

Clever Woman's Impressions of the Fair

Nancy Lee Visits the Buildings, Sees Homer Davenport and the Trail and Writes Entertainingly About All.

SEATTLE, July 1.—(Special correspondence.)—If anyone had suggested to Brothers Lewis and Clark, not to mention Madame Sacajawea, that in such a little space as a century people white and people black, people rich and people poor, people who know things and people who want to know things, would meet on the banks of the Willamette to see a World's Fair of beauty and strength, these same three would probably have said little, but thought much. It is a far cry from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the first thought which pops into the Easterner's head on seeing the Portland Fair seems to voice itself in the expression that Missouri and Oregon are not too far apart to prevent the thought of a fair fitting the shoulder of the Far Western pioneer.

"Comparisons are odorous," says Mrs. Malaprop, and no one is so unjust as to compare the Portland Fair with the St. Louis Exposition, but if one did the very fine proportions of this latest Fair would show up strongly as contrasted with an exposition which the whole world, civilized and barbaric, contributed to make great and grand.

The Oriental, the Forestry, the Liberal Arts, Manufacturing, the Mining, the Agricultural, the Government, the Foreign and the Fine Arts buildings are important as educational factors, and most interesting and fascinating.

Scenic Effects Beautiful. The scenic effects throughout the grounds are beautiful, especially at night, when myriads of electric lights and scintillating along the walks, or twinkle in the shrubs, and among the gay flowers.

Portland has been called "The Rose City," and the thousands of La France roses all over the Fairgrounds certainly lend their beauty to crown the hill crest, and garland the sunlit glades. Possibly Mr. Homer Davenport's "Farm" attracts as much attention as any feature at the Fair. There are birds and beasts of all nations. There is a white peacock which opens his tail as the loveliest of fans. There are pheasants of all kinds, occidental and oriental, from Europe, Asia and Africa. There are Arabian horses and stallions as proud looking as they are valuable, and there are goats. You see a great many carousels exhibited at the "Farm," which all readers of daily newspapers are familiar with. These carousels have made Mr. Davenport famous, but they have not deprived him of his modest mien or his ambitions to do his very best work.

Davenport Makes Friends. There is a sort of Swiss chalet in which Mr. and Mrs. Davenport and their three children live. Mr. Davenport in the last campaign showed what the little piece of charcoal which he keeps in his right-side waistcoat pocket could do. When he drew that cartoon, "If he's good enough for Uncle Sam he's good enough for me," he gave the farmer a hold on "Teddy" Roosevelt which could only be demonstrated by the vote on election day. Mr. Davenport has made many friends in his career. "The Power of the Cartoon," but he has made more friends. When that staid young cartoonist tells of his boyhood days in Silverton, Or., and draws the picture of his father, who wanted him to "saw wood," there is a whole epitome of the fifth commandment in the way Mr. Davenport tells his story.

One of the most interesting events of my week in Portland was the night I went to the Marquett to hear Mr. Davenport's lecture. In several boxes his father, his wife, his old Uncle John and a dozen young and pretty girl cousins listened in a devouring way to what "Homer" had to say. The manner in which these descendants of the pioneer leaned out of the boxes to catch every syllable from the lecturer's lips was as touching as it was charming. To see that Davenport, Sr., "swelled with pride" faintly depicted the tableau. Mr. Davenport's lecture in itself is a gem, a gem of feeling and intelligence, but the scenes and scenes and scenes from Silverton, Or., "listening to Homer," was a genre picture which to Teniers could paint.

The Great Sceneshifter every now and then presents one of these simple dramas that the looker-on may read a human document beyond the price of pearls. The dear girls from the country, those white-headed men leaning from the boxes intent on the cartoonist who, born and raised in an Oregon village, has risen to the apex from which he makes men shudder or laugh as the pencil caustic of plastic shapes his design, give a fellow a lesson in civics which no tongue could better or argument deny.

