

Mateel Howe at the Seattle Fair

Second Letter, How Oregon Is Effectively Advertising Her Resources in the State Building.

WHEN Oregonians visit the Fair at Seattle they very naturally make a special effort to see their own state building, and I am an admitted Oregonian. I, of course, went to the Oregon building as soon as possible—not that it requires any special effort to see the building, as it is very centrally located, and one could hardly avoid seeing it even if one tried. It is on N. 10th St. and directly across from the Forestry building. The grounds about are very beautiful and the building itself, built on straight, simple lines, is all that the most critical Oregonian could desire. Inside and out it is built of Oregon materials and was designed by an Oregon architect. The timber used in its construction, the beautiful woods in which it is finished, the pictures that decorate its walls, the rugs on the floors of the rest and recreation rooms, the products on display all come from Oregon. And it is all so sure, in charge of Oregonians.

Many state buildings are built simply as places of rest and comfort. Most of them are beautiful buildings and pleasant places to spend an hour or two, but they do not always have much in them of interest or much to look at. I remember the Oregon building at the Lewis and Clark Fair. It was more a beautiful building where one could rest than a show place. At the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition it was a large advertisement, from start to finish, of Oregon's resources and possibilities, and there are a thousand things to see.

Of course there is a very pleasant parlor or drawing-room and one or two rest rooms, where a tired sight-seer can take a nap or powder her nose or read a magazine—an Oregon magazine, too. Moreover, there are concerts and singing every afternoon in the big drawing-room. But these rooms are mere incidents. The real purpose of the Oregon building is to advertise Oregon. You can rest if you want to, but you are not particularly encouraged to rest. In the first place there is a large lecture room, which seats about 150 people, where lectures are delivered every 20 minutes. These lectures are necessarily about Oregon and are illustrated with moving pictures. The day I was there the lecture was about a trip up the Columbia River, and some very beautiful pictures were shown. Mr. Wehrung, superintendent in charge of the building, told me that the lecture room was full for every lecture and that they had to put chairs in every corner in order to hold the crowds. About 35,000 people visit the Fair every day and about 600 visit the Oregon building every day. I examined the register very carefully, and while a large number of Oregonians were registered, most of the visitors were from the East or Middle West.

In the center of "our" building is a dome and around this dome is a rather marvelous picture designed to illustrate the resources of Oregon, and done entirely in grains and grasses, left in their natural colors. The picture shows the Columbia River, with its steamships, the Willamette valley, with its farms, and the Oregon coast, with its fisheries, its forests, its stock raising, timber, mining, farming, etc. It is an enormous picture and wonderfully done. Directly under this dome, and the first sight to greet one upon entering the building, is the display of fruit. And here most visitors linger, as it is by far the most complete and best display of fruit on the grounds. In the center is a large mound completely covered with apples and their leaves, and around this mound, with an apple in each hand, are the state and county fair winners. These in charge of the Oregon building have tried to show every variety of apples shown in their boxes just as they are packed ready for shipping. And they are the best-looking apples you ever saw anywhere. They were much too



OREGON BUILDING AT A-Y-P EXPOSITION.

much for me. I had to have one or die unhappy. So I smiled very sweetly—or at least smiled my sweetest—and said to Mr. Wehrung that I thought it would be such a splendid advertisement for Oregon if they looked so delicious and so tempting, and Mr. Wehrung immediately sent down into cold storage and got me two great big baskets which I tasted before I could not help it. All my life I have looked at fruit and longed for it, but this time I got it. It was the finest I have ever seen. I just had to have an apple. And what one just has to have generally gets by one means or another.

Over in the left of the building the

Oregon Agricultural College has a splendid exhibit. In one corner is a display of the dresses made by the girls at the college. Now, would you ever imagine that girls went to an Agricultural College? But they very apparently do—or else the boys were pretty busy making other things—probably grandfathers' clocks, furniture of all sorts, iron and steel implements and dynamo and things like that. But the most interesting part of their exhibit concerned agriculture, as it should, seems to me. The school is interested in teaching farmers the new methods and new theories about the conservation of moisture. So they have made this idea their chief exhibit, and have a student in charge to explain all about it. It is funny to me how our grandfathers ever got on at all, so many new things have been discovered since their day. And there are so many new things being discovered every day. But then our grandfathers certainly worked harder than the present generation. One of the newest and greatest discoveries is how to conserve water. Over 500 tons of water are lost in a month from a single acre by evaporation. The O. A. C. play has the earth in long tubes with

water in jars at the bottom and the student in charge shows by practical demonstration how rapidly the water evaporates where the earth in the tubes is coarse and unpulverized, and how much more slowly it evaporates when the earth is fine and pulverized. It is all very simple and yet how much it means to the farmer. This little exhibit was one of the most interesting I found on the grounds.

