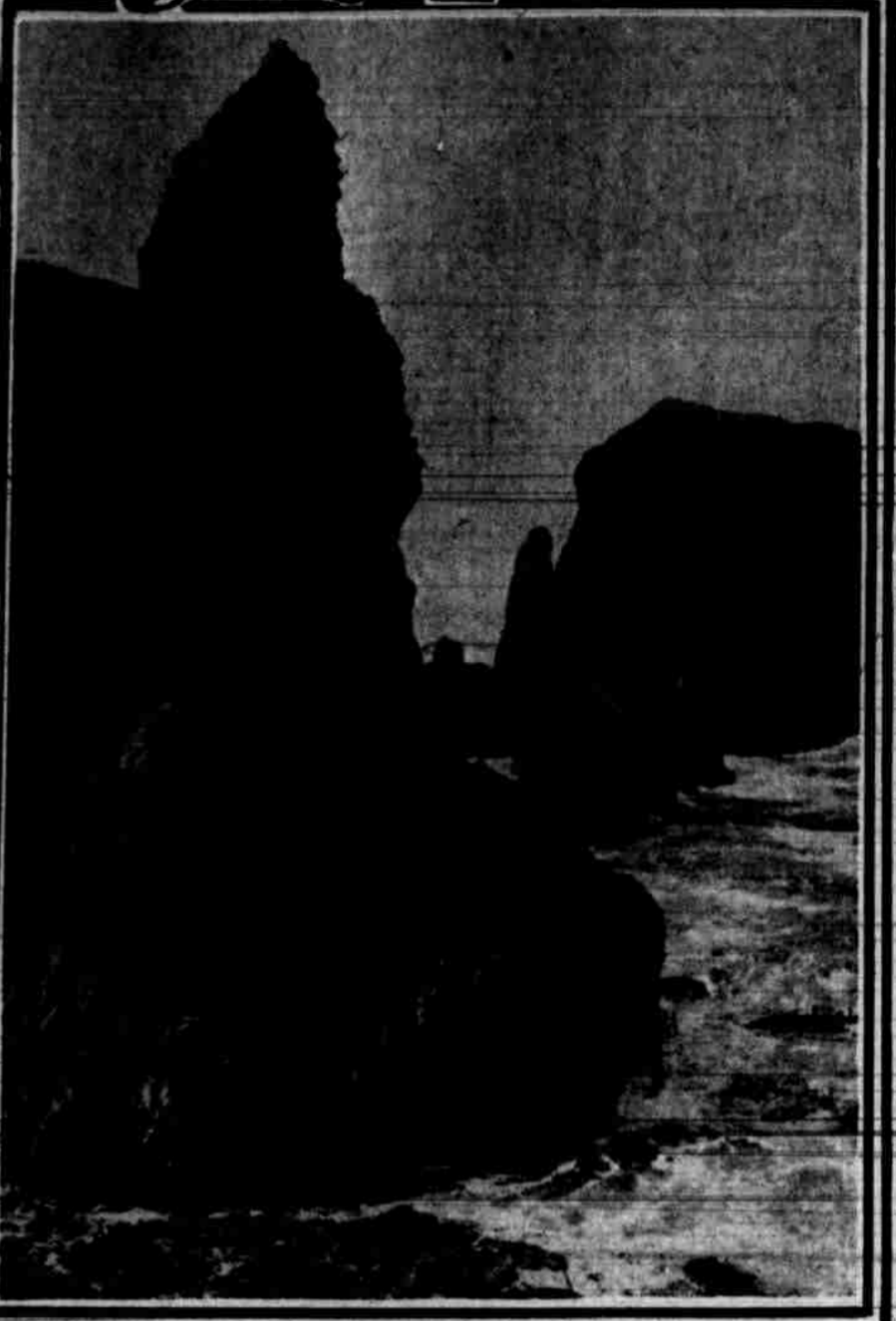
