

YAQUINA BEACH AS A SUMMER RESORT

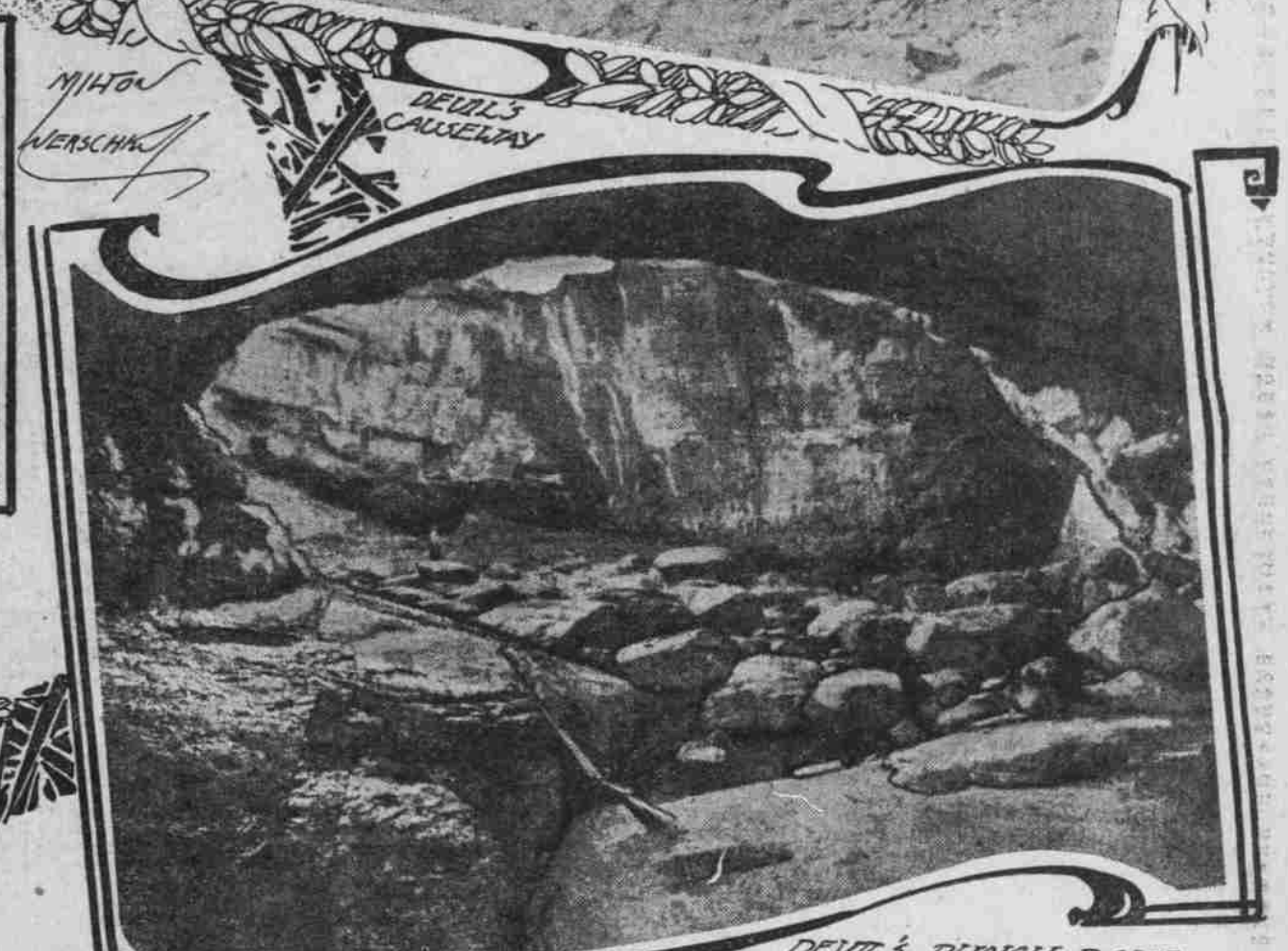
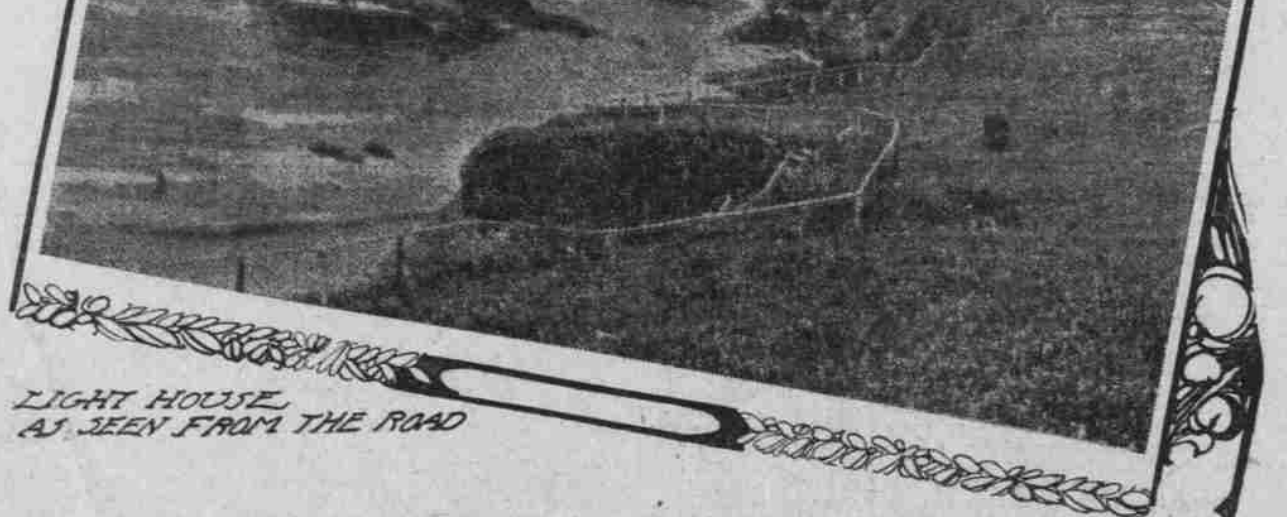
