

MAKING the OREGON COAST ACCESSIBLE

BY LEWIS M. HEAD.

THE most romantic automobile road in Oregon is being built around Neah-kah-nie Mountain, in Tillamook County. Emerging from an embowered trail of alders and shrubs beginning its encircling trip around the steep mountain side, this new road, over five miles of which have been completed, is actually blasted out of the solid rock for mile after mile. Toward the west, sweeps the broad expanse of the Pacific Ocean, breaking with ceaseless roar 600 feet below the road. Looking about, at an angle of more than 60 degrees, the tip-top of Neah-kah-nie Mountain penetrates the blue of the Oregon sky, 1800 feet above the level of the sea.

Creeping slowly along this precipitous exposure, the Neah-kah-nie road has been pushed slowly toward the north, offering one of the most thrilling and fascinating roadways in the state, if not on the Pacific Coast. Upon its completion and the building of a bridge across the Nehalem River, to connect with the Pacific Railway & Navigation Company, there will be a continuous road, for the first time in the history of the state, along the edge of the Pacific from Cape Lookout, through Tillamook City and around the bay, north along the sand beach at Garibaldi, across the Nehalem, through S. G. Reed's 1000-acre ranch, to the base of Neah-kah-nie Mountain. On a gentle grade, attaining an elevation no higher than 470 feet in 10 miles, the road encircles the huge rock, reaching sea level again at Neah-kah-nie Creek, behind the mountain. Following the back trail across Cape Falcon, a couple of miles further, only two miles will remain to be built by Clatsop County, making an excellent roadway, partly on the beach and mostly through woods of gigantic timber, all the way from Cape Lookout to Astoria, a distance of over 60 miles.

At the point of highest elevation on Neah-kah-nie road, 670 feet, Rock Canyon is encountered. Here, in days gone by, a slide, beginning at two-thirds the way up the mountain, plowed its frightful way to the ocean, cutting a swath into the rock and earth, 150 feet wide and 60 feet deep in places. Across this slide a bridge is being built along the road. Its supports are far below, almost where the high Winter waves will reach them.

The only means of overland travel between Astoria and the Tillamook country, even since the Indians made the meadows south of Neah-kah-nie Mountain their Winter rendezvous, has been over a narrow trail. For upwards of 40 years, this trail has been in use. In places it is worn shoulder deep. In recent days, however, only the daily mail pack and a few stragglers have used it, although during the last Summer, scores of tramping parties, following the trail from Seaside to Newport, have enjoyed as ideal a vacation as could be suggested.

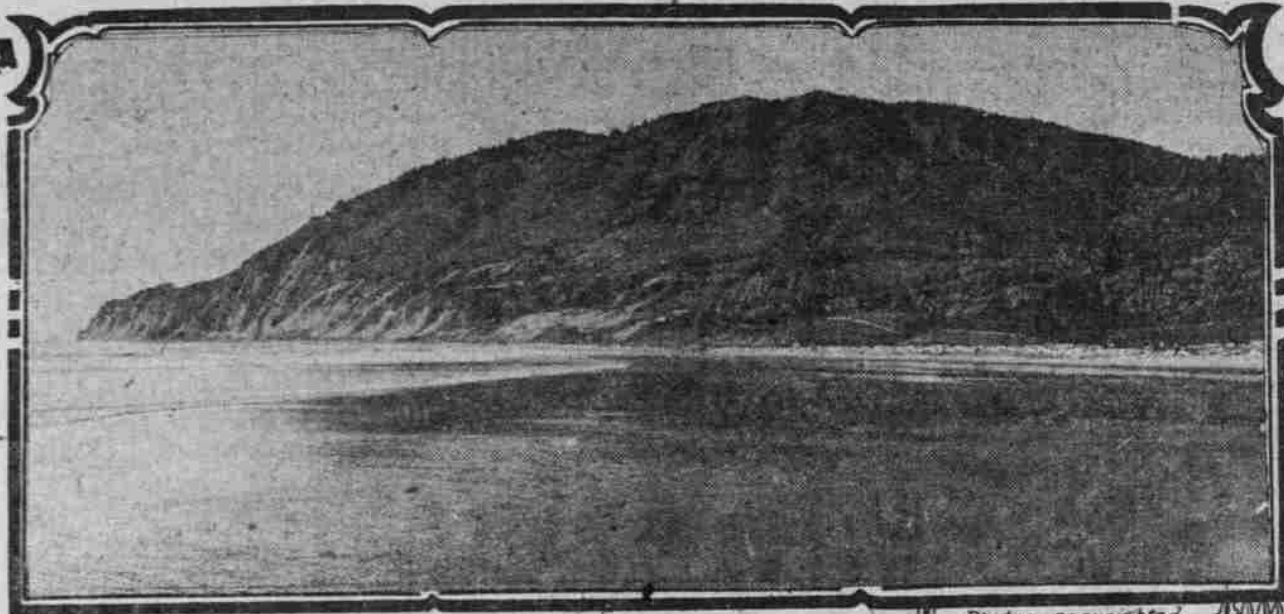
Strange as it may seem and as old as Clatsop Plains and the country about Astoria are, the only way to get into Astoria by an overland route, save the railroads, is by way of this old Indian trail. It is over this route that the early pioneers drove their stock, the first that ever tried the present rich dairy country south of Astoria, although on the first trip, not daring to hazard the 18-inch trail, with its sheer drop to the ocean, they accomplished the fearful task of driving over the crest of the mountain and down the north slope through dense timber by a descent that seemed to be almost vertical.

