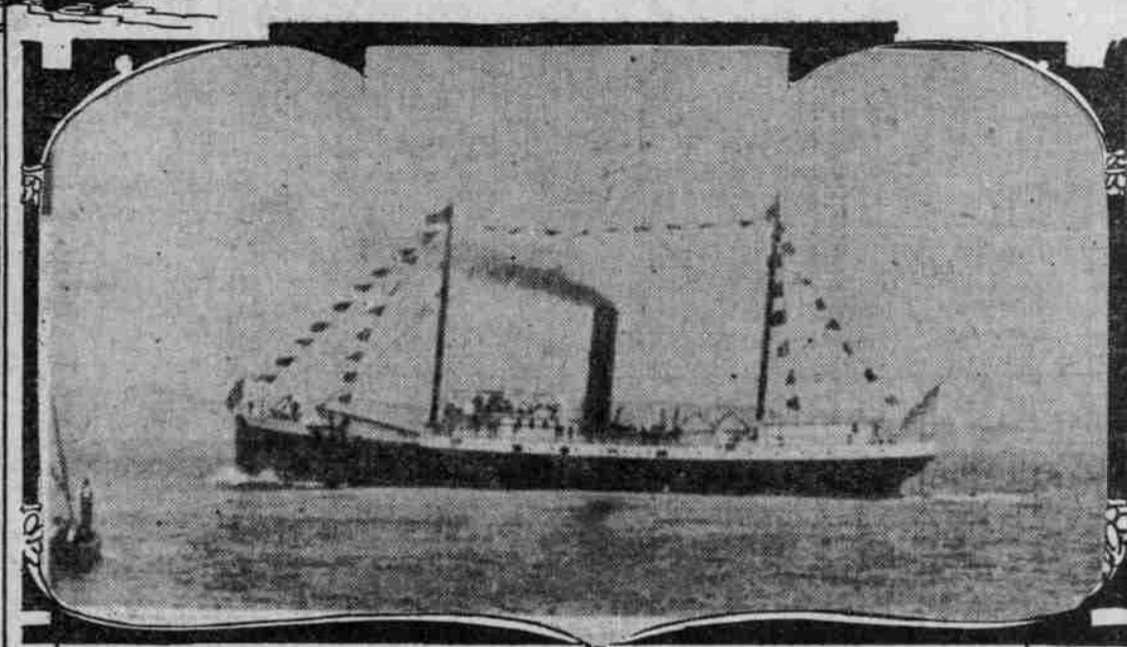


ASTORIA REGATTA AS SEEN BY A BOSTONIAN



Jonathan Adams Wentworth, better known to his intimates as "Went," recently graduated from Harvard Medical School, bachelor, clubman and first and foremost a "Bostonian," visits the Astoria regatta and writes his impressions thereof to his chum, Miles Standish Chittenden, of Beacon street.

son on one side and a drunken prospector on the other. The parson prepared himself for repose by carefully removing his false teeth and white lawn cravat and depositing them on the table, while the prospector, being of an affectionate disposition, cuddled up closely and snored peacefully in the unhappy traveler's ear. Unhygienic, to say the least, isn't it, old fellow?

The mist gradually dispelled as we slipped down the river and before long we had overhauled one of the racing boats towed by a power tender. The most conspicuous feature of this encounter was the display of yellow jerseys and muscular limbs enough to excite the envy of a professional acrobat. Shortly afterwards we ourselves were subjected to the humiliation of being overhauled by a trim speed boat of graceful lines which passed by us as though we were fast to a snag. Our revenge came in good season, when we overtook them drawn up on shore and laboring with a choice assortment of profanity—over a balky engine. A striking example, my boy, of the hare and the tortoise.

