BIG DOORS CLOSE

Government Exhibit Building Will Open No More.

FLAG IS HAULED DOWN

National Salute of Twenty-One Guns Fired to Show That So Far as Government Is Concerned Exposition Is Ended.

There was no more pathetic incident connected with the passing of the Lewis and Clark Exposition than the closing of the beautiful building which the United States Government erected in commemoration of this great centennial. The Government building has been one of the centers around which the deepest Exposition interest centered this Summer. It was the one exhibit which interested the poor man and the rich man alike, the one in which every mother's son of us felt a like proprietary interest. And when it was forever closed yesterday evening at 5 o'clock there was scarcely a dry eye in the great multitude which gathered on the island to witness the closing ceremonies.

The programme arranged and carried out for these exercises was simple and brief, but there was a note of pathos in the proceedings which touched all hearts and made every man, woman and child realize the hold patriotism has upon the American public. E. L. Springmann, transportation clerk of the Government building, arranged the ceremonies for Mr. Geddes, and is to be highly congratulated upon their effectiveness.

Fire National Salute.

The Portland Hunt Club was in the midst of a hurdling exhibition on the plaza in front of the big white building on the island when the first gun of the National salute of 21 guns was fired. There was a hush—and a second report boomed out on the evening air. Then a third, and the large crowd began to count, while the riders curbed their restless thoroughbreds. On the roof of the building a soldier stood beneath each floating flag, rope in hand. On the steps the Artillery Band was arranged, waiting for the last gun. When it finally pealed forth a bugler's clear, round notes sounded the death-knell and immediately the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner" told all that the United States Government building was forever closed to the visitors of the Lewis and Clark Exposition. As it played the soldiers pulled down each floating flag, and in a silence wherein none of the vast crowd spoke, every man uncovered his head. The presence of death seemed near—actual death, and not the mere closing of a building. Here and there a woman furtively wiped her eyes, and men cleared their throats and looked hard in front of them.

Tears in Eyes of Many.

Up the in big building sentiment was more unrestrained, and many friends wrung each other by the hand. They all stood it pretty well until taps sounded—the soldiers good-night—and then many broke down entirely.

"Seems just like it was a family breaking up," explained Mr. Springman as he swallowed a big lump in this throat and cleared his voice. "We have been here all Summer together, and many of us were in St. Louis, too. Now that it is all over—well, we couldn't feel worse if we were all skin."

Big Doors Close.

Then the big doors closed and the guards began to clear the building of the stragglers who were left inside. The big crowd had been outside during the ceremonies, but immediately it was realized by the closing of the doors that all opportunity to see the magnificent Government display had passed, there was a general rush for the entrance and the public seemd possessed of a mad desire to get just one last glimpse. But it was too late, and a brawny guard stood at each door to keep any one from entering. All afternoon there has been unusual crowds thronging the building, and regrets were heard on every side that more time had not been given to studying the interesting exhibits.

When the crowd finally turned away to watch the hurdling again, there were many touching farewells said among the clerks whom Uncle Sam has employed to serve the Exposition public. Some parted never to meet again—others with the expectation of seeing dear friends soon.

"But how we hate to leave Portland," was the universal regret.

WRECK OF THE MISSOURI BUILDING AS SEEN FROM THE REAR.

The ruins of the Missouri building was a star attraction at the Lewis and Clark Exposition yesterday, thousands of visitors viewing it during the morning and afternoon. A thorough examination of the ruins yesterday failed to disclose anything that had escaped from the flames or water. Some of the exhibits, packed in boxes, were found untouched by the fire, but they were water-soaked, which utterly ruined them.

After delving in the pile of blackened boards, above which once stood the art gallery, the searchers found probably half a dozen small paintings, but they were scorched and of little or no value. None of the larger paintings could be located, and a couple of the statues found were all broken and charred beyond recognition.

Commissioners E. S. Garver and E. E. E. McJimsey will remain in Portland several days before returning to St. Louis. About all they have to do is to settle the $5000 insurance which was carried on the art gallery. The commissioners do not place much reliance in the report that the fire originated from incendiarism. Chief of Detectives Donahue, at the Exposition, believes the fire started from defective wiring, or from some careless smoker. He says it is not at all improbable that some one might have thrown a lighted cigar or cigarette into the pile of rubbish at the back of the building, thus starting the fire.

