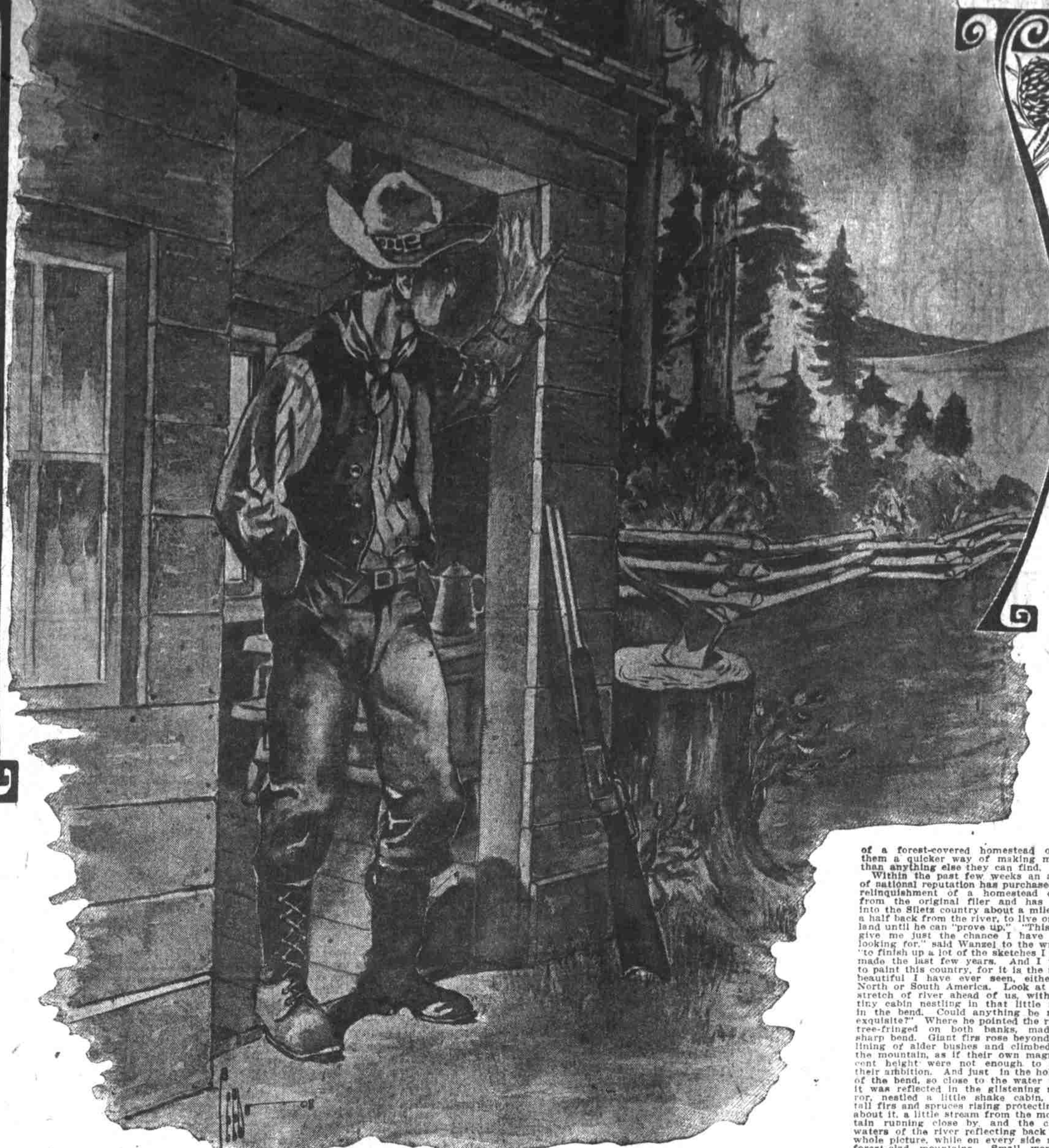


# EAST OF THE MOUNTAINS



"THE west is gone; it has been pushed constantly farther west, back across the continent and on into the Pacific where it has merged with the far west. We have no frontier left. The wild rough days of the homesteader when men carved a precarious existence from the wilderness and hewed a civilization from the forests, have passed. They have vanished with the men who made them wonderful. With their blood, their ranges and the cowboy. Today men are content to dwell in cities or at most, on comfortable farms where daily papers and the telephone connect them with the outside world and bring to their doors the luxuries enjoyed by the city dweller."

