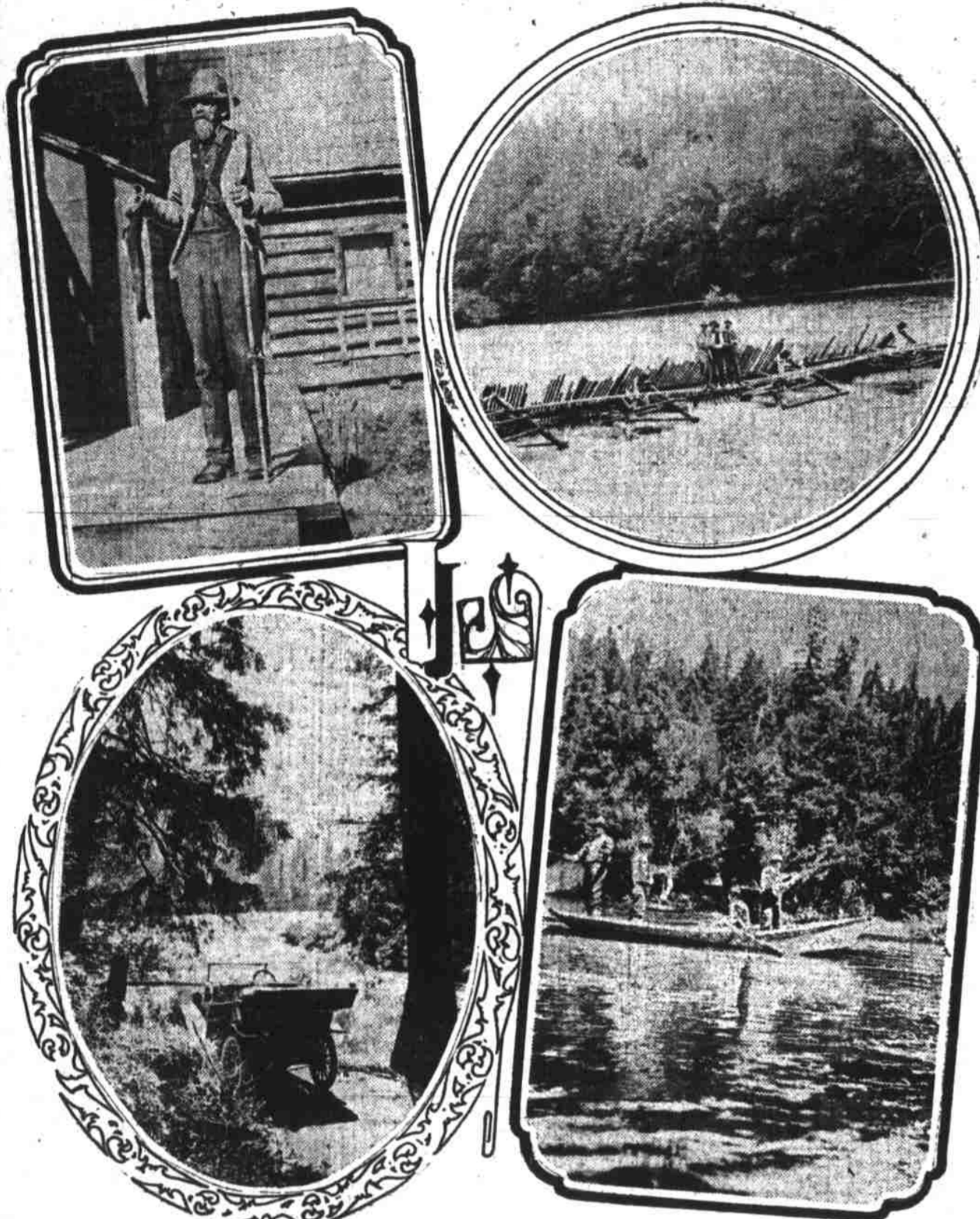


SHOOTING SWIFTWATER ON THE MCKENZIE

Casting for Trout and "Engineering" a Boat Is Sport for Kings, When the Fly Appeals on Isolated Stretches of Oregon's Famous Fishing Stream; Outing Party of Eugene Sportsmen



Upper upright—Uncle George Frissell and a Dolly Varden. Oval—Fish rack at the hatchery. Lower upright—The start down stream. Oval—On Gabe creek grade.

By D. C. Freeman.
Eugene, Or., Sept. 1.—It's "going up" or "coming down" the McKenzie at all hours of the day and night now. The seasonal tide of hikers is at its brimming. Seeming never to exhibit weariness, an almost interminable caravan of automobiles, wagons, carts, buckboards, motorcycles, bicycles, equestrians, tramps and ghostly prairie schooners crossing to or from eastern Oregon are moving along that much abused and much praised artery to the wilderness and forgetfulness of the gas bill, the McKenzie.

