

IT MAY seem fanciful, but if you are at all given to impressions of soul, if you have any love for Nature's boundless wonders, you cannot help its influence stealing upon you here.

Over there are the Olympics, stretching like an impassable barrier between us and the ocean's roll. On the other hand slope the thickly wooded hills up the long stretch to where the Cascades rise, still snow-crested against the sky, and from among these towers in inconceivable greatness and majesty the clean-cut mountain of ice and snow—Old Rainier, dominating all the lesser grandeur about, a king of mountains, at whose footstool others bow the head. And down here, calmly, beautifully ebbs and flows the water of the