

GET WITH THE LOGGERS AND TAKE TO THE WOODS

Many an Outing Can Be Enjoyed Near Wendling Where There is Also Evidence of Industrial Progress—Logging Camps in Hills—Trip Through Mill Worth Taking

ON ITS JOURNEY FROM THE MILL-POND TO THE SAWS

W ere a merry party as we set out in the early morning on that first passenger train from Eugene to Wendling—for most of us our first excursion of any kind—for all of us and for Wendling itself, the first excursion into the rich timber region of which Lane county is justly proud. A train of five crowded coaches, men, women and scattered children—this was to show that the people of Eugene appreciate the action of the Southern Pacific railway in establishing a comfortable twice-a-day means of communication with the lumbering section northeast of their town.

For many of us it was a new land into which we were passing, for some even familiar things take on a strangely different form when seen from a new vantage point. Meadows, wooded knolls, and rocky buttes were an unfamiliar aspect even to eyes that had known and loved the country from the coast to the coast. The twenty-odd miles to Wendling seemed not a whit too long or slow, as no doubt they might on other occasions. The party of which Joaquin Miller formed one, there was little opportunity for ennuj even though we talked for the Eugene Millwright band which in the coach ahead "discoursed sweet music." We looked with eager eyes upon the slowly passing fields and streams and woods, and hearts of hope, we thought and spoke of all that passed.

Wendling, the lumbering town toward which we were bent, is situated on the Mohawk river, one of the several tributaries of the Willamette, which flow from the Cascades on the east, the Coast Range to the south, and the Coast Range to the west, and together form the fingers of a hand reaching into the richly forested mountain region. The road along this Mohawk river leads to the western slope of the Cascades from whose summit to the sea extends that almost unbroken series of forest growth which has appeared in the town lies in the hollow of a horse-

shoe-shaped basin whose sides were a new yearling, the hills are today, to the unexperienced, the timber appears to rise in a dense, dark wall; but these hills have been logged off after the manner of the not thousand steps up in the mill-pond are the well-travelled successors of the thousands that have come off the near hillsides, for they have journeyed by many "chutes" from the logging camps farther back in the hills. Back of Wendling lies a densely wooded region, on a bench soil carried down by glacial action centuries ago. Heavy forests of straight, dark pines rising grandly to meet the sky, blue of low-hanging clouds, measure 50,000,000 feet of timber to the square mile, a section of itself being sufficient to keep the mill, with its capacity of 100,000 feet a day, running for a year and a half. Nowhere else is there fit such as this fir of Oregon, ten milled pine. It furnishes the great timbers today and for heavy timbers and strong you must come to Oregon and Washington.

Camps in Hills.
Wendling presents the sight of a lumbering mill town only, for the logging camps have moved back into the hills, more and more detaching themselves from the center of operations. It is a company town, owned and operated by the Booth-Kelly Lumber company, the most important lumber interest in this county of Lane, which, in its supply of timber, ranks first among the counties of the great timber belt of Oregon. Here a village of neatly white-painted cottages, not all that the housewife's heart can desire to be sure, but comfortable and clean, is sheltered from the rain-laden winter winds or the scorching summer sun. The spiky fragrance of the fir on all sides, the rich smell of freshly-milled lumber, the off-changing aspect of darkly-green hills—in part, at least, these must compensate for the monotony of the foreground of many mill towns. Here, too, are the large bunkhouse and the cookhouse for the many whose family needs are met by the company store, not so ambitious as a city department store,



SPRINGFIELD ON THE WILLAMETTE
A SAW MILL TOWN ON THE ROAD TO WENDLING.

