

"A TRAMP ABROAD."

Interesting Letter from Mr. August J. Rehbein.

(Continued.)

We left Seattle, Washington, on Wednesday evening at 10:45, and arrived at Portland, Oregon, Thursday morning at 7 o'clock. After breakfast we went to the Tilford building, where we met Mr. and Mrs. William McClure, who are in business here, and their niece, Miss Lilabelle Finger, friends of ours from the Hudson River Valley, N. Y. We owe many thanks to these people for their generous and kind treatment to us while in their city. Mr. McClure and Miss Finger gave us their time for the whole day, and in that period, with the aid of an automobile ride, and several street car trips we were able to see and form a very good idea of the City of Portland.

At Council Crest, a twenty minute trolley ride from the heart of Portland, we were twelve hundred feet above the city. It was a clear, bright day, and here a panorama was unfolded, embracing the City of Portland, Oregon City, historic old Vancouver, across in the state of Washington, and the Willamette and Columbia rivers. We could see five white, glittering snow-crowned mountain peaks. Mt. Rainier 14,526 feet high, and one hundred and five miles away; Mt. Helens, elevation 9,750 feet, fifty three miles away; Mt. Adams 12,470 feet, distance 74 miles; Mt. Hood 11,226 feet, distance 51 miles, and Mt. Jefferson 11,000 feet, seventy miles away. The central figure of the scene from this point is Mt. Hood, and it is a revelation to those who have never feasted their eyes on such a sight. We cannot describe it. This fascinating picture will long dwell in our memory when many others are forgotten.

We visited Portland Heights and the City Park, two of the most beautiful spots in Portland, also the location of the Lewis and Clark exposition grounds, which Fair was held here in 1905. The unique Forestry building, the most noted feature of this Fair, has been left standing and is open to visitors. It is a large log cabin, similar to the one at Seattle, 206 feet long, 102 feet wide, and 72 feet high, built of huge logs, fifty feet long, left in their rough state, and averaging five to six feet in diameter. Grand, massive and dignified, it stands there in its glory, and fills us with awe and admiration as we walk through this building. Some of the other buildings are still there, but fast going to ruin.

Portland is a city of great charm, superbly set in a valley and among rolling hills. Delightfully situated upon the banks of the Willamette river, twelve miles from the junction with the mighty Columbia, it is a thriving up-to-date city, the oldest and largest in size in the northwest, covering an area of about forty-five square miles, and has a population of more than two hundred thousand. Portland is called the "Rose City," and it is well deserving of the name. Nearly every inhabitant has his favorite variety and in every yard they are to be seen blooming in great profusion. We were told that February 22d, Washington's birthday, was called "Rose Planting Day," when every citizen planted extra rose bushes to supply roses for the annual week of festival, held early in June of each year.

Portland's business district is solid and imposing. The streets are well paved and shaded by trees that form a background for the clustering roses, and green, well kept lawns of the residential district. They have thirty-six public schools, housed in modern buildings and employing more than four hundred teachers. A large public library, has fifty thousand volumes at the service of the reading public. There are one hundred and twenty-one churches in Portland, some of them remarkable for their architectural beauty. The day we were there Baptist ministers from all parts of the United States, north of the Mason and Dixon line, were flocking into the city to attend the annual convention of the North Baptist Association, that was to be held at the famous Baptist White Temple, the next day.

Portland can justly feel proud of her hotels, they are first-class and modern in equipment.

The distance from Portland to the sea is 110 miles, and the largest ships come up the Columbia river to Portland's wharves. It is said to be the largest fresh water harbor on the Pacific coast.

We were very tired after such a busy day, but wanted to meet our former Honesdale friend, Mrs. Dora Cady Smith, who is living in Portland, with her husband, Mr. F. E. A. Smith, who is secretary of the Y. M. C. A.

We telephoned to her that we were to leave on the evening train and asked if she would meet us at the station. Both Mr. and Mrs. Smith were there, and we had a delightful visit for half an hour. They both are enjoying good health and like it very much at Portland. Mrs. Smith wished to be kindly remembered to all inquiring friends, especially to her former scholars of the Honesdale High school. Our train is waiting, the conductor is calling "all aboard," we say "good bye" and at 7:45 start for California.

