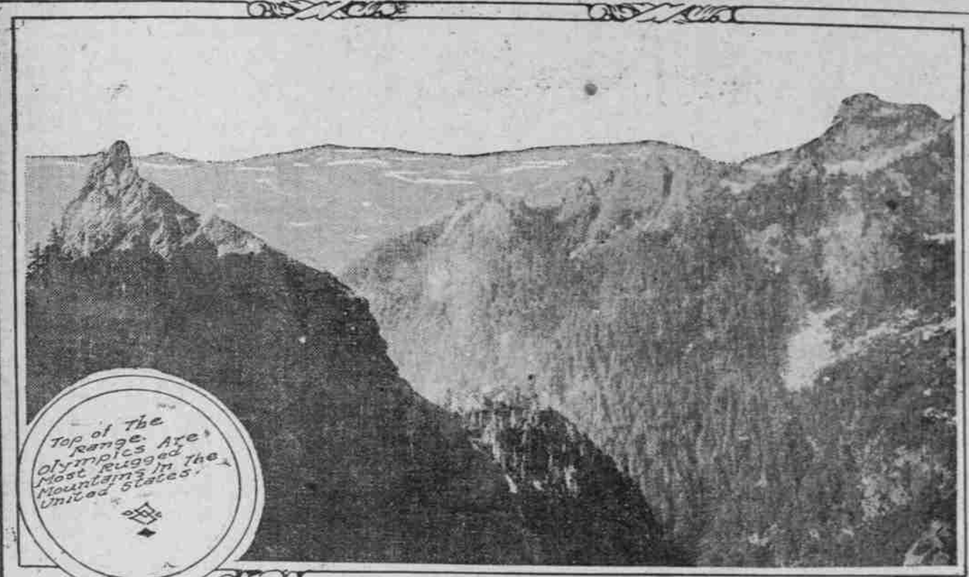
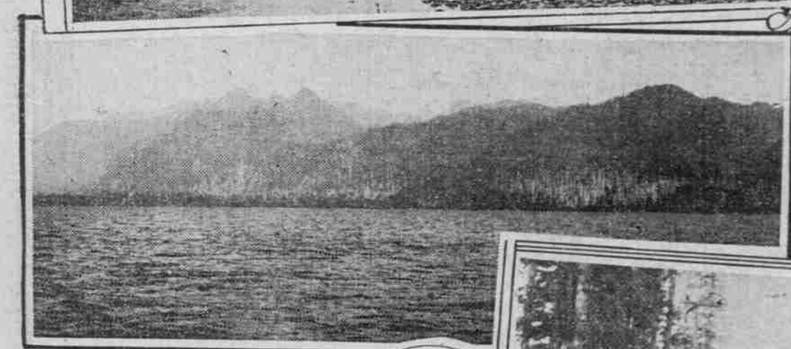
HOQUIAM'S DREAM OF GOOD ROADS IS COMING TRUE AFTER 25 YEARS

Beautiful Quiniault Valley, Playground of Gods, at Last to Have Access to Surrounding Country by Means of Highways to Magnificent Olympics, Which Rear Loftily on All Sides.



Top of the Range, Olympics Are Most Rugged Mountains in the United States.



Fishing For Trout In Upper Quiniault

Olympics From The Lake

Clearing Right of Way for Quiniault Road

HOQUIAM, Wash., July 17.—(Special.)—At last, after a quarter of a century, a dream of Hoquiam and a dream of a little band of pioneers who went far into the "Big Forest" to make their homes, has come to pass. At last a road is opened to Lake Quiniault and the Quiniault Valley beyond, a playground for the gods, and the coming Summer what are left of those pioneers of a quarter century ago, and those who followed them in later years to the valley will reap their reward.

The Quiniault road is a section of the Olympic highway, which, when completed, will encircle the Olympic Peninsula. The last 20 miles of this road has been built by state and county funds. While the work is not yet completed, the road will be finished and in excellent shape, on a par with any road in Chehalis County, by early Summer. Work on the last 20 miles of the road from Hoquiam to the lake, the section between Humptulips City and Quiniault, was begun during the Summer of 1913, with county funds, under contracts which covered the first half of the distance. Early in the Spring of 1914, when money from the state highway fund appropriated for the road became available, contracts for the remaining distance were let and work was immediately begun on the last section and on finishing the portion begun the year before.

All Speed to Be Made.

