WELLESLEY COLLEGE GIRLS ENJOY A GREAT VARIETY OF OUTDOOR SPORTS

Basketball, Hockey, Tennis, Archery and Tennis Have Many Devotees — Field Day Occasion for Inter-Class Contests.

Tennis Single and Double.

Basket Ball Mary Hemenway Hall, Gymnasium) in background

WELLESLEY COLLEGE, Wellesley, Mass., Dec. 20.—(Special.)—Now that the season of soul-stirring football matches is over a little thought may be given to the athletic activities of the girls' colleges. In fact, probably few outsiders realize that the Fall is as great a climax in the year's athletics of Smith or Wellesley as it it in those of Yale or Princeton. The athletics of women's colleges could never have, of course, a universal appeal, even if more were known about them. They afford no such drama as the Yale-Harvard game. Still an onlooker of this match might not find his time wasted or himself bored were he to attend a Wellesley field day.

At least he would obtain an interesting contrast. Wellesley, secluded from the surrounding world, seems more peaceful than ever in her Fall colors. If a visitor in Wellesley followed the path along the lake until he came to the western extremity of the campus he would discover the quiet scene of Wellesley's athletics, a large plateau, overlooking many of the college buildings, but apparently cut off from them by a heavy barrier of woods. This college "playground" is large enough to hold four basketball grounds, two hockey fields, eight or ten tennis courts, the required space for archery, and the first lap of the relay racetrack, besides providing plenty of room for the onlookers.

Girls Wear Costumes.

And here, if he were to choose the right day in the Fall, he would find the field arrayed in a variety of bright colors, in addition to those which Nature provides. He would see the participants of the day as 100 or more girls, in uniform costumes of short blue skirts and white blouses, wearing hair bands or neckties of their respective class colors, the remaining 1200 girls adding to the brilliance of the background. Even before the four classes march on to the field, one can hear their singing and the musical cheers, which grow gradually louder, until finally an army of white bursts into view. Now the added colors of red, blue, yellow and green are seen, flying one for each class, and appearing in some particular attempt at an original form. Then as the classes in order of their rank promenade around the field, the air is filled with the special songs written for the occasion, and the increasing enthusiasm of the day is shown by the increasing number of songs sung at the same time.

Field day is the occasion not for intercollegiate, but for interclass contests. Still it affords plentiful excitement and a splendid outlet for enthusiasm and loyalty; for class feeling at this time runs high. The week before, the so-called preliminaries are played off, these consisting of the matches between the juniors and sophomores in the seven different sports represented in Wellesley. Only the freshmen are denied an active part in field day, since the sport begins in the Spring and ends in the Fall; so they must content themselves by championing their "sister class," the juniors. The open playing of the seniors is reserved for field day itself, when they are matched against the different winning teams of the juniors or sophomores. The president of the Athletic Association, a head of each sport and a captain of each class team in each sport and a number of coaches from the gymnasium make up the committee which decides on the girls worthy of "Ws." The committee has three criteria by which to judge —health, skill, discipline. The training rules are very much the same as those of any football or crew squad, requiring plenty of sleep, only nourishing food and no eating between meals.

Like Mechanical Dolls Are They.

With the first blow of the coach's whistle the players seem for the moment transformed into so many mechanical dolls, whose arms and legs can be extended promptly upon the jerking of a string. Nor is the sight of these hundred figures of blue and white, all moving rhythmically together and spread over the whole area of the field, one to be scorned. The exercises last but five minutes, however, — then the actual games are begun. The onlooker can now gravitate between tennis, basketball, archery or hockey, championing at first one team and then another, whichever seems for the moment most worthy. Hockey is perhaps the most graceful of the outdoor games, for although the constant striking of the hockey sticks suggests the opposition, the game gives as a whole little impression of a struggle; one is pleased for the most part by the steady sweep of blue and white up and down the field, and whether this side or that should make a goal seems to an outsider to be decided chiefly by fate.

The idea of there being given in girls' colleges a "letter" denoting athletic honors and the obtaining of it being considered an achievement, is sometimes ridiculed by outsiders. To be sure, a "W" means no such big definite honor as does the initial letter of a man's college, which usually shows that its owner has played in some important intercollegiate game. Yet a "W" is coveted by nearly every one in Wellesley, merely because it is the sign of the highest possible athletic honor that the college gives, and the possessor of a "W" can have the gratifying feeling that she has proved herself worthy.