This trip from Portland, Oregon, to California, can be made either by Pacific coast steamers down the

Columbia river, southward upon the waters of the Pacific, through the Golden Gate to San Francisco, or by the "Shasta Route" Southern Pacific Railroad. We selected the latter. It was nearly 10 o'clock at night when we passed through Salem, the capital of Oregon. The next morning found us up early. We were passing through the Rogue River Valley. A gentleman in our car, an extensive fruit buyer, gave us some idea of the value of orchard lands in this valley, brought about by irrigation. He said that seven acres planted in Newtown Pippin apples, yielded six thousand boxes, bringing the owner fifteen thousand dollars—over two thousand dollars per acre. A Mr. Young, of New York City, told us a few days ago, that a young man left Johnsonburg, N. J., eight years ago, with six hundred dollars, bought a farm in the northwest, put out fruit trees, and a few weeks ago returned to his native home, and deposited ninety thousand dollars in the bank. We make no comments. These figures speak for themselves.

Leaving the Rogue River Valley, we pass through Klamath Valley and soon come to the base of the Siskiyou mountain range. The usual features of mountain engineering are seen here, heavy grades, trestles, bridges, a pathway gouged out of the sides of reluctant mountains. The view is incomparable, and as we turn with a last lingering look at the valley far below, there is a darkening and we are in a tunnel, crossing the range. In a few minutes we emerge. We have passed the summit at an elevation of 4114 feet, and we go swinging down into the Sacramento Canyon, the headwaters of the Sacramento River. All along this part of the river are summer outing spots, such as Shasta Springs; Shasta Retreat, Castle Crags, Castle Rock, Upper Soda Springs, Neys Springs and they are crowded every summer with visitors from the great valleys below. Early in the afternoon, away to our left, we began to catch glimpses of that grand, majestic Mt. Shasta, whose snow-capped peak pierces the clouds. Soon it appears in all its glory and we have it in sight some two or three hours.

Mt. Shasta rises about 11,000 feet above the valleys at its base, and its total elevation is 14,389 feet above the level of the sea. It is said to have five glaciers, the largest being something more than two miles long, and the ice is several hundred feet thick. Flanking Shasta on the right you see a prominent black butte, conical in shape, noted on the maps as Muir peak, but known in general as Black Butte. While not being particularly noteworthy, either as to actual or relative elevation, it is a very striking and conspicuous object. Some in our car were estimating the distance from our train to the foot of Shasta. One fellow said he could walk there in half an hour, another said it was at least four miles away. We guessed ten miles. Upon inquiry at Sisson station, our nearest point, we learned it was twelve miles to the foot and about twenty-eight miles to the summit of Mt. Shasta. A stop of fifteen minutes is made at Shasta Springs. We all got out to take a drink of the noted Shasta water. This water, gushing up out of the earth, pure, sparkling and charged with carbonic acid gas, is fine. We were told that one could drink it in large quantities without fear of unpleasant consequences. As we pass on, a grand spectacular procession of old crags presents itself on our right; a sheer wall of rock thousands of feet high, pointing skyward with spires, turrets and towers, like a mediaeval castle. They call them "Castle Crags." Seen from the train they form a beautiful picture with the blue sky as a background. Leaving the crags, we follow the winding Sacramento river down through the valleys as we retire for the night. Early the next morning our train pulls into the station at Sacramento, the capital of California. We can see the dome of the State House in the distance. After a twenty minutes' stop we again proceed on our way. At Benicia our entire train is ferried across the straits of Carquinez, to Port Costa. We follow the Bayshore, pass 15th street station, Oakland, to Oakland Pier, and cross the bay by ferry to San Francisco.

