



A Railroad Yard at Night

By Harry Randolph Blythe

*Faint forms of giant buildings in the night
Across the flat, steel spider-web are seen,
While like strange stars the lamps of red
and green
Hang in the ebon air at every height
In placid peace with all the lamps of white.
Beyond the bridge the weary cars convene,
Sunk in a slumber soundless and serene,
Wrapped well in robes of darkness recondite:
But here the trembling engines thunder by,
Drawing their trains of peopled palace cars,
The great black beasts of beauty sing and
sigh,
The whistles cut the air like scimetars,
And these much-traveled tracks of traffic lie
Gleaming of silver underneath the stars.*



On the Trail of the Royal Chinook

By C. E. Fisher

THE line of whipping poles suddenly stopped swishing. The boats lay motionless, and the throng of fishermen stood quietly in the bobbing boats or sat on the rough thwarts. In the boat farthest west in line an angler of fat bulk was playing his fish. The others were interested spectators. For half an hour the fat man battled, perspiration dripping from his forehead and arms. Finally he turned to a companion, and, handing him the rod, dropped exhausted into his seat. Within a few moments the newer strength triumphed and the big Chinook was alongside. A swift blow with the gaff, and a forty-pounder floundered helplessly into the boat.

I had heard of royal sport. I had dreamed of a try at the Royal Chinook as he struggled up the limpid Willamette to the distant spawning-ground at the shadowy headquarters. Jack and I had planned this trip, and now we were right in the midst of the best fishing-ground in the West. We thought we were making an early start, but by the time we had reached the falls at Oregon City and had

fought our way over the rapids in the small rowboat there was but one opening in the line of boats that spread from bank to bank, just without the edge of the "dead line." Oregon protects her salmon well. Within six hundred feet of the falls one is permitted to catch a Royal Chinook if he can. Beyond that point the State fish warden extends a protecting hand. Signs at either end of the "dead line" informed us that a severe penalty would be exacted should our ambition lead us to try to pass into protected area.

We anchored in thirty feet of swift water, and dropped over the rock anchor, which the two of us could scarcely handle. In our amateur efforts to get into line we caused more or less commotion among the other fishermen, who had long since "set" in a good position, and who resented our interference. Our boat was difficult to control in the swift water, and we bumped and bobbed into several others before we were at last steadied to anchor.

We watched the old-timers to "see how it was done." The first thing that caught my attention was the tackle used