The most illuminating experience of the day, however, was the amount of gastronomic pleasure which may be extracted from an expenditure of a quarter—or as they call it here—two bits, when accentuated by this bracing Oregon atmosphere. We were informed by the solitary lounge on the wharf of the little town where we went ashore for dinner that the sheriff had closed one of the two only restaurants in town and that the proprietor of the other had gone to Portland for a square meal. We were directed, however, to a private house where the homely fare found me in a most responsive mood. On the way back to the boat we came across a pear tree in which were suspended some huge circular bits of tin. These, we were informed, were used by the birds as looking glass, to attract their attention from the ripened fruits. I will confess to you that I am somewhat dubious of the veracity of the explanation.

With the soothing effects of our hearty dinner and a post prandial pipe, time slipped pleasantly by until a certain irregular motion on the part of our little craft gave indication of the tide which rushes in over Astoria bar. Altering our course to cross the river to Tongue Point which lies just above Astoria, the full force of the northwesterly afternoon breeze caught us full amidships. I've ridden over corduroy roads and I've essayed to stay on the back of a farm horse, but for the real pea-in-a-gourd sensation, give me Astoria harbor and a 25-horsepower launch to buck the wind and tide. There wasn't a dry eye in the house as they say of the melodrama and by the time we rounded the point at least a portion of those marvelous two-bit dinners had been fed to the famous Columbia River salmon.

After awhile we drew up alongside the dock and made fast to an abandoned pile-driver. We had intended to sleep on board, but the bedding had been drenched, so after making all snug we ambled ashore. Talk about a mob! Why, there were more people than you'll see in the stadium all next football season. They reminded me of a bunch of bees, each one trying to light on the same spot and then flying busily away as soon as they have attained it. We searched all over town before we could find a place to sleep. Did I say sleep? At Astoria there's no sleep during regatta week for either the just or unjust. Finally we were packed away in the least possible space. I suppose the canning industry is largely responsible for the skill with which a huge crowd of visitors is disposed of in the prospective New York of the Pacific. Then we went for something to eat. Three hours later we got it or as much of it as had been left by those who got in on the ground floor. The service was what might be called in mild language rotten. Four separate times I ventured to ask for a spoon before I could get it, but finally our hunger was subdued, if not satisfied, and we went home to our "downy cots," at least mine broke down in the course



PORTLAND, Or., Sept. 7, 1907.—My Dear Stan: Your brief note of last Saturday just received, and I will own a sense of guilt at your charge of negligence in the matter of correspondence. Still, when you learn the cause, I'm quite certain you will regard me with a greater degree of leniency. To tell the truth, I am just recuperating from a severe attack of "Astorianitis," which is a violent form of Dementia Americana, peculiar to this locality, and culminating annually in the regatta held at Astoria, Or. Nowhere in the United States is professional gaiety brought to such a degree of perfection, and I can only wish that you had been along to experience the novel sensations of a first attack.

My first knowledge of the malady was gained at the University Club here in Portland, where I was put up and very pleasantly taken care of by one of our fellows. We were gathered in the library after dinner one evening, when a chap from Princeton who had been behaving very decently towards me asked if I had ever visited the Astoria regatta. He went on to explain that it was a typical Western celebration—sort of a local Mardi Gras—and advised me to take it in.

Astoria, it seems, is a fishing town of about 15,000, situated at the mouth of the Columbia River, about 100 miles below Portland. According to the prospectus, it is the only official gateway to the Orient, but the Portlanders, when they mention it, call it—well, I was always brought up not to mix in neighborhood differences of opinion; my vocabulary has already been sufficiently contaminated since I left the Hub. The prospectus goes on to say that Astoria is the "New York of the Pacific," but some individual, stirred possibly by rancor, has suggested that more directly to its phonetic similarity to that indispensable article of household economics "for which children cry," I decided, upon the spot, to attend.

