

Some Notes About The Fair

Dear Uncle B.—You know I promised you that as you could not yourself attend the Lewis and Clark fair, I would give you the benefit of my own experience. My point of view may not interest you very much, but I can't give it from anybody's else, you know. Well, to begin at the beginning, the eventful day I had so long anticipated, my first day at the "Western World's Fair," dawned fair and smiling, a day late in the month of June. Our camping place was six miles from the fair grounds, so we had quite a street car ride, but as we could go the whole way for one fare, distance was immaterial. The fair grounds are indescribably beautiful. This may seem to you rather extravagant praise, but really I had never imagined that it would be so very fair to look upon as it is. It is such a charmingly natural, with its miniature elevations and depressions, all set in a frame of living green hills, and has been so artificially beautified that it must be seen to be appreciated. The trail is the usual conglomeration of shows and booths and yelling foreigners, and, judging from the crowd, is the center of attraction. One of the features of the fair which seems to appeal to the "great majority" is "shooting the euntes." The victims are hauled in a species of glorified street car up a long, steep incline, into a sort of sky-parlor, whence they presently descend in a flat-bottomed boat at a great and ever-increasing rate of speed. When the boat strikes the water at the foot of the chute it dips and careens in a horrifying way which seems to give exquisite pleasure to the participants. The enticing calls of the chute manager are something like this: "Come, boys, come, boys, go up and 'come, boys, 'come, boys, take your seats here and have her arms around your neck." A couple of blue-clad sailors from the Chicago went by, and he sang out: "Come, sailors, come and take a dip in the deep blue sea."

Everywhere on the grounds are fountains of the lovely city water, fresh. This I understand is quite a departure from eastern world's fairs. The first day I took in the agricultural building. The exhibits here are very good. All the counties of Oregon are represented except Coos, which has a separate building of its own. In the Coos county exhibit I saw a fine collection of spruce trees which had sprouted in the space of a fallen cedar one hundred years before Lewis and Clark came to Oregon. It grew and enveloped the log, and rooted in the soil on either side of it, and came to be a mighty tree. We are shown planks cut from the fallen cedar, which show the wood to be bright and preserved. Objects of special interest to me in the agricultural building were the ornithological exhibit from Harney county, which contains specimens of about two hundred different birds, natives of that county, and a fine collection of eggs, ranging in size from that of the humming bird to a goose egg. And in the North Dakota exhibit, the log cabin in which Theodore Roosevelt spent three years while in the cattle industry in that state. On the end of one of the logs outside is a Maltese cross, made of rifle cartridges, driven into the wood. This was the "sinking" brand, and was put there by him in an idle moment. Inside are the president's riding boots which he wore on the range, also his "shapo" and his rocking chair, with the identical grime of cowboy bachelor usage still upon it. And here also are hundreds of names and addresses of sight-seers.

The next day being Sunday, we went dutifully to church, and well repaid myself to be. The helpful and inspiring sermon was delivered by Dr. Kader in Taylor street Methodist church. We spent the afternoon of the day in the beautiful city park, and in Portland Heights, a place where beautiful and wealthy homes are built on steeply cut in the hillsides—the most charming and picturesque place imaginable. Up here is an observatory, from the top of which a fine view of the city is obtained.

The next day I "did" the government building. At its main entrance we may see this inscription carved high upon the wall: "To the people of the great west. Jefferson gave you the country, Lewis and Clark showed you the way. The rest is your own course of empire. Honor the brave men who foresaw your west and may the memory of their glorious achievement be your precious heritage."

I spent the whole day in this one building, and so many things interested me that I hardly know where to begin to tell you of them. Of course, among the very many objects of interest can only mention the ones that most impressed me. First was the postal service department. There I saw a life-sized figure of the "pony rider," who carried the mail of the west in the long ago, and next in sequence, a genuine old Rocky mountain stage coach, such as Mark Twain describes in his "Roughing It." This particular coach was drawn by six horses, in the days of its usefulness, and carried mail once a week where now it goes by train five times a day. A card on the coach door states that it was once captured by wild Indians. I saw a massive old safe from the Havana postoffice, also old Spanish letter drops from Cuba. They are in the form of dragon's heads, into the open mouths of which the letters are dropped. We are shown by wax figures and by the mail of the taxidermist's skill how the mail is carried "denkey back" in large saddlebags on a pack mule's back in Cuba and in Alaska on a mail sledge drawn by seven dogs.

