

SIGHTS AND ECHOES OF THE EXPOSITION

A World's Fair of Sky Scrapers

The next world's fair will consist of sky scrapers architecturally. St. Louis has exhausted the possibilities in expansion. The strength of the sight-seers to cover distances has reached its limit here. No fair will ever surpass this one in generosity of area. None will ever be attempted beyond it latitudinally. It must now go upward. And to express the modern spirit of architectural development, it should. While the old science of building produced the classic grace of the Greek facade as its climax, the new will depend on soaring into the air by means of steel construction. Let us imagine the next world's fair with the palaces of industries and art twenty-eight stories high in the midst of lakes and groves and gardens, with proper perspective to set them off. The sky scraper thus imagined must not be supposed to resemble these huge commercial beehives full of rows upon rows of little perforations called windows. The world's fair sky scraper will be a work of art with domes and minarets towering in Eiffel and awful grandeur to the very fringes of the clouds. There will be magnificent oriel and rose windows in them, spanning five stories in their height, glittering with jeweled glass beyond the dream of any cathedral builder, mediaeval or modern. There will be porticos and pergolas 200 feet above the earth hanging gardens that will prove the superiority of the twentieth century over the leydey of Babylon. The world's fair of the future will not ask us excruciating leg work. It will carry us—or, more likely, our descendants—in elevators like eggs in a basket, by the gross from the earth 1,000 feet in the air. The question of fatigue and uncomfortable temperatures will be at once solved. It may be that a universal exposition will be housed in a single building a mile square, surrounded by a landscape suitable to its prodigious size. This idea is respectfully offered to New York, which hasn't so much room, and may be looking for something "entirely different" with which to startle the nations. This will do it.

In the Art Gallery.

Like climbing the steep of knowledge is the getting up to the Art Gallery on its lofty hill, and when, after rasping over the burnt gumbo which we are coming to regard as one of the most exasperating materials on earth to walk on, we reach the home of the muses, we are thankful to the man who invented sofas before the one who invented painting. Painting we can live without but repose we must have when we climb hills. The Art Gallery is just open, and the men are all wearing their hats. When you notice the hats you see why. The visitors are not as yet the familiar frequenters of art galleries. Why we are supposed to take off our hats in art galleries has not been made the subject of an investigation by the introspective persons who write the seventh column on most editorial pages, but it has something to do with a supposed awestruck feeling in the spectator. You are oppressed by Art with a large A or "O," as some people pronounce it, even though they may come from west of the Wabash river, where we all say "Ah-r-r-t," and are not ashamed of it. When the people who call it Ot arrive they will take off their hats—see if they don't. It is highly irritating to those of us who have been all the way to New York as much as twice, and in an art gallery at least half a dozen times to be told in a loud harsh voice: "You can't bring your umbrella in here," but we have had time to close it. Just as if we didn't know that canes and umbrellas are not permitted in art galleries. But one of the painful privations of this world is that you are never allowed to exhibit what you know. We must be patient. Lots of us know more than people who run the universe, but we let them tell us all about it, and even turn in and help them run it wrong. After you are in the Art Gallery you may stroll at will with a catalogue that costs you 50 cents, and is worth the money, for you couldn't find out what some of the pictures were about, and there is one that you can't find out what it is about anyway. On this, if one could carry out his desire, there ought to be a guessing contest, which seems to be popular in connection with world's fairs. It is very fascinating nevertheless, possibly because it is so mysterious.

Loafing in the Japanese Garden.

A Japanese carpenter in a pair of balbriggan nether garments or garment—anyway, it's either singular or plural—although this wasn't singular being on a Japanese, and otherwise attired in a blue blouse with a map on the back of it of that gaspable railing you have to go through to get your pass photograph taken, was nailing a piece of scantling upon a piece of bamboo in the Japanese garden yesterday. The reason why such particularity is observed about this and a sentence as long as your arm: "In-

dulged in," is because you have all been told so many times that "nails do not use nails in building." Well, that's another myth. They do. They were putting up a tea house or something of the kind and they were helping themselves from time to time to a whole keg of nails. This nail incident has nothing to do with the mass of information further detailed in this article, but the right kind of a man will stop anywhere to perforate a bubble of deception or misinformation. The real incident of the afternoon in the Japanese garden was that the water was being let into the miniature chain of lakes with which it is adorned and another little Japanese man with a serious air was occupied in photographing it as it came in: "occupied," because he kept right on photographing it for a long time. All of us walked about the little gem-like garden and sat in the tiny rustic benches and peeped under the buttressed cedars with snarled hair; apparently 100 years old, though they mired the giant bronze storks, but when we came back the Japanese was still photographing the water coming in. He meant to photograph all the water, that was quite certain. Not a drop but must have its portrait. After an hour's lingering near, thinking he might presently pause from exhaustion, we went away. The Japanese are never exhausted.

