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Yakima

The State

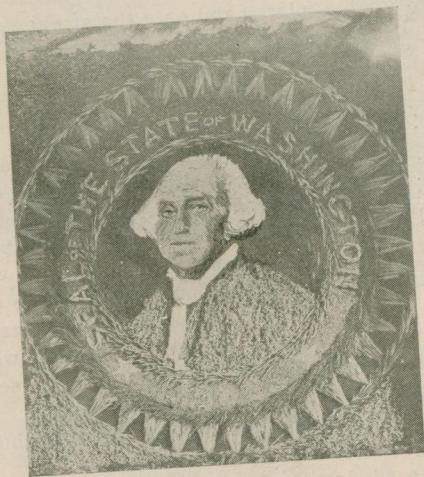
LOCAL HISTORY FILE

No. 4

Vol. 7.

THE ENCHANTED VALLEY.

THE WASHINGTON STATE FAIR AT NORTH YAKIMA

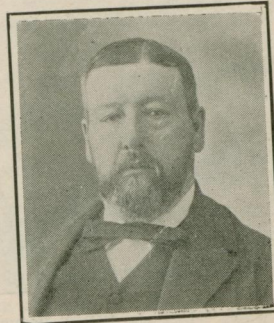


Made Entirely of Grains and Grasses Grown in Clark County. Designed and Executed by W. T. Jackson of Vancouver, Wash.

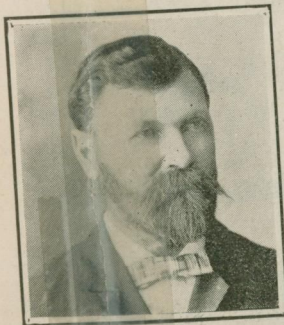


Y friend, Walter N. Granger, manages an irrigation company over here. The owners call the property The Sunnyside Canal and its headquarters are at Sunnyside. For my part I can not readily excuse this distinguishing one section of the Yakima valley from another by such a name. Over here it is all sunnyside. This valley is the sunny side of

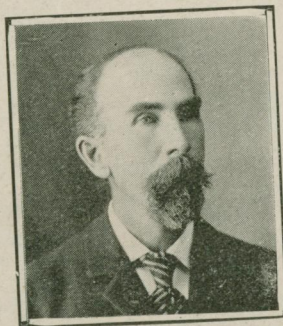
God's foot-stool This is the Land of the Sun and out of the blue depths of the heavens the great God of the Day smiles with the charm of the semi-tropic zones. Here, too, are the dark brown hills which do more than add to the beauties of the landscape. They form the water-shed of the Yakima and shelter this valley from the chilling north winds. To one who has lived in California the first impression is that of the low-lying foot-hills of the Sierra Madre mountains. But here they surround you. Like the French soldiers at Balaklava there are brown hills to the right of you, brown hills to the left of you, brown hills to the front of you, and brown hills behind you. The basin they form is the Yakima valley, with its miles of irrigation canals through which flows the gleaming water, carrying life and sustenance to all, flashing in the sunlight like the cuirasses of a mighty army, like the halberds of valiant soldiers fighting the Demons of the Sage Brush Land, driving them back, vanquishing them, that way may be made for the mighty King of Plenteous Days. In the midst of it all is the city



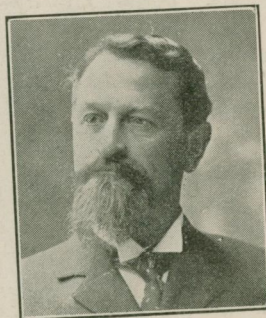
J. M. BAXTER, President, Washington State Fair Commission.



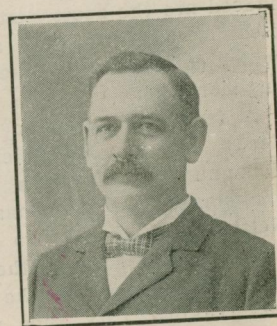
T. B. GUNN, Secretary.



A. B. WEED, Treasurer.



A. J. SPLAWN.



E. F. BENSON,

MEMBERS OF STATE FAIR COMMISSION.

1-2-1905



FIRST PORTION OF PIERCE COUNTY EXHIBIT.

of North Yakima, nestling in the languorous beams of sunshine, contented, at peace, shaded by the golden maples, bathed by the Yakima's silver flood. And when the purple curtains of the Night are drawn about the hills, portals through which comes the King of Day and portals through which he departs, the golden night lights flicker forth and blaze like a diamond pendant on a peri's breast. In the moonlight the Yakima, helpful and beautiful, hurries on to meet the stalwart Columbia, gurgling in happy laughter as she goes, slipping over the pebbles and past the dark shadows of the fording-place and bridge. There is not in the world a place more beautiful and few indeed are the spots that are visited by days so rare as those which come and have their dwelling here.

A few years ago, so few indeed to the Bartholets, the Schannos, the Fechters and Ed Whitson, to George Donald, the Nelsons and those who remember, how different was the scene. Four miles away, to the South, was Yakima City, then with a population of barely a thousand; and where North Yakima now

stands was the prairie, a barren stretch of sage brush desert where the lean coyote, the sage hen, the owl and other strange, lonely things of the beast-world fought mid the miles and miles of gray-green undergrowth for the hazardous existence they endured. So far as the eye could reach no moving thing raised its head above the dead level of the waste places and only the strange, sweet odor of the wild-flowers recalled the mighty God.

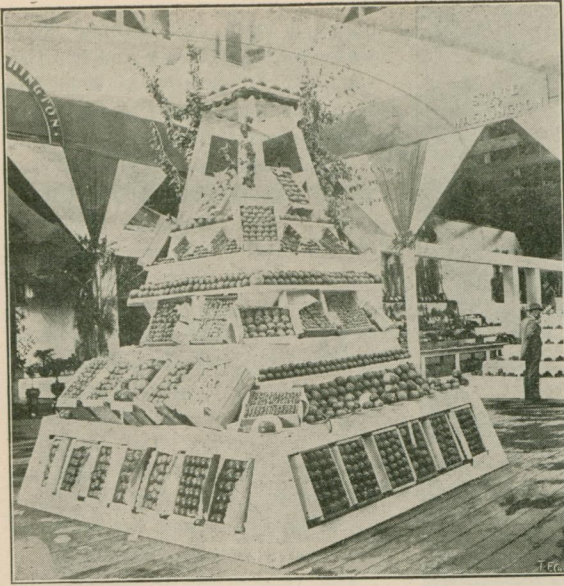
A miracle of the Moderns has been worked. Irrigation has brought the change. The Yakima river and its headwaters carry between their pebbled, age-old banks the comfort and prosperity of eighteen thousand souls. The Wise Men have diverted the crystal flood to the canals and laterals. Pretty homes, contented wives,

and clean-washed children on their way to school have taken the place of the prairie things. The gleaming plough share has broken the sod, the decaying sage-brush enriches the land.

