

CHILDREN SEEING THE SEATTLE FAIR

THE Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition has many grounds for its claim as "The Fair That Is Different." One of the unique features commanding unmitigated praise is the provision made for school children.

Tired mothers and fathers are having a chance to enjoy the A-Y-P-E, and what is more, the boys and girls are having an instructive and amusing time. School "keeps" is the form of personally conducted tours of the exhibits and attractions, and pupils flock to the classes under the charge of Miss Elizabeth Carey and Miss Anna F. Miller, two of Seattle's teachers. This happy idea originated in the brain of James A. Wood, director of the exposition. Children have visited other expositions during the school year under the direction of their teachers, but not until the Seattle Fair have instructors been appointed by exposition authorities to conduct classes during the summer months.

The trust is an unknown factor in this unique school. To be sure, an occasional small boy becomes so deeply interested in the latest design in battleships that he loses sight of his "ditch," or an exuberant little fellow gazing at the rainbow-colored Hawaiian fish, forgets to follow in the train of her comrades, but that is only a proof that it is such a very, very interesting school. The programme is so delightfully arranged that it has only one drawback—it does not last half long enough.

It is simply impossible to get tired. The moving picture shows all come at the most accommodating times and places, and there is always an alluring Pay Sreak attraction to look forward to, an attraction that does not lose a bit of its alluring quality because it is entirely free, or because of its highly educational value. What small person is not the pressed with the infinite variety of the world's resources, peoples and occupations when he gazes with absorbed interest upon the Alaskan gold, the Deep-Sea Divers, the Eskimo Village, the Baby Incubator, or the Educated Horse.

And who could fail to be aroused to ardent patriotism in the Battle of the Monitor and Merrimack, or the Battle of Gettysburg? And could any boy or girl ever forget the beauty of the Shadow of the Cross, or the Wonders of Seattle Alaska? And then, too, something delightfully unexpected is always slipping in—a ride on the Seaside ponies, a trip into the coal mines, or perhaps a treat of King County strawberries, Hawaiian bananas or California nuts.

"It's all so perfectly lovely," said one 6-year-old girl, "because everybody seems to be watching for just us." And so they are. Even the grown-up visitors stop to wonder if the parties are Sunday-school classes, or the model school, and a few inquisitive persons have been heard to whisper charitably of orphan asylums and parental schools.

Sometimes they demand an explanation from the teacher in charge, and sometimes they glance openly at her blue badge with its "Educational Exploitation" and her name. And then, if a wee boy or girl is dragging heavily upon a tired arm, a mother often asks if it is too late to send her children with the party. She "didn't like to at first, but Johnny doesn't care to look at the things she does, and if the instructor wouldn't mind—" The instructor never minds. A red button is pulled out of the bag that always has just one more programme or postcard or badge, and Johnny gets a chance to really see the A-Y-P-E.

The officials and exhibitors are really much more interested in the classes than are the visitors. The approach of an eager group of youngsters is the signal for a "Stand back, will you please, and let the children see," or "If you will bring the children inside the rail we will give you a special demonstration of making coins, bills, cartridges, or of the X-ray, or mine plane, or any other of a thousand interesting things.

And as if it were not enough that the boys and girls should be given everywhere the kindest attention, the exposition authorities have given to each child who has attended five days out of the six-day course a beautiful engraved diploma. A diploma signed by the instructor and James A. Wood, engraved with the red cactus dahlia and stamped with the golden A-Y-P seal. No senior ever listened more attentively to the conferring speech by Mr. Wood or Mr. Royal W. Raymond, assistant to Mr. Wood, and was ever deemed worthy by the possessors of a gilded frame than the certificate of the exploitation classes.

Many of the children have come back a second week to earn another diploma, because it makes such a pretty souvenir to send to a far distant grandmother or aunt, and incidentally, of course, because it is fun to come back a second or a third, or as a little golden curled maid expressed it, to come back every single week all through the summer.

Not to be outdone in spirit by any regular school, the enterprising members of the boys' class have composed a yell. It is a short but an effective one, and it brings every eye upon the band of lusty lugged youngsters. It serves its purpose admirably in bringing before the public the enthusiasm of the pupils and the popularity of the classes. It is a happy lot who go down upon the Pay Sreak yelling "Just once more, for fun."

Who are we?
Look and see.
Exploitation
A-Y-P.

Not only are residents of Seattle ad-



MISS ANNA F. MILLER, SUPERVISING INSTRUCTOR, BOYS DEPARTMENT.



MISS ELIZABETH CARY, SUPERVISING INSTRUCTOR, GIRLS DEPARTMENT, EDUCATIONAL EXPLOITATION, A-Y-P.