but ready to supply all the ordinary and fancy cravata. And somewhere needs of man, from bacon and beans and loggers' boots to chocolate creams

proof of their presence in the logs that steadily slip into the mill pond. All these—the cottages with their

evidence of home life, the bunkhouse with its daily deserted quiet, the distant camps in constant activity—find

their life and contentment in the hum of the hoist mill, day for day, for its thousands of feet of railway ties and heavy timbers. A trip through the mill is well worth the time and is full of interest as you follow the huge logs on its journey from the mill pond, over the saws until it somehow comes out in great spars of a pile of beautifully clean lumber. The arrangement of sawdust you do not see, for that is steadily consumed in the furnace. Somewhere on the way has been dropped the waste to clean lumber, the impurities of sawdust, classically dubbed "lades," continually burning day and night—a heart-breaking consuming fire. The mill, which has lived through winter's high-priced fuel. One wonders if the Anglo-Saxon equivalent of that Latin region is not the right name, suppressed by the obliging superintendent in deference to the fragile feelings of his guests.

Young Superintendent.
That young superintendent, by the way, is a living illustration of the fact that energy and watchful thought for the interests of a business are the hallmarks of ambitious effort, for in the two years of his service with the company he has gone from a bookkeeper's desk to this position of responsibility.

Wendling, Lumber Town.
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NEW BOOKS AND THEIR PUBLISHERS

"The Ancient Law," by Ellen Glasgow. While some may close the book with a sigh of disappointment that the usual romantic ending, supposed to occur at the close of every successful fiction, was not present, it will but argue their own ignorance of the spiritual side of the story and prove they have not discovered its real beauty, and are poorer for not having read a deeper meaning into it.

The whole story centers about Daniel Ordway, alias Smith, ex-convict, who, when the story opens, has just completed his five-year term of imprisonment, and believing he has paid his debt to society, is about to start life over again.

His first night is spent in the barn of a desolated Virginia plantation, where the sister of his father and sole support of the family, Emily Brooke, ministers to his material wants. While the Brooke family comes in and out of the story, they are used more to develop the character of Ordway than any real contribution to the narrative. Emily Brooke, who, more than any other character that has been introduced, typifies a class of American women who are rapidly fading from the scene, and behind them the ancient laws and traditions.

As Ordway sat on the hard wooden bench taking in his first view of the plantation, he recalled his brilliant college days, his early successful business career, and his wife Lydia, that grew and flourished upon the virtues of the world, whom he loved devotedly but who turned him into a beggar, and his two children who now must be well grown, his elegant and wealthy father, who believed in justice tempered with mercy, and last, that awful day when he stood on the stock exchange, one moment a rich man and the next a criminal. In this few moments of Ordway's reflection, Miss Glasgow has drawn a powerful picture, so common in the every-day life of to-day, we hardly give it a thought as we hurriedly scan it in our morning papers, but when made the basis of so many a novel, it looks like the blink of an eye, a precipice beguiling young men to their ruin.

In a day or two Ordway gets employment in a tobacco warehouse of Mr. Baxter of Tappanahock in Virginia, and takes up his new life in the secluded village where the ancient laws exist. In reproducing the lives of these quaint Virginians, the author has done cleverly and interestingly, and the reader learns to love Tappanahock and its people as well as Ordway (who was known to them as Smith), and the author's interest in the sensational denouncement that will send Ordway back into the streets of Eugene falls a barrowing tale of woe, for what is the usual plot when the writer desires to present the problem of our century? Aid work, but in this story the author reaches the woe forerunner, and the reader is left with the bodily suffering.

The death of his father and his own and circumstances keep him where a stranger, practically, in the town of his own family. How even more than in the little Virginia village, the ancient law prevails, and he who once stepped upon the destinies of respectable society and offended the letter rather than the spirit of the law,

was forever doomed to remain among the goats.

Here, again, Miss Glasgow draws a fascinating picture of conventional society in the forest of the timber country, and here Daniel Ordway goes down into the depths of human suffering and finds a ray of spiritual light, and understands and never has attained.

The character and life of Ordway is a psychological study well worth the investigation of the thoughtful reader.

Miss Glasgow's fine literary style and pure diction makes the book a delight to read, and the author's attention to particulars, it has maintained the high standard she set in "The Wheel of Life," and "The Whirlwind," Doubleday, Page & Co., J. K. Gill, Portland, Price \$1.50.

