

## Everything Is in Readiness for Opening of Ninth Annual Regatta



1—Miss Maude Van Dusen, maid of honor.  
 2—The finish—Fishing boat sailing race.  
 3—Miss Winifred Van Dusen, maid of honor.  
 4—Miss Frances Thomas, queen of regatta.  
 5—The white wings, crack Willapa harbor sloop.  
 6—Scene in Astoria harbor during regatta.  
 7—Chinese dragon.

When, at 9 o'clock this morning, a crown of gold is placed upon the head of Astoria's fair young queen, the ninth annual regatta will be under way. The coronation of Her Majesty will take place in front of the great grand stand at the foot of Eleventh street, and the ceremony will be characterized with all the splendor of a European court. In the presence of thousands of loyal subjects Queen Frances will be proclaimed supreme, and at her majesty's behest, the festivities will begin. The coronation will take place on the royal barge, and at its conclusion the queen will receive the dignitaries of the regatta.

The outlook for this year's regatta is unmistakably bright. A record crowd is here. The events on land and water will be more interesting than ever before, and the weather promises to be fine the entire week. Other regattas have been pronounced successful, but none has ever been commenced under such favorable circumstances.

It would be difficult to place an estimate upon the number of visitors now in the city. For days past people have been pouring in, some to remain for the week with friends and others to secure early accommodations. Every incoming train and boat has brought additions to the crowd. Hotels and lodging houses are overrun, but the committee is striving mightily, and with some success, to find accommodations for those of the visitors who came late.

And such a crowd! Pretty girls in regatta suits, uniformed officials of the regatta, and officers from the war vessels in the harbor, swarthy Indians from the Washington shore, men, women and children of every nationality, all jostle good-naturedly on the crowded streets. The rough element is conspicuously absent, and, thanks to the vigilance of Chief Hallock, will remain so. It is just such a crowd as will best enjoy the rare programme of sport, and just the crowd that hospitable Astoria

desires to entertain during the gay regatta season.

Astoria looks her best. From every building in the business district and from many residences flags flutter in the breeze, and white and blue bunting have been unsparingly used. The more enterprising business men have lined their buildings with colored lights for night decoration, adding greatly to the general gay appearance of things.

The broad harbor presents an equally fascinating sight. The cruisers, Concord and Marblehead, lying off the central part of the city, are the center of attraction, with their scores of signal flags. The three light house tenders, Columbine, Manzanita, and Heather, and numerous small craft, are all appropriately bedecked.

The arrival from Portland yesterday of Admiral Smith and his staff, the eight visiting queens and Governor Chamberlain was the event of the day. An enormous crowd assembled at the O. R. & N. wharf to join in the welcome and the occasion was a notable one. When the palatial steamer, T. J. Potter, was seen crossing the Columbia above the Tongue the three light house tenders hastened to meet her. The Potter led, with the Columbine to port, the Heather to starboard and the Manzanita bringing up the rear. Great clouds of black smoke went up from the four vessels as they rushed toward the city at full speed, and the sight was indeed a rare one.

Queen Frances, Mrs. W. O. Wilkinson and Miss Clara Lionberger occupied a carriage which was drawn up at the landing, and on the arrival of the distinguished visitors all paid their respects to her majesty. This informal reception occupied about half an hour's time, and at its conclusion the dignitaries formed in line and marched to regatta headquarters.

First came Brown's band, which had accompanied the admiral and governor on the Potter. Following were the ad-

miral and the governor and members of the former's staff. The visiting queens followed in carriages. Queen Frances' carriage returned to the Wilkinson home after the reception at the wharf. After some further formality had been gone through with at regatta headquarters, the visiting queens were driven to their apartments. Brown's band paraded the streets for two hours, rendering many choice selections and providing entertainment for the big crowd that thronged the streets.

### LINE OF MARCH

The grand regatta parade will be held tomorrow morning and will be in command of Grand Marshal H. J. Wherity, who announces the line of march to be as follows: Formation on Commercial street near the railroad depot and the start will be promptly at 11 o'clock. The parade will move west on Commercial street to Fifth, north on Fifth to Bond, east on Bond to Fourteenth, south on Fourteenth to Commercial, west on Commercial to Eleventh at regatta headquarters and disband.