Christmas Suggestions

Three Days of Lively Price Cutting

The holiday season has been a little backward and we are still in possession of the finest holiday stock of Furniture, Novelties, etc., ever shown under any roof in Portland. **We must close out these goods even at a great sacrifice.** So come to Second and Morrison without delay and you will be astonished at the **tremendous price-slashing** that we have inaugurated. It is impossible for you to make a mistake in buying any article that we offer for sale. These goods are useful, ornamental and will serve as remembrance of the donor for years to come.

Henry Jenning & Sons

One Year Ahead of Competitors
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CALL OF OREGON TO EASTERNERS IS TO "OPEN" AND LIFE WORTH WHILE

Land of Last Frontier Combines Scenic Wonders and Commercial Opportunities That Spell Future Greatness. "Come West, Young Man," as Good Advice as When Greely Offered It, Says Putnam.

BY GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM.

"WHY did you move to the West?" Often a transplanted Easterner, who has become an Oregonian, is asked that question.

Of course, there are a multitude of answers, but when it comes right down to facts—the really important things of life, like fly fishing, mountain climbing, canoeing and the others—the answer might be something like this:

"I took root here because I like it, and I like it principally because in the West out-of-doors is always on tap. Not the made-to-order kind, mind you, but the real thing—mountains that are mountains, not hills; trails that are trails, not paths, and rivers several sizes too large to be called brooks."

For no matter where you happen to live on the Pacific Coast, the "open" is always ready, almost at your front door. It is simply a matter of placing a "back next week" notice on your desk and selecting the locality.

Big Country Along Deschutes.

In the heart of Oregon, flowing northward to the great Columbia River, is the Deschutes. It drains a huge valley whose chief claim to notoriety until a couple of years ago was that of being the "largest area in the United States without a railroad." The "railroadlessness" has ended; towns have come to life upon the plains and in the timber; sagebrush has been plowed under, homesteads claimed from Uncle Sam and great stretches awakened to prosperity by the magic kiss of irrigation. But the glorious big country remains; the railroads have simply made it accessible. On its western flank, between the Deschutes and the Cascade Range, is a land of beautiful pine timber, crystal lakes and mountain meadows, bounded on one hand by snow-clad peaks and on the other by broad plains that billow eastward toward Idaho.

In 1824 and again in 1825 the first entry of white men into this hinterland is recorded in the diaries of Peter Skene Ogden, who, on behalf of the Hudson's Bay Company, led an expedition from the Columbia River southward up the Deschutes and across present-day Central Oregon to the Snake River. That was nearly a century ago. Today two railroads follow the first stages of Ogden's course and civilization has found a flourishing foothold upon the sage and pine-clad areas no doubt first viewed by the pioneers as so much waste land.

Today not only is that territory far from being "waste," but its attractions in other directions than the commercial are fast coming to be recognized. For in this sunny Central Oregon the call of the open is especially easily answered.

Lure Is Varied.

Who would not be satisfied to live on the banks of a trout stream, whose varied waters, in addition to fishing reaches without number, afford 100 miles of delightful canoeing; its fishing and its boating reinforced by the equally alluring offerings of half a score of neighboring mountain lakes, all easily attained? And if a forest of pine, with a needle-carpeted floor as natty as any park's, stretched south and west for miles and miles in endless ranks of giant copper-tinted trunks, all domed by silvery green boughs swaying against an opalescent sky, would you not think such a happy place to dwell? And—always assuming that you are blessed with the love of out-of-doors—if the domes of a dozen everlastingly snow-covered mountains formed the western skyline, cool and close and infinitely inviting—would not that, too, lend zest to life and make you more than ever sorry for the folks back East in the realms of soot and subways?

It would. At all events, if it wouldn't you were created to dwell uncomplainingly in a city hive, and there is no health in you, nor call for you in the land of out-of-doors. And then Central Oregon will not appeal.