From the window, as I write, I see the green and silver sheen of the maples; the yellow, the gold, the crimson of the dying leaves. From out the



SECOND PORTION OF PIERCE COUNTY EXHIBIT.



PYRAMID OF YAKIMA PRODUCTS IN CENTER OF PAVILION.
Arranged by Redman & Kinyon.

vivid blur of color, bright as an Indian blanket, comes the fragrant odor of many gardens; over the land lies the spell of contented, happy homes. The call of the plough-boy and the twitter of birds hang on the lazy air. Seven churches rear their spires in plain sight from my one window and the chimes of school-bells ring in time to the murmurous melody of industry. Such is the picture, as it is now, framed by the hazy hills, a picture the sage-hen would never know.

There is more than this: I can see the clean new bricks of a block of buildings just finished, I can see the yellow scaffolds hugging a quartette of growing walls, I hear the tattoo of many hammers and the b-r-r-r of a gleaming saw. The rumble of a heavy dray and the call of "Mor-rt!!" from a stone-mason, mid-air, are prophecies foretelling the changes to come.

Is it any matter for surprise that I lose my subject and sit in contemplation of the two pictures; the one the sage-hen helped to make, the one the Wise Men made, are making? Irrigation waved its magic wand and the Face of Nature smiled. North

Yakima, the Yakima valley and the men here who do the thing as the thing is to be done, look upon it with joy and pride, look back at the past, uncertain days, and are glad of the present, confident of the future.

* * * * *

There is one thing that has ever struck me when I have been a visitor at a state fair, an exposition of any sort. It was so in Maryland, it was repeated at St. Louis and Lexington. I noticed it again at Denver and now I am to record it as the strongest impression of my visit to The Washington State Fair at North Yakima; I have ever been impressed with the intelligent look of the crowd, the clean, the well-kept appearance, the inquiring, insistent, even curious look, that abides in the eyes of every one. This is not solely an idea of mine. Mr. Ellmirt, who was with me, spoke of it. John L. Wilson, standing in the middle of the speed-way, dangling his eye-glasses from his fore-finger, referred to it, and Mr. Ankeny, busily engaged in preparing the finest and best of the fruit exhibits for the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, also remarked upon it. With such evidence in corroboration I have begun to believe that my idea is well founded; that the crowd that attends an exposition of any sort represents, through its various members, the highest average type of human intelligence. The horses may hurry past the starting point, the sleek cows contentedly chew their cuds and low protestingly at the clatter, the parachute man make his ascent and then float gracefully to earth again, but always there is the stream of eager on-lookers hurrying by, their



PLATE DISPLAY.

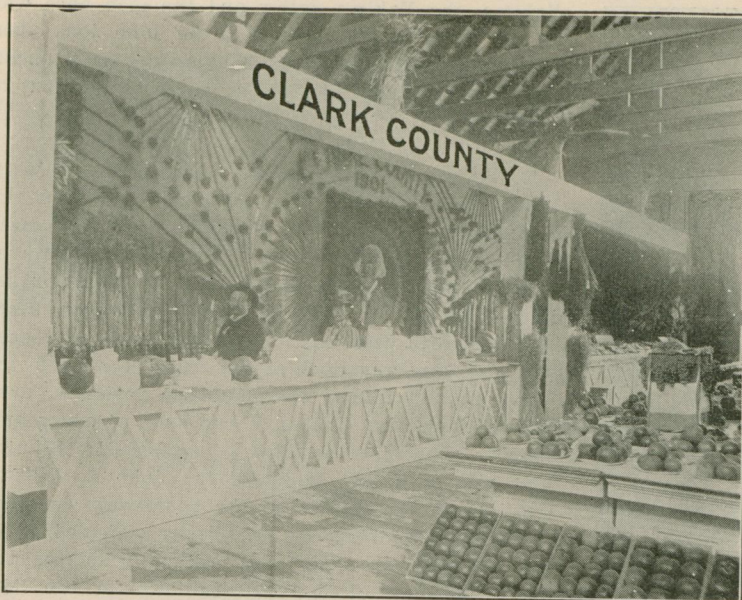


EXHIBIT FROM CLARK COUNTY.

minds intent on something over here, upon this or that, and through the pavilion, the grand-stand, across the roads and beyond the stock-sheds they wind, one continuous stream, ever restless, never still, ever seeking, and the sum of what they would find lies—just beyond.

It was so, as I have said, at The Washington State Fair this year, perhaps in former years; but in common with seven thousand others, I was moved to visit this fair this year for the first time.

I shall not soon forget my first impression as I crossed Yakima avenue Tuesday morning, the first day of October and the second day of the fair. To the right of me, across the railroad and over the swell in the prairie, two miles away, stretched Yakima avenue, broad, well-paved, a magnificent thoroughfare, to the left of me it lost itself in the trees that embower the residence portion of the city. For five blocks in both directions it was crowded with vehicles, each manned by at least one howling dervish—there were sometimes three—who importuned, commanded, begged, insisted that I go to the fairgrounds with him. The roll of all the vehicles made since the country was first settled, that have been in existence since the first family came across the hills, had been called. Each one, every one had responded. There was an undertaker's wagon which had been adapted to the occasion, drawn by two funereal looking horses and manned by a driver and helper. There was a Studebaker of a style ancient almost fifty years ago, drawn by four horses of

dejected mein and manned by a white-bearded farmer and his two sons. In the bottom between the high side-board was a lot of straw used for seats. There were smart victorias and livery rigs, horses well groomed and driven by clean-looking men. Between these extremes there was everything, anything. There were horses there that should have gone to their Eternal Hay Mow long ago. And the barking! It was deafening! The cabbies that have their stands at the Seventeenth street station, Tacoma, or on the wharves at Seattle, the most accomplished spieler that ever lived could have learned much from those farmers and their sons.

The reason for it all may be explained.

The Fair Grounds are a little less than a mile from the city. The livery men in former years have been ac-



EXHIBIT FROM COLUMBIA COUNTY.

