

# Source of Familiar Names In Oregon

Reproduced by permission from the March Number of Steel Points, published by William G. Stein.

**ALBERT LAKE**, Lake county—Named by Col. J. J. Albert, at that time colonel of topographic engineers, to which Fremont belonged.

**ALBANY**, Linn county—So named by Walter and Thomas Monteith for Albany, N. Y., in the vicinity of which they spent their boyhood days.

**ALBINA**, Multnomah county—Named for Mrs. Albina Page, wife of Judge W. W. Page of Portland.

**ASHLAND**, Jackson county—Named for Ashland county, Ohio, and the home of Henry Clay in Kentucky.

**AUBURN**, Baker county—Now deserted. Once had a population of 5,000 and was known as Poker creek.

**BAKER COUNTY**—Created September 22, 1862, and named for Senator E. D. Baker of Oregon.

**BANDON**, Coos county—Named for a town in Ireland.

**BLUE MOUNTAINS**—Named by French Canadian trappers prior to 1832 because of their color afar off. "Les montagnes bleues."

**BULL RUN LAKE**, Clackamas-Multnomah counties—The Klickitat name was Gohabediki, meaning Iron Lake. Subsequently called Chitwood lake, for an old settler. Named Bull Run lake by Charles B. Talbot of Portland.

**CALAPOOIA RIVER**—Name of an Indian tribe, formerly occupying the Willamette valley south of the falls, and also the southernmost valleys of the Umpqua country. Once a powerful tribe. Lewis and Clark estimated their number at 3,000.

**CAMAS VALLEY**, Douglas county—An Indian name for a small bulb, formerly abundant throughout the Pacific northwest, and forming a chief article of diet for many tribes.

**CLATSKANIE**, Columbia county—Named for an Indian tribe, Tlatskanai.

**COOS COUNTY**—Created December 22, 1853. Formerly spelled "Cook-koo-osee." An Indian word, meaning "place of pines."

**CORVALLIS**, Benton county—Named from two Spanish words, meaning heart of the valley.

**GARIBALDI**, Tillamook county—The first settler, Joe Champou, a hermit, gave the name about 1848.

**GEARHART**, Clatsop county—Named for Philip Gearhart, on whose donation land claim it is located.

**GOVERNMENT CAMP**, Mount Hood—So named in 1849, because the First U. S. Rifles camped there. Elevation 3,880.

**JOHN DAY RIVER**—Named for John Day of Hunt's Astoria Overland expedition. Called by Lewis and Clark the Lepage.

**MALHEUR COUNTY**—Created February 17, 1887. A French word, meaning misfortune. The county was named for the river, which, in turn, was so named because Peter Skene Ogden's party had a large amount of goods and furs stolen by the Indians, that had been previously secreted there.

**NEHEM**, Yamhill county—Originally known as the Grubby end of the Chehalium valley. Settled by a colony of friends, who named it Newberg.

**PENDELTON**, Umatilla county—Named for Gen. George H. Pendleton, U. S. A.

**PORTLAND**—Founded by A. L. Lovejoy and F. W. Pettygrove, one from Portland, Maine, and the other from Boston, Massachusetts. Each wanted to name it for his home city, so the matter was settled by tossing up a copper cent.

**PORT ORFORD**, Curry county—Named by Vancouver for George, Earl of Orford.

**ROGUE RIVER**—Named by the early French trappers Rogue River, for the Red River of the north, whence they came, but quickly changed to Rogue by the American settlers and trappers.

**TULE LAKE**, Klamath county—Visited in 1846 by the Fremont and Applegate exploring parties, and so named by the latter, because of the extensive tule marshes then at the north end of the lake.

**UMATILLA RIVER**—"Water rippling over sand." Called by the Indians in 1806 Youmalolam.

## Annual Spring Poem

Spring poems are frowned upon in most editorial offices. The accompanying offering by James J. Montague, "gets by" however for two reasons: It is expressive of an experience common to all and is done by Mr. Montague, a former Portland newspaper man, who has spent these many Springs in New York.

**By James J. Montague**

WHEN the homing robin perches in the branches of the birches; when the balmy zephyr searches for the snow drop's thrusting bud; when the snowdrift waxes leaner and the grass is growing greener, and the brooklet's voice is keener as it ripples through the mud, then it is you murmur gaily, "See the tender shoots spring palely further through the greensward daily. Spring is throbbing in the air; from the Southland the birds are stealing, all her reveling, and it's time that I was peeling off that flannel underwear."