Construction work was not entirely completed last Fall, but already crews have been sent in and are at work on the highway, and the county officials are demanding all speed be used in finishing the road. A short section of grading remains to be done, and several miles of graveling, but both parts of the work will be rushed, as all equipment is on the ground. The section to be graded is all cleared and the grading is a matter of only a few weeks. For the graveling machinery and tools are on the ground and everything is in shape to keep things moving steadily and rapidly. It is estimated the road will be completed, rolled and packed and in excellent shape for automobile travel by the middle of June or by July 1 at the latest.

Completion of the road opens up to travel, to the visitor who does not care for the arduous trip on foot or horseback over poor trails, one of the beauty spots of the Olympic Peninsula, and undoubtedly one of the finest Summer resorts in the Northwest. It opens to the world, to the automobile of the tourist, the automobile of the rancher or business man, and to the automobile stage a remarkable valley, beautiful in its natural scenery, notable for the richness of the soil of the valley, and a paradise for the sportsman, the man who seeks his recreation either by mountain climbing, by boat on the lake, in guiding an Indian dugout canoe through the swirling rapids of the rushing river, or who whips the stream with rod and fly and delights to battle with the agile and hard-fighting trout.

Lake Set Amidst Mountains.

Lake Quiniault, more than three miles long and nearly as wide, with a depth variously placed at from 400 to 500 feet, is situated in the edge of the mysterious Olympic Mountains, at the eastern apex of the triangle of the Quiniault Indian reservation. Virtually it is surrounded on three sides by the Olympic Mountains, for on both the northwest and southeast sides a range of mountains rises from the water's edge. At the upper end of the lake the valley spreads out, but the river hems sharply to the east a couple of miles above the lake and the mountains thus shut in the third side. At the lower end the mountains drop away suddenly and the country spreads out in a wide plain, on which grows probably the greatest stand of cedar, spruce and fir in the United States, and the Lower Quiniault River, issuing from the lake, races down a canyon cut through this forest, to the ocean some 30-odd miles away by the river course.

For nearly 15 miles above the lake the Upper Quiniault River flows through a valley varying in width from a few hundred yards for a short distance at one place, to about three miles, and for the greater part of the distance is better than two miles wide. This valley is remarkably fertile, and protected as it is, forms one of the best districts in the southwest section of the state for growing produce. Neither the cold breezes from the ocean, early or late frosts bother, and while in many of the lower sections affected by the breeze from the Pacific tomatoes or corn do not ripen, these grow splendidly in the Quiniault Valley. It also is an excellent place for fruitgrowing, and the ranchers produce apples and small fruit of unexcelled quality and flavor. In addition to this, the yields are such as to stagger belief.

Elk and Bear Found.

The south fork of the Quiniault and its branches come in from the east, from the divide running south-southwest from the apex of the range, Mount Olympus, while the north fork comes down from Mount Queets. From the lake one can take an early start and if he is a good, strong traveler and knows his way or has a guide, he can camp the same evening on the top of the divide, in the shadow of Queets Peak and in the beautiful park country of the Olympics. A fair trail leads from the road in the upper valley up the side of the divide until it strikes the park country. And this park country is something to wonder at. It consists of series of prairies ranging in size from a few acres to a thousand or more acres, covered with rank grass in the Summer time, and dotted with small lakes and cut across with pure, cold, mountain streams. These areas, the park country, are not above timber line, but lie along the tops of the divides or spurs. Here the elk feed, and if one is fortunate enough to come out to the edge of one of these prairies just as the morning sun is about to scatter the mist on the snow-capped peaks to the east, just as it breaks through that wondrous haze of crimson, and if it is berry season, the chances are good he will see a big black bear, and possibly several, feasting around the edges of the prairie. Altogether it is a trip worth taking, the trip to the park country.

When one has reached the park country, then he has only a few miles farther to go until he is at the top of the divide, where the country slopes in all directions, where the Elewah, flowing north into the Straits of Juan de Fuca, and one branch of the Quiniault, flowing south and later into the Pacific, start from two little lakes within a quarter of a mile of each other. Above him will tower Queets peak, and off to relief the three peaks of Mount Olympus, the highest mountain of the Olympics, and the apex of the range, snowcapped and glacier crusted.

Rocky Crags Challenge.

