March and the vines are now nearly 14 feet high.