CHILDREN'S CLASSES AT A-Y-P STUDYING ETHNOLOGY AT CLOSE RANGE.



CONFERRING DIPLOMAS UPON CHILDREN WHO HAVE COMPLETED THE COURSE IN EDUCATIONAL EXPLOITATION.

mitted to the educational tours, but children from any part of the world are heartily welcomed. The contact with departments of widely separated districts is an education in itself. There have been children from Hawaii, Korea, Japan, Florida, California, New York, and from almost every state in the Union. And "to make it just a little bit more fun" there have come lassies dressed in the plaid of their Scottish ancestors, or the red and black of the Spanish peasant.

The work of the department has received the approval of prominent educators from various parts of the United States constantly request permission to accompany the classes in order to study the methods employed. Popular approval has gone so far that out-of-town teachers have made application to bring their own pupils upon the educational tours. One young woman from Shoshonish County is now thoroughly acquainting herself with the grounds and exhibits that she may be able to present the work properly to members of her school who will form a camping party near the fair grounds in a few weeks.

The classes start each week day morning at 10 o'clock in the Auditorium. The course covers six days, and while some do not complete the full course, most of the children take at least five days of the six in order to secure a diploma. The comprehensive nature of the work done can readily be seen from the following programme of the tours:

Irrigation in the Willamette Valley

Some of the Benefits to Come From Abundant Moisture During the Dry Summer Months, Appropriating the Beneficence of Nature.

BY T. T. GREEN.
To say that irrigation would pay in the Willamette Valley is not to say that it is an arid country. There are those who have said that the promulgation of the desirability of irrigation in Western Oregon will have the effect of discouraging newcomers through the inference that our seasons are very dry and therefore, the crops uncertain. This is also a wrong conclusion.
The fact is, irrigation will pay in any country. What a boon it would be to the great states of Iowa or Illinois if they could have an irrigation system upon which they could depend for moisture during the very dry months of August and September, and often in June and July. In this connection it should be remembered that dry summer months are as essential to the successful harvesting of matured crops, as the Spring showers are to their growth. In other words, if it rained all through the summer, in sufficient quantities to insure green meadows, pastures and gardens it would be impossible to secure the crops which the successive seasons yield for the sustenance of the human race. All good countries have dry summers for obvious reasons, but if by artificial means many agricultural interests can be continued in their growth and corresponding profits realized, why not employ them where possible?
The difference between the great Mississippi Valley State and Oregon in this respect is that Nature has done nothing for irrigation, while it has done everything for our own state that could be desired or suggested. I have had occasion to travel extensively in every county in Oregon, and to one thus privileged it is a source of delight and pride to see that each of them has such abundance of water powers and mountain streams flowing into its rich valleys—not only lavishly provided with the means of propelling manufacturing concerns, but supplying sufficient water for irrigation ten times over all our tillable land. Indeed, it is a revelation to see the magnificent possibilities within the reach of our people in this direction—a vision only yet realized in its most imperfect outlines—where there is enough surplus water comes out of the mountains of Oregon every Winter and Spring to irrigate during our few dry months all the land in—Christendom.
And it is the part of beneficent wisdom that a sufficient quantity of this unused moisture should be caught in storages, reservoirs not only to supply such deficiency as may be encountered in the Spring months, but to come to the rescue of orchards, gardens, meadows and pastures



CHILDREN'S CLASS AT THE A-Y-P SHAKING HANDS WITH THE DEEP-SEA DIVERS.

many hundreds of thousands of dollars—even into the millions. The loss is stuporously. I had the pleasure of attending the recent irrigation meeting at Eugene, and on my return to Portland took occasion to study as best I could the condition of the intermediate country as to the effect of insufficient moisture. What I saw was this: On every farm for a distance of 100 miles may be seen an alleged pasture varying from five to 50 acres in area, affording not enough nutriment to sustain a goose for a week. Most of them consist in large per cent of weeds of miscellaneous character, and what little grass there is is as dry as the dust of the road. Frequently a pasture containing a hundred or more acres lying beside the railroad was entirely destitute of either grass or stock of any kind—a direct loss to the owner, being an actual source of expense during the very time of the year when his stock needs food most and when water would supply it. The aggregate waste in Western Oregon each year from this cause is perfectly amazing.

