

SUMMER RESORTS

MOUNTAINS LURE HUNDREDS; TROUT ARE PLENTIFUL

Vicinity of Mt. Hood Is Re-
treat for Tired City Dwell-
ers; Big Catches of Fish
Are Reported.

No section in Oregon is more delig-
tful than the mountain canyons and
streams near Mount Hood, where the
Big Sandy and the Clackamas rivers
rush over cliffs and through ditches in
their hurry to pour their sparkling waters
into the Columbia. From the viewpoint
of the artist and the lover of outdoor
scenes, the Big Sandy and the Clackamas
furnish all to be desired. It only
takes one hour and a half to reach well
up towards the fountain head of these
streams. Both of these rivers and their
neighboring rivulets abound in fish, par-
ticularly the game trout. Hundreds
take advantage of this opportunity and
spend the holidays in the region of these
streams with good results, frequently
returning home with a basketful of
Dolly Varden or of the Rainbow variety.
The hotel accommodations are
excellent, there being a splendid establish-
ment at Estacada and one at Bull
Run.

Fishermen's Paradise.
Then farther up in the mountains are
to be found Welch's Resort, the Rhodo-
dendron Inn and a number of other tav-
erns. The fisherman who desires to have
an outing need only pick out his place
and he will find accommodations to
meet his requirements. The whole section
lying between the Clackamas and
Big Sandy streams is a fisherman's
paradise, so numerous are the streams
of smaller dimensions, that each fish-
erman can pick out his own particular
creek or rivulet for his own camping
ground. Catches of 20 or 30 trout are
not infrequent, and where the fisher-
man understands the game thoroughly
and has a reasonable amount of luck,
he is able to bring back with him not
only enough for his own family, but a
trout or two for his friends.

If it is desired to go to Casadero,
electric trains depart from First and
Alder streets in Portland every two
hours, and before the seeker of moun-
tain air is aware of it, he is landed upon
the basalt banks of the Clackamas. The
distance from First and Alder to Cas-
adero is a little short of 40 miles. Cas-
adero being two miles above Estacada,
where the hotel is located. Estacada
is a beautiful mountain village with
electric lights and water works. It is
enjoyed by the whole of the country,
high cliffs and within 100 feet of the
main street rolls the Clackamas.

Scenery Wild and Rugged.
The head waters of the Clackamas are
40 miles farther up in the mountains.
The river winds its way from canyon
to canyon with all the irregularity
known only to Oregon's mountain
range. Through these canyons some of
the most picturesque scenery is obtain-
able, and the whole appearance of the
country is as wild and as rugged as
it was a thousand years ago. Nature
has been the only hand to disturb the
physical condition, and that famous
dame has been lavish in her coloring.
There are valleys, some narrow and
some broad, filled with mountain fir
through which wild game still roams.

To the person seeking an outing
where nature reveals in all her glory,
there is nothing quite so attractive as
a tramp up the Clackamas after leav-
ing the end of the railway. Over in
the region of the south fork of the
Clackamas, there are not only the
scenic and the whole appearance of the
country is as wild and as rugged as
it was a thousand years ago. Nature
has been the only hand to disturb the
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dame has been lavish in her coloring.
There are valleys, some narrow and
some broad, filled with mountain fir
through which wild game still roams.

Probably the most beautiful scenery
up the hundred miles or more of rail-
way track operated by the Portland
Railway, Light & Power company is to
be found upon the Bull Run division, or
as it is termed, the Mount Hood divi-
sion.