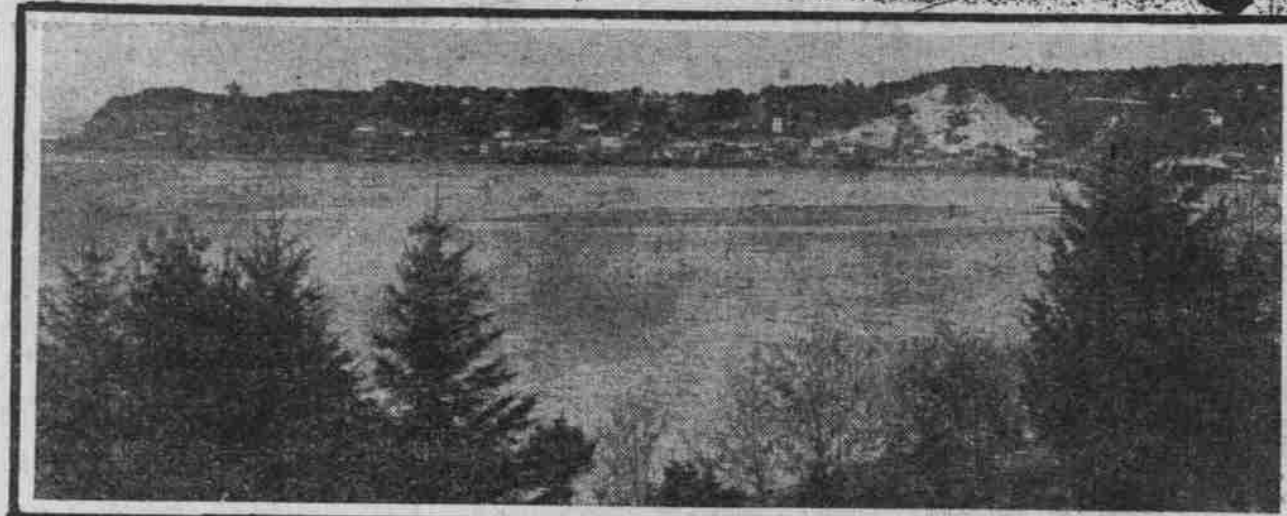
Some of the Scenic Beauties of a Favored Stretch of Oregon Coast



