

BEAUTIFUL NETARTS BEACH FULL OF SCENIC CHARM FOR VACATIONIST

Situated but Six Miles From Tillamook, Delightful Coast Resort Is Rendezvous for Hundreds of Valley Campers Every Summer—Fishing Along Rocks Supplies Healthful Recreation.



SCENE ON SHORE BEACH AROUND MAXWELL'S POINT, NETARTS



SEA LION ROCKS FROM NETARTS BEACH



CAMP AT NETARTS



GROUND ON BEACH AT NETARTS, SUNDAY JULY 30

NETARTS, Or., Aug. 12.—(Special.)—Netarts is one of the most beautiful of the Oregon beaches. For many years Netarts has been the favorite resort of campers that every summer wend their way coastward from Willamette Valley points, in their picturesque, white-canvased prairie schooners. At Salem, and McMinnville and Hillsboro, and all the country 'round about, "Netarts by the Sea" is a familiar slogan. To Tillamook residents, too, it has charms.

Due west of Tillamook is seen a lone high hill. This is Cape Meares. On its north side it hedges in Tillamook Bay, and on its south side is Netarts.

Tillamook Close at Hand.
An advantage which Netarts possesses, distinct from its natural attractions, is its proximity to Tillamook. It is only six miles away by wagon road, and that road through a pretty, timbered section along the mountain side over which it is a delight to travel. Work which the county now has in hand will bring this road into first-class condition very shortly.

There is another way of reaching Netarts, and that is by trail, over the cape. This way is for the venturesome and the lover of primal ruggedness. It will shorten the distance by a mile—providing the traveler does not mistake a bear path for the trail at some stage of the journey. In that case, it may be some hours before he extricates himself from the labyrinth of forest, huckle and salal berry bough.

As a beach resort, Netarts is ideal. All that stretch of bay and ocean side, extending from the head of Netarts Bay to Maxwell's Point and around the point to Cape Meares lighthouse, is known as Netarts.

The bay is quite large, and a long sand spit separates it from the ocean. On its south side rises Cape Lookout.

Sea Food Plentiful.
The bay contains mostly of mud flats, which are covered at high tides. Here twice each day Nature spreads her tables. Twice the ocean's tides come in, and twice they depart, leaving the bare flats laden with delicacies of the deep. Crabs and clams are here in abundance for all who wish them.

The ocean beach, from the end of the bay to Maxwell's point, is about four miles long. It has a beautiful setting in wooded dunes and among the ridges of Cape Meares. The cape is thickly timbered, and covered with foliage, and this makes conditions ideal for campers who desire to take pleasure jaunts into the forests. Hunting is good here also, and deer and bear are numerous.

From the beach there is a road ascending the cape to the lighthouse, which stands 200 feet above the sea, on the most westward promontory of the cape. The journey along this road is one of many fascinations. Over narrow defiles and along the brow of the mountain it is built, through foliage and forest, with the ocean many times breaking into full view, as the curves are rounded. The lighthouse is open to the inspection of the public during the day. Grassy plots under shady trees offer places where, after the journey's end, the picnicker may lunch and gaze upon the far-flung coast line, visible on either side for many miles.

Sea Lions Disport.
Jutting out of the ocean, scarcely a half mile from Netarts beach, are three immense rocks, known as the Sea Lion Rocks. Here, on any clear day may be seen herds of the sea monsters after which the rocks are named, flipping their bulky bodies about on table-top

projections at the bases of the rocks. They call, like the low-toned voice of a siren, may be heard plainly from any part of the beach.

Maxwell's Point is a high cliff projecting out among the breakers, like the prow of some great ship. It marks the end of the beach at high tide. At low tide the beach around the point is usually dry, and when it is not, it is easy to crawl around the edge.

The beach around this point is filled with rocks and crags and cliffs and caves of wild and startling beauty. The rocks take various forms and stand out boldly from the level beach. They are covered, at their bases, with a blanket of mussels, a delicious form of sea oyster which cling there by the millions. Star fish, sea urchins, sea roses and many forms of animal-plant life of the sea

may be found in the pools which form in little basins on the rocks.

Fishing Is Good.
One may remain on some of them until the water is quite high and fish for sea bass and rock cod, which are eager to take his bait. Through one of the low tide. At another place a beautiful water fall dashes over a cliff onto the sand. High rocky walls, marking the shore, rise gorgeous and majestic. More grand and rugged beauty, compressed with such a small area it would be hard to find.

completing, in fact, it will be late in September before they can be really ready for use. The reason for the early opening was that everyone who had anything to do with the project, was wild to have the building formally turned over at the earliest possible date. They hoped in this way to divert criticism.