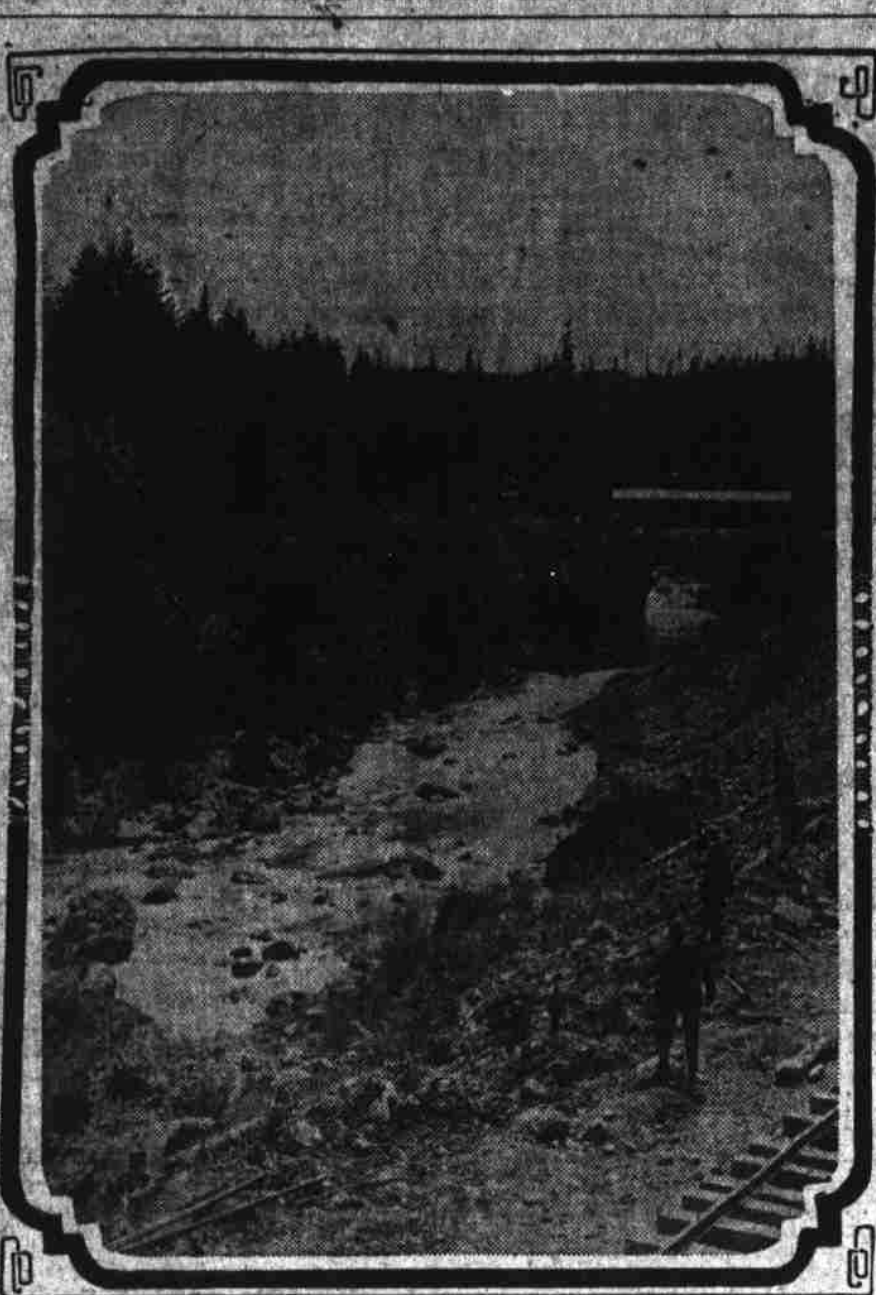
Train Service Excellent.
The Bull Run trains are six in num-
ber on Sunday, and leave at two hour
intervals from First and Alder streets,
three in the forenoon and three in the
afternoon. The Big Sandy is reached
just beyond Cottrell. Looking out of
the car window, one may see the rug-
ling water of the Big Sandy, 500 and
800 feet below. Up the river is a
succession of one of the most beautiful
scenery in all Oregon. On the opposite
side the mountain reaches high in the
sky, and being covered with a dense
forest of fir, it brings out in relief the
silvery glints of sunshine as they are
reflected from the waters of the Big
Sandy. For miles up the stream the
glistening ribbon of water may be seen,
and if the outlook is not fatigued, he
is tempted to the beauty of Oregon's
glaciers. After winding around in a great
horse shoe bend, the electric train fol-
lows a ledge of the opposite cliff and
then slowly winds its way to another
bend in the river, where it crosses the
Big Sandy on one of the highest bridges
to be found in the country. Here it
leaves the Big Sandy and journeys along
the banks of the Bull Run, finally
reaching the power station, where the
end of the line is located.

