TO BOULEVARD THE OLD OREGON TRAIL

ON THE OLD OREGON TRAIL

TO BUILD an automobile road from the Missouri river to the mouth of the Columbia, following the route of the old Oregon Trail, is the ambitious project that has received the indorsement of automobile clubs, good roads associations and men prominent in state and national affairs. As yet the project is little more than a dream—but it is of the kind of dreams that come true.

Although the old Oregon Trail started at Independence, Mo., and properly terminated at The Dalles, Ore., it is planned to start its successor (to be known as the Pioneer Way) at St. Louis, and to continue it on to the mouth of the Columbia, a total distance of approximately 2,500 miles. When completed, it will be unsurpassed among the world's highways in historic associations, and in the variety, beauty and sublimity of the natural scenery along the way. It will traverse or enter seven states, cross the roof of the continent at an elevation of 7,450 feet, and finally descend to sea level. It will pass through the wheat and corn fields of Kansas and Nebraska, cross the high plains of Wyoming, traverse the newly irrigated lands of Idaho, and give a glimpse of the famous "Inland Empire" of eastern Oregon.

From St. Louis, the Pioneer Way will follow the Missouri to Independence. Thence it will go up the Little Blue river, reaching the Platte at Grand Island. For 650 miles it will follow the Platte and Sweetwater, to South Pass—that hardly perceptible crossing of the Rocky mountains, 7,450 feet above the sea. For 100 miles the route lies over an almost level plateau, 7,000 feet and more in height. This long stretch, with snowy mountains in sight for much of the way on both the north and the south, far from centers of population, in a region absolutely uninhabited and uninhabitable, the old Oregon Trail is much the same today as it was 50 years ago, with the exception that the thousands who then traversed it have disappeared, and that it has relapsed into its primeval solitude. Mile after mile of the roadbed is as distinctly marked as ever, worn by the wheels of tens of thousands of prairie schooners, and the hoofs of millions of draft animals and pack animals to a depth of from two to fifteen feet, and to a width of anywhere from twelve to one hundred feet.

When Green river is crossed, with its rocks and palisades. Farther on is the ford of Bear river, after which the stream is followed for forty miles to Soda Springs, 1,170 miles from Independence. Here the later California Trail turned off to the southwest. The road to Oregon continued on to the Raft river, where the old California Trail—the one followed by the "Forty-niners"—diverged to the south. Then down the Snake river ran the road to Oregon. This will be the most picturesque and beautiful long stretch of the Pioneer Way—just as it was the most difficult part of the Oregon Trail. Past American falls, Twin falls, Shoshone falls (called the Niagara of the west), Upper and Lower Salmon falls, down Boise river, up the seemingly impossible face of the Blue mountains, through the pleasant valleys of great pine forests, across a sun-cursed desert, and at last to the broad Columbia. Where the trail first strikes it, the Columbia is a mile wide; but it soon reaches the remarkable chasm known as the Dalles, where it is pent between rock walls only 190 to 200 feet wide, and where the plummet has never sounded its depth. Here is literally a "river set on edge."

Pleads for the Old Trail.

Present day interest in the Oregon Trail is attributed solely to the efforts of Ezra Meeker of Puyallup, Wash., who for five years has devoted himself to a unique campaign to secure the speedy marking and ultimate boulevarding of the old highway. He came to Oregon in 1852, when he became a prominent figure among the pioneers, and made and lost several fortunes. On January 28, 1906, he started on what he calls his Oregon Trail Monument Expedition. As an object lesson to the vast majority, who know prairie schooners and "bull teams" only through the medium of books and pictures, he drives a team of trained oxen, hitched to an old-fashioned prairie schooner. On his first expedition, he traversed every mile of the trail to Independence, then continued on to New York city, and finally to Washington, reaching the national capital November 29, 1907. It was his intention to ask congress at that time to appropriate funds to make of the Oregon trail a national highway; but from this he was dissuaded by President Roosevelt, who advised him to content himself with the comparatively modest request for an appropriation sufficient to place monuments and markers along the route.