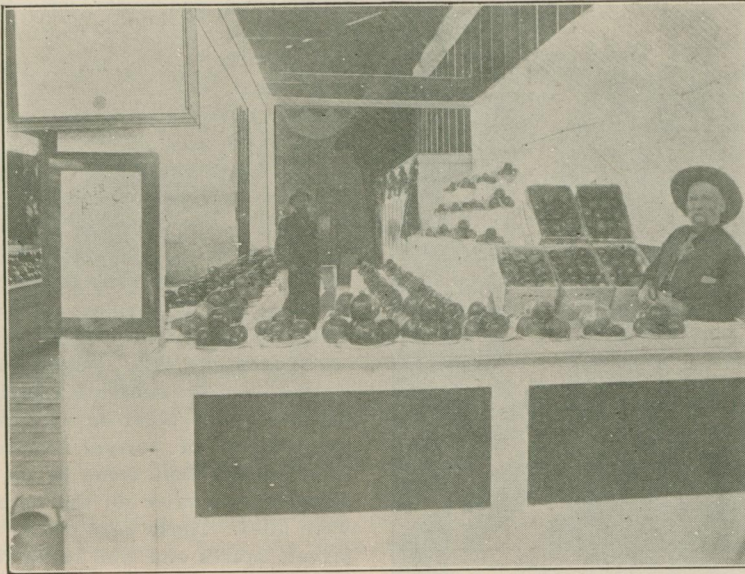


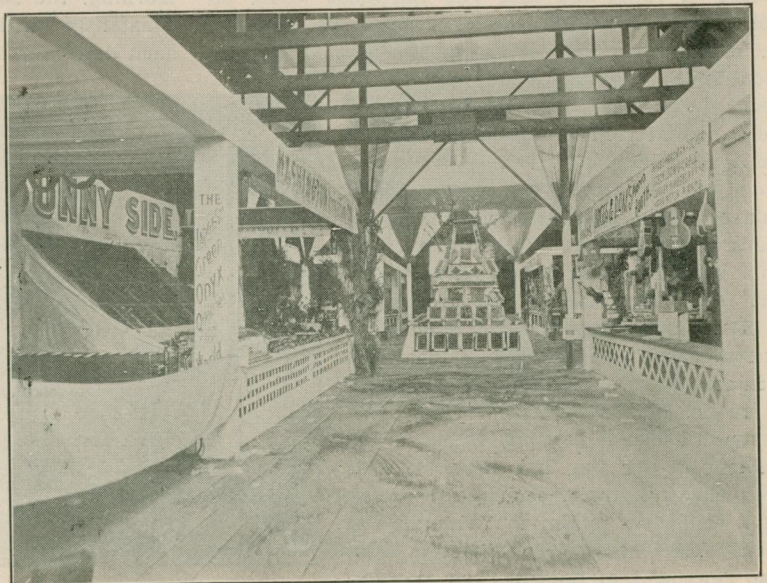
EXHIBIT FROM WENATCHEE VALLEY, CHELAN COUNTY.

customed to charge fifty cents for the round trip and since very few of the visitors cared to walk, this, with the admission of fifty cents made the total cost of attending the fair considerable. The transportation charge was fair enough but the same item at other fairs rarely exceeds ten cents. Visitors, accustomed to attending such expositions, therefore objected to it. Even the local patrons found fault, saying that such a charge, under the circumstances, savored of extortion, and this affected the attendance. This year Dr. T. B. Gunn, the secretary and one of the hardest working members of the commission, made a determined stand against the livery charge. He insisted that the cost should not exceed twenty-five cents for the round trip. To this the liverymen would not agree. Dr. Gunn retaliated by inviting every farmer to come and bring his team and wagon. To such as responded was given a banner with these inscriptions: "To the Fair Grounds, 15 cents." "From the Fair Grounds, 10 cents."

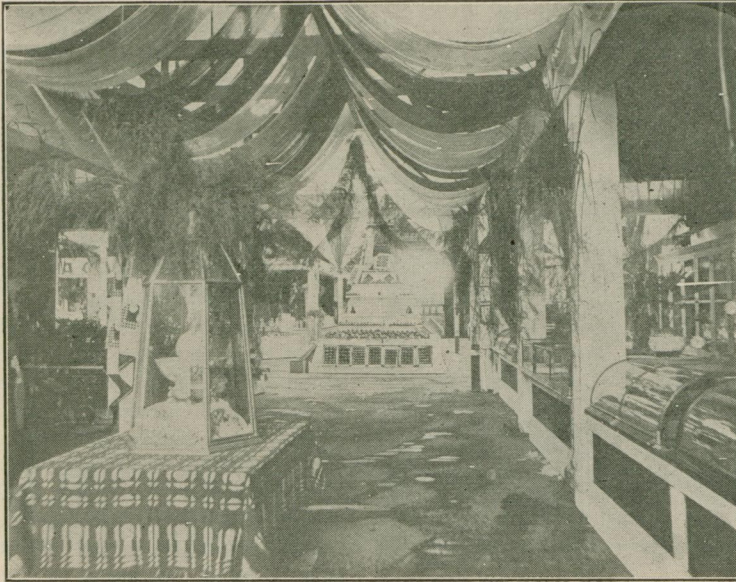
Each of these paid into the hands of Mr. A. B. Weed, the treasurer, a license fee or two dollars, submitted to the regulations

of the Commission and transported visitors to and from the grounds for twenty-five cents the round trip. As an especial inducement these were allowed to enter the gates and drive their fare to the grand-stand. The livery men were compelled to pay admission or unload at the outer gates. Those who responded to the invitation of the Commission and obeyed its rules had their license fees of two dollars refunded to them Saturday night. The result of this plan was a mighty response both in numbers and in kind. Some came from Goldendale, one hundred and sixty miles away, fought the liverymen of the city on their own ground and, under the patronage of the Commission, cleared, as many of them told me, from ten dollars to twenty dollars a day.

This fight for lower prices, indeed, presented a grave problem. E. F. Benson—a resident of and well known in Tacoma—one of the members of the Commission, was one of the most persistent fighters of local cupidity. This trait is not to be railed at. It is human nature, but Benson worked night and day to overcome it. In this, his tireless efforts were well seconded by the full Commission, and the won-



VIEW OF ONE OF THE AISLES, SHOWING EXHIBIT FROM SUNNYSIDE.



WOMEN'S EXHIBIT.

der is that it succeeded so well. The result of the campaign was that anywhere a room could be obtained for one dollar per day; several of the restaurants and at least one good hotel, The Bartholet, served meals for twenty-five cents each. Indeed, John Michels deserves considerable credit. His public spirit was plainly shown when he promptly assured the Commission that there would be no increase of rates and that The Bartholet would be operated as though there were no fair. He promptly reciprocated every favor shown him by the Commission and reaped his reward by establishing The Bartholet as the favored hotel and himself as one of North Yakima's most patriotic citizens. An excursion was run from Tacoma and Puget Sound points by the Northern Pacific Railway for three dollars and fifty cents, this sum including two admissions to the fair. Over twelve hundred excursionists from Puget Sound and about one thousand more from local points in Eastern Washington took advantage of this rate. It was estimated that at least seven thousand persons attended the State Fair for the first time. In this way and with this result was the reign of lower prices in North Yakima during Fair Week established. There is little use denying that the city was crowded, but excursions are failures unless there

is a crowd and every one—Mr. Benson says—was cared for.

