

FIFTY MOTORBOATS ARE IN ANNUAL CRUISE

Four Hundred People Enjoy Run to Cedar Island and Day of Outdoor Sports.



THE CREWS SOUGHT THE SHADY NOOKS ON THE ISLAND FOR LUNCHEON.

THAT there is more pleasure in motor-boating than in perhaps any other sport is the consensus of opinion of the 400 pleasure-seekers who participated in the second annual cruise of the Willamette Motorboat Club, Sunday, August 8. In 50 of the little speed craft the party left the clubhouse at 9 A. M., made the trip ten miles up the Willamette River to Cedar Island and after spending the day there in various amusements returned home late at night. After the preliminary hustle and bustle at the clubhouse the fleet proceeded up the river in rank of officers, Commodore Kelly leading the first squad and Vice-Commodore Kinnear at the head of the second squad. The morning was beautiful and conditions were ideal for the run. The river was smooth and placid, and there was just enough breeze blowing to relieve the intensity of the sun and make the atmosphere cool and invigorating. Cedar Island, the point for which the fleet headed, is situated about ten miles from Portland up the Willamette, and not far from Oregon City. Nature has made the island a most picturesque spot. There is a wide, long, sandy beach and the center of this island is a veritable forest of fir and oak, with clinging vines and soft carpets of moss underneath. Just across the river from the island there are very fine springs which furnished the club with its drinking water. The island is a half mile long and a quarter mile wide. The jovial keeper of the island, known by the boys as "Pop Clark," had made extensive preparations for the convenience and comfort of his guests. In the way of landing floats and making ready tables and benches, "Pop" is a very hospitable host and is popular with motorboat enthusiasts, who make the island a rendezvous of many little outings.

The trip up the river was uneventful except that the fleet made exceptionally good time, covering the distance in about one hour. The journey was enlivened by many race skirmishes between boats in their attempt to see which could reach the island first. This caused much good-natured rivalry and amusement among the captains of the boats and their friends. Immediately upon landing, the crews sought the shady nooks of the island, away from the glaring sun, for luncheon. Here they remained, passing the time in general jollification, until the sun had sunk behind the island, making the beach cool and shady, when the sports of the afternoon were begun. The afternoon programme consisted of all manner of laughable games and



LANDING OF THE FLEET ON CEDAR ISLAND.

ludicrous stunts. There was a fat woman's race which caused excitement second only to the fat men's race. The latter was won by C. W. Boat. Vice-Commodore Kinnear was a very close second. The skiff race was another exciting event in which three skiffs participated. The course was across the river and back, each contestant bringing a rock back from the other side of the river. "Pop" Clark was declared the winner and presented with a silk necktie. Late in the evening the crews partook of luncheon and had a delightful cruise home. With no accidents to mar the day's sports, the party returned home tired out, but satisfied, and even then eagerly considered plans for the next year's cruise.

Seaside More Than Summer Resort

Industries of the Active Coast Town That Support a Considerable Population Apart From the Multitude of Visitors—Its Residential Charm and Equable Climate.

IF anyone is of the opinion that Seaside lives off the Summer boarder, one trip about this little city will convince them to the contrary. While the Summer visitor is a great asset in the financial affairs of the place, it is welcomed with wide-open arms and parted from with regret, the town is well able to take care of itself. The Summer resident puts life and vim into the city and sets the ball of amusement to rolling. The dance halls come to life, the skating rink opens up, the bowling alley entertains its enthusiasts, and the ocean is bathed; but back of all this is a latent power backed up by an energetic people who are working out for themselves to make this a city built on substantial lines, who are quick to take advantage of all modern improvements; a wide awake people who, seeing what has been accomplished in the last three years, look forward to a bright future.

On all sides one sees gardens flourishing in all the glory of the soil, good climate and good care can command. All kinds of vegetables do well here. The soil is a sandy loam and is easily cultivated. The thick growth of pines and underbrush has to be cleared away first, and each year adds to the tillable area of ground. Potatoes ripen here as early as anywhere, and are of superior quality. Strawberries and all kinds of small fruits do well. Roses grow to large proportions and all flowers show a softer coloring than those grown in the city and bathed every night by the mists from the ocean. Sweet peas are also grown near the ocean. They are large and show exquisite coloring.

The Necanicum is a good fishing stream and affords an abundance of different kinds of fish in their season. Just now they are fishing for salmon trout; a lively contest is on and a good prize offered for the largest trout caught. Jack Reddard leads with a good 17½ inches long, weight 22 ounces. The prize offered is a \$10 fishing outfit by Godfrey Bros., who are enthusiastic fishermen themselves.