The entire south and west exposure of Neah-kah-nie Mountain is devoid of timber and brush. This is also characteristic of the beautiful, sloping meadow that lies under the southern protection of the mountain. This land was kept cleared by the aborigines. It is said, because of the splendid Winter pasture it afforded. Just before departing in the Spring, the Indians would fire all the brush, keeping this part ever free from trees and bushes, permitting a luxuriant growth of natural grass. It was the visit of the Indian every year to the mouth of the Columbia River, in search of salmon, that necessitated the building of the trail.

Fine appreciation of grade is shown in the choice of this trail. At no place over the mountain, a distance of nearly two miles, does the elevation reach higher than 470 feet. One shuffles around this point, the summit, face foremost to the bare rock wall, with bated breath, only to see the panorama of the entire Nehalem country stretched before him when he rounds this dangerous spot. It is difficult to pass further without sitting down, letting one's feet hang over and contemplating this marvelous view. Thousands of cameras have snapped thousands of pictures at this point, and of all the delightful scenic effects in this region, this is the only one that has become really familiar to those who are well acquainted with the Oregon coast.

Neah-kah-nie Mountain in itself offers a great many varied attractions that are seldom found so close together and interesting. Its highest elevation is 1790 feet, with a sheer drop of that distance to the sea at an angle of about 60 degrees. The summit is reached by a short, steep climb, and one may get very close to the top on horseback, although the last half-mile is difficult walking over a narrow ridge of jagged rock, not over 12 inches wide. One the one side the ocean rolls directly below, while on the other the grade is steeper, with its sides covered by a magnificent growth of tall timber.

The higher one climbs the more complete is the view of the Nehalem country. The bay, town and dairy farms seem to lie at your very feet. Human beings are almost indistinguishable. Houses look like tiny toys, while ships, though far out at sea, appear so near that you feel as though you might throw a stone down upon their decks. While there are many higher elevations in Oregon than Neah-kah-nie Mountain, this one is the highest on the Pacific Coast from the Golden Gate to the Canadian line. Garibaldi Beach, Bay Ocean, Tillamook Bay, Cape Meares and Cape Lookout, "the end of the United States," are in plain view to the south. Overlooking Cape Falcon, popularly known as False Tillamook, miles of Cannon Beach may



