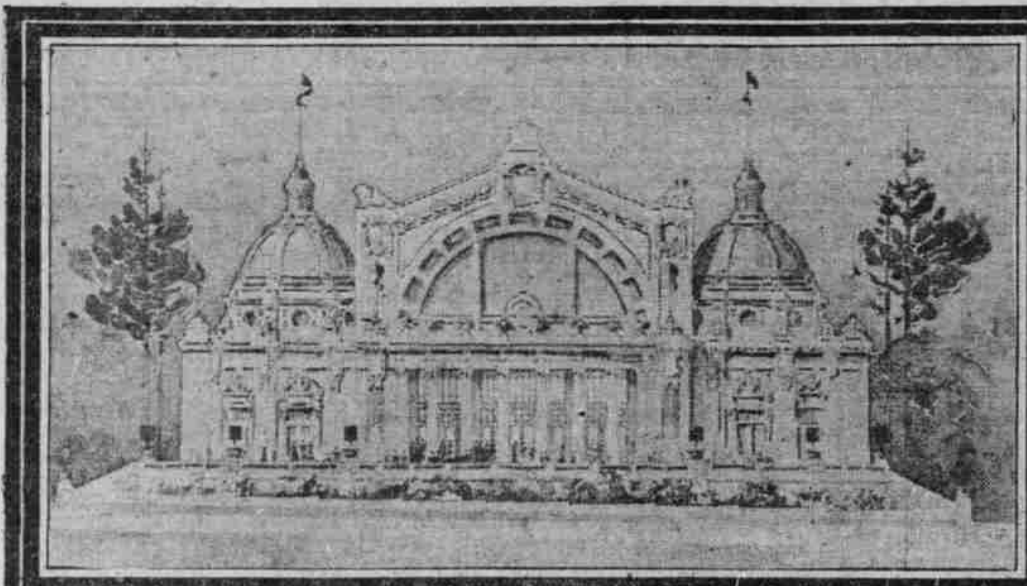
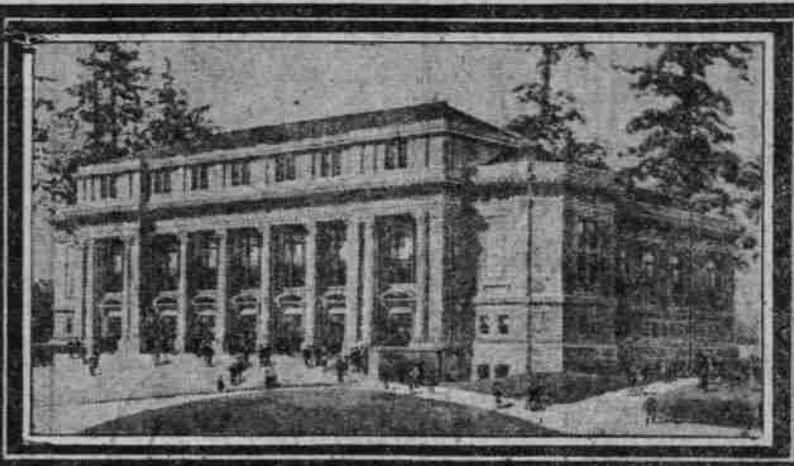


Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition is Progressing

BUILDINGS GOING UP AND CONTRACTS BEING GRANTED--GOVERNMENT HELP ASSURED--CONCESSIONS LET



END VIEW OF THE MANUFACTURES BUILDING



AUDITORIUM AT THE ALASKA-YUKON-PACIFIC EXPOSITION

BY FRANK L. MERRICK.
 SEATTLE, Feb. 27.—(Special correspondence.)—Nearly 1000 persons visit the site of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition every fine day to inspect the work which is rapidly progressing on the grounds and buildings. Now that the rough grading and clearing have been finished and the buildings are going up, the amount of work done during the past six months begins to show up to advantage to the average person.

The first of the big exhibit palaces that will be completed will be the Manufacturers' building, which has reached the stage where the roof will be put into position next week. Already much of the ornamental staff work for this building has been finished. Within the next 10 days the task of putting the staff or plaster paris ornaments on the structure and covering its walls with plaster will be started. Not long after this the building will loom up in all its ivory white grandeur.

The Agriculture building, a twin structure to the Manufactures building, is not far behind her sister in progress, as its walls are now being erected. It will be the second principal building finished. The emergency hospital will have its last finishing touches applied within the next two weeks and then a complete hospital corps will be installed in the building to take care of anyone hurt or taken sick on the grounds.

