

NEWPORT RIDE IS DELIGHTFUL

Everything in Way of Welcome Awaits Resorter, Declares Hofer

ACTIVE SEASON CERTAIN

Salem Colony Will Include Some of Prominent Families of City

BY E. HOFER.

I took a few days off the past week and went to the ocean at Newport. The joy-ride of nearly 350 miles on the Southern Pacific costs \$7.75 for the round trip.

You see the great Willamette valley, the Cascade and Coast ranges of mountains, snow peaks and forests, orchards and grain fields, towns and cities, rivers and ocean—all crowded into half a day.

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movies and semi-professional baseball on Sunday. A handful of live ones are building larger equipment for the three-county fair, which last year was the victim of early indiscretions on the part of Jupiter Pluvius and had deficits instead of gate receipts.

Some Lawyer. This. Albany has one of the most noted criminal lawyers in the state. He recently tried a suit for \$40,000 jury verdict at Seattle and there were two women on the jury who, all through the trial, paid quite as much attention to their knitting and embroidery as they did to the testimony.

We cross the Willamette and moor along to Corvallis. This is the town made famous by a seven-foot snowfall in the sixties when the army mules ate the clapboards off the barracks, and by having the biggest agricultural college in the west.

val United Brethren church colleges (after several fires without much insurance), settled their differences with a sensible merger of their educational interests. Then we follow up the Mary's river to the summit of the coast range.

The ride down the Yaquina river is always beautiful, winding around mountains, through tunnels, over high trestles, into the deeper canyons, down into the cool mists that blow in from the ocean, past busy, bustling Toledo.

Woman Stops Dog Fight. It takes a woman to think fast and act quickly. Some one started a fight between a big Alreada and a bulldog on the Newport main street, and while the men were using clubs and man strength vainly trying to separate them, Mrs. Mort Abbey flew into the hotel for a handful of cayenne which she dashed on the contending animals.

Damage Suit Pending. A "cause celebre" in Lincoln county is the threatened damage suit of Martin Van Buren Palmer, aged 84, against the city of Newport for \$6700. He was leaning against a railing last November, talking to Miss James, when it gave way—the railing, not the la-

dy—and he dropped 18 feet onto the rocks. Miss James narrowly escaping going on top of him. Palmer was shot through the arm at Chicamauga and God help the Newport City treasury if any grand army man get on the jury.

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The roads to Newport are open to auto travel, and many cars go out and in daily. Rhododendrons are in full bloom; strawberries are abundant; cream is cheap and fishing is good. Clams are fat on the bay and Marshal Simpson, the Ike Walton of Elk City, says trout will soon be plentiful in the Yaquina river. This will make Newport an ideal resort, as the summer days and surf bathing can always be depended upon.

O. HENRY AND AL JENNINGS

(Continued from last week)

CHAPTER SIXTY-THREE.

As one who stood in the world's highway while the rushing multitude in the ever shifting pageant of life went by, each scene flashing upon the vivid negative of his mind a new record, each picture different, unexpected, developing new lights and shades—like that in his relation to Life was Bill Porter.

For him there could be no monotony, no "world overrun by conclusions, no life moving by rote." Ever new, ever incalculable, every absorbing—the moving drama gripped his mind with its humor and its tragedy; it held his heart with its joy and its sadness. Desolate it was at times and piercing in its pathos—uninteresting or dull, never. Porter lived in a quivering, tense excitement, for he was one who watched and in a little understood the vast hubbub of striving, half-blind humanity.

Air of Suspense Ever Present. He had about him an air of suspense, of throbbing expectancy, as though he had just concluded an adventure or were just about to set forth on one. Whenever I saw him I had an instinctive question on my lips—"What's up, Bill?"

His attitude piqued curiosity. I felt it the day he came down from the veranda of the American consulate and began in that low-pitched voice of his the droll and solemn dissertation on the Mexican liquor situation.

It was with him through the dreary unhappiness of the prison years and in the big struggle to come back in New York. In every turn of that devious route, even through the noisome tunnel, he strode with brave and questioning tread. Life never bored him. From the first moment I met him until the last he never lost interest.

You shall have a strange and bewildering experience tonight, my brave bandit, and I shall have the joy of watching you." It was the last day of 1907. For hours I had sat in Porter's room in the Caledonia, waiting for him to finish his work. He was writing with lightning speed. Sometimes he would finish a page and immediately wrinkle it into a ball and throw it on the floor. Then he would write on, page after page, with hardly a pause, or he would sit silent and concentrated for half an hour at a stretch. I was weary of waiting.

Something New Left in World. "But there is still something new in the world, Al," he promised. "You'll get a shock that all the bumpiest thrills of train robbing never afforded."