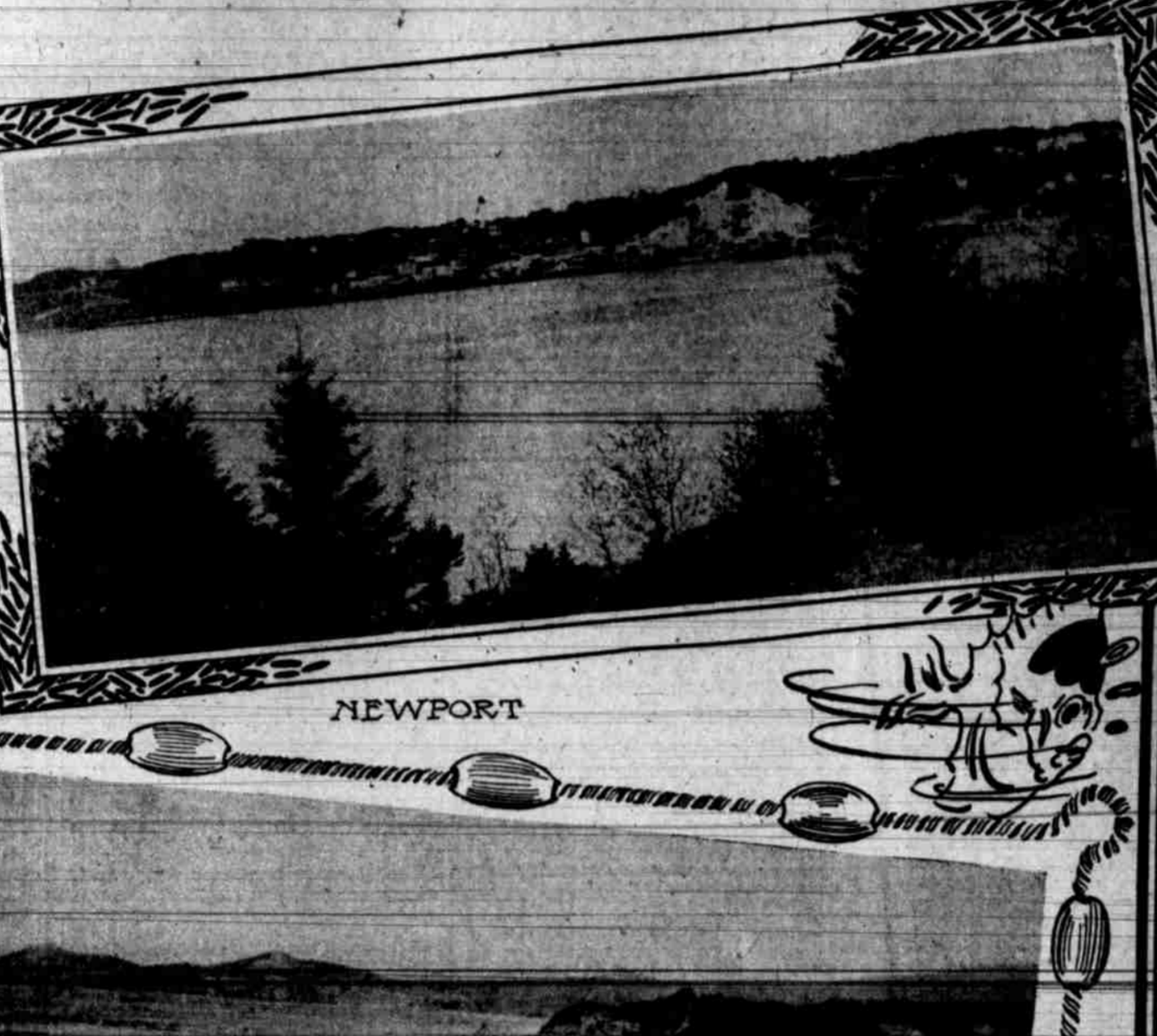