But if you care to much pleasure awaits you in searching out the attractions of Oregon's hinterland. South, in the heart of the Cascades, is world-famed Crater Lake, now become a mecca for Summer autoists and campers. Northward, from the lake to the Columbia, extends a belt of concentrated campers' delight—snow mountains for the climbers, highland berry wastes for the bear hunters, lakes and rivers for the fishers, and trails without end which wander here and there at random, now close to the snow, now delving in the cathedral depths of the fir forests of the west flanks or winding blithely through the open pine lands of the eastern slopes. It is all attractive beyond words—a great public playhouse, unsoiled, fresh, unspoiled—a gigantic park, perhaps 200 miles long and 50 miles broad.

Paralleling the Cascade range, draining its eastern slope, is the Deschutes, Central Oregon's great wonder stream, than which no river in America possesses more diversified charm. Close by the snow banks, in the very shadow of the peaks, a dozen lesser streams unite to make the Deschutes in Crane Prairie a mountain meadow as big as a Connecticut county. Thence the stream winds northward some 250 miles, indulging in all the caprices ever evolved by the most versatile river. For miles and miles it meanders through pine timbered parks where the big trees march down to the flower-lined water's edge, impressively beautiful, and offering a myriad of alluring campsites; then there are sedate sweeps through meadows lined with alders such as sheltered the swimmin' hole of your New England short trousers days; and finally, after passing Bend, about midway on its course, the timbered and the grass-clad banks give way to hillsides which, becoming more and more sheer, gradually narrow to the grandest canyon of the Northwest, hemmed in for an almost unbroken 100 miles by miniature mountains which tumble down a couple of thousand feet into the roaring river.

Deschutes Waters Vary.

In its varied length the Deschutes boasts every kind of water. There are quiet reaches, reminiscent of the English countryside, turbulent rapids and white-watered cascades magnificent falls, swirling eddies and ebony pools —it plays a complete watery repertoire with delightful impartiality.

And the grand finale, be it remarked, is more than worthy of its introduction. That is where the Deschutes emerges from its canyon and enters the Columbia. The steep-walled valley opens wide and the brown hills roll back; the river itself is flecked with rapids as it rolls its last half mile and pours out into the great Columbia; one bank is flanked with trees, behind them nestling fields and an orchard or two, and behind that the interminglel sagebrush; across the Columbia rise the hills of Washington, dun or emerald, as the season happens, and for all the world resembling the plush one sees on chair backs, gathered in here and there with a button tight sewn in a crevice of its own making. East and west the Columbia's valley stretches wide. The air is thick with sunshine, the sky is blue as a bluebird's shoulder—truth to tell, the mouth of the Deschutes is quite the biggest, sunniest, colorful view one may encounter below the snow line.

Commercial Aspect Seen.

Occasionally the Deschutes takes to itself a passing commercial aspect, as where logs choke its surface above the mills at Bend, which are just commencing to scratch the thousands of forested acres. For the river lends a brief transportation to the logs on their journey to the saws and the markets of the Middle West, a pilgrimage whose ultimate golden reward will be millions of dollars returned to the Deschutes Valley. Depressing as statistics are apt to be it is impressive to note that in this one neglected Oregon county alone, Crook County, there are 2,624,231 acres of pine, which, averaged at only 14,000 board feet to the acre, and the financial return at $12 a 1000 feet, means that some $340,070,000 ultimately will come from Eastern lumber yards to this timber belt alone. Further, reckoning that the cost in labor of manufacturing lumber is not less than $5 to the 1000 feet, one stumbles upon the fact that by the time the timber is milled $141,696,000 will have gone to labor in Crook County alone. Divide it by six if you will, say that only one-sixth of it will be milled in the next decade or so, and even then do you not face another compelling phase of the tremendous answer to the preparations now making for transportation of labor-wanting immigrants to the Pacific Coast by way of Panama?

Settlers' Side Comes Up.

All of which introduces the other side of Central Oregon, the side of settlers and dollars and cents, in its way doubtless more important even than that of places to be seen, streams to be fished, mountains to be climbed and all the rest of the uncommercialized attractions.

In this field, too, Central Oregon possesses chapters worth recording. For it has acres—fabulous acres—irrigation, water power, timber, cattle, sheep and other livestock, and much of all of them.

