

WHOLESALE MAN AND WIFE IN VADE THE ROGUE COUNTRY A FOOT

Mr. and Mrs. William F. Woodward Travel Into Wilds, Dine at Homes of Settlers and Hear Pleas of People for Wagon Road.



A Bit of the Rogue Trail Near Big Bend

BY WILLIAM F. WOODWARD.
WITH the many scenic wonders of our state must ever be included the Rogue River Gorge. Extending for over 100 miles, cutting its devious way through mountain range to ocean, it presents in variety and ruggedness a fascinating and bewildering panorama.

We left Merlin, on the Southern Pacific, Monday morning, a suitcase with spare apparel making a prosaic detour by parcel post to Gold Beach, our destination at the mouth of the river, by way of Eugene and Marshfield. We reduced our knapsacks to the simplest essentials, though it is wonderful the way our needs diminished in importance with every mile afoot.

Merlin is fairly in a mountain pass, and our road, well-battered highway after crossing Jump-off Joe Creek, soon brought us to the river, which we were to follow with delight and wonder for six days. Some thought of its material value as a source of power and electric energy through these lower reaches would obtrude upon us at times; its fall of many hundred feet or more while pursuing a vexed way between mighty cliffs calls for the descriptive pen of an engineer and the capital which will harness its mighty strength at some distant day.

Ranches Dot Way.
There are many little ranches between Merlin and Big Bend, dairying, stock and fruit-raising. The day was warm; the lad of the house, where we first stopped, and gently raised the question of two glasses of milk, was



The Rogue Below Hell Gate.

sorrowful: "Sure, we have lots of milk, but it's separated every morning. George has taken the cream to the station and we always give the milk to the calves." Happy calves! Thirsty tourists! Better luck at McIntyre's, where milk once separated was happily reunited to more than its original quota of rich cream, garnished with apples—beauties they were, from the root-house; Mrs. McIntyre the while singing praises of this "Rogue" paradise.

Hell Gate is the scenic drop curran which rises before the traveler's vision; a water-worn chasm, through which the river boils in its mighty flow. Beyond in quiet reaches it rests, the road, in many places cut from solid rock, follows the very brink, overhanging even at times, the stream far below. A mile further it crosses the river on a fine bridge, and from this point to Big Bend, some 50 miles further, we see no more farms, passing instead, a succession of prospectors' cabins, many deserted "mining propositions," others the scene of a mad chase for gold. Quartz are giving up their gold to patient tollers.

Lunch Taken in Cabin.
Galice, 15 miles from Merlin, is a mining town. Its single street is a highway, while its trade comes from the gold-seekers all about in stream and mountain. We were a bit lighthearted in reaching the town, and the proffer of seats in his "Henry," by R. A. Lewis, who has and is operating a place two miles beyond Galice, was gladly accepted.

A hunting accident two years ago deprived him of his good right arm but not nerve or resource; operating the



A Bit of the Rogue Trail at Alameda

wheel with his strong left, and the "gas" supply with his foot, the latter by means of a most ingenious lever of his own contriving, we spun along over

the narrow, winding road at a speed which called for more than ordinary skill and judgment. Mr. Lewis' home was destroyed by



Si Whilenecks Cabin at Whisky Creek.

fire recently. We lunched with him and his son, Dolph, in a cabin built years ago, in a present temporary quarters. For many years a resident, his story of early days and the possibilities of the section was most interesting.

Bidding them good-bye, we footed to Alameda, three miles beyond. Here ends the wagon road; here do the folks speak of "going in" and "coming out." The one has been took over by Entekin, who combines the activities of a general store and postoffice with



800 Feet Above the River on a Trail Three Feet Wide

rearing a family and more—for when we noted the fine baking which she was taking from the oven, she remarked simply: "Yes, this for a neighbor who's troubled with rheumatism, and I told her I'd look after the baking." Entekin, peas was in the mountains, for this is "Jerker's section" time and hunting is a diversion which soars beef and bacon have transformed into a serious and necessary duty.

