

ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL

Conducted by the Sisters of Charity of Providence

Founded in 1875

Cornell St., Head of Hoyt

PORTLAND, OREGON

The sick and afflicted of every rank, creed and color are made welcome and all receive the care and attention their conditions require. Since its foundation 32,000 patients have received medical and surgical treatment within its walls.

The hospital site is a commanding one situated on Portland's western hills, the base of the building being 220 feet above the base of City Grades, affording the most superb panorama to be seen in picturesque Oregon.

The hospital staff rank among the most eminent physicians and surgeons in the United States, which is an excellent recommendation to those having occasion to avail themselves of such institutions.

The Hospital is furnished with all the modern equipments and appliances, nothing being spared that would bring comfort and relief to its suffering inmates, while the heating, ventilating, and other sanitary arrangements are as nearly perfect as experts in that line can make them.

In connection with the hospital there is a training school for nurses, under the direction of the Sisters, while weekly lectures are given by the various members of the visiting Staff. About 400 feet from the hospital is St. Vincent's Sanitarium recently erected for the treatment of those suffering from diphtheria, measles, scarlet fever etc. This being the only institution of its kind in Portland, it is well patronized and fully appreciated.

STAFF OF PHYSICIANS:

Forty Sisters are in daily attendance, assisted by nurses of the training school. The medical staff is composed of Dr. H. E. Jones, Dr. K. A. J. Mackenzie, Dr. W. Jones, Dr. J. F. Bell, Dr. A. C. Smith, Dr. E. F. Tucker, Dr. W. H. Boyd, Dr. J. D. Fenton, Dr. H. Lane, Dr. O. S. Binswanger, Dr. A. W. Moore, Dr. D. H. Rand, Dr. E. M. Linden, Dr. Carl Fox, U. S. Marine Hospital surgeon; Dr. John F. Dickson, Dr. G. E. Bruere, Dr. E. De Witt Connell, specialists, eye, ear, nose and throat; Drs. G. T. Trommald, Joseph Sternburg and Ward Van Vechten, house surgeons; Sister Mary Theresa, mother superior; Sister Mary Frederick, local superior.

This ad is from their second location ↑

BRIEF ROMANCE ENDED

ALBERT CHALIVAT SPURNED BY HIS INDIAN BRIDE.

Mrs. Clara Colby, His Mother-in-Law, Stakes Him to 25 Cents for Bed After He Makes Scene.

Married but a few brief weeks to the lady of his choice, who is a full-blooded Indian girl, Albert Chalivat, a young French trapper, has found that his romance is not the smooth, joyous life he had imagined, and last night was turned out of the happy home of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Clara B. Colby, although she staked him to 25 cents that he might not have to sleep in the rain.

Worse even than being turned out was the declaration of his bride that she does not like him any more, and will no longer live with him.

Chalivat is the young fellow who gained notoriety some weeks ago by his plan of crossing the continent from the Columbia River to Hudson's Bay in a canoe. Shortly afterward he gained more notoriety by his whirlwind courtship and marriage of Miss Tinka Lanuni, an Indian girl who is the ward of Mrs. Clara B. Colby. The couple went to house-keeping in a little home at Mount Scott, but the bark didn't sail smoothly. There have been rumors of more than verbal encounters between the two, and it is even hinted that the young woman on one occasion was more than a match for her husband.

Last night Chalivat made a scene at the home of his mother-in-law in the Selling-Hirsch building, on Washington street. It is said he had been drinking and had attacked Mrs. Colby when she interfered with his attempt to do harm to his wife. He made a great deal of noise about it all, and a crowd gathered, hearing screams and loud talking.

Sergeant Kienlen quieted the man after he had been appealed to to protect the women, and took him to the police station. Mrs. Colby asked that he be released, which was done on his promise to return to his Mount Scott home. He went back to his wife, however, and pleaded for admission, saying he had no place to sleep. Then his mother-in-law gave him the 25 cents, but both

OREGONIAN May 16, 1909

Only \$38.25

Round trip from

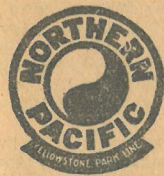
Portland

to

Yellowstone Park

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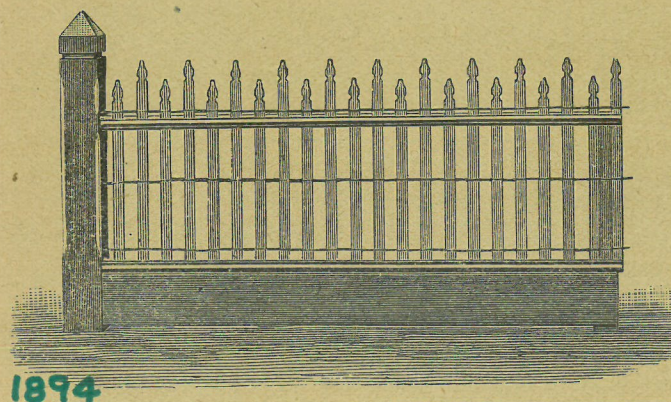


MORNING OREGONIAN
May 30, 1922

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Portland the Metropolis of the Northwest

IN the year 1843 a rough, wild character, bearing the name of William Overton, moored his crude river canoe to a fir tree on the Willamette river a few miles above its debouch into the Columbia. He liked the place and foresaw a village there. Not equal, of course, to beautiful Fort Vancouver, seaport Astoria or Oregon City, which were then thriving little towns, but the shadows of this great forest were inviting as a camp ground. Belated and weary travelers would seize the opportunity for a rest before going down to Fort Vancouver, or, after stemming the river current with heavy oar for a few miles en route to Oregon City, would seek respite from labor while they dined and refreshed.

