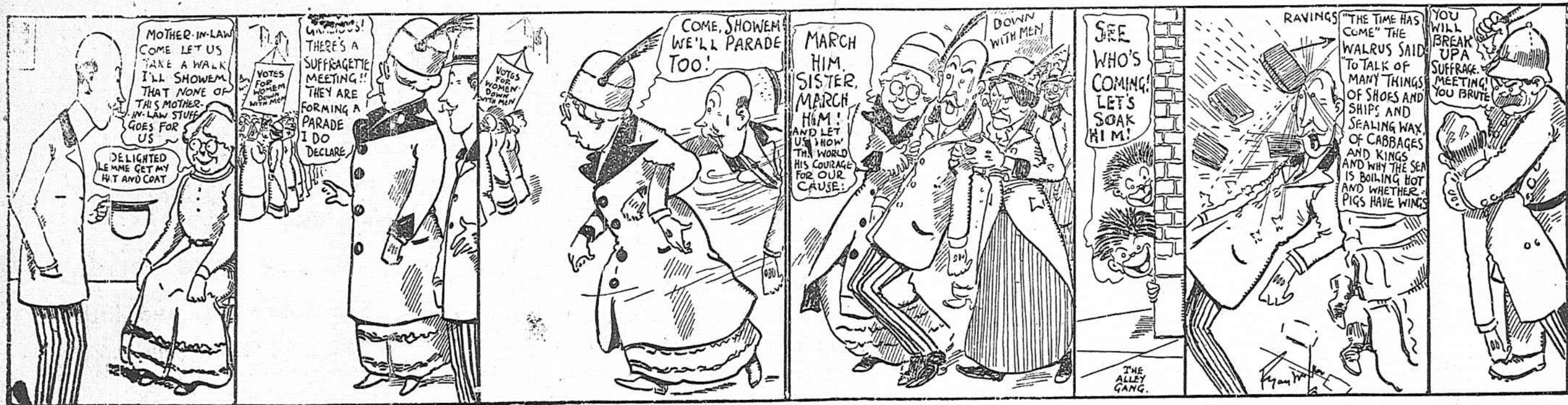


Mr. I. L. Showem

He Goes Out for a Walk with Mother-in-Law

By Ryan Walker.



"WHERE ROLLS the OREGON"



Cape Horn, 2,500 Feet High

Cape Disappointment Lighthouse at Mouth of Columbia

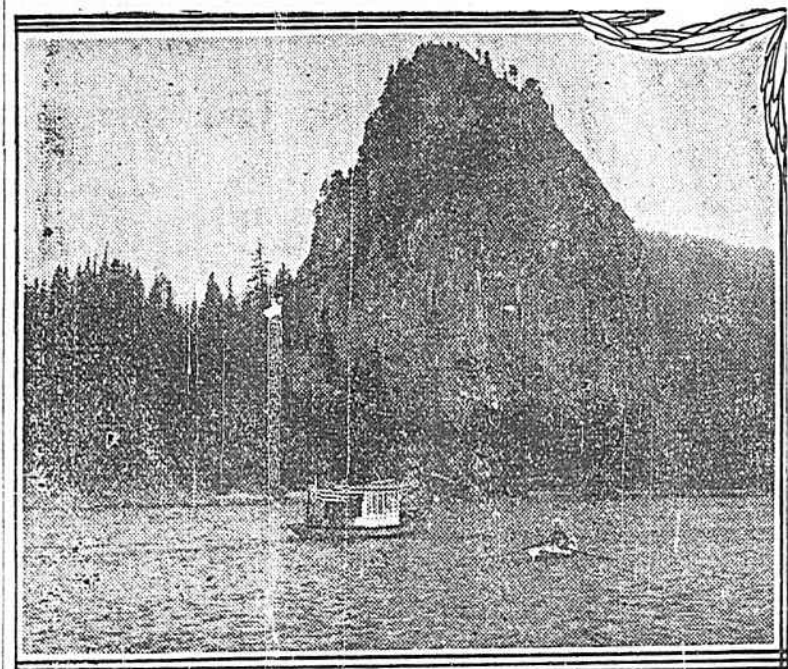
A movement is on foot to improve the Columbia river above the Dalles and in this way open a long stretch of the Upper Columbia and Snake rivers to navigation. If this is accomplished it will be an important link in the great scheme of inland waterways. Upon this arm of the sea have floated the ships that were with Dewey at Manila and with Sampson at Santiago. The commerce of the world enters its waters. Cargoes of tea, lumber, flour and wheat pass over it and its foreign trade averages twelve million dollars a year.

