



One Section of Helena, Montana



A Street Scene in Portland, Oregon

town of twenty thousand people, which, however, deals in figures that are colossal. No point along the route better marks the tremendous commercial progress of a century. From this point, then an isolated spot in the wilderness, is shipped more wool than from any other point in the United States. Here, too, they would encounter the measureless, metallic richness of Montana. The smelters of Great Falls annually produce many millions in copper, silver and gold. Farther up the river, which now turns to the south, is Helena, the Capital, and Butte is not far away. Of the sixty-eight millions of dollars in metals produced in one year by Montana, Butte produced fifty-four millions. In forty years Butte has added to the world's wealth over four hundred millions. All this wealth lay unknown beneath their feet when Lewis and Clark traversed the country, but is now being sought by the motley population of fifty thousand, who actually have dug under the streets. Butte is arrogant in its riches. It was not long ago when the smallest coin known there was a "quarter." An enterprising merchant named Murphy introduced the copper penny as change, and pennies are known there, now and henceforth, as "Murphy's coin."

The Yellowstone National Park is not far from their trail, the Yellowstone River, the main tributary of the Missouri, having its origin in the park. Going up the Jefferson River, named by them in honor of the President, they finally reached the great divide of the continent. Here they found the first stream flowing westward, and prepared to descend it. The Indians, however, through the clever woman interpreter of the expedition, Sacajawea, advised them against this, and they still pushed northward. Woman, in the person of this captive Shoshone squaw, played so important a rôle in this exploring expedition that the women of the city of Portland will unveil a beautiful monument in her honor at the Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition in 1905.

By the advice of the Indians, they took the Lolo trail, leading them by what is now called Fort Missouri and the Bitter Root River. The mountains and the trout along the Bitter Root still are as they found them; but in its magnificent valley, sheltered on all sides by high mountains, they would find a stock farm upon which a million dollars a year was spent for a long period—the farm of the late Marcus Daly, the "Copper King." With the rich man's hunger for land he made of this great valley a stockman's ideal, from the bluegrass imported from Kentucky, which covers its acres, to the blooded herds which browsed in its rich meadows. Crossing the Lolo, and getting into the Clearwater, and floating down this as before, to its junction with the Snake, they would find Lewiston, the second city in Idaho, commemorating the name of Lewis.

Near Lewiston they would strike for the first time the old order of things, among the Indians at the Lapwai Reservation. Here several hundred Nez Percés, in their day a great and powerful tribe, now graze their ponies, live in teepees, paint their faces, deck themselves with feathers and, upon occasions of festivity, emit the war-whoop of the olden time. But the once mighty Nez Percés, like the also once mighty Sioux, Shoshones and

Siwashes, are now cribbed, cabined and confined upon reservations, steadily fading out in their inforced endeavor to assimilate the peaceful arts of civilization.

Upon the Snake they would encounter that new and vast scheme of irrigation which will add so many future billions to the wealth of the West that they cannot be counted. Along its banks, where they picked the wild fruits which were the indigenous promise of abundance under cultivation, they would find steamers loading themselves to the water's edge with cherries as large as partridge eggs, with strawberries, apples and the finest peaches grown. Down the steep, basalt cliffs on either side they would see sacks of wheat from the prairies above standing in endless procession at the steamer landings. Here, along the Snake and Columbia is now one of the most productive wheat sections in the country.

Entering the Columbia at Walla Walla, they would still find the village of the Wishram Indians, its inhabitants catching and drying salmon for winter use as of old; but they would also find a great army of white men engaged in the same industry, catching and canning the salmon for all the world's use, winter and summer, in canneries that have planted themselves along the banks down the whole lower length of the river to its mouth.

They would find the Multnomah still dropping over its nine hundred-foot precipice in the beautiful Bridal Veil Falls, and Mount Hood and the line of snow-covered peaks would be familiar to their eyes; but at Portland they would find a city of one hundred thousand people, the terminus of three great transcontinental railroads, and with a commerce reaching out to all the parts of the world.

At Astoria, a hundred miles farther down the Columbia, their journey would end at the Pacific Ocean as of old. Here a rough sketch of a stockade fifty feet square, made by Clark on the elk-skin cover of his field-book, represented the beginning of the town to which Astor was later to give his name.

Looking backward over their trail they would find that it to-day traverses ten great States, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, South and North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. This vast territory was then what the interior of Africa is to the world of to-day. The mighty march of civilization has changed the teepees into brick and granite blocks; the trails into bustling railways transporting wealth unmeasured; the wilderness into the busy

cities of men. In the unknown country which they traversed lives now a greater population than inhabited the East of their day.

And compared with the century that is past, the century to come will work such wonders in this great area that they are now beyond the power of the mind to conceive.

## "What if It Don't Work?"

By Rosalie M. Cody

THE baby was going to be christened, and the company assembled in the Willis parlor for the occasion was an imposing one. Grandparents, aunts and the older children all were there, a stately godfather, a tiny godmother, and the good pastor, with his wife. As for the baby himself, he played his part with a repose that was colossal.

The ceremony over, a moment of quiet solemnity followed, and then little sister Clare, who lately had been initiated into the mysteries of vaccination, broke the silence by inquiring anxiously: "What'll you do if it don't work?"

She blushed rosy red at the shout that followed; but the kind-hearted minister caught her up in his arms and answered: "That's a question we're not ready to meet from a theological standpoint, Clare; but he's a pretty good-looking boy—let's hope for the best."

Just then Rob, who had walked off with the silver bowl that held the water, came back, carrying a bottle with an important air.

"What's that, my son?" asked Mr. Willis.

"It's the baptism water," Rob announced. "I'm going to keep it for a souvenir."

A new outburst of hilarity welcomed this; but Rob was not to be routed from his position. "I tell you it will be worth something if baby gets to be President," he insisted, and proudly marched off with his treasure.

It was a foregone conclusion that Rob's favorite sister should find the bottle later in her room, where most of his precious relics are deposited for safe-keeping. And it was a foregone conclusion, too, that, though she renonstrated and demanded its removal, she should leave it, after her usual way with Rob, exactly where he had placed it.

A few nights later she awoke with a sore throat, and hardly had made a sound before Alice, the born nurse of the family, was at her bedside.

"Here," she ordered, holding out a glass, "take this; it's some of your gargle."

Nan obeyed without hesitation; but after one thorough use of the liquid, she cried: "For mercy's sake, Alice! You've made a mistake! And some of it went down my throat! What is this, and where did you get it?"

"Why, it's the regular bottle! It was right in its place on your washstand," Alice began, but before she could get any further her patient had begun to shake with hysterical laughter.

"Sh-sh! Don't wake up everybody!" she gasped. "I know—I know! It's the baby's baptism water! I've swallowed the souvenir!"

There were sounds of muffled mirth for a minute; but as soon as she could control herself to whisper Alice gurgled out: "Oh, Nan, 'what'll you do if it don't work?'"



A View of Portland From Portland Heights