

SUMMER SEASON ABOUT TO OPEN

REMARKABLE ADVANTAGES OF SEASIDE, ON CLATSOP BEACH, IDEAL ENVIRONMENT AND SUPERIOR ATTRACTIONS

Seaside, on Clatsop Beach, has become famous as a Summer resort, and many Oregon people will spend their Summer's outing there this year. A number of substantial cottages are now in course of construction, and improvements are being made on every hand. The many requirements necessary for a suitable, attractive and health-giving Summer resort are here. Here are to be found the quiet, pleasant rest, outdoor sports and invigorating air.

The enjoyment of a trip to Seaside commences the moment one passes the city limits of Portland. The trip along the Columbia River is a continuous panorama of surprising and inspiring views, each one, if possible, more interesting than its predecessor. This great river is seen to best advantage from the comfortable coaches of the Astoria & Columbia River Railroad. The scenic grandeur of the Hudson River is completely eclipsed, and the 25 hours consumed in the trip are only too short for any person with any sense of the beautiful. Two trains daily give excellent service to the residents of Astoria and Seaside. The last-named resort is fortunate in possessing such excellent railroad facilities placing it in close touch with the business metropolis of the Northwest. To the busy man this means a great deal, as he can leave at a moment's notice and in a few hours reach his desk when business of importance may demand his presence.

It is only one of the many advantages possessed by this well-known resort, but it is of great importance at times when one's presence elsewhere is urgently demanded.

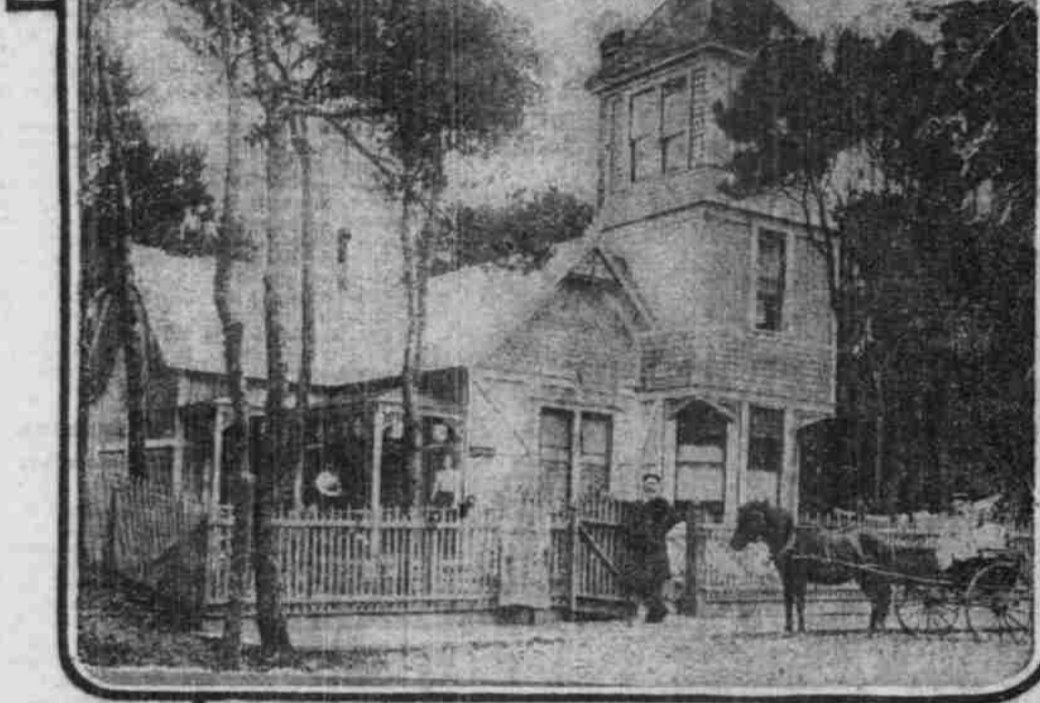
Seaside is now ready to extend a cordial greeting to all visitors, as most of the hotels are open for business, and those that have not yet opened will do so on or about July 1. Few Summer resorts are better equipped with hotels and boarding-houses, and the prices charged at these establishments are moderate. When compared with the toll exacted at Eastern watering places they are extremely low.