Meeker spent the winter of 1909-10 campaigning through California, in the endeavor to arouse the interest and secure the co-operation of the people of that state. He has addressed more than 100,000 school children, hundreds of public meetings in town halls, churches, schoolhouses and public squares, and thousands of street corner crowds. Furthermore, he has secured the erection of 22 monuments to mark the trail, has inscribed 24 boulders and erected many wooden posts. He has ascertained that 700 monuments will be necessary to adequately mark the entire route, and that the approximate cost will be about $85,000. Through his efforts bills were introduced in both the Sixtieth and Sixty-first congresses, providing for the appropriation of $50,000 for the marking of the trail; but these bills never came up for action.

The Oregon and the Santa Fe Trails both started at Independence, Mo. For 41 miles they were identical, but where the town of Gardner now stands the Santa Fe Trail bore off to the southwest, and the newer route turned to the northwest. At the point of separation a sign board indicated the northern route, with the simple legend, "Road to Oregon." It followed the direction of the Kansas and Little Blue rivers to the Platte, reaching that stream near Grand Island. It followed the Platte and Sweetwater for a distance of 650 miles, to South Pass—that hardly perceptible crossing of the Rockies, 950 miles from the Missouri river. Green river was crossed, and then came Fort Bridger, 1,070 miles from Independence. Sixty miles farther on was the ford of Bear river, which was followed for 40 miles, to Soda Springs, 1,170 miles from the starting point. Here the later California Trail turned off to the southwest. The road to Oregon continued on to Fort Hall, 1,288 miles from Independence, at the first crossing of the Snake river. Forty-five miles farther west, at the Raft river, the old California Trail diverged to the south—the trail followed by the "Forty Niners," but later abandoned in favor of the better road that left the main trail at Soda Springs. Then down the Snake valley, across the Blue mountains, through the valley of the Umatilla, treked the pioneers. The distance from the Missouri river to Fort Vancouver was 2,020 miles, and to the mouth of the Columbia 2,134 miles.

In 1849 occurred the great migration—the historic march of the "Forty-Niners" to the gold fields of California. Crowds began gathering along the Missouri early in April, and by the last of that month it was estimated that 20,000 people were encamped waiting for the grass to grow sufficiently to insure pasturage for live stock. The procession started about the first of May, and by the first of June there was a straggling caravan a thousand miles long moving westward. Then the cholera epidemic that had broken out on the Atlantic seaboard reached Independence and spread throughout the moving host. Not less than 5,000 emigrants fell victims to the plague that year and were buried on the plains, between the Missouri river and Fort Laramie; but 25,000 reached California over the Oregon and California Trail in spite of plague, famine and all the hardships and perils incident to the passing of so great a host through a wild, unproductive and moving country. Another outbreak of the plague in 1852 carried off an equal number of emigrants that year.

The Oregon and California Trails constituted the principal highways between the east and west until the driving of the spike of gold at Promontory Point, Utah, in 1869, marked the completion of the first Pacific railroad.

The GENEVIEVES I KNOW (Also their JAMES)

By HELEN HELP

The Genevieve Who Married to Reform Him

When a woman marries a man to reform him she fails to take into consideration that by the time she has got it done there will be nothing left but reform—the man will be entirely rotted away.

James was a delightful man with only one bad habit. It was the habit which most women call "bad habits." He was a real estate man, was James, and his bad habits were very active right after he had cinched a deal. He cinched a deal rather so often—perhaps—

Genevieve met James at a club party, according to the commonplace wont of things, and he was very nice to her. She was a nice little thing, and he got into the habit of driving out rather often to her father's home on the very edge of the town. It is not too much to say that Genevieve fell in love with him. James fell in love with her, too. Then he went driving out to see Genevieve very often and was allowed to stay to supper, and he and Genevieve had a lovely time on the veranda in the moonlight.

Then, as cool weather came on, he was rather busy and fell from grace, as usual, when he cinched a deal. And at last, at a party, Genevieve saw him when he had fallen from grace. He was a bit above himself, and, besides, she danced with him and noticed something about his breath.

Next morning big brother said, "Jim had a lovely souse on last night, didn't he? But he certainly had a nerve to dance with you. You should have turned him down."

Genevieve gasped a bit. Then she said, "He was nothing of the kind, and I don't thank you." And then she ran to her big, pretty, pink and white room and got down upon her knees and cried and cried. Then, when she could get her breath, she remembered his; and then she prayed for Jim very sincerely and very girlishly, and felt better.

