$100,000 IS GIVEN FOR TRADES SCHOOL

S. Benson to Build First Unit of East Side Structure if Board Expends Like Sum.

OFFER QUICKLY ACCEPTED

Donator Explains That His Idea Is Not to Relieve Taxpayers, but to Provide Opportunities for Children, Denied to Him.

S. Benson, wealthy lumberman, good roads enthusiast, high-minded philanthropist and "first citizen of the State of Oregon," has added one more altruistic act to his already lengthy list. Yesterday morning at a special meeting of the School Board, in the office of E. E. Coovert in the Yeon building, Mr. Benson offered to the School Board of District No. 1 $100,000 for the construction of the first unit of the trades school buildings that are to be erected on the East Side.

Mr. Benson's offer came as a complete surprise to the members of the board.

The donation was made on condition that a like sum be raised by the board during the year 1916, to be used in the construction of the second unit of the trades school building, but there will be no difficulty experienced in complying with this requirement.

Acceptance Is Prompt.

The members of the board enthusiastically attached their signatures to the official acceptance.

"Greatest day in the history of education in the West," was the exclamation of L. R. Alderman, City Superintendent. M. G. Munly, chairman of the board, made the speech of acceptance in behalf of the board and declared that Mr. Benson's act was "unparalleled in the history of education in the city and one of the greatest acts of philanthropy on record in the state.

"It is true," said Mr. Munly, "that the schools have been left large sums by will, but Mr. Benson's gift is without parallel."

Mr. Plummer also expressed himself, saying: "I am proud to be a member of the board on such an occasion as this."

In making the donation Mr. Benson said that he had not had the advantage either of a classical or trade education when he was a boy and he was making the gift "for the benefit of the boys and girls of Portland and not for the benefit of the taxpayers." Continuing, he said, "I appreciate the value of an education and the knowledge of a trade and I am glad to help the boys and girls get a start in the proper way."

Gift Is Explained.

Following was the offer made by Mr. Benson:

"Members of School Board, District No. 1—Gentlemen:

"I herewith offer to donate to your district $100,000 for the purpose of building the first unit of trades school buildings on the site recently purchased by you, construction to begin immediately and the cost of same to be advanced by me from time to time on request of your board as needed for said purpose, on 30 days' notice, in amounts of $25,000, until the entire $100,000 is expended.

"This donation is upon the express condition that your district will contract to expend at least $100,000 during 1916 for the construction of the second unit of said trades school.

"Yours truly,

"S. BENSON."

The site of the trades school is from East Twelfth to East Fifteenth streets and from East Irving to East Glisan streets, inclusive, with a power plant located at East Thirteenth and Oregon streets.

WIFE MAKES BID FOR PEACE

Cash, Fare and Farm Concessions Offered for Return Home.

Peace negotiations between a discordant couple have begun in the advertising columns of the newspapers. Offering concessions in property, farm products and a cash indemnity of $100 as a basis for a treaty with the husband who has left her, Mrs. E. E. Moore, of Woodland, Wash., has had published the following notice:

"I will give my husband, Mr. E. E. Moore, $100 and pay his way home and the crops and three calves, one yearling, one cow and half the pigs and part of the place if he'll come home. He always shall have a home.

"MRS. E. E. MOORE.

"Woodland, Wash."

BRYAN PROFITS BY VISIT

Lecture at Albany Reported to Have Brought in $300.

While ex-Secretary Bryan received no fee for his lecture at the Heilig on Friday night, his trip to Oregon was not entirely profitless.

It is understood that he was given $250 for his Chautauqua lecture at Albany in addition to a percentage of the proceeds, which netted him approximately $50 more. The Pacific Coast Rescue and Protective Society, under the auspices of which he spoke on Friday night, paid only his personal expenses in Portland.

The entire receipts at the Heilig were $910.75. The expenses, including Mr. Bryan's expenses, rent of the theater, orchestra, advertising and all were $222.25. An aggregate of $57.50 had to be deducted also for complimentary tickets issued.