The Columbia is the only freshwater harbor on the Northwest coast of our states. With its tributaries it drains areas of New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Maryland. More than this, it is the scenic wonder of the Northwest. Its gorge is stupendous and its mighty current puts to shame even the Mississippi, to which in size it is a close second.

Though this mighty river is a thriving rival of the railroads its history calls to every traveler on its waters. People this stream with Juan de Fuca, Bering, Gray and a long roll of Spanish adventurers and the Indians that preceded them, and every headland will speak of thrilling incidents. It was in 1805 that travel-stained and weary Lewis and Clark, those doughty soldiers, reached the mouth of the Columbia after traveling 4,000 miles from their starting point. They had crossed the Rockies and traveled along the Missouri. After reaching the Columbia, they passed the winter in the camp on the Oregon side at a place they called Fort Clatsop after a neighboring tribe of Indians. Captain Gray had already entered the river's mouth and gave it the name of his noble ship, but it remained for Lewis and Clark to influence the United States to follow up the claim based on Gray's discovery and to hold the country west of the Rockies and south of the 49th parallel.

One other name this mighty stream has borne—and this is "the Oregon." Its origin is shrouded in mystery—one of the many that envelope this stream—but it is known that Carver used the word in describing a river which he said the Indians told him flowed to the West and was so named. Jefferson used the word Oregon in his instructions to Lewis and Clark, but it was really Bryant's "Thanatopsis," that brought the name "Oregon" into notice. Columbia or Oregon. It presents many phases of wild nature. The usual trip for sight-seers is to the coast where is the old fur trading post, Astoria, and up the river to the Dalles, but there is a delightful stretch in Canada where the river winds between the foothills of the Rockies and the Selkirk. In one place it widens into one of its mother lakes, Lake Windermere. Just below are salmon spawning grounds where twenty years ago the Kootenay Indians fish in one night, but this has ceased since the salmon industry has been carried on so vigorously near its mouth. Another fascinating stretch of the Upper Columbia is where it widens into Arrow Lakes, here the scenery reminds one of the Scotch lakes.

The historian will wish to take a boat to Astoria and follow the course made memorable by Lewis and Clark and agents of John Jacob Astor. This part of the river, though not as picturesque as the Upper Columbia, teems with history. At its mouth the river is seven miles wide and its tide is so great it can be felt one hundred and fifty miles. There are many reminders of a hundred years ago—among them Tongue's Point, Chinook Point, Gray's Bay and Astoria. The view from the lighthouse at Cape



Castle Rock

Indian have vanished and steamboats have taken their place. At the entrance to the Gorge one catches a first glimpse of the titanic forms that border on each side of the river.

It is also apparent why the Cascade Mountains are so named. Down the rocky sides of the huge balastic projections that stand up sheer from the stream are numerous beautiful little falls. They pour from every crevice, often from the mountain tops and in one place at least twelve of these cascades with their foaming spray can be seen glistening like snow wreaths. Some send down tiny threads of foam, others are beautiful hidden in evergreen nooks, and still others spread over broad ledges like veils. The most beautiful of these is Multnomah Falls, 800 feet high, a cascade in two groups, long, flimsy and falling with wonderful grace and gentleness. Other noted falls are Bridal Veil, Latourelle, Horse Tail and Oneonta.