HUNT CLUB SPORTS

Hurdling, High Jumping and Push Ball Are Features.

THRONG SEES CONTESTS

Last Afternoon of Fair Memorable for Horsemanship Exhibition on Plaza of Government Peninsula.

Of the many interesting features of the closing day programme, the exhibition of high jumping and hurdling by the Portland Hunt Club was pronounced one of the most interesting and enjoyable. It took place on the broad plaza in front of the Government building, and the crowd which gathered at this point on the island at 4:30 o'clock was so dense that it was with difficulty the guards kept the lines defined. A short circular course was laid off, which included six good jumps, and over this the riders put their mounts while the crowd pushed dangerously near to watch the exciting sport. The high-jumping exhibition took place immediately in front of the building, and the performance of each contestant was loudly cheered.

It was cold and wet, but the crowd cared not for bad elements. The horses were all on their mettle, and pranced about in picturesque fashion, and as each animal took the jump it seemed to be with a consciousness of being watched and criticised, and therefore did its best.

There were but three entries in the high-jumping contests—John Latta on Dennis, T. S. McRath on Jerry, and William Walters on Frank. At first height all took the jump in good style, but as the bars were gradually raised, Mr. Walter's mount showed that he could take them better than the other two. The rider got good work out of Frank, and carried off the silver cup which was offered for this event.

Horses Took Hurdles Splendidly.

The hurdles were next on the programme, with the following entries: James Nicol on Will Wehrung, T. T. Strain on Bedad, H. H. Herdman on Nigger, A. D. Scoble on Tom Green, R. H. Jenkins on Jane, E. B. Stirling on Tom, J. D. Alexander on Breta, A. B. Cronin on Granger, Emmet Brown on Budget, and T. S. McRath on Jerry. Great interest centered in this number, and some pretty leaps were made. Will Wehrung, Mrs. F. Buffum's handsome thoroughbred, did some beautiful work under Mr. Nicol's masterful hand, but T. S. McRath brought Jerry up in better form than any of the other entries, and carried off the trophy—a handsome silver cup. In the double hurdles the decision was reserved, and will be announced later. This was an event over which the crowd went wild with enthusiasm.

Novel Sport Well Received.

Push ball was the final number of the Hunt Club's exhibition, and many saw it for the first time. The push ball owned by this hunt club is one of two in the United States, and proved a great novelty to many. Two teams, three on each side, played. William Walters, captain of one side, had E. B. Stirling and J. D. Alexander, while T. T. Strain headed A. B. Cronin and Emmet Brown. The contest was a close one, and was won on a narrow margin by Walter's team. The manner in which these riders have trained their horses to enter into the spirit of the contest is worthy of greatest praise, for they seem to take as much pride and interest in the game as their riders. As soon as the contest ended, the small boys flocked around the huge leather ball, and had the time of their lives with it. One woman who arrived late on the scene and saw the top of the ball above the sea of heads wildly explained to her companions that the airship had grounded.

The judges for the Hunt Club contests were R. L. Sabin, Gordon Vorhees and W. J. Burns. The club is to be congratulated on the showing it made and the attractive number it added to the programme of closing day. Coming as it did just before the closing ceremonies of the Government building, and just after the visit of the airship "City of Portland" to the island, an enormous crowd witnessed the performance and expressed its delight and entertainment with vigorous applause.

charged. The concluding piece showed the American flag suspended to a parachute.

The initial night fireworks started at 10:30 o'clock, with an elaborate display of aerial works fired in volleys. Following came the portrait in fire of President Goode emblazoned with electric fountains. The heavens were ablaze with volleys of huge rockets and shells, and the displays concluded with heavy cannonading.

The closing spectacle began at the midnight hour. The words "Goode Night" flashed out in the darkness, surrounded by a golden halo. This was closely followed by volleys of Roman candles, rockets, shells and aerial bouquets. The final salute was terrific and shook every building on the grounds.

May Lose an Eye.

