

THE FAIR GATES ARE OPENED

(Continued from first page.)

restless women on earth, all intent on seeing all there was to see, and apparently realizing that it would take them seven days instead of six to do it.

Beauty Lane.

On entering the gate, a regular street leads to the pavilion, a street lined with restaurants, soda fountains, candy shops, and other places of the kind calculated to tempt both young and old, and to make restless the small change in the pocket of both "dad," and the young fellow who escorted "dad's" girl.

Along this street is also seen the first industrial display—there being many hardware, machinery and farm implement displays. None of them were completed, but all, or nearly all were in shape when the fair opened today. All these displays are taking shape, and there are articles innumerable. There are wind mills, wagons, buggies, pumps of every style, except those used in dancing, and all kinds and styles of gasoline engines to run them with; graders and dippers for prunes, hop presses, wire, wire netting and fencing, plows, harrows, in fact everything necessary to run a farm except the dinner horn and the hired girl.

At the first turn to the north and nearly north of the pavilion is located a merry-go-round, where the little folks, and spoony folks can have the time of their lives. There the youngsters will laugh and the erstwhile timid Sarah Jane, will snuggle up to John Henry, and chew gum and leave a few tell tale hairs on the shoulder of his coat, for his future adoration.

Thinking of these things the horse editor wandered over to the stock restaurant, while the city editor, who gets all the news, kisses all the babies, and has worn all the hair of the back of his head lifting his hat to the ladies, naturally struck for the pavilion.

The Stock Exhibit.

The showing of blooded stock is a revelation to those who have not kept in touch with the rapid improvement in Oregon's live stock. There are 50 or 60 Jerseys, dainty, mouse-colored, great-eyed pets, with heads as clean-cut as a cameo, and with the grace and airy lightness of a wild doe. Then there are big red Durhams, and bald-face Herefords half as big as a freight car and with backs big enough and flat enough to have a dance on. One cannot realize the bigness of them, until one begins to make some mental calculations, stands by the side of one of them, and stays there a little while, for the longer one stays the bigger they seem. In fact there were several of them that, barring the lack of trunks, might be taken as escapes from Forepaugh's menagerie. The judges may know how to classify them but to the uninitiated each one looked better than the other. Then there were some big black Polled Angus, an infringement on the buffalo, that were simply perfect.

At the Sheep Pens.

The sheep pens are north of the cattle stables, and the exhibit is a magnificent one, though mostly confined to Cottswolds, that being apparent, the breed best adapted to conditions in the Willamette valley. In one pen a big ewe was lying in the straw, and at first glance she looked like a forty-pound wool mattress, tipped up the back, and the contents pulled out on each side. She seemed somewhat uncomfortable, and no doubt would have appreciated a shirt-waist more of the peek-a-boo order. Her clothes had not been to the laundry, but in the next pen were a pair of youngsters with their fleeces as clean as a company handkerchief and they looked as pretty and "pert" as school girls. There were a few pens of Rambouillets (this spelled in the fonetik system) and some others whose ancestry is unknown to the writer, whose knowledge of sheep is confined to the flavor after it is dead and placed in the row of pens they sort of graded off until there was a pen full of goats, but the fair visitors, or perhaps I should say, the visitor at the fair will have to decide where the wool quit and the butter commenced.

The Porkers.

Just across the alley way from the sheep are the pens for the hogs. These seemed familiar for the writer does know a hog when he sees him, and that, too, whether he is in a pen or holding down a seat in a streetcar while a lot of women stand on the

footboard and hang on as best they can. At these pens there was a goodly crowd of visitors, and one young fellow remarked "By Jiminy, this looks like home." You see, he was from Missouri—and he was "shown." With such a showing it is difficult to understand why Oregon is importing hams, bacons and lard from Chicago. There were porkers of all kinds and sizes, and certainly they looked thrifty and showed signs of having had an easy living, and fully justified the expression, "Money makers," and filled the Irishman's description, as being "The gentlemen who paid the rent."

Poultry.

The coops are filling rapidly and there are birds there to delight the eye of the bird fancier, or the men who like eggs for breakfast. In one of the first coops at the north end of the building is a lovely old rooster with a voice like a fog horn and the strut of an emeu. He was not a pretty bird from an artistic standpoint, but his wifey seemed real proud of him. Perhaps they had not been united long. Near this happy family was a pair of little bantams about the size of a piece of chalk, but the little gentleman crowed just as saucily, though not in the same tone of voice, as his big neighbor.

Another lot that showed up were black with white spots, a sort of polka dot effect, and each one, both gentlemen and ladies wore their hair in the latest style, done up high, or else had a small feather duster on top of their heads.

