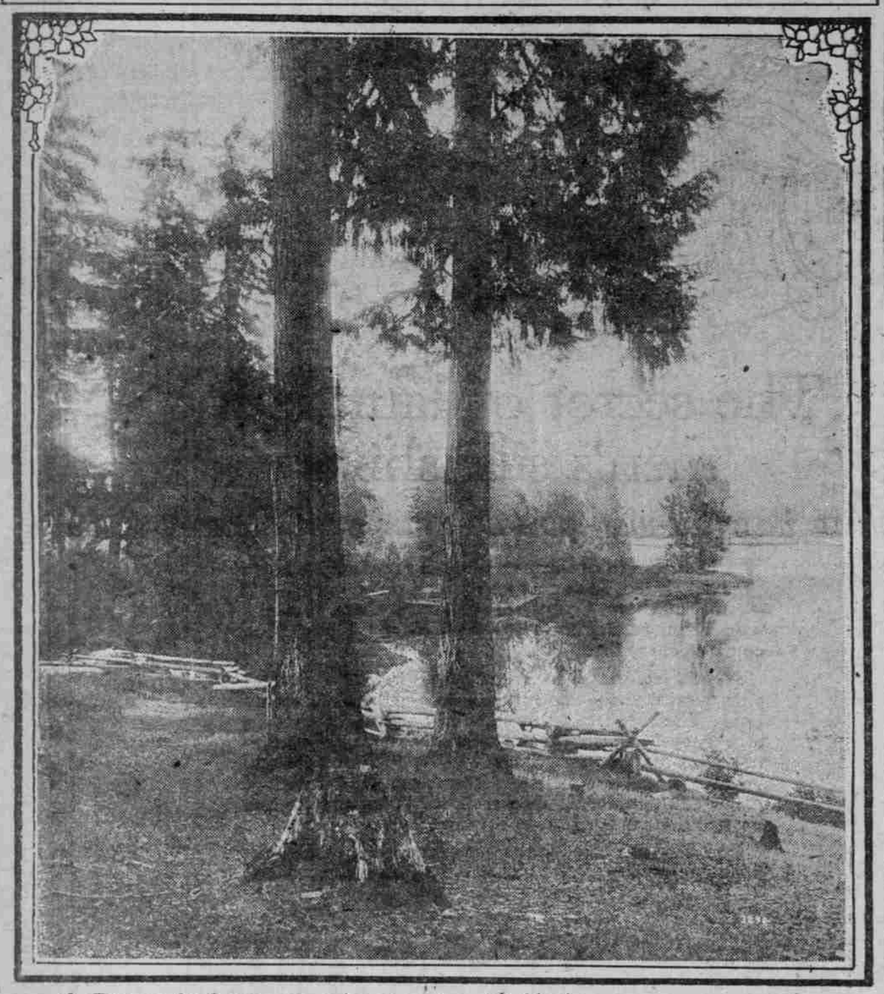
MANY CREEKS FLOW FROM UPLANDS WITHIN FEW MILES OF EACH OTHER INTO YAKIMA

Large Number of Streams Along Eastern Line of Lincoln Wind Into County and Out, for Eastern Line Is Not on Crest of Coast Range.



A Peaceful Scene Along The Nollala —GIFFORD PHOTO.

BY ADDISON BENNETT.

This is the 23d of a series of articles by Mr. Bennett on Oregon waterways. The 24th will follow at an early date, presumably the Sunday following this article. Readers of The Oregonian would do well to save these articles, for when concluded they will present the first authentic tabulation of our rivers, lakes and creeks.

THE last stream taken in article 22 was Beaver creek, which flows into Depot slough near Toledo. I will continue up the Yaquina in the left or north river. The next named stream is Salal creek, which flows in about two miles above Toledo. It comes in from the north and has one named tributary, Simpson's creek, six miles long. There are a good many creeks flowing into the river between Salal creek and the county line, 17 miles in a straight line, but none of them named.

Going up on the right or south side of the Yaquina, the first named stream is Elk creek, which flows in at Elk City. It is a long stream which rises near Mary's peak, two miles east of the Lincoln county line, in Benton county. It is a winding stream and difficult to measure, but I think it is fully 25 miles long, that is, in Lincoln county.

Elk has several named branches, as follows: Bear creek, which flows in about five miles from its mouth. It is three miles long. A few rods above that, Bolter creek flows in. (The name of this creek has a letter knocked out between the o and t, which I think must have been an l.) This creek is also about three miles long.

