

# BEAUTIFUL OREGON SUMMER RESORT

## The Gem of All Pacific Coast Watering Places Described in Oratory--Address of Welcome by One of the Oldest Summer Residents

Address of Welcome by Col. E. Hofer.  
I have been requested to deliver some words of welcome at the opening of this annual Northwest Indian Teachers' Institute to our beautiful Yaquina Bay seaside summer resort. It would take the imagination of a poet, the skill of a painter and the eloquence of a great orator to do it justice. Words fail to describe its multiplied attractions, or its unlimited resources of entertainment and hospitality. It is indeed, in the picturesque language of the native Indian, "skook-wah-lilhee," the bounteous bosom of mother nature, the perpetual fountain of youth with its waters of restoration illuminated by heaven's brightest smiles.

After seeing all the principal summer resorts and places of interest from Alaska to Mexico, the most experienced and disinterested travelers declare that Newport, on Yaquina Bay, surpasses them all, the gem of all the seaside places. San Diego's land-locked harbor, with its famous Coronado beach, can alone be compared to it for natural beauty.

Newport is the radiant gem of the Pacific, with its sapphire bay flashing in brilliant sunlight, with skies of amethyst deepening into cerulean as they bend and dip into the darker blue of the Pacific; on all sides the everlasting emerald of the hills coming down to kiss the white-crested breakers forever beating on the sands.

There are no beaches that in expanse and picturesque beauty surpass those at Newport. Stretching away to the north are the grand curving shores of the ocean, enclosing Nye Creek, Jump-off-Joe rocks, with their thunderous caves, Monterey and the lighthouse promontory, and still farther, inviting to excursions, lie the huge Otter rocks and the Punchbowl, the black diamond necklace of reefs, reaching far out to sea, and affording homes for the sea otter and the myriads of sea birds that by daytime flash and circle in friendly proximity to the summer visitors.

At Newport harbor are the jetties, with the rushing tides flowing in and out with rhythmic movements of the moon-mad sea. Beyond their sheltering arms are the fishing reefs, where the deep-sea fish are taken in unlimited quantities, and where the summer excursionists pay their money and take their choice of pleasureable enjoyment or furnish amusement for their friends and refreshment for the fishes.

To the south stretch the beaches toward the lifesaving station, the inexhaustible trout-stored waters of Beaver creek, the wonderful Seal Rocks, with their swarms of seal, sea lion, black-fish, porpoise and whales. Still farther looms the most striking promontory on this coast, Cape Perpetua, and on a clear day we sight Heceta's head. There are the inviting fishing grounds of Alsea Bay, Drift creek, and the trout streams and deer hunting grounds on farther south, Yahats, Ten Mile and the terra incognita of unexplored mountains so fascinating to the lover of larger game, all within a day's drive of Newport.

Among the charms of our attractive summer resort I must not forget to mention the Old Lighthouse, with the lovers' walk approaching that abode of mystery. From here the romantic can come upon the shadowy trail of a blood-curdling a romance as ever was coined from the brain of any writer of fiction. Mrs. Miller's story of the haunted chamber in the old lighthouse ranks in weird beauty with anything ever produced by Hawthorne, and should be made part of the advertising matter of this bay. There is a still more beautiful walk up the bay past the Talking Springs, to Bay View, a sheltered sunny cove at Olansenville, where the winds never beat, and the waters sparkle by daylight, and are agleam with phosphorescence under the radiance of the full moon. Still farther up is Hinton's Point, where the buried treasure of a Spanish galleon lies beneath the sea, and has defied all attempts of explorers to wrest its secret from the dim and piratical past. On all the hillside stand the skeletons of the forest giants of a former age, weird sentinels in the army of second growth.

The summer visitor must not omit to spend a day on South Beach, carrying a lunch, exploring the silent and deserted streets of a former city, wandering in a cemetery rich with relics

of a past, and unable to withstand the encroachments of the forest growth, crowding into the city of the dead from every side. The sand dunes have a charm and mystery of their own, as they stretch for miles to the south. They are strewn with jetsom and wreckage from every land, not a piece of spar, or barnacled plank but could tell a story of adventure more thrilling than any found in the books. There toward the sea lie the bleaching bones of noble ships, telling of the disaster and tragedy overtaking merely human hopes. Lovers loiter and linger on the sand dunes, whispering their secrets to whistling winds that hasten to bury their footsteps in the shimmering, sifting sands, and while the sea and the land are undergoing change at every moment before our eyes, humanity is consoled by the eternal fact that love alone is immortal.