While the crowd was inspecting the exhibits in the Government building yesterday afternoon, Norman Esbey, a Portland boy, was accidentally jabbed with an umbrella, and as a result may lose the sight of his right eye. Young Esbey and a companion were going through the crowded aisles when he came in contact with an umbrella carried by a man whose name was not learned. He was immediately taken to the emergency hospital on the Fair grounds, where the eye was treated, after which he went to his home.

PARTICIPANTS IN EXPOSITION.

Eighteen foreign countries and 17 American States participated officially in the Lewis and Clark Exposition.

The showing of participating states was particularly creditable. Eleven of the number erected individual buildings in which to house displays. Special commissioners and a force of attendants have been kept in each state building and contributed much to the comfort and entertainment of visitors. The states which erected buildings are: Oregon, Washington, California, Idaho, Utah, Colorado, Massachusetts, New York, Missouri, Illinois and Maine. Those having attractive exhibit booths are: Montana, North Dakota, Nebraska, Wyoming, Louisiana and Arizona. Exhibits were received from every state in the Union.

The foreign countries that have participated are: Italy, Germany, France, Switzerland, Holland, Great Britain, Austria, Hungary, Russia, New Zealand, Sweden and Norway, Roumania, Turkey and Arabia, Algeria, Persia, Caucasia, East Indies, China and Japan.

Receiver for Kratz Proprietors.

On motion of N. D. Simon, acting for certain creditors of August Kratz, and acquiesced in by other creditors, Judge Frazer yesterday appointed R. L. Sabin as receiver of the Cafe and Tavern places, which will preserve the value of the properties until it has been decided what disposition to make of them. Mr. Sabin is the secretary of the Merchants' Protective Union.

Wife Granted Divorce.

Lottie Bowen was granted a divorce from Harry Bowen, proprietor of El Rey saloon, yesterday, by Judge Cleland, for desertion and cruelty. The case has been pending for several months.

HOW THEY VISITED FAIR

THOUSANDS CROWD THE CARS FOR A LAST TRIP.

Throngs Linger at the Grounds for a Last Farewell to the Exposition.

All cars to the Exposition grounds in the early evening were crowded with people anxious to see the Dream City before its lights should fade forever. At the main entrance there was a constant stream of men, women and children through the admission stiles that kept the attendants busier than they have been upon any other evening with the exception of July 4 and Portland Day.

Once inside, the crowd scattered to all parts of the grounds and mingled with the thousands who were already there. The walks were everywhere covered with mud but they did not seem to mind it. One thought was uppermost with all—the last opportunity to see the great Exposition, and they were alike regardless of mud and rain.

Sightseers rushed from one display to another and from one building to another. For the first time, perhaps, many realized what a small part of the Fair they had really seen and sought to crowd into the last few hours the many things they had left undone during the four months and a half.

The charred remains of what had been but a day before the beautiful Missouri building was a source of interest and was viewed by thousands during the evening. They gazed upon it in silence and with perhaps a feeling of sadness as if its faded splendor were an omen of the destruction and desolation that is to follow.

There was none of the noise and little of the laughter which have been in evidence on other days of large attendance. Portlanders have shown a high sense of appreciation of their Fair from the day that it opened, but probably they have not felt its worth at any time more keenly than last night. As passing things always seem more precious, so it was with the Fair, and the usual noise of the grounds was hushed as if the people were thinking of the close of the Fair as of the last farewell to a friend whom they had learned to love.

While Ellery's Band played in the Auditorium, that large room was packed as it has been but few times since the Exposition opened. So great was the crowd that it was difficult to maintain order. The Exposition guards were called to the scene to maintain order. For the most part, though, there was very little trouble in handling the throng, even in the crowded exhibit buildings.

A favorite point during the evening was the balcony at the rear of the Washington building where a splendid view could be had of the Trail and the Bridge of Nations. Standing room was at a premium with those who wished to take a farewell look at the beautiful electric display before leaving the grounds.

Richton Wins the Suit.

