

# PORTLAND'S GREAT CHILDREN'S SPECTACLE IN PICTORIAL REVIEW



Photographs illustrative of the May Day festival on Multnomah field Wednesday, in which 6500 boys and girls, under the direction of Robert Krohn, took part. Above—Callisthenics participated in by 8000 children. Below, left to right—Robert Krohn, physical director in the public schools who directed the drills, Governor Withycombe on the left and Superintendent of Schools Alderman. Fair participant in Indian club drill. A section of the Indian club drill.

## ANGLING FOR SALMON IS SPORT FOR A KING

By Marshall N. Dana.

Right close to the falls of the Willamette is a wonderful place to study human nature.

Under some waterfalls you get only spray and noise and a keen desire to remember whether your accident insurance allows double benefits for death by car.

Under Willamette river falls you get all these attractions of the wild outdoors and you get salmon, too. That is, maybe you do. But it's the "maybe" that brings them back time and again.

And it sends them away with all the superficialities removed and the real qualities, or lack of them, open to any gaze.

"It's the revealingst place in the world," affirmed Frisbie, by way of explanation as Walter Backus and I straggled off dripping waterfalls, Thursday evening.

**Learns Human Nature.**

"I've learned things about human nature that I didn't want to know. I've let out my boats to all kinds. If they're grouches and don't get any chinooks they make this air poison when they come in. If they're game boys you'll hear 'em scheming ways to break the law and add one or two to the limit of three a day. If they don't get any, you'll hear 'em cussin' because they couldn't at least have caught a little one. If they get a little one, they cuss because it isn't bigger. And if they get a big one they ain't thankful."

**Nearly Any Case of Tuberculosis**

can be helped in some measure, by prompt and proper attention to right diet and hygienic living if taken in hand in the early stages. Eat pure, well cooked food and avoid excesses. Live in the open air as much as possible and always sleep with windows wide open.

If such measures do not arrest the progress of the disease, try effective medication. For the best chances for recovery will be found in a strengthening of all normal body functions.

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Eckman Laboratory, Philadelphia.

of the Backus shiny brass spoons, the sharp triple hooks and accurately weighed leads, I began to realize there was, indeed, some science to letting out the line.

"I sat on a stern seat, comforted by rubber cushion and backed by a lazy board, the current catching the spoon and making it spin so that its delicate thrill deliciously could be felt through the slightly straining rod. Walter began casting far down the current.

**Water Does Talking.**

Among the boats conversation was noticeable for the lack of it. The waterfall did all the talking. There was ceaselessly intent attention to out-fishing lines.

"Fish on," some one called out presently. A red faced fisherman with nervous hands clutching a rod about a yard long was trying to control its jumping. He would reel in a few lengths of line, then back it would go singing streamward again.

"He's nervous because it's the first strike I ever knew him to get," explained the ruminating veteran in the boat next ours.

Finally the fish came in, a beauty, his last struggles thrashing the water into foam.

"I got an awful strike the other day," remembered the man next boat. "My rod busted right in two. The salmon he took out two hundred feet of my line. But I kept hold of him and I played him and after a long while I—"

**Something Was Doing.**

Whether he got the fish or the fish got his tackle, I don't know. From down in the swirling depths came a hurry-up call to me. I jerked back instinctively in response to the shock. "That's striking him," commented Backus coolly when all the world, it seemed, should be excited. I learned speedily what the spasmodic jurgings of the rod meant in weight, what the outgushing line meant in determined resistance and what a fatigue can come in the shortest time to tensed and accustomed hands and wrists. Something more than a year passed by slowly. Had I time to notice, my salmon was taking less line with his rushes. After a while he could be seen, still defiant, but a little more tired than his fisherman. Then he came to gaff. He was in the boat.

"It's a beautiful day," observed I, with sudden appreciation of the romantic setting in the horseshoe curve of falling waters and with entire forgetfulness of the low hanging clouds and persistent drizzle. There was sunshine in the silvery iridescence and triumph in the yard-long length of this royal but vanquished visitor from the seas.

**Woman Shows Fluck.**

Two boats over, an elderly woman began to reel in madly, her firm lips

narrowed to a line. Her's was a heavy rod, as befits a lady. When the salmon strove for freedom she put her weight against his on a dead-locked line at the peril of the pole. She stayed by the fight pluckily. The rod bent but did not break. Her husband gaffed at the right moment. She reeled only dance music to add rhythm to the action of her feet as she strove to hold in the boat the still struggling salmon.

"Her husband caught the limit, then went and got his wife so they could catch some more," gossiped my garrulous next boat neighbor, bending toward me with a prodigious wink.

The red faced fisherman went through another fight and landed his game. One or two other boats pulled in salmon. My companion brought in one the size of a big trout and released it, for he fishes for sport and wants the little ones to grow big. My line felt a couple of strikes, and after awhile there came another battle, not so strenuous for the salmon was smaller.

**Salmon Jump Playfully.**

This was just last Thursday evening. It was the eighteenth day of May. The salmon in the whirling pool were jumping playfully out of the water all around us. There were many of them. Last year at this time no such sight would have been possible; no such lightly sport within 15 miles of Portland would have been dreamed of. The net fishermen would have cleaned out the pool in a few nights after May first. The law of the last legislature restraining the net men from fishing the waters between falls and Oregon City bridge made the difference. It is being rigorously enforced. The season for that great company who fish for the love of fishing and for the smaller number willing to make a modest living with their throats a day caught with hook and line has been lengthened in this short stretch. All over the country the fame of the wonderful Willamette river salmon fishing is gaining lustre.