SAND BEACH AT NEAH-KAH-NIE MEADOWS SHOWING MOUNTAIN FROM SOUTH

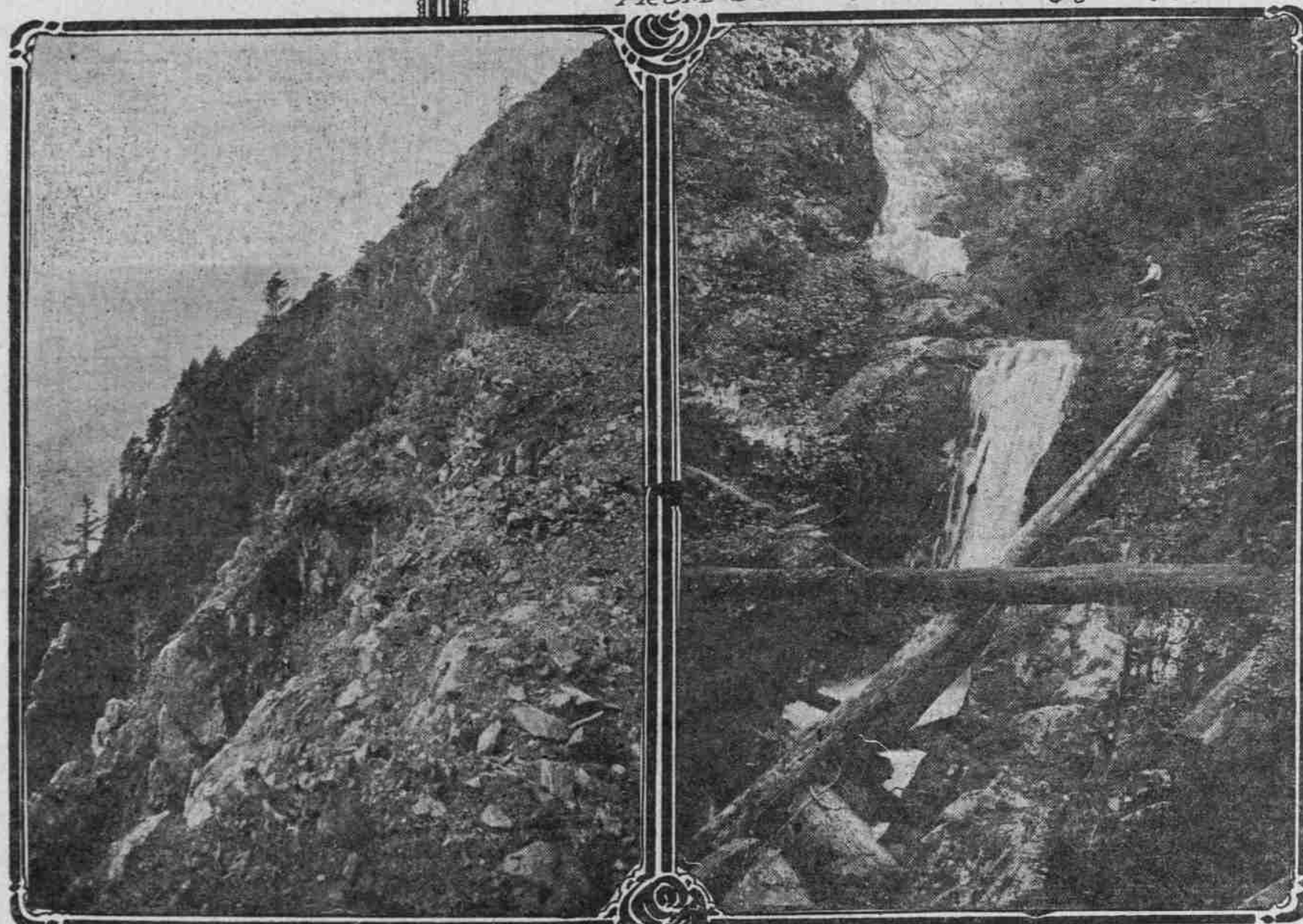
be seen, as well as Tillamook light, North Head and a long stretch of the Columbia River, just south of Bald Mountain, over 20 miles to the north.

Back in the woods behind Neah-kah-nie Mountain flows a wonderful stream of water, known by the same name as the mountain. An arduous trip through the underbrush and over fallen timber brings one to the falls of Neah-kah-nie Creek. A mass of settling water falls 60 feet here, and so difficult is the approach to them that they have been seen by very few people. Gifford, the photographer, made the first picture of these falls that has ever been taken. Confined between high rocky walls, this stream is one of the most picturesque sights in the state.