This leaves a net profit of $631 for the society. The money will be used in the work at the Albertina Kerr Nursery Home, the Portland Commons Prison League, the Louise Home for Girls and the Portland Commons Home, all of which are conducted by this organization.

JEWELERS' HEAD IN CITY

T. Combs, of Omaha, Comes for Oregon Convention.

T. Combs, of Omaha, Neb., president of the American Retail Jewelers' Association, arrived in Portland last night. He is accompanied by Colonel John L. Shepherd, of New York, one of the best-known men in the jewelry business. Both are here to attend the annual convention of the Oregon Retail Jewelers' Association that convenes in this city August 5. They arrived early with a view to visiting the Columbia Highway, points in the Willamette Valley and cities in Washington.

This is the eighth annual convention of the Oregon retail jewelers, and the prsident, I. E. Staples, predicts a record attendance. There are between 140 and 150 members in the state organization. All retail jewelers in the state who are exclusive jewelry dealers are eligible to membership. It is the statement of Mr. Staples that one of the greatest purposes of the organization is the establishment of the highest principles among retail jewelers so that the public will be sure of the quality of the goods handled by any member of it.

On the programme for the first day are addresses by Mr. Combs, Colonel Shepherd, "The jewelers' friend," and W. F. Woodward, of the firm of Woodard, Clarke & Co.

Auditor Has Narrow Escape.

CATHLAMET, Wash., July 31.—(Special.)—County Auditor Blanche Heron had a narrow escape from serious injury or death yesterday. Miss Heron was engaged in burning old election returns. With each set of returns is an inking pad and Miss Heron decided to save them. When she reached to take the pad from the bag containing the Puget Island returns a pasteboard box fell to pieces and 36 .44 cartridges fell at her feet instead of into the stove. How these came to be sent is a mystery.

A description of Tifis says that 70 languages are spoken there. The many races mingle, but show no signs of combining. The Czar of Russia is said to refer to this place as a "pearl of the Russian crown."

NEW TRADE SCHOOL SITE AND PORTLAND CITIZEN WHO YESTERDAY GAVE $100,000 TOWARD FURTHERANCE OF SCHOOL.

ABOVE—SITE FOR NEW TRADE SCHOOL, EAST TWELFTH TO EAST FIFTEENTH STREET, FROM EAST IRVING TO EAST GLISAN STREETS.

ENGRAVED COUNCIL RESOLUTION IS PREPARED FOR S. BENSON.

ARTISTICALLY PENNED DOCUMENT THANKING DONOR FOR BENSON PARK PROPERTY.

An artistically engraved copy of a resolution adopted by the City Council thanking S. Benson for the gift to the city of Benson Park, surrounding Gordon Falls, has been prepared and will be framed and presented to Mr. Benson. The resolution was signed up yesterday by members of the Council and City Auditor Barbur. The gift of the park property was made in June, at which time the resolution was adopted. J. A. Wesco was engaged to engrave a copy of the resolution to present to Mr. Benson. The entire resolution was written by Mr. Wesco.

TRIP INTO MEXICO MOST PICTURESQUE

Colonel Hofer Describes Invasion of Land of Ruins and Sentiment.

OLD MISSIONS ARE VISITED

Spirit of Reverence and Awe Sweeps Over Party at Place Where First Indians Became Christians and Flag Raised.

BY COLONEL E. HOFER.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., July 31.—(Special.)—To San Diego via Riverside and the foothill route, 170 miles, and back by the coast route, 130 miles, is probably the finest piece of National motoring in the United States. To Riverside, the original home of the seedless navel orange, 60 miles of citrus orchards, suburban towns and beautiful homes, is a straight easterly drive towards the San Bernardino Mountains, glittering in the brilliant sunshine.

