

SWISS LEAD IN CARE OF FORESTS

Little County Recognizes Need of Forest Protection and Handle it in a Practical Way.

Switzerland recognized the benefits of forest protection and development 600 years ago, when the forest ordinance of Bern was issued. The Sihwald of Zurich, one of the most perfectly managed and most profitable forests in the world, has been handled under a working plan since 1680. The little Alpine republic still reports progress in forest work, and the American consul, writing from St. Gall, says:

"The government of Switzerland has so carefully regulated the timber output that it has never been permitted to exceed the natural growth. The thick growth of timber on the mountain sides, purposely allowed to become dense, has perceptibly lessened the danger and frequency of avalanches and landslides, which in former times were so frightfully destructive. To control the spring floods in the rivers and streams, massive dams, fortified by thickly planted trees, have been erected at exposed places. In the extraordinary attention paid to its timber lands, the government has taken into account also the necessity for sheltering and pasturing cattle, the maintenance of the soil and the roads.

"The actual forest area of Switzerland comprises 2,205,508 acres, 21.48 per cent of the entire surface of the country, 77,004 of which belongs to the state and 2,128,504 to the cantons, communes, municipalities and private corporations. Seven hundred and eighty-one acres of the state forest are set aside as a nursery. From this nursery in 1908 over 22,000,000 young trees were taken and transplanted in the various forests."

YOUNG BOY MEETS WITH DEATH IN BOILING WATER

TACOMA, Wash., Dec. 6.—After lying in terrible agony as the result of being pushed into a tub of scalding water, the 22-months' old son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Alder, 1926 South O street, died at 1 o'clock last night. The accident happened at 10:30 Sunday morning, when the twin brother of the dead child playfully pushed the unfortunate baby into a washtub filled with boiling water, which the mother was using to scrub the floor.

The child's back was terribly scalded and congestion of the lungs and other internal complications set in soon after the accident.

Dr. James Keho and Dr. P. B. Carter attended the child but were unable to save its life.

IN THE HOME, YES, BUT ELSEWHERE, TOO

Mrs. Belmont Says Woman's Work is the Uplifting of Mankind in General.

NEW YORK, Dec. 6.—In a recent speech Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont asserted that the sphere of woman is not limited to the home, but that her mission is a general one in the uplifting of mankind. She said in part:

"If woman merely strives to produce a home hygienically perfect and a race physically perfect, she is not meeting the obligations of the century.


"Our political household must be regenerated. I am certain this cannot be brought about except through the assistance and co-operation of women."

Medford, Oregon: This certifies that we have sold Hall's Texas Wonder for the cure of all kidney, bladder and rheumatic troubles for ten years, and have never had a complaint. It gives quick and permanent relief. 60 days' treatment in each bottle. Medford Pharmacy.

THAT CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

A nice piece of cabinet work or mission furniture makes an ideal gift, very appropriate and useful. We specialize in making the "out of the ordinary" pieces. In fact, anything in the mission furniture or cabinet work lines made to your order, any finish you may desire. Drop in and get our prices.

MISSION FURNITURE WORKS, Shop near corner Eighth and Holly streets. Phone 3362.



The Riverman

By Stewart Edward White

Copyright, 1908, by the McClure Company. Copyright, 1907, 1908, by Stewart Edward White

Chapter 13

"I HAVE Heinzman's contract all drawn," said Newmark the next morning, "and I think I'll go around with you to the office."

They found the little German awaiting them. Newmark immediately took charge of the interview.

"I have executed here the contract and the bonds secured by Mr. Orde's and my shares of stock in the new company," he explained.

Heinzman reached his hands for the papers, beaming over his glasses at the two young men. As he read, however, his smile vanished.

"What is this?" he inquired, crispness in his voice. "You told me," he accused Orde, "that you were not prepared to break out the rollways. You told me you would expect me to do that for myself. Well, why do you put in this?" reading from the paper in his hand.

"In case said rollways belonging to said parties of the second part are not broken out by the time the drive has reached them, and in case on demand said parties of the second part do refuse or do not exercise due diligence in breaking out said rollways, the said parties of the first part shall themselves break out said rollways, and the said parties of the second part do hereby agree to reimburse said parties of the first part at the rate of a dollar per thousand board feet."

"That is merely to protect ourselves," struck in Newmark.

"But," exploded Heinzman, his face purpling, "a dollar a thousand is absurd!"

"Of course," agreed Newmark. "We expect it to be. It is intended as a penalty in case you don't break out your own rollways in time."

"I will not stand for such foolishness," pounded Heinzman.

"Very well," said Newmark crisply, reaching for the contract.

But Heinzman clung to it.

"It is absurd," he repeated in a milder tone. "See, I will strike it out." He did so with a few dashes of the pen.