It is not exaggeration to state that Seaside is an ideal place to spend a day, a week or a month. If you are a hunter, go to Seaside. If you are a fisherman, go to Seaside. If you are fond of surf-bathing, go to Seaside. If you wish to live amongst the trees and ferns, go to Seaside. It offers a greater variety of attractions than any other pleasure resort on the Coast.

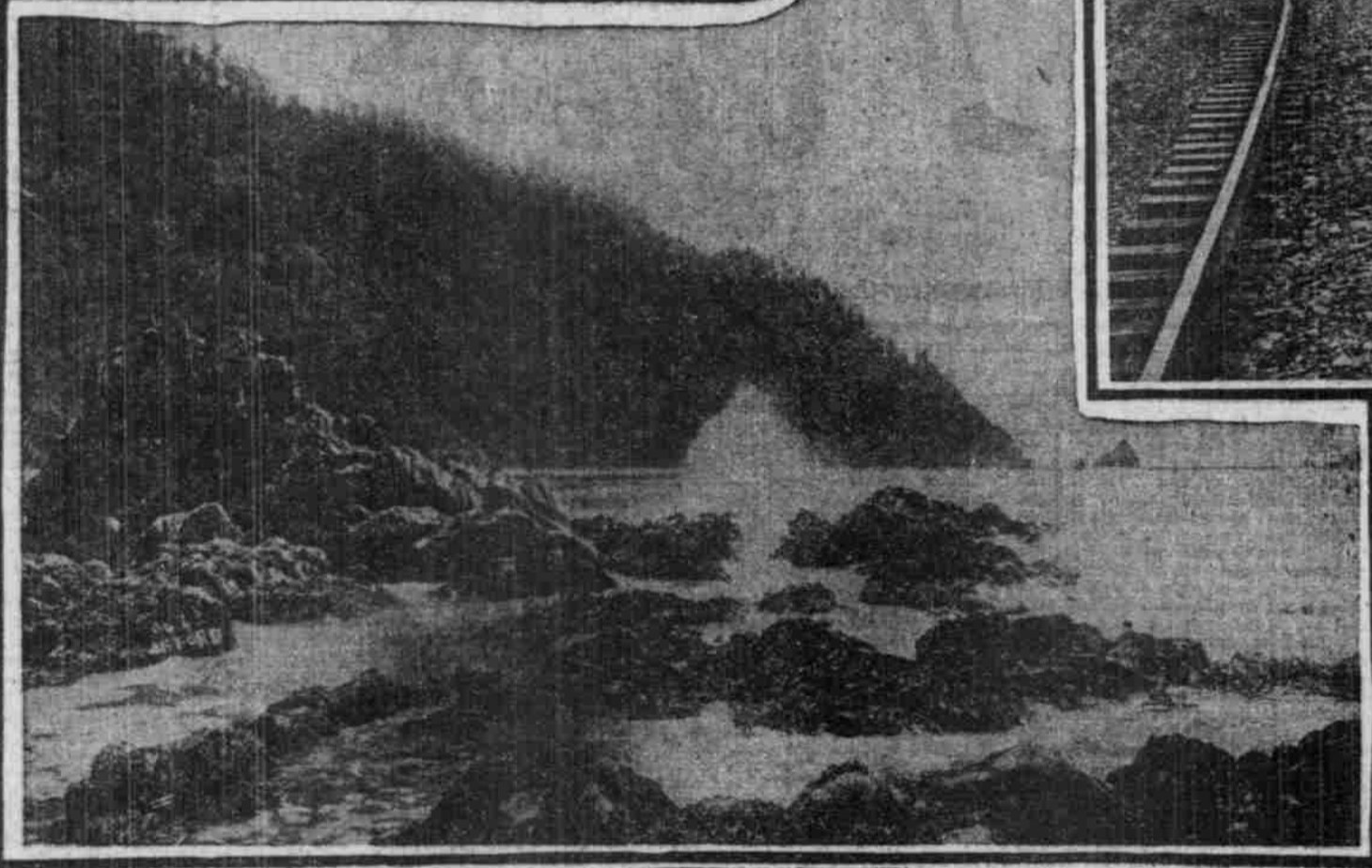
The surf-bathing is unsurpassed anywhere, and is not attended with any danger. Thousands took their daily plunge in the white caps last year without an accident of any kind, and if bathers are not foolhardy and reckless, the danger, if any, is reduced to the minimum. For those who do not care for surf-bathing a handsome bathhouse is being constructed with a plunge, 70 feet in length by 24 feet in width. The water will be warmed and all modern conveniences will be found in the establishment. Experienced masseurs, male and female, will be in attendance, and patrons are assured of every comfort.