Savage creek is next. It flows in from the south about five miles due east of Salado, a town seven miles east and four miles south of Toledo. It is about six miles long. Three-quarters of a mile above Savage, but on the opposite side of the Yaquina, Up-the-Spout creek flows in from the northeast. It is about four miles long, and has one named branch, Johnson creek, which flows in from the east. It is three miles long and rises very close to the county line.

There are a great many streams along the eastern line of Lincoln, some of them flowing into the county and some flowing out, for the eastern line is not on the crest of the coast range it seems, only in spots. For instance, Mary's peak, west of Philomath in Benton county, is surely the summit, for it is said to be the highest peak in the coast range. Yet the Lincoln-Benton county line is two miles west of that peak.

I will now begin at the southwest corner of the county on the ocean, and follow along the south line to the southeast corner of the county, and then north along the east line to the Tillamook line, and give the named streams flowing in and out of the county and their named tributaries.

The first is Buck creek, flowing in from Lane county, about 12 miles from the ocean. This creek's length in Lincoln is about two and one-half miles, and it has one named tributary, Wilson creek, which flows into it from the west. Wilson is two miles long. Then Crab creek flows up from Lane county and flows into a river I never heard of before—Five river. I know about Sixes river, but nothing about Five. Crab creek has a course of only three-quarters of a mile in Lincoln. Five river, which flows into the Alsea near the town of Denzer, has a length of ten miles in Lincoln. I give three streams flowing into it, Buck, Crab and Wilson creeks, the latter a feeder of Buck, and there is one other, Lobster creek, and three feeders of Lobster, Camp, Williamson and Little Lobster. Lobster creek flows in from the extreme southeastern corner of the county, reaching the Five near the town of Denzer. Camp has a length in the county of three miles, Williamson two miles and Little Lobster one-half mile. Lobster creek is about nine miles long.

Six miles north of the south line of Lincoln and one mile west of the east line, Fall creek flows into the Alsea from the north; it is ten miles long. There are also some other tributaries of the Alsea which I did not mention in their proper order. Sudson creek flows in from the south three miles west of Tidewater. It is five miles long. Scott creek, five miles long, flows in from the north-east, about four miles southeast of Tidewater. It is six miles long.

Grass creek flows in two miles south of the mouth of Scott creek, coming up from the south on the opposite side from Scott. It is four miles long.

BOOKS

By Joseph Marquess.

Heart Troubles, Their Prevention and Relief, by Louis Fangeres Bishop, M. D. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York city.

Our author is professor of diseases of the heart and blood circulation, Fordham university, president of the Good Samaritan dispensary and physician in Lincoln hospital, New York city.

This book of 435 pages, 30 full-page halftone plate and text illustrations, contains an authoritative discussion of the subject at issue, and is written in an easy popular style with the absence of the use of obscure technical terminology. It is designed for the guidance and help of the layman who suffers from heart trouble or for the family or immediate relatives of such sufferers, and especially for the nurses in charge of these cases. It describes the various types of heart disease in a most lucid and informing way and tells exactly what should be done in each case, the mode of life best suited to the trouble, the most beneficial diet, etc. It goes carefully into the question of palliative treatment by drugs, by the Nauheim bath method, and also by exercise.

The book's cheery optimism and sane counsel should prove of real service not only to all heart patients, but also to physicians, who can obtain much valuable information from the instructions given.

Notable chapters are on these topics: The heart of an engine; what is meant by hardening of the arteries; cause and symptoms of heart disease, and the contributing cause of nervousness; heart troubles and the cure resort; nitroglycerin and how to use it; the care of the heart; the animal proteins; health—how remedies should be given to keep it; tea, coffee and tobacco; the danger of the heart from anti-fat treatment; and nursing in heart troubles.

Dr. Bishop does not pose as a cureall. He is cautious. For instance, in discussing Graves' disease, or exophthalmic goiter—a disease of the thyroid gland. It is a puzzling disease, and experts are not agreed as to its cause. It is stated to be difficult to cure. Dr. Bishop's advice under this head is concise: "People who have this disease, should have their hearts carefully looked after."

The Seventeenth Century, by Jacques Boulenger. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City.