Politicians Bully Contractor.
"The fact of the matter is that I have been hampered from the start, and reduced to the position of being the bullied servant of the city's engineers, architects and other officials."
"Whenever I tried to do anything, someone else in the city administration wanted another thing done. I received the contract on November 8 last, but the plans were not approved until the following February. I am frank to say that the baths would have been fully completed on July 1 last, had it not been for inefficient and incompetent interference."
In addition the work has been held up by numerous mysterious "labor strikes," generally growing out of a

question of jurisdiction between various unions. The charge has been made that certain labor leaders have made money out of the affair, for the longer the baths are held up the greater is the profit of the private bathhouse keepers.

Camera enthusiasts are talking of making a concerted appeal to Mayor Gaynor for changes in the regulations of the Bronx Zoo. This is the place where most of the city's animals are kept, and the birds and beasts make excellent subjects for photographs.

But under the Park Board regulations, no camera, not even a Brownie Kodak, is permitted in the enclosure. The city makes a fair revenue by the sale of postcards, and the claim is made that this would be spoiled if anybody were allowed to photograph.

The protestants, however, point out that camera enthusiasts seldom or never buy or sell postcards, and that they would not interfere in any way with the city's business. They suggest a compromise whereby small cameras be permitted in the park, and hope to have it adopted.

Rowdies Fear "Strong-Arm" Men.
One of the first things Rhineland Waldo did when he became Police Commissioner, was to organize a "strong-arm squad." The necessity of this organization was due to the fact that car rowdies made travel on the traction lines, especially on Sundays, a terrible ordeal.

It was Waldo's idea that the best way to discourage the car rowdies was to argue gently with them, using a night stick, then lock them up and let them suffer their receiving jail sentences. And the idea has worked out most successfully.

The strong-arm squad is composed of 15 husky policemen, and on Sundays and holidays the number is increased to 75. They know most of the storm centers, and are generally on hand when trouble breaks out.

Official figures for July, just given out, show that the squad has made 346 arrests, and 108 rowdies have been convicted, the workhouse sentences imposed aggregating 2145 days. It is promised by the Board of Police Magistrates that any severe punishment will be imposed in the future. Some of the judges have been too lenient, but the public disapproval aroused thereby has had a proper effect upon them.

Many persons have committed suicide by the financial loss they entail upon their landlords. Therefore the case of Miss Dorothy Cadmus is in a class by itself.

Miss Cadmus was found dead in her furnished room and one of the letters she left was addressed to the woman with whom she boarded. In it she said:

"Excuse me for doing this in your home. In my bank-book there is a balance of \$7 that you can keep for the gas I used."

Suicide Pays for Gas.
Miss Cadmus, who seems to have been a most methodical person, left a letter to an undertaker, telling him she had "always admired his work," and inclosing her small life insurance policy so that she could be certain of burial.

The bankbook and the policy, by the way, were all she had at the work, and she had been out of work for several months, which explains her suicide.

Despite the unusual heat, July's infant mortality was the lowest in the history of the city. This is so stated in the official report of Health Commissioner Lederle.

In July of last year, 2253 infants under 1 year old, died. In this July, the total was only 1522, although the city is growing. The best previous July was that of 1909, when the total was 1767.

The weakest babies have usually perished with the first hot spell, says Commissioner Lederle. "Many of them were saved this year by the milk stations, with their doctors and nurses. I urge upon parents the need of constant attention to babies. The doctors at the milk stations should be called at the first sign of an infant's illness. August usually brings hot weather, and the infant mortality rate has frequently gone higher in that month than in July."

The Postal Savings Bank has been running long enough to make it clear that the experiment is a success. At 3 1/2 per cent interest, while the regular savings banks give 3 or 4, its popularity cannot be denied.

Postal Bank Great Success.
Already it has seriously affected the irresponsible private banks which have swindled so many foreigners. As a rule the aliens in our midst look with suspicion on the prosperous institution, and either keep their cash at home where robbers and Black Handers get it, or open accounts with men of their own nationality, who generally steal it. But the Postal Savings Bank is a horse of another color.

For one thing that line on the back, "Guaranteed by the United States Government," has had a great effect. It convinces the foreigners that their cash is absolutely safe, and they have been swarming to the Postoffice building.

The regular savings banks have not been affected, for their depositors are women. A large proportion of the depositors are women. The fact that a married woman may open an account there, and the Government will recognize it, is a success. At least it is a success for the woman who has left with Uncle Sam.

The figures of the foreign money order department show that every year order department sent out of the United States to enrich savings institutions of "the Old Country," that offer no better terms than the Postal Savings Bank, is a success. The Postal Savings Bank will keep a large part of this cash in America, and make things better all around.

Princess Denies "Tales"
Biography Expected to Explain Life at Saxon Court.