NEWPORT A Beauty Spot.



NEWPORT

FINGER ROCK, CAPE FOULWEATHER

NEWPORT, Oregon, deserves all the praise it receives as a summer resort. Some 30 years ago the farmers from the valley began to drive over the mountains during the hot weather and since that time its natural advantages as a summer resting place have been enjoyed by thousands. On a warm day in summer the surf at Nye Beach will be dotted with bathers, for the beach is composed of firm, white sand, making an ideal place to enjoy the salt water, and the water is shallow for a long distance out, thus offering perfectly safe surf bathing.

The first view of Newport is not attractive. It seems to be composed of one street of old buildings built along the beach and sheltered behind the hills. It has all the appearance of a small fishing village, which it is, except during the summer season. But a walk over toward Nye Beach and Olneyville will dispel this idea, for the cottages are neat, well painted and some of the lawns are fairly gorgeous with shrubs and flowers. The longer one stays about the place the better they like its quiet prettiness. The most of the cottages are built in the little valleys that nestle in the neck of land between Yaquina bay and the Pacific. This strip, about a mile in width, is an ideal resort situation. Sheltered from the northwest winds and with a semi-tropical climate, to walk through the town is like visiting the southland. Flowers and shrubs grow luxuriantly, many of the cottages being almost hidden. But the natural flowers are found in great profusion, notably the mountain laurel or rhododendron, which is the chief glory of the hillsides. They are now on dress parade and will hold first place for about six weeks.

A Place for Rest.
Here one may truly rest. A sort of dreamy quietness pervades all things. One may be busy the whole day and not feel one's conscience prick over time spent and nothing doing. The twitter of birds and hum of insects soothe and calm; while the roll of the Pacific is just far enough away to make it quiet-

NYE BEACH

ing, dream-producing. A sort of happiness comes over the purpose and caring care is forgotten. We hark back to the days of our barbaric ancestry and without thought effort breathe in the ozone of forest and ocean while the eyes feast on the rich colors of the flowers and the rich green of the hillsides.

No great effort has been made to beautify the resort and one can within a few moments walk reach the heart of the old forest. Isolation is its charm and it is to be hoped that nature's spell will never be broken in this corner of the world. Far from the roar of mill, hum of factory or rush of train one forgets the fierce struggle of life and rests in nature's embrace as a child in its mother's arms.

This spirit is reflected in the lives of the citizens. One said: "We make our living so easily that we don't need to work much; we rest most of the time." A fisherman says he lives well on two bits per day, saying: "I work a little during the resort season taking people out on the bay fishing, but the rest of the time I take it easy. I have plenty to eat and like my own cooking better

than at hotels; have a good cabin to live in; my boat and fishing tackle; all I want in this world." Truly the "rest microbe" is potent.

Still there is plenty of life and society and things doing for those who desire such and the business men are busy at trade and store and there is a bowling alley and sports and boating for those who need excitement, but these things are in the background and those who go there for rest find an ideal place.

Beautiful Scenery.
Scenery? Yes, the natives say the finest in the world and it certainly equals any scenic beauty on the Oregon coast. Near the jetty is an immense rock looking for all the world like an immense prehistoric animal half buried in the white sand of the beach. It is 250 feet long and has been given the name of Whale Rock. Farther to the north is Castle Rock, an immense mass standing clear of the cliffs, sculptured and carved in weird, fantastic shapes and colored with the blending shades of yellow, red, brown and gray. Beyond Nye Beach is Jump Off Joe, an

immense rock which has the appearance of being broken off by a giant and hurled far out on the sands, the wonder of all who see it. Near this is Torpedo Rock, a name well given to the long, slim rock pointing toward Japan, mute but clear prophecy of well, let the prophets guess—some one will graze the truth and win wide attention.

But at the lighthouse, four miles to the north, the rocks are wild, weird, fantastic, dangerous, in shape and form defying short description and well worth all the time that can be given them.

To the south are Seal Rocks, the Devil's Causeway and other weird, beautiful formations well worth the 10 miles' drive along the sandy beach. About 10 miles north are Otter Rocks, the Devil's Punch Bowl and some grand scenery along the cliffs. His satanic majesty seems to be well supplied in this region. The cliffs all along the beach are grand, showing well the erodive power of the water.

Fishing in bay and ocean is good, while some of the finest trout streams in the state are within driving distance. One need not want for shellfish, for the mud bars of Yaquina bay are filled

with clams, crabs are plenty and the oyster beds of the bay supply all needs. Hunting rock oysters is one of the sports. Armed with pick and hammer you go out on the rocks when the tide is at the lowest and loosen a piece of the rock and the oysters will be seen by the hundreds, then break them loose and fill your pail.