We went back to the boathouse in the shade of evening thinking of what glad tidings in the ears of the anglers it would be if, after the next legislature, the announcement might be made that the Willamette river had been closed to net fishermen.

**Benefits Are Seen.**

What increased numbers of salmon could bravely climb over the foaming fish ladders and go above to spawning riffles! How many more hook and line fishermen could make their daily catches for the Portland market! What enhanced repute there would be everywhere for Oregon as the paradise of anglers!

I am told the net men who come largely up from the Columbia river do not get what they consider large catches, but they get all the salmon

there are, and the lessened number allowed to spawn is yearly evidenced in the smaller runs. When the bill to close the Willamette entirely to net fishermen is introduced at the next session of the legislature it ought to be supported by all fishermen or not, who would preserve a warning, but royal asset for the larger number who fish not for the fish but for the love of fishing.

**Story of Terror Is Told by Two Women**

Mrs. Dillingham and Her Daughter Traveled Over 100 Miles Muleback to Escape Mexicans.

San Francisco, May 20.—A story of terror in the American colony at Mazatlan is told by Mrs. Frank Dillingham and her daughter, Mrs. George Burger Dillingham, both of whom are in San Francisco following an exciting time in Mexico.

The younger Mrs. Dillingham's marriage last August was a social event. She went with her husband, a mine manager, to San Vicente, Sinaloa, and fell ill, her mother hurrying to her. She is now on the way to recovery. The women had to travel five days by mule back, covering 110 miles, and stay a week in Mazatlan before catching a tramp steamer for San Diego.

At Mazatlan they hid while Mexicans cried in the streets against the "gringos."

Mrs. George Dillingham's father is Frank Dillingham, consul general to Norway. He is not related to her husband, though bearing the same name. Her uncle is Senator W. P. Dillingham of Vermont.

**Georgia Feldspar To Replace Potash**

Atlanta, Ga., May 20.—(I. N. S.)—with potash commanding from \$500 to \$600 a ton and hard to get at any price, a search for the precious substance has been started in the hills of North Georgia. So far potash has not been discovered, but great quantities of feldspar are being taken out and crushed to be used for fertilizer. Feldspar contains from 5 to 15 per cent of potash and when exposed for a year or two in the fields makes an excellent substitute for the commercial fertilizer.

Unless potash can be applied to the soil of a large area in the south "rust" attacks cotton and small grain. Last year very little potash could be produced but there was enough left in the soil from the previous year to make a crop.

**Mother Dies From Fall Out of Building But Life of Her Unborn Baby Is Saved**

Surgeon Makes Vigorous Fight of Hour and Half Before Infant Began to Breathe Unaided; Neighbors Cheer Doctor.

New York, May 20.—Mrs. Maria Buchera, the pretty young wife of an Italian longshoreman, fell from a window and was killed. Their rooms were on the third floor and Mrs. Buchera sat on the sill leading to the air shaft with her baby girl, Maria, aged 1 year, in her lap. The mother was accidentally overbalanced and she and the child pitched headlong to the cellar. The woman's death was instantaneous. Beyond a few bruises, the little girl was uninjured.

The accident caused much excitement among the other women in the house, because Mrs. Buchera had expected to become a mother in a few days. A call was sent to the Long Island College hospital for a doctor, and Surgeon Francis Ring came in a hurry with the ambulance.

There was so much commotion that the young physician did not for a time realize that prompt action on his part might save another life. He saw that the woman was dead, and he imagined that the excitement was due to the concern over the condition of little Maria, who was crying in one of the neighbor's arms.

The doctor was about to leave when he was made to understand the real situation. A quick consultation over the telephone with Coroner Senior followed, and the doctor got the permission he sought. In a few minutes there was another baby, a little girl, in the dusky cellar, but it was apparently lifeless. Its birth had been delayed too long, the doctor thought, but he discovered a flutter of life and made a heroic endeavor to revive the dying spark.

For an hour and a half the physician sought to establish respiration by hip to hip inspiration. It was a task that taxed his strength. His struggle in the interest of humanity was watched with silent admiration by half a dozen of the women neighbors. Slowly his reward came. There was a gentle sigh from the newborn babe, and soon it was breathing unaided.

Sombody suggested baptism, and a formal christening ceremony followed. The baby was called Frances out of compliment to the doctor. Then he bundled it up in a shawl and ran with it to the hospital. And as he went he was cheered to the echo by the neighbors.

A physician was called and found Kuck's feet and legs were frozen, and it required several stitches to close the wound in the abdomen. He was taken to a hospital for treatment.

**Man Takes Fall and Long Walk in Sleep**

New Leipzig, N. D., May 20.—To jump from a second-story window and sustain a gash on the right side of the abdomen, then walk a mile to a neighbor's farm during 20 below zero weather, clad in a nightshirt only, all while sound asleep, was the record established by John Kuck, a farmer near here.

A physician was called and found Kuck's feet and legs were frozen, and it required several stitches to close the wound in the abdomen. He was taken to a hospital for treatment.

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