As for the fair, it was the best this state has ever had. To Messrs. T. B. Gunn, J. M. Baxter, E. F. Benson, A. J. Splawn and A. B. Weed, the people of this state owe a debt of gratitude. It is not often that public officials work with such untiring energy, such perfect good faith and with such excellent results. These men labored unflaggingly from early morn until late at night, Mr. Benson, on one occasion remaining awake all night to care for the comfort of several hundred excursionists that came in on a delayed train after all the hotels were filled. These were placed in private homes and well cared for before he snatched a few hours sleep after sun-rise next morning.

When I say that these men, each and all of them, labored for the State Fair far more assiduously than any of them work for themselves, I believe that I state what is not one whit more than the exact truth. A. J. Splawn, one of the commissioners, unable to persuade an exhibitor at the Oregon State Fair to come to Yakima, bought the entire herd of prize cattle, had a special fast freight train placed at his disposal and arrived here Tuesday morning, the second day of the Fair, having been constantly on his feet for forty-eight hours. By such determination was the Fair for 1901 made. It



N. C. MARIS. J. L. SMITH. A. J. SPLAWN. F. A. FRENCH. A. S. FOGG.
A Group of Representative Western Cattle Men Who Were Exhibitors at the State Fair.



AN ARTISTIC EXHIBIT.

will be a larger, a better fair next year. These men promise it and I have the faith to voice their prophecy.

As for the grounds, they are wide and spacious, occupying one hundred and twenty acres of land, granted to the commonwealth by Yakima County when The Washington State Fair Commission was organized by the legislature of 1893. At that time ten thousand dollars was appropriated for the construction of the track and necessary buildings. As has ever been the history of such institutions, for several years after its establishment there were many vicissitudes, due largely to the sparseness of the settlement in its vicinity and the lack of funds to sufficiently advertise and make known the advantages of exhibiting the agricultural and other resources of the state. In 1895 there were no funds of any nature available for the operating of the State Fair that year and it seemed as though the devoted labor of the two previous years was to be wasted. The Fair means much to North Yakima, and did mean much at that time, more at that time, indeed, than it does now. At the final moment, however, the Commercial Club, a body which has done much for the Yakima valley, appointed O. A. Fechter, E. F. Benson, Ed. Whitson, Capt. A. B. Wyckoff and Frank Horseley a committee with power to act, the understanding being that they were to go ahead and make a successful fair. These men, acting solely on their own resources proceeded to organize a state fair which stands to this day as one of the most successful institutions ever held in Washington. Every dollar of indebtedness was promptly paid, all premium bills were liquidated and then a balance of seven hundred dollars was declared. This balance was diverted to the City Library fund, the Commer-

cial Club treasury and other legitimate purposes, among which was the advertising of the city in the East. Now, however, circumstances have changed greatly. There are eighteen thousand people living in the Yakima valley and the surrounding counties and towns throughout the state are taking a greater interest every year, the amount of money invested by the state, together with that donated by the county in lands, buildings, and other improvements, is quite, if not a little more, than seventy-five thousand dollars. Every year these grounds have been improved, until now the buildings are models of convenience and the track is one of the finest on the Pacific Coast, the finest in any Northwestern state and by some it is said to be the finest in the United States, as speedways are measured by horsemen and horse trainers. The climate of the Yakima basin much resembles that of the Bitter Root valley of Montana where Marcus Daly had his famous stock farms and it is said to be the healthiest for horses of any section of the state. The whole is enclosed in the regulation fence and from a distance presents quite a gala-day appearance.

A drive out there in the early morning, when the mists of the night are sullenly stealing through the open gates of Natchez Pass, when Flaxie D, has been tethered in her stall for quite a while, when D. M. Shanks, Yakima's most noted horseman, is driving and the smooth white road unrolls beneath the wheels of the smooth-riding trap like a broad velvet ribbon, is one of the most exhilarating pleasures I know. At such an early hour one may sit in the judge's stand or lean against the fence with the trainers



EXHIBIT OF CRESCENT BAKING POWDER CO., SEATTLE.



INEZ, (No. 89,264); BEAU DONALD, (No. 109,885); BABY SPLAWN, (No. 89,260).
A Group of Yakima Herefords Owned by A. J. Splawn.

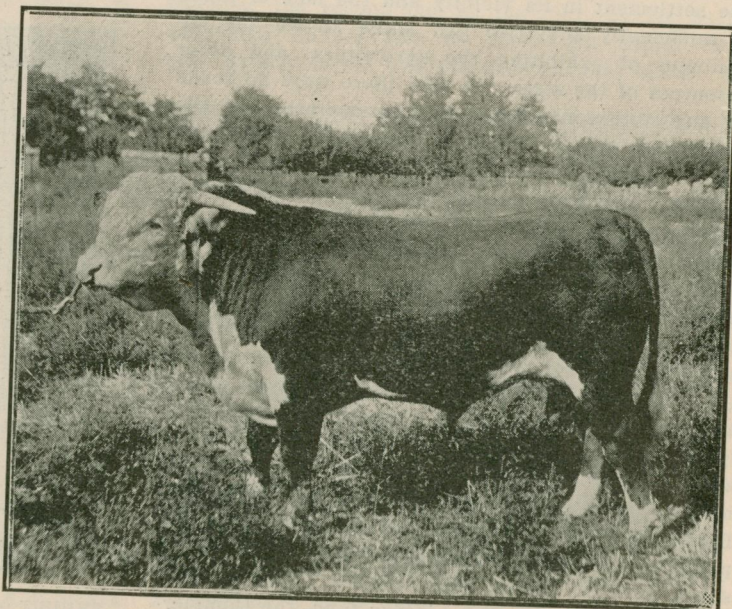
and jockeys while the horses are being worked. With stop-watches in hand the trainers critically watch the performances of their charges; the stable boys roll cigarettes and tell of other days "jes lak dis" at Terre Haute, Hagerstown, Lexington or Springfield. Then is when one learns about horses. A black stable boy knows more about them than any one in the world save the diminutive jockeys with their old faces, curious walk and their singularly erect carriage, considering the manner in which they hump themselves in their saddles as their racers, at full tilt, swing into the quarter-stretch and thunder past the wildly cheering grand-stand.