There are some funny shows on the Trail, about 25 attractions, the biggest of which is Kivala's "Carnival of Venice." James Rand is one of the great features of the Fair. Professor Rand is a great admirer and exponent of Herr Wagner. His Sunday night Wagnerian concerts are attended with enthusiasm. The state buildings of California, Colorado, Idaho, Illinois, Massachusetts, Missouri, New York, Oregon, Utah and Washington, are devoted to the products and pursuits of the different states, and offer inviting resting places and visions of comfort to the weary feet of the pleasure-seeker. California, for example, has everything in that building that the heart of man could ask for. There is a special punch brewed there every day, which not only wets the lips, but moistens the eye. Some fruits are very strong. Take the innocent little grape, how downy and innocuous it appears clinging to its parent stem. Who would be so wicked as even to suggest that this artless attachment to a numerous family would ever be converted into a liquid strong enough to deposit an American citizen of six feet and one inch prone upon the highway? The still is milder than the grape, and the flowers in the California building, bottled though they be, seem to shed a perfume around. There is one shrub un-bottled and standing stiff in the moistened earth. Around this shrub the women all pause. Women big and women little, women young and women who might be more so. Ladies with black hair and ladies with white hair. They all stand and most of them smile. This shrub stands for woman's popularity with the other sex. No matter how its worn, whether crowned with white hair or the maid of 16 or stuck somewhere about the elderly spinster's curls, the orange blossom is the slow-white flag before which the ladies lay down their arms.

And the men? Well, when the lady drops her arms 'tis the signal that the men "conry."

Life-Saving Exhibition. There is a fine exhibition of life-saving every day about 2:30. If there is any class of men whom I like better than any other class, it is the men who, up and down the coast, risk their lives for people whom they never saw before and probably will never see again. These lifesavers spend most of their days just waiting for trouble. Just think of it. They are solitary as hermits and have to be bachelors! They must keep clear heads, and clean hearts, and be ready any time the weather is squally or a ship springs a leak to rush out on the rolling wave and give their own precious lives to save the other fellow's.

It's a fine thing to die for one's country. It is a great privilege to give one's life to save that of one most dear, but to sit quietly thinking thoughts and be roused from a peaceful cat-nap to wade out and come back a floater, would seem to be the finest sort of heroism and the kind of thing that makes me want to swallow hard.

building were even more interesting than the exhibits. Eastern people, who know about Alaska from reading Jack London's stories, or from newspaper clippings, looked with rapt eyes at the men panning gold. They seemed fascinated with each exhibit, and hung around trying to assimilate some of the things, and absorb a knowledge of something absolutely new and bewitching. One could discover, at a glance, the successful Klondiker. He strutted through the crowd with his head up high. He condescended to drop a glance now and then at the miner or his work with a smile on the lips which appeared to say, "I am it. I've been it. I've been it. I've made my pile. I could tell you things, but I haven't time. My sluicing days are over; now I'm blowing it in."

The Returned Klondiker. Then there was the other type, the returned Klondiker who had learned to cook up there among the snows. He slouched along, whole through the Philadelphia. He didn't stop, either. Poor fellow, mining had done him up, and he did not care to face ghosts, or see too closely things that memory had best not get busy with.

There is much good advertisement work done at the Fair. One firm has a whole building. There are kaleidoscopes and picture galleries of everything, and a young speller to tell the audience fairy tales. Advertising is getting clever with the march of years, and every World's Fair shows the advance of ideas. If you tell people the same thing often enough, they believe it. Newspaper advertisement converted John Wanamaker's one store into a whole block in Philadelphia, and then they call the "Dead March" the Philadelphia quickstep! There are some wonderful old trees in the Forestry building. In the forest the old worship of the Druids seems very fitting. There is something so sheltering and protecting about a big tree, the sun light, to impede the dew of night. To the dweller in the Middle West this monster timber must seem wonderful. Had the trees in the garden of Eden been as big as those of ours, and had their leaves been in proportion, Eve could have plucked just one and talked Adam a topcoat and avoided all that little scandal by which the poor girl lost her home. But then, the tree of knowledge can't grow very tall, for people who are not busy with their own lives, or stumbling over it in a vain effort to reach a star which turns out to be a fire-fly.