It was almost midnight when we started forth. He led me through alleys and byways, I had never seen. We came into dark, narrow lanes, where old five and six story residences dilapidated and neglected, sent forth an ancient musty odor. We went in and on until it seemed that we had reached the bottom of a black, unfathomable hole in the very center of the city.

"Listen," he whispered. And in a moment a wild, whistling tumult, that was as if the horns and trumpets and all the mighty bells of heaven and earth let loose a shouting thunder, came down into that hole and caught it in a shrieking boom. I reached out my hand and touched Porter's arm. "My God, Bill, what is it?"

"Something new under the moon, colonel, whenever you can't find it under the sun. That, friend, is but New York's greeting to the New Year."

Somewhere Near The Hudson. That hole—and no one but the Prowling Magician in his everlasting search for the otherwise could have found it—was somewhere near the Hudson.

"Do you feel that a little conversation in my soothing planisimo would revive you, colonel?" We went down to the docks and sat there for an hour before we spoke a word. It was the last long communion I was ever to have with the gifted friend, whose memory has been and is an inspiration.

Porter seemed suddenly to be wrapped in gloom. I was leaving in a day or two. Moved by some unaccountable impulse—perhaps by the melancholy in his manner, I suggested that he accompany me.

"I'd like to go west and over the beaten paths with you. When I can make better provision for those dependent on me, I may." "Oh, just cut loose and come. I'll take you out among all the old timers. You can get material enough to run you 10 years on Western stories."

I was rambling on vividly. Porter's warm, strong hand clasped mine.

Felt Meeting Would Be Last. "Colonel," he interrupted, "I have a strange idea that this will be our last meeting." With a quick change of mood he smiled.

afortime, Lincoln county put over the \$50,000 bond issue with a bang, as his contribution towards a permanent highway out to the Willamette valley. With a good summer and winter road to these beaches, you may look for another large hotel, such as has been built at Seaside. Many wealthy people from Portland had been looked for to build beautiful homes on the high and slightly residence property along these beaches for miles.

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sheepishly. "Besides, I have not yet converted New York." "Converted—I laughed at that word from Bill Porter. I remembered his flashing resentment when I suggested the role to him before he left the penitentiary.

"So you did become a missionary after all? What effect do you think the Four Million will have on the readers in this maelstrom? Will it reach out and correct evils?" "That is too much to ask. The blind will not receive its message."

"Blind—who do you mean by that?" "Not the idle poor, colonel, but the idle rich. They will yet live to have the bandage torn by their jaunt, angry hands from their lazy, unseeing eyes."

"Where did you get that hunch, Bill?" "In our former residence, colonel."

Mellowed and broadened, he was this man who came back from the blighting tunnel to the welcoming highways. A different Bill, this friend of the shopgirl and down and outer from the proud recluse who stopped his ears to Sallie's needs and shuddered with abhorrence at the mention of the prison demon.

Not Changed, But Saw More. "I haven't changed, colonel; but I see more. Life seems to be like a rich, vast diamond that is forever flashing new facets before us. I never tire of watching it. When my own future seemed so black—that interest kept me going."

For all his whims and his fine, high pride, for all the sadness that was often his, this interest kept him forever on tiptoe. He was never a laggard in the fine art of living.

Bill Porter had a sort of corner on the romance of life—a monopoly that was his by the divine right of understanding. It was a light that rified even the sordid murk of the basement cafe and turned upon the hidden worth in the character of the starved and wretched dancing girls.

If life brought an ever new thrill to him he returned to it a gentle radiance that made glad the heart of many a Sue, many a Soapy.

There was in him a sunny tolerance—an eager youthfulness. He was the great ventureser with his hand on life's pulse beat. To have stood at his side and looked through his eyes has softened with mellow humor the stark and cruel things—has touched with disturbing beauty the finer elements of existence.

THE END MY HEART AND MY HUSBAND

Adole Garrison's New Phase Of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

CHAPTER 88. WHAT LILLIAN DID TO PLACE MADGE IN A POINT OF ADVANTAGE.

"Yassah, yassah, I'll remember." The West Indian elevator boy dashed his head obsequiously to Allen Drake as he ushered our party into the apartment elevator.

"See that you do," Mr. Drake replied curtly, and a few seconds later we were standing outside a door on the third floor of the apartment building.

It was a door no whit different from any of the others in the building, yet to me standing outside, it seemed to be a gateway to unknown horrors, with the woman I so dreaded a very dragon on the portals.

"Steady!" Lillian whispered. She had her hand upon my arm and I realized that she had felt the tremor of nervousness which had shaken me. "She isn't here yet."