I saw some amusing specimens of letters from the dead letter office, and saw padlocks that have been used in the postal department at Washington almost since the United States was born. The oldest bears the date 1800, and is quite a contrast in workmanship to the modern ones shown. There are models of fast mail trains and mail steamers, which it is interesting to compare with the old-time methods mentioned. I next visited the navy department, saw models of the Oregon and other warships and a model of a dry dock. Saw ancient guns of all nations. There are about 150 different kinds in the collection, ranging from the queer old ones I shall mention down to the almost perfect arms of modern warfare. There are guns from India and Arabia which defy my powers of description; there is an ancient Chinese gun which reminded me of nothing else but an old broomstick, and there is a wheel-lock gun, bearing date 1500, which is so heavy that it was

used in the field with a crutch to support the barrel. It is wound up with a key like a clock. Saw cannons of all kinds, and watched the manufacture of cartridges from shafts of metal on through all the processes to completion. The shells must go through fifty different operations before they are finished.

I saw an old wagon which is a relic of the civil war. During that time it traveled a distance of 4,160 miles, through all the marches of General Sherman's army. It is a clumsy looking affair, compared with our modern vehicles.

I was somewhat disappointed in the exhibit of the Smithsonian Institution, but I think it was not yet completed.

Where I saw models of pyramidal structures made by Indians of ancient times in Yucatan, and there are some interesting specimens of Indian heraldry. In olden times every boy of this tribe (Kiowa Indians, whose descendants now live in Oklahoma), began training as a warrior at the age of twelve years. At the age of twenty he received the "old man's" always carried afterward. There are on exhibition many of these shields, painted on buckskin in many strange designs.

There are several different likenesses of the founder of this great institution, that noble man without a name, who has so demonstrated to what heights of usefulness a man may rise, however he may be handicapped by environment. Beneath one of his figures is the motto of the institution as voiced in his last will and testament, "For the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men."

In the treasury department I saw how United States currency is made and printed, also United States gold coin. This is demonstrated by printing silk handkerchiefs, book-marks, pictures on paper, etc., and by making metal medals by exactly the same process and by the same sort of machinery that money is made.

I saw the old mint on which our money was coined in 1792. It seems a crude affair to people of today. I saw what Uncle Sam does with our worn-out paper money after he redeems it. He cuts it in half lengthwise and perforates each half in the shape of two little half moons.

I saw in the department of state a fine original draft of the declaration of independence, with all the erasures and changes, just as made by the hand of Jefferson, and just as it looks today, with its creases almost worn through and with worn and discolored margins. And I saw the identical desk on which the "Sage of Monticello" wrote that immortal document, so dear to all loyal American hearts.

I saw Andrew Jackson's sword and a brick from the great wall of China, and a letter received by the president of the United States from the emperor of China. It is written on a piece of yellow paper, which I should judge to be about fifteen feet long, and the envelope, which is of a gorgeous emerald green, is of yellow satin, gorgeously embroidered in dragons, etc. Here also is a flag, woven in one piece, paid for by subscription of 26,000 weavers of Lyons, France, and presented to the United States by the emperor of China at the death of President Abraham Lincoln.

I saw a recent copy of a Chinese newspaper, which has been published continuously since the eighth century, A. D. (This beats our own Saturday Evening Post by a considerable margin.) I saw the proclamation through which God and one of his noblemen made the black man free.

In the department of justice I saw the "orders" agreed on by transcript of record printed for use in the supreme court of the United States. I also visited the Alaska division, and saw, among numberless other things, Indian curios and weapons too numerous to mention, and too curious to describe, minerals and ore, a beautiful collection of pressed wild flowers from that northern land, also shells and birds innumerable.

From the Philippines there is a hut built of bamboo and palm leaves. This kind of dwelling is the habitation of Negritos, the lowest type of people who live on the islands. They are pagans and of a nomadic nature, and live in dense forests, never associating with people of higher order of intelligence. They are remnants of the aboriginal tribes of the islands. We can easily see from other exhibits that not all Filipinos are of this caliber.

One of the most beautiful things I have seen at the fair is the intricately carved furniture from Manila. I saw the heavy chests and other wares, and a window such as is used in their homes, the lights of which are made, not of glass, but of a thin, transparent seashell. There is quite a collection of shells, among them a kind so large that it is said Filipino women sometimes use them as cradles for their babies in. But most interesting of all, to country folks, I saw the raw manilla from which our binding twine is made.