At Riverside are still these parent trees, preserved as almost sacred, priceless relics of human enterprise. From Riverside we follow the Santa Fe Railroad in concrete roadways via Perris and Marietta. Along these concrete foundations are deliveries of finely crushed material to construct the bituminous surface.

We passed all one forenoon riding over the valleys leading to the great mountain range to the south and then crossed over a ridge of hills to Temecula. There were abundant Spring rains and fine grain crops have been harvested.

There is natural road material in this region, and what the secretary of the Southern California Automobile Club informed us, the finest dirt roads in the United States are those between Los Angeles and San Diego, proved true.

Heaven for Motoring Found.

Los Angeles is the veritable heaven on earth of the automobilist. Sunday morning we drove to Santa Monica Beach from Pasadena via Hollywood, 40 miles of regular silk-finish pavement 30 to 90 feet wide and thronged with such wealth of motor-driven vehicles as the world did not dream of 20 years ago. The parade of luxurious cars cannot be surpassed in any American or foreign city. Here are cars of all colors and from all states in the Union. Thousands of cars are shipped here by their owners from the East and are never driven off the pavements.

Many carry colored chauffeurs, and some Japanese. The colored driver of the auto is the legitimate successor of the Pullman porter and dining car man. Motor cars at the beaches or on Washington and Wiltshire boulevards are surely not to be numbered. These streets and Pasadena avenue to Long Beach, and the new boulevard through Topango Canyon are driven over by thousands of cars daily and at speed practically without limit. Of course reckless drivers are arrested, but the actual practice is to penalize the snail. A friend who represents the Apperson branch at Los Angeles took us out, and to say that there were no snails on Figueroa avenue out towards the exposition park is putting it mild.

Scenic Rides Are Numerous.

Los Angeles and San Diego both have wonderful inviting possibilities for motoring. They are in the same class with Portland in affording opportunity for long reaches of avenues and boulevards, and at the same time plenty of chances for scenic highways. But the California towns have made more hay in these meadows than Portland.

Forty miles out from San Diego the Camina Real is paved, but by the inland route we travel a fine, well-graded highway. Before reaching Escandido there are routes across to Oceanside, and thence into the bluest bay in the world by the seashore pavement.

The last 20 miles into the Harbor of the Sun are over gracious grades and grow in interest as the last canyon rises from the riverbed at the head of the bay and come down University avenue to the hotel section. After dinner we motored out to Point Loma, headquarters of the International Theosophical Association. It is a night ride of magical effects.

At Los Angeles we begin to realize Mexico. One whole city park is given up to Mexicans. From this on south we pass Mexicans every few miles on horseback and pass adobe houses and even snug modern bungalows occupied by our brown-skinned neighbors to the south of us.

Monoplane Sails Overhead.

As we toured out of San Diego for Mexico a monoplane sailed over us headed out for the Pacific. It is a sport that has become quite the rage of these southern cities. There is a Government aviation station at San Diego. Los Angeles air fiends fly from their homes in the suburbs to take dinner at their country clubs. Their last trip is always made in an ambulance or a hearse. It is also safe and a favorite way of touring into Mexico.

To Tiajuana we go south 16 miles through National City to the boundaries of the land of sentiment, mystery and intrigue, which had wealth and civilization when the Jamestown colonists lived in mud-plastered huts. Tiajuana is advertised as a Mexican Monte Carlo, has bullfights every week in the year, and the Mayor, who welcomed us, was dressed as a toreador.

The drive down the coast through the lemon groves is delightful. We had left the airship far behind, Point Loma was a blue line far to the north as we crossed the line into Mexico. Ahead was the mescal, the faro tables, customs officials and the land of revolution. We passed a big motorcar loaded with colored men going to the Tiajuana county fair.

On one side of the line wave the Stars and Stripes and the rural mail carrier plods over his route. The fields are planted with American spineless cactus. Across the line all the cactus has spines. On one side fine highways are building. Right alongside is the ragged edge of a ragged republic. Of course, it is largely sentiment and imagination, but the country looks different immediately you cross the Mexican line.