There were dozens and dozens of coops and they would be much harder to beat than their eggs. The horse editor ran across another bird, not in the coops—Frank Lee, of the Rural Northwest, who gave him the glad hand and said he was "looking after geese." As the horse editor did not belong in that coop he skipped as soon as Lee took his eagle eyes off him. He didn't improve on things much for the next exhibit he ran into was the "Rural Spirit" headquarters. It was out near the cattle sheds probably being an effort to show the "rural spirit" and also an evidence of Wisdom.

The Flyers.

There is the best and the largest number of speed horses ever assembled at Salem. The famous pacer "Zolock," with a record of 2:04 1/2, is perhaps the dean of the lot, but there are some speedy ones that will make some of the most closely contested finishes ever seen on the track. There has been several additions to the number recently many coming from California, and a fine string that has been in the races at Seattle. The purses are large, the track in perfect condition and it is predicted that the track records will be broken. Somehow there seems to be left in all humanity a trait, a racial trait that compels us all to enjoy a good horse race. There is an excitement, as the perfect animals come down the homestretch, their hearts in the race, every muscle vibrant with energy, the eyes flashing with ambition, and the big nostrils spread to their fullest, that justifies the babel of sound, the rising to their feet of the great crowd as the winner sweeps under the wire, that is not only excusable, but it is inherent. After all there seems to be a little sporting blood, a little gambling blood in the most conservative of mankind.

Breeding Stock.

Besides the racers, there is some of the best sires ever shown here. Oregon has of late years awakened to the profit of raising not only good horses, but the best horses. No money has been spared in getting the purest blooded sires that could be purchased, and Oregon boasts some of the highest priced ones ever imported. There are some magnificent brood mares, and with them sturdy colts perfect of build, and full of promise. The result is visible in the splendid class of horses which the Willamette valley now boasts, and this stock is being rapidly brought to perfection.

The Tent City.

It would be unfair to speak of the fair without mentioning "Tozierville," a city of tents nicely laid out and presided over by Albert himself. The trees, both in the canvas town and on the grounds have been nicely trimmed, and look as neat and clean as though the Bayne committee had been overlooking them.

In the Pavilion.

In the life of the Oregon state fair, which is almost as old as the commonwealth, the main pavilion has never been so attractive as this year. The cornices and large pieces of staff statuary brought from the Lewis and Clark exposition gives the interior a solidity it did not possess and the decorations this year excel anything before attempted. The entire decoration scheme, consisting of a series of graceful festoons of bunt-

ing in a myriad of gay colors was carried out by Albert Hurst and R. W. Holman, of Jos. Meyers & Sons, who were employed by the board to do this. The decorations of the county and individual exhibits were done under the direction of the exhibitors and by different persons. Some of the most artistic of these private decorations were made by Hasn Jenson of Hood River. The State House in grains and grasses in the Marion county department was by Jensen.

The County Exhibits.

Benton, Linn, Lane, Columbia, Marion, Jackson and Douglas counties have splendid exhibits that show in a favorable way the vast and varied resources of those counties. Most of these exhibits were in place Sunday night and the exhibit from Douglas came in on last night's train, have been moved intact from the district fair.

The exhibit from Benton county consists largely of grain, grasses, walnuts, hops, fruit in all the variety and excellence that the Willamette valley furnishes. This exhibit is under the direction of H. L. French. Linn county has a fine department which is displayed by E. C. Roberts and W. A. Eastburn and contains one of the finest displays of cereals ever exhibited.

W. A. Taylor has charge of the Marion county exhibit, which is one of the best and largest at the fair. It contains a vast variety of products and the display of grains and grasses, hops and fruits is seldom surpassed anywhere.

Far off, Jackson county has one of the most attractive exhibits at the fair and the display of Rogue river fruit and grain is enough to make that region famous.

E. H. Flagg has charge of the Columbia county exhibit and no county ever displayed a fine lot of fruit, grain, vegetables and grasses than is shown here. Timber, one of the leading products of Columbia was omitted because Mr. Flagg desired to show especially the great variety of Columbia's productions.

The Oregon state fair never had a better or more attractive department of women's work. This department is under the management of Mrs. Savage and contains some of the best specimens of handiwork that was ever displayed in the state, not excepting the Lewis and Clark exposition.

The art department, near by in the pavilion, is under the able direction of Mrs. Wiggins and is the best ever exhibited at Portland. The art gallery is arranged differently from any previous occasion and is lighted exclusively by electricity as on former occasions the natural light was not arranged to give perfect satisfaction. Many of the best paintings in Oregon, belonging to private collections and individuals have been obtained for this exhibit.

The New Auditorium.

The auditorium has been enlarged, new seating arrangements added and is in much better shape than ever before. It is said that its acoustic properties are much better than formerly. The flower garden in the main pavilion is one of the attractive corners and is always visited as soon as noticed. Some of the most beautiful and most rare flowers and plants in the state are shown and the wonderfully adaptibility of Oregon for flowers is shown.