THE weary from long Winter toil find no place more ideal for pure rest and recreation can be found on our Pacific Coast than Newport, a quaint old Oregon town and haunt of yesteryear's fisherman class. First seen by its Summer visitors from the main shore or south side of Yaquina Bay, the little town seems in danger of sliding off its hillside into the bay. It is built on a steep slope which rises directly out of the sparkling blue waters that almost reach the main street at high tide.

The town lies in a westerly line from Corvallis, Benton County, Or. About 30 years ago Newport was seized with a great boom. Property-holders saw visions of wealth from their holdings and dreamed dreams of the millions that one day would be theirs. Mr. J. R. Bailey bought the Grand Pacific Hotel, a beautiful and very commodious structure overlooking the bay, for a private residence. With the Bay of Yaquina for a harbor, these interested dreamed that Newport would one day become a second San Francisco. But the bubble burst, as they will do, for the harbor was not good enough to meet these expectations, and Newport is today what it is especially adapted for, an ideal Summer resort. For a brief season, then, in the luminous Summer days, it wakens from its Winter's quiet above the sleeping waters and the place is a bright scene of life and gaiety with its eager Summer throng, pleasure bound.

But the boom was not without good results, for the people of our prosperous Valley towns began buying Summer homes near Newport. Gradually little cottages sprang up on Nye Creek, a mile over the rugged bluff, where the separation from the ocean. Now the Nye Creek settlement has some 200 attractive Summer homes, many being luxurious in their appointments. That of C. B. Moore, of Salem, is pointed to with pride as a leading type of Summer cottages. They cluster thickly about the charming little vale bordering on the creek, then straggle semi-detached, over the hill to Newport.



Close about the little settlement creeps the sea fog in early morning, soon dispersed by the gladsome sunlight which beams cheerily the long Summer days. For the weather is golden most of the time, so seldom lapsing into bad behavior that we can call it always perfect without exaggeration of the facts.

Newport, proper, has a most picturesque aspect when viewed from the deck of the tug which transports her prospective visitors across the bay. Her one main street occupies the only level ground and on this thoroughfare stand the three Summer hotels, quaint and old, corresponding with the little town. Directly back the old weather-beaten houses, picturesque in their very shabbiness, cling desperately, nervously, to the steep hillside as though aware of the danger of sliding off into the bay. At the west end of the street stands the old Ocean House, a large retreat for the rest of the town. It looks seaward from its point of vantage on a rounded bluff, on one side being the quiet waters of the surf-lined bay, while on the west looms the surf on the beaten sands. Here one may lie on the beaten grasses and dream dreams of sea visions, for here the sea and mountains meet. Before our far-seeing eyes lie the mountains in interminable journey, reaching back far to the interior country. Or we may find occupation for idle hours basking to the message from strange shores which the soft wind of the sea brings up the bay's offering.

From here I watched the setting sun one fair evening—tinted clouds with rose and amber hue, then hiding beneath the waves far away on the horizon. Hours afterward the sky still held these shades captive until they merged into the mellow moonlight. The whispering grasses caught the spell of the hour and sang romantic airs of the loves of dusky maids who had watched from the same spot.

Attractive as these features are they want the rugged setting of the coast line from this favored spot on along the entire beach to complete their beauty. The

beach is narrow, being only about 100 feet at low tide back to the edge of the rugged bluffs which mark the Oregon coast line. Typical of the beach, also, are its black sand deposits, which are very noticeable. Though considered rich in the most precious of ore, the coat of extraction is too great. Also many very beautiful agates are found along the beach and agate hunting is indulged in to a considerable profit by many. But to return to the bluffs—it is of them that I wish to speak particularly as they mark a peculiarity of this beach. Composed of sandstone and iron, the process of erosion on them is everywhere manifest. The combined action of wind and wave, time and weather, both good and bad, has left its trace here to such an extent that we find great rocks jutting out into the ocean while through the center enormous holes are hollowed out. Such a wonder is "Jump off Joe," one mile north of Nye Creek. Through the center of the mass a great hole has been torn by the