Fort Is Built of Brick.

We leave our only protection, an unloaded Smith & Wesson, in the hands of the American customs officer, pass the Mexican officials and we are under Villa, Carranza, Huerta, Angelus, or the subprefecto politica, or whoever may be the president pro tempore of the republic. The name of Porfirio Diaz is still over the Mexican customs office. The town on the American side is San Ysidro.

Fuerte (fort) Tiajuana is built of brick and has a garrison of one ragged company. They seem to be happy and well fed, sleepy looking lads, but a dogged persistence sticks out all over them. The military band plays at the fair, and is the principal attraction.

Poor as they are and distressful as their condition may be under revolution, one gets the feeling that this is their country and that they cannot help but love it as their own, and that the United States has no business under any circumstances to take it away from them, or that they would ever tolerate foreign subjugation.

The Monte Carlo department of Tiajuana is confined to a long, low building, and is run by some low-browed Americans, one hailing from Portland, Or., whose family name he did not want mentioned, although some of them are in the printing business. As is usual in such places, the games are run by a syndicate. To see women stand up to a faro table, a chuck-luck game, or throw dice for money, or play 21 or the roulette game for hard coin was a new sensation. But they played the games with a zest and they were Americans. This only proves that the most intelligent and prudent representatives of the fair sex cannot be trusted not to gamble.

Guide at $1 Hour Declined.

For a party of Americans to enter a fortified city of a country at war without passports would be an unheard-of undertaking in Europe. But we even declined the offers of guides to show us through at $1 an hour.

This time gives one a general concept, but one has no time to study the botanical gardens, the experimental farms, tea culture and many other special features peculiar to Southern California.

The decorative effects are intensely Spanish, a combination of the Italian renaissance, overloaded with the concept of opulence, the manifestation of material development, the abundance of wealth following the Spanish discoveries. This art concept pervades the exteriors.

The endless arcades are an orange pink, and looking through them the courts have a warm violet atmospheric tinting. The buildings are topped with copper-red cornices, a triple tier of decorations in Moorish effects of the richest Isabellan period. Ancient American art is made prominent in the California building.

Buildings Show Foreign Ideas.

The ancient temples of Central America and monuments and tablets of pre-Christian civilization show distinct traces of Hindoo, Persian and Egyptian ideas and symbols.

There are beautiful symbolic pictures in the theosophical headquarters, before reaching the Art building. The first art gallery has rude tile floors, enormous spaces with a single row of pictures on each side, dominated by collections by Childe, Hassam and Robert Henri, Americans. The whole ensemble is so artistic that a mere arbitrary collection of paintings is minimized in effect, as one wanders through the cloistered arcades, cooled on each side by thickets of flowering shrubs and plantations of evergreens. The real art collections are the decorative pottery in the Archaeological building, where the indigenous arts produced by the native Americans are found. This is the art of prehistoric civilization, the artistic achievement up to the point where the white man stepped in, arrested and destroyed the art tendency that was leading up to higher expressions that might have resulted in Parthenons and Pyramids.

Around the head of the bay, past the mission ruins at Oldtown, past the first palm tree planted in California by Father Junipero Serra in 1769, past Ramona's marriage place, the old home of the Spanish governor, and past the big cross where the California Mission was founded.

Here Calrillo named the Indian village Sunnoy, in 1542, and here stands the cross built by Fra Junipero Serra, who founded the first mission July 16, 1769, by holding the first Christian service and baptizing the first Indians, and here Colonel Fremont first raised the American flag.

We drove our motorcar up the steep hill, overgrown with bloom, to the foot of the cross and stood in awe and reverence at the cradle of Christianity and civilization on the Pacific Coast, antedating the landing of the Puritans by 80 years.

Trees Cover Sides of Roads.

