

**THE STATE FAIR.**

**Good Progress Being Made—Most Modern Appliances to be Installed.**

In line with the progressive policy adopted by the management of Oregon's great state fair to be held from September 14 to 19, Secretary Frank Welch is testing several modern appliances which have already been used successfully by the big exhibitions of the country.

One of the improvements which will probably be made is the installation of five modern automatic gates at the main entrance to the grounds. This gate is operated by the dropping of a coin in a slot, which turns the stile and admits one person. At the same time the passing of the visitor through the gate is recorded at the entrance, and also in the office of the secretary, by means of electricity. This machine also adds the number of paid admissions, and thus every night the officials of the fair will know exactly how many persons have entered the grounds during the day.

Another device which has already been purchased, and which is now on the grounds, is a set of announcers for flashing the time and positions of the horses at the finish of each race. Formerly this was done by means of sliding boards, but the new method is considered a great improvement on the old. The machine is worked on the principle of the typewriter, there being a keyboard which controls the different figures. It will be possible to show the position while the winners are actually passing under the wire. It will be necessary to use a separate machine for the running events.

Work on the big grand stand is also progressing rapidly. This structure will be built down to the track, thus nearly doubling its already immense capacity. Private boxes will be built along the entire front of the grand stand.

The races this year have filled with the best blood in the west. The list of entries for the big stakes is unusually large, and the present stall space will not accommodate all the animals. It will be necessary to put up several new barns, and it is probable that work on these buildings will commence soon.—Salem Statesman.

**Young Folks**

**AN AMUSING TOY.**

Simple and Easily Made Whirligig That Provides Lots of Fun.

Try this and you will find it lots of fun, and it is easy too. All around a porcelain dish, such as is used to cook eggs in, glue a series of small figures cut out of cardboard. Place this prepared dish on an ordinary plate of about twice its diameter, somewhat convex on the bottom, as plates usually are. If now you give the inner plate a gentle swing it will revolve upon itself.

If the larger plate is not convex, pour half an inch of water over it, so



TOY IN OPERATION.

that the inner plate will float and turn easily. Watch the plate spin and the figures go around.

This can be turned into a game by placing a figure outside the plates as a goal. Each figure inside the dish has a number, and the game is to spin the plate. When it stops, the number on the figure opposite the goal is put down to that player's credit. At the end of the game the one who has the most counts wins the game.—Magical Experiments.

**A Road Club.**

The farmers of Pleasant View district, ten miles south of Eureka, Greenwood county, Kan., have organized a good roads club with S. F. Rocky president and M. O. Hanson secretary. The club has eighteen charter members. In the district are eleven miles of road, and it is the object of the club to have each mile properly graded and worked regularly with the road drag. The club will hold regular meetings to discuss necessary improvements and methods for work.

**STAR AND CRESCENT.**

**Origin of the Symbols Used on the Turkish Flag.**

Very ancient are the star and crescent of the Turkish flag. Their origin is explained as follows: The characters of the language of Mesopotamia, like the Egyptian, were originally hieroglyphic. One of the early picture words was a crescent and a star, and this picture, which was pronounced "shiptu," was employed to express an incantation or exorcism or anything capable of driving the evil spirit from the body of which it had taken possession. Clay tablets recording the ancient exorcisms have been found in the ruins of Mesopotamia, and at the beginning of such tablets appears the sign which developed from the crescent and star. The symbol therefore may have been not only the word for incantation, but a charm from which the evil spirits were supposed to flee. In every age in the orient the people have possessed similar charms. The Assyrian kings stationed winged monsters with forms half human at their gateways to keep all evil from entering within the palace. The poorer people suspended clay tablets above the entrances of their houses. The modern oriental may purchase in the bazaars blue glass beads, verses from the Koran wrapped in leather cases and other devices to serve a similar purpose. The crescent and star formed a symbol which the Mesopotamian of 6,000 years ago employed as a charm.

Among the early peoples of Mesopotamia all of the heavenly bodies were regarded as deities, but the moon, because of the variety of the shapes which it assumes, was the chief of them all. Special reverence was therefore paid it and some of the oldest and most important of the Babylonian temples, as at Ur and Haran, were devoted to its worship. Thus the crescent, the symbol by which the moon god was represented, was supposed to have the power to avert evil, and then together with the star it formed the word for incantation.

When Babylonia passed into the hands of the Persians the symbol appeared upon the coins. From the Persians it was transmitted to the Parthians, the Byzantines, the Romans and the Greeks. Finally the Turks, who succeeded in the possession of the greater part of the countries of the ancient world, adopted it as a device for their flag.—Chicago News.