She entirely failed to pray for herself, because she had not yet found out that she was the person who really needed that attention.

"Nothingwrong, Hatetastestuff."

James came out in a few days, sober and in his right mind. He knew how bad he had been, and he supposed she did, too, so he told her he was not fit to speak to her, but he was going to be a man now, and would she forgive him? And Genevieve said he must be a man for her sake, and she would forgive him, because she was sure he was repentant and would never fall again.

When James went back to the club the next night he lifted a restraining palm to his friends and said: "Never again! I'm on the water wagon for keeps." And his friends laughed, because they had climbed on the water wagon themselves at the bidding of a nice girl.

About Christmas Genevieve had a shock. James was doing great business and, besides, it was the blessed holiday season. He was to dine with them on Christmas, and when he arrived, rather late in the afternoon, he had been warding off the cold of the drive.

Genevieve cried her eyes out that night, down on the floor beside her bed; and James went back to the club and gathered together a monumental—er—well, he was a little above himself again. Because he was extremely ashamed.

By the time this wore off, he was truly repentant, and hated the very smell of the stuff. So he drove out to see Genevieve and told her so. Genevieve had the theory, held by every well brought up girl, about a man reforming by the grace—well, by prayer and such things. She had prayed sincerely and James now declared that he hated the very smell of the stuff. These two things stood to Genevieve in the relation of cause and effect. And this was the exact moment chosen by James in which to ask her to marry him.

When James and Genevieve came back from their honeymoon, the happy bridegroom was warmly congratulated by his many friends. When he went home to Genevieve the first evening he said, "M'darling' assure you nothingwrong—hatetastestuff."

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All the years that James was coming home to Genevieve perfectly sober—er—that is, sober at least three evenings out of the week, Genevieve was thinking with some pride that if he would only straighten up, he would show those friends of his who had so far outdistanced him in the race—because, really, said Genevieve to herself, James was far the ablest of them all. It was nothing but his disastrous habits that stood in his way.

And at last the day dawned when James came to. He saw what he really looked like and decided that the time had come when he must straighten up and leave behind his boyish ways. So he straightened up. Immediately? Yes, immediately. Was it an awful struggle? No, it was not an awful struggle.

He was sick a week or so and felt depressed and down for months, but that was about all. Because the truth is that it is not such an awful struggle, as a rule. The truth is that James and John and William and Charles are not often in earnest when they say they want to stay on the water wagon, so they cheerfully fall off again.

Their wives think they are? Yes, but their wives only see them when they are depressed and down in the mouth. The minute James and the rest of them get outdoors, they are different men.

You don't believe it? Well, you ask your brother about it, Genevieve, my dear, and watch what he says.

Well, when James really made up his mind to quit he just quit. And the saddest point of the story is right here—he never did astonish the world. He never set the river on fire, he never did a thing except to continue to make rather a shabby living for Genevieve.

She had reformed him, but the reform was about all there was left. As Genevieve sometimes said to herself, "It seems as if he were only a ghost—only a ghost."

As he was a perfectly commonplace ghost at that, perhaps Genevieve did not have much of a run for her money after all.

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The City Policeman.

"The man in uniform," says Magistrate House of New York, "is a target for street loafers."

"It's a funny thing," mused Officer Findley some months ago, "but everybody is against a cop. If he gets the worst of it in a scrap, everybody is satisfied, and if a cop was to walk his beat with a blacked eye every citizen would laugh hisself to death in the matter. 'Kill the cop!' that's what they shout. And yet what is he doing? He is doing his duty. Take a fireman; he does his duty, too, but he's a hero. Why? His work isn't any more dangerous than a cop's. Perhaps you think it's a cinch to arrest a dangerous character who is waving a gun or a knife or a razor. Well, it isn't, and a cop never knows when he goes out in the morning whether his wife will be a widow by night. And say! Imagine this town without any cops for just one week! What?"

Baby Was Mother's First Thought.

A story of a mother's sacrifice followed by her death comes from Coventry. Mr. Walter Clifford of Coventry took his wife, their child and a friend out for a motor drive, and when about a mile from Stonebridge, where there is a narrow stone bridge, the car got into difficulties. It was evident that a collision with the bridge was imminent. Mrs. Clifford, seeing the danger, took up from her lap the child, who is two and a half years of age, and in a moment threw it over the side of the car on to the grass. The car immediately afterwards overturned and its occupants were thrown out. Mrs. Clifford sustained a bad concussion and died a few hours afterwards. Her husband and friend escaped with mere scratches. The child was uninjured.