Just south of the mountain, stretching for a mile and a half back of the water line, is a sloping grass meadow, with here and there a clump of fir or spruce trees. Such trees are seldom found upon the Western coast. None of them are wind-swept, having been sheltered all their lives by the huge mountain. From tip to base their shapes are as perfect as though they had been trained by an expert gardener. The branches grow to the ground, save where cattle have sought shelter from the sun beneath them, in which cases the branches grow "scottle high," presenting a very unique appearance and adding immensely to the natural setting of what strikes one as being a great big park. Grass grows over a great natural meadow of 400 acres, stopping only as the slope reaches



MAGNIFICENT VIEW OF NEHALEM BAY FROM SOUTH SIDE OF NEAH-KAH-NIE MT.



PORTION OF ROAD AROUND PRECIPITOUS SIDE OF NEAH-KAH-NIE MT. BEING BUILT BY TILLAMOOK CO.

a wide sand beach, 650 feet to water at low tide. Just north of Neah-kah-nie Mountain and really a part of it, lying snugly between the steep sides of Cape Falcon and the vertical rocks of Neah-kah-nie on the south, stretches a quarter of a mile of sand beach known as "Short Sand Beach." It is safe to state that at no place on the Oregon coast is there a wider stretch of sand at low tide than at this place. Faced off, it measures fully 150 feet from the base of the rocks to the edge of the water. Not a rock mars its surface, while driftwood seems to have been swept to other points, leaving this lone beach so wonderfully smooth in all of its pristine glory. Between the jutting promontories the water is very deep, and a natural harbor is the result. Only last Winter a ship sought refuge in this cove, remaining several weeks awaiting the passing of a severe storm, while all along the coast flashed messages giving all hope of the craft. With the appearance of good weather, however, none the worse for wear, the vessel put in at Astoria, announcing the pleasant stay of a few weeks in a new-found harbor between Tillamook and the Columbia.

Beard and deer abound in the woods

back of Neah-kah-nie Mountain. Their trails are easily followed, even to the top of the mountain. At the very summit, covering two or three acres of flat land, is a lake, appearing to have neither inlet nor outlet, although the water is fresh and cold. Around the edge of this small body of water the deer congregate. From this point the trails diverge in all directions. Bear tracks are found every day, and at night they venture almost to the edge of a camp fire's glow. They are easily frightened and scamper away upon the slightest provocation.

In Neah-kah-nie Creek are to be found the finest specimens of trout, as far up as the falls, about two miles from the sea. Further than that the finny tribe cannot go, owing to a precipitous drop of 60 feet. This creek flows between the rocky walls of a canyon, not over 30 feet wide and rising to about 150 feet above. The water is swift and shallow, and the bottom is sand and flat rock. Numerous pools are discovered which invite the angler, making a trip up the creek profitable and delightful.

Only a few years ago the romantic beauty of Neah-kah-nie was practically unknown, save to the few hardy ones that love to wander where the average man seldom goes. Little by little, however, returning parties have spent the long Winter evenings telling of the won-

ders and delights of this historic trail, till, last Summer, more parties traversed this route than in all the previous seasons put together. No hotels, heretofore, have catered to the convenience of the traveler, throwing him solely upon his own ingenuity and the variety of his the completion of the Lytle road, only a mile and a half from Neah-kah-nie, demands for more comfortable accommodations will result in making this section what it is bound to be—a captivating Summer resting place.

