

What a beautiful picture our state commissioners would present in 1893 if their ideas of the nature of Oregon's exhibit should be carried out! With prophetic eye the artist has pierced the dark veil of the future and photographed it for our delectation. Long trains of cars bearing their burdens of the products of nature, art and science from our sister states, are rolling toward the mammoth buildings of the world's fair, while Oregon's commissioners, Wilkins and Klippel, are trudging along on foot, each supporting the end of a pole from which depends the exhibit they have collected. With special pride and solicitation for its welfare, Wilkins grasps in his hand a wisp of Lane county wheat, while Klippel's good right hand clutches the nub of a Southern Oregon pumpkin. An air of self satisfaction and confidence is observable in every feature and movement. They are on the highway to conquest, and if their wheat and pumpkin do not take the first premium they will inquire the reason why.

Seriously, the whole idea of selecting for commissioners men who have not the faintest conception of what they are about to undertake is too absurd for endurance. Had the governor of Oregon any idea himself on the subject, did he realize the great importance of it to the welfare of Oregon, he would have made more fitting appointments. If he could be convinced that a proper display at Chicago would increase the business of his saw mill, then something might be hoped for from him; but he is a man who thinks Oregon has enough people now, and that it is a waste of the state's money to spend it in advertising. Let people find out about Oregon for themselves—he did. Let them walk—he did. This is about the nature of his mental process; otherwise he would not discourage efforts to secure immigration as he has consistently done, nor appoint such incompetents to represent the state in such an important matter. California is represented by the enterprising proprietor of the greatest newspaper on the Pacific coast and by the president of a bank, both men of national reputation, while Oregon goes to the forks of the Willamette for its chief representative, who, after visiting Chicago, seeing the vast preparations being made, associating with the representative men of every state in the union and hearing the magnitude and nature of the exposition discussed, comes back to Oregon with his eyes fairly bulging out of their sockets, and says that we ought to spend \$20,000. It is simply pitiful.

There is no reason why the Oregon exhibit should be committed to the hands of these gentlemen. They have been appointed by the governor, in pursuance of an act of congress, as the representatives of this state on the board of management of the fair. Let them attend to that alone. It is more than they can do. To be sure, it is a pity that some of the many able men of the state whose ability, enterprise and personality would have reflected credit upon us among that gathering of representative men, were not selected. We can endure that evil; let it be so; but we can not survive the fatal error of committing the state's interests to their charge. Nor is it necessary. The people of Oregon can select their own representatives in this matter, but they must do so at once. It must be done before the legislature meets if an adequate appropriation is to be secured, to be expended by the agency selected. Otherwise about \$5,000 will be appropriated for these commissioners to expend in taking to Chicago a few wisps of hay, half a dozen jars of wheat, a handful of wool and a peck of apples.

Here is the outline of a practical method of procedure. Let the state board of trade call a World's Fair convention, consisting of delegates from every county. Let that convention elect a certain number of its members to incorporate the Oregon's World's Fair Association, which shall have full charge of the state exhibit. Let this association adopt some practical method of raising sufficient funds for a display that will be of some credit and benefit to the state, not less than \$250,000, of which at least \$100,000 should be appropriated by the legislature. Let them select a broad gauge man as manager and a live executive committee to assist him, and then we will see something of which we may be proud and before which we will not hang our heads in shame when we visit Chicago. This is not a Portland matter, but one that vitally affects the whole state. The benefits will be reaped for years to come, and will accrue as much to one section of the state as the other. Let all loyal, live and intelligent Oregonians make this a personal matter, and then something will be done.

BRICK MAKING NEAR PORTLAND.

There are a dozen brick kilns in full operation in and about Portland, East Portland and Albina. Half of these are new ones started this season. The aggregate output of the yards this year will be not far from 40,000,000 bricks—about twice the product of any former year. Some 20,000,000 are required to supply the local market. Last year 8,000,000 bricks were shipped to Seattle, and this year about half as many were sent to the sound. The scene depicted on the first page of this paper is a very common one in the yards of this section. It is only within the past year that machinery has

been used to any extent in brick making here. Now two of the yards are turning out the finest pressed bricks, and these can be produced here at about half the expense of importing from the east. Now that these bricks are manufactured at home and can be had at reasonable cost, there is a decided tendency to omit the cement that covers most of the business buildings of Portland and to give greater variety to the architectural features of the city. Eastern brick makers use clay and sand in the proper proportions for the quality of product they desire to turn out. Here the surface soil is used without the admixture of any other substances. A brick trust in this city controls the product of four yards, and previous to this year it governed the local market, but the new manufacturers have materially changed this arrangement and the trust has now the little end of the brick business.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST.

Last week the list of entries in the West Shore photographic contest was published, with the names of subjects and addresses of the artists. There were sixty-seven entries in the professional contest and forty-four in the amateur class. As a whole they are a fine collection of pictures and splendid specimens of the photographic art. They are now on display at the North Pacific Industrial Exposition, in Portland, and attract much attention. The first prize in the professional class was awarded to R. Maynard, Victoria, B. C., upon the large landscape entitled "The Arm." This is a superb photograph of that most beautiful stretch of water winding inland from the harbor of Victoria, upon which the people of that city take a great deal of pleasant recreation. Mr. Maynard also entered a photograph of "The Gorge," a narrow place in the Arm where the waters rush through at the change of the tide. This was also a remarkably fine photograph. The second prize was awarded to B. C. Towne, of the San Francisco gallery, in Portland, for a splendid photograph of an hydraulic mine in Baker county, Oregon. The first amateur prize was won by Myra J. Albert, of Salem, Oregon, with the "Camping Out," a most excellent picture of a family encampment, and the second by Ernest C. Drews, of The Dalles, with a fine view of Mosier Creek Falls.

The first professional prize picture is reproduced on the center pages of this number in five different tints that give it as nearly as possible its natural photographic effect. The other three prize winners are given on other pages. From time to time others of the best ones sent in for competition will be given. The contest has been a very satisfactory one, and another competition will soon be arranged.

AUTUMN DAYS.

On autumn days, in woodland ways,
I lie beneath the trees
And watch the clouds in snowy shrouds
Float through the upper seas;
The leaves of brown come floating down,
The boughs are blown apart;
Above my head are blots of red
From summer's broken heart.

Around about the streamlets shout;
A chipmunk whisks his tail,
And up the pines makes striped lines,
Or darts along a rail;
While soft and clear I sometimes hear
A wild bee's dreamy hum,
The liquid notes from trembling throats
And yellow hammer's drum.

The maple old is crowned with gold;
A torch burns just behind;
Like finger tips upon my lips
The touch of balmy wind,
That wanders free o'er gem-set sea
And sweetest perfume brings;
I catch below a flash of snow—
A seagull's gleaming wings.

From out the deep the salmon leap,
All clad in silver mail;
And far away across the bay
I see a coming sail;
And, Oh! how bright the wings of white
Which waft my love to me!
Ah, dearest one, through miles of sun
I throw a kiss to thee!

HERBERT BASHFORD.