In this case the title "The Seventeenth Century" refers especially to the national history of France. The book is translated from the French and has for its stage the sway of Cardinal Richelieu and Louis XIV, known as "Le Grand Monarque."

Scholars are agreed that the age depicted by our author is known as the Great Age.

"France was enriched—through the successive efforts of Louis XIII and Richelieu, Mazarin and Louis XIV—by the acquisition of Roussilon Franche-Comte, Alsace, Flanders and Artois, provided with a vast colonial domain and protected by a solid and stately girdle of fortresses. Intellectually, France shed her radiance throughout the world. The age in which French national patrimony was enriched by so many provinces, by so much glory and beauty, is justly known as the Great Age."

The pages are 393. The presentation of historical events is interestingly arranged.

Ethics and Natural Law, by George Lansing Raymond. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City.

This is a learned, reconstructive review of moral philosophy, applied to the rational art of living.

Such abstruse subjects are discussed as: "Human experience started and developed from desires"; "desires of body and of mind often antagonistic and not necessarily developed from one another;" "man can live in a world of ideas"; "institutionism, empiricism and rational emotive and perceptible intuitionism"; "analysis between harmony in aesthetics and in ethics"; "keeping the mind's desires uppermost in the general relations of society, in social customs and habits, in pleasures, in commercial relations between buyers and sellers"; etc.

The book is one of 345 pages. The accomplished author was professor of oratory in Williams college, 1874-1881; of oratory and aesthetic criticism in Princeton university, 1880-1893; of aesthetics in the same university, 1893-1905, and of aesthetics, George Washington university, 1905-1912.

The message of this excellent book is helpful and educative in the upbuilding of family and industrial life of the nation.

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Mrs. A. Louise Andrea, author of "Dehydrating Foods."

Dehydrating Foods, by A. Louise Andrea. The Cornhill Co., Boston.

Emphatically a book for the hour, and a step in the direction of better domestic economy. It is a blow in the reduction of the high cost of living, and specializes in fruits, vegetables, fish and meats.

Dehydration is defined as "the superior method of food preservation. No cans, jars or tedious canning process required. Merely the water is removed from food materials, leaving all flavorings and nourishment values intact."

Mrs. Andrea is a food lecturer and expert of wide reputation.

Queen Lucia, E. F. Benson. George H. Doran Co., New York City.

Mrs. Lucas had a husband, money and comforts. Yet she was not satisfied. She yearned to be a reformer, and she undertook to play the part of a modern Lorenzo de Medici in the "cultural awakening" of an English village. She had been an enthusiast in Italy and Italians; and the havoc she caused and the fun that ensued—behold! are they not all displayed in the 321 pages of this laughable story of England?

An Intimate View of Robert G. Ingersoll, by I. Newton Baker. C. P. Farrell, New York City.

Those lucky enough to have heard Robert G. Ingersoll in life deliver one of his speeches or addresses, will hardly expect to find in cold type a book with as eloquent a greeting as he spoke in speech of silver.

This tribute to the memory of the late Mr. Ingersoll, is told in 207 pages, and is a sincerely expressed, affectionate one. The author, Mr. Baker, entered Mr. Ingersoll's office in 1879 as private secretary, and remained in his employment continuously until 1892, a period of nearly 14 years. The two men knew each other intimately and from this friendship and daily conversation this record has been prepared, and it is a most worthy paper one.

Sometimes arguments are heard as to the manner in which Mr. Ingersoll died. This little book says that July 21, 189, Colonel Ingersoll suffered from indigestion and was resting, with his wife in his room. It was in their beautiful Hudson river, New York City home. Mrs. Ingersoll and he were talking gently about his state of health, and suddenly he looked at her with a loving gaze, slowly closed his eyes, dropped his head upon his breast and without the slightetst sign of suffering, like one falling peacefully to sleep, passed away.

The book contains also several of Colonel Ingersoll's famous addresses, particularly the touching oration he spoke at his brother's grave.

Margot's Progress, by Douglas Goldring. Thomas Seltzer, New York City.

Margot—in plain English Miss Maggie Carter, daughter of a Canadian grocer who left her $3000—is our heroine.

Margot determines to see the world and be a "fine lady." She sails on the steamer Majestic for Cherbourg, France, and, to wrap herself with an air of social distinction, says she is Miss Margot Cartier, Canadian aristocrat.