Our ideal summer resort has dozens of side attractions, opportunities for picnics and little expeditions by family parties, short or long excursions on foot or horseback, or by conveyance on land or water. A fleet of yachts, rowboats, launches, sailboats and steamers are waiting to take you out to sea, up the bay, or for a ride on the beautiful Yaquina river. This last trip no one should fail to make, as the tide water rushes 30 miles back into the coast range, until the alders meet over your head, and the mountains are reflected so perfectly in the clear mirror of waters below that photographs become perfect doubles, the reflection taking as perfectly as the landscape above water. And who shall describe the beauty of the bay itself, by day or night, the roseate ripples that dance before the oncoming sunrise, or in the wake of the night breezes glancing under the moonlight? Behold the bay at high tide, a heaven-reflecting blue expanse in a setting of emerald, dotted with white sails, its waves making music against the elbow of pleasure boats, nature making merry with man bent on a holiday. We must not overlook the beach bonfires, band music, Sunday excursions and dancing.

And when the sun has sunk beneath the ocean's rim, and closed behind him the golden portals of another day, there comes the afterglow of dazzling silver light as a background to the walls of dark green firs. It is reflected in the east, and colors sea and sky with the softest rainbow tints. Sitting upon their thrones in the Coast range are far-away Table mountain, Mary's Peak. The night deepens, and the colors grow more intense in beauty. Silence is broken only by the cry of some belated sea-govling bird following its mate to a haven of security. Up from the little city at the steamer landing come the strains of sweetest music. Lights glimmer in the residences on the hills, and the searchlight of a steamer plays on the tents and cottages around the semi-circle of the bay. Who is made of such material that he does not succumb to the charms of nature in her most ravishing moods, where the bridal feast of the marriage of the land and sea are celebrated daily and nightly, in the height and glory of midsummer? Man and woman is here born anew in the spirit of pure and innocent enjoyment of nature at her best, winning back the capacity for pleasure so easily lost in the maddening pursuit of worldly success, restoring the temple by cessation from toil.

Thousands of weary fathers and mothers have come to Newport and on these cooling, healthful beaches cast aside their burdens of care and felt the rejuvenating touch of nature. Many a mother worn down by the responsibilities of family life has come here with her flock of little ones, turned them loose to romp on the sands, while she dreamed herself back into health and strength, released from the drudgery of housekeeping, or having it here reduced to its simplest form. In the sharp competition that surrounds every man in the struggle toward success or a competence there is not much margin for recuperation, unless he takes the relaxation afforded by a summer at the ocean, with its invigorating and rejuvenating influences. Much has been said of race suicide, but how much is due to the business and professional man penning himself up in his office 12 months in the year has not yet been estimated. The greatness of the future of this

summer resort cannot be forecasted at present. That the railroad will be built from Yaquina down to the city of Newport no one can doubt, and it will be done in a few years, for it would open these beaches to five times as many people as now come here, and would make it a winter as well as a summer resort. The effect of the railroad extension would be to extend the resort for five or ten miles north and south on the beaches, for they are just as fine as at Newport. The development of the great Inland Empire of Oregon and Washington will fill these summer resorts with thousands of people who will flee from a parched and semi-arid climate, from the dust and heat of the valleys, from the hot winds and sand storms east of the mountains, and all we have to dread and fear is the crowding and tumult, and the extravagance of the fashionable watering place. But there are compensations even for the intrusion of civilization, for the man with the rifle and the boy with the twenty-two, who kill every bird and animal in the sea and on the land will disappear. If there is ever a bounty offered for the destruction of seals and sea lions, let us hope the summer resorts will be exempted. The seals and the sea lion and all the birds and animals should be preserved and protected. At all the California resorts the seals and the sea lions are protected, and have become the most valuable drawing card to attract visitors. Why shall not these animals be preserved for all the people, for the enjoyment of the children of the unborn generations? In the same way the clams of the bay and the baches, the crabs and the flounder, should be protected against extermination, as well as the trout of the sportsman and the salmon of commerce. The families and the children have a right to the benefit of these common treasures and delicacies, which man in his ruthless greed will destroy unless checked by the wiser arm of the law. We welcome you as educators to help us keep nature in her happiest manifestation, as the All-Wise Father has fashioned her for our blessing and comfort, and ask you to assist in making public sentiment for the preservation of the natural beauty and abundant resources of fair Yaquina Bay, the Oyster Bay of Oregon, where the old Indian proverb has it, when the tide is out the table is set for dinner. Here are the dainties and substantial of earth, air and sea, the treasures of the fresh and salt water, the vegetables and the fruits, the fish and shells, game, and all that the markets of the world affords, cheaper and more abundant than anywhere else in the world, where the sun is not hot, and the air is not cold, and where the surf leaps higher than anywhere else in the world.