The remainder of the pavilion is taken up with private exhibits and exhibition of firms and business houses. Some of the leading firms of the state have splendid exhibits and every inch of available space is occupied. Buren and Hamilton are on this floor and Fuller and Douglas and "The Spa" have good exhibits. The Yokohama Tea company is well represented and in music houses, George C. Will, The Allen and Gilbert-Ramaker company and the Eilers Piano House have large and creditable displays. The Capital Business college is also in the main building.

Three individual farm exhibits are in the pavilion and are attracting much attention.

In spite of assurances that everything would be complete this morning, a small army of men and women are at work and it will be Tuesday morning before the entire fair is absolutely complete.

Among the good exhibits in the main building are the harness displays of E. L. Lambert and the taxidermy exhibit of W. H. Edwards and the big show of the Portland Flouring mills.

The mining display is not creditable. It seems to be what is left of the southern Oregon exhibit at the Lewis and Clark fair and better ore than some of it can be picked up on the dump heap in several Oregon counties. The absence of mining exhibits from Baker, Grant and Mal-

heur counties has attracted comment. It seems unfortunate that those counties did not send mineral displays.

The inside of the pavilion Sunday presented one of the busiest scenes imaginable. Work was being done on every exhibit and the decorators worked all night Sunday to complete the decorations on the pavilion. The result was well worth the effort as the building this morning is very attractive and is much admired.

The Races Begin.

The best and largest collection of race horses that was ever gathered on a track in the Pacific northwest are here and the races will begin this afternoon shortly after 1 o'clock. The races today are: 2:25 pace, \$1000; 2 year old trot, \$400; running, half mile, \$150; running, one mile, \$200.

A balloon ascension will take place this afternoon just at the conclusion of the races between the grand stand and the pavilion. This performance will be on the program every day during the fair.

The Formal Opening.

The formal opening of the state fair will take place tonight in the auditorium. The address of welcome will be made by Governor Chamberlain and the response will be by Tom Richardson of the Portland Commercial club. These addresses will be followed by a speech by United States Senator Gearin. The music of the evening will be by the Salem Military band and Hallie Parrish Hinges, Oregon's sweetest voiced soprano, will sing several solos. Emily Squire, the child elocutionist and impersonator, will be on every program. The band is liberal with its selections and very gracefully responds to encores.

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

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Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Big Floods in Washington.

A dispatch from Bellingham, Wash., September 8, says: Immense damage is being done by the floods along the Nooksack river. The last bridge connecting the Mount Baker district with civilization went down last night. Miners in the district are now in danger of being entirely without supplies.

The tracks of the Bellingham Bay & B. C. railroad are four feet under water at Lynden, and trains are unable to reach that town today. Several bridges from points north and east of Lynden are reported to have floated down the stream. Great areas of oats are under water and will be a total loss. The entire amount of damage cannot be estimated at this time.

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Salem People Have Found That This Is True.

A cold, a strain, a sudden wrench, a little cause may hurt the kidneys. Spells of backache often follow. Or some irregularity of the urine. A certain remedy for such attacks, a medicine that answers every call, is Doan's Kidney Pills, a true specific. Many Salem people rely on it. Here is Salem proof:

L. W. Hill, of 328 Front street, Salem, Ore., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills are not a new remedy to me, as I have used them on different occasions whenever the necessity has arisen. I have enjoyed the best of health all my life except for a touch of kidney trouble at times. Backache bothered me then, and when this has been the case I have gotten Doan's Kidney Pills at Stone's drug store and a few doses have eradicated the trouble. I am a firm believer in this remedy and know of several other people who have used it with good results. I am only too pleased to recommend Doan's Kidney Pills whenever the opportunity occurs."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's and take no other.

Often The Kidneys Are Weakened by Over-Work.

Unhealthy Kidneys Make Impure Blood. It used to be considered that only urinary and bladder troubles were to be traced to the kidneys, but now modern science proves that nearly all diseases have their beginning in the disorder of these most important organs.

The kidneys filter and purify the blood—that is their work.

Therefore, when your kidneys are weak or out of order, you can understand how quickly your entire body is affected and how every organ seems to fail to do its duty.

If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking the great kidney remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, because as soon as your kidneys are well they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince anyone.

If you are sick you can make no mistake by first doctoring your kidneys. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases, and is sold on its merits by all druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles. You may have a sample bottle of Swamp-Root, by mail free, also a pamphlet telling you how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. Mention this paper when writing to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

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Couldn't make an announcement that would please the public better than when we tell them that their laundry work will be done to perfection and the Salem Steam Laundry can't be competed with anywhere in the country for the perfection of its work on linen, silks or woolsens. We defy competition in this line, because if there were any better methods we would have them at once. Try the Salem Steam Laundry. Prices right.

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