Work has begun on the Auditorium, Fine Arts Palace and Machinery Hall. These three structures will be erected for permanent use and will be handsome

used by the University of Washington for educational purposes.

The contracts for the Fisheries and Mines buildings will soon be let. These two buildings will be similar in size and will stand in the main picture of the exposition. The fire department station will be started within the next ten days and just as soon as it is finished a complete, up-to-date fire apparatus with a competent company will be installed to protect the buildings from fire while they are under construction.

The contract for the Oregon building will be the first one let for a state building. Bids for this work are now being called for.

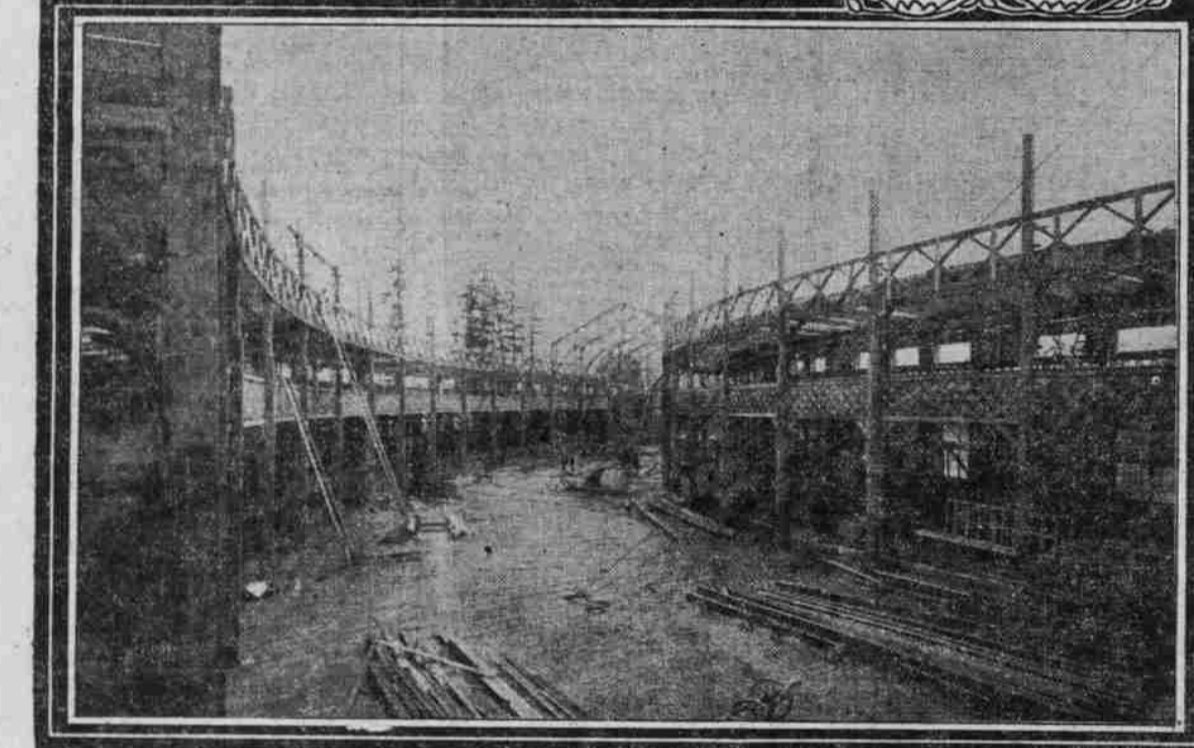
Bill Will Pass Congress.

Advices from Henry E. Reed, director of exploitation, and other exposition officials in Washington, D. C., give assurance that the appropriation bill granting \$100,000 for Uncle Sam's participation will be passed by Congress. The Senate has already passed the bill and a majority of the members of the committee on industrial exhibitions in the House are in favor of the measure.

Applications for exhibit space are pouring into the office of Henry E. Doech, director of exhibits. Some of the leading manufacturers in the country will make displays. Every effort is being made to have, as far as possible, only operative exhibits. On account of the big demand for space, the management is assured that only the best of exhibits need be accepted. The officials state that the most interesting exhibits to visitors is the one that shows how an article is made, from the raw material to the finished product.