wearing process of erosion and one may gaze through and see the Cape Foul weather lighthouse. It forms a beautiful picture, with the rocky walls for a frame, set in a foreground of wildly dashing waves. The quaint lore of an Indian legend clings to this old rock, bathing it in mystical romance. One day a grizzly old brave related the legend to us. A white sailor lad, he said, had won the heart of a Princess of his tribe and she ran away to sea with him. This left her Indian lover disconsolate and heart-broken. His grief was so intense that he felt his life too sad to be lived. So one day he cast himself into the sea from this pile of rocks and his troubled heart found rest beneath the waves that moan at its base. This incident gave the rock its name of "Jump Off Joe," a name which has clung to it ever since.

Farther on up the beach let us continue our way, past the lighthouse, keeping silent vigil on its lonely station. Rough and wild the coast has become now, the great rocks growing even larger and more frequent. The acme of this wildness, like the climax of some thrilling story, has been reached when we arrive at the Devil's Punch Bowl, a wonder of Nature, standing out against the sea with a forest of great trees behind it. It is a mass of rock as large as a 10-room dwelling, connected with the wooded mainland. Like to a great shell it is, for the center is an enormous cavity, boulder filled and with a small circular connection with the sea. At ebb tide one may enter and walk about the vast interior, listening to the strange reverberations of sound along the rocky walls, but let him beware when the waves begin to dash higher through the narrow aperture—soon the entire bowl will be a wilderness of madly dashing waters. At such a time one looks down from above, fascinated by the turmoil and wild churning below. Once on a visit to this place a young Easterner

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He won this place by the most arduous services. He was 21 when the Civil War broke out, and early in the struggle he became an Army surgeon. During the three years of his work in this capacity he treated more gunshot wounds probably than any other surgeon—his cases numbering thousands.

Being specially interested in the nervous system even then, soldiers whose nerves were injured by their wounds were put in his care whenever this was possible, and so he began to win reputation in the line in which he was later to become famous. It was he who induced the Surgeon-General of the Army to establish wards for nervous disorders in the military hospitals, perhaps the first wards of their kind in the United States.

Dr. Mitchell is the greatest authority living on snake poisons. He gained his knowledge of venoms before the war, when in his 20s, spending six or eight weeks every Summer for several years in regions infested by rattlesnakes, copperheads and other serpents whose bite is dangerous to human life. His adventures while studying snakes and their poison were many and thrilling, and he had a number of narrow escapes.

He did not confine his investigations to the snakes of America, either, his studies of the cobra's venom were especially profound, and all those fortunate enough to be admitted to his "studio" in Philadelphia are fascinated by the weird representations of the most terrible serpent of India, sent to him from that far-away land, along with the most flattering testimonials to the thoroughness of his work.

In treating nervous disorders he is a consistent practitioner of "common sense methods" and many stories are told in Philadelphia apropos of this peculiarity. Once he decided that a certain patient, a society woman, who believed herself to be in a serious condition was not nearly so ill as she supposed.

So he persuaded her to accompany him upon a drive into the suburbs. When they had driven quite two miles away from the street-cars he induced her to leave the carriage. Stepping into the vehicle himself he advised her to

walk home, saying that a little exercise would do her a world of good. Then he drove off, leaving the lady furious. She was obliged to take his advice, however, and his prediction was verified. Although it is now 23 years since Dr. Mitchell began to follow literature seriously, it was some years after he began before he made a big hit. It was won with his famous novel "High Wynde, The Quaker." It was accepted by a big publishing house for book publication, but its bringing out was long delayed, though it was set up and the proof sheets lay in a pile somewhere about the office. One after another of the people who had access to them read the story and all were abnormally interested. This was what led the publishers to use it as a serial in the famous monthly magazine which they issue, a step which added thousands to its circulation.

Dr. Mitchell has written a great number of professional books and papers. His "Wear and Tear" and "Fat and Blood" are even better known among the physicians than "High Wynde" among the readers of fiction.