

WILD WEST IN ARENA

Buffalo Bill's Great Show
Pleases Multitudes.

FINE FEATS OF HORSEMANSHIP

Scenes of Frontier Life Reproduced
With Marvelous Fidelity—Ger-
mans, Cossacks, Englishmen
and Americans, Too.

There were thrilling times at the Wild West show yesterday. For two hours before the gates opened people were blackening the streets that lead to the big tents, at Twenty-first and Saver streets. Good nature reigned, despite the heat and the dust. And as a reward the strong men who managed to pilot their families in were entranced and spellbound for two hours by an exhibition of nerve, skill and manly strength. Those whom long years in office and at desks had enervated woke to the knowledge of their birthright of physical vigor and activity, and the many plainmen and miners and ranchers who thrived in every section glowed with the feeling that this was almost the apotheosis of their own deeds.

On the hour of 2, horsemen emerged from the barriers at the far end of the grounds, and quickly there swept into full view troops of Indians, Arabs, Cossacks, cavaliers, cuirassiers and cowboys. The flaunting robes, the gleaming colors, the eager horses, the masterful riders, made a picture of wild beauty, and from the moment that the last detachment swung into line the vast crowd was bound by a spell.

To add to the excitement, a horse in the first troop of Indians was taken from its feet as the cavalcade swept around the turn, and the dusky brave rolled over and over, only to rise nimbly and catch his frightened mount without the loss of a moment. The same thing happened to one of the helmeted Germans, and as he rolled from under his plumed steed there was a fierce cry from the women in the grandstand; but he, too, was quickly in the saddle and away. An Arab followed suit, and then a cowboy started to send the careering riders clear of the spot. As the stalwart army came to attention, there was a hush and then a cheer. Fancy was alive and all looked forward with impatience to the next scene.

The review which came next was fine, but not so impressive as the first display. After act followed in swift succession. There was a race between one from each nation, an artillery drill, an illustration of an emigrant train crossing the plains. At this last many a grizzled pioneer turned to catch his wife's eye; this they knew about, and they watched together with the thrill of a common memory. When the pony express sped around the arena and changed horses on the gallop there were many in the stands who had lived in the days of the story of the pony express and had known and wondered at that lonely messenger on the plains east of the mountains.

The Mexicans were a picturesque array, and the leader of their leader was vociferously received. From this point on the people did not watch so much the act as the men and horses engaged in the feats of skill. With a quickness most unusual in a crowd at a show, the men and their wives sat wondering when the wild play before them would result in death to some one of the daring fellows they had already learned to know by sight. But no accident with a painful termination happened, though there was a moment when the life of a girl seemed in imminent peril. The race between Western American and Mexican riders mounted on prancing horses rode out from the barrier and came to the starting point. The starter threw up his hand and they were off. At the same time they dashed around the ring and put the grandstand again. Before them was the slippery spot where so many had met misadventure. Without an instant's pause they swept on. There was a wild plunging of struggling horses, a breaking of the ranks of the cowboys guarding the rope, and but three riders emerged from the melee. On the ground lay a horse, and under it could be seen a huddle. The spectators held their breath while the horse clambered to his feet. Willing hands raised the young woman, and over the whole arena there was a moment of silent expectancy. The girl hung motionless between her captors, and the quivering horse pulled restlessly at the hand of his captor. Then the plucky woman stepped forward and in a wink of the eye was once more mounted and racing toward the barrier.

Buffalo Bill gave an exhibition of his skill in sharpshooting, and easily proved himself the master. As he rode gracefully around the arena there was almost testimony to his success, and people felt that after all his was the guiding hand.

Among the crowd going to the show there were many incidents. On one of the Washington-street cars a man, after pushing his way in, discovered that he did not even have the nickel to pay his fare. With frenzied search revealed all sorts of unaccountable articles, but not a cent to satisfy the conductor. Before his ransacking had proceeded very far he discovered that he had lost his watch. He glared suspiciously at all within a yard, and was on the point of getting into a fight when he remembered that he had left it under his pillow when he dressed. Then he had mislaid his ticket. Several suggested that the best thing he could do was to make room for some one better supplied. In his vociferous discussion of this knotty point he caught the eye of a friend, and within two minutes was staked to his fare and a ticket to the show.