We were met at the ferry building by Mr. Charles Cortright, cashier in the ticket office at the ferry station of the U. P. R. R., San Francisco. Mr. Cortright is a son of Mr. W. C. Cortright, Erie agent at Lackawaxen, Pa., and at one time assisted his father there. Mr. Cortright invited us to spend a day with him on our return from Los Angeles. We accepted, and a week later had a delightful visit with both Mr. and Mrs. Cortright at their cosy home in Berkeley. On our first visit we had four hours at our disposal, before leaving on the Coast line for the south, so we made use of this time by taking a ride on one of that sight-seeing trolley cars. Starting from the ferry building at 1:30 p. m., and wending our way past large mercantile institutions, clubs, parks, hotels, churches, city and government buildings and a hundred other interesting points. We will only mention a few: Golden Gate Park, said to be the third largest park in the world, four miles long by two miles wide; the new Cliff House, built on a rocky bluff overlooking the ocean; the Seal rocks. There were no seals on the day we were there. Sutro Heights and Presido, headquarters of the

army. Here are located the great guns defending the city and harbor. Mission Dolores, the oldest church in the city, founded in 1776, by Father Junipero Serra. The old cemetery, in which the first interment was made in 1776, adjoins the church. New buildings of the most modern construction and artistic architecture are rapidly replacing those which were destroyed in the disastrous fire of April, 1906. The City Hall still remains, in ruins. San Francisco practically dates from the discovery of gold in California, and no city has a more remarkable history, except perhaps Seattle, Wash. To begin with, San Francisco sits at the head of a peninsula, upon a score of hills overlooking a beautiful bay on the east, and the Golden Gate, and the wide expanse of the Pacific on the west. It seems like a miracle as the tale is told of the discovery of gold in El Dorado county, on the south fork of the American river, near Coloma, by James W. Marshall on Jan. 24, 1848. San Francisco had at that time a total population of 300 persons, and to-day they estimate its population at 500,000. We returned from our sight-seeing trip in time to catch the 4 o'clock Coast line train. A week later we spent a day in and around San Francisco. At Berkeley, we called on Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Schuller and Mr. Clarence Decker. Found them all very well. Mr. Decker was about to leave for the mountains for a rest. He has been the chief architect at the rebuilding of the Palace Hotel. We also visited the University of California with its thirty-two buildings and its beautiful grounds, and the Greek Theatres. Here is an open-air auditorium with a seating capacity of over 10,000 people, built of solid concrete and patterned after the ancient, classic structure at Epidaurus.

In the afternoon we took a trip to Mt. Tamalpais. Leaving San Francisco at one-thirty we had a fine ride across San Francisco Bay, giving us a view of Goat Island, Alcatraz Island, Angel Island, Fort Point, Fort Baker, and the Golden Gate, landing at Sausalito. From Sausalito to Mill Valley by a third rail electric train. Here observation cars, pushed by a mountain climbing traction engine, take us eight

miles up the mountain, over the crookedest railroad in the world, around the famous double-bow knot, where the track of the railroad parallels itself five times within a distance of about 300 feet, to the top of the mountain 2,592 feet above sea level. The view from this point is unsurpassed; to the west is the Pacific Ocean; to the south the Santa Cruz range, with Mt. Hamilton fifty miles away in the distance; San Francisco, the Golden Gate and the Bay at our feet; to the southeast Mt. Diablo 36 miles away, pushes its great bulk above the Coast range; while to the north the gray, volcanic cone of Mt. St. Helena 50 miles away, lifts its graceful summit to view. It was a beautiful, clear day and the view was excellent.

The Associated Press had this item in the San Francisco paper under date of July 9th, 1909: "Mount Tamalpais, famous among tourists as the location of the crookedest railroad, and almost equally noted as the most conspicuous scenic point about San Francisco Bay, soon will be converted into a vast public park. At the head of the committee promoting the affair is Mr. William Kent, who gave the great red-woods to the Government for a national park."

Our next letter will tell of our trip down the Coast line to Los Angeles, and of our impressions of Southern California.

AUGUST J. REHBEIN.

Going Berrying.