Filed With Shot.  
Several harvest hands, after a hard day's work last night, about 9 o'clock thought they would refresh themselves with some watermelons. So they quietly entered the fine patch of Mr. Mayberry, beyond Thornton Lake, and were preparing to carry off a sufficient supply for the crowd, when a dark figure loomed up nearby and bang! bang! bang! went a shotgun, followed by a stinging sensation in different parts of the anatomy of three of the young men. They fled and took an inventory of themselves, finding the three men were filled with shot. Dr. W. H. Davis, of this city, was sent for in a hurry, and responded. From one of the men he took 13 shot, from another six and from the third three, spending a couple of hours in the operation. One shot just missed an eye by a fraction of an inch, one young man got a neck wound, and in fact the different parts of their bodies were taken care. They earnestly requested that their names be kept quiet, not desiring any notoriety, and this has been complied with by the attending surgeon.—Albany Democrat.

Of Interest to Sick People.  
We have all the sympathy in the world for sick people, and want to treat them in a serious way. There is no humor in pain and affliction, but hard, earnest fact. It is impossible for the patient to impress on others the extent of suffering they endure, and their anxiety for relief. To get well or be relieved is their one thought, any remedy that will bring this about has their everlasting gratitude. We have thousands of letters from people who have had dyspepsia, sick headache and bilious attacks, who tell us how thankful they were for having used Dr. Gunn's Improved Liver Pills. They are sold at all drug stores for 25c per box. Only one for a dose. These pills remove the cause of disease and make the skin clear and healthy looking. Fore sale by Dr. S. C. Stone, druggist.

Fair Grounds Switch.  
The Salem Electric Company, cooperating with the Southern Pacific Company, are working night and day to complete the fair grounds switch. The first angle irons were improperly made, and had to be returned, hence the delay. It is expected in a few days to have cars running through from the fair grounds to the cemetery on the 20-minute schedule, but the company may wait until a lot of new cars arrive, as the old ones can barely make the time required on the 20-minute schedule.

The rarest of all wild beasts is the rhinoceros, and the only one in captivity is in the menagerie of Ringling Brothers' World's Greatest Shows. Naturalists estimate this specimen as beyond price, and scientists, explorers and students have come from all parts of the world to inspect the curious beast. The educational value of a visit to this menagerie cannot be overstated.

Prayed for Salem Lady.  
(North Bend Post.)  
Holy Rollers! And now comes the news of the cure of an Oregon lady which has been cured by Dowie, of the Zion church. Mr. Dowie's paper gives this narration, which is of interest to Oregonians:

"Mrs. Minerva Sutton, of Salem, Oregon, has taken 177 quarts, or a barrel and two-fifths of medicine, the bottle from which it was taken being shown in his lecture, for a cancer of the stomach, naming the Salem physician who had given the most of it, without effect, when she happened to see a copy of the Zion paper. She became impressed, wrote Elijah the Second, who prayed for her, and she was entirely cured."

Then she moved to Zion City, near Chicago, and is residing there now.

Funeral Rates Reduced.  
Cabs and carriage for funerals at half price. Simpson's livery, opposite Court house.

Assessor of Marion County, Oregon  
Salem, August 8, 1904.

