

INNOCENTS ABROAD.

Californians Shown by an Oregonian. The Balloon Trip.

One of the most pleasant side trips we have taken is the "Balloon Excursion," leaving Los Angeles at 9.40 in the morning, visiting ten beaches, eight cities, with a twenty eight mile ride along the ocean and returning at five o'clock in the evening, after having traveled seventy-five miles.

To us it was even more interesting when we learned that the excursion manager is an Oregonian, C. M. Pierce, a brother of Senator Pierce of Umatilla county. He came down here five years ago and seems to have been doing things, especially in the past two or three years. He interested himself in outlining an excursion route which he thought would interest tourists and when he had his plans partially matured he laid them before the "Los Angeles Pacific Railway" people, representing an electric line, and tried to get them to undertake to carry out his plans, but they shook their heads in a skeptical way, though they offered to furnish him cars at a stipulated sum per day, he to do all the advertising, employ the help and assume all responsibility. He accepted their offer and the great success he has made of the excursions shows that he has a head for business.

The company raised the price per car on him the first of the year but he comes up smiling, does a little more advertising, puts a little more ginger into the work and increases the business. It is said that he is laying up against a rainy day at a pretty lively rate and the fact that he purchased the Playa del Rey, the big fine hotel on the beach, a few days ago indicates that the excursion business is a paying proposition with him. He never has less than three cars a day, sixty people to the car, and he has had as high as twelve. The day we went there were six.

Each car is provided with a jolly guide who points out the places of interest and keeps everybody in a good humor. For instance, "This is Echo canyon." "What is an echo?" "The only thing that can cheat a woman out of the last word."

"This building on the left is the National bakery where they have been selling the same bread for the past thirty years."

"To the right you will see a hot tamale factory with only one dog in sight."

The first stop is made at the residence of the celebrated French artist, Paul De Longpre, king of flower painters, where the beautiful grounds, as well as the home, is thrown open to all who go out on these excursions. Until recently all comers were given the same privilege, but vandals began to carry away flowers and other trophies to such an extent that the place has been closed to all except those who go on these excursions and they are in the hands of the guides. On first entering the grounds each car load of people is lined up on the steps of the fine residence where they are photographed, then on the return trip in the evening finished pictures are brought through the cars for sale, and the work is excellent too. Pretty quick work, but eighteen photos were sold to our party and more were ordered.

Soon after leaving the De Longpre place we pass the last suburb of the city and are soon out into the open country, traversing the celebrated Calhoun Valley, passing through Sherman, Morocco, Sawtelle (viewing the National Soldiers' Home) and on to beautiful Santa Monica by the Sea, viewing the longest pier in the world, and the Camera Obscura, then on through Ocean Park and Venice to Playa del Rey where a stop of an hour is made for a big feed of the good things they set before you.

At Venice we had a little rehearsal of the trail at the Lewis and Clark fair. For instance, the first attraction was being fathered by the short fat fellow who used the old palm leaf in front of the "baby incubator," and the next familiar figure was that of "Maggie," still going at the same gait. If the monkey-monk man died soon after the fair, as stated in the

papers, there must have been a resurrection for here we found him seated on his perch with his rattle box, and as soon as we gave him the "ahah-ahah," he grinned and repeated it with the same old familiar twang of the trail. There stands a little group and turning that way we are greeted with "Beat the guesser—your correct weight given within three pounds or it costs you nothing." Over at one side the faithful camels of the desert were kneeling at the command of the swarthy Turks, and withal it was a very pleasant reminder of the noisy scenes "Down on the trail."

The price of a ticket for this trip is a dollar and we consider that we did well to take the advice of our friends, all of whom said we could not afford to miss it. In one particular we have been a little bit disappointed in our trip to California. We had hoped that we would not be compelled to "Watch Tacoma Grow," and we were getting along pretty well until a few days ago, when we were entering the grounds at the Raymond Hotel at Pasadena, we struck the trail of an excursion of Washingtonians and the ubiquitous Tacoma booster was getting in his work by sowing to the winds that far famed little white slip containing three words, "Watch Tacoma Grow."

Still the clouds look dull and gray and every day or two the rains come down in no half hearted way that sends a torrent of water rushing down the long graded streets of the cities at the foot of the mountains, and the Californians growl. However the atmosphere is fairly laden with the sweet, rich perfume of the orange blossom, the mocking birds are giving forth from the highest tips of the treetops their sweetest warbles, and since these rains, just such as Californians were praying for a few years ago, are making all nature glad and storing up a supply for the future, as well, there is no cause for complaint and everybody, including the tourist, ought to rejoice. The fact is the tourist, if he be an Oregonian, has a good deal to be thankful for in present conditions, for the rains have had a very salutary effect on the fellows down this way who are wont to guy him about our rainy season. Mum's the word with him now.

The student who wants to gather material for a paper on "The spirit of commercialism" will find this a very fertile field for research. There may be a few multi-millionaires over at Pasadena who don't care to sell their winter homes but lower down the scale the custom seems to be to build a "house," then sell at an advance the very first opportunity, buy another lot, build another "house" and watch for another buyer at another advance. A few days ago a friend of ours was fitting a college student out with a dress suit for a certain occasion, and after the function was over he remarked to the gentleman who had kindly loaned a pair of trousers that they were an exact fit for the student, when the gentleman immediately said, "Is that so? I wonder if he wouldn't like to buy them."