The average tourist who rushes in here on an electric or motorcar is not much impressed with the sights or the facts. He has all the results of the five centuries of achievement, and the unimaginative New Englander often suspects that Father Junipero Serra really came up from Mexico with some deep, traitorous design in his heart against our country. The Camina Real winds up the coast past La Jolla (pronounced La Hoya), a prosperous Summer resort on a rocky promontory, dedicated to the Lady of the Mist.

The finely graded road is planted with trees on both sides, protected with two stakes and wire netting. At intervals are standpipes to water the road while it is dirt and to supply water when building the hard-surface. These Californians have promethean foresight for future road development.

Twenty miles north of San Diego we are on pavement at places built down on the ocean beach, with the sea wall for the west slope of the grade and the surf beating against the completed highway. Parties go 20 miles in their autos dressed in bathing suits for a dip in the surf.

Beach Ride One of Splendor.

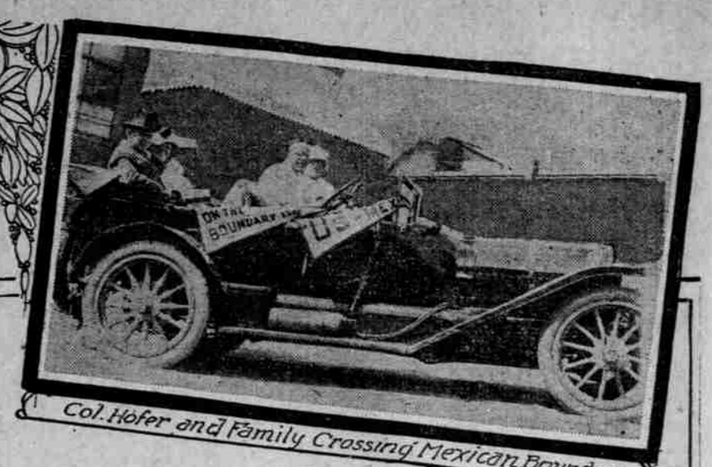
The run along the beach for 70 miles is one of great splendor. The wide blue expanse of the Pacific, the amethyst sky, the white lines of surf often visible for 20 miles ahead, the railroad alongside, the bracing breeze off the salt water, the sun-warmed air, groves of cypress and eucalyptus, towns with palm-lined streets, old churches and modern villas, made a wonderful composite appeal to the senses. It is a chromatic diapason of color, motion, scenery and enjoyment handed over to us by nature, the invention of the motorcar and the good roads campaign.

San Juan de Capestrano Mission, midway between San Diego and Los Angeles, is the most extensive and magnificent of the ruins on the coast. Its great tower, rich in stone carvings, fell during an earthquake in 1812 and has never been restored. The original adobe walls are now only low mounds, but show the outlines and grandeur of the plans. Small parts of the great quadrangle are habitable.