There's miles of boulevard. There's some other unmentionable miles where the dust is deep and the round rocks and hidden ruts "nest out" to the last degree everything that moves over it; but nevertheless the tumultuous route by land or water is through a land of pure delight, and its fame is secure. Many are the interesting glimpses—Walterville Leaburg, Mrs. Kennerly's home, where meals of tender chicken, fine honey, hot biscuits, the sweetest pies are served; Martin's rapids, Blue river, Ponjake Gats creek, Cougar Rock, Crib Point, Couks, McKenzie bridge, the mouth of the silvery South Fork, the two springs, Belknap and Floy's. As a climax to the panorama comes the wonderful sky line of the Three Sisters, Diamond Peak and other points.

Power Is Needed.
The trip up river is accomplished with two or four legged horsepower, or 20 or 30 in gasoline. This is fairly sensational at places, but coming back on 230,000 horsepower—official estimates of the power of the McKenzie—is something like chasing clouds in an aeroplane. For fun and nerve tingling experiences, try shooting the torrent, casting for redsides. It is truly sport for kings and men with red corpuscles in the blood.

There is a series of white capped race courses, recurring often enough to provide a thrill for each of the 35 miles from McKenzie bridge to a point nearly opposite Eugene. Midstream anglers have every whit as much to think about as an automobilist when he is on a narrow mountain road and a team runaway is coming head on.

Off After Trout.
Our party set off early one morning with a team and camp equipment for two days. Behind our wagon we towed a two wheeled boat cart. This is a vehicle constructed to supply the demand for a convenient mode of taking upstream the boats of McKenzie anglers. At the end of a day's drive we put our craft into the river, dismissed the driver and team. Supper was served under the stars. The only hot course was strong black coffee and pipes. As the deep twilight rose higher and higher out of the canyons and blotted out the orange tints on the topmost ranges, two of us pushed out into the current, and during half an hour's drift took in three-four pound beauties. This was just for a trout.

The drift down stream next morning was a succession of exciting dashes as the boat shot the foamy torrent. Every few moments each occupant's attention was evenly divided between speculation as to which rock in midstream the boat would split upon and the landing of trout. Here we drifted lazily around some promontory into deeper, steel-blue water for half a mile or so, then, gathering impetus, the boat would race through a series of whirlpools. The oarsman was a river man who knew every crook and turn. The novice in the boat, who could not swim, was towed under the stars. The only hot course was strong black coffee and pipes. As the deep twilight rose higher and higher out of the canyons and blotted out the orange tints on the topmost ranges, two of us pushed out into the current, and during half an hour's drift took in three-four pound beauties. This was just for a trout.

No matter what happens, when it happens and what you think will hap-

pen," said the pilot at the oars, "sit still, in the middle of the boat."

In Swift Water.
As the forenoon wore on and the miles were covered we became more accustomed to the actions of our cranky craft. Though there were many moments when we lost interest in fish and gave all attention to the pilot, our first apprehensions were lulled. Twice we were called upon to get out and warp the boat through shallows. This was fun until, in a careless moment after having worked our way down ripples until the craft was easy again, one of the fellows stepped off the bow. He let out a yell that the boss said would have scared every fish and other "varmint" for a mile. "Deep?" he was asked when his head reappeared. "No, cold," he replied sheepishly.

We landed the speckled beauties in fine order until we heard the muffled roar of big rapids. All straightened up for the climax. What then happened is difficult to relate. First, we felt the boat shake as the torrent took hold of it and fairly buried it onward in midstream. Just as I supposed the worst was over and was fascinated with the swirling green waters, booming on either side, the craft rose on her beam ends. I recall a fleeting dash when all the landscape was upside down. Then followed an eternity of drifting through a sea of amber and green. I was going down, down, down and then up, up, and—just as it flashed into my mind it was a mighty long way to where there was more air—my head scraped a snag.

Fighting for Air.
There was the welcome sunlight world all right and right side up once more. I exchanged a large amount of water for air. Choking and gasping and plunging about desperately I caught hold of a piece of drift and yelled. It was probably eight minutes before another boat party arrived to rescue and get us out of that terrific current which, by that time, had fairly numbed me and was thrashing me around in a most humiliating manner.

What happened was this: Just at the foot of the falls through which we had dashed was a quarter of an acre of drift piled up 20 feet or more. Under this big jam the torrent had combed out a deep hole. The water swirled under this jam with the force of a great suction pipe. All four of us in the boat had a most miraculous escape. Just as the boat reached the edge of the hole a dozen feet from the log jam, it struck a log submerged to a level with the surface. We did not see this and it caused the upset—most carelessness in steering.