This is a statement, sometimes a lament, that we hear often. And to a large extent it is true. Even here in Oregon the west has receded from us until we forget that we live in a part of the country that to the New Yorker is almost beyond the utmost bounds of civilization.

But we have not quite lost our west, nor have the days of the frontiersman entirely receded into the past. There is still a narrow strip of the wild between us and the complete common place, where strong men and sturdy women are braving the discomforts and dangers of life in the forest.

You don't need to go so very far from Portland to find this remnant of the past, for the strip of the wild extends along almost the entire Oregon coast. It is in this narrow strip, lying between the mountains and the sea, that the wilderness is making its last stand. And here it is also that the homesteader is making his last stand. You can go into the Tillamook country, or down into the Siletz, and almost anywhere down along the coast below, and find the last of these frontiersmen.

If you want to get away from telephones and telegraphs, far away from the locomotive's whistle, away even from beaten paths and daily mails and all the comforts of a 20th century civilization, get on the train and go to Newport and Yaquina bay, there clothe yourself in flannel shirt and corduroy, put on heavy, corked boots, and start north along the smooth, hard beach for the Siletz country.

It is little more than 20 miles from Newport to the Siletz river and about half the way the road runs along the beach. It is a fine, smooth road, but one where great care must be taken during the summer months, but one where there is no danger of being struck by a tide's great waves, driven in from the sea, are liable at any time to catch the traveler and sweep him away to certain death. About six miles beyond the Cape Foulweather lighthouse, and 10 beyond Newport, the road leaves the beach at Otter rock, and crosses over a fairly respectable mountain and for some miles runs through a forest of fir and spruce.

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A mile and a half from Otter rock is Rocky creek, a turbulent little stream which rushes down the mountain and into a deep, narrow inlet of the Pacific. Narrow pools fairly reek with mountain trout, generally small in size, but all the better for it. Three miles further on is Depot bay, a natural freak of the coast. It is a circular enclosure, perhaps a quarter of a mile across, the bottom uncovered at low tide, but at high tide the waters pour into the pocket through an extremely narrow cleft in the rocky heights which shut it in, and fill the bay.

both sides, from its mouth to its source. There are trails for short distances but no trails for long distances, and one must have a boat or canoe to go on the water. The way the United States mails are carried through this country is illustrative of the difficulty of travel. The mail carrier twice a week makes the trip from the Siletz agency to the mouth of the river and back again. Part of the distance he makes on foot with a pack on his back that often weighs nearly 100 pounds; at other times he carries his mail on a pack animal, which he has three cached at various places along the river, bearing on them the warning sign, "U. S. Mail." Most of the homesteaders, even those who live several miles back from the river, have their mail boxes placed along and often overhang-

ing the stream itself. Not infrequently a bough is bent down and tied and the stream and back of this an almost impenetrable growth of immense fir, spruce and cedar. Break your way into this, if you can, and you find yourself surrounded by coniferous giants that stab the sky 200 or more feet above your head, and that are 8, 10, and even 12 feet in diameter. If you are commercially inclined and know anything of woodcraft, you may estimate that in some of these giants, if cut and sawed into boards, would produce more than 10,000 feet of lumber each, more than enough to build a large house. Fred Butterfield, who has a homestead about 12 miles up the river, has one tree from which he has already hewed "shakes" to build his house, barn, hay racks, outhouse, etc., and there is still

enough of the tree left to make as much more "shake." It is generally estimated that a large shake tree is good for six houses.

Although life in the wilderness is about the same today as it was 50 years ago, the character of the homesteader has changed to a large extent. There is still the old-fashioned pioneer, who lives in the forest because it is the only life he knows, and who would be as completely lost in the city as the average city dweller would be in the depths of the forest. But there are also people of another sort who have made themselves homes where the sky-line is broken by treets instead of by the roofs of sky-scrapers. Some are there for the excitement of the life, some for the love of nature and the outdoors, others because the acquisition

of a forest-covered homestead offers them a quicker way of making money than anything else they can find.