Water agates are a specialty of Newport. When the tide is out people may be seen in all directions hunting these peculiar forms of agates as well as all other forms.

Those of an inquiring mind may be kept busy studying the methods of world building as written by nature's finger on the rocky "tablets" of the

cliffs or the making of soil may be watched as oyster and starfish, barnacle and all the varied forms of plant and animal life perform their varied parts in the world's economy. The sea anemones with their varied bright tints are a never failing source of wonder. The closer you look the more will be revealed of the wonders of the deep.

BATHING NYE BEACH

ALPHONSO, "THE KING WHO SMILES"

By Edgar Wallace in London Mail.

THIS is Spain a tall, slim, salt-water youth with a perpetual smile, it is said, was his first undisguised delight at the joy of living and finding things out. For him life is a birthday, with thousands of presents still unopened. His smile—well, less respectful might call it a delighted grin, for such it is in very truth—is for the joy of discovery.

I saw him standing up in his carriage once at Burgos responding to the hoarse "viva" of the country, and he had saluted gravely, taken his seat solemnly, and driven away in pomp and circumstance of his rank—that would have been king. But he kept to his feet with that amused smile which of chuckle suppressed, and waved his hand cheerily. He waved it to the ladies crowding the balconies, to the children perched on unsuitable elevations, to the smart-faced peasants wrapped in their shawls.

And the love of his people, the people who had watched the fatherless baby grow towards manhood, was his first discovery. Then he discovered other good things, riding and the joy of the hunt, and the delight of travel; and he went on smiling.

Then he discovered that, given the nerve, a man might drive a car over a straight road at 100 kilometres an hour, and that was nearly the greatest discovery of all. Coincidentally with this, the Spanish people, who did not share his enthusiasm for pouncing dangerous corners at full speed, remarked mildly, but with that mordant humor which is characteristic of the race, that there was no hair to the throne.

They say of Alfonso XIII that he was the best-ruled child in the world, and if this be so, today he vindicates the Latin proverb, which may be found in the appendices of most cheap dictionaries, and which is to the effect that the best-ruled is the best ruler. So that when it came to choosing a wife, and when before him were strayed the dozens of no uninteresting but eligible princesses of royal blood, Alfonso, who, as an amateur photographer, realises the fallibility of retouched photographs, started forth on a tour of inspection. The dignities of Europe were mostly

concentrated in Berlin, but the young man—well, we may suppose that he carried it off with that smile of his—was politely indefinite, and went outside the list and chose a lady of England, who had certainly never been included.

Therefore the king has made yet another discovery, and that is the sweetest of all.

All royal matches are love matches. It is part of our eternal hypocrisy to hail them as such, but here is a match which comes to the hardened cynic as rain following a drought. Here is a real love match, an infatuation that is eagerly boyish in its intensity, an engagement-making that would satisfy the most exacting of sentimentalists—notice the king's smile in the photographs—and a match-making so much at first hand that, if the truth be told, it almost estranged the boy king from his mother.

Spain is the home of Catholic majesty. In these days of agnosticism the wave of free thought has passed over Spain and left it untouched; indeed, if anything, it has closed the ranks of Roman Catholicism against the heretical intruder.

The news of the match was received with genuine enthusiasm by the people of Spain. One hears of little else throughout the country, one sees their portraits exhibited in every other shop.

Ena of Battenberg entered the hearts of the common people, of the bourgeoisie, and of the thinking classes—and I say this without guess and without cant.

If the truth be pursued, the match found no favor in the ultra-Catholic circle of the court. Queen Maria Cristina had hoped that the choice would eluminate Spain, and she was disappointed; her faith, and the great officers of state, who have for years stood next to the throne and who through the king have ruled Spain, were at one in that opinion.

"A Catholic by birth," they urged, and though they were in the minority yet they formed the minority that rules and has governed Spain for years.

We may, without stretching our imagination, imagine the king smiling at this opposition.

For this king from the first has had his way in things that count.

They tell a story about him, a story of a small boy standing before the por-

trait of Philip IV, by Velasquez, in the gallery here. He looked long and earnestly at the picture. Then . . .