The ocean affords any amount of fishing. Many persons fish from the pier, catching porgies, tom cod and crabs. Others wade out in the surf finding more pleasure in that manner of fishing. Rock cod are caught in great quantity near Tillamook Head when the tide is low. Clam digging affords a variety for the table and is a remunerative occupation, also. The average Summer resident digs only enough clams for himself, but an expert like Sam Lee, the veteran clam digger, can dig 100 dozens on a tide, which is in from four to six hours. He supplies

all the restaurants and hotels, both Summer and Winter with this edible. Others dig clams for the canning factory at Warrenton, and \$6 a day is sometimes made by those thus engaged. Fishing for crabs is another pastime, and this is also where the expert puts it all over the novice. An expert can gather them by the sackful. While the newcomer glories in his catch of one or two, there is the expert who has two bushels or more.

They are an ugly-looking creature, these crabs, with their horrid claws, their heads made by those thus engaged. Fishing for crabs is another pastime, and this is also where the expert puts it all over the novice. An expert can gather them by the sackful. While the newcomer glories in his catch of one or two, there is the expert who has two bushels or more.

Crabs are caught in various ways. There are crab pots three or four feet across. Liver or beef is fastened inside and the net sunk in the ocean, generally from the pier, though many are caught this way in the Necanicum River. Others take rakes and rake them out of the puddles left by the receding tide, or wade waist deep in the ocean and catch them when they have chance to see one floating in the surf. Some use a long stick with a sharp pointed rod in the end, spearing them through the back.

Beaver, deer and other game is plentiful in the woods, but more attention is given to the easier method of getting food from the ocean or river. Licenses are required to fish in the river and streams, but all ocean fishing is free.

Seaside has three mills and a big logging company operates in the woods. The mills consist of a box factory, saw and door factory and planing mill. These factories give employment this year round to many citizens of the town. Less than five years ago Seaside was a little straggling town without sidewalks, telephone or electric lights. Three years ago the first telephone poles were put up in the town and the electric plant was installed. The pier was also built at that time by Mr. Moore.

There is now a large new bridge across the river, an eight-foot sidewalk from the depot to the ocean, and many private residences have cement sidewalks everywhere. Many splendid Summer homes have been built here the past three years, at least 70 good buildings going up last year. Those being built now are of the most advanced bungalow style. The bungalow, instead of being a fad, is one of the most practical of houses for a Summer or all-the-year-round residence. The stores are



AT THE CLUB HOUSE JUST BEFORE THE START.

good up-to-date buildings, with good show windows and modern conveniences.

Seaside is a city entirely without a cemetery. Some claim that no one ever dies here, while others advance the theory that there is no suitable location.

When inland merchants are letting off clerks, making inventories and taking things easy, Seaside merchants are simply overrun with business. Stores stay open till 8 or 9 o'clock at night and part of Sunday. The laundry is swamped with work, the electric light company is kept busy, and the ice cream factory runs overtime. While some on the shore road in the temporary tents and shops, generally complain of a dull season, the old established firms have all they can do. Everyone is hungry when he strikes Seaside, and hunger generally remains with him through the season.

The postoffice is a fine modern structure, having over 1000 boxes, and these are all taken and more could be used. The old postoffice was wholly inadequate to Seaside's growing population, even in the Winter time, and at the height of the Summer season one had to stand in line indefinitely waiting for his mail. The new postoffice has been in use one year.

Seaside has no ship anchorage. Her waterfront is the boundless ocean itself. The breakers roll in on the sandy beach, quietly in the Summer, but in the Winter things get more interesting and people living along the ocean walk in their yards and on their porches by the heavy swells which then run almost 30 feet above low tide.

She boasts no fine harbor. It would not be situated back on some harbor. One railroad only enters the town, but the products of the mills here go to all parts of the United States.

The pier built by Mr. Moore three years ago runs for 700 feet out into the ocean. It is good proof of the wear and tear of the ocean. Seventy feet of the pier has

been swept away. It could have withstood the beating of the waves for some years to come, but it was the terezo that worked havoc with the piling. The terezo resembles the thousand-legged worm. They went to work relentlessly, honey-combed the piling up and down and across. They increased rapidly and simply flourished on the mussels, barnacles and ocean insects that also came and made their homes on the piles. Their holes are larger around than a lead pencil and occupy half the space contained in the pile. The pile weakens finally and is an easy prey to the ocean's strength.

The climate here is perfect. Like the little bears' possessions in goldenlocks, it is neither too cold nor too hot, but just right. In the severest heat of the Summer inland the air is tempered by the breeze from the ocean. On the hottest day this Summer, the thermometer standing at 80 degrees in the shade, there was that something in the air that cooled the lungs and took the languor out of the body. There was snow here during the winter, but the thermometer registered higher than any place in the state.