Margot succeeds in capturing her social world and she becomes a bold, heartless young woman, a professional heart breaker, a Becky Sharp. She breaks the heart of the man she marries. A depraved aristocrat—who is no relative of hers—dies and leaves her $1,250,000.

The world is Margot's sugar plum and she certainly sees to it that everything she wants somehow comes her way.

Then, bing! comes the big war with the kaiser, and trouble comes for Margot.

A clever novel and sure to arouse the most blase.

Artemus Ward, by Don C. Seitz. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers, New York city.

Echoes of delightful, quietly expressed American wit of the long ago steal from these storied pages of the biography of Artemus Ward (Charles Farrar Browne), wit, lecturer and general showman.

Ward was born in Waterford, Me., April 26, 1834, and died in Southampton, England—where he had been on a lecture tour—March 6, 1867, from consumption.

Mr. Seitz has written a biography of permanent value. He obtained his facts from conversations with the Browne family and also from an extensive search for information on the subject, a search that went far away from the quiet Maine town where the subject of this book first saw the light of day.

Examples of Artemus Ward jokes are furnished, also several of the famous lectures. The pages are 338.

The Hand in the Dark, by Arthur J. Rees. John Lane Co., New York city.

An English novel of the present day, with a murder mystery in it. One of the girl characters is shot, in an old-fashioned manor house; and the hunt for the guilty person is described with force and ingenuity.

Interim, by Dorothy M. Richardson. Alfred A. Knopf, New York city.

Miss Richardson is a talented and industrious young novelist. This is the fifth instalment of her interesting and original series of novels "Pilgrimage."

"Interim" is an English novel of promise and polished art. It has a dull beginning, and at first would be all the better of shorter paragraphs and more conversation, but this is remedied as the reader progresses.

The Letters of Thackeray.

Although William Makepeace Thackeray was one of the great letter-writers of the Victorian period, the world has waited for more than half a century for a reasonably complete collection of his letters. Those which he wrote to Mrs. Brookfield, the Baxters, and various kinsmen and kinswomen have been published in the magazines and later in book form. But no one has undertaken to bring together from widely scattered sources the hundreds of letters which, arranged in chronological order and adequately annotated, would furnish a continuing and illuminating record of his life as an author.

The task remained for Rufus Rockwell Wilson of Boston, author of "New England in Letters" and other widely-read books, to accomplish after a number of years of loving and unremitting labor. The work now has reached the stage which promises within the next few months the publication of "The Letters of Thackeray," carefully annotated, in two octavo volumes of about 300 pages each. The first edition, privately printed, will be limited to 250 copies, numbered and signed, of which, it is stated, only 200 will be offered for sale in America and in England.

Navy Boys on Special Service, by Halsey Davidson and George Sully & Co., New York City.

Boys who want entertainment in a red-blooded, exciting story of sea life will find it in these 216 pages. The scenes are laid in the recent world war, and they depict the doings of brave sailor boys serving in our navy against German opponents—and especially against German submarines.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Man of Tomorrow, by Claude Richards, 290 pages, a discussion of educational success with the boy of today—wise advice as to what professions boys ought to engage in, and how to find professions for which they are best fitted (Crowell Co., New York).

God's Smile, by Julius Magnussen, a series of brilliant essays on deep psychological subjects, into powerful messages of hope offered as a boon to the sorrow-burdened—written by one of Denmark's greatest dramatists (D. Appleton & Co., N. Y.).

Ell of the Downs, by C. M. A. Peake, a brilliant novel of realism, presenting a racy account of the doings of a natural wanderer and Almonds of Life, by F. E. Mills Young, a powerfully written novel of South African life, love and retribution—and a picture of passion wrestling against the civilizing barrier of marriage (Doran Co., N. Y.).

Impulses, by Harriet Holmes Haslett, a novel of pretty sentiment; and Brass Necks, by Homer Sherman, an excellent New England novel featuring pleasant family life and doings at a boys' school (The Cornhill Co., Boston).

Tales of Mystery and Horror, by Maurice Level, translated from the French by Alys Eyre Macklin, 26 short stories of hair-raising significance—stories so startling that they approach in every particular literary subjects (Thomas Seltzer, N. Y.).

Modern Greek Stories, translated from the original Greek by Demetra Vaka and Aristides Phantrides, with a foreword by Demetra Vaka—eight stories by modern Greek authors, stories remarkable for literary quality and fine simplicity of expression (Duffield & Co., N. Y.).