"I also will have a chin like that," he said, and set himself to work from day to day, despite many smackings, to get and mold his face to the shape of his ancestors.

That it was an ugly chin does not matter—it was the chin of Philip, and today when I saw the picture by Velasquez I was almost startled by the remarkable likeness between the two monarchs.

So that having stered his face to suit his pleasure—I can see him smiling as he did it—it was not to be expected that he should alter his life to please others. If this sounds inconsequential it is because I am dealing with a boy whose life is made up of inconsequents.

The weightiest opinions were gossamer before this smiling youth, who could not spare one eye for logic when both were for love. He wore down opposition gradually but surely, and today finds Spain enthusiastic and the Spanish court more than tolerant. A few days ago I went from Algiers to claim to see him leave for the Canaries, and it was his last bachelor holiday, and all Cadix was there to wish him "God-speed." As the launch went throbbing from the shore he stood in the stern waving his hand and smiling as though a trip to the Canaries were really the joke of all jokes.

Thrifty Yankee Mind.
From the New York Sun.

E. J. Phelps, former United States minister to England, was building a new stable on his home place at Burlington, Vermont. He wanted to put it on the line of his property, and in doing so tore down part of a stone wall which stood half on his land and half on the land adjoining.

The workmen, instead of otherwise disposing of the stone, as they had been ordered to do, threw it over the line, and Mr. Phelps feared trouble with his neighbor, who was a close-fisted person, of a temper none too sweet and very jealous of his rights. As Mr. Phelps was observing the progress of the work on his stable one day he saw

his neighbor looking rather cross at him, as he thought, and went over to him prepared to make his peace as best he might, having it in mind to say that he would haul away the stone at his own cost, which would have been an expensive undertaking.

He did not propose that at once, however. He went at it another way.

"Good morning, neighbor," said he. "I have been meaning to speak to you about that stone for some time. I suppose it isn't worth anything?"

The suggestion of possible value had its immediate effect on the thrifty Yankee mind, as, perhaps, the diplomatist had thought it might.

"Waal, yaas, Mr. Phelps, I sh'd think that that stun might be wuth quite a good deal for buildin' puppoes."

"I am glad to know that," said Mr. Phelps, "but I can't use it as well as you can. You are entirely welcome to my half of it."

So the result of that interview was peace, and not war.

Identified by Thumb Print Sent to London.
From the New York American.

A print of the thumb of Daniel Nolan, alias Henry Johnson, sent by the New York police to London a few weeks ago with a request for the man's record, was returned recently, together with a photograph of a duplicate print, taken at Scotland Yard some time ago, a photograph of the man and his criminal record on the other side.

The print was sent as a test of the thumb-proof method used by the Paris police and the identification was perfect.

Nolan was sentenced to seven years on Friday for robberies in the Waldorf-Astoria.

Schools for Army Cooks.
From the Baltimore American.

Congressman-General Sharpe is so much pleased with the workings of the army schools for cooks and bakers that he has recommended to Secretary Taft that money prizes be awarded to army cooks and bakers at the conclusion of each term of instruction at these schools. One of these schools is at the Washington, District of Columbia, barracks, and another at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. If the secretary approves it will be an innovation, as prizes have never before been given for military cooking.

The general Sharpe believes that such action will stimulate commendable rivalry and zeal in study among the men taking the course and that these prizes be given to those who make the best record in the practical and theoretical examinations.

A ROOSEVELT WANTED IN ENGLAND

(From The Journal's London Correspondent.)

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S denunciation of the demoralizing effects on public and private life of the abuse of riches, and his insistence on the necessity of doing something to check their pernicious influence, have greatly encouraged many public-spirited men here who have long been convinced that the greatest danger which confronts England lies in misused wealth. By a singular coincidence about the time that President Roosevelt was delivering his address a public meeting was held at the Royal United Service Institute here at which the Rev. Mr. Tracy, head of a big scholastic institution, denounced the whole tone of fashionable society and fashionable education. He was warmly applauded by an audience composed largely of naval and military officers and which included many famous generals and admirals. In the discussion which followed the commandant of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst—England's West Point—declared that the cadets received there were ignorant of history and geography, and neither judgment nor imagination, could not write, nor compose intelligently and were in fact unfit to follow military instructors in the simplest problems. Lord Hugh Cecil, who until the last election represented Woolwich in parliament, caused a sensation by stating that among the humbler classes in that district he found a wider knowledge of public questions and a keener interest in morals and religion than existed in society so-called. In his blunt, sailor fashion, Lord Charles Bessford has recorded his opinion that "English society has been eaten out by the canker of money. From the top to the bottom the tree is rotten."