Choice Engravings.

"America is not deficient in patriotism nor in love of art," said the cheery citizen.

"No," replied Miss Cayenne. "But, just the same, the general eagerness to possess twenty-dollar bills is not due entirely to the fact that George Washington's picture is on them."

Appropriate Space.

"How much space shall I give this account of the pillars of society?"

"Oh, give 'em a column."

Empire Mail Bag

Photo, Copyright, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

NO up-to-date costume is considered complete without the inevitable hand-bag, which must harmonize with, if not match, the costume. This bag is suspended from the shoulder—either side—and made of embroidered moire—three Persian palm leaves bordered with pearls being the chief decoration. The fringe—and fringe is the mode at present—is made of pearl and wood beads, in brown to match the cloth suit.

URGENT NEED FOR A NAME

If the Bisected Skirt Is to Be Generally Worn Let It Have Feminine Appellation.

It is thought by some in Germany that the name "harem skirt" or more horrible still "trouser skirt" is the only thing that prevents the spread and general use of this much talked of article of wearing apparel. So these same people have offered a prize for the best names and have hit up "Amazon" and "cavalier" skirt as a result, and hope by keeping these more alluring titles before the feminine public to popularize the garment. Not that it needs so much to be popularized, they say. The leading German shops advertise it in bewildering variety, and privately claim that orders are pouring in to a degree which shows that, like other extreme modes gone before, the trousers—er, that is, the cavalier skirt—is sure to conquer in the end. But if the more timid follower of fashion buys one, and keeps it hanging in her closet to gaze upon with awe and admiration, yet is afraid to wear a "trouser" skirt upon the street, by all means let us christen it with something softer and more feminine.

CHILD'S SIMPLE FROCK

This pretty frock is of navy blue cashmere embroidered in the same shade. The waist is finished across the front with a band of maderia embroidery on linen, of which the shoulder collar is also made.

This last is placed over a collar of black satin, bands of which finish the silk cord matching the gown forms the girdle.

DRESSES FOR EVENING WEAR

Slight Change in Styles Will Be Noted in the Coming Season's Garments.

An unusually decollete neck finish, extremely short sleeves and an irregular-shaped train inclined to shortness are features having a bearing on the new evening gowns for fall and winter. Lace plays a large part, both as a foundation material and for trimming purposes, every variety being used, no matter what the texture or pattern. Allover designs or robe gowns are used as an underbody, in which case the filmy draperies partially conceal the pattern. They are ished silks, crepes and satins, and in these instances usually are cut in one with the waist. Some of the newest models show the allover lace extension below the waist line in cutaway coat effect, Citoyenne frill or peplum. In some instances the pointed effect is made in the front, with tapering lines cutting off to the waist in the back.—Dry Goods Economist.

Detachable Flower.

It must have been the girl of small allowance who invented the detachable flower for her hat. Trimming the winter's chapeaux is so simple that it is an easy matter to whisk off one flower and put on another to match the next costume worn.

Velvet poinsettias are a favorite flower on winter hats for those who can stand the vivid red so close to the face.

Another popular flower is huge velvet roses in rich dull tones. A new idea is to outline the edges of these roses with tiny beads to correspond to the color of the costume worn.

Instead of sewing on the detachable roses each time, they are provided with tiny safety pins on the under side, which are quickly adjusted to the trimming.

Making a Pillow Cover Fit.

The cover of a sofa pillow can be made to fit well by the following little trick: After sewing up three sides but before turning the cover right side out, tack the two finished corners of the case securely to two corners of the pillow. Turn the case over the pillow. Sew up the fourth side for an inch or two at each end. Tack these two corners to the corresponding corners of the cushion. Finish as usual. This keeps the pillow from pulling and sagging away from the cover.—Housekeeper.

Large Revers Popular.

The use of the large collar is no doubt responsible for the popularity of the large revers. Some are long and narrow, coming down below the waist line. Others are square and a few round.

In a certain number of cases the coats are made with a single rever on one side and double revers are seen in some instances. The long shawl collars are again meeting with favor.