### Harvesters' and Hop Pickers' Supplies

OVERSHIRTS, For Boys and Men, durable goods, well sewed, from 25c up  
HOSIERY, For Ladies and Children, fast black, 10c a pair.  
SOCKS, Ribbed tops, 5c a pair.  
OVERALLS, Lowest prices, for Men and Boys.  
CAPS, For Girls and Boys, new styles just in.  
SHIRTING, TOWLING and TICKING, best values.  
HATS, 25c, For Women and Children. All our soiled hats, left over from this season, to close them out, 25c each. Just the thing for rough wear.

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# PUBLIC LIGHTING PLANT

## Opportunity for the People to Take Action

### The Flax Fibre Mill Would Be Made Possible by Public Ownership

Shall the city of Salem undertake public ownership of a lighting plant? That is an open question before the people of the Capital City?

The charter of Greater Salem makes full provision for submitting to a popular vote a proposition for the city to acquire a water power for such a purpose.

The matter does not depend on the mayor or the council, but is by direct initiative of the people themselves. The property owner and the business man can undertake this matter.

The city has been offered a number of propositions, but the most direct and businesslike offer came from the Brick Mills property, with its immense and perpetual water power from the Santiam river.

There is an undeveloped water power in that property far greater than the power already available, and the power on the wheels is far in excess of the needs of the city.

To not permit the matter to go to sleep The Journal reprints Mr. Wilcox's offer, and asks careful consideration of the same, from the standpoint of the city's interests:

**Mr. Wilcox's Offer.**  
Hon. F. F. Waters, Mayor Salem, Or.:  
Dear Sir: Replying to your letter of the 14th inst., we desire to offer you our brick mill in North Salem, with the land on which it is located, also the old frame mill located on this property, the ditch and such land along same necessary to protect the riparian rights—some 10 to 20 acres—in the city limits of Salem, an exact description of which can be furnished if required.

At the brick mill is one 40-inch Victor water wheel, head at low water 36 feet, at maximum head should develop 325 to 350 horse power. By proper arrangement of pulleys, wheel could be speeded at maximum head during summer months, and for heads as low as 26 feet during freshets. At this head it would develop about 200 effective horse power. At the old frame mill is one 26-inch Leffel water wheel, which is available for same use.

The engineer's report, from which we are quoting recommends as the best arrangement to utilize the power the installation of a pair of 42-inch horizontal wheels with flow of water equal to the capacity of the canal, and with this arrangement the plant, except at extremely high water, would be always good for at least 500 horse power. During the greater part of the year from 600 to 900 horse power can easily be obtained.

We will furnish quit claim or special warranty deed.  
The price is \$50,000.

Yours truly,  
SALEM FLOURING MILLS CO.,  
By Theo. B. Wilcox, Agent.  
For a Flax Mill.

By public ownership it seems possible to insure for Salem another big industry, the flax fibre mill. Through the activity of Mr. Eugene Bosse, and Mrs. W. P. Lord and others an effort is being made to raise a stock company and float the undertaking. Mr. A. B. Crossman, of Portland, has been canvassing the matter, and has had the most friendly offers of support, but the amount of capital required to buy the property is not easy to secure. While capital can be secured to put in the milling machinery, the capital for building and the water power is not so easy to get. If the people of Salem should by a popular vote take up the offer of Mr. Wilcox and float a popular loan to acquire the property, then the city could unload the large brick building, and lease it to the flax fibre company, with power sufficient to operate the plant. This would make both propositions profitable and practical.

**The Only Feasible Plan.**  
The Journal believes that public ownership is the only way to get a better and cheaper lighting service for the business man, for the resident and for the city itself. It is the only way to encourage manufacturing here. Private capital will not take hold of such enterprises. At least Salem private capital will not. Have we not seen this in the failure to take hold of the Rosedale or Dallas

**CASTORIA.**  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of  
*Chas. H. Fletcher*

**Notice to Taxpayers.**  
The board of equalization for Marion county, Oregon, will meet at the office of the county clerk on Monday, August 29, 1904, at 9 o'clock a. m. and will remain in session each successive day for one week.

All parties interested are requested to appear and examine their assessment for the year 1904, and have all errors corrected by said board, if any there be, as no corrections can be made after the adjournment of said board.  
CHARLES LEMBUCKE,  
Assessor of Marion County, Oregon  
Salem, August 8, 1904.

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