Miniature Hospital. Among the necessary evils, I started to say, but I will revise my work and say among the indispensable requirements of the Fair, is the miniature hospital for the comfort or relief of the sick. It is the dearest miniature of a hospital, a side hill, roses flourish and all sweet-smelling flowers thrive. The first day I saw this charming retreat, the sun was more than tepid, and three or four energetic, but every right-winded, ladies had succumbed to the ardor of the sun. One of the prides of Portland is her magnificent hospital—"The Good Samaritan." This was a mission at the Fair is kept going by nurses from the Good Samaritan. The day I was there two most interesting young nurses were nursing and helping. One a brown-haired girl, Oregon born; daughter of a Judge, whose pretty face would make any young man patient decline to get well, and any sun-wilted lady rejoice in her misery. The other, a darling daughter of Fair Scotia, as sweet and as wholesome as the leather of her native land. Did you ever notice that one can't help nick-naming all things dear to one's heart? I never saw a nurse so christened the good, old-fashioned Bible name of Mary, but no one calls her that. The old, the young, all call her by a love-name, for everybody loves this tall, strong lassie. The world seems bigger and brighter as she goes bravely on her way. Her eyes are only what is right and her hands go out to help all those who suffer. If I were tied to a chair and commanded to remain there until I had made up what I am in the habit of terming "my mind as to what I would most forcefully at the Fair, I would have to answer "the people."

Crowd Intent and Peaceable. I never saw so intent and so peaceable a crowd. There was not a bad character of any sort that came into my eye range. Not one tipsy man, not one rude man did I run across. Now, don't think that I am disappointed because I was not shocked on the Trail. I was agreeably surprised, that's all. In the street-cars it was the same way. The men stood and the women sat, and though I saw lots of women staring up, too, I did not hear one unkind or discourteous word.

I did hear one woman in an elevator, in a down-town store, panting gasp: "Oh, my, I never sat down in one of these telephones before. I was scared stiff and am glad it's through with." There were lots of well-dressed Eastern women, there were all kinds of well-groomed Eastern men. But the thing that arrested my thought were the crowds of earnest-looking women and quiet, honest-eyed men who came from green country homes to the Portland Fair. Not to criticize or to frolic, but to bow in reverence before the structure which to them was the Mecca of all endeavor. I have one big regret in leaving the Portland Fair. There was an exhibitor of photographs in the Liberal Arts building. He gave you a record of your spoken words in the photograph. I never seemed to get to the booth when the machine was doing things. Now, my big regret is that I do not go down to posterity through the medium of the Columbia records showing "Hurrah for the Portland Fair."

NANCY LEE.

THE COLLEGE BULLDOG Is That Branch of Ideal Education Doomed?

Kansas City Journal. Is the building, as a symbol of idealism in college education, doomed? The question is suggested by a recent order of the Board of Regents of Bryn Mawr University, that henceforth no student of that institution shall own or harbor a bulldog. The full importance of this innovation can be realized by those who are familiar with the exalted and intimate place that the bulldog has occupied in the college world during the last few decades. The very proposition to divorce education and bulldogs is portentous, not to say revolutionary. Until this daring Bryn Mawr chancellor conceived the project of shattering the intellectual affinity between the bulldog and the college student one thought it could be done with safety to the mental integrity of the latter. But the experiment will be made and the world will watch the outcome with breathless interest. Just when the bulldog became a necessary factor to the college career is not recorded. We can only imagine that the circumstance was ushered in when Willie, the family pet, strolled across the campus one fine day unconsciously followed by a misguiding but tenacious. This set the pace, and like a great many other heavy intellectual movements, the value of this species of canine as an aid to mental expansion in youth was the result of an accident. By an odd coincidence, also,

WHAT MEANS A SANE FOURTH

What Firecracker Money is Going to Accomplish in One East Side Family.

"There's good grounds for all of this discussion as to a sane Fourth," said a caller at Ellen's Piano House yesterday. "We've discussed the matter pretty thoroughly at our house, and yesterday my daughter found that the money-savvy blow in for firecrackers, noise and disturbance at our home is more than sufficient to make a first payment on a Pianola. My oldest boy will buy a year's Pianola library subscription, and with this start, the youngsters will be making advances in advance from right now on."

The Pianola selected by them, a Metrostyle in elegant mahogany case, to match their beautiful mahogany-cased Kimball which they bought of Ellen's Piano House about four years ago, will be delivered first thing Monday. Why not a Pianola in your home?

What It Means to the Home. A great factor in the Pianola's world-wide popularity is the fact that it brings pleasure not merely to one or two members of the family, but to all. It appeals equally to the wife, whose household and social duties have interfered with keeping up her piano practice; to the business man, who breaks the monotony of his day's worries, and the growing daughters and sons with a natural craving for some form of artistic instruction for many times the cost, provided it was impossible to replace them.