The races this year were by far the best of any year. The 2:20 pacing race of Tuesday, the second day of the fair, was the swiftest pacing event ever run on any Northwest-ern course. It was won by Diodene, owned by D. M. Shanks of North Yakima, in three straight heats, her time being 2:10¼, 2:11¼ and 2:11½. The purse was for \$1,000. The two-year-old was won by J. S. in 2:47½. On Wednesday the 2:20 trot was won by Ovita, time 2:15½. The special \$200 pace was won by Barnacle, time 2:15¼. Peter Dolan took the half mile and repeat, running in two straight heats; time :49½. A. T. Van de Vanter, ex-sheriff of King county and one of the best known horsemen in the Northwest, was here with a string of horses bred on his stock farm at Kent. They were as fine a lot of animals as were to be seen on the grounds. C. F. Tanner of Salt Lake City, Judge W. D. Turner of Bozeman, Montana; Chris

Simpson, James Irvin and J. A. Baddeley of Pendleton, Oregon; F. Rose of British Columbia; U. R. Steuart of Alberta, Northwest Territory; A. E. Hellar of Portland; L. B. Lindsay and G. W. Williams of Spokane and Judge Thomas Brents of Walla Walla also had entries and the racing stables were taxed to their capacities by the various strings of racers present.

So far as the speed exhibitions were concerned there were none finer to be seen anywhere. The majority of entries were of Northwest breeding, accustomed to the atmospheric conditions and the surroundings

which, in a measure, contributed to the making of as fine a series of races as one could wish to see. One thing which has encouraged the people of North Yakima to expend so much money upon this track is the feeling of certainty that no season's racing will be spoiled by conditions of the weather. Of all items for permanent improvements, this track cost the most money, over \$11,000 having been expended. Many horsemen, some of national reputation, have said the track is the fastest in the country. Pat Clancy of Kent, King county, this state, told Dr. Gunn in my hearing that he had raced horses from Portland, Maine, to the Pacific ocean and in his opinion the North Yakima track was the fastest of them all. Certain it is that an immense amount of labor and



PRINCE, (No. 104,715), 18 Months Old, Owned by A. J. Splawn.



COLLISION, 3 Years Old, Owned by W. O. Minor, Heppner, Oregon.

pains has, together with the money, been spent upon it. Robert Leighton of Vancouver, British Columbia, judge of this year's races, said to me:

"I consider the state fair track the finest one in any of the Northwestern states; it is in excellent condition and little could be done to improve it. If I had a string of horses I should send them to this track for training in preference to any other track I know of. The week's racing began in an encouraging manner with Tuesday's trotting race. Diodene made wonderful time in the three straight heats. I believe she did the best she is capable of in her present condition; but with age and training she will be able to lower the record of 2:10 $\frac{1}{4}$."

To me, however, the most thrillingly exciting tests of speed of the whole week were the Indian races. I admit I am fonder of a fine race than of any other sport. The faster they are the better I like them. A running race suits me better than any other of the white man's races, but an Indian race, to me, is the best of all. With them there is no jockeying, no suspense, not anything but fight from the time the flag drops until they come under the wire. Lickety-split they start, like chain lightning they pass the quarter, as melted butter on a plate of hot-cakes they leave the half and into the stretch, a blur of color, kaleidoscopic in effect, they whirl, and under the wire, a string of strenuous beasts, bearing the embodied hopes of half the Indian tribes of Western America. During this time the grand-stand, the judges' box,

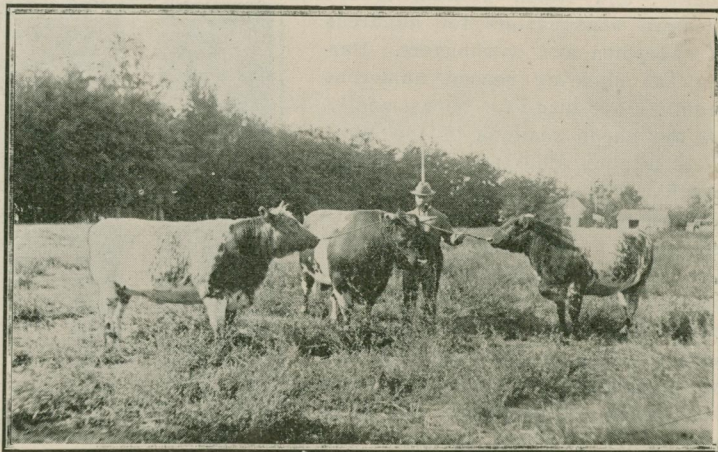
the paddock, the betting booths have been in transition. At the start they were murmurous; at the quarter post they craned their necks and looked with all their might, with glasses and naked eye; at the half they arose, like a hive of bees, buzzing and betting. But as the first trace of color showed in the stretch they were as the first miners were when Sutter's Creek yielded its first golden harvest. They went mad with delight, they hurrahd, they clapped their hands, stamped their feet, and, as the animals went under the wire, color, social gradations, caste and all were forgotten. They were mad with enthusiasm. They were intoxicated with the delight of it. They wanted to appreciate by

making a noise, and each time I saw it they literally raised the several roofs.

The stock exhibit, though small, was, to me, the most interesting. It was not so complete as I had expected, but what there was of it was excellent to a degree. As it was, the stock enclosures were crowded to their capacity. The stock department, indeed, was better this year than ever before.

There were twice as many domestic animals on display as there were last year. A. J. Splawn, a member of the commission, had charge of this department, and it was through his special efforts that so many head of cattle and sheep were put on exhibition. Following is a list of the stock and the owners of same:

A. J. Splawn, 30 head of Herefords; Fred Booker, 6 head of Shorthorns; J. E. Shannon, 4 head of



ROSA O'GRADY, 2 Years Old; COLLISION, 3 Years Old; SASSY FRANTIC, 1 Year Old. Owned by W. O. Minor.

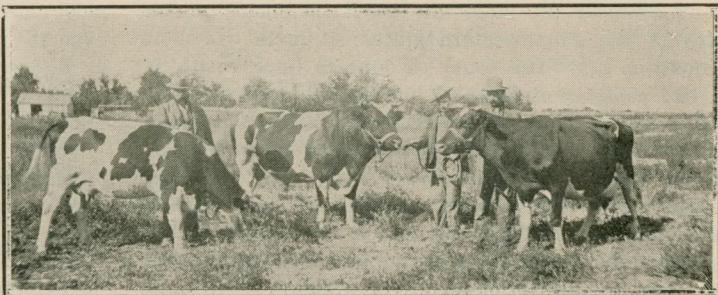


GROUP OF SHORT HORNS OWNED BY W. O. MINOR.