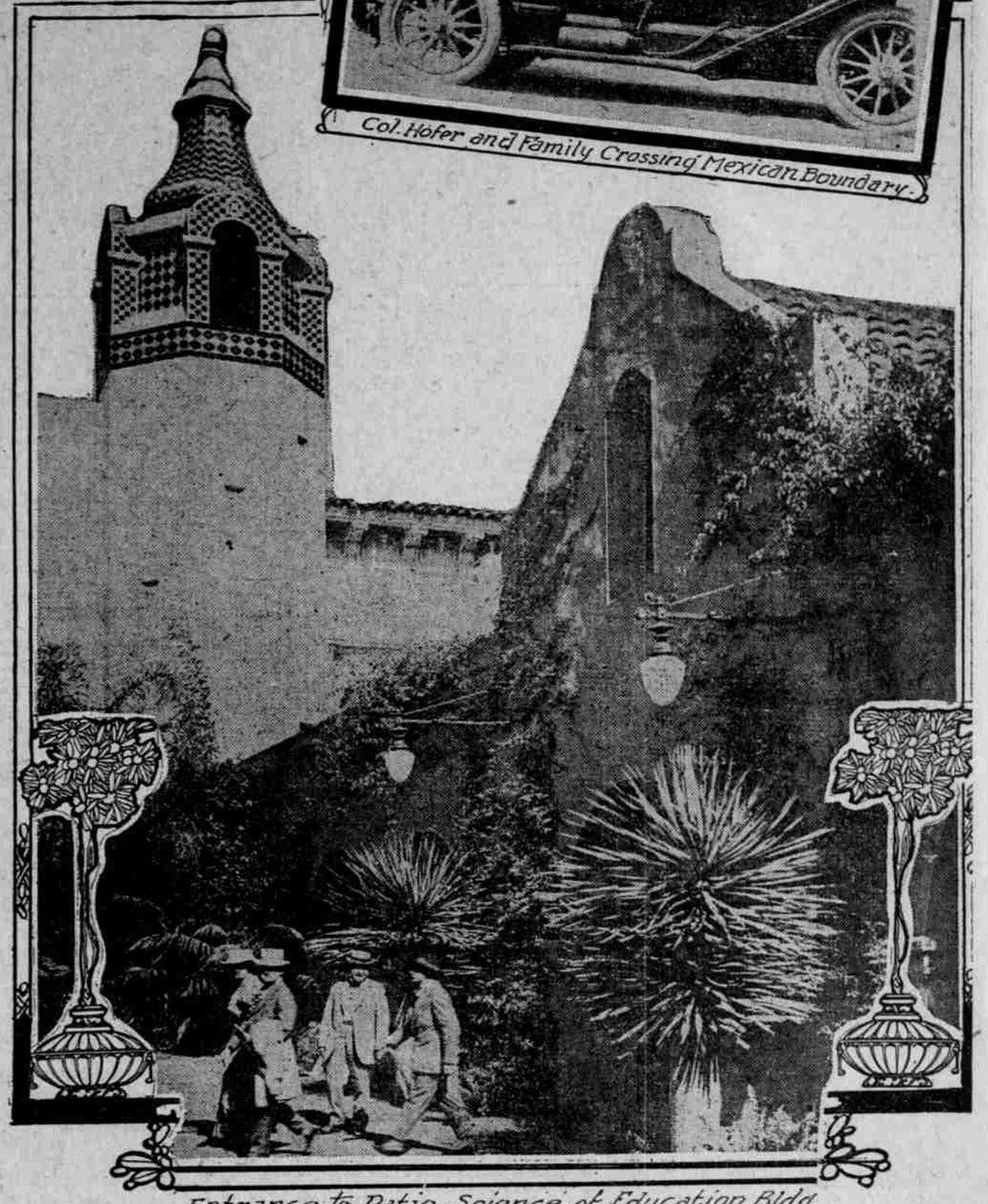
One low room was being used to instruct classes of Mexican children in religion. The work was being done in a thoroughgoing manner by a young Irish secular priest. The old patois, or enclosed garden, was surrounded by an arcade, mostly in ruins, but on two sides standing with its red tiles covered with ivy. Here the padres walked for exercise in seclusion amid a garden of tropical flowers and fruits, protected from foes human, as well as the heat of the sun or the rains in Winter. But the glory of the garden is gone, let us hope not forever.

The last 40 miles are from walnuts to wine, from oranges to pomegranates, through Santa Anna, Anaheim, Whittier, Alhambra, Pasadena to Los Angeles.

SCENES ON AUTOMOBILE TOUR THROUGH CALIFORNIA



Col. Hofer and Family Crossing Mexican Boundary.



Entrance to Patio, Science of Education Bldg

CONVICT SHIP IS DUE

Historic Vessel Success Will Be On Exhibit Here.

CRUEL DEVICES DISPLAYED

Inhuman Punishment Meted Out to English Prisoners More Than 100 Years Ago Will Be Demonstrated on Board Ship.