"We have no intention," stated Newmark, with decision, "of giving you the chance to hang up our drive."

Heinzman caught his breath.

"So that is what you think?" he shouted. He tore the contract in pieces and threw it in the wastebasket. "Get out of here!" he cried.

Orde's hands twitched nervously.

"You to refuse our offer?"

"Refuse? Yes—you and your whole zapoodle!" yelled Heinzman.

Once in the open street Orde drew a deep breath of relief.

"Whew!" said he. "That was a terror! We've gone off the wrong foot that time."

Newmark was amused.

"You don't mean to say that fooled you?" he marveled.

"What?" asked Orde.

"It was all rubbish. He saw we had spotted his little scheme, and he had to retreat. It was as plain as the nose on your face. We've got an enemy on our hands in any case and one we'll have to look out for. He'll try to make trouble on the river. Perhaps he'll try to block the stream by not breaking his rollways."

The partners hunted out the little frame building in which Johnson conducted his business.

"I see no use in it," said Johnson. "I can run me own without help from any man."

"Which seems to settle that!" said Newmark to Orde after they had left.

"Now," said Newmark as they trudged back to their hotel, "this proposition of Heinzman's has given me an idea. I'm not going to try to sell this stock outside, but to the men who own timber along the river. Then they won't be objecting to the tolls, for if the company makes any profits part will go to them. I'll take these contracts to show we can do the business, and I'll see about incorporation and get a proper office and equipments. Of course we'll have to make this our headquarters."

"I suppose so," said Orde a little blankly. After an instant he laughed. "Do you know, I hadn't thought of that!"

"Also," went on Newmark calmly, "I'll buy the supplies to the best advantage I can."

"And I?" inquired Orde.

"Get the booms built and improve the river. Begin to get your crew. You can start right off. We have my money to begin on."

Orde laughed.

"My! She's a nice big job, isn't she?" he cried joyously.

Chapter 13

"I've asked three or four of the young people for a candy quilt," said she.

"Who, mother?" asked Orde.

"Your crowd—the Smiths, Collinses, Jane Hubbard and Her," said Grandma Orde.

The young people struggled in at an early hour after supper. Orde stepped into the hall to help them with their wraps. He was surprised as he approached Carroll Bishop to find that she was from her shoulders to lift her cloak from her daintily poised head, with its soft, fine hair, came well below the level of his eyes. Somehow her poised, her slender grace of movement and of attitude, had lent her the impression of a stature she did not possess.

"Oh, it is so quaint and delightful," Carroll exhaled slowly, "this dear old house with its low ceilings and its old



"Oh, it is so quaint and delightful," pictures and queer, unexpected things that take your breath away.

"It is one of the oldest houses in town," said Orde, "and I suppose it is picturesque. But, you see, I was brought up here, so I'm used to it."

"Wait until you leave it," said she.

"Then all these things will come back to you to make your heart ache for them."

After the company had gone Orde stood long by the front gate looking up into the infinite spaces. Somehow, and vaguely, he felt the night to be akin to her elusive spirit. Farther and farther his soul penetrated into its depths, and yet other depths lay beyond, other mysteries, other unguessed realms. And yet its beauty was the simplicity of space and dark and the stars.

The next time he saw her was at the house of the friend she visited. Orde was lucky enough to find the girls home and alone. Jane made an excuse and went out. They talked with a considerable approach toward intimacy. Not until nearly time to go did Orde stumble upon the vital point of the evening. He had said something about a plan for the week following.

"But you forget that by that time I shall be gone," said she.

"Gone!" he echoed blankly. "Where?"

"Home," said she. "Don't you remember I am to go Sunday morning?"

"I thought you were going to stay a month."

"I was, but I—certain things came up that made it necessary for me to leave sooner."

"Will you write me occasionally?" he begged.

"As to that"—she began—"I'm a very poor correspondent. I do not make it a custom to write to young men."

"Oh!" he cried, believing himself enlightened. "Will you answer if I write you?"

She began gently to laugh, quite to herself, as though enjoying a joke entirely within her own personal privilege.

"What is your address in New York?" demanded Orde.

She sank into a chair near by with a pretty uplifted gesture of despair.

"I surrender!" she cried, and then she laughed until the tears started from her eyes. "Oh, you are delicious!" she said at last. "Well, listen. I live at 12 West Ninth street. Can you remember that?" Orde nodded.

Two days later Orde saw the train carry her away.

Next Orde assigned two men to each of the queer shaped sawhorses and instructed them to place the horses in a row across the shallowest part of the river and broadside to the stream. This was done. The men, halfway to their knees in the swift water, bore down heavily to keep their charges in place. Other men laid heavy planks side by side perpendicular to and on the upstream side of the horses. The weight of the water clamped them in place. Big rocks and gravel shoveled on in quantity prevented the lower ends from rising. The wide slant of the legs directed the pressure so far downward that the horses were prevented from floating away, and slowly the bulk of the water, thus raised a good three feet above its former level, turned aside into the new channel and poured out to inundate the black ash swamp beyond.