Next morning I arose at the unwholy hour of 6:30 o'clock, found that I had barely time to swallow a cup of coffee, and rushed for the steamer which was scheduled to leave at 7. You know for years our Sunday morning habit of cod-fish cakes and beans, and how it refuses me to have it interfered with. There may be a respectable baked bean in Portland, but so far I have been unable to find it. The sickly attenuated specimens which are served you for the real article can only be surpassed in inferiority by the canned variety which are sometimes substituted. Add to a meager breakfast an enforced walk to the dock with the burden of a heavy suit case, and supermount these humiliations with a sight of the steamer just beyond jumping distance, and you have my mental attitude. This last misfortune, however, proved a blessing in disguise, for on inquiry I found a comfortable launch, which was going down, and on asking permission to go along was welcomed with a warmth of courtesy that went a long way to re-establishing my faith in my lucky star.

This faith was strengthened when one of my fellow passengers related his experience on the night steamer a week previous. It seems that he had not reserved a berth and was obliged to sleep on the floor under one of the tables in the dining-room, with a Methodist par-

of the night, but I was so fatigued that I kept right on sleeping, imagining all the time that I was trying to hold down the side of a hill.

How can I describe to you the regatta so you may see it as I saw it? In the first place, I suppose they call it "regatta" because there is so little that resembles real yacht racing. Imagine a regatta at Newport or Marblehead made up of a country fair, a baby show, ball

games, parades, a convention of country editors, a Norwegian Saengerfest and a stickler old Van de Puyeter is for nautical etiquette. How he would writh under such a mixture! But I will confess I enjoyed it heartily, and so, apparently, did every one of that motley crowd which gathers each year from all along the Coast to help celebrate these festivities.

queen, who on this occasion was brought to her throne in a grandstand built on the waterfront by a band of vikings. True the captious onlooker might have observed a suspicious resemblance in the underbody of the ancient Norwegian barge to a steamer of more recent design, but when one realized that the hearty song of homage which rose from full a hundred lusty throats was in the tongue of those hardy Norsemen, that the blood of those ancient heroes still traced in the veins of the queen's vassals, whose broad sweeps brought the unique craft to the float, it was a good bit more stirring than it looks here in prosaic ink. The queen herself was a most regal-looking young lady, whose comprehension of the somewhat exacting demands of her unique position assisted mightily in the success of the pageant. Her royal car, trimmed with blue hydrangeas, equaled any of the decorations that I ever saw at the coaching parade up at the old Twin Mountain. As for the maids of honor—well, old chap, knowing your desire to remain in the by-paths of single blessedness, I hasten to advise you to keep away from Astoria on regatta week.

The Westerner, I am convinced, is more like a child in his enjoyment of the spectacular than our own immediate neighbors. The sight of gold braid in life upon his nostrils, but as most all of the Pacific Coast is merely the most progressive part of Boston, New York and Michigan transplanted, it must be something in the atmosphere. By the way, this atmosphere is a most delightfully uncertain quantity. How the water would float over the possibilities of the barometer. You know what a source of satisfaction it is to him to make his matutinal visit and speculate upon the outcome, or try to reconcile the difference between his instrument and the transcript of the evening before. One day of Astoria weather would keep father mentally satiated for six months.

But I started to tell you about the yacht racing. I can imagine the disgust on the face of old Cap Collier, whom you remember as builder and designer of that ancient, deep-cheeked ark, the Lucy J., at what he would probably describe as a slab sided shingle, which a feller couldn't tell if he were headed north or south of it without a movin' in that direction.

"But the boys who sail these boats know their business and while it is almost impossible to see what enjoyment can be derived from pounding into a half gale with a lightly constructed skimming dish, it certainly affords entertainment to the spectators. I will confess to a certain sense of disappointment in not finding what we would term down east, the true sporting spirit in these contests. There is a feeling of commercialism, a decree

of selfish consideration that will materially hamper the progress of the yachting game in the west unless it is remedied. Certainly this is unfortunate, for nowhere could more of the right kind of interest be stimulated than on the Columbia river and the vicinity, were the delights of real yacht racing more fully appreciated. This even holds true of the fishermen, whose strongly constructed, spirit-sail keel boats contrast vividly with the scows which pose as yachts. There are something like 1400 of these fishboats employed here in the salmon fishing industry and to see a race among their daring skippers is to witness as pretty a spectacle as the eye of a yachtsman would care to look upon.