Another amusement feature that will attract the greatest attention, and is now almost completed, is "Kitterman's Automatic Sallers." This ingenious device is the first of its kind that has been constructed, and is the invention of a Portland man, A. Kitterman. A saucer-shaped device, 60 feet across the circle, and three and one-half feet in depth, is filled with water. Six sailing boats with full stretch of canvas (each boat capable of holding four people) comfortably sail around in the water, the speed attained depending entirely upon the wind. The boats are so ingeniously arranged that only one of them is in what is known by sailors as "the teeth of the wind." The boats are connected to a pilot in the center of the circle, and are kept an equal distance apart, thus avoiding all danger of collision or accident. All of the pleasure of a sail on the river is experienced, and it is more than probable that this form of amusement will prove very entertaining, especially to young couples, as the gallants will feel solicitous for the safety of their fair companions, and in a great number of instances will, in all probability, place a stray arm around the tapering waist to insure perfect confidence in the shrinking maiden. Of course, this is a mere supposition. The device is being built and is owned by A. Kitterman and H. A. Smart.

It is not necessary to visit the mountains in search of speckled beauties, as the Necanicum River, a fresh-water stream that flows through Seaside, is filled with trout, and excellent fishing is found in all parts of this stream. Last year, in front of the Seaside House, Dr. Estes, of Astoria, Mr. Webb, of Portland, and Dr. Butterfield, captured more than 20 fine trout in a couple of hours, and their pic-



A SUMMER COTTAGE AT SEASIDE.



"THE TRAP" TILLAMOOK HEAD

ture with the fish suspended from a string close proximity to Seaside, notably at Elk Creek, for which point the stage leaves every day. This is a delightful ride, lasting about two hours, and the streams are well stocked with good-sized fish. The mountains close to Seaside shelter a great number of deer, and the patient sportsman in search of large game will find encouragement to pursue this noble animal. Families of moderate means will find Seaside a most desirable place, as all outdoor recreations are obtainable at small cost. The

benefit derived from the invigorating air will save many doctors' bills and renew failing strength.

Flavel, the first resort reached after passing Astoria, is provided with a hotel that has been compared, in point of comfort, with the Hotel Portland. This handsome building is beautifully situated, overlooking the magnificent harbor. It is surrounded by a picturesque grove. The Flavel will open for business July 1. The grounds are well kept and resemble a country mansion more than the typical coast resort. Good fishing is found a few hundred yards from the house, where the expert angler or novice can find unbounded recreation and keen sport. Bathers will find the water about eight degrees warmer at Flavel than at other Seaside resorts, a feature that will appeal to many. The hotel is noted for the elegance and comfort of its appointments. Electric lights, hot and cold water, billiard rooms, bowling alleys and other modern conveniences will

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PYRAMID ROCK ON LINE OF THE ASTORIA & COLUMBIA RIVER R.R.

be found. The dining-room will seat 150 people, and the lawn of the chairs are tipped with rubber to prevent the noise so objectionable in some places. The service is excellent, as only the most experienced waiters are employed. Nothing has been overlooked that will in any way add to the comfort of the guests.

This delightful resort is under the able management of Mrs. J. L. Mitchell, a guarantee in itself that the Hotel Flavel will this year become even more popular, with discriminating people than it ever has been in the past.

Gezart Park Hotel is not open yet, nor is the Seaside House, Grand Hotel and Locksley Hall are both receiving guests; in fact, the latter remained open the entire year.

The Astoria & Columbia River Railroad will inaugurate this year, five round-trip tickets for \$10. These tickets are interchangeable with the O. R. & N. or the White Collar Line to Astoria, so that the passenger can choose either of the three different modes of transportation between Portland and Astoria, where close connection is made for seaside points and Flavel, a feature that no doubt will be fully appreciated by the traveling public.

OPENS UP INDIAN MOUNDS

OCCUPATION OF A PROMINENT VIRGINIA VISITOR TO PORTLAND.

Devotes His Time to Collection of Old and Valuable Relics—Sketch of His Family.

