

LONE FIR CEMETERY—CITY OF DEAD IN MIDST OF CITY OF THE LIVING

Written for The Journal by Jack McMillan

WHILEN the confusion of Lone Fir cemetery 30,000 people in the city of the living, the city of the dead is a city of the living. And it is most regrettable that the people who are buried in the cemetery have been neglected and ill cared for, many of the families these represented have entirely passed away. Consequently with the avowed purpose to improve, beautify and maintain Lone Fir cemetery the Lone Fir Cemetery Association, of which J. A. Stronach, secretary, is engaged in an effort to raise a fund of \$10,000. Half the desired sum has been secured.

Officers Harrell made the first purchase of land for Lone Fir cemetery when he bought 10 acres in the original tract of Seiden Murray's donation land claim. Mr. Harrell was one of the kindest of men. Many strangers, as well as his friends, were buried at his expense, and in many instances tombstones were erected by him, also. In the Harrell family lot where Mr. Harrell's body now rests, he buried the bodies of three unfortunate men, two of whom were killed by the explosion of the steamer Genette on the eighth of April, 1854. David P. Fuller, a young man of 25 years, was killed instantly, while his friend Crawford M. Doolittle was so badly injured that he passed away soon after. Mr. Harrell had neat monuments erected on the graves of these two men.

Many of Oregon's distinguished citizens are buried in Lone Fir cemetery. Down the old western driveway one steps to read the inscription upon the headstone at the grave of Valentine Brown, an old and respected resident of the east side. "An honest, upright, capable, worthy man." A little further on in the resting place of another good man, James W. Cook, who was killed by an assassin at Astoria, April 23, 1841, and nearby is the grave of Governor W. W. Thayer, who once made his home on the east side. In-Governor George L. Curry is buried in a pretty spot. Three of Portland's former mayors rest here also, Dr. J. A. Chapman, T. J. Holmes and E. A. Wheeler. The latter was mayor of East Portland. In another beautiful lot is the grave of Judge Earl C. Bronough, Jr. Not far from here one sees the grave of Dr. Jackson, whose monument bears the Masonic emblem. Other prominent physicians buried here are Dr. William Weatherford, Dr. J. B. Filkins, Dr. W. H. Watkins and Dr. Justin Millard, who died many years ago. Members of Joseph Meeker's family are buried in a beautiful spot. Many Portlanders will remember Judge E. D. Shattuck, his wife and their daughter Emily, who was an unusually intelligent, gifted girl. The three are buried together in a stone-covered plot. James B. Stephens and his aged wife rest in a beautiful lot. Their monument is a striking one, representing in large, well chiseled figures, Mr. Stephens and his companion in life and death standing hand in hand. Beneath the pretty green and in the flower-bordered family lot lie the remains of Miss Emma Millard. Many remember her kindly manner and her ever ready smile. She was organist in the Presbyterian church that stood where the Spalding building now is. Frank Estess rests in one of the handsomely arranged plots. Cincinnati Hill is buried in Lone Fir. The grave of Matthew Kieth, who is remembered