Or yet another mountain-climbing trip worth while for the visitor at Lake Quiniault is up the South Fork, to the canyon, one of the grandest in the Olympics. For six miles the river plunges through a gorge ranging in depth from 100 to 1000 feet, with walls nearly perpendicular. Then a closer attraction still is Mount Baldy, standing a short distance back from the lake. Its great crag of a rocky top looks down and seems to challenge you to come and climb it. Here again there is the perpetual snow. Ranchers of the Quiniault Valley are wont to hold an annual picnic on the Fourth of July, which everybody is expected to attend, and it is a yearly custom to send a couple of volunteers to climb Mount Baldy and bring back in packs on their backs enough snow to make ice cream for the picnic crowd. Mount Baldy offers enough hard work, enough danger and excitement to give the amateur mountain climber several real thrills.

From the top of Baldy it is said the lights of Hoquiam can be seen on a clear night.

Lake Quiniault bears the distinction of being one of the few mountain lakes in which one can go swimming and enjoy it. The upper end of the lake slopes off gradually for several hundred feet, with a beautiful sandy bottom, and here the water warms in the Summertime sufficiently to make swimming in it a joy.

Streams Abound in Trout.

After 18 miles through the virgin forest, with the trees standing so close the sun never shines on the undergrowth, the Quiniault road suddenly emerges from the woods and one is standing at the shore of the sparkling, brimming lake, surrounded on every side by the unbroken mantle of the green of the forest. It is an impressive sight. Then the road skirts the lake for three miles, past one of the hotels, then on up the valley for several miles further. Across the lake, at the upper end is another hotel, built of logs, 40 by 44 feet in ground dimensions, and four stories in height.

Besides the Upper and Lower Quiniaults a number of smaller streams or creeks flow into the lake and all abound in trout. One can either have a try with rod and fly for the cut throat, or he can take a boat and go out on the lake to troll for lake trout, steel head or Dolly Varden. Either will give him plenty of sport, for there are no end of fish, and he will return with an appetite he would never recognize at home.

New Road Permanent.

Completion of the Quiniault Lake road puts Quiniault Lake only three hours drive from Hoquiam by automobile, and then the driving would not be fast, for the distance is only 45 miles with practically no hills and an excellent graveled road all of the way.

The new road is being built for permanency, and when it is completed it will be ready for travel, and will need little packing before it is easy going. The right of way is cleared full 60 feet; the road is graded and rolled; then a layer of crushed rock is put on and rolled and on top of that is a dressing of creek gravel and again it is rolled. No better piece of road construction than this has been done in Chehalis County, famed for its good roads.

Twenty-five years ago this Spring the first settlers, four or five families, made their way into the Quiniault Valley. They had heard of it from prospectors or cruisers and despite the fact it was shut in then by 45 miles of dense forest, they went, took up homesteads and settled there. At first their only means of ingress and egress was up and down the Quiniault River from the Indian town of Taholah by canoe. It took two days to pole a canoe loaded with freight up the river and one can come down in about six hours, but he "goes some" coming down. From Taholah these settlers freighted up and down the beach to a point opposite North Bay on Grays Harbor and then crossed to the harbor and were brought into Hoquiam by boat. Later a trail, not a horse trail but a trail for men, and strong men at that, was cut through the woods to Humptulips city, to which a puncheon and dirt road had been built.

Dream Comes True.

Then gradually this became a better trail and then a bad piece of puncheon road, and thus it remained for many years, while the hardy settlers, those who went first and those who had joined them in the valley later, begged, cajoled, threatened, prayed for a road, and at last they have it.

So the dream of a quarter of a century, the dream of Hoquiam and of the pioneers, has come true. The settlers have a way out for their produce, and this year will see a great procession of automobiles racing over this boulevard through the "big forest" to this beautiful resort, from Hoquiam to the lake and back again only to repeat the trip, home people and visitors.

EARLY DRAMA RECALLED

(Continued From Page 7.)

tion. Roderigo, Cassio, Brabantio and Montano were all experienced professionals and here were Othello, Iago, Desdemona and Emilia who had never walked the boards before.

There was a pretty good advance sale of tickets and someway the Mayor had unfortunately taken it into his head to take a box that night. When I heard of the Mayor's intention I was on the verge of collapse. Stage fright (and there is nothing more awful) had me already in its paralyzing grip.

Cassio, Roderigo and Brabantio, having thoroughly aroused, tried to take the rehearsal in hand, but Othello and Iago, swimming delightfully in their own blissful conceit, politely as they could told them to mind their own business, that they themselves were managers and financiers of the company, and would take directions from nobody.

Well, the fateful night arrived. The house was full, unfortunately, Desdemona and I dressed together.