In the fisheries I saw an interesting example of evolution. First, we see the salmon eggs (just the kind we go fishing with), in a little tank of water. There is a succession of these little tanks, all standing in a long line, each succeeding one a few inches lower than the one before. There is nothing between each two, and water running all the time from one to another. In the second tank, the eggs have a changed appearance, and in the third we see the baby fishes, their heads protruding from one side of the remains of the egg, and their tails from the other. They seem almost as weak and helpless as human babies, and until they become large enough to get their living from insects found in the water they draw nourishment from the water. In the next compartment we see them after they have reached the age of discretion, and may observe them on through all the successive stages until they are several inches long.

Saw also in the fisheries nets and seines of all descriptions, models of fish ladders, fish wheels, fishing boats, etc., etc., and a great collection of sponges from different parts of the world. Also queer sea animals with their shells, and a great many big glass tanks containing divergent varieties of living fishes.

Next, I visited the Oregon building, which contains no exhibits, but is simply a place of rest for tired sight-seers, and a most delightful place it is.

Then I went through the foreign exhibits. From Italy is inland furniture,

about her neck. Missouri has quite an art exhibit in the shape of paintings, pottery and statuary.

In the mineral building, Oregon, California, Wyoming, Colorado and Montana are richly represented.

In the Montana exhibit I saw a pen composed of copper bars laid transversely. Each bar weighs 155 pounds, and the whole column weighs 18,000 pounds; value, \$2,700.

The manufacturers building necessarily contains such an endless variety of features, that I cannot attempt to mention a few. There are canned goods and prepared foods of all kinds imaginable. There are stoves, sewing machines, cutlery, and all sorts of iron and metal utensils. There are feathers and pillows and woolen products without end, and oil garments (even unto the immortal "fish bran slicker.") What I liked in this building was the rubber. They have it in hose, belting, etc., and also the raw material from Africa, the Philippines, Mexico and Bolivia.

The "rubber man" very kindly explained to me something of the manufacture of this product. They tap the rubber trees, as maple sugar farmers tap the maples, and the juice is then boiled much as maple juice is. In Bolivia, which is the country from which our best rubber comes, a stick is dipped in the liquid, and when it has hardened on the stick it is dipped again in cold-fashioned tallow candles (see dipped). This is continued until the cake is sufficiently large, when the stick is drawn out. I saw one of these cakes with the hole through the center.

I fear you may be disappointed in my description of machinery hall, for the machinery bunn was somehow left out of the building. But think that this building contains almost every article that comes under that head of manufacture, from a chisel to a locomotive. Many of the machines are in motion, and the place has quite a business atmosphere.

There I saw Oregon's first locomotive—the "Oregon Pony." It was brought from San Francisco for the occasion, and bears this sign, "I am on my way to the Lewis and Clark exposition at Portland, Oregon, to visit my grandchild, the compound Mogul." Just across the way, the massive Mogul towers high above her little old grand-mother.

The art building is a low, flat structure, artificially lighted. Its outside appearance is not very imposing, but once inside the building I, even I, lost all count of time, though I am no "art expert," and like Will Carleton's heroine of the new church organ, I never went out of the building until I was tired, my artistic instinct must be sadly minus, because the pictures that appealed most to me had no medals at previous expositions, had not even a card to state that they deserved honorable mention, while the ones that had graduated with honors struck me as plainly ugly.

The two pictures that gave me the most pleasure were "The Silence Broken," an Indian warrior drifting in his canoe down the river, in the night and silence, with the pale disc of the moon just glimmering above the trees; the picture conveys the impression (at least to me) that the hour and the darkness have filled him with a sense of solemnity. Just at this juncture a wild white goose flies "hooking" far above his head, and he looks up startled, the paddle almost dropping from his hands. The other picture that impressed me is the most heart breakingly beautiful thing I ever saw on canvas. I almost feel that I am committing sacrilege in trying to describe it. The subject is the martyrdom of Joan of Arc. The picture conveys the impression of her performed their awful mission, and we see them in the picture, clinging hungrily to the last remaining fagots. A cathedral spire, showing ghostly through the night, seems to point an appealing finger up to God. Filling the foreground are those wicked old priests and monks, measuring 1 1/2 feet by 2 1/2 feet, which weighs 512 pounds. There is also, from Arizona, a fragment of a meteorite found in that state. The entire meteorite weighed 50,000 tons. There is a fine collection of stuffed birds and animals and preserved fishes. I gleaned these facts in the forestry building: Oregon has 300,000,000,000 feet of standing timber; Oregon ships the largest and longest square timber in the world; Oregon has more standing merchantable timber than any other state; Oregon contains one-sixth of all the standing timber in the United States; Portland ships more large lumber cargoes than any other port in the world.