The Valentines have lived in Virginia for 200 years. They have lived in and around Richmond, and are connected by marriage with almost all the families of Virginia, or rather of that part of the state called Old Virginia, in contradistinction to West Virginia. They are connected with my family through the Palmers and the Mann-Satterthwaite. The grandfather of the present generation had a splendid home in Richmond, which contained 20 bedrooms, and friends who came visiting stayed two or three weeks or two or three months. They came with horses and carriages, children and servants. These visitors met a warm welcome, and there was generous feasting. Everybody entertained them, and there merriment and gaiety ruled the hour. This man believed in the gratification of individual taste. His seven sons each chose the wine which best suited his taste. One chose Malmsey, and a butt of it was provided for him, for the cellar was stocked with everything that could be thought of. He also believed in cultivating the individual bent of each of these sons. Instead of going to school they had masters for each special study.

One son became a sculptor. After studying in Europe he returned to Richmond and opened a studio. About the first work he did was that of a monument to General R. E. Lee, at Lexington, Va., where General Lee lived after the war and died as president of the Washington-Lee University, which was before the war Washington University. He has since done a statue of General "Stonewall" Jackson for Lexington, and numerous other busts and statues of prominent Southerners. Another son made a fortune in trade.

This man at his death gave one-third of his estate to found a museum in Richmond. The Valentines were all born collectors, and before the museum was ready their houses were running over with interesting articles. They bought the old Wickham Mansion, and have changed it into a very beautiful and most interesting home for their collections, and are constantly adding to them. They have some of the largest tapestries in America, and they are very beautiful ones; and while their museum is enriched with many works of art, several of them from the chisel of Mr. Valentine, their object is the collection of historical relics of Old Virginia. They have a portrait of Poe; they also have his correspondence, which they mean to publish. Poe was brought up by a Valentine, who was the first wife of Mr. Allan, who adopted the little fellow and his sister, children of some actors. They lately bought 50 pieces of china which belonged to Washington's dinner service.

There are almost no Indian relics left in Virginia, but they are getting all they can. They have a silver crown sent by Queen Anne to the Queen of the Powhatans.

E. P. Valentine, who spent a few days in Portland this week, is an engineer by profession. I think he has been engaged in mining and railroad work, and is now paying a great deal of attention to excavations for prehistoric treasures. He has opened 42 Indian mounds in Virginia. The last one he opened was in Rockbridge County, not far from the Natural Bridge. From that he got 50 skeletons. He sent for Miller from Lexington, who photographed them, and a magazine article is being prepared which will be enriched with these illustrations. Mr. Valentine was accompanied by his wife. They are devoting the Summer to this part of the work. They came here from the Yellowstone Park, and left last night for Puget Sound. They will go to British Columbia. They expect to spend some time at Banff and Inverness, through Canada, visiting the Canadian cities.

They were much pleased with Portland, its schools, homes, buildings, but especially with its trees, in which they said it excelled other cities. He has seen all of all in its forest of roses, of which they had heard, but could not believe without actually seeing them. I took them to the rooms of the Historical Society, which interested them very much. Mr. Himes, our custodian, is well up in Virginia lore, and he and Mr. Valentine promised to make a good many exchanges of those things in which they are each particularly rich. The late J. J. Valentine, of Oakland, Cal., who is a member of the Kentucky branch of the family, has sent some things from this Coast to Richmond.

Mr. Valentine thinks the Oregon Historical Society has shown the utmost wisdom in starting their collection this early. Three hundred years from now relics of old pioneer days will be of priceless value, and if the people do not forget to go on with the good work thus begun, coming ages will be rich in the memories of the started past. He thought that was ought to be most zealous in collecting every Indian relic possible, especially the beautiful baskets, blankets and bead work. In the Valentine museum they have almost nothing pertaining to the Indians except what they get from what is known as the Indian mounds. In London recently he came across Powhatan's coat in one of the museums. No money could buy it.

I am told it is quite difficult to get admission to the New York Historical Society rooms. The millionaires there are pouring in their money like water, and themselves with works of the old masters and other things that decadent Europe cannot afford to own or keep at home. Some Portland money is being spent in copies of such things in plaster and in photographs. These will be of value to Portland people for present use, but for the future, when the early history becomes so scarce, the actual objects will bind the real with the romantic.

One of the country seats owned at one time by the Valentine family was Malvern, called in those days Malvern, and still called Malvern by the family of negroes who belonged to the old place, which has now become historic ground as the site of the battle of Malvern Hill. The sculptor has made a bust of one of the old family servants, "Uncle Henry," who drove the family carriage, when his "master," E. T. Valentine's grandfather, went to the ball given to La Fayette.