In the stands there was a large sprinkling of Army officers, come to see the old scout and renew the days of their Indian-fighting youth. These gentlemen a countryman took to be part and parcel of the outfit, and a white-haired Colonel was marked as a "sub-scout" by them. "He's sort of old," explained the one who had been in the city before, "and he just comes along for old times' sake. I reckon he takes quite or something." The officer was quite oblivious to his promotion and watched the performance with eyes blind to everything else. After looking at him awhile, one of the spectators remarked: "From the way that old scout keeps his eyes peeled on that show I reckon he must have a son out there among them cowboys."

The remarkable and unique feature of the whole performance and the fact that gives glamor to the Wild West show is the genuineness of every act. The colored cavalry were at San Juan, and have their discharge papers to show in proof. The British troopers were at the siege of Mafeking, and as one sees them ride by there flood across the mind the brilliant memories of that never-to-be-forgotten conflict. Siberian runs burned the wily Cossacks, and on the steppes they learned their savage horsemanship. Cowboys, Arabs, British troopers, German cuirassiers—all are simply repeating the actual story of their lives, and this it is that lends dignity and manliness to the exhibition. The arrangement of the huge tents

COLONEL WILLIAM F. CODY ("BUFFALO BILL")



Drawn from life by Harry Murphy.

"I have never been in Portland before, nor in any part of Oregon," said Colonel William F. Cody ("Buffalo Bill"), as he sat in his tent in the rear of the Wild West arena yesterday, "but I suppose I know nearly as many people personally as any one here. I am constantly surprised by calls from people who come to see me and whom I have met and known at some time in my career on the plains or in the East or in the Army. I had many calls today from Army officers from Vancouver Barracks, and I understand that tomorrow General Randall is to come and see me.

"Of course, I am always delighted to meet old friends, and I hope I shall never have fewer; but I tell you it takes time. This show, great as it is, is only a part of my occupation and life. For example, I have all the time to look after details of business in my Wyoming properties. Here is a picture of an \$80,000 hotel I am building in the Big Horn country, and I am running a newspaper there, too, and a good one. I am just now arranging to charter a steamer to take the show to Europe, where I shall exchange places next season with Bailey's circus. So you see I have my hands full.

"I love the people of the West. I am of them, and I shall never belong anywhere else. But I must say that I am a little annoyed by the constant inquiries of Colonel Cody is actually along with this show in person. Of course I am. Why, I have been in the show business for 30 years, with intervals, such as I have been in the Government service as chief of scouts with General Carr, General Miles and General Crook—at one time I was Brigadier-General of volunteers—and I have missed, just seven performances. How's that for a record?"

along Saver street is in the form of an amphitheater. The stands form three sides and the fourth is the barrier behind which are the stables and the quarters. The total ground covered by the show is very nearly six squares, a city in itself. Fifteen thousand people saw each performance and crowded the accommodations to their limit.

At the evening performance there were multitudes, and all apparently felt that to get a seat was the height and sum of their ambition. In this endeavor they made life miserable for the doorknockers. Finally the most of the crowd were accommodated and the rest went unwillingly away, vowing to see it on the morrow. A corps of policemen aided the regular attendants to preserve order. There was very little disturbance to their directions, and among all the timid women there was not one who did not seem to feel that it was a safe order. The glare of the lights and the clanging of car bells, with the shouts of the vendors, made a spirited scene. As the throng left the tents there was to be heard from the wide-awake small boy a triumphant comparison between the glories within the tents and that anticipatory bliss nursed by the big street parade of the morning.

The Tivoli Opera Company saw the parade from a talyho yesterday morning.

TRANSFER! YES, ANYWHERE.

A Few Remarks on the Tribulations of a Car Conductor.

To be a conductor on a circus car is sometimes a very trying ordeal, and in many cases the conductors do not have a stock of patience sufficient to last them to the end of the trip. A car that was coming from Buffalo Bill's show yesterday was much crowded. The conductor had just finished taking up the fares and seemed in a very bad humor.