MEN I HAVE SKETCHED

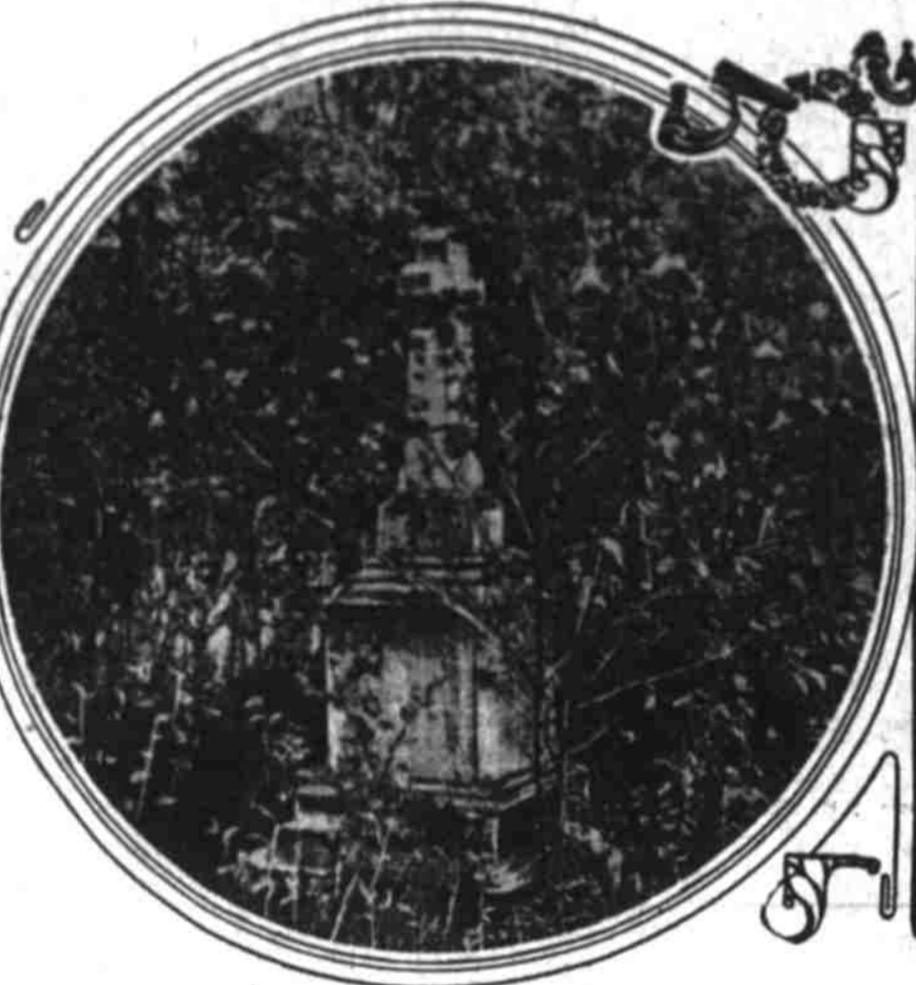
BY J. Pierpont Morgan.
My first good look at Mr. Morgan came about the time when he was looking for the bonds loaned by the second Cleveland administration. The affair was under the management of Secretary Carlisle and Mr. Morgan was there to bid personally for what he wanted to buy. His date's look like the politician, but indeed the very part of the financier, only on a larger scale than the man that buys up the wheat and corn. His very walk suggests stupendous power, a power more than brains. On this particular day it was winter and he was dressed for cold weather. About all of his clothes there was the same suggestion of wealth, without being over-dressed or gaudy, and every article of his wearing apparel seemed to be the finest, the best, the most that the market afforded and what market it was not one knew. At a glance I was impressed that the favor that made Morgan's clothes had not made mine. His eyes are like brands, in so far that they are piercing, but they differ greatly, as one of them seems to be lifted a little up and to one side, suggesting possibly a strain from straining to look to the top of the pile. To discuss Mr. Morgan's features without mentioning his eyes would be like Bill Sturritt's review of one of Shakespeare's plays that Edwin Booth put on in the early days of Texas. Sturritt wrote two newspaper pages about the play and never mentioned Booth's name from beginning to end. But Mr. Morgan's features all suggest pay dirt. His mouth, chin and cheek bones all denote a dash and firmness that must be necessary in some of his business affairs. Mr. Morgan's collar, even his four-in-hand tie, would have been wholly out of place on anybody excepting J. Pierpont Morgan. Yet on him it seemed to be mild and in perfect harmony with his richly made clothes. One instinctively recalls the story of Gates, Morgan and the steel board when we look in Morgan's eyes. That sort of wild, excitable expression of the eyes, in Morgan's case, makes it very easy to understand what happened when Mr. Gates went to Mr. Morgan's office to protest because it was he, Morgan, that kept Gates' name off from the steel board. Mr. Gates asked him in a mild voice if this was true. Mr. Morgan, rising from his chair, said: "Yes, Mr. Gates, it is true. I am the man who is keeping you off." Mr. Gates asked why, and Mr. Morgan answered: "On account of your reputation, sir." Gates broke out into sarcastic laughter, asking Mr. Morgan if he, Gates, had ever done anything worse than Morgan. "Only," he added, "you have done your stunts behind closed doors and I have done mine in the open." As Mr. Morgan took his hat from the table and walked out of the room, he said: "Mr. Gates, that is what doors are for, to be kept closed." So when you see the snap of Morgan's eyes you realize the kind of man who would have the nerve to tell John W. Gates what doors are for.