Mrs. Valentine's father, Mr. Chamberlayne, is the editor of the Richmond State. Her brother, Mr. Chamberlayne, has lately published a life of Edgar Allan Poe. Mr. Valentine graduated at the University of Virginia, and no doubt has many friends in Portland who will regret not having seen him in this beautiful city so far away from the dear "Old Dominion" State.

LADY ALBION.

London's Ingenious Pickpockets.

A plan for concealment was put forward on behalf of a pickpocket at Marlborough street on the ground that even a short sentence would carry with it the additional hardship to a gentleman of a prisoner's profession of being sequestered during the coronation festivities. To the light-fingered fraternity this would certainly be a matter of serious loss. The plan reminds of two men accused of pocket picking who tried to engage a new celebrated counsel to conduct their defense at the Old Bailey. There was one insubstantial objection to this consummation, namely, the absence of the necessary guineas. "Well, sir," said one of the men, "don't go away till we come back, and we'll see." Sure enough, they came back with the guineas. The counsel was incautious enough to ask how they had come by the money. "Well, sir," was the reply, "we just went up the Strand and we had a bit of luck."

THE LECTURER ANSWERS.

Henry Austin Adams Gives a Warm Reply to Dr. Morrison.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 12.—(To the Editor.)—Your report of the Rev. Dr. Morrison's "reply" to my lecture on the "Reformation" has been sent to me. It will be noticed that the reverend gentleman contents himself with an invective attack upon my personal character, and a sweeping denial of my statements and arguments.

He evidently did not dare to pit his empty pate against the learned Presbyterian authorities from whom I excitedly quoted, and to whom I shall ask the honest people of Portland to turn in preference to this little local phonograph-record of opinions so long ago abandoned by seaholers that they smell of the ark.

But, first of all, let me notice the gentleman's cowardly and malicious reference to myself. If he said that I was dismissed from the ministry of the Episcopal Church, he simply lies. And when he, like a coward, insinuates that I left my position "for reasons chiefly private and that are not fitting to be spoken from the public platform," the little chap descends to a level so infamous that I shall compel him to retract his vile calumny, or take the consequences. When I fled from the Babel of Episcopalianism, my bishop (Dr. Potter, of New York), wrote me an affectionate and kind note, expressing regret at my departure, and wishing me good speed. Until this Portland liar invented the slander I had not heard of it. Let him now prove his charge, or stand in his true colors before the decent and honest people of your city.

And now, as to his "reply." Unlike him, I shall meet each of his statements as they appear in your report.

He said that no Roman Catholic could hear his remarks, implying that they would be prevented from doing so by the authorities. This is false, as to my absolute knowledge there were several Catholics hearing every word he said, having gone especially to listen to his sermons at my request.

"From the day liberty was born in the British heart started the downfall of the Roman Church."

Isn't that delicious? What liberty? Magna Charter, habeas corpus, trial by jury, all were the gift to "the Briton

heart" of the Roman church. And, since the "downfall" began such a long time ago, is it not a little strange that the Catholic church is so much stronger than all the sects put together that they look like a mere patch beside her? The chaps in charge of the downfall business, I am afraid, have been taking up collections—and not delivering the goods.

"When Martin Luther first saw the light of freedom—then was the destruction of the Roman Catholic church proclaimed. Where? Four hundred years ago, and yet the proclamation hangs fire. Really, Brother Morrison should appoint a committee to inquire into the shameful failure of these 'downfalls' of Rome. Right here in Portland, even, Rome seems to be thinking of anything rather than down-falling. Whereas, Brother Morrison and his side partner, Brother Simpson, don't seem to know just what variety of 'light' is the proper caper."

Brother Morrison then hopes that God will pity that pope or priest that "attempts to strip between man and his right"—of civil and religious liberty. Amen. But was it Puritan New England (with its barbarous blue laws and bloody persecutions), or Roman Catholic Mary-land that first proclaimed this glorious right in America? And has it been the Catholics or the Protestants that have attempted to deprive fellow-citizens of their rights? Morrison cannot give me the name of a single Catholic who has ever tried to prevent any Protestant from exercising his privileges as an American citizen, but time after time all the sects have hurled the filthy venom of their hate and ignorant fears straight at the rights of Catholics. This is notorious.

