

# JOURNAL EDITOR VISITS NEWPORT

Tells About Some of the People He Saw On the Train and What They Did; Also Makes a Few Remarks About Surf Bathing in General and the Different Way in Which It Seems to Strike People—Visitors Take Many Bottles Over to Take Home Samples of Sea Water

On Saturday there was the usual rush for the beaches at Newport. Both sections of the overland from Portland were emptied at Albany and about two more coaches picked up at Corvallis. General Manager Geo. F. Nevins had plenty of S. P. coaches and made everybody comfortable. There were the usual plurality of women and children, not many men getting off in midsummer. Surf bathing Sunday was very fine. It was not ready to pick until 3 p. m., there was a cold northwest wind blowing that tempered the water by putting goose-pimples on your flesh before you entered. The experienced bather takes a run from the bath-house, a header in the first breaker and comes up without any chance for a chill.

Newport is growing more popular as a summer resort for families each season. The fact that the place went dry does not keep the women and children away. The men are getting the habit of chasing over there in droves in the fall to hunt deer and catch salmon, that not being a closed season on liquid supplies. Booze shipments are said to be on the increase to the bay.

### A Splendid Showing.

The Sunday excursion was nearly as large as Saturday's and was accompanied by General Manager Nevins. He is giving close personal attention to handling the crowds, and when it is considered that neither the road nor the equipment is first-class, the results might be a great deal worse. To carry ten or twelve thousand people to Newport and back without so much as a scratch to anyone is no small performance. This has been done for many years—not a wreck to speak of for fourteen years, in which time 150,000 persons have been carried over the mountains and across the bay—a marvelous achievement.

### Ozone Begins to Work.

What a refreshment to leave the hot valley with dusty highways and parched fields, ride up into the cool leafy mountains and feel the first touch of the salt ocean atmosphere beating upon your fevered brow. It is equal to sitting in a soft-drink parlor on a hot day, with the electric piano and the fans playing, and the young ladies flying about handing you ice-cream soda with a long straw in it. It is one continual excitement after you begin to climb the coast range. The spoozy young woman leans her head back against the young man who has got his arm over the back of her seat. Devoted couples and single young women looking for devotion, get seats out on the platforms. The gay young uncured hay widow gets possession of the rear platform. As the train roars through a tunnel there are shouts and screams. Men with long black bottles flock into the smoker next the baggage car. The two wissey young ladies in blue suits, trimmed with white braid open-at-the-throat collars, and sailor hats, who came on board chewing gum and chew it all the way to the Pacific ocean, have got into one another's laps several times. Then their fellows show up.

### The Princesses Charming Arrive.

They have blue two-piece suits and red sweaters, wear figured

socks, low brown shoes, little flat hats, and a smile that crumbles the open-mouthed femininity into willing submission. The girls take turns sitting on each others laps. The two young fellows sit on each others laps. All chew gum and there is endless uttering. But they are having an awful good time and why not? One thing we feel grateful for—there wasn't a teddy bear or a poodle-dog on the train.

An old rancher sat on a pile of ties, whittling as our train pulled in and remarked: "Them city people must be a dirty lot that hundreds of them have to come over a hundred and fifty miles to get a bath. I wouldn't go 150 feet." Before the



JESSAMY HARTE STEELE.

Bret Harte's daughter, who has been ill and in financial straits.

train reached Eddyville each of the sissy girls was sitting on her fellow's lap giving to the whole car an object lesson of the way things are done in high society on Gooseberry creek. If girls feel they must do such things to make themselves interesting they might reserve the exhibition for the lone corner of an abandoned cow pasture instead of a crowded passenger car.

### Are All in the Swim.

Lawyer Carey Martin of Salem is one of the most devoted surf-riders. He will go over on the Sunday excursion every week and be at his desk Monday morning for the pleasure of a bath. You never find the surf too rough or the water too full or reminders of the arctic region for his comfort.

Charley Pomeroy, wife and son, are at one of the boarding houses here. He has fetched his bathing suit and uses it so regularly it does not get a chance to dry, even on Sunday. Newport is dry all the rest of the week. Pomeroy (sec) has got a complexion that is a cross between a boiled crab and a Siletz Indian.

