



JUST TO FILL UP.

A Trip to Newport and a Few Notes by the Way.

The editor of the Graphic joined the crowd and went away to Newport for a vacation of four days, going Friday and returning Monday, and in the language of Mr. Dooley, "I really don't know whether I'm glad or sorry to get back. It seems a little strange to be here again in the turmoil of life in a large city, but thin again, 'tis pleasant to see the familiar faces wanst more. Has anything happened since I went away on me vacation? Did ye miss me? Am I much sunburnt?"

Mr. Dooley said a lot of other things about his vacation but his lasted longer than ours and we can't be expected to say so much. In fact what is written here is said "just to fill up." Newspaper work is a good deal like house-keeping in one respect at least. Just as soon as one issue is out the whole thing must be done over again and the grind gets a little monotonous sometimes, hence the necessity for a vacation occasionally in order to increase the circulation. It is easier to work with the hands however than to put thoughts on paper immediately following a holiday season, and that is where the women folk who do the house-keeping have the advantage of the scribe.

It takes a lot of time to go to Newport, considering the distance, but that don't matter much when you simply want a change of scene and there are so many interesting things to be seen along the way. For instance there is the town of Dundee, founded by Wm. Reid, the old Scotchman who built the little narrow gauge railroad. However our friend, Thomas Prince has done more to make Dundee famous than did the founder of the hamlet with the Scotch name, for hasn't he shown to the world, including California, that Oregon can grow better English walnuts than any other country? And when all those eminent horticulturists representing the various state institutions told Portland and Tom Richardson that they wanted to be shown growing walnuts and prunes, didn't they at once make a blue pencil mark on the map encircling Yamhill county and then make an X mark at Dundee and say "there you are." Nuf sed.

Then there is Dayton, "at the head of navigation on the Yamhill river." That is the way they told it to the world some years ago, but from a railroad viewpoint a very diminutive depot, which has actually received a couple of coats of fresh paint recently and a brick yard that is now running—well there is nothing else to it, except the hack driver, for Reid shook Dayton when the citizens declined to give encouragement to the road when he was building it, and the town is away on the other side of the river.

LaFayette is another interesting point along the way—for the same reason that a pioneer is an interesting character at an old settlers meeting. He stands as a representative of the past. Several barrels of paint properly distributed would help the appearance of the town very much, but a little matter like this aside, LaFayette is something of a historic spot, for there were giants in law and politics in the early days in Oregon and they all rounded up at the county seat of Yamhill at one time or another, as any old timer will tell you when in a reminiscent mood. But LaFayette lost heart when

McMinnville took the county seat away and it looks mighty lonesome about the old court house and jail these days. Looks in fact like it might be "hanted."

At St Joe we transferred to the main line train and were in the hands of Joe Crocker. Everybody knows Joe, for he has been punching the pasteboard up and down the lines on the west side for a quarter of a century and he is as frisky as a spring colt in the back pasture yet.

But this is passing St Joe by too hastily for this in the halcyon days of Ben Holladay, the pioneer railroad builder of Oregon was a city of promise and bid fair to make a very formidable rival of LaFayette. Several buildings were put up when the railroad came along and some business was done but it is all a thing of the past. Nothin' doin'.

A toot of the whistle and we are slowing down at McMinnville which is one of the best towns in the valley. Almost as good a town as Newberg, which is saying a good deal. In fact it was a pretty lively town and a rival for the county seat before Newberg was born. No town in the valley of its size has better business houses, and while some of them are up in the air pretty well it is reported that Doc Wright has built a flying machine that will soar over the highest of them. And we don't doubt it for Doc learned the art of wind jamming while doing acrobatic feats in Yamhill politics a few years ago. He is liable to go higher yet, for it is well known that he will not hesitate to take a tack when the breeze shifts its course. He is rather beefy but his name is Wright and that counts for a good deal these days in air navigation.

Soon after leaving Amity, which is located a little farther up the line, we cross over into Polk county which is second to Yamhill in productiveness. It will not do to pass Amity by however without chronicling the fact that this burg has held its own in the passing of the last thirty years, but not much more than this, although it is surrounded by a fine country.

Thrashing is now pretty well through up and down the valley and it is a noticeable fact that, whereas it was formerly the custom to burn the straw, a wanton waste of fairly good feed and the finest of mulching, all the farmers are now taking care to preserve this by-product of the grain field, a large portion of them by baling.