Surely Worth Investigating. Surely an instrument insuring such unlimited pleasure, and coming within the means of any average family, who can afford a piano, is deserving of a personal investigation. We suggest that you take the first opportunity to call on Ellen's Piano House, where the complete Metrostyle Pianola is always on exhibition. The cost of my Metrostyle Pianola is \$200 and \$300. Purchasable on easy monthly installments, if desired. Pianola Library subscriptions, giving access to the most complete music-roll library west of Chicago, costs \$1.00 a year. Metrostyle Pianola, entrance number 351.

It was discovered that only one kind of a dog would do. This campus chapman must be a low-browed, bench-legged cephalopod, of villainous mien and truculent disposition. The more hideously repellent the dog, the better for the purpose. The bulldog has no doubt helped many a struggling varsity student over the hard places during the anxious years when his whole soul was bent upon the laudable ambition of getting on the "first nine" or breaking out of the football "substitute" class. As a picturesque adjunct to the real collegian, the bulldog has taken a high place with the post-graduate student and green freshman and the "rah-rah" trousers. Who knows but if the bulldog is eliminated from the dear old college days the next step may not be an order for haircuts, derby hats and other rational reforms which we all know would rob the college boy of his chief if not his only distinction.

The cause of education owes much to the bulldog—just how much will never be known. When Willie comes home from school and lands at the old farm with a bale of flags, ball bats, tennis rackets, and a bulldog, he has a bulldog as the visible assets of a college education, the hard-headed father somehow feels a yearning sympathy for the bulldog, and figures that there all he may be of more real utility on the farm than anything else he has to show for his investment.

College authorities should go slow on the bulldog. Perhaps he was intended by beneficent Providence to contribute through a self-respecting physical example and force of intellectual stimulation a modicum of sense to the college boy. If this be his mission, then preserve the college bulldog, say we.

EARLY ELECTRIC ROADS Baltimore Line Perhaps First Regularly Operated Here.

Century. Daft began work on the Hampden branch of the Baltimore Union Passenger Railway Company in August, 1885, at first with two, and a year later with two more trolleys, which ran on regular street cars. A central and the running rails were used for the normal operation, but at crossings an overhead conductor was installed, and connection was made with it by a transversely-sliding arm carried on the car and pressed upward against it by a spring. The driving was by a pinion operating on an internal gear on one of the axles.

This was, I think, the first regularly operated electric road in this country, and the conditions under which the country was first run, including waiting a year for payment conditioned on satisfactory operation—and finally, even on these onerous terms, secured only in the face of an opinion by well-known scientist that no one but "a knave or a fool" would undertake it—were anything but encouraging. Fortunately for Daft, however, T. C. Robinson, the general manager of the railroad company, was strong in the faith. This equipment was followed by a more ambitious one—that of a section

HOTEL MOORE Clatsop Beach SEASIDE, OREGON

Finest Summer resort in Oregon. The only hotel on the beach overlooking the ocean. Sea foods a specialty. The hotel has been rebuilt and newly furnished. Hot salt baths. Fine surf bathing directly in front of the hotel. Strictly first-class. American plan. For terms and reservations address DAN J. MOORE, Proprietor.

THE COLONIAL SEASIDE, OREGON

New, commodious building, well furnished, containing all modern conveniences; beautifully situated and adjacent to the big bath-house; fine view of ocean. For further particulars write.

THE HACKNEY COTTAGE SEASIDE, WASH. Now open for the season. Home comforts, excellent table, centrally located, beautiful surroundings. Fine surf bathing, a most desirable place for families. Tell the conductor to let you off at Hackney Cottage Seaside, second stop after leaving Ilwaco. P. O. address, Ilwaco, Wash.

FOURTH OF JULY SPECIALTIES

Red Fire = All Colors

WOODLARK RED FIRE SURE LIGHT = PURE RED

Woodlark Red is a special preparation put up in our own laboratories. It is not the kind you buy from fakirs, made to sell, which burns a sickly pink—if it burns at all. Woodlark Red Fire is made to burn—burns a pure, rich ruby red—a marvelously beautiful color—burns every time.

Special Prices: Woodlark Red or Green Fire, per pound 25c Other Colors, per pound 35c

WOODLARK EMERGENCY PACKET

FIRST AID TO THE INJURED

Too much importance cannot be attached to the usefulness and timeliness of a package containing appliances for immediate use in the event of accident with fireworks.