The poor soil which has no depth loses its moisture and the dependent vegetation begins to languish. A second-rate soil will produce a better crop in a dry season if sufficiently supplied with water than may be grown on better land without water. I have many times seen forty bushel wheat growing on the lower side of an irrigation ditch in Eastern Oregon, while 10 feet distant on the upper side of the same ditch the crop was an absolute failure. All vegetation cries for water at the first approach of dry weather, and if it is withheld the result is stagnation and corresponding loss to the owner. To overcome all this it is but necessary to inaugurate a comprehensive system of irrigation, one which will furnish water where needed during our summer months. And it can be done more cheaply in the Willamette Valley than in any other part of the United States. In most cases this will require the construction of storage reservoirs which may be filled in the Winter or Spring months and their contents used when needed, but with mountain streams flowing from either side of our mountain ranges, at frequent distances through narrow canyons and with rapid declivity, Nature has with seeming anticipation of the ultimate needs of man provided the groundwork for the profitable substitution of something for nothing as a consequence of intelligent agricultural effort.

Any Lane or Linn County farmer would get more feed for his cattle or sheep or hogs from a rod square of alfalfa, if irrigated, than from his present 40 acres of weeds and wild grass, upon which a grasshopper is forced to scurry for a living. At this time of the year, in all arid countries even, where the land has been reclaimed by irrigation, the crops are perfectly green and fat stock of all kinds is fattening luxuriantly every day.
And water does it all!
Just outside the city limits of Eugene, one of our most progressive and prosperous cities, I saw a half dozen Jersey cows in a 10-acre pasture which was as bare of succulent food for them as the average baseball field would be. That same field in irrigated alfalfa, or even with tame grass, would liberally support three times as many cows and their owner would reap a good reward for his investment in land which now hardly repays the amount of his taxes.
No man has yet begun to conceive of the possibilities of the Willamette Valley as an agricultural and horticultural paradise. What it is doing now merely casts a faint blur on the canvas which will ultimately display a picture that will utterly astound the inspecting globe-trotter. With four-fifths of its rich lands today in timber and brush, the other fifth is devoted to nothing in particular save the infrequent instances. There are men now living who will see this section of the state from Cottage Grove to the Columbia and from the foothills of the Cascades to those of the Coast range a con-

tinuous picture of green meadows, pastures and gardens and the most prolific agricultural country on earth. The application of the grubbing hoe, intelligence and water will do it and the inauguration of a comprehensive irrigation scheme such as that now earnestly proposed by the Eugene Commercial Club, and the progressive people of Lane County, is the first step toward the realization of one of the most substantial dreams of those hamlets Valley dwellers into that which Nature surely intended it when the very best the Almighty had was lavished in such endless profusion here.

If the people of Lane County will organize themselves into an Irrigation district and provide a huge storage reservoir from which moisture can be drawn in the summer months as it is needed, and its rich land be made of continuous profit every month in the year, each acre contributing to its owner's bank account every day, it will make of this beautiful and rich a section that all other counties will look and feel like the proverbial 30 cents.

And it is just like Lane County to do it—thus setting a worthy example which other parts of the Willamette Valley will gladly and quickly follow. When Western Oregon fully realizes on its inheritance from the bountiful hand of Providence there will be 2,000,000 of people here, all prosperous beneficiaries of the wonderful resources of the very best section of the United States.

CAPTAIN FERRETS CRIME

Uses His Detective Instinct to Find Assailant of Woman on Ship.

VICTORIA, B. C., Aug. 7.—(Special)—How a Dutch shipmaster, Captain Emmerik, of the Royal Dutch market steamer Van Spilbergen, vied with Sherlock Holmes is told in advices from Sydney. On the way from Batavia to Sydney one of the passengers, Mrs. Winfield, was stabbed in the throat in her cabin by two Malays, who had entered the cabin to rob her when the steamer was seven days out from Batavia. She was seriously injured, the knife having made a slight cut, missing the jugular vein, and she followed the Malays, shouting for help as they ran from her cabin. The stewardess hurried to her assistance. Meanwhile the Malays escaped.
When Mrs. Winfield reported the matter to the captain all she could say regarding the identity of her assailants was that "one of them wore blue pants" and nearly all the Malays on board wore blue pants. But Captain Von Emmerik was equal to the occasion. He had the whole crew mustered at once on the deck in rows, and as they stood there in the mid-night gloom, the captain passed along the ranks and felt each man's pulse and placed his hand over their hearts. The blood coursed normally through the veins of all but one. That one's heart was thumping wildly, and the captain had him placed in irons. Another man's hands were very cold, having just been washed, and he also was arrested. The two were placed in separate rooms and finally confessed to the robbery and the attack.
Both were satisfied the captain was alike with the devil. Else how could he have known that they were the guilty ones? Both were turned over to the Dutch police in the Aru group for trial.