Just before the curtain rose Mr. I. (Othello) knocked at our door and said "I want you to tell me how I look." He had already been to Miss C. She was very near sighted and had told him he looked splendidly. We were pretty green, but knew "makeup," especially for character parts, was an art. Poor Mr. J. had made the unfortunate Othello a mottled creature who really looked ridiculous.

Costumes Rich and Elegant.

The costumes supplied were rich and elegant, Miss C.'s in particular. Money was then no object and she meant to spend it lavishly on her desired climb to the temple of fame. She was possessed of a very thin pair of legs and was not aware that plump calves were obtainable and always used when nature had left a deficiency. Her full trunks made the thinness of her extremities more obvious. She had left off her glasses and, being near sighted, had a bad squint.

When the stars made their entrances the house was convulsed and gradually lost control of itself till Othello and Iago were not allowed to be heard. Behind the scenes everybody was upset. Our professionals implored Desdemona and me to arouse, to do our best. They encouraged me, and when my entrance came gave me a farewell pat on the shoulder. Desdemona and I saved the piece, they claimed, she with her beauty, and I with my tremendous earnestness. Fortunately, I did not then know how entirely bad our principals were and with the disrespectful treatment the audience accorded them my sympathy for them grew. I thought, no matter how poor their acting, they should not be insulted, and as this feeling grew my stage fright began to disappear.

Liberal Applause Won in Role.

Emilia has nothing to do for the first two acts except to follow Desdemona as a silent companion, but when her lines begin from that time on she, with Othello, largely carries the piece. Well I went into it with my whole soul. I had no stage technique but I was mad clear through and that helped the part. The tide turned and after that at least proper respect was shown the unfortunate stars. I received round after round of applause. I did not know what it meant until Cassio, who stood beside me, and who had done so much to help me, whispered "you have saved the piece, how." I did, but I am sure it must have been an awkward bow.

The papers next morning said that the minor performers were the stars and that the stars had better hide their lights under a bushel and not emerge again, or something like that.

The next morning! O! what a morning for our principals. The colossal pride and overweening confidence of the night before had shrunk like a balloon when the gas oozes out of it. Their extreme humiliation was pitiable. The next day they appealed to Cassio and Roderigo and Brabantio. This trio, despised the day before, had risen to great prominence now.

They kindly called a rehearsal and taught us stage business, etc. They taught Othello how to make up, and Iago had a little lesson in padding. Whereas Mr. J. and Miss C. were people of culture, they each were wholly destitute of the dramatic temperament, they had no more emotion than a woodsaw; it was not there, and consequently could not be brought forth, work as hard as our much-abused actors could. Ambition without the necessary talent or genius is a sorry possession.

Negroni's Lines Never Given.

Othello and Iago had been boiled down and refined some so they could go through without inciting a riot. We had two plays in our repertoire, "Othello" and "Lucretia Borgia," a terrible play full of coffins, poison and daggers.

However, great feminine stars played it, and Miss C. wished to show herself in a woman's part.

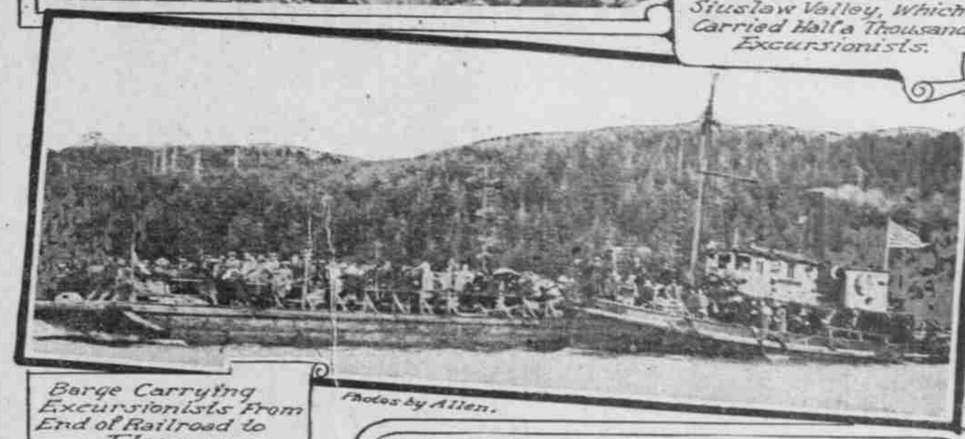
Of course, as before, she read her lines like a schoolboy. In Lucretia Borgia I was cast for Princess Negroni, I was the only other woman in the play. I had only about three lines to speak. I had to leave a banquet table, come down the center and say a few words to Maffio. When I reached the center of the stage my lines left me utterly. I could not catch the word from the prompter and I simply stood and stared, perfectly frozen with fright.