STAFF-SHOP AT ALASKA-YUKON-PACIFIC EXPOSITION



SHOWING PROGRESS ON INTERIOR OF MANUFACTURES BUILDING

in design. Buff brick terra cotta trimmings will be used in their construction. After the exposition closes they will be

Among this class of exhibits already arranged for are a rope walk, agriculture machinery, stationary machinery, and refrigerator factories and a large iron foundry for the making of novelties never before manufactured in public

These are only a few of the exhibits demonstrating life and motion that have been awarded space and the long list will be added to with careful selection.

A. W. Lewis, director of concessions, has laid down a policy that stands out above all others in the management of the amusement features. No fakery, no grafters and all shows clean, is the end the concessions department will strive to reach.

The largest and most instructive Eskimo village ever presented at a world's fair has been arranged for at the exposition. This concession has been let to Captain A. M. Baber, who has lived much of his life in the Northland. There will be no expense spared in the collection of this exhibit, according to Lewis, as an exposition held to exploit Alaska must have as one of its educational amusement features the best Eskimo display ever placed before the public.

Eskimos to Have Village.

There will be three kinds of Eskimos in the village, those who have not been touched by white civilization, those who have recently come into association with modern civilization and the common or garden variety, the natives who were long ago brought into contact with white men. To secure the first named, Captain Baber will travel this summer far along the Arctic Coast. This autumn these natives will be brought to a point somewhere on the Southern Alaska Coast, where they will be wintered. Prior to June 1, 1909, the opening day of the exposition, they will be brought to the place where they happen to be at the time, as they must be brought from such a distance that, were Captain Baber to wait until 1909, it would be impossible to get them to Seattle before the middle or latter part of the exposition.

The village will represent the Eskimos in their home surroundings with exact fidelity to life. Moving pictures showing the tribesmen killing polar bears, spearing the walrus and the sea lion and capturing the seal, the beaver and other game will be a feature of the attraction. In tanks of artificially cooled sea water will be displayed living specimens of polar bear, seal, walrus, sea lion and other animals native to the North.

Another big attraction arranged for is a spectacle called "Fighting the Flames." This concession will show the public how a modern fire department operates at a big conflagration. A crack crew of fire ladders, with a fully-equipped apparatus, under the leadership of a chief who, at one time, was the head of the fire department of one of the larger American cities, will be maintained by this show. Briefly, the performance will show how a company responds to a fire, how persons are rescued from the roof and windows of a burning, five-story building and how, when the firemen are cut off from helping those who are still left, the life-nets are resorted to.

Other concessions that will grace the Pay Street, the official name of the gallery boulevard corresponding to the trail at Portland and the Fair of St. Louis, are the Japanese and Chinese villages, the Streets of Cairo, and the Isles of Greece. Director Lewis is constantly conferring with prospective concessionaires and contracts are let just as soon as satisfactory arrangements can be made.

LITTLE LESSONS FROM THE SCHOOL OF EXPERIENCE

THE WANDERLUST—BY JIM NASIUM

WE'VE all had it. It seems to be a germ that bores through our epidermis like a wood tick with the first dawning of the intelligence, and it sticks there till we scrape it out on the rough places of some God-forsaken country on foreign shores. Back in the old homesteads and village streets, which are splattered all over the backyard of Uncle Sam's domicile, gray-bearded and isolation-shrunken old men are today looking up at the same brown hills that they have been looking at for 899 years and wishing, as they have wished ever since they first learned that the sky didn't really come down and touch

those hills and that there was more world beyond, that they could beat out over the horizon and see the great cities and the mysterious countries of which they have heard. The kids, driving the cows home from the field or fishing for chubs in the mill pond, look up at the setting sun and dream of the time when they get to be men and cross this barrier of hills to stab the world in the face. And out beyond these hills the city's busy marts of trade are filled with a race of people whose minds are ever wandering over oceans blue and into strange lands, and whose lives are rendered miserable from the wanderlust gnawing at their vitals.

Eastern offices, stores and factories seem to be operated by a force of men whose sole object in working is to amass sufficient lucre to go West, while in Western places of business the men who are crazy to come East are thicker than old maida in a boarding-house. No matter what part of the world you happen to be in, it's the one best bet that there won't be a day pass that some sufferer from the wanderlust doesn't come up and hang on the lapel of your coat while he pours about sixteen gallons of hot air into your ear about the land he is going to migrate to some day. And if he does go, it's a hundred to one shot that he gets lint on the lungs from chews-

ing the rag to his new friends there and the great things and the good features about the place he has just left and how he wishes he was back there again. With us our ideal always seem to be in the place we have just left, the place we are going to, the place we would like to go to. They are never in the same place we are at the same time. We appear to run on a different schedule than our ideal, and it comes right down to cases it might be said that the ones who wouldn't rather be some other place than the place where they happen to be are the fortunate minority.