Independence, in times gone by a fairly husky rival of Dallas, the county seat, publishes to the world that it is the greatest hop growing center on the Coast and the town has the appearance of thrift. Its latest claim for distinction comes from an incident that occurred at a meeting of the school board, when, following an animated and wordy discussion of a problem where there was a difference of opinion, a big fisted member of the board, a tiller of the soil who tips the beam at better than 300 pounds, added force to his argument by knocking Polk's state senator, who is chairman of the board, into a corner and pummeling him until he cried enough and then added some more until he said it still louder.

Corvallis, which has the distinction of having been for a short period in the early history of Oregon the capital of the state, was for several years a very slow, sleepy town, considering the advantages it has, but three or four years ago the citizens began to waken up and the town has taken on new life. It is significant too that this infusion of

ozone dates from the time the people became aroused on account of a series of blood curdling shooting scrapes, and the thirst parlors were put out of business by the votes of the people, following a campaign of education. Much building is being done and it is said to be almost impossible to rent a house. The streets and vacant spots about town, as well as many door yards would be greatly improved in appearance if the tall dry grass and weeds were well bartered and given a good shampoo. This is the home of O. A. C. where they are supposed to train men and women along the line of the "why" and the "how" in soil cultivation, and it would appear that such an institution ought to be able to work up a little more enthusiasm along the line of civic pride than is in evidence in Corvallis. And since the Graphic pays taxes that goes to help support the Agricultural College, the same as other folks, we pray that we may not be accused of knocking, when we call attention to the fact that the many train loads of passengers who pass the grounds on the way to Newport-by-the-sea, can't but take note, if they are of an observing turn of mind, of the untidy appearance given to the grounds about the nearest building, made so because the dry grass, sour dock and other weeds have not been cut and burned. A lack in this respect about an institution that is not so well provided for in the way of State and National aid might be condoned, but at O. A. C. everything about the grounds, and the farm as well, ought to be a model of neatness—an ensample to the flock, the common herd, in fact as well as in name. Again we say Corvallis is a good town and it has a bright future ahead, but there is room for improvement along the lines noted above.

It was a nice cool day and everybody in the best of humor. The crowd was not large and we were just common folks, with no fetching grass widows or "Chawley boys" to attract special attention. Valley points were represented for the most part, while a few were from homes in other states. A lady who belonged to the latter class was heard to remark to another lady that in her sight seeing in the valley she had visited Newberg and she said: "I like Newberg. It is not close and stuffy, they have no fences, and there are so many pretty home." That was all we got of the conversation but it was pleasing to hear a stranger speak well of what she found here. There is still much room for improvement and the instance is noted here only to show to our people that the stranger within our gates who is favorably impressed, makes the best possible advertising medium when mingling with the public elsewhere. It pays to clean up and make everything look neat and attractive. A town or country community where such conditions prevail always appeals to public spirited people who are seeing the country, and who would bid for any other class.

But we finally arrived at Newport where we found a large number of Newberg people. As many, some say, as have ever been located there at one time and everybody appeared to be happy. The weather has been exceptionally fine, with very little wind, and fishing was never better. If you are too lazy to do your own catching, all you have to do is to stand around and look hungry and some one who has not yet acquired that tired feeling will come along and insist on giving you more tom-cod than the women folks will care to undress, ready for the frying pan.

Miss Nora Parker joined a fishing party that went in a boat down near the jetty in the bay and seventy-six was the number she pulled into the boat. At this stage of the proceedings she got a bit sea sick and assumed a waiting attitude while the others fished up the bait. All told the party had 425. A big pan full were dumped out at our camp and then later in the evening Jim Mills, who had been out over the bar in the "Rose" deep sea fishing, knocked at the door with a half apologetic look and left a couple of fine specimens of sea bass. If you are hungry for fish you will never find a better time to go to Newport. And as for sleeping—well you will sleep so soundly your false teeth will come loose in the night. Sure!

Newport shows considerable improvement since last season. Some effective street grading has been done, an electric lighting system has been installed and surveys are being made for a water system which the town proposes to put in before another season. As a seaside resort it holds its own with all others, and with better transportation facilities the "summer boarders" would largely increase in numbers.

Taft is reported to have reduced his weight from 324 to 306 since going to his summer resort at Beverly, but in the short stay we made at Newport it was hardly to be expected that we would do as well as that. Results however were quite satisfactory.

