

# Landscape Gardeners Busy Beautifying Lewis and Clark Fair Grounds

WITH the rapidly approaching completion of many of the big exhibit buildings at the Lewis and Clark Exposition the greatest amount of activity has passed on to the molding of the grounds and especially to the preparation of the lower portion of the site surrounding Guild's Lake. A large force of men are at work here, some of them in the capacity of landscape gardeners and others with teams and scrapers. Fills are being made in some places and swales are being razed in others. Hundreds of tons of earth are taken each day to the low land to the north and west of the grounds flanking the lake in order that it may be reclaimed for the purposes of the Exposition. For, while there is plenty of land, there is none to be wasted and every inch of the Fair area is to be utilized to good purpose.

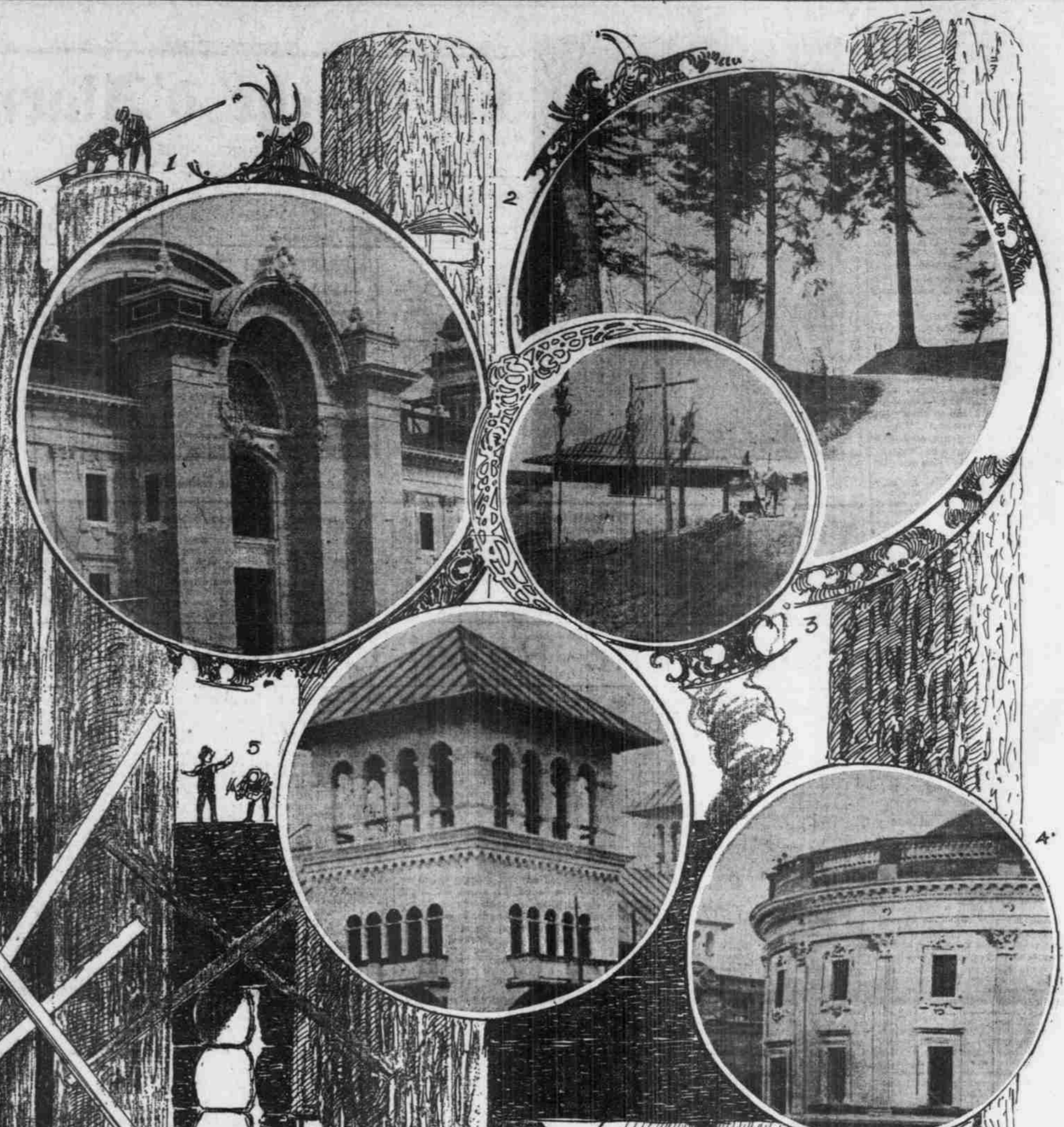
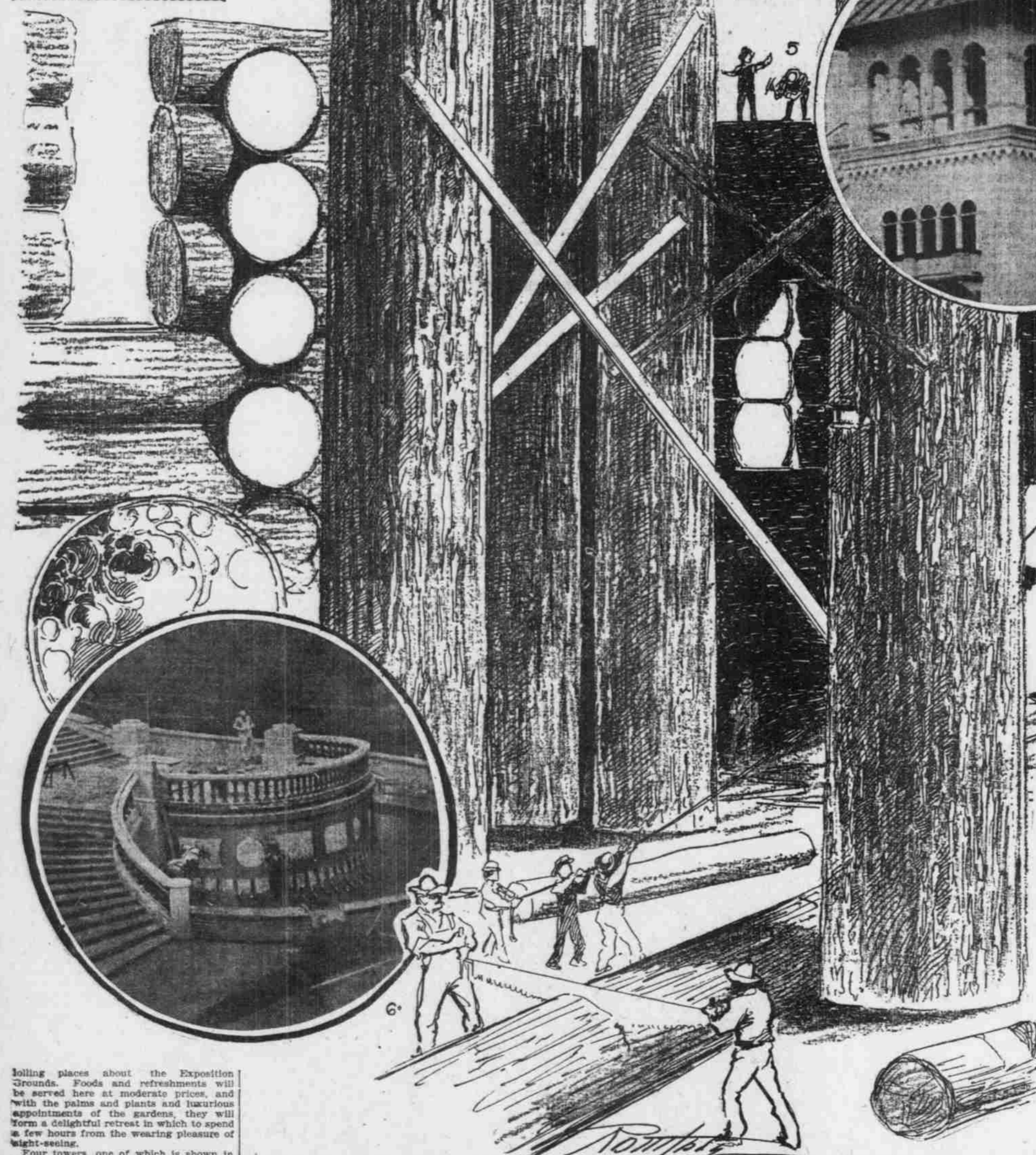
### Buildings Near Completion.