Alameda's one bright industrial jewel is its active copper mine across the



Thomas Ranch, Where Orange and Lemon Trees Flourish.

river. There is much ore in sight and the smelter, we were told, would shortly resume operations.

Way Follows Steep Cliff.
Tuesday morning we "took up" our trail for Whisky Creek, eight miles along. Adjectives are mere words and the English language has many, but the unfolding beauty of this day can never be penned by an apothecary or his wife. Our Columbia gorge is impressive; the view from Crown Point is surpassing, but here, mind you, is a narrow path hewn from rocky cliff or sloping mountainside, ascending hundreds of feet, leaving the river far below, winding by curves abrupt and startling around impossible passes, giving thrill after thrill of wonder and delight.



At noon we crossed the river on a light suspension bridge erected by the Forest Service.

At noon we crossed the river on a light suspension bridge erected by the Forest Service, which has been built inside on a narrow ledge, down to the water's edge, where Whisky Creek, and on the other side, where Crown Creek, empty their clear, cold burden into the Rogue.

Here we tarried the afternoon and night. Si Whileneck knew our coming; had been told over the Forest Service phone line from Alameda; hailed, fed and housed us; showed us his place, claim and the small "garden" he had harnessed to Whisky Creek. His three boarders—Messrs. Payne, Calvin and Johnson—came in toward dusk from their working above, and, with some of the real "stuff"—an ounce or more. Si has, or had, a fine garden.

DIVINE VISION AND WISDOM FACTORS IN HUMAN PROGRESS

Religion Is World's Most Valuable Asset—Ballots Count More Than Bullets When Rightly Used.

THE NEXT STEP.
"Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine hands be established." Then they go to level the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established: the right hand nor to the left. Remove thy foot from evil."—Proverbs 1:1-7.

BY LUTHER R. DYOTT, D.D.,
Pastor First Congregational Church.
THE price of real progress is not too high. It does, indeed, cost something, but it is within the reach of all who care to make the most of life.

Providence has no grudge against any person. Problems are charming challenges when we become conscious of the power to solve them, and we can see what is beyond them. It, between us and the eternal, even when we see what it is beyond them.

When the human race, or any part of it, is blind to the best things, or does not look in the right direction, or does not look ahead far enough, it is bound to perish. So, also, with individuals.

A wise man said, "Where there is no vision, the people cast off restraint." That settles the matter. Then they go to level the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established: the right hand nor to the left. Remove thy foot from evil."—Proverbs 1:1-7.

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visions of God in his world, in which he wishes us to share, to suffer of a faulty curvature of its gorges, or for our rational faith to be given to admiration. But our vision must relate to wisdom, and be sustained by the same. By wisdom we mean the application of knowledge to its proper aims and ends, justifying itself in the doing of that which needs to be done. It is in doing the next thing—doing that which immediately before us, doing that which is the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established. Make level the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established.

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achievement fit us for the next step in that progress toward which all the good of the foregoing ages has been put preparatory. The centuries have been excavating for the foundation work. Science, education and real religion have been busy here and there, doing greater things than most persons have supposed. They have been gathering material for a new order of life now about to be ushered in. Certain forms of government are yet to fail, the broken relationships among nations may never be mended, but the coming generations, after old hate, and war, and jealousy, and strife, and moral ignorance have forever passed away, will know the better way of doing things here.

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world. It has fought many hard battles. It has already come a long distance. It is yet able to make a "home run." It was born of God. It is delivered from the womb of eternity by his omnipotent hand. It was placed upon earth for growth and service, ignorance, bigotry and superstition tried to grab it by the throat. Jesus Christ rescued it and personalized it and gave it a new meaning. Prophets and kings hushed their notes before the music floating over the Judean hills, but soon discord entered, and men put the life of the new expression of religion on a cross. Death came, but triumph followed. The spirit of Jesus is yet to triumph even more abundantly.

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More Real Thinking Urged.
There is absolutely no reason for our God-given vision, viewing the move-