The pleasure of huckleberrying is partly in the season—the late summer time, from mid-July to September. The poignant joys of early spring are passed, and the exuberance of early summer, while the keen stimulus of fall has not yet come. Things are at a poise. The haying is over; the meadows, shorn of their rich grass, lie tawny-green under the sky, and the world seems bigger than before. It is not a time for dreams nor a time for exploits, it is a time for—for—well, for berrying!

But you must choose your days carefully, as you do your fishing and hunting days. The berries "bite best" with a brisk west wind, though a south one is not to be de-

spised, and a north one, rare at this season, gives a pleasant suggestion of fall while the sun has still all the fervor of summer. Choose a sky that has clouds in it, too, for you will feel their movement even when you do not look up. Then take your pall and set out. Do not be in a hurry, and do not promise to be back at any definite time. And, finally, either go alone or with just the right companion. I do not know any circumstances wherein the choice of a companion needs more care than in berrying. It may make or mar the whole adventure.—August Atlantic.

SOME GOOD POSITIONS.

Supervisors of State Census and Enumerators.

There are twenty-three excellent positions in the State to be soon given. They are those of supervisors of the census, and will be given by the President, when the tariff bill is disposed of.

While there is no hurry about the matter, the politicians cannot let good positions carrying \$2,500 per annum with them pass them. The state has been districted, and for the 32 congressional districts there will be but 23 supervisors. It is said that there are several candidates for the office in this county, but they are keeping quiet.

For Philadelphia, which contains six districts, there will be but one supervisor, and the same for Allegheny county. There will be one supervisor for Chester and Delaware counties, one for Montgomery and Bucks, and one for Lehigh and Berks, one for Lancaster and one for York and Adams.

So it will go through all the districts in the eastern section of the state. Supervisors will have an army of enumerators to appoint, but there will be one for each election district.

The number to be chosen will be determined upon later. The supervisors will begin their duties practically about January 1, next, while the enumerators will not begin until April 15 next. The patronage in all cases will come directly under the congressmen, and this plum will go far toward helping some of those in doubt of re-nomination next year.

Beware of the Fly.
Screen all windows and doors, especially in the kitchen and dining room. If you see flies, you may be sure that their breeding place is in nearby filth. It may be behind the door, under the table or in the cuspidor. If there is no dirt and filth there will be no flies.

Have The Citizen in your home.

NEW SUMMER SUITS
at MENER & CO'S Stores



Menner & Co's Store.

30th BIRTHDAY OF THE REIF SHOE BUSINESS

Thirty-day Anniversary Sale commencing Monday, August 2; greatest opportunity ever offered in high grade shoes.



REIF'S RED STONE FRONT.

No approvals! No C. O. D.'s. No exchanges. No charging. No regular prices. Every shoe in the store sold at a big reduction.



—ALL—

- \$4.00 Walk-Over Oxfords, price now, - - - - - \$2.98
- \$3.50 Walk-Over Oxfords, price now, - - - - - \$2.48
- \$3.00 Blit-Well Oxfords, price now, - - - - - \$2.25



—ALL—

- \$4.00 Walk-Over Shoes, price now, - - - - - \$3.48
- \$3.50 Walk-Over Shoes, price now, - - - - - \$2.98
- \$3.00 Blit-Well Shoes, price now, - - - - - \$2.48
- \$2.50 Shoes for Men, price now \$1.98
- \$2.00 Shoes for Men, price now \$1.58



—ALL—

- \$3.00 Queen Quality Oxfords, \$2.48
- \$2.50 Queen Quality Oxfords, \$1.98
- \$2.00 Boston Favorite Oxfords, \$1.58
- \$1.50 Ladies' & Misses' Oxfords 98c.



—ALL—

- \$4.00 Queen Quality Shoes \$3.48
- \$3.50 Queen Quality Shoes, \$2.98
- \$3.00 Queen Quality Shoes, \$2.48



—ALL—

- \$2.00 Shoes in the store, - \$1.68
- \$1.50 Shoes in the store, - \$1.28
- \$1.25 Shoes in the store, - - 98c.
- \$1.00 Shoes in the store - - 78c.