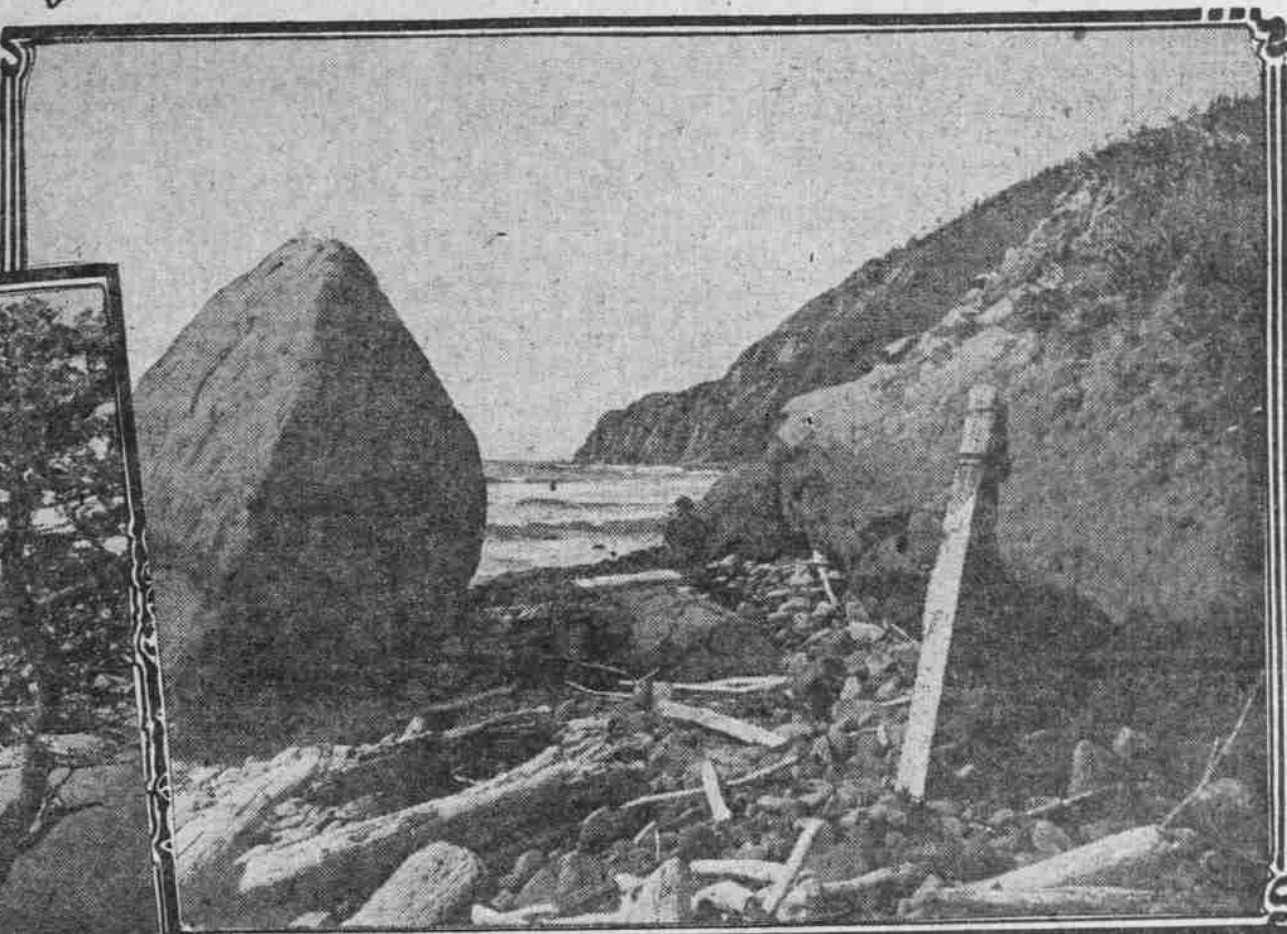
To visitors from the north, a few words of guidance will enable them to make the trip with no trouble or danger. Staging it from Seaside to Elk Creek, possibly further, if desired, then down the delightful sands of Cannon Beach, brings one to Hug Point. Only at low tide is it possible to stage around this point. At high tide, the steps in the rock, not larger than the sole of a shoe, are all that can be depended upon, unless one prefers the steep climb over the trail.

Again, a dash down the sands to Arch Cape, where tides cut another figure. With low tide, the more interesting trip is through the cape and down the sand to the end, beyond which no one can go. If the tides are high, you leave the beach, taking the back trail, through woods, up

and down hill, for several miles, coming out, at last, to the rustic little bridge across Neah-kah-nie Creek, beginning the climb around the mountain. If you are fortunate at Arch Cape to catch the tide low or at half, the journey down the beach is more easy than the back trail. At the south end of this beach, at the top of the cliff, 100 feet above, someone has kindly set a pole, denoting the beginning of the trail you must now travel to get over Cape Falcon, the most wearisome of all the trip. Coming down upon most slide down the flat rocks, emerging upon the "short sand beach." At the south end of this cove you take to the interior again, following the creek and arriving at the rustic bridge, where the two trails join. The balance of the way is along the Neah-kah-nie road, which will be nearly completed to this point in the Spring. The more venturesome, perhaps, will prefer the old Indian trail which leaves the road just as you come out of the woods into full view of the ocean.