Room for newcomers? Truly, yes!

For instance, take a map and a ruler and indulge in some figuring for yourself. Unless your mathematics are hopeless, you will discover that Massachusetts could be dropped into Central Oregon and no one know the difference—unless it were the Back Bay folks, who might find the generous dimensions of their new quarters a bit draughty.

Room? Well, think of four forgotten counties—Crook, Lake, Harney and Malheur—with an average area of 8728 square miles, and an average population of .8 inhabitant to the square mile. Eight-tenths of one person occupying each square mile of Central Oregon. Four counties each larger than the State of New Jersey, and each with an average population of about 8000. Does it sound uncomfortably crowded? Yet back East they lament the imminent land famine!

"Come West, young man, and get elbow room," is as good advice today, offered from this side of the Continent, as Greeley gave a half century ago from the other. For the Pacific Northwest's last frontier offers alluring opportunity both to grow up with the country and to help the country grow up. To do either may be an extremely profitable experience, and assuredly it is a fascinating one.

Yesterday Central Oregon was unknown, buried behind her guardian mountains, isolated by her transportation deficiencies. Today it is undergoing a remarkable change, one that is both a picturesque and a surprising object lesson not only of how fast Father Time moves west of the Rockies, but also of what unique constructive strides a new untried country may take under the guidance of far-sighted men.

For instance. There are a host of commercial clubs and similar organizations in Central Oregon. Their primary mission is to develop—to persuade people that it will be worth while to settle and make two bushels of grain grow where one grew before, or accomplish some other equally efficacious and profitable agricultural miracle. These organizations, like their fellows throughout the West, devote more attention to potatoes than to publicity. Incidentally the four counties —the most sparsely populated in the Nprthwest, remember—set a mighty precedent last Summer when each contributed 1000 real dollars for agricultural development. Then the railroad matched their gifts, and as a result the Oregon Agricultural College installed and conducted demonstration farms which showed newcomers what could be accomplished with the lands, and old timers what should be accomplished, an equally vital matters in a territory where "farming from horseback" had long been the order of the day.

Another Concerns Hogs and Cows.

That was something of an example. But it was preceded by another, perhaps less far-reaching but just as essentially important. This other enterprise concerned hogs and cows. It was fathered by a Bend bank and blazed another almost untried trail in pioneer development of an agricultural community.

C. S. Hudson was the banker who turned farmer. Ere this others have followed in his path. He saw surrounding him in Central Oregon excellent opportunities to raise hogs and cows with profit. He likewise saw few hogs and fewer cows, and what there were of no high order of excellence. Thirdly, he realized to the full what every banker and every citizen knows, that prosperity on the farm is the foundation for prosperity in the store, the railroad and the bank.

So the farmer banker sent to the well-stocked Middle West for carloads of hogs and cows, and these he sold at cost to farmers, and when the farmers were not able to pay cash his bank carried them on long-time notes. Only no one farmer was allowed more than a limited number of hogs or cows, the great object being not to enlarge the holdings of already affluent farmers, but to aid the little fellows to branch out into a field of proven profit and one wherein the divided risk of diversified farm resources figures prominently. The results have been gratifying—in some cases truly remarkable —so excellent, indeed, that other carloads of four-footed immigrants have been brought to Central Oregon.

A compelling cry for Central Oregon, so far as a magnet for immigrants has been concerned, is that of free lands for homesteaders, and in this field the happenings of the last two years have been specially notable.

Bend is at the terminal of the Central Oregon railroads, about in the center of the Deschutes Valley, in the westerly portion of Central Oregon. Burns is in Harney County, in Southeastern Central Oregon, some 140 miles from Bend. Four years ago the enormous intervening territory was exclusively occupied by jackrabbits, range cattle and "fuzz tails," wandering over fenceless plains whose bunchgrass and sagebrush were innocent of other inducement to productivity than the scant 12 to 18 inches of rainfall annually bequeathed them by nature. Today hundreds of thousands of acres of that land have been "taken up" by homesteaders; there are miles of fences, scores of homes, hundreds of cultivated fields, and already a handful of schools.