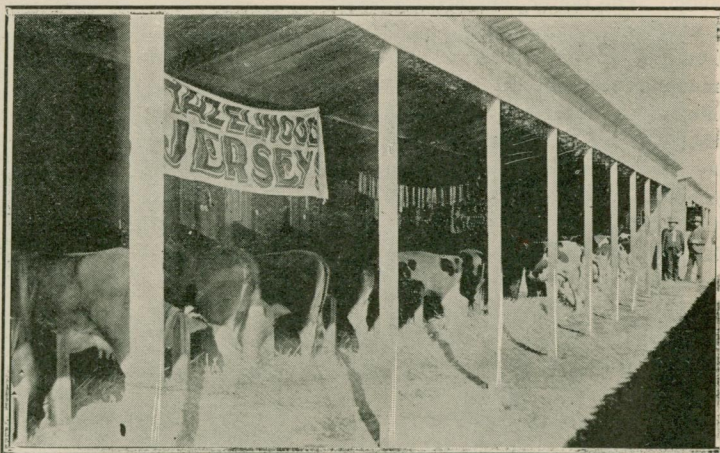
Pole-Durhams; W. O. Minor, of Oregon, 9 head of Shorthorns; The Hazelwood Company, Ltd., of Spokane, 7 Jerseys, 1 Guernsey and 12 Holstein; Mountain View farm, 9 head of Jerseys; F. A. French, of Portland, 14 Brown Swiss; E. P. Stump, of Ahtanum, 2 head of Red Pole; William Todd, of Natchez, Holstein yearling bull; Hazlewood farm, 8 pens of Poland-China hogs; W. F. Stufft, of Kalispel, Mont., 7 pens of hogs. Coffin Bros. and Charles McAllister had the only display of sheep. In fact, the sheep display was not what it should have been. I had a talk with Mr. Benson about it, and he agreed with me, although he excused it in a satisfactory way. Next year, he said, the sheep exhibit should include bucks in carload lots. There are five thousand sheep in Yakima county, and North Yakima is the Western headquarters for hundreds of sheepmen and wool-buyers. During the shearing season numerous inquiries are made for bucks, and of all the sheep sections of the West there is none other to compare with North Yakima. Next year the commission will make a strong effort to produce not only a large number of blooded sheep, but efforts are already on foot for the bringing of blooded colts, horses and stock of all descriptions, and an auction sale will be inaugurated, so that the State Fair, among other things, will be of a real and practical benefit to the farmer by bringing him and his

neighbor, the stock raiser, into contact with the buyer.

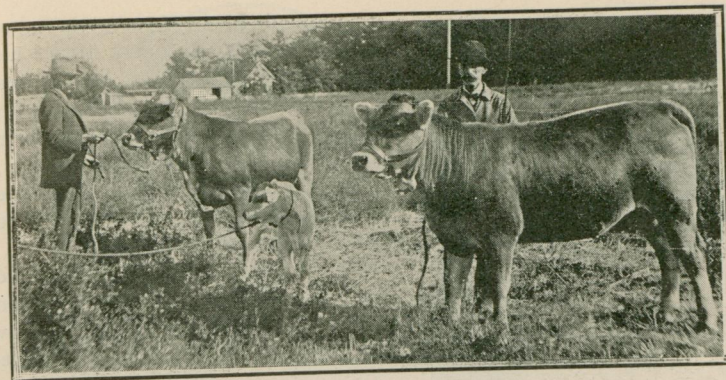
In the Horticultural building, the Pavilion, as some call it, were gathered the most comprehensive ex-



SENSATION, 1 Year Old (No. 53,083); LEUCIDIAS PIETERTJE BEETS, 9 Years Old (No. 32,956); HAZELWOOD DE KOL, 4 Years Old (No. 27,353).
Group of Holsteins Owned by The Hazelwood Company, Ltd., Spokane.



FEEDING TIME AT THE STATE FAIR GROUNDS.
Group of Jersey Prize Winners Owned by the Hazelwood Company, Ltd.



CLARA B. (No. 1707) AND CALF; STAR C. (No. 2030).

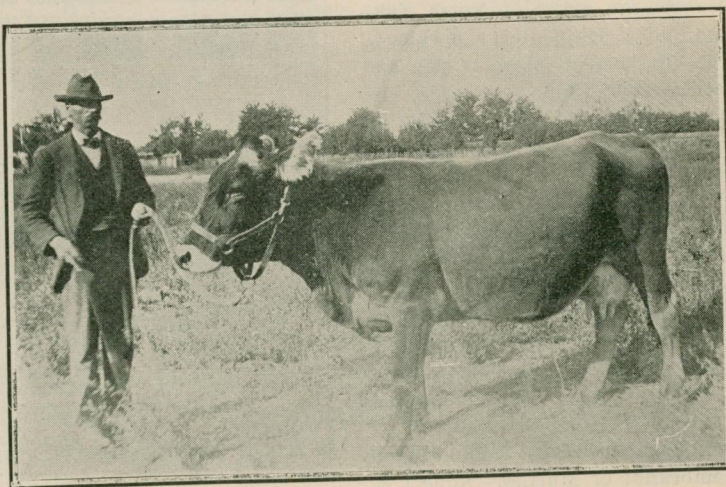
This group represents three generations, Star C. being the mother of Clara B. Owned by F. A. French of Portland, Oregon, who owns the largest herd of Brown Swiss cattle in America.

hibits of the agricultural wealth of this State ever gathered under one roof in the State. To the right, entering from the north wing, was the exhibit of Clark County, in charge of W. T. Jackson, of Vancouver. As a whole, it took up about fifty feet of floor and wall space, and into this Mr. Jackson had arranged an exhibit of the products of Clarke County that was not excelled by anything on the grounds, and was superior, many visitors said, to the exhibit of grains and grasses supposed to represent this State at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo. The central feature of the display was a magnificently executed seal of the State of Washington, the principal figure of which, as every one knows or might conjecture, was the head of Washington. The execution of this head approached the realm of the artistic and almost arose to the dignity of portraiture. The exhibit took third prize in the class of county exhibits. The display of Yakima County, made by H. Kampeter, who was personally in charge, was most comprehensive. It comprised every variety of fruit, grass or grain raised in Yakima County. The display of Pierce County took the first prize of \$300.00. It was made by Henry Ben-thein, and was personally supervised by him throughout the week of the Fair. It was also comprehensive to an excellent degree. These two latter exhibits occupied nearly the whole of the east wing, and, standing side by side, as they did, presented a wonderful exposition of the marvelous possibilities of this State. It was a center of attraction,

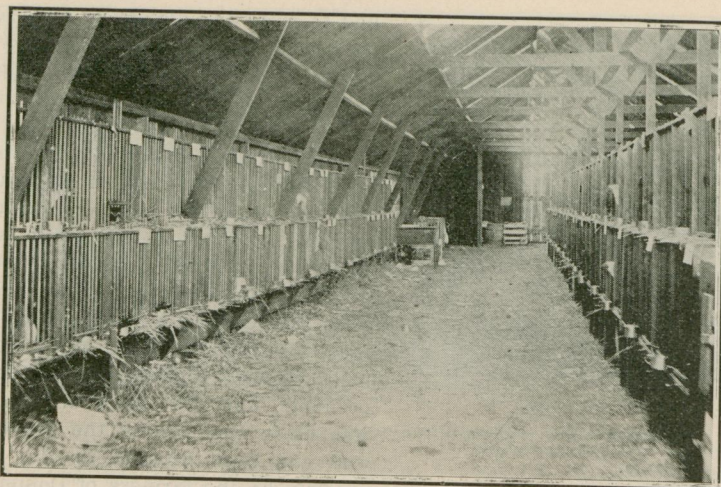
and to many the display of the products from Western Washington was a revelation. In the same wing was the exhibit of Columbia County. This was in charge of D. C. Guernsey of Dayton. A. S. Gilham, auditor Columbia county, and J. L. Hohundro, deputy internal revenue collector for the same place, were assistants. This was Clarke, Chelan and Columbia County's first appearance at the State Fair. Mr. Guernsey frankly admitted that there was no attempt at a complete display of Columbia County's products, and that such display as was made was merely the products that had been brought to him voluntarily by the farmers of Columbia

