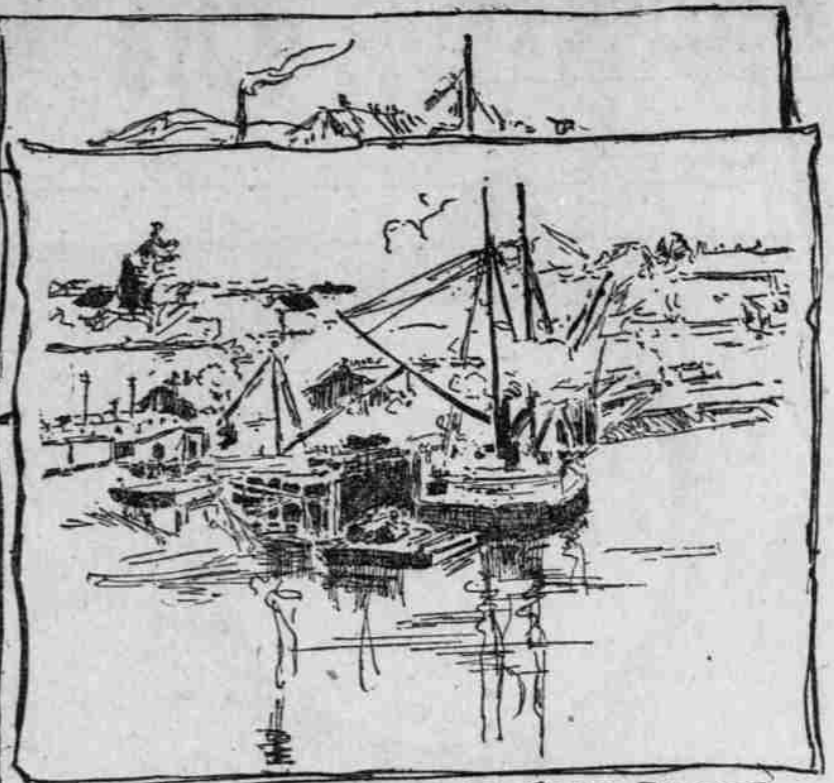
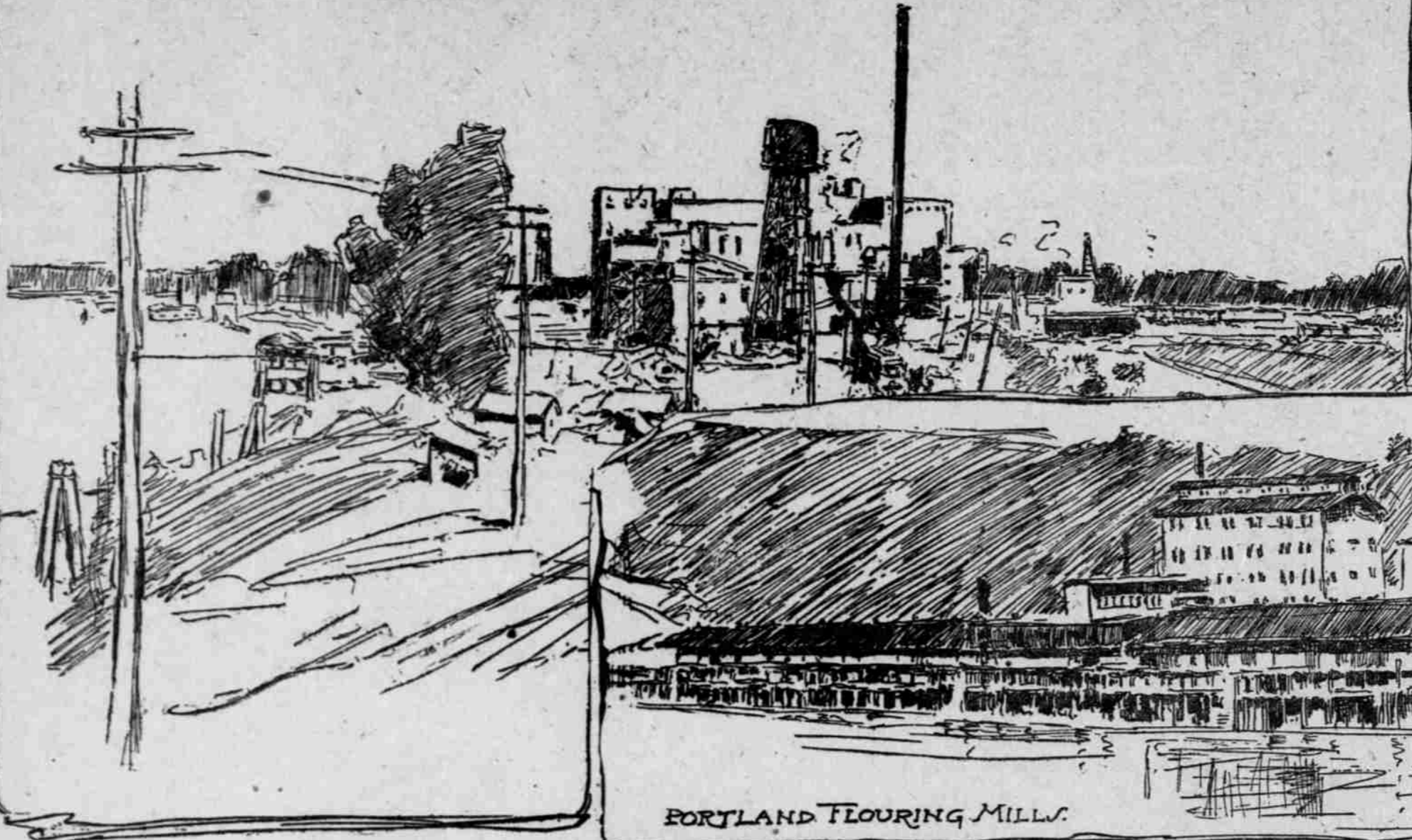