So next morning when you waken the thick woolen husk is shaken, but alas, how much mistaken was your guess about the Spring; for the howling winds are blowing and the snow is thickly snowing, and abruptly southward going is the robin on the wing.

With the chill and chilling breezes come the gasp and like diseases, and you fill the air with sneezes, sniff and snuffle, gasp and cough, and too late you see too plainly that Spring won't behave humanely and regret, alas, quite vainly that you ever took 'em off.

But next year, when Springtide weather bursts o'er Winter's icy tether, when the robins sing together in the newly opened branches, when the frogs and toads and lizards risk their tender little gizzards and defy belated blizzards as they frolic and carouse, and again, with fatuous froly, you will tell your wife, "By golly! I'll just shuck these flannels, Molly, for they scratch and chafe and burn."

And once more the Spring will fill you full of microbes that will chill you, if, indeed, they do not kill you; for us mortals never learn.

**The DOCTOR'S ADVICE**  
By Dr. Lewis Baker

The questions answered below are general in character, the symptoms or diseases are given and the answers will apply in any case of similar nature.

**Miss B. Y. writes:** "I am writing for advice to cure myself of pimples and boils. My skin seems too oily."

**Answer:** The organs which eliminate waste matter need attention. Obtain three grain sulphur tablets (not sulphur tablets) and take regularly as per directions for several months.

**Mrs. M. D. I. asks:** "Do you think it is possible for me to increase my weight from 97 pounds to about 125 pounds?"

**Answer:** Yes I believe that the regular use of a special tonic tablet will do this for you as it has for thousands of others. Ask your druggist for "Three-grain hypo-nuclein tablets" and take as per directions. Take them for several months to get the full benefit.

**"Racy" writes:** "Can a sufferer from bronchial trouble be relieved? Doctors do not seem to help me. What would you suggest?"

**Answer:** To relieve chronic cold, sore throat, bronchitis, I would advise the use of concentrated essence menthol-laxative. Purchase this at any drug store in 2 1/2 oz. package and mix according to directions given on bottle and you will very shortly be relieved of all bronchial trouble. This will not only relieve, but will correct and is very pleasant to take.

**Mrs. M. E. writes:** "Should a man of forty-six (forty-six) be considered a young man? Am weak, nervous, timid, self-conscious. Do not sleep well, arise with a sore feeling, headache and often have severe headache in the back part of head. Pickle appetite but when I do eat do not get strength."

**NOTE:** For many years Dr. Baker has been giving free advice and prescriptions through the press, millions of people have been helped in relieving illness and disease has been removed from the human race. It is the world's history. Thousands of people have written him expressions of gratitude and confidence.

# WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A FIRE ALARM IS REGISTERED



Operating room of the fire alarm and telegraph system. Left to right—Harry Wright, chief operator; Charles A. Savariau, superintendent of the fire alarm and telegraph division, and W. A. Taggart, operator.

## Miss McMunn Is Detailed to Find Out and Marvels at the Intricate Machinery of the Fire Alarm and Telegraph System Once She Locates It.

**By Ella McMunn.**

TO BEGIN with, it wasn't at the count house, as I don't know that anybody said it was, but I just naturally thought so. There's room enough, goodness knows, for about everything, even to the public market, which isn't there of course, but it ought to be. Just think how those farmers, whose money helped to build it would enjoy selling their onions and carrots and cabbages in those marble halls, in out of the rain and cold. But there's one thing sure, when we are all dead and gone and the Hottentots or somebody else have conquered the country and taken possession they will tell you this building down whose alleys you could drive a double row of chariot wheels was the tomb of American kings, and that the court was where they used to throw the bones of the common people.

At the first opening in the wall, where there was any evidence of life or intelligence a lot of unhappy people were lined up handing various small pieces of paper, and getting a small piece of paper in return, so I got in line, and when I got near enough I inquired in my most business-like manner where the fire alarm office was.

Now those people are all right as long as you are handing in money, which they grab at once, and then drop into a sausage grinder which spits out a paper; but the moment you spring a new idea upon them they lose their temper and call the grinders. Anyway, that one did and he just tapped his skull with his forefinger. Poor man! I understood at once that he wished to me the idea that he was "non compos mentis," but had no language in which to express himself. But it wasn't necessary. I understood him perfectly well, and in the "money mad" people I had been hearing about but had not met before, so I started up the lane or the alley, or whatever they call those wide drive-ways up there, until I came to a kind of a menu card which set forth not the price of meat stew, but the location of every office in the building. It began with "Abstract" and ended with "U. S. W. V.," which stands for "United States Wanting Visitation" as near as I could understand the strange scribbling, but to make sure I asked the elevator boy, who said the city hall was the place I wanted.