On a road between Bend and Burns, over which is imported from the railroad the great bulk of all merchandise consumed by a county of 9933 square miles—twice as large as Connecticut—there operates an automobile truck line, said to be the longest gasoline-driven freight service in the United States; so every day the homesteaders, living perhaps 100 miles from town, and even further from a railroad, rub shoulders with civilization—at least smell its gasoline—as the modern "prairie schooners" rumble past.

Story of Towns Interesting.

The story of the towns is interesting, too. For instance, Bend is something of an example of a particularly healthy municipal mushroom. A couple of years ago the nearest that a locomotive ventured was Shaniko, an even 100 miles distant, and over the intervening road all the freight and passengers jolted. The Summer dust, the Winter mud and the year-around rocks of the old Shaniko route are now matters of remote and unmourned history, for that was close to 36 months ago, which is equivalent to half as many years back in the mature East, so far as growth and change is concerned. The other day, for example, a $75,000 municipal sewer system was completed in Bend. Brick and stone buildings have risen, there are churches with stained glass windows, homes with grand pianos and hardwood floors, a public library, electricity, tennis courts, in short, the necessities and the luxuries of near-metropolitan existence. In other words, in the midst of a region that a decade ago was unpopulated, has come into being a community rich in the blessings and accomplishments of dynamic American life, typical enough of a score of similar far Western developments.

Be that as it may, in a few years more the final paragraphs of Central Oregon's opening chapter will have been written, at least as far as the word "frontier" can be included. And in the meantime, those who come West for homes by way of the railroads and by way of Panama, and those who come merely for sights-to-be-seen, will do well to step somewhat from the beaten paths and glimpse the possibilities and the pleasures of Oregon's hinterland.

HOW LATE DR. PLUMMER AIDED UNION IS TOLD

Rev. C. E. Cline in Funeral Address Gives Narrative of Events of Saving of Arms in Arsenal at St. Louis in 1861.

BY REV. C. E. CLINE.

Address Read at the Funeral Services of Dr. O. P. S. Plummer.

WHEN the Civil War came in 1861 the United States Government had had an arsenal in the southern part of St. Louis, on the Mississippi River. It contained about 30,000 Harper's Ferry muskets, 1000 rifles, some cannon of little value and a large amount of ammunition and other army stores. It was the policy of the seceding states to seize the arsenals everywhere, with all their contents. The struggle, therefore, for the arsenal at St. Louis began early. Each side saw that whoever held the arsenal would hold the city, and whoever held the city would hold Missouri. Not only so, but the United States Subtreasury was in St. Louis and contained $400,000 in gold, a big amount of money at that time.

The city was tossed and torn with fear and doubt. That the disloyal were making a mighty effort to get control of the arsenal, custom-house, postoffice and subtreasury was plain. After the firing on Fort Sumpter April 12, 1861, the struggle in this direction was intensified. The secessionists, embrazened by the fall of Fort Sumpter, openly declared:

"Come what may, we'll take the arsenal!"

The other side said:

"We'll defend it."

Captain Nathaniel Lyon, in command of the arsenal without adequate force for its defense, was cool and clear-headed. He saw intuitively the dangers by which he and his little command were beset. April 16 he sent a messenger to Governor Dick Yates, of Illinois, that it might be a good plan for him to make a requisition on the arsenal for a big supply of arms, to equip troops then gathering in Springfield under Mr. Lincoln's first call for 75,000 three months' volunteers. Governor Yates (God bless his memory), quicker than a flash caught on and made the requisition without waiting for the red-tape formalities of the War Department at Washington authorizing the same.

Getting the arms out of the arsenal was the next problem, a problem both difficult and dangerous. Secession spies were swarming about the arsenal with a battery planted by them on the hill above it. As the arsenal could not be defended by the force in it no time was to be lost in getting the guns, ammunition and other stores away.

Governor Yates summoned to his aid a man named Stokes, who had been a captain in the Regular Army. Stokes was the right man in the right place. To accomplish his purpose Stokes dropped down to Alton, 25 miles on the river above St. Louis, where he first investigated the telegraph operator, through whose hands messages between Stokes and Governor Yates must pass. In putting some decoy secession question to the young operator he (Stokes) came near being ejected from the office. The young fellow would not stand for it. After satisfying himself that the operator was all right Stokes proceeded to charter a big river steamer lying at the dock known as The City of Alton, instructing the captain to wait with steam up for a visit from the telegraph operator of the place. He then arranged with the latter to deliver in person such word as he might transmit from the arsenal at St. Louis to Captain Mitchell.