The spirit of selling to the "next fellow" seems to be in the air down here and as long as he continues to come this way it is probably all right. In making the trip on the "Kite Shaped Track" on the Santa Fe the other day, I noticed that everyone near us was provided with printed matter descriptive of the state and I strolled through the train to satisfy my curiosity, when I found to my surprise that there was not to exceed one passenger in ten who was not out touring the country the same as ourselves. At the hotels and restaurants you will see the guests poring over maps and folders, looking up side trips, and out on the "kite" track whenever short stops are made a hundred or more carriages are in waiting at the stations with drivers who are anxious to "show" you. Ask one of them where he came from and invariably he will tell you, Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky or some of the group of states east, for here the hustlers are strictly cosmopolitan.

At Redlands the young man who drove us over "Smiley Heights" pointed off to the

northeast and made some reference to "that mounting." On inquiry he said he was from "old Kaintuck" and a nice fellow he proved to be. Speaking of Mr. Smiley he said, "Now there is one rich man who is a Christian." Said he had watched him a long time, always found him just the same, ever ready to greet you pleasantly and he was sure Mr. Smiley was well named.

Pasadena has her magnificent residences but to see a combination of luxurious houses and orange groves, where the owners get their money from the products of their "back yards," you must go to Redlands and Riverside. So far as we have seen there is nothing like it in California. Santa Ana approaches the nearest to it now and East Whittier will in time be close in the race. We have seen nothing prettier than a well kept grove of orange trees of dark green foliage and loaded with golden colored fruit almost glistening in the sun, and the magnificent groves at Redlands and Riverside fully met all our expectations. The owners also seem to hold them in pretty high esteem just now, for oranges are bringing fancy prices this season and you will do well to find a well kept orange grove that is in full bearing, anywhere in Southern California, that you can buy for less than \$1000 an acre and you can find many for which an offer of \$1500 an acre will not jar the owner.

Redlands and Riverside each claim a population of 12,000 and they are to all appearances as thrifty cities as we have seen in the state. The property valuation of Redlands in 1900 was \$8,500,000 while on May 1, of last year it was \$16,000,000. The banks have deposits aggregating \$1,750,000. Riverside has five parks, fifteen public school buildings, twenty miles of electric railways, thirty miles of paved streets and deposits of \$300 cash in the banks for every man woman and child in the city and neither of these cities have saloons.

Trees, like people, do curious things in this country. Peach trees for instance seem to lose all run of the seasons and bloom most any time. Sycamores are supposed to grow "down on the banks of the Wabash" and on other low, sandy lands but the other day we found them on Mt. Lowe more than 5000 feet above sea level pointing heavenward, along with live oaks that seemed very much out of place at that altitude.

E. H. W.

Los Angeles, April 7.

HAWLEY WILL WIN.

Willis C. Hawley, candidate for Congress, is being widely advertised by his opponents as a crank, a preacher, a prohibitionist, a tool, a dummy, a lunatic, a theorist, a plagiarist and an enemy of the G. A. R.

His supporters are denounced as soreheads, ringsters, sulkers, grafters, thieves, machine politicians, old political hacks, and members of that dark and mysterious aggregation known as the gum shoe brigade. A few more choice epithets are now being coined for use in the last stages of the campaign.

In the face of certain defeat men often lose their heads, grow desperate, become abusive and forget their better nature. Meantime the hop grower, the rural mail carrier, the G. A. R., "the laborer and producer," and all the special interests whose votes are badly wanted are doing their own thinking and refuse to bite at a bare hook.

Willis C. Hawley has never been anything but a thoroughbred republican and a clean man. Marion, county where he has lived nearly twenty years, will give him more than one thousand majority and his nomination is assured.

Ferguson's Famous Dixie Jubilee Singers.

The Dixie male quartette have for several seasons stood at the head of the list of colored male quartettes in America and, without a doubt, represent the highest type of the college-bred cultured negro vocalist. Their sweet, mellow voices "blend like a perfect instrument;" their mu-



WE'RE HERE!



The Cahn-Block Suits, the best, snappiest line of clothing ever exhibited in Newberg. You want to be certain, too, that you don't miss purchasing before the sizes are broken. See those Top Coats! Nothing finer. Naturally you'll find the biggest opportunities in an exclusive line of Men's and Boys' Togs, including everything in staples and a large display of novelties.

Top Coats \$16.00 to \$25.00
Men's Suits \$10.00 to \$25.00
Fancy Vests \$1.25 to \$3.50

We invite you to call and inspect our stock and see what goes with every dollar's purchase. It will pay you. See show windows.

Yours for honest goods at honest prices

HODSON BROS.

P. S. Measures taken for Tailor Made Suits. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

SAVE YOUR MONEY

INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS

A GOOD WAY IS BY OPENING A BANK AC- COUNT WITH THE Bank of Newberg		
FIRST BANK IN NEWBERG		
PAID UP CAPITAL \$20,000	RECEIVES DEPOSITS IN ANY AMOUNT AND GIVES YOU THE NECESSARY BANK BOOK AND CHECKS. DEPOSITORS CAN CHECK OUT THEIR MONEY AS THEY PLEASE AND EACH CHECK WHEN PAID BY THE BANK IS A RE- CEIPT TO THE DEPOSITOR.	FIRE PROOF VAULTS
Double Time-Lock New Manganese Steel Bank Safe. Burglar Proof, Mob- Proof, Fire-Proof. Insurance against burglary.		

BANK OF NEWBERG
FIRST BANK IN NEWBERGThe Measure of all
Typewriters.

Commercial Brains

Measure every typewriter—quality
for quality—attribute for attribute—
by the

UNDERWOOD

How approach it in responsiveness—in mechanical perfection. How resemble it in appearance, design and finish. Its increasing fame makes permanent the standard. The Original of its Kind.

Imitations Are Never So Good.
UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER CO.

241 Broadway, N. Y.

68 6th St. Portland, Ore.