Dr. Seymour Skiff saves a barber-shop bill once a week by coming over to Newport. He has been chaperoning a young aunt of his and two cousins from Tennessee and one from Albia—only one of them a young man. They are regular mermaids and keep the doctor in the ice water by the hour, and in hot water the rest of the time.

### Iron and Real Estate.

Ed. Martin the jolly Turner blacksmith, is at the Seaside with his wife. He has been in the water once, just to wash off the soot of the blacksmith shop. He says he has absorbed so much iron from pounding old horse-shoes, he is afraid he will sink and leave the surf to men with less metal in their veins.

Fred Hurst, the Salem real estate rustler, is enjoying himself at the ocean. Mrs. Hurst is along to keep him from paying too much attention to business. He has not been in the surf yet, but it is a safe bet that when he goes in a lot of Willamette valley real estate will go dirt cheap. Fred was over and took a bath twelve or fourteen years ago and is about ready for another.

John Farrar, wife and daughter, accompanied by Mrs. Wilkerson (nee Edith Farrar), are on the beaches. Mrs. Wilkerson was formerly a Salemite, but now hails from the wicked city of Pittsburg. This is Farrar's first dip in the briney in twelve years.

### These Are Just Opinions.

S. H. Gruber, the Portland lawyer,

is here with his wife. Like most lawyers, he has an aversion to cold water. The fondness of the profession for getting people into hot water makes surf bathing at Newport unpopular with members of the bar. So Gruber bathes in the sunshine and revels in the oceans of ozone that are blown across the illimitable Pacific.

Miss Forbes, a Polk county teacher, formerly from Fort Dodge, Ia., a niece of Secretary Forbes of the Salem Y. M. C. A., was among the wave-jumpers, over Sunday.

M. Bredemeier and wife, formerly of Salem, now with the Eastern Manufacturing Co., Portland, are here for a few days to get a sniff of salt water. It is remarkable at the seaside, how devoted a man can be to almost any woman but his wife. She does not even have to be handsome to attract his attention. For a man who has kept store so long, was Sunday school superintendent a long time and is now a traveling man, M. Bredemeier is very devoted to his wife. But then he is very homely and she does not object.

### Would Not Answer an Encore.

It is noticeable that about the only married men who really enjoy the surf bathing are those who have children except Russell Wyatt of Albany. Jim Linn, the Salem hop



REV. ANNA H. SHAW.

Unitarian minister, who is prominent as an advocate of woman suffrage throughout America.

buyer, goes into the surf lots, but he is excuseable. He has some five kills to keep him busy in the water and that keeps him warm. Like lawyers, hop growers seem to shun the water until it has been converted into some form of a beverage.

Harry Devil's, the Albany penit, got to acting funny for the amusement of the crowd, when the train reached Yaquina. In the course of his volunteer vaudeville stunt he took a header in the bay and came up something like a young pig that stuck its head too deep into the swill bucket. The crowd pulled him out by the coat-tails and he was a quieter but damper youth.

### The Internal Bath Popular.

Newport is not a perfect success as a dry town. In nearly twenty years experience I have never seen as many empty bottle-adorned the beach.

A seaside resort draws many people who spend money freely. If they cannot spend their money in their own way they will stay away. This class who go to Newport carry suit cases with liquor supplies. So there are said to be any number of "blind pigs" running. Albany and other places are infested with boys' clubs, who chip in and order liquor shipped in, and indulge in carousing. These minors were not allowed in saloons. Not wishing to be seen coming out of a blind pig they stay in them until beastly drunk.

Lawyer Geo. G. Bingham of Salem is a devoted surf bather, one of the exceptions of the bar. But he likes it best when there is no nor'west'r on. He says he likes the cold water, but can't stand it to be hit by the cold air. He went back to Salem to be present at the hearing of the Referendum case before the supreme court Wednesday—when he expects another one of Fil Ford's cold blasts.

Dr. Beauchamp of Stayton, formerly of Salem, distinguished himself by some very daring plunges in the surf Sunday. The doctor never complains about the icicles in the brine, for he never goes in without a sneaking lady and caring for his partner, who is his patient for the time being, keeps off the chills and shivers.

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