Within the past few weeks an artist of national reputation has purchased the relinquishment of a homestead claim from the original flier and has gone into the Siletz country about a mile and a half back from the river, to live on the land until he can "prove up." "This will give me just the chance I have been looking for," said Wanser to the artist, "to finish up a lot of the sketches I have made the last few years. And I want to paint this country, for it is the most beautiful I have ever seen, either in North or South America. Look at that stretch of river ahead of us, with the tree-fringed banks, the clear water of the river reflecting back the whole picture, while on every side rose the woods and mountains in small wonder the artist wanted to paint it."

The woods are full of colts and men. I met three boys, only a short time out of school, who are living on homesteads a little way back from the river. They said they found the life delightful. The old-fashioned homesteader takes up a homestead shall do a certain amount of clearing and shall build himself a house and live in it and cultivate the soil, but this is only a pleasant occupation when one is buried in the heart of the forest and needs something to do. The average city dweller would be in the hunting and fishing, the best in the world. Deer and bear are plentiful and the creeks are full of trout, many of them weighing three and four pounds apiece. It is an uncommon thing for a fisherman to catch more with a rod than he can carry home.

ers are city bred men who have wearied of the rush and strain of business and have yielded to their craving to get away from it all and try the simple and strenuous life. They have surrendered the pen and the typewriter for the axe and the fishing rod. And they do not make a house with their own hands.

It is not alone men who dare the hardships and dangers of this life. There are women here, too, who are living in their tiny huts, packing their provisions in their backs over the rough trails, clearing their lands and in their days of leisure hunting deer and bear or fishing for the immense, gamey trout that teem in the river. And they are not alone. There are many more of these late homesteaders who come to be a fashionable fad, and girls who have been brought up amid the comforts and luxuries of city life have dreamed of freedom by living on the land, 100 acres of the finest timber in the world.

Later I saw them again. Both were dressed in khaki, with short skirts and men's hats and they were tramping over a rough trail through the forest, each having on her back a heavy wooden pack. They were the daughters of Sheriff Ross of Lincoln county, and each is holding down a homestead which, in a few months will become her own by a patent from the United States government. They had quarters adjoining, but each, as necessary under the law, had her own cabin built on her own land, and lived there alone. The wild storms of winter, prowling bears, falling limbs, torn off by the mighty winds that rush through that country in the winter, had no terrors for them. They were typical girls of the twentieth century.

The old homesteader, the kind who formed the vanguard in the wild Oklahoma rush, are the first of the new ground at the opening up all the other new lands which the government has thrown open for settlement, the typical homesteader is not as extinct as the dodo, and the great auk, but he has been driven to his last stronghold. You meet him occasionally, trudging along through the trails of the Oregon forests, or peering the oars of a rowboat up the Siletz, or you hear the sound of his ax as he does his slashing along the river bank. Originally he was a plainsman, but by force of circumstance is now turned woodsman. He has forsaken the prairie schooner for the shake house, and given up the plow for the ax.

And you find, too, the typical woodsman, who has ranged the forests of Maine, Michigan, Wisconsin and California and who has finally been pushed onto the narrow strip that lies between the sea and the mountains, in Oregon.

Not all the Poles who come to America stop to work in the bowels of New York and Chicago. You will find some of them in the forests of the Siletz. In fact there are a large number of them scattered along the river, from its mouth up to the Indian agency. With some few exceptions they are not looking for money, but for a better life. Some neighbors on account of the fact that some of them seem unable to differentiate between meum and tuum. But they are as a rule firm and industrious and hold the cheerful belief that the land of their adoption owes them a living and must pay the debt.