Charles Richton, a Southern Oregon mine prospector, who bought what is known as the Strong Ledge, in Josephine County, from Louis Dammasch for $1000, and sold it to the Michigan Mining & Milling Company for $15,000, has won the suit instituted against him by the Southern Oregon Mining Company to recover the profits. Judge Cleland yesterday rendered a decision in favor of Richton and his associates in the deal, James Baumgardner and Dr. P. L. McKenzie. About 18 months ago Richton, Dr. McKenzie, James Baumgardner, M. B. Bozarth, J. W. Shafford, E. A. Clem and others organized the Southern Oregon Mining Company, and transferred to it numerous mining properties. Richton also turned over to the company an option to purchase the Strong ledge, which option he obtained in his own name. The company failed to furnish the money to buy this property, and just before the option expired Richton made the purchase himself. Ascertaining $14,000 profit had soon afterwards been made, the company sued to recover the money, contending that as a matter of law, Richton bought the Strong ledge for the benefit of the company. The court held to the contrary.

B. S. Pague appeared as attorney for Richton, Baumgardner and Dr. McKenzie.

Children Separated From Mother.

"I want to go with my mother. She has always been good to me," wailed little Thomas Barrett, in the Juvenile Court yesterday, as he and his three younger brothers and sister were taken in charge by Officer Hawley, of the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society. He was consoled by Mrs. Millie Trumbull, of the Children's Aid Society, who assists in Juvenile Court work, and he very reluctantly consented to the separation.

The mother, Mrs. Mary Barrett, resides at 481 Union avenue, and she was placed under arrest for contributory delinquency in the care of her offspring. The names of the children are Thomas, Edward, Ann May and William. The eldest is 12, and the youngest 4 years old. Their father is dead, and Mrs. Barrett has been addicted to the drink habit. Father Daly, a priest of the Catholic church, will try to help Mrs. Barrett to reform, and if his report for the next year is favorable, the children will be returned to the mother.

Dies of Heart Disease.

James Connolly, aged about 52 years, died suddenly of heart disease yesterday, at the Home for the Aged, whither he had been sent a week before by Father Block. Drs. Pettitt and Robertson, of Sunnyside, near which place the home is situated, arived too late to render any aid. But little is known of Connolly's antecedents, although it is presumed he has friends or relatives somewhere in this city. Coroner Finley has charge of the remains, although no inquest will be held.

Bryans Arrive in Japan.

LINCOLN, Neb., Oct. 14.—A cablegram from W. J. Bryan says he and his family arrived today at Yokohama, Japan.

DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS

THREE BRILLIANT PYROTECHNIC EXHIBITS GIVEN.

Prove the Finest Ever Shown Upon the Pacific Coast and Delight Everybody.

Three exhibits of fireworks for the closing day were given by W. H. Wilson, who has had charge of this display since the Exposition was opened, and each was appropriate to the occasion, sufficiently grand to satisfy all beholders.

The daylight fireworks display in the center of the lake began at 12 o'clock noon. Fifty aerial Japanese shells, displaying fishes, serpents, figures of musicians, birds and animals were displayed in Sixteenth street, as petitioned for by Dr. Byron E. Miller.

Going to Bed Hungry

It Is All Wrong and Man Is the Only Creature That Does It.

The complete emptiness of the stomach during sleep adds greatly to the amount of emaciation, sleeplessness and general weakness so often met with. There is a perpetual change of tissues in the body, sleeping or waking, and the supply of nourishment ought to be somewhat continuous and food taken just before retiring, adds more tissue than is destroyed, and increased weight and vigor is the result. Dr. W. T. Cathell says: "All animals except man eat before sleep and there is no reason in Nature why man should form the exception to the rule."

If people who are thin, nervous and sleepless would take a light lunch of bread and milk or oatmeal and cream and at the same time take a safe, harmless stomach remedy like Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets in order to aid the stomach in digesting it, the result will be a surprising increase in weight, strength and general vigor. The only drawback has been that thin, nervous, dyspeptic people cannot digest and assimilate wholesome food at night or at any other time. For such it is absolutely necessary to use Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, because they will digest the food, no matter how weak the stomach may be, nourishing the body and resting the stomach at the same time.