County in response to an invitation issued through the columns of the county press. Notwithstanding this, the display was so good that it took a special prize of \$50.00. Mr. Guernsey said that next year he would be responsible for a display of products from his county that would take the first prize or come pretty near it. In his talks to prospective immigrants he made a great point of "no irrigation." This, together with his display of products, attracted much attention. W. L. Wright, of Moor Park ranch, also had a fine display in that wing, so that the east wing of the Pavilion represented the extreme of the east side, the extreme of the west side and the best of Central Washington.

In the south wing the ladies, the artists, and the collectors, the photographers, florists, and needle-workers had foregathered. The appearance of this



PHYLLIS (No. 824), Owned by F. A. French, Portland, Oregon.



POULTRY EXHIBIT.

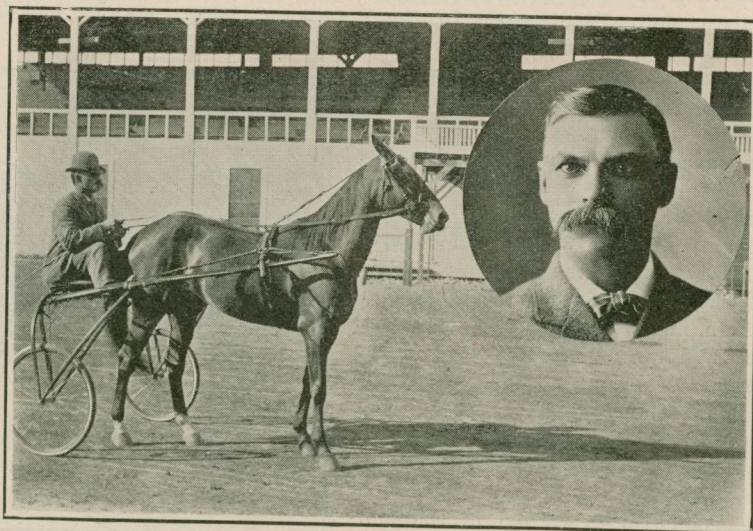
wing was almost luxurious. Mrs. Ed. Whitson had charge of the ladies' department. She was ably assisted by Mrs. Harry Morgan, Mrs. George Vance and the Rev. P. B. Jackson. Many other ladies of the city and county volunteered their services, with the result that the finest display of needle-work, flowers and culinary products were on display at this Fair that has been seen in Yakima County or at any fair in the West. A number of the finest specimens in the floral display came from the green-houses of Prof. J. A. Balmer, of Cle Elum. The display of Indian curios made by L. A. Janeck was very attractive. Mr. Janeck is an enthusiastic collector, and until his articles were placed on exhibition there were few who knew that North Yakima could boast such a fine collection. In this display H. L. Hauser, an artist of North Yakima, and A. Schindeler, a jeweler of the city, had displays of pen and ink work and color canvases. He also had on display a splendid lot of Rookwood pottery, bronzes and art bric-a-brac. F. W. Beck and E. E. James, the photographers, represented their work in portraits. Mr. James has evolved a new idea for the enlargement of portraits that retains all the expression of the smaller or cabinet size and yet enlarges the face to life size. Several of his special pieces, treated in this way, resembled in richness of coloring a Rembrandt or Murillo. Robert E. Smith had on exhibition the most

tasteful display of amateur photographs made from kodak films I have ever seen. The small plates were well selected and mounted on a gray paper with crimson tape bordering, the plate leaving a wide margin of gray cardboard. It attracted attention, as the south wing as a whole may be said to have done.

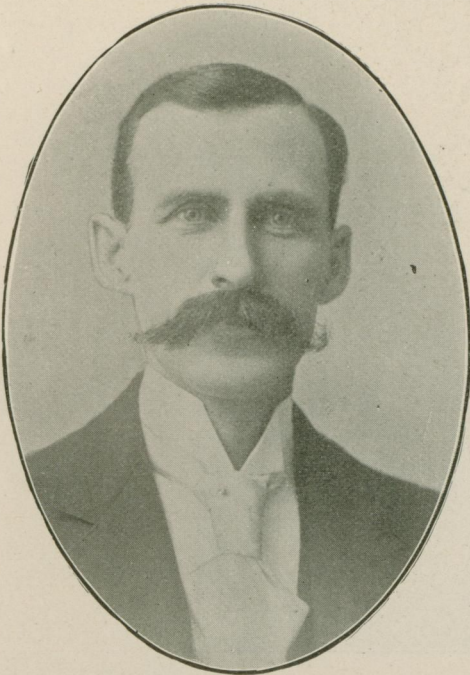
In the exact center of the hall Redman & Kinyon, two Knob Hill ranchers, erected a pyramid of fruits grown on their ranch. Almost every variety known to this section of the State were on exhibition, but the magnificent size of the Wolf River apples attracted a continuous knot of eager sight-seers. Visitors from a distance found in the apples of this display,

and in that of the Wenatchee valley, a most surprising revelation of the fruit possibilities of this State. It is popularly supposed that only California grows big fruit, but California produces no such fruit as was on exhibition here, and that which is grown in the lower latitudes of that state is tasteless. The Wolf River apple is one of the most remarkable of the many remarkable varieties shown at this Fair. There was on exhibition a box of staple size, and it took but forty-five apples to fill it.