I looked at her in surprise, then realized that instead of ringing the doorbell Mr. Drake was fitting a key in the lock as coolly as if he were the master of the apartment inside. In another moment he had swung the entrance door noiselessly open and ushered us inside.

I felt a little cold shiver run down my back at the darkness into which we were plunged as Mr. Drake swung the door into its place again. At the farther end of the hall a tiny gleam showed that the occupant of the apartment had left one light at least behind her but it did not illuminate the hall at all. Mr. Drake whipped out a powerful electric flashlight, played it low upon the floor, so that we were able to pick a pathway into the room at the rear of the hall.

An Extraordinary Room. It was the ordinary living room of a furnished apartment, but even the cursory inspection which the faint gleam of the turned-down light enabled me to make, told me that an extraordinary personality abode here. Oriental draperies daring and colorful, were everywhere, exotic flowers filled oddly shaped vases and bowls, and the odor of incense hung heavy in the air.

I had no time for more than a brief glimpse of the room. Mr. Drake let his flashlight play over the corners, turned to Lillian. "This is the room?" At his question I realized that my friend had been in this room before, had planned this bizarre meeting to the last detail.

velvet curtains, heavily and intricately embroidered with gold thread in Chinese designs. To my excited imagination they looked like a gorgeous pall. Mr. Drake's next words made me shiver in unreasoning terror.

"You wish Mrs. Graham to stand there?" His manner told me that Lillian was at the head of this enterprise, and that Allen Drake, for once in his life, was playing a subordinate role.

"I think that the best place, don't you?" The question showed perfunctory deference, yet I knew that Lillian would have been surprised and recentral indeed had Mr. Drake answered the question other than the way he did.

"Unquestionably," he returned with a courteous little bow, "and I would suggest that she occupy it immediately. Our friend ought to be back pretty soon."

Lillian took my hand promptly. "Come along, Madge," she said cheerfully, although in low tones and the next minute she had swept aside the pall-like curtains, disclosing an alcove with couch and pillows and a low chair.

"You Can Even See—" "Give me your flashlight, please," she said to Mr. Drake, and when he had complied she played it upon every corner of the dark place, then returned it without comment. But I, who knew her divine thoughtfulness so well, realized that she had comprehended my nervous panic and had taken the quickest, surest way to assure me that nothing lurked behind the curtains with me.

"Now stand in this corner," she said, stationing me in such fashion that even if the occupant of the apartment should come straight to the alcove upon entering, she would not be able to see me, "and listen carefully to everything that goes on. You can even see the woman if you wish, only be mighty careful that she sees no movement of the curtain."

"Hurry!" Mr. Drake's voice breathed softly. Lillian dropped the curtains between her and me, saw to it that they were closed tightly.

I heard her footsteps lightly crossing the room to Mr. Drake's side. And then, to my strained ears came the sound of a key grating in the lock and the noisy flinging open of the outside door. (To be continued.)

First Motorcycle—Who And When, Is Question

While motorcycles in this country were not manufactured in any great quantity until after 1902, it is interesting to observe that the first motorcycle was given to the world by a Frenchman back in 1880. This first motorcycle was made by M. Trouve, in Paris, and created great interest and excitement. Fifteen years elapsed before

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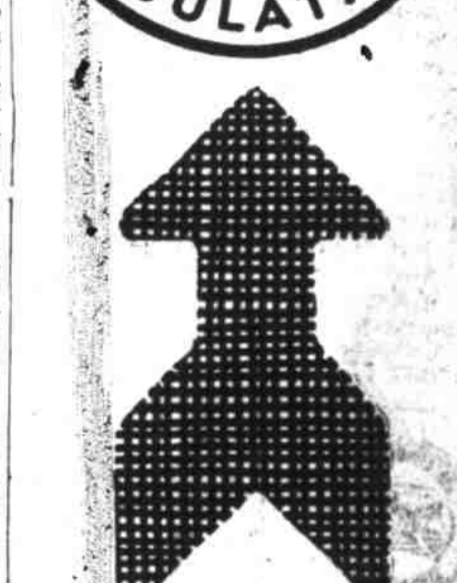
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Ride a Bicycle

for the first real improvement was recorded. This was the invention of the petrol tri-cycle by Count De Dion, Messrs. Hoston and Trepardoux, also Frenchmen, helped him in the perfection of the invention. The first machines were crude affairs, naturally. They were inefficient as to mechanism, and rather risky to operate, considering the road conditions, etc., of those days.

It remained for American inventors and manufacturers, however, to perfect the motorcycle and market it on a large scale. Today, one of the large American manufacturers has a yearly output that is greater by 50 per cent than the largest foreign manufacturer.

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