Hidden Creek, by Katharine Newlin Burt, a novel of the west that is so well written and a work of art that it is like a marble statue carved by a Greek sculptor—a story that is worth a place in the ranks of the "best sellers" (Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston).

The Crimson Patch, by Augusta Huiell Seaman, a thrilling mystery story for girls—a sort of a new Sherlock Holmes story that makes fascinating reading (Century Co., N. Y.).

Resurrection Rock, by Edwin Balmer, an excellent story of outdoors and adventure; and Midnight of the Ranges, by George Gilbert, a healthy and exciting story of life on the Texas plains, featuring a chivalrous range rider, fine in instinct and whose love finds its own reward (Little, Brown & Co., Boston).

Indian Vengeance, by L. F. Jones, a realistic, thrilling novel depicting Indian life and Menace in Alaska (The Stratford Co., Boston).

Literary Snapshots, by Richard Butler Glaenzer, 116 pages of lyrical, lively verse, written about contemporary authors, American, English and others (Brentano's, N. Y.).

Frank Higgins, Trail Blazer, by Thomas D. Whitties, a modestly written, graphic account of the adventures of Mr. Higgins as a big brother or home missionary in the Minnesota lumber camps (Interchurch Press, N. Y.).

The Gifts We Bring, by Nina B. Lamkin, a Christmas pageant for boys and girls and grownups, 37 pages—a pageant that has already been given with success in many schools, colleges and Y. W. C. A.s (T. S. Denison & Co., Chicago.

Miss Minerva's Baby, by Emma Speed Sampson, the third story in the delightful "Miss Minerva" series, describing this time fluffy-haired Josephine, a baby with the appearance of an angel and the personality of an adorable sprite—a home story of healthy interest (The Reilly & Lee Co., Chicago).

The Cheery Way, by John Kendrick Bangs, a charming book, worth being called a "gift" book—containing a poem by Mr. Bangs for every day in the year—verse that is cheerful and bright; Leerie, by Ruth Sawyer, eloquent, heart-throbbing tales of a war nurse and her patients—quite a notable bit of fiction (Harper's, N. Y.).

Letters to a Young Man on Love and Health, by Walter M. Gallichan, wise advice and instruction to young men on sex problems—consisting of letters from an uncle to his young nephew, the first written when the boy is 16 years old and the last when he is about to be married (Stokes & Co., N. Y.).

The Man Who Convicted Himself, by David Fox, a story of excitement, mystery and humor, being the first of a series of detective novels dealing with the activities of an organization of retired criminals who form a crime prevention bureau; and Tour Through Italian Art, 1840, edited by Kate Milner Rabb, an unusually interesting, educative book, being the diary of John Parsons, a young Virginian who left home to see the west—of decided historic interest (Robert M. McBride & Co., N. Y.).

The Seventh Seal, by Jeanette Agnes, a book of religious importance, discussing salvation, revelation, the Levitical law, the "lost word," etc. (John C. Winston Co., Phila.).

Old and New, sundry papers by C. H. Grandgent, professor of romance languages in Harvard university, eight essays or papers on educational subjects, a message of marked culture (Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass.).

Jane and the Owl, by Gene Stone, illustrated, a charming story book for children, and telling about new friends worth while (Crowell Co., N. Y.).

A Mating in the Wilds, by Ottwell Binns, a romantic novel of engrossing interest, depicting the regeneration of a hero in Hudson Bay company territory in the far north (Alfreda Knapf, N. Y.).

The Great Steel Strike and Its Lessons, by William Z. Foster, secretary and organizer of the steel workers in the trade dispute referred to, 265 pages, paper covers (B. W. Huebsch, N. Y.).

Atlantida, by Pierre Benoit, translated from the French by Mary C. Tongue and Mary Ross. This exciting and dramatic story was recently awarded the "Grand Prix du Roman" of 5000 francs by the French Academy as the best novel of the year, and already it has sold in France more than 100,000 copies. It is a novel of mysterious, wild Africa, of North African mountains, fierce tribes and Antinea, a wonderful heroine who reminds the reader somewhat of the principal figure in Ryder Haggard's masterpiece "She" (Duffield & Co., N. Y.).

War Poems and Other Verses, by R. E. Vernede, 32 sterling poems of more than ordinary merit, being visions of war scenes depicted by an English soldier-poet who was killed in the recent world war in France (Doran Co., N. Y.).