When I got there I knew the place as well as the pictures, there being a kind of cheese-shaped protuberance of marble and stone and tile bulging out into the yard, on the steps of which stood a griffin, a griffin being petrified forest on the west side of the city. It looked very much like a tobacco colored tooth, but larger. A sign said "weight 100 pounds, perhaps it did. I didn't lift it. There was another rock of dark granite shaped like a tent, on which were such and such and such and such and such ancient Egyptians, and almost expected to find a cinnamome colored mummy standing guard over it. I didn't lift that either. It was larger than the stump.

By that time I was at the fire alarm and telegraph office, and the door being open I walked in. I had a passport signed by the president, a body guard from the militia, a certificate of health, naturalization papers and a receipted bill from my chiropractor. Having none of these, but being discovered with pencil and paper, I was mistaken for a German spy and a rather wide young man poked his finger protectively before a lot of knobs and buttons and handles so I couldn't carry away any secrets, unless perhaps an "X-ray" eye, and from that vantage point he explained to me that I could get out the same way as I got in, could cross the yard, interview the chief, get his permission to return if I passed muster, and then he would explain the system to me.

The chief's back door was open and I walked in. I at once regretted it. I didn't like to bother him. I didn't want to bother anybody else, and I walked without anybody fearing that I had dived in there to swipe the ink bottle or something. It was very terrible, and when the chief finally caught me and looked at me sternly, I felt guilty of all the things I feared he was going to charge me with. I thought I had been carrying in my pocket for three days as a cure for rheumatism.

He took me into what looked like an electrocution room, dim, shadowy, cold. On shelves were hundreds of square bottles, each with a wire pair wires soaking it up. He said they were batteries being charged, and when I asked him if they took them to the furnace when they went, his stern countenance relaxed into a smile that went clear back to his ears, and everything was all right after that. He knew that anybody capable of sending such pocket question wouldn't be likely to carry off state secrets, copper wire or chief operators, so he went back to his work and left me in the care of the wide young man.

There were two men and a clock in the room, I mention they are things because it is customary in streets,

## THE STORY LADY



As they sat upon the bridal bench sure enough the iron wolf came running up and leaped through the rows of soldiers.

## The Iron Wolf

**By Georgene Faulkner.**

HERE was once upon a time, and a long time ago, a person who had a very good servant. Now, after this servant had served his master faithfully and well for 15 long years, he came to the end of his term, and he said to his master, "Maester, will you not pay me all that you owe me and settle up our accounts? I have served you long enough, and now I would like to go out into the world and make a place for myself."

"Very good," said the parson. "You have served me faithfully and well, and I will give you good wages for all these years of service. I will give you this magic egg, and when you reach your home make a big, strong cattle pen and then break the egg in the middle of this pen, and you will see what you will see. But remember my words and do not break the egg on your homeward journey, for if you do so, you will lose all your luck. Now, good-by, and God bless you!"

"Good-by, my kind master, and thank you for my gift," said the servant, and he went on his homeward way. He went on and on, and as he traveled he kept looking at the egg.

"I wonder, now, what is inside of the egg," said the servant. "If I could only peek inside and find out what is there!" And at last he became so curious that he said, "I will break the egg and see what is inside." So he broke the egg and out of it came all sorts of cattle in such numbers that the open steps of the servant's feet were full of them, and he was so amazed and so pleased that he did not know where to go. He walked and ran in all directions. The servant stood still gazing at them in amazement, and then he said, "How can I ever catch them all and drive them home?"

He had scarcely uttered these words when a big iron wolf came running up to him and said, "I will run after your cattle and drive them back into the egg again, and I will catch up the egg so that it will become quite whole if you will do as I say."

"Yes, I will do whatever you wish," said the servant, "if you will only catch all my cattle for me."

"Yes, I will," said the wolf. "I will do so, but in return for the when you sit down on the bridal bench, I will come and eat you." (For you must know that in Russia the bride and

until the time came when the bride and bridegroom were to sit down together upon the bridal bench. Then the general placed a guard of three rows of strong soldiers all around the house, so as not to let the iron wolf in. But no sooner had the young man been coming and he leaped out of the window and mounted his horse and galloped away. The iron wolf rushed through the house and then galloped after the fleet horse and rider.