The new railroad will bring Neah-kah-nie Mountain so close to Portland that its popularity is certain to increase, and in just that proportion will its hitherto magnificent isolation fade away, leaving in the minds of those who saw it in its primeval beauty a sense of gratitude for having known this grand old mountain before the lure of musty traditions had been dissipated.

RAILROADS AND WAGON ROADS WILL OPEN THE WILD AND BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY ABOUT NEAH-KAH-NIE MOUNTAIN



ROCKBOUND COAST AT THE BASE OF NEAH-KAH-NIE MT.



THE SUMMIT OF NEAH-KAH-NIE MOUNTAIN LOOKING SOUTH

London's "Professional Poor"

Patrons of Charities Have Organized to Detect Prosperous Beggars.

IF THE new plan which is being worked out by a number of public men in London to put the administration of charity on a business footing, succeeds, the occupation of the professional poor man and woman who have made a good living by drawing contributions at the same time from a half dozen or more organizations for the relief of distress soon will be gone.

From time to time one hears of the wealthy beggar who lives in comparative luxury in a neat suburban house and sends his children to a good school on the proceeds of his "industry." This can be done, of course, only by drawing contributions from many sources. A lot of money is spent in charity every year in the greatest city in the world, but even in London there is no one charity that will enable its beneficiaries to live in better style than most of its contributors.

A few days ago a well-dressed and well-groomed man of middle age was charged at one of the London police courts with begging. An officer of the Mendicity Society told an amazing story. He said that the man had been known to the society for years, but until this time the officers never had been able to get any evidence against him. It turned out that the man lived in a first-class villa in one of the London suburbs. His neighbors there thought he was "something in the city," and he went up to town every morning and returned every evening in a first-class railway carriage.

He had an office in one of the great buildings in the city, where he changed every morning from his good clothes into an outfit of filthy rags, avoiding detection by always entering and leaving the building by different doors. Thus attired he went to the West End shopping district and there, posing as a beggar during the hours when the streets were full of women. When the shops closed he went back to the city, changed apparel again, and took the train home. In addition to his receipts from street begging he also received a half dozen regular weekly contributions from organized charities. He was on the books of one as a hopeless paralytic, another had him registered as a consumptive, and a third contributed to his support on the ground that he had received an incurable injury to his spine in a railway accident. Of course, the man was a first-class actor and he followed his strange trade with a degree of industry and application that would have brought him a good income in almost any other calling.

The officer who prosecuted him said that the society had knowledge of a

dozen other men and women who were plying the same trade, but had not been able to get legal evidence which would justify prosecution, and it had no doubt that there were scores more of whom it knew nothing.

It is to deal with this evil of overlapping in charity that the new organization has been formed. It is to be known as the Association of Subscribers to Charities and at the first meeting were most of the men and women whose names figure for large amounts on the subscription lists. Some idea of the enormous sums spent in charity in London was given by Alfred Mosely, whose name is almost as well known in America as in England. He has reckoned up from the printed reports of the organized charities operating in the London area that \$50,000,000 a year is spent by them, and he estimates that another \$25,000,000 is spent by individuals in promiscuous giving. In addition to this sum \$25,000,000 is spent from the taxes on infirmaries and other activities which must be classed as charitable, making the enormous total of \$100,000,000 spent every year in London for the relief of distress.

In spite of all this there is a constant demand for more, and most of the London hospitals are constantly in difficulties for money. Some of the largest have been forced to close wards, and one last year was taken possession of by the bailiffs to satisfy a debt. The new association does not propose, however, to displace any charity. It believes that with proper organization and the elimination of fraud there is ample money to relieve all the legitimate distress in London, and what it proposes to do is to supply the co-ordination needed.

Branches with voluntary workers are to be established in each of the London boroughs and a register is to be made as far as possible of all the recipients of charity. The names will be sent to a central office and tabulated and compared, and it is hoped that in this way the persons who are obtaining contributions from more than one source will be detected.

Woman Shoots Large Bobcat.

Bingen Observer.

Mrs. W. W. Swan, of Bristol, recently shot a large bobcat near her home. The children discovered it crouching on a limb overhanging the path they had to travel. While one child watched it from a distance, the other returned to the house for help. Mrs. Swan being alone, took a rifle and went with the child. The animal appeared to be dozing, and Mrs. Swan dispatched it with one bullet.