**Never Says Goodby.**

"Did you hear what that man said when we left him?" asked one friend of another as they made their way from the inner office of a well known financier.

"Don't know that I did," was the response. "Goodby," I suppose, wasn't it?"

"Not a bit of it," the first rejoined. "I've never heard that man say 'Goodby.' I've mentioned the matter to him, and he's told me that he has a prejudice against 'goodby.' With him it's always 'Good day,' or 'Good morning,' or 'Good night,' or maybe, if he knows you well, 'So long' or 'See you later.'"

"I wonder why that is?" was the interested comment.

"I can only guess," was the response. "Probably it is because he has some painful associations with 'Goodby.' For that matter, most of us have, if we but stop to think of them."—New York Press.

**The Clock Plant.**

There is a plant, a native of Borneo, which is known as the "clock plant." The name is derived from the action of the sun's rays on the leaves, which are three in number—a large one extending forward, with two small ones at the base pointing sideways. These, coming in contact with the rays of the sun, oscillate like the pendulum of a clock, the larger leaf moving upward and downward, going its full length every forty-five minutes, the smaller leaves moving toward the larger, completing the distance forward and backward every forty-five minutes, thus resembling the hour and minute hands of a clock.

**Macaulay the Wit.**

During the time when Lord Disraeli was startling sober Englishmen by his eccentricities of dress Lord Macaulay, that was to be, was electrifying his dull witted constituents by his witty sallies and repartee. Having been defeated in 1847, he ran again for parliament in 1852. For a change he was the popular candidate.

One day while standing on the hustings side by side with his opponent he was violently struck by a dead cat. The man who threw it immediately apologized, saying he had meant the cat for his opponent.

"Indeed!" said Macaulay. "Then I wish you had meant it for me and struck him."



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**PIGEONS, PAST AND PRESENT.**

The fluttering and cooing of doves sound through all history. Favorites in golden court and convent, they nested o'er threshold of palace and peasant cot and were held in sacred awe in heathen shrine and Christian temple.

But this gentle bird of love and art, once offered as sacrifice, is now served as quail on toast.

Oh, epicurean appetite, what crimes are committed in thy name!

When Noah drew the dove into the ark he knew not that he was saving the foundation of the squab business and making possible the squab graft company.

Wouldn't he be horrified to stand in a 50,000 squab plant and behold thousands of young doves slaughtered?

Would he be tempted to overturn "the seats of them that sold doves?"

Would he preach against the squab graft company?

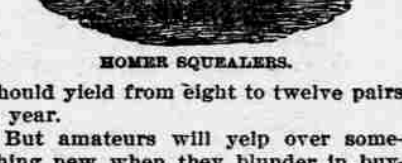
Would he eat quail (squab) on toast? Perhaps Noah's greatest surprise would be to look on the wonderful development in dove life—the varied descendants of his little Blue Rock dove, the Homers, Runts, Dragons, Duchesses, Carneau, Mondaines, Carriers, Tumblers, Magpies, Nuns, Helms, Spots, Barbs, Jacobins, Blondinettes, Turbits, Pouters, Moorheads, Swallows, Fantails, Croppers, Owls, Sattinettes, Scanderoon, Orientals, Frillbacks, Firebacks, Priests, Brunswicks, Suabians, Shields, Breasters, Porcelains, Mookies, Hyacinths, Quakers, Crescents, Ices, Labores, Florentines, Starlings, Archangels, Antwerps and Trumpeters.

Astonished at this marvelous fluttering picture of winged grace, color and beauty, the patriarch would ask, "Who brought such wonderful results from my little Blue Rock dove?"

And the modern would be forced to reply: "We also have sought an explanation for all this. We may have added something to the remarkable work, but in the main the marvelous achievement belongs to the wisdom of the ancients, and the breeding of these beautiful doves is one of the lost arts that were buried with them."

**THE STRAIGHT HOMER.**

Cut out highballs, but take homers straight. Straight homers are unsurpassed in quality and quantity of squabs and when fed and housed scientifically



HOMER SQUALEES.

should yield from eight to twelve pairs a year.

But amateurs will yelp over something new when they blunder in buying, through careless methods, superfluity of genius or hot air picture book advertisements. Then they quit, chase the homer or get the know how.

Yes, the giant runt raises large squabs, but only four pairs a year, and consumes more feed.

"Where did your undesirable, unpopular dark skinned squabs come from?"

That's one of your experimenting stunts in crossing homers and runts. Now take your dark squabs to market and learn what "love's labor lost" means. Dragoon squabs are good size, but take five weeks to mature for market, while the cash for the homer squabs has been on interest a week.