As to the completeness of the principal exhibit buildings on the higher ground above the lake, the accompanying photographs will give some idea. At a glance at least four or five of the big buildings appear ready for occupancy at this time, and it is only after close scrutiny that the minor uncompleted details may be noted. Here and there is an area bare of its coating of staff, a decoration is missing or only partly in place, and there is an absence of glass in the windows. This is the present condition of the States or Agricultural Palace, the Liberal Arts building, the Foreign Exhibits, Administration, Fire Department buildings and the pumping-station.

### Roof Garden a Delightful Retreat.

The roof garden on the top of the Liberal Arts building bids well to be finished simultaneously with the main building. This is to be one of the most attractive

- 1—Imposmg Entrance to Foreign Exhibits Building.
- 2—Driveway Through the Grounds.
- 3—Pumping Station to Distribute Water Supply.
- 4—Circular End of Foreign Exhibits Building.
- 5—Tower on the Roof-Gardens over the Liberal Arts Building.
- 6—Termination of Grand Stairway Joining Upper and Lower Portions of the Grounds.



rolling places about the Exposition Grounds. Foods and refreshments will be served here at moderate prices, and with the palms and plants and luxurious appointments of the gardens, they will form a delightful retreat in which to spend a few hours from the wearing pleasure of sight-seeing.

Four towers, one of which is shown in the photographs, are to be utilized in connection with the roof garden as dining-rooms for private parties. These towers are located at the four corners of the gardens and immediately adjoin it. The towers, as well as the gardens, command a view of the lower portion of the Exposition and of the gorgeous landscape to the north and west and north-west.

**View From the Balustrades.**

The broad cement and staff stairway and balustrades connecting the upper and lower portions of the Exposition are now so near done as to be open to use and hundreds of visitors pass along them daily. They are surrounded by the Lake View Terrace and terminate at the St. Helens balustrade, which is set off with an artistic watering trough and fountain, finished in staff. The white stairway threads through the lawns and flowers and from any point on the stairs or balustrades a beautiful scenic picture is presented. To the west are the foliage-covered terraces and carefully-groomed lawns and to the north Guild's Lake, the Willamette River and the incomparable landscape beyond.

**Waterfront to Be Attractive.**

At Guild's Lake great changes have been wrought. The water line is now clearly and evenly marked and has been thrown out several yards into the lake and the intervening space filled in. No amount of pains and labor is being spared to make this portion of the Exposition attractive. The harbor will be on a line with the great stairway leading down from the Lake View Terrace. Here will be the landing place for gondolas and other craft that will ply the waters of the lake. Just now a great bottle of monster lags are at anchor in the harbor. They are the giant timbers for the Fore-

**The Love Letter.**

McLanburgh Wilson,  
"Was back in last April I met you  
And tasted of exquisite bliss;  
Ah, who would have thought that our parting  
Had proven as lengthy as this?  
Then blossoms were over the meadow,  
The robin was piping his call,  
But now it is golden September,  
And leaves are beginning to fall.  
Yet ever since then I've endeavored  
To send just one letter to you;  
It took four whole months to compose it  
And bring back our happiness true.  
You got it? You're coming? My darling,  
The sweetest of meetings by far!  
All hail to the successful syster!  
All hail to the love letter 24

## HOW GOOD HOTELS LOSE PLATE

### Women Guests Take Almost Any Article for Souvenir.

Seattle Times.

WHEN a maiden in fluty, ethereal garments that seem the only appropriate setting for her soulful eyes and general appearance of angelic innocence floats from a hotel dining-room or restaurant followed by a matron of stately and imposing mien, it requires a case-hardened cynic to believe that they may be harboring guilty secrets in their hearts and inwardly chortling with glee over nothing less than theft.

