

OREGONIANS ARE SHOWN.

Observations from Few Days of
Sightseeing in Kansas City
and Environs.

While the writer's knowledge of implements is largely restricted to pencil and scissors, and knife and fork, he endeavors at all times to be broad minded and to lose no opportunity to extend his range of observation. Thus, when the big convention of the retail implement and vehicle dealers of this great section was announced to take place in Kansas City, Missouri, we decided to accompany a cousin, a local dealer, to the Mecca of all the implement men throughout Kansas, Oklahoma, Missouri and sections of adjoining states.

When it is considered that Kansas City is the largest implement market in the world, a few of the writer's impressions of the city from this one standpoint will certainly be in order.

To begin with, we had no idea of the magnitude of the business or of the scale on which it is conducted. In fact, were the truth told, we wanted to see Kansas City and a few surrounding points, and the low rates to the implement convention served as tempting bait. And when on the morning after our arrival our cousin suggested that we go down to "the flats" to see the wholesale implement houses, we acquiesced rather listlessly.

The first house visited was one of the largest in the big district and when we were ushered in at the main entrance we would fain have rubbed our eyes and pinched ourselves. We came to see ploughs, harvesters, buggies and here we were ascending a grand staircase, apparently entering swell reception parlors. Gorgeous hot house plants and palms and cut flowers were everywhere in profusion. In the center of one of the large rooms, surrounded by the products of 20th century invention, a bower of beauty had been constructed in which an excellent orchestra discoursed sweet music. On the west floor above was a large dining room where fine meals were served free to all comers. The wholesale men were the hosts, and they were assisted by their traveling salesmen, all of whom had been called in during Implement Convention week. Lavish was the hospitality extended, even including theater tickets often for their guests' entertainment in the evening.

This was the social side, which would naturally appeal first to an interloper. But everywhere in the big building there was a buzz, buzz, buzz which betokened other than mere social intercourse. The basis of all this merry preparation and evidence of good fellowship was b-u-s-i-n-e-s-s with an emphasis on every letter. In this mammoth building, finished elegantly throughout, was enough of machinery and vehicles to make a creditable machinery exhibit at a world's fair. But it was here not merely for exhibit. It was there to be sold. Away out on the plains of Kansas and Oklahoma, the wheat was now coming up which would require the implements of harvest. The farmers must have them. On the other hand eastern factories, with well nigh unlimited capital involved, were turning out the machinery needed. The supply and demand meet in Kansas City, and while there are many demands there are also many supplies, and the company which is able to bring the two together most successfully is the winner. This, then, is the clue of the open house hospitality extended—the expenditure of thousands of dollars during the week

toward making the visitors "feel at home." And the farmer pays the bill. And the methods pursued by the firm in question are those followed on a larger or less scale by the other big firms of this great wholesale implement district.

But there is no less a surprise awaiting us up town in the heart of the city. After spending the day in the flats, in the evening we go around to one of the best hotels in the city, known throughout the middle West, which is headquarters for the implement men. The Coates House occupies the position during Implement week which the Willamette holds during the session of an Oregon legislature. We approach the hotel, but presto! Is this a hotel after all? Through the windows as we draw near we behold in the main reception room on the first floor an array of vehicles on display. We enter, only to be more amazed. The big lobby is chuck full of men and tobacco smoke, and to us pandemonium seems to reign unchallenged. We look about and soon get our bearings to some degree of satisfaction. And let us state right here that while we have been around the edge of some political maelstroms when a sensational deadlock was on, for real display of the "something doing" order, those scenes suffered in comparison to what we now behold. Pending from ceilings and hung from every conceivable place in the lobbies are banners and huge signs, advertising not only implements, but various lines of manufactures. And every one refers you to some room or apartment in the big hotel. Catch phrases and every art of the advertiser are brought into requisition to catch the attention. Wandering on to the upper floors we find that on every hand swell suits have been turned into display and ware rooms, and the same spirit which we found in the flats is again extended. It was all so exciting, so perplexing, so uncommon. An indication of a mercenary age? Well we shall not say, but we could easily imagine a silver dollar rolling elusively up and down the halls and corridors, in and out of the rooms, calling out metallically, "This noise and bustle is all on my account—a trap set to catch me. I'm it—the whole show and I'll make them pay the price before they catch me."