PICTURESQUE PLACES IN PORTLAND

PEN AND INK SKETCHES
FROM THE BYWAYS
BY ALTHEA CHASE



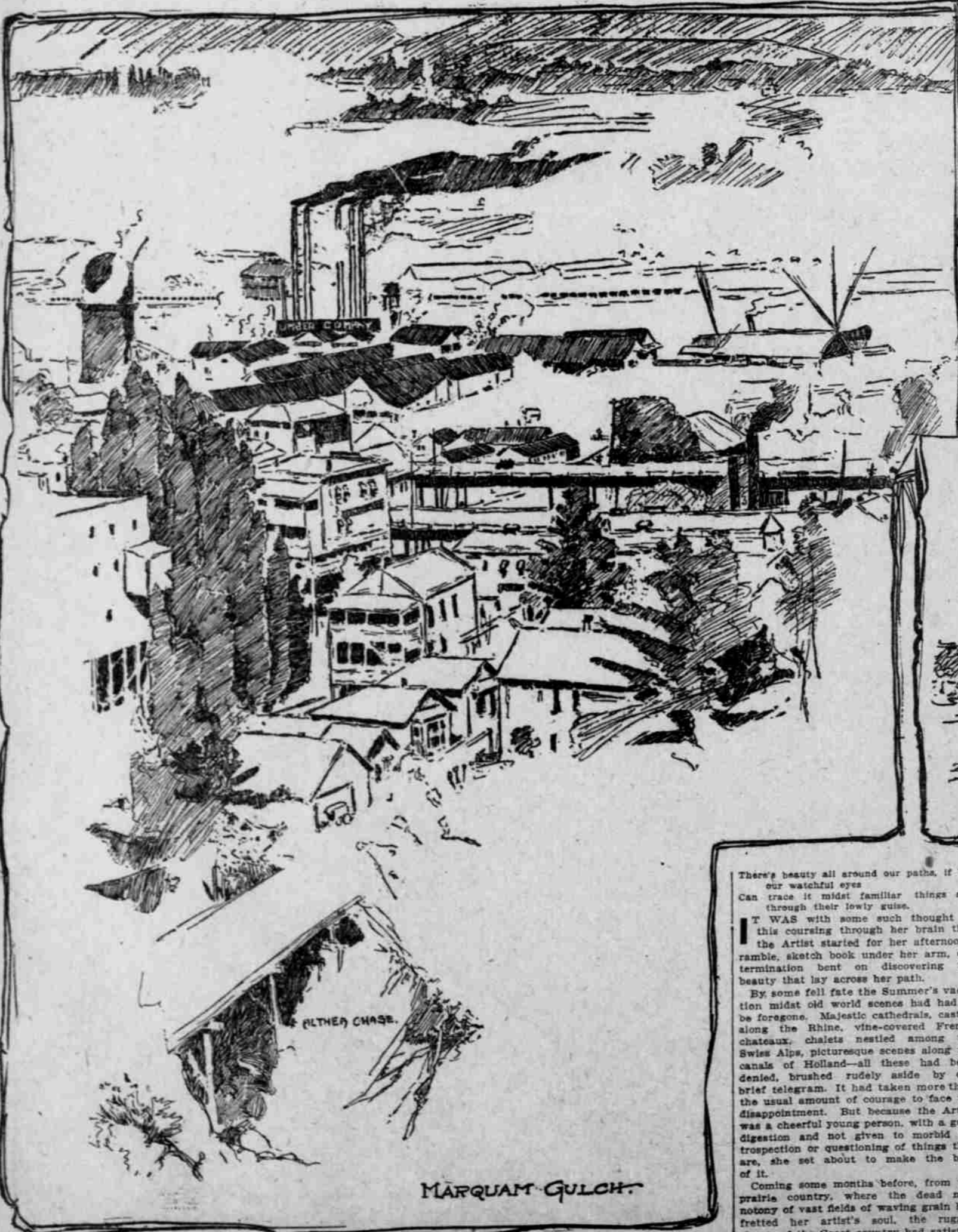
LOADING LUMBER SOUTH OF STEEL BRIDGE.