There will not be room here to tell you as much as I would have liked about the population of this town of Astoria or the natural advantages to which the visitor's attention is called as soon as he strikes town by the omnipresent booster. I honestly believe you'll see more foreigners on Astoria's streets than you will on Third avenue, New York. I counted 30 nationalities represented in the big parade and had you been here you could have seen a row of six Chinamen smile with almost human intelligence as a tiny boy of 4 clad in the national tunic and flowing

trousers of Greece toddled by to the strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner." Six different nations settled the question of supremacy in a tug of war and parted the best of friends.

Astoria is a city of wood built over tide water. They will point out to you a small lagoon where in a few months there will be a seven-story hotel. You may wander to the pier where a few weeks ago the roulette wheel never ceased to whirl and you could get up against any brand of card game your fancy happened to dictate. Today one-half the town floats upon this moral victory and the other half shakes its head and predicts financial ruin. The country fair affords glimpses of agrarian monstrosities that would make our New England farmer accuse you of unmitigated prevarication and the complexions of the ladies bear eloquent testimony to the beneficial effects of the moist air. No amount of growth will ever make a New York out of Astoria. There is but one original and only New York, but flying under its own colors the little city will undoubtedly win attention and gold from that effete East, whose bank accounts they admire while they decry their lack of "Western spirit." Trusting to hear from you soon and hoping I haven't bored you by this lengthy epistle, I am as ever yours,
J. ADAM WENTWORTH.

How Divers Are Trained

THE Admiralty trains divers and every British warship carries at least one representative of the craft and frequently more. There are training schools at Portsmouth, Devonport and Sheerness.

One of the difficulties with which divers have to contend is probably not realized by the landsman, namely, that the greater the depth the greater is the pressure of water on the man's body and the greater the labor and exhaustion of working. The naval authorities limit their men to a depth of 120 feet. The greatest depth to which a man has descended is said by Siebs to have been 204 feet, and the pressure at that depth was extraordinary, namely, 38½ pounds to the square inch. One wonders how any human being could stand it. Twelve fathoms, or about 70 feet, would be enough for most men. The ears and nose would probably begin to bleed and the pressure on the head would be very serious. A practiced diver can, of course, descend much deeper without such unpleasant sensations.

His dress costs more than a hundred pounds; it is of tanned twill and rubber and made in one piece, with a big copper and screws on to the shoulders so tightly that the water cannot penetrate the joint. Air is pumped down to him by a pipe made of canvas and rubber, and outlet valves, which only open outwardly, are placed at convenient places to permit the diver to escape. These valves are

extremely important, as by them the diver can regulate his supply of air.

In addition to this pipe the diver has a lifeline enabling him to communicate with his assistants above water. This was formerly done by a series of concerted tugs or jerks on the line, but the method is being superseded as a means of communication by the telephone, the wires being conveyed by the lifeline. He therefore touches the button and talks as if he were in the city.

Another great improvement is the use of the electric lamp, though in some West Indian waters a diver can see clearly for some distance. In other waters again the darkness is intense 20 or 30 feet down. The weight of the dress is extraordinary and is necessary to enable the diver to maintain his stability. His helmet weighs considerably over a quarter of a hundred weight, and his boots, taken together, about as much, while if these be not sufficient, he claps lead upon his shoulders.

An Error.

Not long ago at a luncheon a lady made a curious mistake. A plate of delicious-looking cakes was passed by the colored waiter. There appeared to be but one small chocolate éclair on the plate, and the lady was very fond of chocolate.

"I'm going to be impolite enough to take the only chocolate éclair," she said. "Excuse me, ma'am," said the waiter. "Dat's ma thumb, ma'am."