Yet the number of bouquets and feminine writing dons that include among their ornaments spoons, forks, knives and even plates and napkins that bear the monograms or names of well-known hotels and restaurants and the size of the items in hotel accounts under the head of "silver missing" would seem to have a close and sinister connection.

Seattle bonifaces have not, as a rule, suffered so severely from the craze for "acquiring"—to be polite—souvenirs as some of their Eastern brethren, but the ruses by which they have secured their comparative immunity are not without humor.

Manager Harbaugh, of the Washington, actually boasts of the meanest trick on record as having been adopted to foil the fair criminals in their cherished pursuit of loot. Knowing through long and sad experience the pecuniary of the angels in shirtwaists in this direction, and knowing further that a plated spoon or butter dish is not "lifted" because of its intrinsic value, but because it contains the hotel's name or monogram, and therefore is to be craved as a souvenir, he had every article of plated ware used in the Washington made absolutely plain, without even a mark to suggest that it did not come from a quick lunch restaurant in Puyallup.

**Name Is the Attraction.**

Thus rendered unattractive, the small accessories no longer are translated to the bliss of nesting in the mysterious recesses of the corsage of a vision of delight, but are swept promiscuously away to be secured by a most unromantic scullion.

But the Washington did not get off scot free. No sooner had this brutal but heartless method of protecting the tableware proved successful than a new craze swept over the daughters and matrons of Columbia. This was the collection of plates from hotels, not butter plates or after dinner coffee saucers, but big meat or even soup plates.

Now a plate is not so built as to be easy to slip within the folds of any ordinary gown, and it would be embarrassing as one was sweeping down the dining-hall, the center of a hundred admiring or critical eyes, to have a piece of crockery slip from its hiding place and explode like a miniature bomb upon the floor.

So the visions of loveliness discover that their consciences object to the "lifting" of plates and they humbly approach the manager and timidly request to be allowed to purchase one at any price that he may set upon it. What is the poor man to do? Obviously he must smile graciously, send a waiter for a plate and hand it over with his courtliest bow and "the compliments of the hotel." You can't get ahead of the better half of creation!

Perhaps Manager King, of the Butler Hotel, has hit upon an effective scheme as any. When the remodeled hotel was first opened the plated ware began to disappear so fast that it seemed as if it might be necessary to chain each article

to a table leg. Much as it must pain every chivalrous nature it must be stated that the articles in the men's cafe remained undisturbed and the ravages were confined to those tables from which tobacco is tabooed.

**How He Protects Himself.**

Finally Mr. King hit upon the plan of ordering some thousands of handsome plated souvenir after-dinner coffee spoons with a picture of the Butler engraved in the bowl. As soon as a woman enters the hotel as a guest she is presented with one of these spoons, and is thereby constrained out of the merest decency to refrain from performing sleight-of-hand tricks with the tableware.

Stokes' refreshment parlors probably has suffered more severely than any place in the city from the souvenir hunters. Being frequented principally by crowds of girls and younger women, this is not surprising.

According to Mr. Stokes, when he first opened the restaurant he supplied it with china of an unusually expensive sort, some of the plates costing as much as \$25 a dozen. Those plates disappeared as if they had wings, and today not a single specimen of the original sets remains in possession of the restaurant. Since the passing of these sets, losses have been less numerous, but are frequent enough to test the philosophy of the proprietor. Only a few days ago a girl of the typical matinee age came in and blushing produced a baker's dozen of the Stokes spoons which her father had discovered in her "den" and sternly compelled her to return.

The Lincoln professes entire immunity from depredations of this sort, and Mr. Perry, of the Rainier-Grand, professes a disbelief in the general prevalence of the custom, but the general verdict of those in charge of restaurants above the lower grade is that if plated ware is to be saved, strategy must be called into play.

**Boston Woman Witheringly Retorts.**

Boston Record.

A woman wishing to get off a trolley this morning pulled the strap to stop the car. The bell rang both ends.

"What did you ring both ends for?" asked the conductor.

"I want both ends to stop," was the withering retort.