Back in my own state—Kansas—hundreds of farms that were almost worthless have been saved and have become very valuable. But I never understood how it was done. And how simple it is and yet how wonderful.

From this most fascinating corner I wandered all over the building and it was all worth seeing. Every Oregon industry was represented. Upstairs the public school exhibits, which I promptly refused to consider. When I was very young I had to prepare papers for display at the Chicago World's Fair, and I remember how I struggled over them and how bad they were when I finished. But a teacher told me it was a splendid exhibit. I have no regret of it, but I refuse to look at it. I prefer apples and students myself. But there are things for everyone to see, including a beautiful display of Oregon's stuffed birds—I mean a display of Oregon birds stuffed. Then there was a huge sheep about the size of three buffalo, and I heard an intelligent looking man inquire whether or not that was the remains of a real sheep. When everyone with him laughed, he said very foolishly that they grew such wonderful things in Oregon that he did not know but that the sheep, too, were out of the ordinary.

All over the building, upstairs and down, there many beautiful pictures of Oregon's scenery, taken, of course, by Oregon photographers. Every picture was an advertisement for Oregon—as the whole building is. But my most pleasant and vivid memory of the Oregon building is of the two large, cold, sweet apples that I hinted for so brazenly, so I insist that my idea was a good one. An Easterner would never forget one of those apples. If he got one. If a thousand people would visit the Oregon building now, how many would visit it if they got Oregon apples there for nothing? I cannot answer my own question, but I know I should go at least twice a day every day I was on the ground, wouldn't you?

tolerable in its attendant inconveniences. The big import of the thing lies in the fact that Chicago has done away with the old style of settling troubles of this kind. The success of these latest negotiations, coming on top of the amicable adjustment of other like differences, puts the stamp of well-trenched custom on this method of dealing with labor troubles. In the future there will be no rushing into Chicago except in possible isolated cases where the labor boss has it in his power to dictate walkouts arbitrarily.

There is a new temper among Chicago people in these matters. They are convinced there is no wage question which cannot be adjusted peacefully and fairly. If the comfort and convenience of the public be involved in a large way, Had either the representatives of the streetcar men or the traction

responsible to their superiors, the latter to the commander-in-chief and he in turn to the public he serves.

Mr. Steward has the greatest possible chance to exalt himself in the opinion of Chicago. If he succeeds in revolutionizing the city's constabulary, there is little he might ask for that he could not have in the way of public preference. The salary of the job is \$3,000—a trifle more than New York's Commissioner of Police draws. The position is one of dignity and honor to the man who will make it so.

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WHERE DULL CARE FADES AWAY

That applies to the selection of a place at which to spend an afternoon or evening. There is only one "best" place—The Oaks.

This favorite amusement park in all its history never was more beautiful than now. The grounds contain masses of the choicest flowers; the great oaks shield the visitor from the hot rays of the sun; the outlook is of the picturesque Willamette, and the amusement features are as nearly complete as an expenditure of time and money can produce.

One of the best bands in the country furnishes the highest class music in two concerts—afternoon and evening. Signor Dumond, the talented operatic tenor, goes on the programme Sunday and will continue through the week, this notable addition to the concert being made as another compliment to visitors. An added attraction is presented in Mme. Schell and her trained lions, Prince and Babe. All who have seen these handsome animals agree in saying they are the most beautiful specimens of the king of beasts ever seen in this country.

Among the regular features are the chutes, scenic railway, figure 8, tickler, crazy house, dreamland, roller skating rink, dancing pavilion, shooting galleries, old mill, "hell," boating, swimming pool, postal photographs, candy and bon-bon booths, luncheon pavilions, Oaks Inn, giant whirl, carousel, magic mirrors, road to Dublin, and many others.

Despite the closing of the Madison bridge, the street railway company is giving an excellent service to The Oaks, and vast crowds are moved from East Morrison and East Water to the park without delay or inconvenience. Take cars at Third and Yamhill, with but one transfer.

tion officials been stubborn in the dispute, which has just been settled, that side quickly would have lost the sympathy and support of the public. Fortunately the men who carried on the negotiations were alert enough to see this fact sticking out prominently.