But good, kind Maffio came to my rescue, spoke my lines and his, and I went back to the banquet table, as the stage business called for, and made my hurried exit with the others. I always went through Emilia well and, as the actors said, "with growing excellence," but I do not think I ever got Negroni's lines or ever said them properly. This often occurs, a player will balk on a part of just a line or two and then go straight through a much longer role.

START SOON TO BE MADE TO MAKE SIUSLAW VALLEY REAL WONDERLAND

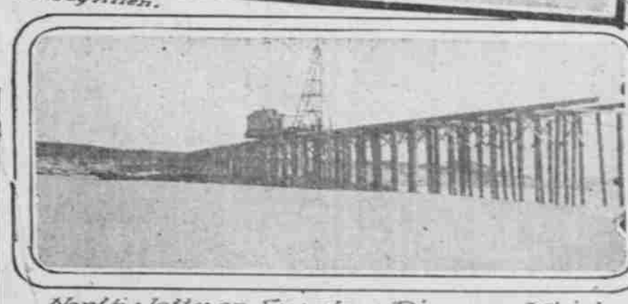
Three Lumbering Companies With 2,000,000,000 Feet Each and Boom Facilities and Mill Sites Ready to Hire 10,000 Men—Grazing and Farm Land and Fisheries There, Too.

First Modern Steel Train to Penetrate the Siuslaw Valley, Which Carried Half a Thousand Excursionists.



Barge Carrying Excursionists From End of Railroad to Florence.

Photos by Allen.



North Jetty on Siuslaw River, on Which Quarter of Million Dollars is to be Expended.

EUGENE, Or., July 17.—(Special.)—Lumbering on a scale that will startle the entire Pacific Northwest awaits western Lane County with the first sign of returning markets, according to lumbermen with upwards of $1,000,000 tied up in the Siuslaw Valley. Claiming to have the most advantageous cutting and milling facilities in the State of Oregon, three companies, each with 2,000,000,000 feet of Siuslaw timber, holding millsites and boom facilities and prepared to employ from 5000 to 10,000 men, are waiting the order "go."

Imagine 24,000,000,000 feet of uncut lumber stacked up on end on the edge of a river so ideal for logging as to mean absolutely free log transportation. Already built and ready for use on this river is the largest storage log boom on the Pacific Coast. An $8,000,000 railroad stands completed through the center of it all and a deep-water harbor, with 35 miles of waterfront for oceangoing vessels, forms not only competitive terminal transportation facilities, but outlets to the entire globe.

To this add 100,000 acres or so of grazing land, luxurious in a climate that means free feed for cattle the year around and an ever-moist soil awaiting a $1,000,000 truck, berry and fruit industry, and a commerce in fish that, without refrigerator transportation until now, has been paying $50,000 annual wages.

On top of this add a climate that makes life a recreation, that builds forests 1000 feet an acre a year and add a combination of mountain lakes and 34 miles of hard sand beaches, all within a few hours' rail ride of the metropolis of Oregon.

This is not the dream of a professional promoter. It is the Siuslaw Valley, a bottled region that was formally uncorked last week with the three-day Rhododendron Festival at Florence, marking the arrival of the railroad.

Some Is Not Seen.

The several hundred excursionists from the Willamette Valley who echoed down the narrow Siuslaw last Saturday and Sunday past mile after mile of piledriven log boom, did not see it all, for the Sterrett & Hovey Timber Company, owners, has built a canal through from the main river and has closed up at the outlet a long arm of the river, forming a storage boom for 200,000,000 feet of logs at one time, more than can be held in any such device in the United States.

The Siuslaw River is said to be the best log-driving stream in the world. Fewer logs hang up along the way. It has a rock bottom and the banks are straight and narrow. It's secret is this:

Logs can be run on the crest of a freshet. On nearly every other river in the world this is impossible—not that the logs cannot be run, but that there is no way to stop them from going direct to the sea on the flood. On all other rivers but the Siuslaw it is customary to run the logs on a falling water, with a jam crew working in front to prevent the logs jamming and a sacking crew following to pick up the stragglers.