The Geisha Girl Goes By.

They were all gazing rapturously on the outburst of the water at the top of the Cascades, standing near the launch landing in the shadow of those wild West statues, when somebody said, "Oh," very loud, and the whole 300 sightseers turned round and saw a Geisha girl going by on a pair of Japanese clogs; and that shows how ineffective is scenery compared to the human interest, for not one turned back to the waterfall, and the Geisha girl in her flowing blue kimono with its "angel sleeves," smiled an almond-eyed smile across her shoulder at the 300, and they with one accord smiled back, for is there anything more irresistible than a Japanese feminine smile? Her clogs gave her something of the gait of the French peasant girl in her sabots, or that laughter-provoking anable that used to be Nellie McHenry's as Gretchen. The difficulties of her locomotion on such an awkward underpinning was disguised in a sort of "three little girls from school" mincing step; for who would deliberately go anywhere seriously as they do in Germany or France, when one can't look pretty and graceful doing it? Not a Geisha girl. She wavered along on those wooden blocks with the ripple of a sleeve here and the flirt of a skirt there, and a last good-by smile over her shoulder, a diminutive vision of comeliness to the last.—Globe Democrat.

CROP CONDITIONS

AS GIVEN OUT BY THE WEATHER BUREAU'S SUMMARY-CORN PLANTING IS NOW IN OPERATION.

WASHINGTON, May 10.—The Weather Bureau's summary of crop conditions, issued to-day says: "The temperature conditions of the week ending May 9 were favorable in all districts with the exception of North Pacific Coast and Middle Rocky Mountain region, where frost and freezing temperatures were injurious."

Corn planting is now in operation under very favorable conditions throughout the Northern portion of the corn belt.

"A general improvement in the condition of the winter wheat is indicated especially over the western portions of the winter wheat belt in the middle Atlantic States, but the outlook for this crop in the States of the Ohio Valley continues very poor."

Spring wheat seeding is largely finished except on wet lands in the Northern portions of North Dakota and Minnesota.

"Early sown oats are generally improved, and in promising condition throughout the central valleys, and middle Atlantic States, but in the South Atlantic and East Gulf States, where oats are now heading, the outlook is very poor."

HAD A GOOD START

His Wife Gave Dr. Woodend \$20,000 to Start Him in Business.

NEW YORK, May 11.—Dr. William E. Woodend and his wife were present this afternoon before United States Commissioner Hitchcock in the bankruptcy proceedings brought against Woodend.

Mrs. Woodend was called to the stand and testified that she kept her accounts in the Corn Exchange Bank. She said she gave her husband \$20,000 in money to start him in business.

THE STORY OF A BRIBE.

How a Senator's Vote Was Sold Without His Knowledge.

A former distinguished senator and a man who died poor although he spent his entire life in public affairs, once told a very interesting story of how his vote was sold without his knowledge. Possibly other senatorial votes have been sold in a like manner.

In a Pullman car one day the senator renewed the acquaintance of a prominent railroad man he had met in Washington and who, he knew, was interested in a land grant bill which had become a law and had received the senator's support.

"Well, your bill got through all right," remarked the senator, "though you were so very uneasy about it."

"We had a right to be uneasy," responded the railroad man. "In these times of antirailroad sentiment many public men fear to vote for a railroad bill."

"Well, I voted for it because it was a just measure, and no amount of prejudice would have scared me," remarked the senator.

"Oh, yes, we knew we had your vote," the railroad man remarked, with a peculiar look.

"How did you know it?" asked the senator sharply.

"Because we paid \$5,000 for it," answered the railroad man firmly.