THE SHELburne NORTH

Modern improvements—One of the Largest Hot-
els on North Beach. Surrounded by beautiful
Scenery. Trains stop right at door.
Address, Seaside, Wash. T. J. ROARE, Prop.

Hotel Aschoff
AT MARION, OREGON. Ideal
Mountain Resort. Four Comfort and
Pleasure Airs. Seven Miles from
End of Mt. Hood Railway by Stage.
Good Fishing. Excellent Water and
Phone Service. Rates Moderate.

SHADY NOOKS OFFER COOL RETREAT



Bull Run river and mountain scene near power plant of Portland Rail-
way, Light & Power company.

SUMMERTIME SKETCHES OF THE SEASHORE

By Vella Winner.

Autumn—Wheesy, sneaky, freesy.
Winter—Slippery, drippy, nippy.
Spring—Flowery, showery, bowery.
Summer—Hoppy, croppy, poppy.

It's here, the "hoppy, croppy, poppy"
time, the playtime of all the year, for if
good Dame Nature were bribed she
could not evolve anything more wonder-
ful, more gloriously fascinating than an
Oregon summer.

Oregonians who have been lolling in
the lap of a lingering spring have the
last few days come face to face with
the full radiance of midsummer. They
have been sitting that sweet lady
was on her way with bag and baggage,
but the beneficence of her smile and the
full glory of her presence are startling,
nevertheless. With her accustomed
democracy she made presence known to
one and all, smiling alike on young
and old, great and small. This "Lady of
the Decoration" is being given a glad
welcome and we hope that she will be
much in evidence for months to come.

Dressed in garments of velvety green,
from which nod myriads of glowing,
fragrant blossoms, the petals trembling
beneath diamond dewdrops, Miss Sum-
mer is herself the belle of the summer-
time.

Now it is that we sit and dream of
mountain brooks and surf baths, of
soughing pines and ocean breezes. The
glades and the hillside beckon and the
winds call. The lure of the open is ir-
resistible—we long to woo the dew, the
sunshine and the salt flavored winds
and cultivate the acquaintance of trees
and grasses. The route plot is fast be-
ing forsaken for the deeper tint of the
wind and the sun. We would all join
the Far-and-Away club and brook for a
time "no ceiling narrower than the blue."

With the summer exodus to the sea-
side for the merry week-end is heard the
annual screech of that depressing old
mild, Mrs. Grundy, anent the horrors of
mixed bathing. This forms a never end-
ing subject for argument among certain
people whose minds are warped by the
over-zeal of the suburban god of
respectability.

Mixed bathing! Mrs. Grundy raises
her hands in horror at the "bare" idea.
Mixed bathing! A sure proof, my dears,
of the awful depravity of the age. Yet
at some of the watering places in staid
and stately England mixed bathing has
been introduced. Vive le English!

Alexander's make, spare us from
the sprawling of repulsive, bare-legged
(except for hair), indecent men on the
sand!

The dear old fashioned souls who ob-
ject so strongly to the sexes taking their
cooling dips together would be surprised
to learn that the custom is by no means
a modern innovation. Dear no! It is

quite "old fashioned." In ancient Rome
mixed bathing was quite popular; and
Patrian bathhouses had not been
invented then, either.

Who will deny that the Greeks were
a wholesome, healthy, clean living race?
Sculptors have immortalized their per-
fect nudes as examples to us modern
wealdings of what the human body
should be. Yet they bathed and ran foot
races, did these ancient men and women,
skin bare and unashamed. In the fif-
teenth century it was a regular custom
in Belgium for men and women to take
their swims together, sunning every-
thing. In certain parts of present day Spain
the mixed bathing of men and women
"skin bare" is considered as innocent as
going to mass.

