

other dignitaries for college graduates and unsuccessful preachers, who thought something of going to Oregon and regulating things, and whenever he stepped from the train in the numerous cities along the route, received boisterous and cordial invitations to ride from hackmen and bus drivers, and had his hand heartily shaken by bunko steerers. It was glorious, enough to confuse and turn the head of the most modest, and yet Mr. Allen stood it like a major. One could not imagine from his demeanor that he had not always been the centre of admiring throngs; and yet, if he were taken aside and interviewed privately, he might, perhaps, be coaxed into the admission that he had not. With his new high hat pushed imposingly back from his classic brow, whose aspirations in the direction of the apex of his cranium have long since been realized, and his shapely hands resting in the capacious depths of his trowsers pockets, he smiled serenely upon the enthusiastic throngs that poured out their spontaneous tributes to Oregon. His heart beat high with mingled pride and gratification, as he disclaimed any personal merit whatever, and even declared that he was but a common man, little as they might think it. It is reported that when he smiled upon a number of ladies whose eyes rested upon him with admiration, his smile was bereft of all personality, and was but the official smile of a commissioner; but this report lacks confirmation. The ovation reached its climax when he debarked from the cars at New Orleans. It was with the greatest difficulty, and only by asserting the urgency of his mission, that he finally forced his way through the cordon of hackmen, bus drivers, porters, men who desired to show him to a hotel for a dollar, who wanted to borrow ten dollars on a hundred-dollar check, or to exchange new, crisp greenbacks for some of the cumbersome gold he was supposed to be laden with. At last he reached headquarters, profoundly impressed with the greatness of Oregon and its vital importance in the show about to be opened. Indeed, so full did he become of this idea, that immediately upon entering the room, and before introducing himself, he gave expression to the deep gratification it afforded him to arrive on time, and thus prevent any delay in the opening of the Exposition.

"I beg your pardon" said the chairman of the committee, "I did not hear your name."

"Allen is my name, sir."

"Oh, ah, I beg pardon. Why yes, certainly, of course, Sir Percy Newgate Pickayne Allen, of England. Take a chair, Sir Percy. Certainly we would have been sorry not to have had you present at the opening ceremonies."

"Sir nothing," sniffed Allen, "I'm the Commissioner from Oregon, sir."

"Oh, yes, certainly, of course, excuse me," stammered the chairman.

"Oh, that's all right. What kind of a place have you got for me. I've got a paralyzer, and I want lots of room to spread myself."

"I think, Mr. Allen, you will find that we have allotted

you ample space. It was the desire of the committee that our Western Territories should be made quite prominent, so we have placed Idaho, Oregon, British Columbia and the other Territories in as conspicuous position as possible."

It was several seconds before Allen could subdue his indignation, but as he gazed upon the bland and innocent countenance of the chairman his anger gave way to pity. He called the chairman one side and whispered in his ear, so gently that the people in the next room came in to see what the row was about, the astonishing information that British Columbia was a Province of Canada and that Oregon had been a State for lo! these twenty-six years; furthermore, that he had a display of velvet wheat, moss-backs, etc., that would denude the bush of every rag upon it. The chairman apologized most profusely, and then said that the Oregon train had not yet arrived. Twenty-five cars had just come in from Kansas, forty from Nebraska and thirty from Minnesota, but the Oregon train must be blockaded somewhere. Allen sat down hastily and wept, and then, excusing his tears, he told the chairman very privately that he had sent one car-load in advance of the regular train, and if he would inform him where to look for it he would try to hunt it up. Being directed to the rear of the Exposition grounds, he found a perfect babel scene. A multitude of side tracks were filled with cars which were being unloaded, while switch engines whistled and sputtered, trucks rattled and men shouted and bawled at each other. With one hand toying with his silky whiskers, and the other fondling a bunch of keys and an anti-rheumatic potato, which he had carried in his breechaloons pocket since his knee joints had acquired thermometric properties on the tented field of the "late unpleasantness," Mr. Allen gazed upon the scene, and endeavored to select from the four or five hundred cars in the yard the one which bore Oregon's yellow placard. After two hours' diligent searching he found it among the Utah cars, the superintendent of the yard having supposed it to be a car-load of Mormon products from Ogden. Having rescued it from its polygamous surroundings, it was the work of but a few hours to unload its contents and arrange them for display. Allen is nothing if not Scriptural, and repeating softly to himself, "The last shall be first, and the first last," he thrust his hands into his pockets and gazed serenely upon the labors of other commissioners who had been there for a week. He is now studying on the problem presented by the slimness of his "paralyzer" when compared with other displays, and has about concluded, in case any one should notice it at all, which is by no means certain, that he will assure them it is from Oregon County, Alaska. Yet this is not the full extent of his perplexity. He is extremely bothered about the best use to make of the large space allotted to Oregon, of which his display only fills one corner. He is now halting between two courses, uncertain whether to fill it with chairs and raise much-needed revenue by renting them to visitors at ten cents an hour, or to invest in four dozen pairs of rollers and turn it into a skating rink.