PORTLAND FLOURING MILLS.

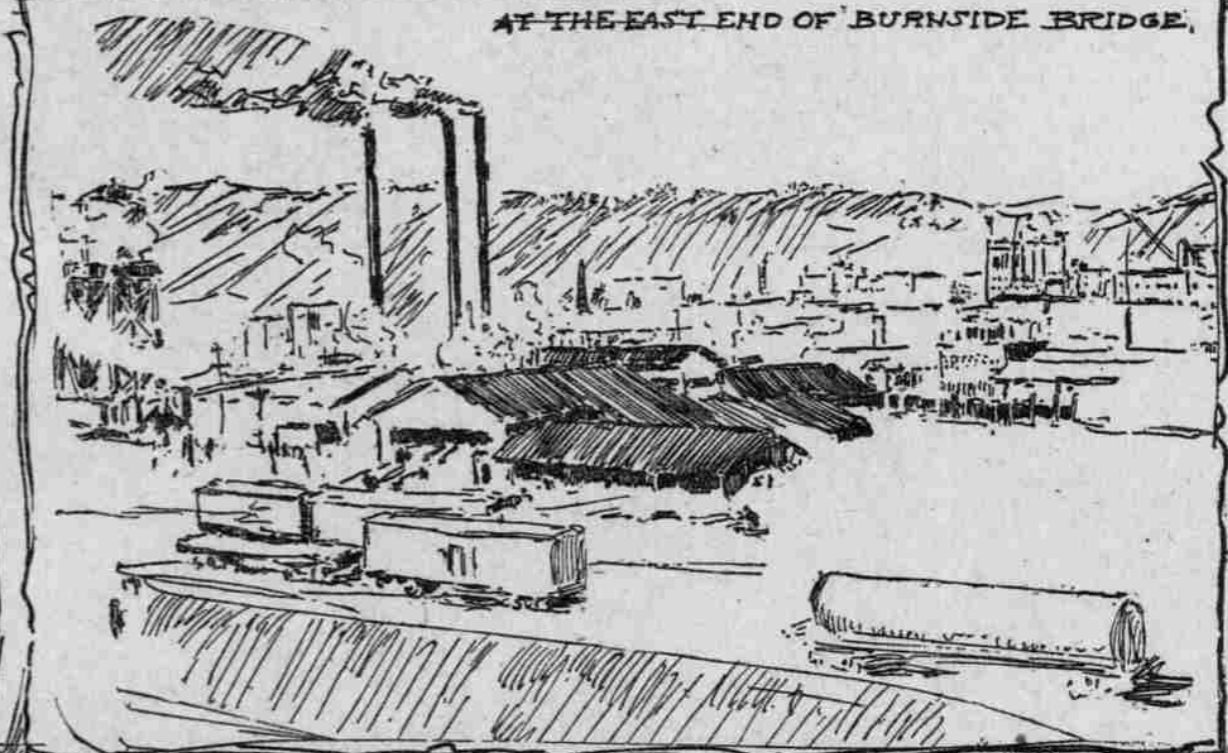


AT THE EAST END OF BURNSIDE BRIDGE.