The senator gasped, got his breath, demanded an explanation and the particulars of the affair then came out. It developed that when this bill was pending the railroad man received information that there was danger of its being defeated and came to Washington to see about it. Soon after his arrival he met a man whom he knew slightly as a legislative promoter, and a number of senators said to be doubtful were named; but, added the promoter, their votes could be had for a consideration. The price of this particular senator was fixed at \$5,000.

"Now, he is a little peculiar about these things," said the promoter, "and you had better let me see him first. Then later in the day you can call on him and see if he promises his vote."

It seems that this promoter did call on the senator and mentioned the railroad bill and said that there was a man in the city who would be glad to know that the senator would support the bill and might call later and hear him say so.

"Oh, yes," said the senator, "it is a good bill, and I'll vote for it, but I have no time to bother with this man."

Nevertheless, in the afternoon the railroad man and his friend were ushered into the senator's committee room, and the promoter said:

"Senator, this is the gentleman I spoke to you about this morning interested in that land grant bill. He will be glad to know it is all right."

"Yes, it's all right," said the senator. "The bill ought to pass, and, as I said this morning, I am going to support it."

The incident apparently closed until renewed afterward upon the train.

"Upon the strength of that interview," said the railroad man, "we paid that promoter \$5,000 for your vote."

"Well, it's needless for me to say I never knew anything about it. But, tell me, why did you go about anything of that kind? Why didn't you come to me first, without negotiation, and find out how I stood and what I would do?"

"Well, we were so scared we didn't take any chances on anything," was the reply.

Telling the story afterward, the senator said: "I had often looked at some of my colleagues whose reputations had been impugned and asked myself, 'Are they knaves or fools?' but after this incident, when I felt like criticizing a fellow member for being a knave and taking money for his vote, or placed in a position where he was suspected of it, and therefore a fool, I would check myself, as some one might be asking, 'To which class do you belong?'"—Washington Post.

Resin For Waterproofing.

Resin is used to form waterproof paper for use in butchers' shops, fish markets and also for building purposes, and, strange to say, this improvement reduces the cost of the paper. All methods of applying resin in solution after the paper is finished and heavily to its cost and also render it very brittle, but if the resin is dissolved in potash and mixed with the pulp in the beating engine and this alkali afterward treated with alum it becomes neutralized and washed away, leaving the finely diffused resin throughout the whole mass.

It is also used for protecting the coarser manufactured products, such as agricultural implements, against rust by mixing it in a solution with benzine. This is applied as varnish, leaving a coat which protects the material until it goes to the severe service of actual use.—Engineering.

The Waimangu Geyser.

The great Waimangu geyser in the north island of New Zealand is surrounded by hills from 300 to 500 feet high, all covered with volcanic debris from the terrible Tararewa eruption in 1886, when the mountain of that name exploded, causing destruction and havoc for miles, including the loss of two native villages with their inhabitants—close upon 100 lives. This valley is throughout in a constant state of geyser action. Everywhere the ground is covered with "blowholes" and pools, the hot sulphurous water with steam bubbling up at numerous points. Eruptions take place without any special prelude. The imprisoned forces of nature, with seemingly one gigantic, concentrated effort, shoot up an immense and terrible mass of water, red-hot lava and stones to the height of from 400 to 1,500 feet, spreading in all directions, covering frequently the hills around.

You get the news in the Daily West Virginian.

JAPANESE WEAPONS.

IMPLEMENTS OF WAR THAT WERE IN USE IN FEUDAL TIMES.

The Lance and Bow Were Noble Weapons, but the Sword, Upon Which Was Lavished All the Resources of Art, Outranked Them.

In the Detroit Museum of Art is an interesting collection of war implements of old Japan. Two complete suits of armor are in the collection. One of these dates from the sixteenth century; the other is of more modern date, but exactly like it in all its parts. A complete suit of armor as worn by the Japanese soldiers of the higher class previous to 1870 consists of a helmet, chain mail in parts and breast armor, together with two hip pieces. Chain mail pantaloons, lined with silk brocade, protect the thighs. They are worn under the hip pieces. An iron mask covers in some cases the entire visage, in others only the nose, cheeks and chin, allowing the eyes to be uncovered, and these are protected by the broad helmet. The shoulders are protected by two pieces, with fine bronze openwork mountings. Upon these are fittings in which in battles a small flag is fastened bearing the crest or monogram of the wearer. Chain armor sleeves protect the arms. The back of the hand is protected by embossed iron. A body piece covers the chest and back, held together by tyings of heavy silk green braid. In the back of this are two sockets for the banner pole. The helmet is made of heavy lacquered iron. Two crests branch from the front in a moon shaped manner, and between them is a bronze disk representing the sun. A pair of sandals completes the outfit. This armor is exceedingly heavy and looks impregnable to such weapons as were used.