By many years the oldest ship afloat, and one that teems with history of a time when the English penal laws were declared to be a black disgrace to civilization, will arrive in the lower Portland harbor late this afternoon. It is the convict ship Success, and it comes from San Francisco for a three weeks' stay, during which time the public will be invited to board it and learn the details of criminal punishment of more than a century ago.

The Success was launched in Moulmain, British India, in 1790. She was designed and first used as an armed merchantman and for 12 years transported Oriental luxuries from the region of the seven seas to all parts of the world. In 1802 the Success was chartered by the British Government to transport the overflow of criminals from English jails to Australia. She served as a criminal transport until 1851, when she was permanently stationed at Hobson's Bay, Australia, as a receiving prison.

The brutal treatment accorded prisoners aboard the Success led almost to a revolt by the Australians against the English Government, and she was then used as a women's prison and later as a reformatory ship and an ammunition store. The Success became an exhibition ship in 1890.

The Success is massively built of solid Burman teak, and the teak panel carvings that were part of the original ornamentation of the ship, are still in a state of perfect preservation. The original mainmast, also of teak, is as sound as ever, although it bears the indent of a cannon ball fired by a terrified coast guard of Calcutta. The pumps with which the Success was first equipped are also in good working order.

All the devices for torture that could be conjured by a vindictive mind are exhibits on board the ship. The branding room, where the prisoners were branded with the "broad arrow," a sign of English ownership; the leg irons, that weigh from 7 to 56 pounds; the spiked collar, the flogging frames, the original cat-o'-nine-tails and the "iron maiden"; all these were used on board this "ocean hell" to subject refractory prisoners whose offenses ranged from the stealing of a twopenny pork pie to the most brutal murders. A great many of England's most notorious criminals did "transportation" time on the Success. The famous "Six men of Dorset" were prisoners for years within her darkened cells.

Atlantic Voyage Strenuous.

The Success came to this country in 1912. When it was announced that the vessel would cross the Atlantic unaccompanied by a tug or steamer, the feat was declared impossible. Because of the ship's age Lloyds refused insurance and the British Government refused to give the commander clearance. However, she set sail from England on the same day that the Titanic did, and after 96 days of battling arrived in Boston harbor with a half-starved crew.

The Success is in command of its owner, Captain D. H. Smith, who has been with the vessel for eight years. Captain Smith, before taking charge of the vessel was an officer in the English navy.

Captain D. H. Smith, of the Convict Ship Success, the Oldest Ship Afloat, That Will Arrive in Portland This Afternoon.

FIREMAN'S DEATH DOUBTED

Astoria Now Believes E. W. Pastaw Has Fled City.

ASTORIA, Or., July 31.—No further information has been obtained on the mysterious disappearance of Edward W. Pastaw, fireman on the steamer Nahcotta, missing since early Tuesday morning.

Chief of Police Houghton yesterday received an answer to his wireless to the United States ship Albany, inquiring if Pastaw was aboard that vessel, as some people believed. Commander Alexander replied: "Ship searched and crew carefully mustered. No trace of Pastaw."

The belief that Pastaw is not in the Columbia River is growing.

The fact that the man is reported to have borrowed a considerable sum of money leads the officers to believe that he has skipped.

NATIVE OF LINN PASSES

Mrs. Ana McKune Is Survived by Son, Brothers and Sisters.

ALBANY, Or., July 31.—(Special.)—Mrs. Anna M. McCune, a native of Linn County, died Friday night at her home near Shedds, at the age of 51 years. The funeral was held today from the United Presbyterian Church at Shedds, of which she was a member.

Mrs. McCune is survived by one son, Kenneth McCune, of Shedds. She also leaves two brothers, W. D. McCormick and Nevin McCormick, both of Shedds, and three sisters: Mrs. J. Davis, of Shedds; Mrs. Couey, of Shedds, and Mrs. E. J. Thrift, of Mosier, Or.