A good volume still poured down to the fall, but it was so far reduced that work became possible.

"Now, boys!" cried Orde. "Lively while we've got the chance!"

The largest apes have only sixteen ounces of brain, the lowest type of man has thirty-nine.

Chapter 14

ON his return home late Monday afternoon Grandma Orde informed the river boss with a shrewd twinkle that she wanted him surely at home the following evening.

THE new firm plunged busily into pressing activities. Orde constantly interviewed men of all kinds—rivermen, mill men, contractors, boat builders, hardware dealers, pile driver captains, builders, wholesale grocery men, cooks, axmen, chore boys—all a little world in itself.

Downstream eight miles, below the mills, and just beyond where the drawbridge crossed over to Monrovia, Duncan McLeod's shipyards steamed and belched and boiled away at two tugboats.

The spring burst into leaf and settled into summer. Orde was constantly on the move. As soon as low wa-

Cost of Electricity

Per week for the average family for heating and cooking

	Breakfast	Baking	Ironing	Dinner	Misc. Day	Supper	Misc. Night	Total
Monday	8.00	11.00	11.00	1.00	1.00	8.00		44.00
Tuesday	8.00	11.00	11.00	1.00	1.00	8.00		44.00
Wednesday	8.00	11.00	11.00	1.00	1.00	8.00		44.00
Thursday	8.00	11.00	11.00	1.00	1.00	8.00		44.00
Friday	8.00	11.00	11.00	1.00	1.00	8.00		44.00
Saturday	8.00	11.00	11.00	1.00	1.00	8.00		44.00
Sunday	8.00	11.00	11.00	1.00	1.00	8.00		44.00
Total	56.00	77.00	77.00	7.00	7.00	56.00		210.00

Our rate for cooking and heating is 5c per K. W. H., making the cost \$1.55 per week

ROGUE RIVER ELECTRIC CO. MEDFORD, OREGON

ter came with midsummer he departed to Redding. Here he joined a crew which Tom North had collected and went to the head of the river. Far back on the headwaters he built a dam. The gate operated simply and could be raised by let loose an entire foot. And, indeed, this was the whole purpose of the dam. It created a reservoir from which could be freed new supplies of water to eke out the dropping spring freshets.

The crew next moved down ten miles to where the river dropped over a rapids full of bowlders. Here were built a row of stone filled log cribs in a double row downstream to define the channel and to hold the drive in it and away from the shallows. At the falls twenty-five miles below Orde purposed his most elaborate bit of rough engineering. The falls, only about fifteen feet high, fell straight to a bed of sheer rock. This had been eaten by the eddies into potholes and crannies until a jagged irregular scoop hollow had formed immediately underneath the fall.

In flood time the water roared through this obstruction in a torrent. The logs plunged end on into the scoop hollow, hit with a crash and were speared out below more or less battered. Sometimes, when the drive brought down a hundred logs together, they failed to shoot over the barrier of the ledge. Then followed a jam, a bad jam, difficult and dangerous to break.

This condition of affairs Orde had determined, if possible, to obviate.

"If," said he to North, "we could carry an apron on a slant from just under the crest and over the potholes it would shoot both the water and the logs off a better angle."

"Sure," agreed North, "but you'll have fun placing your apron with all that water running through. Why, it would drown us!"

"I've got a notion on that," said Orde.

Into the forest went the axmen. The straightest trees they felled, trimmed and dragged down travoy trails they constructed, on sleds they built for the purpose, to the banks of the river. Here they bored the two holes through either end to receive the bolts when later they should be locked together side by side in their places. As fast as they were prepared men with canthooks rolled them down the slope to a flat below the falls.

After the trees had been cut in sufficient number Orde led the way back upstream a half mile to a shallows, where he commanded the construction of a number of exaggerated sawhorses with very widespread slanting legs. When the sawhorses were completed Orde directed the piks and shovels to be brought up.

Orde set his men to digging a channel through the bank. It was no slight job, as the slope down into a swamp began only at a point forty or fifty feet inland; but, on the other hand, the earth was soft and free from rocks. When completed the channel gave passage to a rather feeble streamlet from the outer fringe of the river.

Next Orde assigned two men to each of the queer shaped sawhorses and instructed them to place the horses in a row across the shallowest part of the river and broadside to the stream. This was done. The men, halfway to their knees in the swift water, bore down heavily to keep their charges in place. Other men laid heavy planks side by side perpendicular to and on the upstream side of the horses. The weight of the water clamped them in place. Big rocks and gravel shoveled on in quantity prevented the lower ends from rising. The wide slant of the legs directed the pressure so far downward that the horses were prevented from floating away, and slowly the bulk of the water, thus raised a good three feet above its former level, turned aside into the new channel and poured out to inundate the black ash swamp beyond.