Twenty-five years ago mixed bathing
in the hot springs of Japan was a fa-
vorite recreation. It is recorded that
some of the bathers stayed in the water
for weeks on end, with a stone in their
laps to prevent them from floating in
their sleep. It is true that nowadays,
in view of the law against nudity in
cities, this custom has been done away
with.

But Mrs. Grundy, please do not tam-
per with some of the unwholesome
prudence with which we are trammeled.
Admit that it would be the better for
us moderns were it possible to bridge
the centuries and regain some of the
modest purity and physical wholesom-
ness of the ancients.

July, according to that old fossil,
Noah Webster, is simply "the seventh
month of the year, having 31 days," and
as far as he has left any record that
is all the poor soul knew about July.

Why, every child knows that July
means sunshine and birdsong, flowers
and firecrackers—in fact, all out of
doors—while boys and girls grow tall
and gifted with a fine second sight that
enables them to discern the real mean-
ing of things, will tell you that summer
is the time of love and loveliness—not
the serious sort, perhaps, but none the
less interesting and delightful.

It's the inherent love of novelty, of
something and someone new, that brings
the summer girl home in the autumn
with her coat of tan and her customary
string of masculine beads. Bare-headed
and bare-armed, she has been chasing
the elusive god of pleasure, searching
for something and someone different,
while the men have found in her that
subtle something which for want of a
better name we call charm.

There is a weariness of mind which is
far worse than a weariness of body. It
is monotonous which breeds nervous
affections and makes girls run away
with chauffeurs and impels men to
marry chorus girls. When a girl knows
exactly what Jones is going to say
when he calls upon her she is making

the first advance toward a lunatic asy-
lum.

Our social young male torturers are
not an exciting race of bipeds. There is
too much of the ready made cut about
them; such is too much like his fellow
man to cause a flutter of the heart.
Boredom too often follows in their wake.

There surely is a difference in the
microbe of society miles away from
home, and then, after all, there is
nothing fascinating in trying to find
out if the stranger has a soul. At home
one knows whether you are 25 or 30.
For the sake of the blind god, let us
hope he believes—the new man—that we
are in our early twenties. To secure
this treatment, then, we must away,
and the farther we are away from old haunts
the nearer we will reach to the summit
of our desires.

After all, it's the people and not the
air that really count. A judicious dose
of flattery is worth 10,000 cubic feet of
mountain air or sea breeze.

Tell her she's the one and only.
Tell her how her charms inspire you;
Then she'll keep from being lonely.
Though she's only thinking, "Oh, you
liar you!"

It was a Fourth of July joy ride and
picnic given for some hundreds of poor
kiddies.

Was it a success?
After all, it would just naturally make a
fire in a fireworks factory look like a
gas jet on a foggy night. There was a
long line of autos of every breed, from
the mail wagons to the blooded limous-
ines—the kids yelling themselves hoarse
to a bumper obligato, for the shining sea
was 20 miles away.

Some of the autos were overflowing,
for even the most level-headed driver
could not resist an—

"Aw, mister, take me in!"
Six little pickaninnies rode in a big
red machine. They rolled their eyes and
showed their white teeth and nodded
their kinky heads in ecstasy. One of
them insisted on driving the machine
part of the way, and the way that
youngster burned up the asphalt—

"Say, I am going to buy that blackie
for a chauffeur when I get rich," chuck-
led the owner of the car.

Ten little Japs made their driver
hoist the speedometer. "Why, we made
the other autos look like a gocart on
the up grade," declared the driver.
The arrival—well, it had the start so
far beaten for noise that we forgot that
we ever had started. The kiddies tumbled
out of the autos, overflowed the

marry-so-round, riding every beastie
from the spotted leopard to the meek
bunnies, they rode on the little young
trains, they bumped the bumps, some-
times two at a pop, and then lined up
in front of the pink lemonade stand.