Homesteading today, to a large extent, has become a fad, nowadays, but it is a profitable one. There are few of the old homesteaders who can make a much money in the same length of time anywhere else as they can living on their homestead. The law requires that a man must live on his claim three years out of five, if he is to get it for nothing, but he can live on it for one year, and get a government patent for it by commuting for \$125 an acre. And these claims in the Oregon forest are worth at present prices, anywhere from \$5,000 to \$15,000 apiece. Those homesteaders who get in early and get the best claims in the Siletz country have on their quarter sections often as much as 16,000,000 to 20,000,000 worth of timber worth on the stump at present prices 80 cents to \$1 per acre. There are practically no claims left in the Siletz country of the last year. So a timber claim in the Siletz is worth anywhere from \$5,000 to \$15,000. It is not to be wondered at that claims are anxiously sought by the lumber and stock interests. High fees for placing would be homesteaders on unoccupied land. And the day is not far distant when all the forest of Oregon sacrificed to the hungry teeth of the sawmill. When that day comes the homesteader will go the way of the cowboy and the bison.

## A MURDERER OF TIGERS

By Signor Saltarjno.

TOWARD the end of the eighties I met him near an insane asylum on the Rhine. He was dressed as are most of the wandering artists who travel from county fair to county fair. A light, rather luddite suit with a velvet collar, a long blue necktie, a heavy gilt chain which was strong enough to hold a bear and with a fob made from the claws of a lion encrusted with diamonds. He introduced himself as Mr. Carl Schoepfer when I found him sitting in the corner of a beer garden feeding crumbs to the sparrows. His attendant, a stout man, called out to me and watched him closely all the time.

Formerly the insane man must have been a very handsome. Today he was perhaps a man of 55 and was evidently unusually strong. His shoulders were square, his neck like that of a bull supporting a well-poised head with a pair of blue, soft eyes. The white moustache was carefully waxed.

"You ought to have seen me 20 years ago, 20 years ago—Sarcasmo!," then I was a Don Quixote. "The whole world spoke of me. I was the first man in the world who trained tigers and who made old panthers perform tricks together with guests. It was a sensation, since the late King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, God bless his soul, called out a battalion of Infantry at Florence and in the front of all the soldiers he pinned the medals of his order on my chest, because I had saved two Italians from being torn to pieces by a tiger. I can show you some marks of that fight even today."

Schoepfer showed me his left hand where two fingers were missing, and told me that a lion had bitten them off.

"But—"

"Oh, I suppose you know why I'm here. That's a very simple matter. The good people believe I am crazy and that only because I have shown the world something I tell you."

Schoepfer turned his thumbs in the arm holes of his vest and straightened himself up proudly.

"Ten years ago I sold my menagerie. I was well paid for it and was a rich man, as I had neither kith nor kin I decided to enjoy life as a well-to-do bourgeois and bought a house at Wiesbaden. But after four weeks I could stand this quiet life no longer. I had been too much used to trotting all over the globe and was always longing for excitement. My first trip went to the deep forest of the Caucasus, where I hadn't seen for more than 20 years.

"The great attraction in Paris at that time happened to be an acquaintance of mine, the beautiful Fraulein Karola from Vienna, who was performing in circus Franconi with three beautiful royal bengal tigers.

"How it happened that we met—an old tamer and a young girl following the same dangerous profession—I can no longer remember. Today it is enough to say that I was the happiest man in the world when I became engaged to Miss Karola. My happiness was too great to last.

"Every evening I stood behind the curtains to look at my fiancée performing. Not for one moment did my eyes leave her and her tigers, and believe me, that although I am a powerful man, and have never known fear, I wished to stand by the contract Miss Karola had signed with the circus had run out so that I could marry the girl.

"It is never without danger to perform with tigers, and I was no exception as I saw Karola safer, the case and something within myself told me that her beautiful eyes did not possess the necessary strength to make the animals obey if they got unruly.

"One day Karola told me that she had had a new costume made, a blue velvet coat with silver braid, light yellow trousers and long boots.

"I would advise you to let the tigers get used to that costume gradually," I said.

"Oh that is not necessary, the animals know me so well, but it is nevertheless dangerous as I can testify to from my own experience."