Cape Horn is the most prominent projection on the Columbia banks. It consists of pillars of 500 to 2,000 ft.

high. The steamer passes close to this rock and by its side looks diminutive. Further on is Castle Rock, and immediately following is the odd Bridge of the Gods. From abutments on the mountain sides one can understand that the Indians may have some foundation for their story that there once existed a natural bridge which spanned the river. The Indians say they were able to cross the stream dryshod and account for the disappearance of the bridge in various ways. One legend tells that a dusky maiden on the Oregon side was stolen by her enemies on the other side of the river. When her friends pursued, the Indian tried to escape across the bridge and in revenge the gods let the bridge fall. This is but one of several fanciful tales. Scientists think that there may have been an uplift across the stream, which if composed

river begins to compress into a narrow channel. An interesting phase of the Columbia River is the old Indian burial grounds. Many of these were situated on islands near the Great Falls and years ago the graves contained many pieces of pottery and Indian ornaments. Another curious Indian cemetery existed for years on the bank of the river. Time and progress of civilization have changed this old spot, but early explorers found vaults over the doors of which were painted colored totems in the forms of animals. Many kettles, baskets and medicine bags have been taken from these graves and remains of skulls show that this tribe had some method of flattening the skull similar to that employed by the Cliff dwellers.

A trip can be taken up the navigable Upper Columbia and back by boat in one day, or the journey can be made both by boat and rail. Either way one enjoys unconventional nature, holding forth in wild, riotous and stormy moods. No softening hand has changed the savage cliffs, changeful waters, dangerous falls and dainty cataracts.

The tremendous intensity of this river looks as if it might last forever, no matter how much commerce may pass over its waters. The bar at its mouth was long ago robbed of its errors and the lighthouses throw their gleams across this stretch which once was considered so dangerous.

The salmon fishers with their nets and fish wheels now ply their trade along the banks near which Lewis and Clark once made a salt camp. It is an interesting business—this salmon catching, but that is another story. The mighty Columbia is first and always a scenic wonder.

Once it was the storm center in Anglo-American politics regarding the international boundary. Today, it is a stream rich in historic associations and vast in economic resources. If the dangerous parts be made safe. If the dangerous parts can be made safe, there seems little limitation in the part it will play in the scheme of inland waterways.

Prophecy Being Fulfilled. In June, 1873, according to the Philadelphia North American, Edward J. Ryan, chief justice of the supreme court of Wisconsin, gave this prophetic warning to the graduating class of the University of Wisconsin: "There is looming up a new and dark power. I can not dwell upon the signs and shocking omens of its advent. The accumulation of individual wealth seems to be greater than it ever has been since the downfall of the Roman empire. The enterprises of the country are aggregating vast corporate combinations of unexampled capital, boldly marching, not for economic conquests only, but for political power. We see their colors, we hear their trumpets, we distinguish the sound of preparation in their camps."

For the first time in our politics, money is taking the field as an organized power. It is unscrupulous, arrogant and overbearing. Already here at home, one great corporation has trifled with the sovereign power and insulted the state. There is grave fear that it and its great rival have confederated to make partition of the state and share it as spoils.

"Wealth has its rights. Industrious wealth has its honors. This it is the duty of the law to assert and protect, though wealth has great power of self-protection and influence beyond the limits of integrity. But money as a political influence is essentially corrupt; it is one of the most dangerous to free institutions; by far the most dangerous to the free and just administration of the law. It is entitled to fear if not to respect."

"The question will arise, and arise in your day, though perhaps not fully in mine; which shall rule, wealth or man; which shall lead, money or intellect; who shall fill public station, educated and patriotic freemen or the feudal serfs of corporate capital?"

The prophecy of Judge Ryan is being rapidly fulfilled almost to the letter. He certainly knew what he was talking about when he made it. It took the people a long time to catch on, but we believe they have their eyes open at last, and it begins to look as if the thieves trusts will be called to account.

Breaks the Record. The St. Matthews correspondent of The State says: "Several days ago one Bill Plush, a negro, broke the man-shooting record by wounding five other negroes at one time at a hot supper. One Charles Staley, a negro living on the opposite side of the county, out-distanced Plush the other day in his race for the pennant for the number of men shot at one time. Staley went out on the warpath and succeeded in pumping lead into 11 of his brethren before his ammunition gave out. So far as can be ascertained this is a record-breaker." Staley must have been loaded up on mean booze or cocaine.

5 or 6 doses "666" will cure any case of Chills and Fever. Price 25 cents.

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