"Our Trees: How to Know Them," by Arthur Emerson and Clarence M. Weed.—There has never been a period in the history of America when trees—trees, forests and the timber industry—have received so much attention as the present. This is due to several causes, perhaps the greatest of which is the fact that the timber industry is a commercial value of lumber owing to the ruthless destruction of the American forest by our government forestry bureau has awakened the public to this fact—that we will soon be without an available wood supply if the present rate of cutting continues. Outdoor life is on the increase everywhere. It has been discovered to be healthful, and the fresh air of the cool, damp air of the night are found to be restorative where formerly they were considered disease-breeding. Colleges and schools are sending their young people into the open, not only for exercise, but for study, and the whole world is turning to the woods and conserve but use to the full the beauty and utilities of nature.

"The Flying Death," by Samuel Hopkins Adams.—There is an old time flavor about this story that would carry one back to the dawn of the detective story period, and before realism had taken possession of fiction writers or the public. It is the story of a murder, the mystery of the unreal about it.

It is located on Long Island near Montauk Point, and certain it is a story of rest and recreation, that happened to be a group of interesting people gathered together, each of whom was destined to play a part in this story. There was a scientist, a newspaper reporter, a lawyer, and of course some young women. A vessel was wrecked in sight of the hotel and while the boarders were watching the rescuers a mysterious murder occurred. The sailor was killed by a peculiar wound in the back, and the mystery increased, and the plot thickened when, within a few weeks, several other murders occurred, under like circumstances.

The author conducts his readers through a devious and certain way, exciting his hopes and dashing them in disappointment through the intricacies of the detective work. While the character sketching is fine, and the people both amusing and unique, the plot works itself out through the efforts of the detective and reporter and Dr. Colton, in locating the murderer. It is a well written story and cleverly conceals the mystery of the murders, and holds the closest attention of the reader until the grand denouement on almost the last page, and then the reader is

startled by the originality and imagination of the author.

The cover design is as much of a puzzle almost as the character of the murders. There are several very pretty illustrations. The McClure company, Price \$1.50.

"Prince Karl," by Archibald Claverling Gunter.—This is a book with little to commend it, and one almost wonders why it was written. A young and wealthy American youth is traveling in America with her mother-in-law and her friend, the Vassar girl. The Vassar girl is a mathematician and takes care of the financial affairs of the party because she "can add."

The mother-in-law is in love with a German prince and so is the daughter-in-law. The story winds its characters up into all sorts of complications and then unwinds them to the satisfaction of everybody but the mother-in-law. The characters are evidently intended to be caricatures, and the incidents are over-drawn, and always turned into the ridiculous. It was no doubt written to be humorous, but the humor is either so obscure or so forced that it fails of its purpose, and all that can really be said for the book is that the reader may get a measure of entertainment out of the tangled web of complications. George W. Dillingham company, Price \$1.25.

"Yard and Garden," by Tarkington Baker.—In his opening chapter the author points out that a city or town lot, of a suburban home or of a country estate is usually interested in affairs which the considers more important than the garden. Under this abstract principle of gardening, no matter in what form they are presented or what application is to be made of them, his immediate requirement, if his attention be directed at all toward the subject, is practice and not theory.

Mr. Baker's book is a practical, and his main desire is to employ the speediest and safest process to make his yard, his grounds or his estate—if we can distinguish property sizes, these common though vague terms—into a garden, and effectively beautiful as well as healthy, and clean and his financial resources will permit.

In a sense he is justified and in any event he is but responsible to a common and natural impulse, to obtain for himself that which has pleased or interested him. He is impatient of theory and eager for results.

This strikes the key-note and forecasts the entire plan upon which this most excellent book is written. It ignores technicalities and scientific terms, it discards botanical and simply tells people how, when and where to grow things.

