



No more perfect picture can be painted by word or pen than that which can be seen any clear day on the heights west of Portland. In the foreground is a maze of trees extending down to the very skirts of the bustling business district. Farther on is the tree-fringed residential section with its long lines of graceful paved streets and its artistic homes. Still farther are the rolling sidehills carpeted with firs, with here and there a cleared field. Still farther are the mountains, rolling and graceful at first, then rough and rugged. Surmounting the whole picture is stately Mount Hood, extending its icy peak and glacier fields far into the clouds. It stands as a giant guardian of the wonderfully beautiful and productive valleys below.