Then there is another side to the story. Splattered around over the world is a thin sprinkling of humanity, who have chased their ideals into strange lands and backed them up into the four corners of the earth, only to find that they have been chasing shadows and that the only real and substantial ideals they have left are the ones they threw in the stop barrel back home, and their wandering has been broken out in the form of an intense desire to go back and fish them out and wear them in peace and contentment for the rest of their natural lives.

It isn't getting far from the truth to say that about the only ones who aren't afflicted with wanderlust are the ones who have to travel and the ones who have traveled. Which is getting down to the cold pickled fact, that about the only difference between work and play is that one is compulsory and the other isn't. In other respects they are practically the same. A man will lug a heavy old blunderbuss over the mountains and break his foot neck chasing a dark night, but he throws it different kinds of a connotation if his wife asks him to get out of bed and shoot a cat off the back fence. The fellow who coughs up his hard-earned coins for a theater ticket giggles in childish glee over his night's enjoyment, but you don't bear much of a wing with coming from the leader of the orchestra or the guy who throws the pale green lights on the soubrette. And it's just about the same with travel. The fellow, who has been chained to a desk or looking at the

same old walls on the landscape for a dozen years, is overflowing with effervescent joy when he climbs into a Pullman to be jerked across the continent on a vacation trip, but the fellow in the brass buttons, who comes through with a pair of snippers and bites holes in his ticket isn't having many hysterical outbreaks of hilarity over the same trip.

The wanderlust is a good deal like the mumps, because it is contagious and you never have it after you've had it on both sides. When you've been all over, you are immune against the germ. There's nothing like getting what you want, to teach you that you didn't want it at all. It's a course in the school of experience that comes high, but there is no substitute just as good.

Creeping up out of the mellow haze of the long ago, comes a fond recollection of the halcyon days when I was about the

size of a drink of water, and sat on the sugar barrels to gaze in wild-eyed awe and admiration at the commercial drummer who rode on the cars every day and talked about the big cities and the adamantine railway sandwich and the festive horse car, and familiarly as my fellow townsmen talked of the potato bug and the grasshopper plague. He was the only section of the traveling public with whom I came in contact, and he was to me a messenger from the outside world, which was the Mecca of my dreams. I was willing to trade my chance of becoming President of the United States, which my school teacher has told us every American boy possessed, for a chance to pack around some gum drops and chewing gum and sandalwood handkerchiefs and copper-riveted overalls and celluloid collars and patent adjustable hay rakes and be a commercial drummer. I wanted to travel from town to town on the comfortable railway train, and stop at the big hotels and townships the natives with my castron nerve and air of superiority.

I would gather a bunch of pine knots to burn in the evening while I read Jules Verne, Frank Reade, Jr., and the Illustrated Police Gazette, and then lay awake the rest of the night looking at the twinkling stars and cross darkies, and to come when I could own an electric horse, or a submarine boat, or a canal-boat, or something in which I could cruise in unknown seas and cross darkest Africa. I wanted to drift out into the great world and soak up a lot of knowledge and experience in lands so that I could come back home with an air of mysterious greatness that would awe those with whom I came in contact, and talk about things which nobody knew anything about, and make them feel respectful and unhappy in my presence.

Ah, what has wealth and position to offer equal to the dreams of childhood. As I sit here in the costly magnificence of a newspaper office and view the Oriental splendor of my surroundings, the rich tapestries of worn-out overalls and scrub rag, the floors artistically decorated with scuffa about the base of the majolica cuspidors, the gorgeous furnishings of paste pots and copy paper, as I sit here and listen to the rich tenor voice

rage of a fevered imagination. And I haven't had a taste of the wanderlust since. It fights shy of me now. When it sees me coming down the street it ducks around the corner as if it owed me money, because I am on to it now. It can't fool me any more with its hand-painted pictures of foreign lands, and its treasure trove stories. Not much.