A cross between the two makes a nice "squaleer," but it's only to lovers "the longest way round is the shortest way home." You bother with two varieties to get less than if you take it straight.

Yes, the Duchess is a pretty bird, but a poor feeder, and who wants a feather legged Duchess or a half breed homer with fuzzy stockings?

**THE FARMER'S VACATION.**

I rest 'neath shade of apple trees,  
Where fragrant breezes blow,  
And list to birds and buzzing bees  
As they fit to and fro.

But others gallop by the sea  
And roost both neck and shin  
And laugh at hayseed country jokes  
Who boodle don't blow in.

I rest and drink from ice cold springs  
And watch my fine crops growing,  
I'm cultivating long greenbacks  
While others do the blowing.

I have no mortgage on my farm.  
They put one on their pay,  
And for their sporting in the surf  
They'll skimp for many a day.

I feast on off my well spread board  
And dine on tender duck,  
But these poor chumps along the sea  
Just get left over luck.

They'll get a lovely coat of tan  
And learn some stylish tricks,  
But all they'll bring when they return  
Will be a few gold bricks.

C. M. B.

**PUSHING THE MOLT.**

Many push the feathers off their fowls with this method: Separate the sexes, turn the fowls on grass and cut the ration down to one-fourth the usual quantity for three or four weeks.

Feed mostly oats and wheat and twice a week, on clear days, make the ration soft mash, in which you mix two tablespoonfuls of sulphur to fifty birds.

At the end of three weeks rush the feed, giving plenty of green bone, sunflower seed and best grains.

The light ration helps them shed their old coat, the heavy shores out the new, and thus while other people's chickens are eating feed and hunting sun rays yours will be laying eggs, and you will be hunting a market.

We have found this does not hurt their breeding qualities. It is just as natural for a hen to molt as for a horse to shed his hair or a blacksnake to shuffle off its skin.

**FEEDING PULLETS.**

You will naturally be proud to find that first egg with a splash of blood, but that first pullet to make her debut may not become the best layer.

Some, like precocious chickens, drop back into mediocrity. If ration is too stimulating, easily digested or liberal, the fowl may be pushed to lay before proper growth has been attained. Thus its development and future usefulness may be impaired, just as a young tree may die or be stunted by bearing a heavy crop of fruit too early.

Then, also, if food is deficient in building quality, scanty or indigestible, we see poor growth.

To avoid the premature, feed meat sparingly and ground feed once a day. Have the pullets on grass and make their grain ration of wheat, oats, corn, peas and barley equal parts and not too heavy.

Too much corn, buckwheat and bran retard the growth.

If pullets show a tendency to lay too early, keep moving them around, for disturbance often retards laying. But keep them away from the old stock, for they will be continually bullied out of their feed and be sure to get lousy.

**FEATHERS AND EGGSHELLS.**

Canada is bragging of a forty-two pound turkey, "Tom Royal," at the Ontario show, and a fancier says, "If any one has a heavier bird, let him speak up." But listen. "Hello, Missouri!" "Hello!" "How heavy was the champion tom at your big show?" "Sixty-five pounds." "Well, you better wire the news at once to Canada, for they are getting a bad attack of hot wind puff."

A Canada lady fenced seventy acres with wire wolf proof fence to keep the wolves from her turkeys, but did not close the river front. Vicious dogs entered by water route and killed eighty turkeys.

What is a roaster? A soft meated young fowl for roasting. "Small roasters" weigh from four to five pounds. "Large" weigh eight to nine pounds. And both must be fat.

Those jiggers in the warm states that bury themselves in the fowls' flesh can be cleaned out with ground tobacco. If you have a thunderstorm handy it will wash them off the surface.

One feels like cutting out cut bone these blowdy days. The man who runs his bone cutter by power saves wear and tear, but the other fellow may sweat and swear—unless he is a poultry woman.

And what about the crawlers? "Oh, do give us a rest!" Yes, you deserve to be arrested if you allow those hens to be playground for myriad crawlers. Don't you know that the third generation of a single louse reaches 125,000 in three months, in ten 1,250,000, etc.? Beware of the pallidums, the varibillises, the goniodes and gonicoles.

**Woman's World**

**WOMEN IN POLITICS.**

**Mrs. Taft Thinks Women Should Vote, but Not Hold Office.**

Mrs. Taft in a recent interview reported as saying: "I have always believed that women should every civic right, but I should like to put in a prohibitory clause barring them from running for public office."

