



Secluded Path Near Great Highway

An Artist's Study Known to Few Who Tour State



NEWCOMERS, unacquainted with Portland and vicinity, seldom fail to marvel at the many unexpected sights opened up to them just off the well-traveled city streets and surrounding roads. In visiting the residence districts they view the homes and gardens spread before their eyes, but few of them get a chance to see the many places that lie just away from the open roads. It is just this little seclusion, the air of privacy, not artificial or created, but the result of nature, that makes so many of these homes so charming. Take the picture shown on this page. In many localities artists would rave over such a setting, but it is hardly out of the ordinary run here. The photograph was made just a few yards off the main traveled Columbia river highway, near where it passes the second bridge over the Sandy river, just across from the old automobile club. The grounds are the property of Mrs. Martha A. Dabney of Portland, and comprise 61 acres, being used as a summer home for the family. All along the Sandy river, and indeed lining nearly all of the roads leading out from Portland, are glorious bits of nature such as this. It is truly a country adapted for the palette and brush—just think what a study this would make for some great landscape painter. Indeed the camera performs its duty well, for it does not tone down any of the scene that comes within the range of its lens, and the soft lights, the rich foliage, the alluring tracery of the trees with the shades of lighting filtered through the leaves, seems to have the power to weave a pattern of witchery restful in the extreme.

Indian Hunting Grounds Here.
This place was once the hunting grounds of the great Willamette Indians, and here they used to have their paths leading back to the headwaters of the Sandy river and the

rough country near Mount Hood, one of their favored haunts. The path seen in the picture doubtless has felt the imprint of moccasined feet as the braves went their way in pursuit of the game so plentiful in this region. Mrs. Dabney tells of the finding of a tomahawk, likely the property of some doughty warrior of old Oregon. Just near here the Indians found a great deal of their food, watching the Sandy river for the herds of salmon that used to make the run up that swift stream. It is also possible that the tribes of old appreciated the succulent smelt as much as do the whites of today and that they came to the river's bank and scooped in the silvery little fish with their nets.

Up on the hills surrounding Portland are many places with vistas and possibilities seldom realized, spots of beauty that are not appreciated, it is said to state, by your native Oregonian, who is mostly satiated with views and scenery out of the ordinary. It is all a matter of preference, and about ten years ago Richard T. Dabney found the spot that he liked, in the valley of the Sandy river. At that time there was no Columbia river highway, indeed it had not even been seriously considered, and Dabney just purchased the place that he loved as it made an appeal to him possessed by no other. Even now it is nearly in the same state as when Mr. Dabney made the deal, the underbrush has been cleared out to a certain extent, paths have been broadened and some of the trees removed so as to give the others more room, but the primitive park has been left, it yet retains its identity, just as nature intended it should.

Dabney loved his city and state, he knew every inch of the place he bought, and it was himself who took the photograph out and pointed where. This is but one of many neg-

atives that were made under his direction, all of them possessing more than ordinary merit, as being peaceful studies of a nature to attract attention in any company. The camera man operating in Oregon is liable to be too much impressed with the grandeur of mountain peaks and to want to perpetuate the rugged scenery. Instead of making studies such as the ones favored by Dabney. Possibly it recalled to him some pastoral scene in the country from which he came, surely it is different than many of the photographs taken and exhibited as made in the Pacific northwest.

Now Dabney always had the idea that the people who lived in this state and those who came to visit them would never be content to stay in the cities when so much great scenery was so close at hand, and for that reason he told his friends and business associates that they would some day see Oregon as a state liberally traversed with a network of hard-surfaced roads, and that when that time came the people of the world would flock here for they would be able to see nature at its best, in even better temper and assortment than any other place he knew of. His dream is coming true, but Dabney, who looked forward to this day, died in 1916, and never had a chance to see the Columbia river highway, or to travel its magnificent length from his home place on.

Waterfalls and Chicken Noticed.
All along the highway for miles are sites similar to this, or even better, as the individual would judge them. If the shelter of the valleys are not desired it is possible to find a place on the hills or bluffs. This place in particular extends up to high view ground, and sports among its possibilities nearly every kind of scenery that a man would want. It was

Mr. Dabney also who first advocated the establishment of tourist hotels along the banks of the Columbia. At this time it would seem that the tendency is to locate a number of them along the highway at advantageous points. Already there is one place—Wau Guin, near Hood River—in operation, and the indications are that more will follow, should this prove a success.