LONDON, Aug. 12.—(Special.)—Ever since Solomon penned the woes of a too luxurious monarch's life, royalties of one sort and another have eased their minds at the literary profession. Early in the history of the world, a man of another royal mind, when a book called "My Own Story," by the ex-Crown Princess of Saxony, will be in circulation.

Highly spiced stories have appeared to account for the princess's enforced retirement from Saxony. The princess, it is said, had a very peculiar taste in her food, and entered upon lightly, ill-advisedly and prayerlessly. More than 750,000 divorces have been granted in the United States in 25 years, and only about 225,000 in all Europe during the same time, with 400,000,000 population against our 90,000,000. There is one divorce to every nine marriages in the United States, while in throughout the states there is one divorce to every four or five marriages.

Marriage is the world's great civilizer. Without it the family could have no existence; there would be no social order, no civilization and no progress. The dissolution of the nuptial ties involves the dissolution of society. What

signal realization or this truth was presented to the gaze of the world by France during the Reign of Terror, which Carlisle calls "the shabbiest page in the annals of history." That chaotic state of things was heralded by the granting of 20,000 divorces in Paris in one year.

Rome, in 500 years of her history, had not one divorce—these were Rome's years of power and glory. Rome changed her laws, divorces became common, down went the home and down went Rome.

Facts like these have a terrible significance, showing, as they do, that wherever marriage, the chief support of domestic virtue, becomes subverted, all the interests of society will be involved in its overthrow.

How to Be Happy Is Told.
We have told you what kind of a man to marry, what sort of a man to tie to, and now ask how to be happy through married life.

Love implies gentleness of manner, blindness to imperfections and at least as much polite attention as is shown to other men and other women. As time goes on, married life does not want less love, but more; not less expression of love, but more.

Genuine love continues as real 25 years after marriage as on the morning of the wedding day. It may not be so demonstrative—age is less demonstrative than youth—but still real. Love will keep the soul sweet and free from the warping process of life. Love is a wife's only wages. Don't scrimp in your pay. Consult each other. Lord Bellingbrooke said:

HOOD RIVER BOY SCOUTS ROUGH IT ON SHORES OF FAMOUS LOST LAKE

Members of Troop One, Divided Into Patrols of Stags, Wolves and Foxes, Are Taught Art of Luring Mountain Trout by Aid of Spoon and Fly—Second Troop Being Organized.



BOYS SWIM IN LOST LAKE.



SUN BATHS ON THE LOG LINED BANKS.

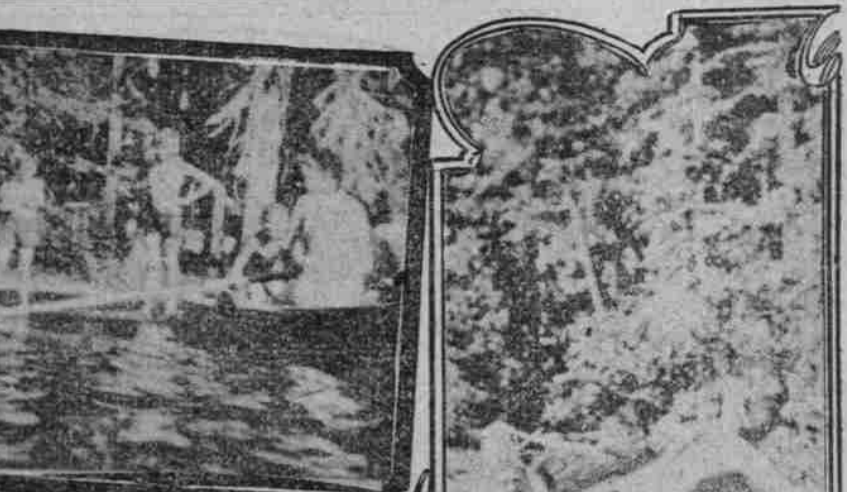
STORY TELLING IN THE TWILIGHT.

HOOD RIVER, Or., Aug. 12.—(Special.)—Since their organization here three months ago by Rev. Edward T. Simpson, rector of St. Mark's Episcopal Church, the Boy Scouts have made remarkable progress. Troop 1, Boy Scouts of Hood River, composed of three patrols, the Stags, the Wolves and the Foxes, have been organized. In the past week Albert L. Crocker, a Harvard graduate, who is engaged in the fruit and commission business here, has taken a great interest in the movement and has organized another troop. The merchants and professional men of the city are assisting the boys in their activities.