The California building is decorated with palms and semi-tropical plants. It has a lavish display of grapes, raisins, oranges, lemons, grape fruit, lovely dried fruits of all kinds native to California, almonds and the largest walnuts I ever saw anywhere. One wall space is decorated with the seal of the state of California done in different colored beads. There are immense fishes—one black sea bass weighing 400 pounds, and there is a stuffed ostrich which taught me a fact in natural history that I never knew before, that this sort of bird has but two toes on each foot. There are also displayed ostrich eggs and the loveliest plumes, three feet in length. Novelties of the California exhibit are a walnut elephant and a dried prune bear, who announces by means of a red banner, that he is from Sacramento county. I saw raw silk and the finished product from San Diego. While I was in the building, the chimes, loaned by the Mission hotel, Riverside, Cal., played America, and it called to my mind the wonderful voices of the bells in the old church tower, made famous by Charles Dickens in "The Chimes."

The Massachusetts exhibit is almost entirely literary and educational, as one would naturally expect of Boston's state. Pictures of Faneuil Hall, of the Historical Library and of Amherst college smile approvingly down upon the books, and more books, and more books, are everywhere in evidence, and which, by the way, were the first things to meet my eye on entering the door.

A unique feature of the Missouri building is a frieze illustrating farming and rural scenes. The pictures are made of corn husks, wool, seeds and other agricultural products. There are also two wax ladies, dressed in this same manner. One, a dusky maiden, whose native costume is made of corn husks, and whose moccasins and bead ornaments are of grains of colored corn. Her corn-silk hair is dressed in a fashion with the same. The other lady is a "white squaw" dressed in modern fashion. Her really beautiful costume is made of corn husks in the form of a very delectable waist, ornamented with corn-silk fringe and "bugle trimming" in the shape of little colored seeds. A necklace of "pearls" is

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PRIZE WINNERS

SOME EXCELLENT SAMPLES OF FALL WHEAT SECURED FOR MARION COUNTY EXHIBIT

Taken from the Farm of H. W. Savage East of This City—The Wheat Stalks Measure Six Feet Tall; Heads Seven Inches Long—Yield 60 Bushels.

(From Saturday's Daily.)

Fall wheat that stands from five feet to five feet ten inches tall, fourteen stalks to the stool, with fully matured head upon each stalk, and running from fourteen grains to the mesh upon seeds from four to seven inches long, is a brief and concise description of three samples of grain collected by William Taylor this week and forwarded to Portland to be installed with the balance of Marion county's exhibit at the Lewis and Clark Exposition.

This marvelous production of prize grain was grown upon the home farm of H. W. Savage, located upon the garden road, just east of Salem, and he has a large acreage of it. The three samples gathered up by Mr. Taylor are not picked from choice spots in the fields, but are gathered at random and represent the average of the three fields of grain. There is one sample of Foisy wheat, one of club and one of chibly wheat. The height and size of the stalks, just one single stool of which numbered forty stalks, which was not taken by Mr. Taylor, and they are regarded as little short of wonderful, and all who saw the samples predict the yield of these three fields will be phenomenal.

Mr. Taylor says these fields of wheat will not produce less than sixty bushels to the acre, as against an average of between thirty and forty and he also has one sample of winter oats, from the same farm, which will run in the neighborhood of sixty bushels to the acre. The average length of wheat heads in the valley ranges from three to five inches, and the grains usually average from three to five to the mesh, or row around the head. Mr. Taylor went to Portland yesterday with a fresh supply of samples of grains and grasses with which to replenish the Marion county exhibit and he expresses himself as being well pleased with what he has procured thus far to make up the entire county display of agricultural products.

CAPTAIN RUNS BOAT AGROUND.

In an Effort to Avert Repetition of the Slocum Disaster of One Year Ago.