Perhaps its most impressive lesson is the value of and how to use every available inch of ground. Nor in this does the author theorize for by photographic illustrations he proves that what he says can be done, has been done. He shows how the tiniest patch of ground may convert a shabby abode into a desirable home, a larger acre and garden may be made to blossom into beauty where formerly rubbish piles hid away, and points out mainly the practical value of these things and in what way they contribute to health and happiness.

Mr. Baker concludes at that point he would have accomplished little for his readers for these facts are almost universally conceded, but he goes much farther, and in plain understandable language tells how these things may be brought about. He explains the various kinds of soil and fertilizers and gives an exhaustive explanation of the flowers, shrubs and trees and their adaptability to certain conditions and places. Insects and diseases which attack this kind of gardens and yards receive attention in one chapter, which is one of the most useful for the book, explaining, both in the text and by illustration, the appearance and effect of these insects, and

gives simple but effective methods for treatment, recipes for spraying them.

In an appendix the author gives a list intended to suggest what hardy bulbs to plant in order to insure a succession of flowers outdoors practically all the year around.

It is in the form of a table which gives the popular and botanical names, height, color and culture suggestions. Other tables give the same information for flowers for special seasons. There are also some designs for yards and small gardens, beside about 150 illustrations from photographs. Taken as a whole it is an invaluable book to any one with a bit of ground and desires to cultivate it. Bobbs-Merrill & Co. Price \$1.50.

"Window Gardening," by Herman B. Dorner.—Even in Oregon, where the roses stay green, and the flowers bloom the year around outdoors there are to be found many who attempt to cultivate flowers in their windows. Under this many more not; but in this respect Oregon varies little from any other place, for wherever window gardens are to be found there is but a modicum of success attained, and Mr. Dorner claims it is from a want of knowledge on the subject, and gives three causes of failure. On first, he says, is the lack of knowledge of the vital necessities of plants; the second, the selection of plants unsuitable for the rooms in which they are kept, and the third and most common cause of failure is neglect. To help the lover of flowers and those who must depend largely upon window gardens for the beauty and inspiration of flowers, the author has gone into the subject in a simple and practical way, and has explained the various kinds, their benefits and disadvantages as related to window gardening. Under this head comes basket jardiniere and the many pretty devices now in use for these plants. The placing in these containers of the soil to be used, fertilizing, heat and ventilation, insect enemies, seeds, cuttings, bulbs, and the various methods of watering, are in order and in a clear way treated to the entire satisfaction of the student. On almost every other page there is an illustration which greatly aids the reader and elucidates the text.

A COMPARISON OF WIFELY QUALITIES—By Mrs. John A. Logan

THERE have been many public assertions recently to the effect that German women make the best wives. With all respect to our German friends, I cannot help but differ from these statements as a whole.

That German women are greater slaves to their husbands, there is probably no doubt, and that they are thrifty and skillful as housewives, no one will dispute. There is no question, however, but that American women make more out of what they have and make better appearances than any women in the world.

American women are often accused of being extravagant, and, in many instances, this may be so, but I think it would be a very difficult matter to find more capable wives and mothers than are the majority of Americans.

It may be that German women who are all-sacrificing to their husbands, and are perhaps more satisfactory to men than are women who insist upon having opinions of their own and having a voice in the administration of the affairs of the home.

Germans are a great example to American men in one respect, and that is that they universally provide for the whole family to participate in their leisure and pleasure-seeking, while, unfortunately, more of our men are perfectly content to let their children and family should have a good time, providing they are not expected to participate.

A German officer would not for

words be seen carrying a bundle in the street. His wife would walk beside his wife or mother and allow her to carry whatever bundle or package she might have. Especially would she be excited to carry an infant child when her much stronger husband would walk beside her, every inch a soldier, but deeming these attentions to womanhood beneath his dignity as an officer of the army.

Naturally, they would not covet bundle-bearing, but it always seemed to me that a woman would look much better for an officer to carry a child when he walked with his wife in the street than to be loaded down with an infant child when he walked with his wife in the street than to be loaded down with an infant child when he walked with his wife in the street than to be loaded down with an infant child when he walked with his wife in the street.

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