"Where to?" asked a passenger.

"Where do you want to go?" asked the conductor, becoming impatient, but the man was still undecided.

"Guess I will go up Washington street," said he, and at this the conductor's store of patience gave way and he commenced to express his views of a man that did not know that the City & Suburban Company did not give transfers to the Washington-street line. A friend who was standing by looked at him in an inquiring way, evidently surprised to see the usually good-natured man in such a rage.

"Everything is going wrong," explained the conductor. The bell rope is broken, and the people do not know where they are going, and I am having enough trouble to make any one lose his temper."

Just then a lady in the car jumped up and rang the cash-register bell, and he looked in to tell her that she would have to pay for the fare that she had rung up.

"But I wanted off at Twelfth street," said she.

"That's three blocks down, and you have no right to ring the bell, anyway. I will stop the car when you want off," said the conductor, and the glimmer in his eye as he returned to the rear end of the car showed the passengers that it was no time for idle remarks.

"Transfer for Albina," said he, as they came to Third street.

"But I want to go to Upper Albina," said a lady passenger. "Where do I transfer?"

The look of despair that came over the conductor's face as she asked the question seemed to frighten the lady, and she quickly alighted, not waiting for the answer, and approached the first man she saw and asked the way to Upper Albina.

"If this circus business keeps up, I am going to hunt a new job," said the conductor, as his friend alighted at Morrison street. "Many more days like this one and my hair will all turn gray."

MAY BUILD AT VANCOUVER

NO SUITABLE SITE HERE NOW FOR DRYDOCK CONSTRUCTION.

Contractor Wakefield Wants to Work on the Columbia-Then Tow Structure to Portland.

The Portland drydock will probably be built at Vancouver, Wash., and then towed to Portland. At a meeting of the Port of Portland yesterday, Robert Wakefield, who has taken the contract, asked that he be allowed to build it at Vancouver, claiming that there was no suitable site nearer Portland. To this the members agreed, but said that there was a probability that something in the contract would require that the drydock be built in the State of Oregon. A vote was taken and it was decided that the matter be referred to Attorney J. C. Flanders, and if there was no legal objection, that the commission give its approval of the site chosen by Mr. Wakefield.

Since the contract has been awarded to Mr. Wakefield, he has been spending considerable time looking for a place suitable to build it. It is not safe for me to build it along the Willamette River," said he, "for the river is so uncertain. I may leave the work all right at night, and the next morning find that the river has risen and carried all of my lumber away. There are places on the Oregon side of the Columbia where I could build it, but they are much farther from Portland, and I would like to have the members of the commission on hand often to see if the work is progressing to suit them, but there is no place that Vancouver were they could visit it without taking the whole day."

"I think," said a member of the commission, "that Mr. Wakefield should have included in his contract the use of automobiles to take the members to and from the work."

"I think that he must have included it in his figures," said another, "from the price that he has asked for the building. James E. Blackwell, the consulting engineer, was present at the meeting, and said that he had looked over the site chosen by Mr. Wakefield, and that he approved of the location. Mr. Wakefield stated that he expected to build the pontoons at Vancouver, but as soon as he could put them aloft he would at once tow them to Portland and complete the work here."

The next matter of importance that will come before the Port of Portland is the choice of a site for the location of the drydock. They have a number of places in view, but as yet they have taken no action. A special meeting has been called for Saturday at 2 o'clock, when the members will make an inspection of the property along the river, with a view to selecting a site. It was at first suggested that the engineer be asked to join the party, but the majority thought it would be better for them to look the ground over and get prices on the property, and then let the engineer make the selection.

Bids were received for a year's supply of oil for the dredge, but they were laid aside, pending the question upon which will be sent in plain cases, and the party that makes the test will not know whose oil he decides in favor of. After the test has been made, the bids will be read, and both the price and the quality of the oil will be taken into consideration. Plans and specifications for the machinery to be put in the drydock were submitted by Engineer Blackwell, who, after a few changes, proved satisfactory to the board. A motion was carried to adopt the plans and advertise for bids at once.

ATLANTIS MAKES A HIT.