In plain clothes Stokes then dropped down to the arsenal 25 miles below, which he found surrounded with a perfect jam of sullen, resolute secessionists. For some time he was unable to get through the throng; but by good nature and patience he succeeded in elbowing his way through, handing Captain Lyon a confidential note from Governor Yates. He then wired the young operator at Alton to have the boat proceed silently down to the asenal by midnight. This was done, and the big steamer pushed her nose into the bank at the arsenal at 11 P. M.

Every available man in and about the arsenal, aiding the boat's crew, quickly began moving the boxes of muskets, sending first some old Mexican War flint-locks up the bank, as if things were being moved that way. These worthless old guns were seized by the secessionists, who made the air ring with their shouts. A few suspicious characters, however, remained, watching the steamer at the bank. These Captain Lyon arrested and locked up.

In an incredibly short time 20,000 muskets, 500 new carbines, 100,000 musket cartridges, with a vast amount of army equipment were on board the steamer. When they attempted to push off her prow was fast in the mud.

"Move the boxes aft," said the captain of the steamer. This was done and she floated out on deep water.

"Which way?" called the captain.

"Up the river to Alton," said Stokes.

"What if the rebel battery on the shore fires on us?"

"Get away if you can, and if you can't escape run her out to the deepest place and sink her!"

"I'll do it," said Mitchell, "to a dot, if I go down with her."

The big steamer plowed through the water, past the rebel battery, with everybody seemingly sound asleep on shore. At 5 o'clock in the morning the steamer reached Alton dock, where Stokes was met by the young telegraph operator, the two running to the market-house, where the fire bell was rung ferociously, causing the people to pour out by hundreds, some of them half dressed, to see what was up.

"There is no fire," said Stokes, "but at the landing is that steamboat you all know, loaded with arms we are getting from the arsenal at St. Louis to Springfield, and we are afraid the secessionists from St. Louis will follow and be on us before we get her unloaded. We want every one of you to help us."

With a shout, men, women, and even the children, laid hold with a will, the enthusiasm running higher and higher, and by 7 o'clock—two brief hours—that immense steamer load of arms and war material was safely locked in the cars of the Chicago & Alton Railroad. The bell rang, the whistle sounded, the engine coughed and tugged up the steep grade out of Alton, and the train was off for Springfield.

In the meantime the wires had been kept hot all the night by the operator in Alton, receiving from the arsenal and transmitting to Springfield information of events as they transpired.

Time works wonderful changes. It was in this same Alton where Lovejoy, fighting against human slavery and for the freedom of the press, poured out his blood, and on the very same spot where the eager citizens that morning with a cheer and shout hurried forward the arms to be used in abolishing slavery in the awful conflict into which we were rapidly drifting. And out of that lot of arms my regiment, the first that went from Illinois, was speedily equipped.

That night's work decided the destiny of the Government arsenal, the City of St. Louis and the State of Missouri, and one of the men whose intelligence and capabilities contributed to that National result was the young telegraph operator at Alton—O. P. S. Plummer.

Two days after the events just described, the Seventh Illinois Volunteer Infantry, to which I belonged, dropped down from Springfield, going into camp at Alton, where we were visited by Mr. Plummer, an aristocratic, dressy-looking fellow, with a characteristic grin on his face, as he shook hands with us all around. The regiment gave three rousing cheers to the operator who helped to secure the arms we carried, and which were later used at Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, Shiloh and Vicksburg.

On account of his loyalty and skill, Mr. Plummer was transferred to Cairo, Ill., at the juncture of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, and the end of the Illinois Central Railroad, at the time the most important military point of operations in the West. From this point he transmitted reports of the engagements alluded to above, and down the river. These historic facts concerning our late honored citizen, Dr. O. P. S. Plummer, Hon. Levi W. Myers, my old friend, who was associated with Mr. Plummer at Cairo, but now residing in Portland, can confirm.