Faster and faster went the horse and rider, and faster and faster came the iron wolf, but try as hard as he could the wolf could not catch the man. Toward evening the man stopped and looked about him and saw that he was in a lonely forest, and before him stood a small hut. He was so tired from riding that he went up to the hut, and there he saw an old man who was sitting on a bench. "Would you be kind enough to let a weary traveler rest for a little while with you, my good people?"

"By all means," said the man, and "Come in and share our evening meal," said the woman.

"Thank you," said the man, and he went in. The iron wolf was pursuing him. Oh, please do not let him catch me while I am resting here."

"We have a dog named Chutko (which means 'harkener') and he can hear a wolf coming a mile off, and he will bark and warn you. I know." So the young man laid down to sleep and was just dropping

off when Chutko began to bark. "Bow-wow-wow-wow!" Then the old people called out to the young man, "Be off! Be off! For the iron wolf is coming." And they gave him their dog, and a wheaten cake to eat by the wayside.

That evening he rode into another forest, and there he saw another small hut, and he rode up to the door and asked the old couple who lived there to please give him a night's lodging, and he told them how the iron wolf had pursued him all day.

"Have no fear," they answered, "for we have a dog called Bary, and he is so strong and powerful that he can hear a wolf coming 12 miles away. He will let us know."

So he laid down and went to sleep, and early in the morning Bary barked. "Bow-wow-wow-wow!" Then they called to the young man, "You must be off at once, for the iron wolf is after you!"

He rode on and on, and toward evening he found himself in front of another hut in a forest, and when he went into it he found that no one was there. He went and laid down and his dogs laid down also. Presently the iron wolf came trotting up. "Bow-wow-wow-wow-wow-wow!" barked Chutko, and with a growl Bary tore the wolf to pieces.

The young man awoke and mounting his horse and, followed by his faithful dogs, he went home to his wife and child, and they lived happily ever after.

A British aviator has invented a biplane with wings that fold so that it takes up little room on the deck of a ship or in a hangar.

## Schwan Piano Co. Was the First

- to produce a new \$350 grade Piano for \$265
- to produce a new \$600 grade Player-Piano for \$435
- to sell at 25% lower prices and no interest
- thus actually giving the use of piano free for 2 1/2 years
- to sell on the easiest of easy terms without interest
- to sell pianos at \$5 down and \$1.25 weekly or \$6 monthly
- to sell player pianos at \$10 down and \$2 weekly

## Pianos for the Beginners

Do you know that one of the worst things you can do to a child musically is to have him practice on a piano that has no voice? A piano that has no voice is full of discord!

If anyone could be thoroughly good piano a tone full round, rich and mellow, with a new, improved classic action—the Schwan Piano is the beginner whose ear is being trained and whose impressions are tenderest.

Don't let anybody tell you that any sort of an instrument will do; they don't know what they are talking about, or they don't want to know. As first the twig is bent the tree's inclined. It truly is a sin to spoil the musical education of your children by being indifferent about the matter. Buy your child's piano for your own sake, do not still buy a player piano, still buy a player piano, still buy a player piano, still buy a player piano, still buy a player piano.

You don't buy a piano every day or every year, or every ten years if you buy a good one to begin with. If you figure by the years a good piano will last you, you will find how really insignificant is the above cost.

Our advice is worth a good deal to you, but it is free. Our 25 per cent lower prices and no interest produce a saving of \$155.38 upwards to you, when considering same quality pianos sold elsewhere.

**Old Pianos, Organs, Talking Machines Taken in Part Payment.**

**Order Your Piano by Mail**—Read, study and compare our quality; you will learn why we have hundreds of mail-order buyers.

To spur you to quick action we quote prices at more than one-fourth off and no interest. This sale affords an unusual opportunity.

**OUT-OF-TOWN BUYERS—WE FREIGHT AND MAKE FREE DELIVERY OF PIANO TO YOUR HOME** within 300 miles, and the piano will be guaranteed subject to exchange within one year, we allowing the full amount paid. This virtually gives you a one-year trial of the piano you order.

Every piano or player-piano purchased carries with it the Schwan Piano Co. guarantee of satisfaction, as also the usual guarantee from each manufacturer of these new musical instruments. Open Monday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings during this sale. **THE STORE THAT CHANGES NO INTEREST.**

Manufacturers' Coes Distributors, 1000 Broadway, New York City. **Schwan Piano Co. MARY MILLER, IS GAYLE**