"Tain't pink enough," said a small
Mexican in lofty disdain.

"All right," said the man, putting in
some more of the pink stuff.

"Tain't pink enough yet," declared the
youngster.

Whereas the man put in pink stuff
until that small boy's insides must have
resembled a sunset on Lake Michigan.

"Aren't you scared?" I asked a little
fellow, whose teeth were mouthing as
he could, and proudly did, spit through
them, as he descended from the Virginia
reel, on which he had been reeling at a
dizzy pace.

"Sure!" he said. "That's what we
come for."

While all the youngsters were kid-
dishly falling over each other to get a
chance to ride on the rapids, a little
Jap boy bowed low before the keeper
and ceremoniously inquired: "Might it
please your excellency I should ride on
your honorable rapids?"

Needless to say, he did.

One small boy appeared so often at
the popcorn stand that the keeper be-
came alarmed and finally asked:

"How many bushels do you hold?"

"Don't know, mister, ain't got my me-
ter on today."

None of them had their meters on.

Down on the beach they built sand
houses and rolled and tumbled and
played, and one little one went to sleep
on the shining sands, till the incoming
waves licked her pink toes and she
awoke with a howl of dismay.

"Talk about your 'maddest, merriest
days,' those kiddies could have 'shown'
one A. Tennyson.

**OREGON TRAFFIC MEN
HAVE 'TALKING POINTS'**

Oregon passenger traffic men declare
that they have more "talking points"
in advertising the state as a place for
vacationists than any place they know
of in the country. California makes an
appeal for the tourists who travel in
the winter time. So does Florida. None
of the eastern states has much to offer
the tourist in the summer time because
of the intense heat. But in Oregon

summer sun is warm but not sultry; the
nights are cool and insomnia is un-
known. The vegetation is almost tropi-
cal. The flowers are of uncounted va-
riety and bloom profusely. The coun-

try is vivid green in contrast with the
brown, parched appearance of other dis-
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Cannon Beach

is noted throughout the continent for its picturesque
beauty and wild grandeur.

Seal Rock Tract

is the cream of Cannon Beach, situated at the north
end of the beach, at the mouth of beautiful Ecola creek,
where fine boating, fishing and bathing can be enjoyed.

H. C. Thompson Agent, Portland, Oregon
21 Washington Bldg.

D. G. FRISBIE, Agent on the Ground

WOODARD- CLARKE CO.

WONDERFUL SALE IN THE

ART DEPARTMENT

THE ENTIRE STOCK
ON SALE AT

HALF PRICE

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unframed, imported and domestic pottery, statuary, silver and bronze frames, in fact all the mer-
chandise now on display in our Art Department on the Second Floor. No merchandise will be
reserved, but everything put on sale at 1/2 off. This gives all lovers of art an opportunity to se-
cure some long coveted article at a ridiculously low price.

While these prices will be enforced all this week we would advise you to shop
early as the first customers will have the advantage of unbroken stocks. We
give S. & H. Green Trading Stamps at these prices.

VIKING SILVER

This line of which we made
the first showing in the city of
Portland will also be offered at
HALF PRICE. We have decided
to reserve absolutely nothing in the
Art Sale.

POST CARD FRAMES

Just the thing for preserving
that post card which you are so
fond of. They come in brown,
black and gold, usually sold for
25c. During this sale 10c each,
or 3 for 25c.

GERMAN POTTERY

Blue and gold, ranging from
small size vases to large
mammoth size fern tubs. Regu-
lar price from \$2.00 each up
to \$10.00, now on sale at **ONE
HALF PRICE.**

BEAUTIFUL AM- PHORA STATUARY

Showing the mighty Arab on
his favorite steed, his patient
camel kneeling for him to mount
or his blooded horse in battle
pose. Regular price forgotten,
now separated into two sections,
one table containing values up
to \$4.00, now your choice for
\$1.98. The other table con-
tains values up to \$10.00, now
your choice for **\$5.98.**

PORTABLE LAMPS

Antique gold base, beautiful
shades, regular price very rea-
sonable, now all are offered at
ONE HALF OFF.