Crater Lake. HERE is a condition. Jackson county has just voted to spend \$1,500,000 for roads scientifically constructed, which will probably include such a highway to the west line of the Crater national forest. The United States engineers have just completed a survey of roads within the Crater Lake National park, including one entirely around the lake, the total cost of which will probably be from \$750,000 to \$1,000,000. The general government is favorable to such improvements of our national parks and these roads will be constructed. Just how soon depends on the people of Oregon. The road from the west line of the national forest to the west line of the park is all through the forest and under the supervision of a governmental department, which has no money for the construction of such a road, so there must be a special appropriation. "There is a tide in the events of man, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." Right now there is need of a mind strong enough, backed by an interested people, to unite the divergent interests that predominate in the foregoing condition, and weave from them one harmonious whole, which can be done in an immediate action. There is no time to lose. Recommendations from the secretary of the interior and the secretary of agriculture, in their regular annual reports to congress, is an absolute necessity, if success is to be expected from the present congress. If such recommendations are to be secured, it must be before such reports are finished, which will be before the

Two grass and weed grown lots in Lone Fir Cemetery. lard, William Allen, Guy Packard and Joseph L. Berry. Taps has sounded through this sacred spot many times. There are the graves of many older soldiers of earlier wars. A beautiful monument has been erected to the memory of the soldiers of four wars—the Mexican, the Civil, the Indian wars of the northwest and the Spanish-American war. The monument was erected in 1902. Here rest many who have met tragic deaths. The grave of one young woman who met with a violent death is marked with a simple headstone with the letters "M. C." The first wife and a daughter of the late George H. Williams are buried here. George E. Cole, who was once Portland's postmaster, with his entire family, lie in Lone Fir. Sam L. Simpson, the poet, is sleeping here among the trees he loved so well. Several members of the well known Sellwood family are interred here. Many will remember the kind face and hearty greeting of J. A. Stronach, Sr. He rests in a pretty spot near the east driveway. Down through one of the prettiest walks one comes to the resting place

of a little girl, Rose Rankin, a relative of the well known Jubbs family of this city. Upon a summer morning many years ago the little maiden hurried along on an errand for her mother. Her way lay across the old Fourth street bridge across Sullivan's Gulch, upon the long street now known as Union avenue. When nearing the northern approach, a plank gave way beneath her feet, and she was precipitated into the muddy water beneath, striking many cross beams and timbers in the fall. When her lifeless body was lifted tenderly from the water, her little hands still held tightly two small pails which her mother had placed there. One of the many pathetic sights in "Old Lone Fir" is a long row of graves of the insane, who died in the old East Portland asylum before this institution was removed to Salem. This strip of land was furnished by the county for this purpose. Near this spot are the graves of Johnson and Brown, two desperate young men who tried to resist officers of the law who detected them in the act of robbery. In shooting at the officers they missed them and killed a child who was crossing the street. They were afterward hanged in this city. Every vestige of the iron



sons are buried in Lone Fir cemetery. The first burial was that of the father of James B. Stephens. Here, also, is the grave of the oldest woman who ever crossed the plains to Oregon, Mrs. Eunice Torrance, who came in 1840, at the age of 86 years. Upon the high ridge near the "lone fir tree" rest the remains of "Honorable Sylvester Penneyer, once Oregon's governor. A little farther on the graves of Captain John H. Couch and his wife, and that of Dr. J. C. Hawthorn are seen. In the latter enclosure is the grave of a younger man, George Beck, who lost his life by shipwreck during the great Alaskan gold excitement. Near the middle of November. Both secretaries are favorable to the proposition, but it needs some one at hand to present the matter in a comprehensive manner, which should be done without unnecessary delay. Following closely upon such recommendations it is necessary for some one thoroughly familiar with the situation to follow up the matter in congress's watching every step, which will probably require several months of vigilant service. It seems to be up to the people of Oregon, particularly those of the southern portion of the state.

Two grass and weed grown lots in Lone Fir Cemetery. for his kind, gentlemanly ways, is here. Hollister D. McGuire, one of the younger men prominently known, who was drowned in a swollen southern Oregon stream, is buried in this cemetery. Mrs. James H. McMillan, who was greatly beloved for her kindness to all unfortunate whom she could assist, lies here with six of her children. One son, Constant, a young man of 21 years, met his death in the first passenger elevator in use in Portland. Levi Estes and his wife are buried side by side. Lieutenant Colonel J. S. Backenstos of the First Mounted rifles, the first military force coming into Oregon, rests in this cemetery. He arrived in September, 1849. E. J. and Howard Northrup, two of Portland's pioneer business men, lie in the "family acre." General Eckerson was buried in Lone Fir more recently. Bishop B. Wister Morris, and members of his family, are buried here in a neatly kept lot. A son, Rodney B. Morris, lost his life in an attempt to save the lives of three men in this city in 1876. He was a lad of 19 years. Horace Lyman, Oregon's historian, rests here. A bright young girl, Mary E. Miller, walks one comes to the resting place