Adventures and Enthusiasms, by E. V. Lucas, 62 charmingly written, restful essays depicting literature, satire, English scenes, etc.; and Wild Cat, by Hugh Wiley, a happy-hearted, joyous novel, about a care-free negro who hates work—a story that shows creditable mastery of the negro dialect (Doran Co., N. Y.).

The Beautiful Mrs. Davenant, by Violet Tweedale, an entertaining English novel, the central figure of which is a married woman who for a strange reason does not live with her husband (Stokes Co., N. Y.).

Blueberry Bear, by J. L. Sherard, and Uncle Squeaky's Country Store, by Nellie M. Leonard, two delightful, illustrated story books for little children (Crowell Co., N. Y.).

Builders of Highways

By ANTHONY EUWER

This Poem, Written by Mr. Euwer, Was Read by Him Last Monday at Hood River. It Was an Interesting Feature of the Meeting Celebrating the Completion of the Columbia River Highway to Hood River.

Masterful builders! You who've planned
Your limitless highways through our land—
Splendid in vision—well have you wrought,
Leaving your trails where trails were not;
Weavers—weaving gigantically
Into a boundless tapestry
Systems of travel, skillfully traced
Hither and thither—interlaced,
Gathering, linking, chain on chain,
Corn land and pasture, fields of grain,
Acres of orchard rolling down,
Forest and homestead, nestling town,
Binding our counties, joining our states,
Breaking the walls of our cities' gates,
Letting humanity's stream rush through
Into the open, into the blue,
Into the sun or into the shade,
Into the playgrounds you have made.
Treading where never before they've trod—
Touching the earth and seeing God!

Long have you wrestled, unconfounded
With problems the grim, old earth propounded;
Meeting each taunting challenge while
She watched with a cold, sardonic smile,
Flinching at nothing your labor met,
Writing your answer in dirt and sweat,
First with your transit, pounding stakes—
Rotten logs, briars, sticks and snakes—
Trees of the thicket, hatchet-scarred,
Blazing tomorrow's boulevard.

Now comes the new world's big romance,
Unloosing your swarms of human ants,
Slashing the willows, crowding in
Under the maples and chincopin;
Tottering timbers—see them crash—
Deafening thud and crunch and gash,
Tearing their rifts where the bows arch high,
Baring blue holes in the gaping sky;
Follows the blasting—dynamite,
Deep in the damp earth tamped in tight,
Sputtering spark
Into the dark
Travels the fuse to the buried guns,
Vomiting stumps in hurtling tons,
Falling back, mangled, shattered, torn,
Into the clay where they were born,
Through pine-pillared aisles the thunderings ring,
Echoing canyons answering;
Enter the horses—lashing reins,
Yelling and curses, jangling chains,
Snorting and straining, steaming brutes,
Grappling hooks shackled to stubborn roots,
Snug in their sockets holding fast—
Steadily pulling, they yield at last;
Shovel of steam—omniverous scoop,
Gouging the way for one more loop,
Rearing a wall that will prevail
Against the push of sliding shale,
Peeling a slope to fill a draw,
Stuffing the crusher's hungry maw
That crumbles to bits the rock you've fed
To blanket a roadway's winding bed;
These are the digits running through
The problems that Nature's handed you.

And you of the Norseland—you who found
This Oregon wilderness goodly ground,
You came with a love in your heart for men—
You got—but you gave it back again.
You looked toward the years that were to be
And you gave to those years unstintingly;

You knew that a road was a useful thing,
But couldn't go far without fostering.
And foster you did—and spared no pains,
Backing your backing with all your brains,
Filling your place in the age-old plan,
And they're calling you Simon the Highway Man!