Home to Seaside. This town is evidently named after the river, as there is nothing sandy or unpleasant about the village. It has the one long street characteristic of new Western towns. All the way the eye is greeted by fine farms, generous orchards and rolling fields showing the highest fertility.

This little town, only 15 miles from Portland, can be reached by electric car to Boring and stage to Sandy and within easy walk it affords views of mountains and valleys as fair and grand as the country affords. Leaving with regret even though we were to come back, a few miles brings us to Firwood. Only a few buildings are visible, but the rich harvests show how amply nature repays the work of the few who till the soil. Every mile of the journey one who rides, knows the care and skill of the road builders. There are a few places where care must be used, but these are usually on steep hillsides and they are very few. On through Cherryville the road swings, taking us into the shady woods where giant ferns and noble trees, foxglove and rhododend-

ron in profusion reveal how rich the soil is in which they grow. The hotel at Salmon nestles among thrifty maples. At high noon you may walk beneath their branches and see rays of them 15 inches across, as large as a palm-leaf fan; an ample thatch, a protection alike from sun and from rain. The road one sees the gleam of white tents where some groups are storing up health and strength. A pleasant ride leads us to the inviting piazzas of Rhododendron Tavern, one of the best examples of true rustic architecture it has been our good fortune to visit. Its noble stone fireplaces and the sense of home that pervades it are not belied when one comes to meet the guests and taste the menu and service in the dining-room. By the hotel tumbles the Zee-Zag River, whose music makes glad the heart of man. A glorious mineral spring is on the grounds and bungalows and tents are grouped invitingly about the hotel among the fine trees. At present the tourist must take the eight miles to Government Camp to get the full view of Mount Hood, but a trail is to be cut this Fall over Zee-Zag Mountain, enabling one to get a fine view of the mountain by going two miles.

Sunday night at the hotel at Government Camp was a gathering of Portland friends. A delightful service was held in the parlor, Rev. Mr. Montgomery, Mr. Prew and myself taking part, and the large company present enjoying it to the full.

Wonderful as the trip out had been, greater pleasures were before us. Diligent inquiry for some way of varying the route brought forth some suggestions that we are happy to pass on. Just before Simon, a bridge leads across the Sandy River to Marmot. Crossing here, you at once find yourself on a charming and river-turquoise road. It winds along the bank just far enough in so that you catch its silver sheen and hear its murmur, while the trees overarch the road shading your way. The moss is heavy on every building and tree, and thousands of choice bits invite the artist's brush. The grade though rising slightly is easy and the comfortable farmhouses with sheep, goats and cattle, and the rich fields give a sense of companionship though few people appeared anywhere about them.

Marmot is soon left behind. We climb a noble height and there breaks on the view a scene that reminds us of the Hudson River Valley or that marvelous scene from Lookout Mountain in Tennessee. Reluctantly we urge "Babe" forward and enter the Bull Run Forest Reserve. Here, near our beautiful city is the watershed of our fine water supply.

And this is the sermon of Seaside. This is the text to be followed at this city hid in the pines by the ocean's shore. For who cares when one's lungs fill with the cooling air from far over the seas and one's eyes rest on the tran-

very lowest you can find, but it is free from taint and laden with health. As John Muir in July Sunset says: "Wander a whole Summer if you can. The hands of God's blessing will reach you and soak you as if you were a great sponge, and the big days will go by uncounted. If you are business tangled and so burdened by duty that only weeks can be got out of the heavy-burdened year, give a month at least. The time will not be taken from your sum of life. Instead of shortening it will indefinitely lengthen it and make you truly immortal. Nevermore will time seem short or long and care will never again fall heavily on you, but gently and kindly as gifts from heaven."

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SPECIALLY ATTRACTIVE ANNOUNCEMENT

Mr. John F. Cordray takes great pleasure in announcing that he has engaged for one day the great musical combination consisting of Sig. A. Liberati, the greatest cornet soloist in the country, his famous band and a company of grand opera singers engaged specially by Liberati.

This great combination will give two concerts at The Oaks Sunday, August 15, one at 2:30 in the afternoon and the other at 8:30 in the evening.

Manager Cordray secured this musical organization at considerable cost, but determined when he assumed the lease and management of the park to furnish visitors to this beautiful place the best and highest class entertainment it is possible to obtain. In pursuance with this policy, he engaged Liberati and his band for these concerts, and visitors to The Oaks Sunday will have an opportunity to hear them without added cost of admission.

Take cars at Third and Yamhill or East Morrison and East Water and visit The Oaks.