Overton staked a considerable tract along the river shore and back through an almost impenetrable forest toward the low, receding hills. He would have a cabin erected down by the bank, where the gentle sandy slope afforded convenient landing. If his vague ideas of a village were fulfilled, he might make a few hundred dollars out of his big tract of forest land.

Another generation is here. A few white-haired patriarchs remember the time when Overton builded his air castles. That stretch of memory covers an amazing transformation. Those who tied to a log where Overton conceived a village, today may land at the same spot, but they moor at the gateway of a city with 150,000 souls. Stately masonry structures higher than the Douglas fir that then hid the sun form a new wilderness—a wilderness for the trapper. Overton's prospective gain in his first tract would have swelled to more millions than he foresaw hundreds had he remained.

One span of life covers all. While the ruddy stream in the veins was strong, the wilderness souged, and through the dense, crackling underbrush scurried the deer and wolf. When the tide of this same life ebbs, but the step is yet firm, the din of a mighty city resounds from where the forest stood, whirring cars on steel rails, flashing lights bright as the old sun, rumbling trucks, deafening whistles and the tumult of civilization denser than the primeval forest, bewilder the traveler.

Sold for a Song.

Overton's hope waned with a few suns. He had no money to secure patent, and persuaded A. L. Lovejoy to advance the sum required for a half interest. Then the heart grew faint. Overton bartered his half interest in an infant city to F. W. Pettygrove for \$50, and with this stupendous price for a mysterious bundle of destiny hied to Texas. What could he hope for in waiting here, this isolated spot by the still, beautiful Willamette? Three thousand miles away was the scantily populated east, between it and the Pacific scattered bands of people were reclaiming rich prairies and valleys, and out here on the great Pacific was to be found a land of wildernesses and wastes. But should people venture to Oregon, Astoria had first claim upon their attention, Fort Vancouver next, Jason Lee's French Prairie country next and Oregon City next. These were established communities. Vancouver commanded the Columbia, Astoria was the seaport. Overton sold his bunch of wilderness and went to Texas.

But others stayed. Pettygrove and

period that a movement was successfully carried out for a town hall, the sum of \$2,200 being subscribed, and within a short time the ambitious embryo had an imposing structure where the political and religious flame could be fanned by oratory. Three years later W. S. Ladd made the daring departure of erecting a brick house in this distant village by the river that flowed through almost unbroken solitude. About 1854 Washington county was separated from Multnomah, when Portland as an individual institution began to become more pronounced. In the year 1855 an assessment of real and personal property was made, when the world gear of the future fair city measured but \$1,195,034.

Progress Dawns.

Overton's location was growing in value some. But this really marked the dawn of progress. Portland's position was suddenly appreciated. Those who had builded here became cognizant of the fact that they had laid the foundation stones of a western metropolis. By the year 1860 Portland had 2,847 people, and 10 years later had multiplied to 8,293. Each succeeding decade has marked rapid growth, not the least of which by any means is the last. In 1880 the population was 17,577, in 1890 46,385, in 1900 90,426, in 1904 125,000, and this year it is fully 150,000.

It is almost inconceivable that there should be such development. Each decade finds the throng coming undiminished. There has been a quickening pace in latter years, rather any diminution. Portland's recent growth has been its most marvelous. With no backsets, but a progress as regular and sure as the tide that daily sweeps the coast, those who have come to Portland find themselves carried onward and upward in a wave of prosperity that has made a multitude wealthy and distributed the golden grain to the vast population. Portland really has been a marvelous investment. Accretion of value alone has proved a profit as sure as bonded interest and greater than the average income from business.

Portland Today.

What is Portland today, Portland the first northwest metropolis, the city of peerless natural advantages? One year ago this answer was on the tongue of only the local optimist, today it is the theme of a nation. But a short time past Portland was the home of the wealthy, the exclusive circle of natural prodigals; today it is the progressive home of the most promising population granted the west. Such is the national verdict, and such, in its last aspect at least, is being proved by stupendous advancement.

Portland now has 39 square miles of territory. Her pace of expansion will require double that territory soon. And where of all metropolitan homes is there a more queenly site. Street railways have already extended the boundary line five and six miles from the heart of the city. To the south is the undulating reach of 12 miles pierced by the Willamette, most beautiful of all rivers, terminating in the Willamette falls, where the stream plunges 42 feet over a lava wall. Suburban beauties with hill crowns and silver river fringe at the lower border will soon become the synonym of all that is perfect, and must in the near future be the southern wing of the mighty Columbian metropo-

a value of \$49,000,000 for the past year, and are growing enormously.

The wholesale houses of the city do a jobbing trade of \$175,000,000.

Bank deposits aggregate about \$40,000,000, and show rapid increase.

The lumber industry has been a mighty producer, more than 400,000,000 feet being cut here annually.

Electric power generated at Willamette falls and other nearby streams, already aggregates about 30,000 horsepower, while within a radius of 100 miles from the city there are economic possibilities in this line that will furnish the city with more than 300,000 horsepower.

From the tops of the high business blocks, the more elevated streets and low hills within the city boundaries, the peaks of 10 beautiful snowcapped mountains are visible on clear days. Mount Hood, Mount St. Helens and Mount

Adams stand in view at all times, with their eternal mantle of white, cooling the summer air and tempting the mazy spirit to the most delightful retreats.

Sportsmen drive but a few miles before enjoying sequestered haunts of aquatic fowl and upland birds, and the great rivers and numerous mountain torrents assure for all time to come the finest of salmon and trout.

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