And we of the people—we for whom
These miracles are, behold we come!
Driving our chariots blazoned bright—
Crimson and yellow and pink and white,
Silver and black and gray and green—
Rattle-trap Lizzie and limousine,
Bulgy with bedding, grip and can,
Lashed to the back and tucked to the van,
Letting our home-town banners flame,
Advising the world from whence we came—
From everywhere under the dusty sun—
From Mosier, White Salmon, Pendleton,
From Boise, Seattle, Saginaw,
From Buffalo, Little Rock, Waukeshaw—
Still we are coming—see the train—
From "all points east" to Bangor, Maine,
Up from the Dixies, coming still,
From Charleston, Havana, Jacksonville,
Down from the Old Dominion, see;
From Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary—
We of the people are on our way,
Turning the world to a holiday!
And vast are the hollows from crest to crest
Where stretches the hand of the big northwest.
And out of the winds from her frozen peaks
A welcome speaks—
Come all you people; come and keep
Tryst in our mountains; play and sleep,
Wrapped in the silence here that lies
Under our star-jeweled western skies;
Wake if you will and see the sun
Unveiling our canyons one by one,
Slanting his golden fingers till
The shadows have crept from each drowsy hill,
Rousing the giants in their beds;
See how they lift their hoary heads
Up through the purple robe of night,
Rubbing their eyes in the morning light;
Tahoma—the mountain that was God,
Jefferson, Adams, St. Helens, Hood;
Hold fast your visions and your dreams,
Memories born of our laughing streams,
Our cataracts, castles, towering domes.
Oh, carry them back to your million homes!
Drink, oh, you people! Be satisfied!
Our wells of beauty are never dried.
Search out each Eden that awaits—
Blazed are the trails and wide the gates!
Come, oh, you people! Look upon
The bountiful sweep of the Oregon,
Forcing a pass through the blue Cascades,
Lapping the walls of her palisades,
Cradled in sand dunes, gleaming white,
Girdling her islands of malachite!
And high on the hills where a thrush's song
Tells out its gladness, there winds along,
Like a sinuous serpent—twist and bend,
Following on to the river's trend,
The lordliest highway that ever ran
Through the hills of the world since the dawn of man—
Pride of the west! Sublime event!
Columbia the Magnificent!
Conceived by a poet who believed
Dreams should be dreamed and then achieved—

And he dreamed at his dream and put it through;
And, old Sam Lancaster, this means you!
And he bored him a tunnel—rock and boulder,
Out of a mountain's granite shoulder,
Chiseled his windows, arching wide,
Glimpsing the sky and the rolling tide;
Throwing his graceful spans across
Dripping ravines of fern and moss;
Charming the serpent up and down
Till it lazily coiled on the lofty crown—
Goal of each traveler who would be
Thrilled with unspeakable ecstasy.

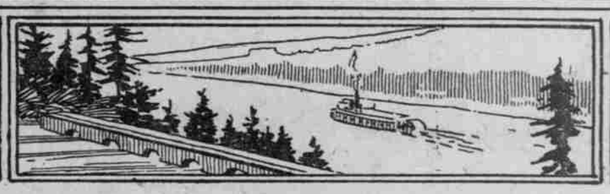
Oh, climb in your chariots, pink and green,
Rattle-trap Lizzie and limousine,
Throbbing triumphantly toward the sky
(There's never a grade but you can take on high),
Honking and honking, round on round,
Honking again till the cliffs resound.
Looping at last the Crown Point top—
And there you s-op!
Where winds from the north, east, west and south
Tumble their clouds in the chasm's mouth,
Curtains of mist and far-off thunder—
And, somehow, you look and look and wonder
If he who was wise to the sparrow's fall
Didn't have something to do with it all.

Over the broad Willamette go
Into the coast range, learn to know
Who are the Vikings—see them rise
Out of the gulches into the skies—
There are plummet lines dropped through the hearts of these,
And they're girthed like the pillars of Hercules!
Nursed by the centuries—still they stand,
The Viking spruce of the bottom land,
And ever the pageant swings along,
Blossoms and fruit and birds and song;
Sword ferns, high-heaped beneath the firs,
Glistening like emerald scimitars;
Foxglove and fireweed, sunlight flashes,
Blotching the banks in purple splashes;
Salmonberries in hordes untold,
Luscious clusters of dangling gold;
Elders above them, bending branches,
Falling in ruby-red avalanches,
Hedging the roadways, climbing back
Up through the alders and tamarac;
And over the bridges—rumbling, coasting—
Oh, God of the humble, keep us from boasting!

Ranges—ruff-backed with their jagged trees,
Crawling and sprawling down into the seas,
Reaching their ragged, granite hands
Out through the shifting, drifting sands,
Out where the wild, white horses prance,
Tossing their manes—and the cormorants
Strut with the lions and blustering seals,
And the sun-god reels
With a splash of blood
Into the great Pacific flood!

And this is the welcome waiting you,
Drivers of chariots gold and blue—
You who fare
Under the heavens from everywhere—
This is the crowning of your quest
When you've looked in the heart of the great northwest!