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fence which enclosed their grave has been carried away by relic seekers. Pretty green vines from a nearby lot have completely covered the resting place of these two unfortunate men, as if to show that nature's beauties cover and protect all alike. In 1877 Donald Macleay erected a beautiful mausoleum at a cost of \$11,000, to the memory of his wife. This structure is chaste and an ornament to the grounds. A. G. Cunningham and his wife are buried in one of the larger squares. Mr. Cunningham came to Portland as private secretary to the late Ben Holladay in the early seventies. In old historic Lone Fir cemetery the epitaphs are almost as numerous as the tombstones, some indicating sadness, others humor. In 1862 a well known character of the town named Mitchell, who made his livelihood by juggling, was frozen to death during the extraordinary cold night of January 13. His body was consigned to its narrow cell in Lone Fir and his friends placed a monument to his memory, on which is engraved the following couplet: "Here lies one who has taken steps That won the applause of men; But grim death came and took a step Which he could not withstand." Pennsylvania's record breaking coal production last year was nearly one fifth of all the coal mined in the world in that period.

STEEL POINTS BY WILLIAM GLADSTONE STEEL

Portland's Great Fire. ONE Monday morning the 2nd of December, 1872, a wild alarm of fire rang out and a swirling throng of frightened citizens hurried to the intersection of Front and Morrison streets, where they witnessed the most serious conflagration the little city had ever experienced. The river front between Yamhill and Morrison was in flames and the very existence of the city seemed threatened. Rapidly the flames spread to the block north and the heat became so intense that the firemen were driven from Front street to the middle of the block toward First street, where they fought with desperation. About this time a deafening explosion occurred in Charlie Woodard's drug store and the falling walls injured several men, including the first assistant fire chief. In the mad excitement churches were forgotten and the entire city hurried out to all the nearest fire houses. The fire department of Vancouver, Oregon City, Salem and Albany rushed to the burning city and saved the day, but not until the two river blocks between Yamhill and Alder streets were completely ruined. For a time it looked as though the entire city would be destroyed, but at a critical time the wind died down and the fire was controlled, for which fervent thanks were returned, but those returning the thanks never dreamed that great good had been wrought by the fire, but such proved the case a little later.

Again the fire bells rang out a wild alarm, early Saturday morning, August 1, 1871, and a column of smoke was seen ascending from the southwest corner of Salmon and First streets, that proved to be in the workshop of Hargren & Shindler's furniture establishment. Rapidly the flames spread to the store, and to Clark Brothers' second hand store next door. Still they swept on, crossing the street to Smith Brothers' iron works and to the Metropolitan hotel, which was a seething mass of flames in eight minutes. The Mulholland house and Schade's saloon on their north side of Salmon street, as also Elijah Corbett's livery stables on First and Salmon, were soon blazing fiercely and the fire was moving in all directions. Block after block fell before the flames and certain destruction seemed the fate of the city. Again help was called for and neighboring cities rushed their departments to the scene. The visitors concentrated their efforts on the St. Charles hotel, hoping, with the aid of the burned district, to check the march of destruction. In utter desperation they labored, knowing full well that if they failed the entire city would be destroyed. After a hard fight, and thoroughly exhausted, they were cheered by seeing the flames die down and the smoke subside. The war was won in that quarter, but a long line of men struggled on Second street to prevent a spread to the west. Many of them were covered with wet blankets in a protection against the awful heat, and bucket brigades were assisting the worn-out volunteer firemen, whose equipment consisted of an engine or two and mankilling hand brakes. Protection engine company No. 4 was housed on First street, near Jefferson, and when it became apparent that the building must burn, one of the members stood at the rope and tolled the bell, while his companions battled with the flames on Second and Jefferson, in an almost hopeless, but after all successful effort to save the First Congregational church. For many hours the fire continued, destroying everything in its way from Yamhill to Clay street and from the river to Second street. Among the modern skyscrapers of today it seems strange to read in a report of the conflagration that "the St. Charles hotel is one of the most magnificent structures on the northwest Pacific coast." In these days it is not looked upon as such a monument of glory, with its three stories and mansard roof.

Two Boys and a Boar. PREVIOUS to 1868 southeastern Kansas was the home of Osage Indians and a region little known to whites, except a hazy supply of outlaws and a degraded specimen of humanity known as squawmen. In 1867 the government got possession of the land and the next year every foot of it was taken up. Many years before this, somebody took to that region domestic hogs and permitted them to run at large. In course of time they became as wild

AS CARTOONISTS PORTRAY IDEAS SUGGESTED BY CURRENT EVENTS AND COMMENT