The Park is filled with attractions of almost every kind, which may be enjoyed before and after the grand concerts.

quill waters that lose themselves in the distance, and you look away to the dark green hills in the background, who cares for the daily grind? It is forgotten in the sense of freedom in the air; for here business and pleasure do not commingle, would a remnant. Leave them behind you forgotten till you return to the dull city. Sit on the shore. Dig your toes down into its damp sands; roll in the sound of the ocean, and see if it does not make you a better man. Go out in the ocean and take a dip in its chilly waters; you'll feel young again and see things as you have not seen them for years. Leave the alarm clock at home and stop your watch, for there is no need of hours or minutes here. Just one long day of rest and joy. For is not this the place where day ends, the day of all the world. It slips silently to rest here in the past colors or in flaming gold. Day breaks thousands of miles away across the waters and then travels to rest here for a brief space of time, so who cares how the day ends here with us—till specks on the ocean's beach. J. A. H.

Seaside, Or., Aug. 11.

Scenic Beauty Near Portland

My Two Days' Journey to the Bull Run Forest Reserve, With Its Incomparable Views.

BY REV. JAMES D. CORBY.

FOR a couple of years we had looked and longed to wander outside the city limits. But Portland is a hard city to get away from. The work grows from month to month in every branch of human activity and few of those we met seemed to know the location of the choicest bits of scenery nearby. It might have been that or else they wanted to enjoy the beauty all alone. At last we decided to head for Mount Hood and see what we should discover and the wonderful opulence of nature we found leads us to share with others who would get near to nature's heart, the wealth so near at hand. A neighboring livery let us have an exceptionally fine horse, a large bay, gentle, yet full of go. In a few hours "Babe" and we understood each other as in an easy riding baggy, with my good wife we set forth.

Greenham was our first objective point, and as no road map was available we had to ask the man on the street and in the store. Five had no idea of its location. Two had gone there on the car and several others were sure we would strike some road by heading east. At last we whispered to "Babe" where we were going and she whisked us into the Section Line road and in a couple of hours landed us in the heart and thrifty town. There was the one long street characteristic of new Western towns. All the way the eye is greeted by fine farms, generous orchards and rolling fields showing the highest fertility.

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We have driven through English parks and under the noble elms and maples of the Berkshires in Massachusetts, but the skill of the gardener fails to equal the wondrous beauty here revealed. "What a great thought of God was that when he thought a tree," says Ruskin. I have come back a better man, a more loyal Oregonian, and a patriot for that drive through the forest. No word pictures, of what woodland scenery can reproduce the charm it gives the beholder. Three hundred years old massed like some impregnable army, holding the heights or on either side of the road like sentinels, reared their lofty tops hundreds of feet above us. They afforded woodland vistas to tempt the photographer and the painter. Here and there the fir alternates with the sugar pines and the cedars, while underneath spreads the carpet of ferns as far as the eye can penetrate.

And all the while the fine air was exhilarating and with charming views afforded us a day to be ever remembered with pleasure.

A road leading to the left from the Bull Run Forest Reserve brings us to the village of Sandy, a fine view overlooking the valley of the Sandy. There, amid a grove of magnificent trees, the eye sweeps a range that must rank as one of the noblest in the Cascades range, while in the foreground the deep valley of the Sandy is glorious, with its silver slopes and gleaming in its green banks far below, while the fertile farms reach up the hill on both sides of the valley, with their fields of golden grain, cut and being loaded, the great fields of potatoes and the corn waving in the breeze. Over a wonderful piece of road we drove and went into the valley, ever encountering some new beauty. We cross the Sandy again on a quaint-covered bridge and find to our surprise that we are to climb up to the village of Sandy over a remarkable piece of road building. It is conceived on the splendid lines of the roads in Switzerland, and while as broad as a boulevard it never exceeds an 8 per cent grade.

After a good night's rest we set out early the next morning over another new road, the one known as the Bluff Road to Pleasant Home. Taking the first turn to the right on leaving Sandy it brings you to the head of the valley and shows you the best of the look-up to this time. Far below you shines the river, seemingly as deep as the Yellowstone Chasm, while the eye scans the valley and sees the best of miles in diameter. You look down not only upon the marvelous combination of curve and color, but upon the homes of toiling men and women whose labor had made the earth to rejoice. To these much-neglected, unheralded and underestimated vantage points of Oregon's beauty our drive led us. Feast your eyes on this beauty of the common things, tune your ear to detect the music in the lives of the husbandman, and you will come back with a new relish for life and a more splendid appetite for duty.

Portland, August 13.

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drug stores, which, by the way, have been
looking out for you.

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