Parkdale, Or.



Cats of Many Kinds Found in Various Parts of World.

Felines Minus Tails Inhabit Isle of Man and Hairless Animals Are Seen in Mexico—Mombas Cat of Africa Most Peculiar Animal.

"I love little Pussy, her coat is so warm, If I don't pull her tail she will do me no harm."

HOW familiar, to at least three generations, this old nursery jingle has been, inciting love for puss and "putting over" propaganda for the A. S. P. A. on unsuspecting youth at the same time.

Among our English cousins who live on the Isle of Man the old rhyme is pointless, for the good and sufficient reason that their cats have no tails to pull. Just why nature discriminated against puss in this way, placing a topknot or hair at the end of the backbone instead of the usual snaky, waving appendage, seems to be shrouded in mystery. Of course, there are a few cats with tails on the island, generally imported from England or Scotland, but the tailless Manx cats are most in evidence. In northern Russia and in Japan there are a few of the tailless cats which, like the Manx variety, have kind quarters higher than the fore quarters.

The royal cat of Siam has a long, thin tail, and in some instances it has a kink in it like the tail of a prize bulldog; these famous and beautiful cats are white when born and change gradually as they grow to a silky chocolate color, the coat shading to a cream tan under the belly, black face, legs and tail and big blue eyes. Being semi-albinos they are rather delicate and hard to raise. They are first cousins to the Malay kink-tailed cats, which seem of a hardier race.

There is a hairless cat of Mexico, descendant of a famous Aztec breed, which is almost extinct, but they are strange enough in appearance to be interesting if a trifle repulsive. The common domestic cat of Paraguay has a shiny coat, indefinite in color, of short hair lying flat to the body, like that of a dog. The cats weigh but three pounds and have a strangely elongated body.

India boasts a spotted cat of unusual appearance. Domestic cats of Abyssinia have long, pointed, very hairy ears, one special variety being called the "bunny" cat because it is marked exactly like a hare. Cats have been known in India for over 2000 years, though the domestication of cats from wild ancestors originated in Egypt, where they were worshiped as emblems of the sun because "their eyes change with the sun's course, and also each month change with the moon." When a favorite cat died in an Egyptian home its owners always shaved their own eyebrows by way of appropriate mourning.

From Egypt the cat evidently entered Greece, a fact proved beyond doubt by a wonderful cat fresco found in the ruins of Pompeii. Cat killers in Wales, Switzerland and Saxony were punished in old times, the penalty in Wales being the payment of enough wheat to cover the body of the cat when it was held up by the tail, its nose touching the ground.

Among less civilized people cats are highly respected for being self-supporting and always bringing home their prey. In some localities they are trained to catch birds, the sale of which is a source of income to the owner of the cat.

White cats with blue eyes are very apt to be deaf and in some cases the eyes are not both the same color. It is said that in China there is a cat with pendant ears and in South America a breed that is voiceless, unable to wail; but it is difficult to find authentic proof as to the existence of either variety.

Most peculiar in appearance is the Mombas cat of Africa. This animal has short, stiff, brush-like hair and orange-colored eyes and is highly prized by the natives. The seven-toed Maltese cats with blue eyes are considered the finest of that breed. There are three shades of the tortoise shell cats; the species having black and nut-brown coloring, with green eyes, is held to be the most rare. The orange Persian cat is considered the most beautiful, though the black, white and blue phases of the breed are oftenest exhibited. The Angora has the finest hair of long-haired cats and is a beautiful beast, though the Persian seems more popular. The coon cat of Maine has fine hair, almost as long as that of an Angora; it is only one generation removed from its wild ancestors, and though domesticated, it is in no sense a lap tabby. It is very intelligent and can be taught tricks and to follow its master like a dog.

The ordinary life of a cat ranges from 12 to 18 years, during eight of which years the female is a breeder, averaging four litters a year. It is an untruth to believe that to be a good mouser a cat must be hungry. A well-fed cat will do twice the service in this line, as mousing is the animal's sport and not the satisfaction of hunger.

Hunches Far From Infallible.

Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Cox has a hunch that he will occupy the White House. There was once a man who had a hunch that his old, wealthy, bachelor uncle would soon die. Instead the old fellow married and is still living to spend his own money. Moral—Hunches are far from being infallible.

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