A good volume still poured down to the fall, but it was so far reduced that work became possible.

"Now, boys!" cried Orde. "Lively while we've got the chance!"

The twenty-six foot logs were placed side by side, slanting from a point two feet below the rim of the fall to the ledge below. They were bolted together top and bottom through the four holes bored for that purpose. The task finished, they piled the dash boards from the improvised dam, piled them neatly beyond reach of high water, rescued the sawhorses and piled them also for a possible future use and blocked the temporary channel. The river, restored to its immemorial channel by these men who had so unconsciously turned it aside, roared on. Orde and his crew tramped back to the falls and gazed on their handiwork with satisfaction. Instead of plunging over an edge into a turmoil of foam and eddies, now the water flowed smoothly, almost without a break, over an incline of thirty degrees.

"Logs'll slip over that slick as a gun barrel," said Tom North.

Quite cheerfully they took up their long, painstaking journey back down the river.

The trail led the crew through many minor labors, all of which consumed time. At Reed's mill Orde entered into diplomatic negotiations with old man Reed, whom he found singularly amenable. The skirmish in the spring seemed to have taken all the fight out of him, or perhaps, more simply, Orde's attitude toward him at that time had won him over to the young man's side. Orde's crew built a new sluiceway and gate far enough down to assure a good head in the pond above.

In September the crew had worked down as far as Redding, leaving behind them a river harnessed for their uses. Remained still the forty miles between Redding and the lake. Orde here paid off his men. A few days' work with a pile driver would fence the principal shoals from the channel.

He stayed overnight with his parents and took the train for Monrovia to meet Newmark.

"Hello, Joe!" greeted Orde, his teeth flashing in contrast to the tan of his face. "I'm done. Anything new since you wrote last?"

Newmark had acquired his articles of incorporation and sold his stock. Perhaps his task had in it as much of difficulty as Orde's taming of the river. Certainly he carried it to as successful a conclusion. The bulk of the stock he sold to log owners. Some blocks even went to Chicago. His own little fortune of twenty thousand he paid in for the shares that represented his half of the majority retained by himself and Orde. The latter gave a note at 10 per cent for his proportion of the stock. Newmark then borrowed fifteen thousand more, giving as security a mortgage on the company's newly acquired property—the tugs, booms, buildings and real estate. Thus was the financing determined. It left the company with obligations of \$1,500 a year in interest, expenses which would run heavily into the thousands and an obligation to make good outside stock worth at par exactly \$10,000. In addition Orde had charged against his account a burden of \$2,000 a year interest on his personal debt. To offset these liabilities, outside the river improvements and equipments, which would hold little or no value in case of failure, the firm held contracts to deliver about 100,000,000 feet of logs. After some discussion the partners decided to allow themselves \$2,500 apiece by way of salary.

"The only point that is at all risky to me," said Newmark, "is that we have only one season contracts. If for any reason we hang up the drive or fail to deliver promptly we're going to get left the year following, and then it's bust—bust."

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

in all its branches is our specialty. Specifications on contracts regardless of their size promptly furnished and satisfaction guaranteed. We also carry the finest line of Art Fixtures and General Electrical Supplies between Portland and San Francisco. If your house needs wiring, your motor repaired, or you need fixtures of any description, give us a trial.

Southern Oregon Electric Company

PHONE 1091. 36 S. GRAPE ST.

PLUMBING

Steam and Hot Water Heating. All work guaranteed. Prices reasonable. I. F. MOORE AND E. E. SMITH. Old Tribune Building. Phone 2931.

The New Improved Aladdin INCANDESCENT KEROSENE MANTLE LAMP.

Costs One Cent for Six Continuous Hours' Burning. Brightest, purest and safest light. It saves Oil, requires little care, burns without noise or odor—can't explode. For sale by W. E. STACY, E. C. AYLER, Gen. Agents. AGENTS WANTED. Lamps to be had at Strang's Drug Store.

M. M. HERMAN. C. H. HERMAN.

HERMAN BROTHERS

Dealers in HARNESS, SADDLES, ROBES, WHIPS, TENTS, WAGON COVERS, HORSE BLANKETS, ETC.

All kinds of custom work and repairing done on short notice. 317 East Seventh Street. MEDFORD, OREGON

CRESTBROOK ORCHARD TRACTS

5 - 10 - 20 Acres

Adjoining Hillcrest orchard and contain unexcelled deep, rich soil. Reasonable prices and generous terms.

OREGON ORCHARDS SYNDICATE

SELLING AGENTS ROGUE RIVER VALLEY