When I pick up a book now, and read about the delightful trip some fellow is having through Europe or the South Sea Islands or some other garbage dump, and take in his euphonious phrases and gilded language describing the beauties of his surroundings, I know that that fellow is sitting with his back up against a stone pile in one of these Godforsaken places writing this stuff to raise the price of a ticket back home. If the editors, upon receipt of one of these lavender-colored travel articles, would only send the author a ticket and throw his literary contribution into the waste basket, they would not only tickle the author to death but would do a lot toward preventing the spread of the wanderlust epidemic. And if all writers of travel stories would stick to the truth, like I do, and use more facts and less fustions of smlax and floral decorations in their flights of descriptive painted words, so as to give the reader the impression that the Garden of Eden was a lonesome sand pile in comparison or when I try to make a dirty, ill-sounding allusion in Alden's pug, the Champs Elysee, clear under the table. I cannot describe a beautiful desert sunset in that picturesque language which is being overworked by descriptive writers, and pen-sold-stirring lines about harmoniously blending tints, when my spotlight is crowding up into the gable end of my mouth from throat. Neither



WHOSE MINDS ARE EVER WANDERING OVER OCEANS BLUE AND INTO STRANGE LANDS.

of the city editor singing a solo for the copy boy, the thought comes to me that I would gladly exchange it all for one little dream plucked from the mellow past.

I have drifted with the forams and jet-sam into many lands since the days in the long ago, when I used to look up into the blue vault of Heaven and dream of stabbing the world in the face, and I have soaked up a lot of experience and a vast fund of information. But, somehow, I always fall to awe those with whom I come in contact. Persons are never deeply unshy in my presence, and some are not even respectful. When I throw the throttle wide open and turn loose the escaping valves of my fountain of variegated experience, it is true that I frequently note a change coming over the features of the listeners, but it is strangely like an expression of sympathy, mingled with regret, and gives me the feeling that I have not made a pronounced hit as a representative of the mysterious great.

The great throbbing world doesn't seem to care a brass mounted continental about the fund of widespread information that I have gathered from the four corners of the earth, and it makes me feel lonesome and sad when I am out in society to have the guests turn from my cheerful flow of edifying chin music with a sigh of relief to the fellow who has never been out of sight of the gables on the roof of his birthplace.

Since the days of my childhood dreams of travel and exploration my wanderlust has chased me around over the earth, until finally I turned on it in a corner of one of these Godforsaken countries and kicked the eternal daylight out of it. Then I hit a bee-line for home and looked up a job that would enable me to buy a reasonable amount of contentment and enjoy the things that I was in immediate juxtaposition with, as it were, instead of working up a sweat chasing the mi-

can I grind out copy filled with extravagant flights of language, on the delights of ocean travel, and embellished with references to the swan-like motion of the ship and the turquoise color of the sea, when I am hanging over the rail telescoping the duodecimum into the oesophagus in an effort to give the fish a hand-out. No, if I write one of my little literary gems while I am on board ship and send it to an unprincipled publisher to turn loose to the public, it isn't going to give the reader the impression that I am spending my time promiscuously moon-light deck with a wealthy heiress, when I am really down in my bunk tying knots in my diaphragm and wishing to heaven that some one would scuttle the ship. I can't do it. The public is fortunate, therefore, in having the writer's works to turn to as a reliable authority in their hour of need.

The greatest obstacle I meet with in my efforts to educate the public to the truth concerning a lot of those popular fallacies, is the tendency of the publishers to underestimate the value of truth in literary productions. As a result of this tendency on the part of publishers, some of the most beautiful and purest gems of thought are hidden away in an old trunk at home with the usual printed slip telling me that "non-acceptances mean nothing, mean lack of merit," it is true that "truth is stranger than fiction," because it is so seldom met with that most people never get a chance to become acquainted with it. Outside of that being used by the intellectual giant who is pounding this out on the typewriter I don't suppose there are over a dozen gallons of the pure unadulterated stuff on the market.

Since the passage of the Elkins act has rendered it impossible for a struggling writer to obtain free transportation, I have always adhered to the truth in writing about any particular part of the country. This Elkins law has been a wonderful power for good, as it is saving many writers from perverting their souls and lining them up on the path of truth and rectitude. When I travel on any railway line now, I am not afraid to tell about the concrete sandwich and the celluloid pie they fed me in the dining car, and when I land in one of their highly advertised sand piles I spend less time in writing about the gorgeous scenery and wonderful commercial facilities, and put in more time on the mosquitoes and the facilities for dying of starvation and the scarcity of pawn shops, which is usually much nearer the truth.



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