METAL PHOTO FRAMES

In gilt and silver. This popu-
lar line to go at **ONE HALF
PRICE.**

LOVERS OF ART BRASS

This is your long looked for
opportunity of securing a piece
of brass which you have set
your heart upon, but which you
have thought the price prohibi-
tied. Our One Half Price Sale
now brings this same within
your reach.

GENUINE CARBONS

Both Domestic and Foreign,
frame in genuine cypress, wal-
nut, rosewood, etc. Former price
from \$2.50 to \$10.00, now offered
at **ONE HALF PRICE.**

COPIES OF OLD EN- GRAVINGS

Antique gold frames, orna-
mental moldings, size 12x16.
Former price \$3.00, now **\$1.50.**

GENUINE PASTELS

Size 12x16, burnished gilt orna-
ments. Former price \$7.75, now
\$1.88.

PANEL PASTEL

Size 22x18, burnished gold orna-
ments. Former price \$10.00,
now **\$2.00.**

UNFRAM'D PICTURES

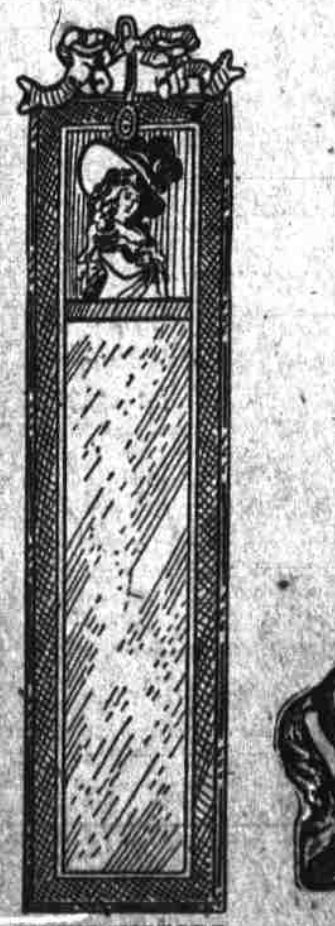
Just a few listed here, as the
stock is entirely too large to
enumerate each.
Genuine Sepia Platinum copies
of famous paintings. Former
price from 60c up to \$1.25, now
offered at **ONE HALF OFF.**

AUSTRIAN POTTERY

We believe that we have the
most beautiful line of Austrian
pottery ever shown in the city of
Portland. Vases of all shapes,
colors, and descriptions are here
in a bewildering display which
will gladden the heart of an Art
Lover.

PORTLAND ART LOV- ERS, ATTENTION!

Special parchment etchings,
Art's prices. Values up to \$25,
now offered at the ridiculously
low price of **\$4.98.**



5837 Feet CLOUD CAP Cool Nights Above and Sea Level INN Warm Days

Situated on a sheltered spur of Mount Hood, and is located just at
the upper edge of the timber line. It is a quaint tavern, built of fir
logs, granite and angles, and commands a glorious view of the
great old mountain with its glaciers, snow fields and crevasses. Set
amid pines and hemlocks, the Inn seems itself a part of the forest and
mountain, as indeed it is to those who know it best.

Always the air is pure and cool, the murky dense atmosphere of
the lower altitudes lying far below. The smokestack in Portland
may be clear at the Inn, owing to its high elevation.

Many delightful days may be spent in visiting the quiet ravines,
waterfalls and numerous view points. A different walk may be taken
each day for a month and the variety not even then exhausted. Snow-
baling, coasting and wandering out onto the perfectly safe snow-
fields, and lower glaciers. Soakers after health, rest and recreation
find amid the environment of this grand old peak something that
brings them nearer to the heart of the infinite and leads them into
a restful world far removed from the din of busy cities or the fagging
rounds of the social throng.

For complete information address

DORSEY B. SMITH
TRAVEL BUREAU
69 Fifth Street, Portland, Oregon
Phone Marshall 1979.