"Look at Spain," says Mr. Morrison, in proof of the pernicious effects of popery. He gets off all the old chestnuts—in a way that is really surprising in a man claiming to have the slightest reading—and even ventures to ask his hearers to believe that morally "Anglo-Saxons" are better than Mexicans and Spaniards and other truly Catholic peoples. If any one wishes to know the facts, let him consult the learned works of Protestant writers, who (unlike little Morrison) have made a study of Catholicism. Let them read Lummis' great works, and the tremendous array of Protestant authorities brought together in Father Young's "Protestant and Catholic Countries Compared." I dare Morrison to read these



HOTEL FLAVEL, FLAVEL, OREGON.

Protestant authors slud to the ladies who hang on his bowing periods on Sundays. Jerusalem! If they supposed that things were exactly opposite to what he has been telling them, what would his job be worth?

The delicious way in which these little preachers waive aside the stupendous fact of Catholicity shows that it is useless to argue with them. Statistics, history, facts, can be thrown at them, and then they bob up serenely and repeat the same old exploded nonsense. They sentimentalize about the corruptions of Catholic countries, and let the women of their own congregations continue to commit murder without so much as a complimentary hint that they are doing wrong.

Does Morrison know what is going on in America? Does he realize that right under the glorious sun of Protestantism the foulest crimes are being committed every day in the homes of the educated, the rich and the "religious"? Then why does he dare to attack distant peoples, who (according to learned writers of his own faith) are purer, truer, better educated, and more honest than we Americans?

As to his schoolboy statement that there was "no pope before the seventh century," it is sufficient that I refer the honest Protestant to the latest Episcopalian book, "England and the Holy See," published by Longmans, Green & Co., in which a Protestant Episcopalian

minister gives the facts of history with an erudition of which phonograph-records have not yet heard.

A delightfully Anglican touch is that last reference to the Greek church. The queerest thing in Christendom is the way Protestants seem to love the Greek church. She, on her side, calls them a gang of ignorant heretics; she teaches the sacrifice of the mass, the invocation of saints, indulgences, purgatory, penance—in short, all the "popish abominations"; but, never mind, she is against the pope, and that is enough to make men of the Morrisonian type of "intellectual" coquet with her.

HENRY AUSTIN ADAMS.

Mr. Adams and the Church.

PORTLAND, Or., June 12.—(To the Editor.)—In a report of my address of last Sunday evening, which appeared in Monday's paper, I was quoted as saying that Henry Austin Adams was dismissed from the ministry of the Episcopal Church. I did not make such a statement. My exact words were: "He left the church for private reasons, which do not admit of any discussion from this pulpit. I was not discussing the subject of Mr. Adams' withdrawal from our ministry. The mention of the above was merely incidental to the subject of the address. I made a very brief reference to Mr. Adams as a former Episcopal clergyman."

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A Dramatic Oath-Taking.

London Parliament Past and Present. At a memorable gathering, attended by Henry III, the prelates and barons of England, a hearing of the King's appeal, which was invoked by the Archbishop of Canterbury on those who in future should in any respect violate the two charters (the Magna Charta and the Charta de Foresta). Hands were lifted in air and brows bared, and "the tapers were then extinguished and thrown, stinking and smoking, on the ground, and the dire malediction uttered that the souls of every one who infringed the charters 'might thus be extinguished and sink and smoke in hell.' Weirily impressive in its rude fervor, the spectacle was made additionally striking by the action of the King, who closed the ceremony by declaiming these words: "So may God help me, I will inviolably observe all these things, as I am a man and a Christian, a knight and a crowned and anointed King."

To Beautify St. Mary's Cemetery.

In line with other East Side improvements, St. Mary's Cemetery, on East Stark street, is to be beautified and adorned by its wild shrubbery, weeds and decayed fences. The lot-holders have decided upon this, and at a meeting called for Sunday afternoon at 2 P. M. at the Cathedral Hall will decide the ways and means of accomplishing this.

ARE YOU GOING EAST?

If you contemplate an Eastern trip, it will pay you to call at O. R. & N. office, Stark street, to be beautified and adorned by its wild shrubbery, weeds and decayed fences. The lot-holders have decided upon this, and at a meeting called for Sunday afternoon at 2 P. M. at the Cathedral Hall will decide the ways and means of accomplishing this.

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The Oregonian quoted Dr. Morrison as saying: "At one time he was an Episcop-