Big Crowd Sees the Act of the Fire Dancer at Shields' Park.

"I wish there were a dozen more places of amusement in Portland right now," said Edward Shields at the close of his performance last night. "It would make the amusement business better all around. The more places there are the more the public goes, and every one is benefited. My receipts were larger tonight than they were last Tuesday night, and I have three times as much opposition."

Atlantis, the fire dancer, who has just

returned from a tour of the Orient, made her first appearance in a butterfly on fire and did a serpentine dance on a revolving globe. The light and picture effects were beautiful, and she made a decided hit. While the performance is exceedingly long, every act took well, and no one left until after they had seen the McKinley pictures on the polygraphs. Among the big features for amateur night Friday will be a ppe-acting contest, the inimitable Julius Caesar and a Chinese quartet. The Japanese acrobats will be a welcome addition next Sunday.

SHE HIT HIM WITH A CHAIR

What Mrs. Hattie Rykeman Did to Jacob Danner.

The new woman, in the person of Mrs. Hattie Rykeman, recently the proprietor of the Chicago Hotel, East Side, was in the Municipal Court yesterday, charged with assaulting an elderly man, Jacob Danner, who had a discolored under his right eye.

"Yes, I hit him," said Mrs. Rykeman, who is a tall, muscular-looking woman. "He threatened my life."

"I didn't," protested Danner. "It happened this way: This woman used to run the hotel, and she sold out. Last Saturday she told me to go out of the hotel, and she took hold of my clothes and hit me with a stick. She did. Judge. Then she knocked half of a chair to pieces over my head and body. Then she threatened to kill me. I don't know why she should do this, and run me from the hotel. I never did anything to her."

"You'd better not," broke in Mrs. Rykeman. "Danner, did you hit me?"

"No, madam."

"Did you call me names?"

"I did not."

"We'll hit this case out," said Mrs. Rykeman, nodding her head sagaciously, and she called her witnesses with the ease of a lawyer. Three of her late boarders took the stand, one after another, and they told the story of the broken chair, how the two disputing parties struggled for its possession until the chair parted in fragments. The witnesses were sure that Danner first attacked the woman and that she defended herself.

"I had sold out the hotel," pursued Mrs. Rykeman, taking the witness stand and her own defense. "This man came into the place and said: 'You don't run the place any more. I guess I can get water for my flowers, now. I won't eat at your table any more.' I told him to get out, he was so insulting. He said: 'I will fix you,' and he made a motion toward his breast as if he was about to draw a revolver."

"Did you hit him with your fist, then?" asked Deputy District Attorney Gatens, as the witness paused for breath.

"No," said Mrs. Rykeman. "I was about to hit him with a chair, but he was so fast that he got away from me."

"Were you looking for trouble?"

"No, sir."

"You don't like Danner, do you?"

"I am not in love with him."

"Where was your husband, at the time referred to?"

"He was in the hotel, but he wasn't in this racket."

"Now, Mrs. Rykeman, are you not a little bit afraid of Danner?"

"If I get a fair show at him, I'm not afraid of him," said the woman resolutely.

She was held under \$40 bail for a hearing this afternoon, when Danner will present his witnesses. The bail was paid.

THEY WILL KNOW SEPT. 10

Results of Recent Examinations to Be Revealed.

Teachers who took the recent examination for state certificates and diplomas will learn the results of the examination about September 10. Under the present system of grading state examination papers, all the papers are forwarded by the several County Superintendents to the State Board of Examiners, who prepared the questions upon the subjects. Thus, the member of the board who prepared the questions upon algebra will examine and grade all the papers upon that subject. The papers are then returned to the State Department, where they are segregated and grouped so that all the papers written by one teacher are together. Then a table of grades is compiled and it is

Monday, September 1 (Labor Day), this store will be closed all day.

Meier & Frank Company

New Fall Waisting Flannels in huge variety at 60c and 75c yard.

Trunks and Traveling Bags of every size and description.—(Third Floor.)
"Peninsular" Stoves and Ranges \$8.75 to \$65.00—See them—(Basement.)