The lance and bow were noble weapons, but the sword outranked them. A sword with the Japanese in feudal times was the most important of all weapons in war and for personal use. Iyeyasu, who was the first great shogun of Tokugawa, 1610-30, termed the sword "the soul of the samurai." To him it was the most important of his possessions.

Upon this weapon the Japanese lavished all the resources of their art. The forging of the blade became a high art, and its experts won great honor and fame. The making of a famed blade was a subject of meditation and prayer; upon the scabbard was lavished all the lacquerer's skill; to the guard and other metal mountings were given an infinite variety of lessons from Nature and her creatures and from religious and symbolic legends. The higher classes wore two, and the children of these classes commenced early in youth to wear wooden ones. The proper use of the sword was made a part of the system of education, and the ceremonies attending its use in everyday life were most elaborate and minute.

The abolition of the shogunate in 1868 was soon followed by a decree abolishing the wearing of the sword; hence there came into disuse hundreds of thousands of beautifully decorated weapons, which have been distributed all over the world.

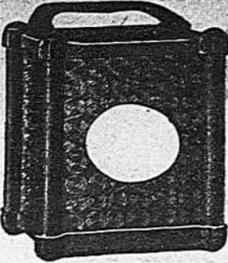
A time was in Japan when a man's station could be determined by the sword he wore at his side. A person magnificently garbed with an ordinary weapon would be adjudged of low degree, while a poorly dressed person wearing a fine sword would be extended distinguished homage. A fortune was invested in arms. A rich noble often possessed 1,500 swords, some of them costing \$1,400, and the daimios vied with each other in owning elegant specimens of the armorer's craft. All the metal work of Japan, the beautiful designs and exquisite hammering, are due to the many wars. The ornamentation of the guard and sword's accessories have been the craze of tourists and collectors for thirty years.

The most important parts of a Japanese sword are: The tsuba or guard, a flat piece of metal usually circular or oval in form, perforated by a triangular aperture for the admission of the blade. At either side are one or more openings for the lodgment of two other accessories, called the kodzuka, or small dagger, and the kogai, or skewer. The guards are usually entire in design. A fish, serpent, a horse, a mountain landscape and many other features of nature are introduced into the design of these sword guards. The handles of the small dagger and the skewers are also exquisitely decorated with inlaid mother of pearl in design or wrought images in the metal itself. Crabs, lobsters, serpents and dragons enter very largely into their decorations of the dagger. The skewer usually has upon its handle some pattern or model, corresponding in some way with the crest or monogram of the owner. Its use is threefold to the soldier. Sometimes he takes it from his place and puts it in his hair to hold it in place. In camp it is often used as a chopstick by him. In battle he uses it to stick in the body of a dead adversary as a sign of ownership. The small ornaments on the side of the hilt and the cap or pommel which covers the end of the hilt are, though very small, as perfect in design as only the deft fingers of the Japanese and their patient work can make them. It is a curious phenomenon that a nation engaged in war constantly for 600 or 700 years should produce the most artistic and inimitable metal work of any nation in the world.

With civilization has come also a debasement of their productions. More malleable materials are used, which can be worked quickly into the ideas they wish to express, and, while the taste and skill yet remain, it is only a question of time when it will be lost. Carelessness and rapidity have taken the place of patience and quality.—Detroit Tribune.

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No. 5.—Wheeling Accommodation.	7:47 A. M.	No. 72.—Grafton Accom'n	10:53 A. M.
No. 55.—Wheeling & Cincinnati Express.	7:29 P. M.	No. 46.—New York, Baltimore and Washington Express.	1:48 P. M.
No. 71.—Wheeling Accommodation.	1:36 P. M.	No. 4.—Grafton Accom'n	8:38 P. M.

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No. 3.—Arrives at Fairmont 7:45 A. M.
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