Snobbery in the Army.
It is in the army that the evil effects of upper-class snobbery and degeneracy is most keenly felt, because from that class the officers are drawn. A movement has been started by the best men in the army to agitate for such reforms in the educational training of these young sprigs of the aristocracy as will insure their being at least as well

grounded in the rudiments of learning as the working-class pupils of the free schools, and in general to work for efficiency all around. Of this movement the unofficial spokesman is Dr. T. Miller Maguire, a brilliant Irishman, who for many years has conducted the largest army coach school in England and is an expert on everything that pertains to army organization and military matters. Many of those who are backing the movement are puzzled because of their official positions, but the doctor—he is a doctor of law—is under no such restrictions, and furthermore is utterly fearless in expressing his opinions and cares not a straw for the red-tape-bound tinkers of the war office.

"The matter is a vital one," said Dr. Maguire to your correspondent, "and we shall keep up the fight until we win it, but I wish to heaven that we had a man like President Roosevelt, at the head of our government to help us."

School Revenues Wasted.
The richer English universities and public schools are allowed to waste revenues which were intended for elevating the poor and securing for the nation a proper supply of directing brains, power on cherishing ignorance, laziness, games and snobbery. The irony of fate is that those places were founded by medieval heroes and priests, and by Elizabethan merchants, in the interests of hard-working poor men, to whom their endowments really belong, and that they have become preserves for idlers and rich snobs, and are not of the least use for education, or instruction, or research. In fact, real aristocrats are degraded by their residence in such abodes of sloth, ignorance and inefficiency. These institutions belong to the poor. They have become costly anachronisms, adverse to the public interests.

"Our military code is a barbarous anachronism, as was recently shown by Sir Charles Dike. Our system of military training is ridiculous. Our soldiers spend the greater part of their time in mounting guard, in pipe-claying accoutrements, polishing buttons, scrubbing barrack floors and in general acting as charwoman, gardener, cook, valet, clerk

and general servant to the regiment and the officers—in fact, as scholars of a gigantic Dotheboys hall. It is this pernicious system, with its many irritating technical offenses, which is responsible for the fact that a total of 22,000 men on the home stations are driven into military prisons every year."

The Weasel and His Victims.
John Burroughs in Outing Magazine.

More light is thrown upon the question which I discussed in the February number of this magazine by the letter which I have recently received from unknown correspondents, one from Kansas and one from Alaska. The incidents given agree so well with my own observations that I have no doubt about their truth. The Skagway correspondent writes: "The manner in which the slim and aggressive weasel catches the rabbit may be many, but on two occasions I saw the deed done. The first time was driving across a field of wheat stubble in the west of England, and hearing the scream of a rabbit, I looked about for the cause, and saw a weasel chasing one with leaps and bounds somewhat like the movements of a snake, but more rapid. The rabbit finally stopped, apparently from fear, and the weasel caught it and had killed it before I got near them. When I reached them I jumped out and picked up the rabbit with the weasel still holding fast, but I finally shook it off and it hid itself in a thorn hedge near by. Having no use for the rabbit, I dropped it on the ground and drove on a bit, when I stopped and looked back, curious to see what would happen. The weasel, feeling safe and no doubt hungry, returned to its kill and dragged it into the long grasses and plants of the hedge row.

"Another time, while musing and anon casting a fly over the placid waters of a favorite trout stream in the same locality, I was startled by a rabbit jumping into the pool and swimming to the other side, and followed in a moment or so by a weasel, who also took to the water, being so close that he evidently saw the rabbit. They both disappeared in the vegetation beyond, but hearing the rabbit's plaintive cry shortly after was evidence to me that another tragedy had been enacted."