For years Chicago has been known as the stock-shipping and meat packing center of the United States, but the windy City will do well to look to her laurels. Kansas City has long been a close rival and additions projected by her various packing firms for the coming year will make her a successful one. And naturally a visit to the city would not be deemed complete which did not include a trip to the stock yards district. The yards cover a tract of 172 acres, a fair sized farm even in this country, with the big exchange building at the center. On the morning we were there some 20,000 head of cattle alone were in with sheep and hogs in proportion. Leading from the yards across the river to the various packing houses are the elevated driveways through which the "dumb driven cattle" go to slaughter.

The packing industry alone would make Kansas City a city of importance as is easily seen. Armour, Swift, Cudahy, Morris & Co., Fowler & Co., and Schwarzhild & Sulzberger are all represented with extensive plants, which, directly and indirectly, are said to furnish employment for 26,000 men—suffi-

cient to support a city of 125,000 people. It is difficult to realize the magnitude of one of these plants, the mammoth scale on which they operate, their perfect system of work, and the dispatch with which an animal is "worked up," from the time when it enters the city by freight car on all tours to its exit by the same route, but in tin cans and packages, all ready for the corner grocery shelf. One of these plants is prepared to load 75 freight cars simultaneously. We visited one of them, and while everything is done with dispatch and in a cleanly manner, to the uninitiated there is a feeling of horror in the wholesale slaughter, the maddening uproar from the dying animals, and the odors which must characterize such a place. One lady of our party made no meat order for a meal or two following our visit. It is said that it is cheap riding on the electric cars through the packing district, as passengers hand the conductor the usual five cent fare, but receive several scents in return.

While speaking of markets we should not forget the horse and far be it from us to slight the Missouri mule—for this is his home. Not only is he a very present help to Uncle Sam in time of trouble but his fame has spread to the ends of the earth until none but a mere bagatelle of a war can be carried on without making a heavy draw on the mule market of Kansas City.

But what renders Kansas City such a market and such an industrial center? Its strategic location—the immensely rich agricultural territory tributary to it. There are fifty large elevators in the city which last year handled 60,000,000 bushels of wheat—enough grain to make a continuous freight train from Kansas City to New York. There were likewise 172,000 cars of cattle handled here, making a train which would reach to the Pacific Coast in the other direction, Kansas City being the geographical center of the United States. Three hundred freight trains go out daily from this great center. Roughly stated, the territory tributary to Kansas City produces 21 per cent of the wheat of the United States, 32 per cent of the sheep, 35 per cent of the horses and mules, 39 per cent of the hogs, 40 per cent of the cattle, 43 per cent of the oats, 45 per cent of the cotton and 51 per cent of the corn. Here are seen some of the principal factors which are co-operating to make Kansas City one of the greatest industrial centers in the whole country.

(Continued)

W. C. W.
Haviland, Kansas, 1-22-'06.

AT HOME IN THE PHILIPPINES

Ethel Taylor McKillop Registers Her Impressions of the Philippines in a Series of Interesting Sketches.

Lucena, Tayabas, P. I.
Sept. 29, 1905.

We have had a very exciting week, having passed through a tropical typhoon. The Chief Constabulary and his assistant are both in Manila, so when a telephone message came Monday night saying that a typhoon was coming toward Lucena, the one in charge was too stupid to give out the notice. Thus all were unprepared. Tuesday morning we went to school, as usual, through a rainstorm but we thought it nothing more. The first class recitation was much as usual but at half past eight it was very dark and the windows were making a great noise. At nine o'clock I took charge of the middle room which held forty-three frightened children. This