The formation will be as follows: Chief Hallock and platoon of police, Grand Marshal Wherity and aids, Dr. Conliver, E. Z. Ferguson, James McConnell, Dr. Pilkington.

Band.  
 Sailors and marines from war vessels.  
 Governor Chamberlain and staff.  
 Admiral Smith and staff.  
 Queen Frances.  
 Maids of honor and ladies-in-waiting.  
 Royal guests.  
 Band.  
 Hose teams.

### THE CHINESE DRAGON

The appearance in the parade today of the great Chinese dragon, brought from San Francisco especially for the regatta, recalls a pretty story that the Chinese tell their children of nights when the fallow dip is low. It is about the great dragon and how he came over from the land where the sun sinks beyond the broad ocean.

They tell that the dragon swam across. He was an ugly monster when he started; gray and slimy and fierce. He plowed through the tropic water and caught into the rising sun, blood red through the mist of the eastern seas and the sunrise dyed his terrible orbs. He dashed the emerald drops with his mighty head and lashed the milk-white foam with his fins; they fell like jewels on him.

He plowed over a purple sea under the canopy of a volcano's smoke and the reflection of those gorgeous colors became permanent. He plunged into the night and then the radiant moon shimmered her silver glory over the monster.

There are some who believe that the Chinese have no poets, no dreamers of things beautiful. If this is the case

then the pageant that will today bewilder Astoria and visitors from all quarters must be a wonderful accident of art. It is like the vision that the mind of an opium smoker might conjure up. There could be more of it, but it would be hard to imagine how human ingenuity, with nature, herself, and her wondrous colorings for patterns, coupled with workmanship so thorough that the smallest detail is of utmost importance, could fashion more perfect and resplendent pieces; could produce a more finished whole.

Each separate banner flashing with myriad colors and shades of tantalizing beauty, is a creation in itself. Look at it as it passes through the street and you see immediately that it is a work of great excellence. It glows with jewels and the rich silks shimmer with a dazzling radiance. The colors seem to be alive; to wiggle and twist and sinuously wind. One color seems to dominate and another. Now you think it is green, then you catch a flash of pink and you try to hold that; but the red of the ruby succeeds.

Approach nearer and view the piece a yard away. It not only does not suffer; you are more amazed. From across the street it looked like color

gone riot; color without a scheme. But now the figure stands out. There are peacocks and dragons and ungainly loads; warriors and princesses and emperors; diminutive birds flying in the air and reptiles beneath looking up at them ravenously. The embroideries of purple, flashing carmine, gold silver, emerald, the blue of a limpid lake form a design that is intelligible. The weird animals of a fabled time seem real and, moreover, instinct with life.

Examine the patterns through a microscope and there will be no disappointment. The pains of tireless genius are evident; there is nothing shoddy about the work.

It is hard to understand how these brilliant creations blossomed from the toil of an apparently stolid people. The huts where they were woven are dank and musty and heavy with the sickening smoke of opium. The looms were crude, the toilers unemotional, and seemingly no nearer the completion of their work today than they were yesterday, so exacting was the task. Yet from a thousand of these huts were woven, thread by thread, with the taskmaster exacting perfection, the miracle of Chinese art that never fails to occasion wonder.

## Will Be A Loyal Subject

Governor Chamberlain Is Willing That Oregon Should Be Monarchy This Week

Among the regatta dignitaries who came down on the Potter yesterday was His Excellency, George E. Chamberlain, governor of the great state of Oregon. The governor has hosts of friends in this city and his time was fully occupied with greetings. A reporter found His Excellency talking with a party of friends.

"How do you do, sir?" said the governor, when the reporter approached him. "I sincerely hope you do not want me to talk about anything but the regatta," he added with rising intonation.

"I have heard," ventured the reporter, "that you have come to Astoria for the purpose of officiating in the capacity of chamberlain to Her Majesty, the queen. Is there any truth in that report?"

"Absolutely none," responded the governor. "I am the queen's subject, sir. So far as I am concerned, Oregon is a monarchy for this week, and along with all other loyal Oregonians I am here to do homage to our gracious ruler."

The governor will remain in the city during the week, and he is right glad because of the opportunity thus afforded to cast aside his official duties for a few days.