Just a few weeks ago a visitor to the city described the Columbia river highway as "miles and miles of waterfalls, chicken dinners, breathless scenery and dancing places." Possibly in the near future they will come to stay a few weeks on the banks of the Columbia, for there are sites for hotels and tourist haunts there that would stir the envy of among the rocks, stand out bravely on the crest of a commanding cliff, or seek semi-seclusion among the sheltered foliage back from the main road, it is all possible. It has been noticeable of late months, really dealers report, that there has been a renewed interest in property along the Columbia, and some of them predict a new suburban settlement of magnitude along this road.

Tourists Are Too Content.
One objection has been made to the too-contented tourist who spins over the good roads of the state, and that is that he does not get off the main-traveled route and visit any of the by-paths. Well-kept roads will likely always exercise this faculty to keep the visitor on their smooth surfaces, away from bumps and rough places, but it would repay many of the tourists, and the home people also, for that matter, if they would occasionally get away from the crowd and go off by themselves to see what exists in some of the

out-of-the-way places. One of the best-informed men in the state is a rabid motorist, spends days on end behind the wheel, and he only uses the main roads as a means to get to some place to strike off across country.

Of course there is the difficulty of travel and some little inconvenience at times, but it is not insurmountable. Experience has taught some of the tourists that many of the road bogs vanish when they are run down, they existing mainly in the minds of informants anxious to have some information, whether it is mis or real. These folks who go on their own and discover have many favorite haunts to which they return time after time, places in which they feel a proprietary interest and which have an exceptional lure. This was the case with Dabney. He found in the valley of the Sandy river just his ideal of a country place, and he got it. In talking with an experienced landscape artist recently he gave out the information that most of us already possess, that few persons care for exactly the same setting for their homes, whether permanent or temporary.

Any Taste Can Be Satisfied.
This man held that there was the one ideal place for every man, if that man would just get out and search for it, and, furthermore, that any taste could be suited in or near Portland. He offered as a test to go out and locate any sort of a combination desired for a homesite, taking into consideration distance, view and all other angles of the problem. This may seem to be rather a stiff task, but that it is not impossible will be admitted by many who have devoted some time and thought to the subject. Nearly any combination can be found. Just try it out for yourself, and many is the man who has gone forth with his heart set on

a certain character of site for his home and then found one more desirable in the long run.

The Dabney place is now being used merely as a summer home, and is but one of many that line the Sandy. The location is not built up, but there are a few homes being constructed there. It is about a half hour's ride from the city, and the old Portland Automobile club is just across the road from it. The old Automobile club is now being transformed into an entertainment place, somewhat similar to many of these operated along the highway. The Dabney acres are not public, and few of the people going along the highway would dream that there was such a place nearby.

Even Close-by Beauties Ignored.
This example of little-known beauty spots can be brought much nearer home to city residents in the case of Macleay park. Macleay park is without question one of the most gloriously beautiful places within the city limits, yet it fails to draw as large and appreciative an audience as it should. Situated on the west side, near Westover terrace, Kings and Willamette heights, easily accessible, the sheltered lure of this greatest of the public playgrounds falls before the onslaughts of Washington park, where there is a sea and which is so well known.

It is just the same with the roads that radiate from the city. Few have failed to traverse the main highways, but few venture into the little-known side trips, roads alluringly leading through vistas of trees and exposing enticing bits of scenery that have an additional virtue in that they have not been seen by everyone. Just try it some time, consult your road map to see where you will come out and then let caution go to the winds and dart down one of these side lanes and cultivate the

spirit of adventure. In most cases the results attained will be more than generous payment.

Chinese Graves Halt Progress.
Japan Advertiser.
Road building in China is a difficult task. Along the great coastal strip of this republic, it is next to impossible to find a stone for the foundation and top dressing of roads. Furthermore, the Chinese graves seriously interfere with road building programmes.

The Chinese worship the spirit of their ancestors. They do not bury their dead. The coffin is simply placed on the ground in the open field and earth heaped over it until the mound reaches a height of 5 feet or more. The cone shaped graves, sometimes as high as 15 feet, are so numerous that they often touch at the base and cover miles of territory. The Chinese will remove their graves only after much argument and mental anguish. Obviously, this makes it extremely difficult to get the right of way to build a straight road.

However, it is inevitable that this condition of affairs will not endure forever. "Better roads" is a slogan frequently heard in China these days. The untapped resources of China will some day find an outlet, and the republic will take its place as one of the most powerful nations in the world.

Paint the Atmosphere Urged.
Thoreau.
I know of no more encouraging fact than the unquestionable ability of a man to elevate his life by a conscious endeavor. It is something to be able to paint a particular picture, or to carve a statue, and so make a few objects beautiful; but it is far more glorious to carve and paint the very atmosphere and medium through which we look, which morally we can do.