room had no outside door. Suddenly the partition began to lean over to us so far that we thought it was falling but another gust of wind pushed it back. Then we thought it best to send the pupils home even if they did get drenched. By the time I reached the door the building was creaking fearfully and looking back we saw it was tipped about fifteen degrees to the south. I made a dash through the storm to the other building where I found Mr. McKillop trying to send the children home. Poor children, they had little clothing and they hated to get wet about as much as a cat does. Mr. McKillop kept encouraging them to start until finally we had them out. Then we came hurrying home to find all the north side of the house dripping. Our clothing, bedding, etc., were soaked. We hastily moved them to the south side where it was dry. By this time the wind was hurling great pieces of corrugated iron from the roofs down the street. The constabulary were out endeavoring to carry away the pieces as they made the streets dangerous. They had to watch until a piece rested a moment and then rush for it before the wind took it again. By eleven o'clock the storm seemed to be over and people began to move about again. In just thirty minutes, however, the wind changed and the typhoon came back with redoubled fury. Then Mr. McKillop and Vicenti had to hold the windows in place while I hastened to move things to the north side. The side of the house east of us was torn away; the side of the 'Chino' store south of us fell down crashing, the back porch of the house west of us took wings and fled; and the roof of the house north of us was gone. Our house leaked but stood intact except for four

pieces of corrugated iron from the kitchen roof.

The typhoon lasted until about two in the afternoon. Then we began to look about to see what harm was done. Our largest school house, where I was teaching, was flat, and half of the roof of the other building was gone. It is estimated that two hundred families in Lucena are homeless, to say nothing of the surrounding towns. Several lives were lost but only one here. That one was struck by a piece of corrugated iron. The cock-pit was swept down. Americans say that was the hand of Providence. Perhaps it was.

Since the storm we have had bright days and have spent the time in saving school property. The books were wet but are all dry now and usable although damaged. The desks are badly broken but I think we can use about half of them. There is no doubt but that some one would have been killed if we had remained in the building. We will begin school again on Monday in the Court of First Instance, or Court House. It is a fine building for the purpose.

During the storm two of the ships that run between Manila and here were at anchor here. The largest one is stranded on a rock a few miles away. The smaller one weathered the typhoon by coming up the river as far as possible. She anchored and a strong cable was fastened around her and then to the shore on either side. One of the cables was broken but the ship was not injured. They tell us that there has not been a storm as bad as this in the last fifteen years, if ever; so I guess we shall not see another. We had no thunder or lightning but just wind and rain.

We cannot move for a while yet for the house we were going to get has to have a new roof. I

think we shall get some U. S. mail to-day and then we shall be very glad for it has been some time since we have heard. The letters are all welcome as can be. Papers have about three times the value here where reading matter is so scarce.

A funeral of more pomp than usual occurred yesterday. It was that of a brother of two of our best pupils. In front of the procession was the priest in his embroidered robe. He was accompanied by half a dozen boys dressed in blue and white. One carried a cross; two carried candles; one a banner; another the holy water; and another a bell. Next came several men singing and playing violins. Then an improvised hearse covered with black and adorned with blue ribbons. On top of it was the coffin of pale blue color covered only with a clear glass. The horses had black covers adorned with blue ribbon. After this came over a hundred women, every one clad in black and covered with black veils. About fifty men came next. Most of them were dressed in white and several had black ribbons tied about the left arm. Last of all came the band playing a lively piece. There are about thirty members of the Lucena band. The funeral was very different from the usual ones. Generally there is no hearse and not much of a coffin. The body is carried on a framework adorned with paintings of skull and cross bones. At every funeral among the natives, the afflicted family must give a great feast on the day of burial. They must treat all to cigarettes. The women smoke about as much as the men. I have had cigarettes offered me more than once. Many of the natives chew the beetle nut. It makes their teeth turn red and renders them hideous.



I SEE!

That Clearance Sale is still on, and there is where I'm headed for to get unexcelled bargains in Blankets, Comforters, Underwear, Sox, Sweaters, and Clothing, which are being sold at less than actual price.

Blankets, 15 cent the Corner.
Comforters, 50 cents the Half.
Sox (wool) 20 cents the Toe.
Pants, good cassimere, 20 cents the Button.
Sweaters from 40 cents to \$2.50 the Neck.

Yours for Bargains.

What we SAY, we do!

HODSON BROS.