Under Piles of Drift.
Each man was flung headlong and sucked under the drift. We were carried down into 15 feet of water at the imminent risk of coming up too soon or of being snagged on one of the projecting limbs of the mass of trees, logs and brush. The man furthest up stream weighed 200 pounds. He realized better than the rest of us what was coming. When he felt himself in the water he dived for the bottom and let the current carry him as long as he could stay down. He came up again perhaps 150 feet from where the capsize occurred and hung on to the end of a branch that projected from the pile. All four men came up at intervening spaces of 20 to 40 feet and were distributed over 200 feet along the treacherous bank.

A few days afterward another fish-

ing party came down the same place. The men were on the lookout for the log at that big drift. One of them, however, survived a more thrilling experience. No chances had been taken at any of the more dangerous rapids as the party had gotten ashore and lined the boat down stream.

Near the mouth of the Mohawk, the boat in passing over shoals was caught by a grounded snag. In a twinkling it had been swung around broadside. In a moment more, before the occupants could jump out and right her, she had turned completely over and one of the fishermen was carried off his feet into a deep pool. He felt himself being drawn by a powerful under tow near a small log jam, where the banks were steep. Being only a fair swimmer he decided to float with the current until a gravel bar was reached. He calculated correctly as to the proper method of getting out, but there was something not in his reckoning. In spite of his efforts he went under and his feet touched submerged drift. A snag then took a hitch in his stout blue flannel shirt and he found himself prisoner. The current lashed him under but he could manage to throw his head near enough the surface to get air.

Not having strength enough to call for help he tore his shirt open at the neck. Throwing himself heels over head he "skimmed the cat" out of his shirt. He said it seemed an eternity before the wrist bands slipped over his hands. He was panic stricken for an instant when he felt himself thus helpless. He got loose, finally, and beat his way ashore well-nigh exhausted. The shirt remained on the snag.

Mothers of Skin Tortured and Disfigured Children!

ARE your little ones suffering from itching, burning eczemas, or other torturing, disfiguring skin troubles? Are you, yourself, worn out with long, sleepless nights and ceaseless anxiety in caring for them? Then you should know that a warm bath with Cuticura Soap and a gentle application of Cuticura Ointment will in most cases bring immediate relief, the little sufferers will sleep, tired, fretted mothers will rest, and peace will fall on distracted households.

That those who have lost faith in every treatment and are without hope may try Cuticura Soap and Ointment without cost, a liberal sample of each, with 32-p. book, will be mailed free, on application. Address "Cuticura," Dept. BB, Boston. Sold throughout the world.

GRANTS PASS TO CRESCENT CITY IS POPULAR AUTORUN

Car Can Travel Leisurely and Make Trip in a Day, Seeing Many Points of Interest En Route; One Sharp Climb.

(Special to The Journal.)
Grants Pass, Or., Aug. 26.—Oregon is a favorite resort for the automobile tourist and no section of the west has a greater number of attractions than has southern Oregon.

One of the most popular drives in the district is from Grants Pass to Crescent City, with numerous side trips, chief among these being the Oregon caves, where one finds much of interest. At present the Grants Pass-Crescent City road is the mecca for travelers, some using the auto, while others journey along with the staid and honest horse or mule team.

To do the country by wagon will require about three days, both on the outgoing and incoming trips, but by auto one can make the journey very easily in one day. He may travel at the rate of 15 to 20 miles per hour and have plenty of time for lunches,

sightseeing at favored points or stopping to fish in a wild mountain stream or in Illinois or Smith's river.

Through Rich Valleys.

Leaving Grants Pass, one may journey by easy stages southwest to Kerby or Waldo, where good hotel accommodations are to be had. Here you enter the Illinois valley, passing through alfalfa fields and fine farms and a rich country generally with a great future.

At Kerby and Waldo one finds much of interest, gold having been discovered here in 1881. Kerby was the first county seat of Josephine county and many old timers still live here and will entertain one very charmingly with tales of the old days. Gold strikes have been frequent in this district during the last few months and a revival of the old excitement has been on. Near here are the Logan placer mines, comprising the largest placer holdings of any company in America.

The sharpest ascent between Grants Pass and Kerby is Hayes hill, where a climb of 200 feet is made within three miles.

Shortly after leaving Waldo one crosses the state line into California and near Monumental you pass through a small redwood forest and then encounter a climb of eight miles, with a grade varying from eight to 25 per cent, the highest point reached being 7000 feet. The scenery is very rugged. Smith's river is here first seen, visible for many miles. One travels for some distance at high altitudes. Snow capped mountains and grand scenery are on every hand.

Pioneer Settlement.

Patrick's Creek is the next station. Hotel accommodations are available as well as at Gasquet, an exceedingly interesting spot. In the old days Mr. Gasquet settled here, far from civilization, and built a toll road from his place to Waldo, much of the distance it

being dug out from the mountainside. At Gasquet famous stage house one can still see the old wine presses and wineries.