The display of the Sunnyside country, made by the Washington Irrigation Company, of Zillah, was the most artistically arranged exhibit of apples on the grounds. Mr. Walter N. Granger, the manager of



DIODENE, WINNER OF THE \$1000 PURSE FOR PACING RACE
and her owner D. M. SHANKS, of North Yakima



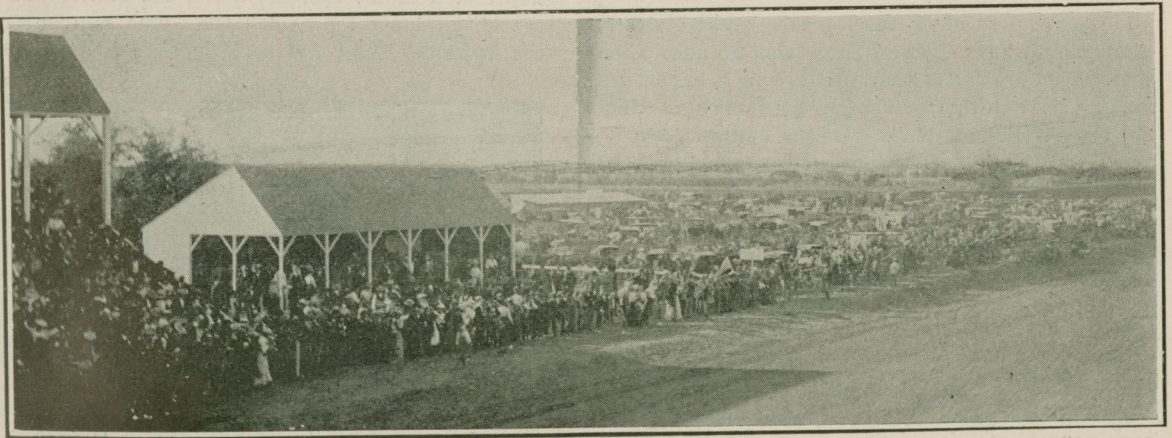
A. E. McDONALD,
State Dairy and Food Inspector.

the company, spent two weeks collecting the various specimens, and the arrangement of alternate rows of red and yellow fruit made a most creditable display. The apples were not so large as those shown elsewhere, but the quality was the best in the valley. Incorporated with this was the display of the Rev. F. Walden, of Zillah, who had on exhibition over fifty-six varieties, all grown on his ranch on the Sunnyside canal. Some grapes from the same section were delicious, and would have been the

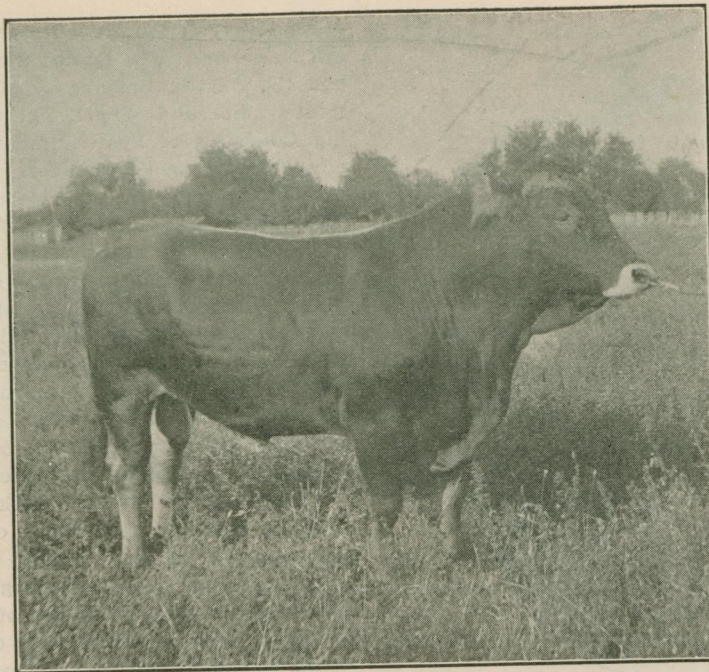
eternal envy of the grape-raisers of Ohio and Northern New York. The United States Marble Company and the Seattle Brewing & Malting Company had most creditable displays. The Crescent Manufacturing Company, of Seattle, manufacturers of baking powders and packers of teas and coffees, made a daily demonstration in their booth which attracted much attention. Mr. Kahle, the president of the company, and Mr. Jones, made a talk which was the envy of the spieler for the boa constrictor show outside. Messrs. Briggs & Dam, of North Yakima, had on exhibition a fine lot of musical instruments, and Miss Lou Briggs, the eleven-year-old daughter of the head of the firm, throughout the Fair made the booth a place of much interest by the rendition of some of the most difficult selections from the best composers. Prof. H. C. Blair, with an exhibition of the fine work done by the Blair Business College, of Spokane, concluded the list of exhibitors in the west wing.

Returning to the north wing the display of the Wenatchee Valley, in charge of Mr. A. S. Burbank and G. A. Lanham, was a most creditable exhibition. There was in that display one apple which was sixty-three times as large as a fair sized crab apple, and the two placed alongside of each other made a plate display which attracted much attention.

The butter and dairy products exhibit in this section made a most creditable showing. It was in charge of E. A. McDonald, state food and dairy commissioner. Mr. McDonald told me that he expected a large and fine display of butter and kindred products, but, he asserted, the materialization exceeded his best hopes. It was the finest display in years. The Washington Creamery Company, the Rockwood creamery, owned by Fechter and Janeck, and the Natchez creamery had most attractive displays of



VIEWING THE RACES FROM THE CARRIAGE SHED ADJACENT TO GRAND STAND.



HUFF, (No. 1204). 3 years old. Owned by Mr. F. A. French, of Portland

the fruits of their genius and the juciness of Yakima Valley alfalfa and Eastern Washington hay.

In the carriage and vehicles building outside Wyman & Fraser and the Yakima Hardware Company had exhibits which, for extent of stock and quality of goods, were the astonishment of all beholders.

In machinery hall there were also three dairy machinery companies represented. Each company had an experienced attendant and milk procured from the cows on exhibition was separated, and the cream so obtained was churned to butter in full view of the interested spectators.

In the poultry show there was a great clatter of chickens, turkeys, geese, ducks and Chinese pheasants. The poultry exhibit was of much importance, ranking next to the stock pens in popularity. Under the supervision of H. H. Collier, editor of the Pacific Poultryman, of Tacoma, this department has grown each year, until now it almost approaches the size of the usual poultry exhibition held in the larger cities of the Coast. He was ably assisted by C. C. Johns, of Tacoma, himself a breeder of much repute. Owing to an indisposition and also to previous appointments, Mr. Collier was unable to be present all the time, and Mr. Johns took upon himself the more important work of that department. W. W. Browning, of Ogden, Utah, was the judge, and his scoring gave general satisfaction.

As for the midway, I believe that I shall have the

din of it in my ears for many months. The small boy with his pop-corn crisps, his balloons that you blow up and then let go, the result being an unearthly and at times a supernatural noise, the spieler for the boa-constrictor show, the petrified woman and the ex-veteran of the Austrian wars who shot a cannon and caught the ball, who walked a row of bottles, kicking them over as he proceeded; the Indians, with their brilliant blankets and their queer dread of being photographed; the merry-go-round—I might write on forever and then not convey an adequate impression of the fun, the noise, the clatter and all the entertainment provided for Uncle Reuben from the Cowiche, Thorp or the Wenas. Perhaps I have