"With women running for office, I think the natural scheme would be disjointed and the end and aim of the home destroyed. Their voice is nearly always the voice of wisdom, and I see nothing unwomanly in their casting the ballot and exercising every right

the front of the breast toward the sides, and the iron must be brought neatly around the edge at the collar. Rub the breast slightly over with a wet bit of muslin, apply a glossing iron to the underside first, and finish it nicely.

To fold the shirt, iron it firmly up to each shoulder, just to the edge of the collar. Turn the shirt right over with the breast to the table, fold in a small fold on each side from the sleeves downward about an inch in the middle, and iron the fold.

Then fold the sleeves down on each side, with the seam of the sleeve to the side of the body and the shoulder sloping to the neck. Double up the sleeve so that the cuff is just above the collar. Do this to both sleeves, and turn the sides over to the very edge of the stiffened front. Turn up the shirt a few inches and iron it. Lastly turn the breast over the ballot and exercising every right

**Paying Forfeits.**

One of the funniest of the old fashioned forfeits now revived for an evening's fun is making the blind feed the blind.

Spread a sheet in middle of floor and on this seat two persons, blindfolded and facing each other. Hand each a saucer containing ground popcorn or any of the dry, ready to eat cereals and two spoons. Tell each to feed the other.

The struggle to reach each other's mouth, each reaching out his spoon, at the same time opening his mouth to receive the proffered food, is funny in the extreme.

Other good forfeits are to draw a pig with the eyes shut. Eat two tablespoonfuls of powdered cracker crumbs, then whistle, sing a favorite song to an accompaniment played on a table, perform a West Point hazing stunt of being a "choo-choo car," without the glimmer of a smile.

**Seasonable Hints.**  
If the dainty lace paper dollies and little paper dessert plates are used during the summer, it is a lightening of some of the dishwashing labor.

If a small quantity of cream turns sour in the icebox, do not throw it out, but with a fork beat it a few minutes, and a tiny pat of fresh butter and a little glass of buttermilk will be the reward.

An ice shaver is a summer luxury not to be overlooked in the household, as fruit may be chilled more quickly and effectively by fine ice, and for cooling drinks it is an added joy.

If the traveler will also take an alow-shape than those where man neglects his prerogative. Women should be versed in every phase of politics and should know what every thing means which has a direct bearing on the home environment. That is my idea of purifying politics, and I think it is the only practical one."

**Buttermilk Cures Blues.**  
There are two new cures. One is buttermilk. The other is beans. The buttermilk cure is for that very prevalent and distressing complaint known as the "blues." Needless to say, a microbe is the fons et origo of our peevish fits of gloom and melancholy, when everything goes wrong and nothing goes right and our temper gives away and nobody but our ever patient dog can "abide" us. But this particular horrid bacillus does not like buttermilk. In fact, it completely quenches it, so that when the "blues" come on the obvious course is to quaff this fluid as freely as possible. Clearly, it is a thing no family should be without.

**How to Treat Linoleum.**  
The kitchen linoleum should be treated once a year to a coat of hard oil finish. This is because, in spite of all have her engrossed in a book in the evening and she hasn't a minute's time during the day.

If asked why she doesn't go to some of the pleasant social things going on around her she tells you she hasn't time to wear; that she used to at least once a month. Without the oil she when she was unmarried, but married be rather disastrous to oilcloth or life is too expensive to think about so-called life.

If she is unmarried she will tell you she could have better clothes and go about in society if she only had the luck some girls had in marrying. And so it goes. All the trouble is with life, with circumstances, and be laid at the doors of other people.

None of it is her fault. How could it be? She is a perfect person tortured by the hands of fate.

That all of these woes exist only in well rubbed over the head before her imagination is a fact that she does not see. That she could be the master of a mixture of boracic acid and alcohol her life is all Greek to her.

She goes through life fretted. Every of the latter sentence is punctuated with a sigh.

**To Currycomb Fish.**  
"Be sure not to forget a new curry-comb," said some one when the members of a prospective camping party were making their list of supplies.

She is a homestead martyr and will be a martyr's grave, which she has been preparing for herself since she quibled is better than anything for taking the scales from fish.—Good House Keeping.

**Ironing a Shirt.**  
Take it out of the fold and iron the back of the sleeve first; then the front; then the cuff. Gloss the cuff and curl it round; do the same with the other sleeve. Now iron the shoulder, taking care not to touch the breast or collar. Next iron the collar until perfectly dry.

Fold the shirt down the middle of the back and iron as much as possible on both sides of the fold; then spread it out on the table, front uppermost, and iron all the unstarched parts.

Put in the shirt board under the starched breast of the shirt and iron the upper side first. The iron must be hot and clean. It is best to work from clean, soft piece of flannel.



MRS. WILLIAM H. TAFT.