Having this packet in the house may mean a life saved. Tetanus (lock-jaw) or blood poisoning will not set in if a wound is promptly cleaned and dressed with proper antiseptics. The Woodlark Emergency Packet contains everything necessary for emergency treatment of cut, bruise or burn; and having it at hand, severe injuries may be checked till the doctor comes. The Packet contains: Antiseptic Cotton; Adhesive Plaster; Antiseptic Powder, for dusting on wound to heal quickly; Antiseptic Bandage, to wrap wound; Pins to fasten bandages. Total value of separate items 50c package—SPECIAL 25c.

CLEARANCE SALE OF QUAKER GREY CUT GLASS NOW ON

BUSTER BROWN CAMERA advertisement featuring a girl and a dog, with text: 'It's Safe for the Boy to Shoot if He Shoots with a Buster Brown Camera. He can make snapshots of the fireworks and the crowds at the Exposition without danger to himself or his chums. The Buster Brown is more than a toy—it's a perfect little camera taking real pictures 2 1/2 x 2 1/2, details perfect. We develop the first films free to show him the way.'

Bring in your 4th of July pictures for us to develop. By our special electric device for drying we are able to finish and print photos the same day. Better than the slow way, too.

INDEPENDENCE DAY - BUT WE TAKE CANADIAN MONEY AT PAR

Woodward, Clarke & Co. HOLIDAY SPECIALTIES FOURTH AND WASHINGTON

of the Ninth-Avenue Elevated Railroad for a distance of two miles, where a series of experiments was carried on during the latter part of the year 1885, with a locomotive called the "Benjamin Franklin." The motor was mounted on a platform pivoted at one end, and motion was communicated from the armature to the driving-wheel through grooved friction gears held in close contact partly by the weight of the machine and partly by an adjustable screw device. This locomotive, pulling a train of cars, made several trips; but the experiments were soon suspended, and they were not resumed till three years later, when, during several weeks, a rebuilt and improved "Benjamin Franklin" was frequently run between the steam trains in the section between Fourteenth and Fifth streets, attaining at times a speed of 25 miles an hour, and on one occasion pulling an eight-car train up the maximum grade of nearly 2 per cent at a seven-mile rate.

HOPGROWERS

Need Spray Pumps This Year! Many are buying now. Those who are not should do so. It's the salvation of the crop. Too much is at stake to warrant you in putting it off.

The Pump That Pleases Large Hopgrowers Is the Myers Hydraulic

A Big Pump that will stand lots of pressure. One that will do the business for you as it has done for others.

Salem, Oregon, 10-27-99. Mitchell, Lewis & Staver Co., Portland, Oregon: Gentlemen: Last Spring we purchased from you two Myers Hydraulic Spray Pumps and wish to state for the benefit of Oregon and Washington Hopgrowers, that they have no equal. Our yards are trellised with what is known as Wheatland California trellis, which is 20 feet high and we find no trouble in forcing Quassia and Whale Oil Soap spraying compound twice the height of the trellis with a Myers Hydraulic Spray Pump. Since we purchased the above pumps we have also purchased another large 100-acre yard near here and intend to furnish same with Myers Hydraulic Spray Pumps. When Oregon and Washington Hopgrowers use high trellis and spray their hops, lice and mould will be unknown. Very truly, (Signed) HORST BRON.

Here's Another

Smaller and costs less than one above, but just as simple, same valves and plunger, etc. Barrel Pumps, Bucket Pumps and the only Knapsack Pump with an agitator. Pumps that throw a fine, misty, penetrating, insect killing spray. Pumps that last and do the business while they last.

Portland, Oregon, Nov. 3, 1899. Messrs. Mitchell, Lewis & Staver Co., City: Gentlemen: I would say that I have used in my hopyard the Myers Hydraulic Spray Pump and that I have given same a thorough test. I find that in workmanship and adaptability it far exceeds any of the several pumps that I have heretofore tried. It bears every indication of being a durable as well as effective piece of machinery. Yours very truly, (Signed) J. W. HILL.

Myers Makes Them! Mitchell Sells Them! All Wise Hopgrowers Use Them!

Spokane, Boise, Ida. Salem, Or. Medford, Or. FIRST AND TAYLOR STS. PORTLAND, OREGON