The Siuslaw never jams; it has never seen a sacking crew. Thirty million feet of logs came down last year without loss. One driver says that he has run logs for 22 years without expending $100 to get the logs down. They are dumped into the river at any time of the year—rollways are not necessary—and they just come. No dams nor flushing systems are needed.

"It is simpler than logging on the old Michigan streams," said H. A. Sterrett, of the firm of Sterrett & Hovey, "except that the logs are larger. Donkey engines must be used instead of horses. On the Siuslaw the timber has never been cut back from the river.

"There is a railroad paralleling the river, so that when a mill needs special sizes during the Summer months, it merely phones the dimensions to the camps.

"The lumber industry on the Siuslaw has made a wonderful development in the last few years. Formerly only the lightest boats could enter the harbor and a poor wagon road came from the interior. Now it has the best railroad, a good harbor for the large ships, and it has booming facilities on tidewater for any quantity of logs."

Company One of Four Holders.

The Sterrett & Hovey Company is but one of four large holders. The Wendling Johnson Company, also with from a billion and a half to two billion feet, has a mill site on the railroad above Acme large enough for the biggest sawmill in the world. It covers 360 acres. Porter Bros., holding a similar amount of timber, is already operating its mill at Florence, with a daily capacity of nearly 200,000 feet, employing about 200 men. A 25,000-foot-capacity mill is being operated at Point Terrace by Paul Shillerstrom, and the Saubert mill and the Wendling Johnson present mill at Acme are both larger.

The fishing industry is older than the lumber. Florence packed 10,000 cases last year; and it has done so for many years. Some years the entire pack remained unsold because no boat could cross the bar to take the fish to market. Today the refrigerator car brings the fish directly to market, and a 22-foot bar makes shipping no longer an uncertainty. The halibut fishing is a new industry on the Siuslaw now being tried.

$500,000 Spent on Jetty.

Up to the present time more than $500,000 has been spent on the Siuslaw jetty and contracts are being advertised for additional work to cost more than $250,000.

The farmer has his place on the Siuslaw River as well as the timberman and the fisherman. Dairying comes second among the industries and it, too, is not yet scratched.

W. K. Wise, a farmer residing above tidewater, experimented a year ago to determine whether hogs can live on the Siuslaw without being fed, the way cattle have done. His band of several hundred animals prospered in the creek bottoms. A few weeks' feeding will fatten them for the market at any time and they are sleek, clean animals, entirely unlike the barnyard variety. Mr. Wise markets garden truck long before the Willamette Valley farmers are ready; the mild coast country and the railroad make this possible.

Valley Is Narrow.

The Siuslaw is a narrow valley. Every entering feeder appears to be narrow, but these creeks run back for miles and miles and they grow wider and wider as they run back, leaving thousands of acres of sheltered valleys. These valleys exhibit two classes of people, the new and the old.

"Siuslaw people are independent," exclaimed J. R. McKenzie, Forest Supervisor at Florence, several years ago, referring to the old type. "They are so independent that they won't work. They plant a few spuds, raise some truck and milk their cows. In the Fall they go out and catch enough salmon to buy flour and a few clothes and then they go into the hills and shoot deer and bear."

Type Is Passing.

This is a passing class, but a class that is hindering the development by holding land. Individuals with 300 to 700 acres of bottom land are not tempted by high prices. The railroad paid one man $12,000 for 160 acres along its right of way.

"Why should I sell; I don't want to leave," said one man refusing $2500 for 80 acres. "It's too easy to live here."

The new type of farmer, though, is E. R. McCormick, who picked up for a song a quantity of raw land that, before he cleared and dyked it, would not support 20 cows. Now it has more than 200 cows and he has increased his net income from $500 to $4000 a year. He sells to the City of Florence alone 150 quarts of milk a day and sells more than $150 worth of pure cream each week.

Pure-Blooded Herd Planned.

He is weeding out his poor cattle and is substituting pure, registered Jerseys. This marks a new movement among the Siuslaw dairymen, long accustomed to accept the wealth of the new country without betterment.

He feeds his cattle pasture grass, supplemented occasionally by rutabagas and mangled beets. He believes that the time will come when these roots and red clover will form the feed of the dairy cows on the Siuslaw.

At present the Siuslaw has a cooperative creamery, shipping from 15,000 to 18,000 pounds of butter a month. It will ship nearly $50,000 worth this year. It is supplied by more than 800 cows and pays 24 cents for butterfat. The skim milk is fed to calves and pigs.

All the dairymen are working to improve their herds, many bringing in fancy Holsteins and other breeds."

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