Leaving here you can next obtain accommodations at Adams, where more rugged scenery is encountered on a climb of 8000 feet and travel over eight miles of corduroy road, which is being gravelled and put in good shape. Next comes the world famous redwood forests. The vegetation is very dense and the trees attain magnificent heights. The redwoods extend within two miles of Crescent City and are well worth seeing.

Along Coast Highways.

At Crescent City and Woolport are many fine drives up and down the coast over as fine roads and ocean beaches as any along the Atlantic coast. However, south from Crescent City for seven miles the high speed artist may gratify his wildest desires to the full for the entire distance. After leaving the famous beach road going south to Trinidad one climbs to the foothills and encounters plenty of fun for the chauffeur on 25 per cent grades and turns that will tax a skillful driver.

The towns along the coast are very interesting and each affords good hotel accommodations. The ferry across Klamath river which is a half mile wide here makes a welcome break in an interesting trip.

The Indian reservation near Pequa is also an interesting spot and some fine rugs, baskets, etc., may be obtained at reasonable prices. A finer and larger redwood forest is next in interest, stretching out eight or 10 miles along the road.

Wonderful Redwood Forests.

This forest as well as the one near Crescent City is owned by private parties. They should be held by the United States government. Interesting

views claim the tourist's attention now, where one passes through districts where the vegetation is so dense that the ground even is hard to be seen, or along rocky beaches, salt lagoons and sandy breakwaters.

Trinidad is an interesting town of 1000 to 1500 people, good hotels and fairly good harbor. A short line railroad is used for lumber hauling and extends to Trinidad and Eureka. Arcata has a population of 2000, while Eureka boasts of 12,000 to 15,000, with fine harbor and steamers sailing out to all the important cities along the coast.

The principal highway entering Eureka from the north is a beautiful double track affair, sprinkled daily its entire length, straight and smooth and a delight to automobilists.

The beach at Woolport compares with Coney Island. Parties should provide themselves with heavy overcoats and winter underclothing, for the air is often damp and cool, but fresh and invigorating.

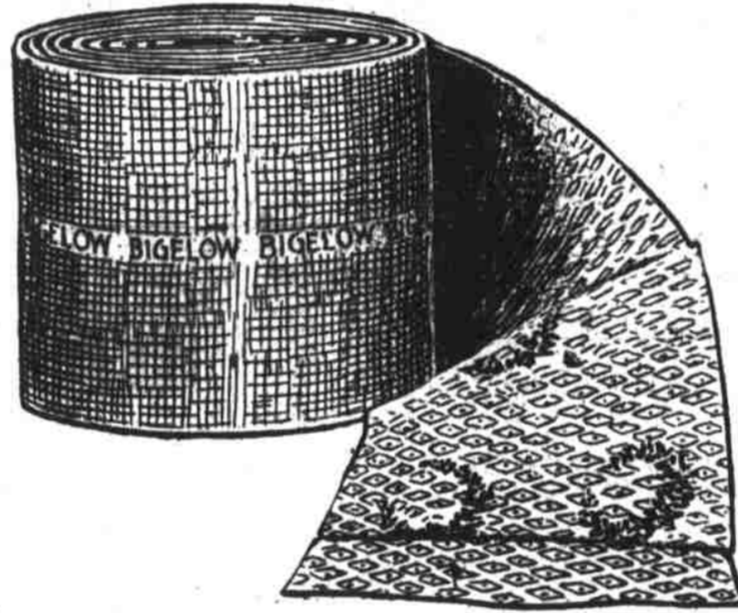
The scenery the entire distance is beyond description and when one has made the trip he wonders why he had not done so sooner. That more fine scenery is packed into 100 miles here than on any similar stretch in the world is frequently asserted.

MULES BALK ON TRACK; NEARLY WRECK A TRAIN

(United Press Leased Wire.)
Red Bluff, Cal., Sept. 2.—Three mules hauling a dirt wagon, balked on the track as the fast Shasta limited came along near here. Their negro driver escaped with his life, but the mules did not. They nearly wrecked the train. Journal Want Ads bring results.

Tuesday We Inaugurate Extraordinary Selling of Genuine Bigelow Axminster Carpets

At the Lowest Price Level Offered in Portland



Our buyer, Mr. Philip Gevurtz, has just returned from the East, where he purchased from W. & J. Sloane of New York over \$100,000 worth of

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Regular \$2.25 a Yard Grade

for the Multnomah and the Carlton hotels, both furnished and equipped by Gevurtz & Sons. This carpet has now arrived and by good fortune we have 5,000 yards more than we need for the hotels. This we will place on sale Tuesday at the remarkably low price of

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We have this beautiful carpet in five patterns: A lovely French gray with a small rosebud design; a French gray with a rose-wreath, a bluish green with a small flower, a rich green with a floral design and a green with a conventional pattern.

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