Dr. Stevenson says: "I depend almost entirely upon Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets in treating indigestion, because it is not a quack nostrum, and I know just what they contain, a combination of vegetable essences, pure pepsin. They cure Dyspepsia and stomach troubles, because they can't help but cure." Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold by druggists everywhere at 50 cents per package. They are in lozenge form, pleasant to take, and contain nothing but pure pepsin, vegetable essences and bismuth, scientifically compounded. Your druggist will tell you they give universal satisfaction.

Ralph Pulitzer Weds Miss Webb.

SHELBURNE, Vt., Oct. 14.—Frederica Vanderbilt Webb, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. Seward Webb, of Shelburne and New York, and Ralph Pulitzer, son of Joseph Pulitzer, the owner of the New York World, were married in Trinity Episcopal Church at noon today. The Rev. Arthur C. A. Hall, episcopal bishop of Vermont, officiated, assisted by Rev. Dr. Ernest H. Stirrs, rector of St. Thomas' Church, New York, and Rev. William F. Weeks, rector of Trinity Church, Shelburne.

Ignores Sewer Remonstrance.

The sewer committee of the City Council has ignored the remonstrance of property-owners against the construction of a sewer from Terrace Road along Montgomery street to a connection with the sewer

A "LAST NIGHT" IMPRESSION

A. A. G. WRITES A VIEW OF THE FAIR'S FINALITY

BY ARTHUR A. GREENE.

I was not one of the patriots who spent all day yesterday saying farewell to the Fair. I just had to get down the river as far as Astoria for a few long breaths of the Pacific, so it was night when the boat brought me back. As soon as might be, however, I was inside the gates with thousands of others to see the final act of the beautiful pageant-play which we have been watching all through an ever memorable Summer.

An incident of the Last Night that will ever stand out in my memory occurred as we came up on the boat to Portland, for the last sight of the glory which was the Dream City.

A young woman stood beside me at the rail of the steamer as we rounded the bend above St. Johns and the splendor of that now vanished fairy-land burst upon us in diadems of electricity.

I was looking at the sublime sight which the Exposition made when darkness had fallen and the lights were on. It was to me at once an inspiration and a sorrow of the kind which clutches the throat. It was one of those moving experiences that come so seldom in a lifetime, and I was thrilled with the great thrill which sublime beauty ever prompts to the appreciative. I heard the woman gasp and then she sobbed. It was unconscious, and of course unforced, and it added the final element. She had seen the Fair but a few times and was an alien, but so great was her simple tribute to the beauty of a man-made paradise that I longed for the woman's prerogative of tears and envied her. The egotist instinct is strong in me, I admit with apologies, but I have a great pride in remembering that I named the spectacle we were looking upon, "The Dream City," long ago, it seems now, but in reality but a few weeks, that great first day when Old Joe Cannon proclaimed with upraised hand and trembling voice, "Fruition is now." Like hundreds of thousands of other Oregonians that Dream City has been a fond object of devotion and to see it last night when sympathetic skies were weeping at its vanish-time from afar off, where distance idealized the panorama, and to know that on the morrow it would be an antiquity such as Thebes was—something I shall remember while memory is left me. And then the woman's sob. There was the tribute I would have paid.

How this past marvelous Summertime will haunt those of us who have watched and worked that there be nothing untoward in our festival of a hundred days.

There can be not a single aftermath to taint our recollection of what has been. Not even the cruel, ugly task of demolition; the sordid task of adjusting moneys and the unsavory whispers that always follow great achievement can mar that blessed retrospection that must always hark back to the time when the Dream City was a capital of chaste delights. The heritage which it bequeaths to the comprehending must ever remain unspoiled. It will remain always an inspiration, an incentive and a benediction. And now at last, as must come to all temporality, has arrived the end. Every great and good pleasure remains forever not unmixed with sweet sorrow, so this morning, when the city of dreams has vanished, as the vision of the night must vanish, there will for always remain in the taste of the lotus a tang in the pleasure of that remembrance of pleasures and palaces in which a great and mortal beauty has died.

As for me, if there shall be a Dream City of immortality and I shall see it, until then will I treasure in my mind's eye the sublimity which shone through the sorrow of the skies when the boat rounded the turn in the sympathizing river and the woman at the rail sobbed.