Moreover, it so happened that the broad-minded men on both sides, and, although the fight was a stubborn one, there was in reality very little danger of a tieup which would have paralyzed the city.

In the agreement made fully four-fifths of the streetcar employees obtain an immediate advance in wages—quite so much as they asked for, but enough to show that the traction officials were disposed to treat with their men in good faith. It is believed the graded system of pay provided for in the terms of settlement will be better liked the longer it is in operation. The service to the public is likely to be benefited by this arrangement. To continue the terms of settlement, the higher pay which comes with length of service, the motor-man and the conductor, it is expected, will be more efficient and more careful.

Chicago, as a city, will lose a big percentage of the net profits flowing into the treasury by the proprietorship in streetcar operation, but it can afford that if the number of persons killed by the cars is reduced in proportion as operating efficiency is increased.

Seeking Out Land-Grabbers.

Captain George Wellington Streeter has not stood into port with his warship to retake the "Deceitful of Lake Michigan."

He is still somewhere down the canal flying his signals and proclaiming his knowledge of the land-grabbing habits of Chicago's land-grabbers is directed from "the cap" to the legislative committee which is circling about those who have squatted on land that does not belong to them. If the committee is right in its conclusions, the land-grabbing has reached enormous proportions. Estimates of the value of the territory thus appropriated range from \$20,000,000 to \$100,000,000.

Much of the alleged seized land is in the South Water street district, believed to be the busiest commercial thoroughfare in the world. Here is a man who has squatted on the fruit and vegetable lands in Chicago and other towns roundabout. The buildings of the firm run right down to the water's edge, the commodities of that street being mostly perishable, facilities for quick transfer from ship to shore are necessary. So crowded has the street become that there is constant reaching out and interference on the river.

South Water street merchants are referring back to documents made in 1862 to establish their rights to the land in use. The legislative committee questions the validity of title based on these musty papers. Hence, there is prospect of many lawsuits or of a blanket act by the Legislature, giving relief to the merchants and at the same time compensating the city for its lost property.

Taft's Great Birthday Trip

President Taft is in for the biggest birthday celebration he ever had in his life. It develops he will leave Washington on his long Western tour on his 53rd birthday anniversary. He will not reach Chicago until the next day, but the people along the route of his travel will see that the day is not one to be forgotten in the Presidential experience. It is another very interesting coincidence that the birthday anniversary of President Diaz, of Mexico, falls on the same day as that of President Taft. Exactly a month after their birthdays these two chief magistrates of sister republics are to meet on the international bridge between El Paso, Tex., and Juarez, Mexico. There they will exchange courtesies and salutations.

As suggested in a previous dispatch, The Oregonian, the President is not expected to fire one of his heavy guns in days out late at night and wants to get home in a hurry. Thought vibration, according to her theory, can be projected with such force as to make the "cabbie" turn without being called, drive up to the curb and await the pleasure of his prospective passenger.

Indeed, Mr. Taft's birthday need not be a street number. If he thinks it hard enough the cabman will understand and drive straight to the spot in the dark, being guided by the vibrations coming out at him from the shadowy interior of his conveyance. The same principle holds true when a man's hat is cast off by the wind. Think at you desire a pedestrian with a hat, and the hat will be blown off.

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STEEL TRUST'S NEW CITY TOO DRY TO LIVE IN

Indiana Local-Option Law Claps on Lid and Labor Migrates—Hammerstein to Give Chicago Grand Opera for Revenge—Chief Steward's Big Reform Task.

BY JONATHAN PALMER.

CHICAGO, August 21.—(Special).—Gary, the wonder steel city which the United Steel Corporation created in Lake County, Ind., is in a bad way.

Expressing its sentiment in the simplest terms, Gary wishes to be free. It does not wish to be dry. Because it is dry, some of its provisions are being taken away. So the steel plant is menaced with a scarcity of unskilled labor.

Saloons were wiped out of Gary a year ago last July. It was a unique situation which brought about prohibition. On the Indiana statute books is an act popularly called the Moore re-monstrance law. By its provisions, when a majority of the voters at the last previous election petition for the banishment of saloons and the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating drinks, the will of the voters so expressed is mandatory on the county commissioners and the saloons must go.

At the time of the last "previous election," Gary was a very small town—so small that it required only 100