Schoepfer's eyes were indeed quite red and his face was pale. He looked at me with all your precautions, and I said to that costume again. I

est comes down to the edge of the water, a fringe of alders along the stream and back of this an almost impenetrable growth of immense fir, spruce and cedar. Break your way into this, if you can, and you find yourself surrounded by coniferous giants that stab the sky 200 or more feet above your head, and that are 8, 10, and even 12 feet in diameter. If you are commercially inclined and know anything of woodcraft, you may estimate that in some of these giants, if cut and sawed into boards, would produce more than 10,000 feet of lumber each, more than enough to build a large house. Fred Butterfield, who has a homestead about 12 miles up the river, has one tree from which he has already hewed "shakes" to build his house, barn, hay racks, outhouse, etc., and there is still

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## THE COWARDICE OF DESPAIR

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

IF YOU are discouraged and blue and life looks hard and the future hopeless today, do not grow cowardly and think of self-destruction as the door of escape.

You did not make yourself. You cannot unmake yourself.

By no process of reasoning can you explain this wonderful marvel of the life principle within you, science has found all the ingredients which compose an egg chemically, and an egg which resembles the hen's product can be manufactured.

But it will not produce life.

Nothing can produce life but that unnamable, mysterious power back of the universe, created beings carry on the life principle through successive generations, and centuries, but its production and creation remain God's secret. He who imagines he can destroy that principle is as great a fool as he who says he can explain it.

All that death does is to shift the scene of action to another form and plane.

If you are miserable and unhappy you do not become happy by going to another town or state. You carry your wretchedness with you when you get up out of the body by your own set. If you are called out of the body by death, the world then it is safe to suppose that conditions are ready for you to start in another place.

Wait for that call.

The actor who rushes upon the stage before his cue is given spoils the play and ruins his own chances for glory.

Keep behind the early scenes until you hear the call. Meaningful things are done in the world today have been just as discouraged and as unhappy as you are at some time in your life.

In Great New York there lives a man who has less than a year ago

## THE COWARDICE OF DESPAIR

harbored dark, despairing thoughts of suicide.

She had made a mistake; she had lost her mind. She had been a successful business woman, but she had been troubled and seemed to threaten her. Hunger and misery for those dear to her had broken her heart, and she had removed, all combined to turn her thoughts toward the coward's goal—suicide.

But seeming accident deterred her, and now in less than a year all has changed. She has risen to new spiritual and moral heights, she has obtained a good, useful, and successful Christian life.

She is making those dear to her happy and comfortable.

How much better than to have sunk them in the depths of a lifelong sorrow by a rash attempt at self-destruction. She is suffering until it works out and explains its crime.

No matter what your troubles are today a year may scatter them and leave you with new hope and new interest in life.

If you are an invalid a year may restore your strength, and you may be able to begin to realize that health is possible within one's own control.

Simple food, much water, continued deep breathing, to feed the body with pure oxygen, and continued attention to health and strength from the source of all energy, will restore three-fourths of the invalids on earth, no matter how long they have been ill, no matter how old they are, no matter how long they have been ill, no matter how old they are, no matter how long they have been ill, no matter how old they are.

The day is nearing when sickness will mean clearance or lack of brains.

If you have no money and no employment, your mind may be better served by coming to you. If starvation seems imminent go to the nearest house in the country and ask for bread. You will get it. You will get it. You will get it. You will get it.

If you are in a city, the bread will come to you. You will get it. You will get it. You will get it. You will get it.

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## THE COWARDICE OF DESPAIR

can look about and gain courage for a fresh start.

Unlike most of our orthodox churches, their rooms are open night and day, and in all parts of the world, in every city in the union they are to be found. They are doing just the work Christ did when he came. No matter what your creed is, no matter to the letter they will help you to rise and keep you from the morgue and the potter's field.

After you have rested for a day, brace up, morally and mentally, and declare that you are going to make a new start, and that the way will open, must open and has already opened to you for a new life.

This assertion will strengthen you amazingly. Believe in yourself, in your right to use the laws of God, and successful. Remember how many men in every class in poverty and despair and have risen out of them to power and usefulness.

Trust in the invincible force of your own divine soul to become one of those who are the backbone of the world. Hear the cry of despairing ones on earth, will strengthen you. You must open for you. If you turn your eyes away from death and despair upward and inward, you will find the world needs you or you would not be here.

Your place is waiting for you—fill it!

The Joy of Living.

To folks who are great shakes—  
And have no pile,  
What favors life and makes  
It worth our while?  
Dus thought the answer betwix  
In just a word,  
It is to be contented  
We can't afford—  
—Washington, D.C.