ALTHEA CHASE

MARQUAM GULCH.



NORTH PACIFIC LUMBER COMPANY.



There's beauty all around our paths, if but our watchful eyes can trace it midst familiar things and through their lowly guise.

IT WAS with some such thought as this coursing through her brain that the Artist started for her afternoon's ramble, sketch book under her arm, determination bent on discovering the beauty that lay across her path.

By some fell fate the Summer's vacation midst old world scenes had had to be foregone. Majestic cathedrals, castles along the Rhine, vine-covered French chateaux, chalets nestled among the Swiss Alps, picturesque scenes along the canals of Holland—all these had been denied, brushed rudely aside by one brief telegram. It had taken more than the usual amount of courage to face the disappointment. But because the Artist was a cheerful young person, with a good digestion and not given to morbid introspection or questioning of things that are, she set about to make the best of it.

Coming some months before, from the prairie country, where the dead monotony of vast fields of waving grain had fretted her artist's soul, the rugged charm of the Coast country had satisfied

the longings of her heart and she had revealed in her opportunity to reproduce with pencil or brush the charm of lofty mountain peaks, the beauty of tall pines silhouetted against the blue of Oregon Summer sky, the broad sweep of the Willamette dotted with craft of all sorts and the rugged canyons sentinelled by century-old firs. Her sketch book was full of such as these and along its margins were studies of picturesque humanity that had caught her fancy; now the turbaned head of a Hindu laborer, now a fascinating Chinese lot in gay Oriental attire, again a timber cruiser or forest ranger, or a fisherman mending his net.

"It shall be none of these today," she mused, as she swung along the city's streets. "All these the untrained eye would recognize as picturesque, worthy the activity of my pencil. No, if I have done anything for me it will have taught me."

To see the beauty that forever springs in common, unregarded things.

"Portland's spirit," she mused on, "is the biggest, finest thing about her. What better expresses this spirit than the industries that are building her? I will go forth to catch the spirit."

It was in her quest of the spirit of the growing young giantess of the West that the artist filled her sketch book with the accompanying sketches.

In Portland's great lumber mills lie the romance of her vast timber belts, for here the monarchs of the forest, that have grown up in the silences, far from the haunts of man, come in contact with human lives, human toil and activity. From here they are sent across the continent or over the seas to the Orient, lending themselves to manifold uses and helping to build up great fortunes for timbermen, manufacturers and vessel owners.

The flouring mills, whose vast elevators and warehouses are massed picturesquely at the foot of the precipitous bank along the river's brink, receive the thousands of acres of golden grain grown in the Pacific Northwest and send it forth to feed hungry millions the world over.

The packing houses in Columbia Slough represent a new and growing industry. They tell the story of vast cattle ranges through Eastern and Central Oregon and whisper of ancient feuds be-

tween the sheep and cattle men. They tell a story of modern methods, of Uncle Sam's inspection—the care he exercises over the public health—refrigerator systems and all the many problems worked out by the ingenious mind of man.

The scene "South of the Steel Bridge" shows lumber being loaded from a barge onto a sea-going vessel anchored at this point, and gives a hint at the river traffic, the accommodation for ocean liners, and enormous trade with the Orient.

The Summer is nearly over and the Artist's quest is through. Instead of scenes along the Rhine, she has caught the spirit of the industry of the Columbia and the Willamette; instead of the slopes of Ehrenbreitstein she has looked up from the bottom of Marquam Gulch and pictured the homes and activities that are centered there, with smoke of the great mills blowing a message of prophecy to the hills beyond. Her sketch book chronicles no dead glories, no half-forgotten pasts, but draws the Future in broad lines and deep and who will say that even in our newness there is a lack of the beautiful, the picturesque?