Troop 1, composed of more than 20 of the youth of the city, returned last week from a two weeks' outing in the region of Lost Lake. Some of the incidents of camp life are told by Rev. Mr. Simpson, who had charge of the party. He said:

"A bugle call in the early morning and the routine of camp life began. The Wolves, under the leadership of the grown-ups in the party, were cooks for the first day and were followed in turn by the Foxes and the Stags. But life was not all work. We had a plenty of fun. It was a surprise to find that the pleasure and interest of the campers were guarded on the body of water by a fleet of one-man power, non-sinkable, flat-bottomed cruisers with a guaranteed speed of one knot an hour. The flat boats might be overturned in such a way as to catch and hold a layer of air and the boys used to dive and arise with beads in the enclosed air. Sometimes they would run along the smooth, upturned boat's bottom slide as though on ice and drop with a delightful splash into the deep, cool water. Equipped with spoons, or fly-hooks, the campers and their older guardians waged successful war against the trout. The sport of trolling for them and suddenly finding one hooked, was a delight. But best of all was the delight of eating them."

One of the great objects of the trip was to give the boys lessons in the "art of the injured." Dr. E. D. Kanaga accompanied the troop and



AFTER A COLD PLUNGE.



THE TROOP'S OFFICERS.

daily lessons in the manner of treating injuries, snake bites and any other calamity that might befall the scouts, also it has been organized into Scouts in two weeks' camping trip into the Lost River region.

scoutmaster of Troop 18 of the Philadelphia, Pa., Boy Scouts. Mr. Schultz is passing the summer in the Upper Valley.

Mr. Crocker is planning to accompany the party of boys whom he has recently organized into Scouts in a two weeks' camping trip into the Lost River region.

Nobody is always consistent. The man or woman who never made a mistake is a myth. The most dangerous infernal machine in the home is the last word. If you must get mad don't both get mad at the same time. Take turns about.

Once in a while let your husband have the last word—it will please him and be no particular loss to you. Carry over into the wedded life the refinement of manner that characterized your wooing days. Don't imagine that because you have now won each other you need no longer be affectionate.

Some women make all their charms a net for one haul and when they have made the haul they throw away the net. Spend as much time after your marriage making cages as you did making nets before marriage and your bird will not be so apt to fly away to some other charmer.

Have some knowledge of what is going on in the world. Read the newspapers. Be interesting. Be a companion to your husband. He would rather talk with his wife than with anyone else if she has anything to talk about besides her petty annoyances. Man is apt to be self-centered, and if you can talk interestingly about his hobby he will likely have his club at home.

Praise Each Other Is Advised.
Don't be afraid to praise each other. Let your husband feel that you think him a good one; it will be a strong stimulus to his being so. Let him know that he has lost the name and he will soon abandon the reality. Wives must not cease honoring their husbands on discovering that, instead of being poetic and romantic, they are only very ordinary, imperfect beings.

Husband, don't be afraid to tell your wife that you appreciate her—she has a right to an expression of appreciation of her unselfish devotion to your interests. Don't keep all your flowers for her cold, dead brow. As Nixon Waterman has said, "A rose to the living is more than a hundred to the dead."

Don't pitch your expenditures too high. Better shut down on petty expenses than stoop to petty gettings. Never speak to anyone of one another's faults; not even to your minister or your doctor; they have troubles enough of their own.

Pay attention to little things. Estrogements are rarely the work of one day or caused by one offense. The sunbeam is composed of millions of minute rays. So the home life must be constituted of little tendernesses, of kind looks, sweet laughter, gentle words, loving counsels, and soon it will be found that kindness will spring up on every side, displacing incompatibility of temper and irreconcilability of spirit and want of mutual knowledge, even as we have seen sweet violets and primroses dispelling the depressing gloom of the gray sea rocks.

Both Should Apologize at Times.
Never be ashamed to apologize when you have made a fool of yourself. People who never act foolishly seldom act

GRAFT SCRAMBLE HOLDS UP GOTHAM CITY DEAL

Private Owners Bully Contractor and Hamper His Work to Their Own Profit—Suicide Leaves Money to Landlady for Gas Used.

NEW YORK, Aug. 12.—(Special.)—An ugly scandal is developing in the matter of the new Municipal Bathhouses at Consey Island, and the chances are that Mayor Gaynor's Commissioner of Accounts will be called upon to investigate.

The baths were formally "opened" on August 1, with elaborate ceremonies, but the public have not yet been admitted to them. And what good is a bath if you cannot use it?

In the meantime everybody concerned is trying to shift the blame to someone else's shoulders. And the private bath-owners are charging one dollar or higher on Sundays, just as they have been doing right along. The chances are that their graft will not be interfered with for the present year at least.

Daniel Garber is president of the Northeastern Contracting Company which has put up the building. Mr. Garber does not mince words in describing conditions. He says: "The bathhouses are nowhere near

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