August Linen Sale
Last Four Days

Only four days more in which to take advantage of the extraordinary purchasing opportunities offered by our annual August Linen Sale. Table and housekeeping Linens of every description at marvelously low prices. You can't discover a single customer of our linen store, and there's many thousands of them, who hasn't been thoroughly satisfied with her purchases. There's no time of the entire year when Table Linens, Towels, Bedspreads, Sheets, Pillow Cases, Toweling, Bath Towels, etc., can be bought at such little prices. Housewives, boarding-house and hotel keepers will give Linen first attention today.

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Done to your order—Largest line of moldings in the city, and at the very lowest prices.—Second Floor.

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Brass and enameled Beds in immense variety. Children's enameled Cribs. All kinds of Cots. Ostermoor Mattresses. Springs, Blankets, Pillows, Comforters, etc. Our bed department is complete in every respect. Prices the very lowest. (Third Floor.)

Children's Dresses



Two lots of Children's Dresses suitable for school wear at exceedingly low prices—Styles are all this season's—The materials, patterns and colorings the best—Particulars as follows: 110 dresses for children 4 to 14 years of age—Percales, chambrays, Piques and Linens—Very best styles

All \$1.25, \$1.75 values for 75c each
All \$2.75, \$3.50 values for \$1.15 each

Purple and White Bunting—Any quantity, lowest prices. Novelties in Elks' Ties, Watch Fobs, Hat Pins, etc.—Great variety.

"Peninsular"

Stoves and Ranges—sole agents. Styles for every purpose and to please every purse—Cooking Ranges and Heating Stoves having 50 per cent more heating capacity than any other—Before buying be sure and see the "Peninsular."

[Basement.]

"Willamette"

Sewing Machines—another carload just received—New models having full "ball bearings," improved head, handsome woodwork. The greatest Sewing Machine value ever produced—a machine the equal of any \$50.00 or \$60.00 make, for \$25.00

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ERICKSON'S CONCERT HALL

Has Been Renovated and Remodeled—A Fine Programme Presented.

Erickson's Concert Hall, at the corner of Second and Burnside streets, is one of the largest and best-equipped amusement resorts in the Northwest. Mr. Erickson, with his customary enterprise, has renovated and enlarged the interior at a cost of several thousand dollars. The stage has been rebuilt and the floor space increased to such an extent that the hall will hold 1000 people comfortably. The Ladies' Ideal Orchestra has been secured, and this organization is one of the best of its kind on the Pacific Coast. Every member of this orchestra is a soloist, and the music discoursed covers a wide range of both popular and classical music. In addition to the orchestra a number of first-class vocalists have been secured. No objectionable features are ever permitted in this house, and the best possible order is always maintained. Admission is free and the management takes pains to please customers. Strangers visiting the city can spend a very pleasant hour or two at this popular resort.

Lost Watches in Show Crowd.

Quite a scene of confusion took place around one of the ticket booths at Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, yesterday afternoon, shortly before the performance began, when several watches were lost. The crowd pressed forward, several women fainted, and three people complained that they had either lost their watches or that their watches had been taken from them. The victims would not give their names to the police, when spoken to about the matter. "I would advise all persons visiting the show to leave their watches and surplus money at home," said a policeman.

Dantes Motion to Dismiss.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 26.—In the suit of Walter Morhead against the Central Pacific Railroad Company and others, United States Circuit Judge Morrow has denied the motion of the defendant to dismiss the bill of complaint and the supplementary bill, but has granted their motion requiring the complainant to furnish security for costs.

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If you are contemplating the purchase of a fur garment, it will be to your advantage to investigate the lowliness of the prices which we have placed on our fur garments. This reduction has not only been placed on new garments, but also on the remodeling and repairing of old garments.

The case will now be placed on trial on its merits. Morhead represents the British stockholders in the Central Pacific, who contend that the interests have not been properly protected by the management of the company.

RECREATION.
If you wish to enjoy a day of rest and pleasure, take the U. R. & N. train from Union depot at 9 A. M. for a short trip up the Columbia, returning, if desired, by boat from Cascade Locks. Tickets and particulars at O. R. & N. ticket office, Third and Washington.

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