But the day finally comes around when you must make preparation to get down to the bay to take the boat at the unseemly hour of 6 o'clock the next morning to start for home, and there is the rub. You go to bed with an element of uncertainly largely prevailing in your mind. Later on you awaken, strike a match and find that the hour is 2:30 in the morning. You lay down again, there not being the ticking of a clock, the crowing of a cock or the lay of a tomat to be heard about the camp. All is stillness, save the pounding of the surf on the beach and the moaning of the whistling buoy. A splendid time for reflection, but you drop off to sleep twice and awaken four times before you finally turn out, jerk on your clothing, hike it over the hill to the sleepy old town on the bay where you gulp down a cup of coffee and a ham sandwich—and you are off.

In the evening you are at home, wishing you could have a two day's rest before you get down to the every day grind again.

The Good Samaritan Act.
Our fellow townsmen John Illig and Ernest Hofer are just now nursing painful injuries received on Wednesday, while engaged in an effort to perform the last sad rites over the body of a deceased heathen, who succumbed to the grim messenger at his cabin home on the Hofer and Zorn estate near Champog, in Marion county.

While at the farm looking after some business matters in connection with the estate, they were informed by some of the Chinese tenants that one of their fellow countrymen had died and that his body would be found in his bed where they left him, they in their superstitious fear refusing to have anything to do in handling the remains.

On investigation they found there was no mistake about the celestial being dead. In fact he was very dead, the evidence of it

being conclusive, and since the remains must be disposed of and the friends of the deceased refused to perform the act, they decided to conduct the ceremony with decency and in good order. Accordingly Mr. Illig made a box, into which the remains were placed, the grave was dug and all was ready for the funeral procession. No sooner had the funeral train got well under way than the friends of the departed saw the necessity for "shooing" away the evil spirits, and "bang!" "bomb" went the firecrackers, which only served to turn the devils into the horses and away they went in spite of the efforts of the driver. As a result Illig and Hofer were pitched headlong into the brush, while the box was hurled into a bunch of briars, the lid coming off and the dead rolling out, this being the first resurrection.

Mr. Illig was picked up, bruised and unconscious, while Mr. Hofer sustained a dislocation of one arm which required the attention of Dr. Rankin. All this as a result of their kindly efforts in trying to do the good Samaritan act.

And the deceased Chinaman? The last heard from, the evil spirits hadn't molested him and he was still in the briar patch.

Klauz-Brotherton Wedding.
At the Christian Tabernacle, Thursday evening at 8 o'clock, August 19, occurred the marriage of Miss Louisa Klauz to Mr. G. W. Brotherton. The ceremony was performed in the presence of a few intimate friends and relatives, Geo. C. Ritchey of the Christian Church officiating. The young people have gone to housekeeping in the new cottage at the junction of Dayton road and Fifth street.

Marriage Licences.
Louisa Klauz, age 18 yrs. to G. W. Brotherton, age 23 yrs. Mersa V. Adams, age 28 yrs. to Wm. J. Liljequist, age 33 yrs. Christina Kleindienst, age 23 yrs. to Robert S. Miller, age 25 yrs. Mary E. Grabel, age 20 yrs. to Lewis Miller, age 20 yrs.

The Smith Family at A. Y. P.
Is your name Smith? If it is, you are wanted at the Alaska-Yukon-Exposition, September 2, to take in the Smith Family Day festivities.

From high and low, from near and far, the Smiths are coming. Seattle boasts of several thousand, and the other cities of the Northwest are apparently as strong in Smiths in proportion.

Unique Smiths of all descriptions are at a premium and if you happen to be a Smith with some particularity, you may be able to get special inducements. Prizes will be given to the oldest Smith, the youngest Smith, the prettiest young lady Smith, the homeliest man Smith, and so on through the whole list of unusual members of the family.

A warning has been issued to all visitors at the Exposition to be explicit in speaking to members of the Smith family on that day. For Example:—If you have a friend, Fred W. Smith, it will be useless for you to attempt to attract his attention by yelling "Smith" at him. That might cause some three or four hundred other Smiths to look around to see if they were wanted, but your chances on getting the right man would be small. Instead,—call out "Fred W. Smith," or better yet,—collar the man you want to speak to.

DO YOU NEED

A GUN, Fishing Tackle, Base Ball, Sporting Goods of any kind, a good Bicycle—new or second-hand—pocket knife, or razor? Or do you wish something repaired, or made over? If you do, call on us and we'll do the rest.

THEO. ST. PIERRE.
Successor to Nelson & Hanson