NEW YORK, July 21.—The excursion steamer Sirius was deliberately run aground off North Brother island today to avoid a panic among her 1000 passengers and a possible repetition of the Slocum disaster. The Sirius, which was carrying a Sunday school picnic party, stove in her side on a rock near the very spot where the Slocum was burned last year. Although Captain Pearce did not believe the ship would sink, he ran her aground with all possible dispatch and landed the passengers with the aid of small boats. Another boat took the excursionists to the picnic ground.

MERRILY GRINDS THE MILL.

Grand Jury Continues Its Work and Turns Out Another Batch of Indictments.

MILWAUKEE, July 21.—The grand jury of Milwaukee county investigating alleged graft, returned a batch of indictments this evening. It is said that fifteen true bills were found. The sheriff will act immediately.

Go's Meyers & Sons
SALEM'S GREATEST STORE
THE WHITE CORNER

New Merchandise

Ladies' Suits
You will find many new creations in our store. We would suggest a visit even though you do not intend to purchase.

Muslin Wear
New line of dainty white muslin petticoats, lace and embroidered trimmed. Prices range from 85c to \$5.00.

Shoes
Advance fall styles for ladies; there is not another boot in the city that is so pretty and faithfully good as Pingree Made. Price \$3.50, any style. New dainty slipper, the Lydia, all patent, turn sole, chic style-price \$2.50. Soft soles for tender feet, handmade, the leading line in America, four styles to choose from.

Stock Collars
New washable embroidered linen and pique collars with long tabs. Prices, 25c, 50c and 75c.

Belts
We have just received a nice line of new shaped, well-fitting belts in white, blue, brown and black; also patent leather. Prices 75c to \$1.25. New white kid belts with gilt buckles, 75c.

Fancy Vests for Men
New London cut, four button, washable vest. A stylish garment that will be worn much this fall.

Traveling Helps
Why not give these your attention. We can safely say that we carry the most complete line in the city. Among our trunks is the famous Drucker line, noted for its beauty and strength.

Men's Straw Hats
at HALF PRICE
Not an undesirable style and all perfectly fresh and clean, all sizes in nearly every style; early buyers will find it just like choosing from a complete first-of-the-season assortment

\$1.00 value now	\$.50
\$1.50 value now	\$.75
\$2.00 value now	\$1.00
\$2.50 value now	\$1.25
\$3.00 value now	\$1.50

We have a few Panamas that we are closing out at a reduction. See Court street window.

Two-Piece Suits
and Single Pants
Our outing suits and pants will add to your vacation pleasures, one of the joys of outing is to be dressed for outing. Note our Mid-Summer Sale prices.

\$ 8.50 value now	\$ 5.75
\$10.00 value now	\$ 6.50
\$12.50 value now	\$ 8.50
\$15.00 value now	\$10.00
\$16.50 value now	\$12.50

Pants
\$3.50 value now.....\$2.50
\$4.00 value now.....\$2.75
\$4.50 value now.....\$3.50

THE STANDARD TIME

You Will Have It

If you carry a 20-year guaranteed gold filled case with the Elgin movement in it. We sell these watches from \$6.50 to \$50.

Also gold filled spectacles guaranteed for 10 years, formerly \$5, dropped to \$3.50.

ELGIN WATCHES

C. T. POMEROY Jeweler and Optician, 318 State

MITCHELL WAGONS

Represent Nearly Seventy Years of Experience in Wagon Building

It is an Absolute Impossibility to Build a Wagon Better than the MITCHELL

WHY?

Because money cannot buy better timber than is bought for the Mitchell. Mitchell & Lewis Co., the manufacturers, positively pay 25 to 35 per cent above the market price of first grades for the privilege of culling over and "skimming off the cream" of the wagon stock. This is carried from three to five years in open sheds under cover until thoroughly seasoned, being culled three to five times in the process of handling. Wood stock for three to five years ahead means wood stock aggregating in value nearly one million of dollars. It is not every factory that can carry this kind of a stock, consequently it is not every factory that can build wagons as the Mitchell is built—too many of them build from hand to mouth—buy stock today and make it up tomorrow. Do you want a wagon made in that way, or do you want one of our kind? One that carries with it an absolute guarantee that it is the best possible to build—always has been and always will be. If you want our kind make up your mind before you start out to buy that it will cost you more money than "the other kind," because it costs more money to build it.

The best is always the cheapest—all that you want to know is that you are getting the best. You can be absolutely sure of it when you buy a Mitchell Wagon.

MITCHELL, LEWIS AND STAVAR CO.,
Salem Branch, F. F. Carey, Manager, 219-229-237 State St.