



Pony Moor and his Filipino flock

# NEBRASKA AND NEBRASKANS AT THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION

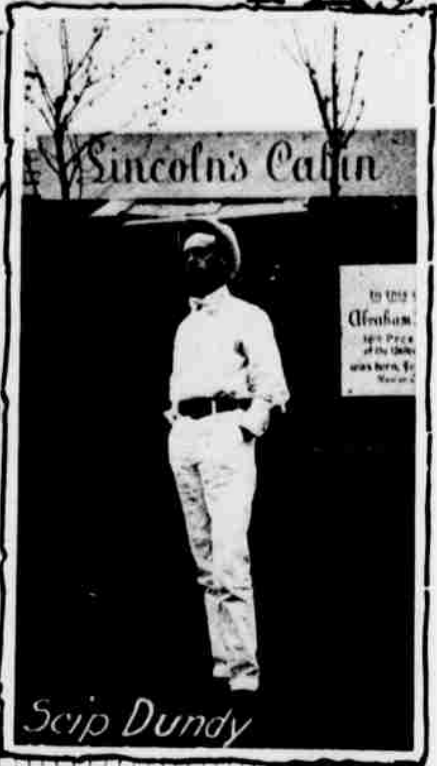
PHOTOGRAPHED SPECIALLY FOR THE BEE



Fritz Mueller and his Assistants



Nebraska Exhibit Commission for Women



Lincoln's Cabin

Scip Dundy



Henry Rustin in charge of Electrical Displays



Fred Taylor Director of Concessions



Gaston and his Oriental courts

## Buffalo's Fair as Estimated by Western Eyes

**B**UFFALO, Aug. 26.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee)—Some years ago a loyal Buffalonian, imbued with the idea that his native town was a Mecca for the moving multitude, was astonished on hearing a group of fellow-travelers give their several destinations without naming the Queen City of the Lakes. His disgust and indignation found vent when, turning to the conductor, he exclaimed, "Put me off at Buffalo." The author of that phrase would not be long in traveling nowadays. All roads leading to Buffalo are crowded and the city is well filled with people on pleasure bent.

The Pan-American exposition is advertised extensively as the chief attraction at Buffalo. This is a mistake. It is one of three, and is regarded by many as the lesser. Niagara Falls is justly considered "exhibit A," the grandest spectacle of nature's forces in the country. The city of Buffalo is an admirable exhibit in itself. The exposition is the joint production of both. It illustrates a fraction of the mighty power of Niagara and the boundless energy and public spirit of the people of Buffalo. The exposition is ideal, ephemeral, a series of charming pictures destined to pass away with the year. The others are real, enduring, throbbing with life and majesty, growing more attractive with the passing years, and increasing their charms on close acquaintance.

Buffalo newspapers frequently compare the attendance at the Pan-American with that of the Transmississippi for the purpose of soothing and cheering those who have invested heavily in the enterprise. "Average attendance is so much larger than at Omaha at the same time," says the local press, "that kicking is unwarranted and 'knocking' is little short of treason." The cost of the Pan-American is placed at from \$7,000,000 to \$10,000,000, exclusive of

exhibits. The cost of the Transmississippi was under \$2,000,000. In round numbers Buffalo subscribed for \$2,000,000 of exposition stock. Omaha subscribed for about \$400,000 of Transmississippi stock and paid in \$291,909, besides donations amounting to \$163,970. Compared with the Omaha show the Pan-American covers three times the area, represents four times the cost and its daily expense is far in excess of this proportion. The total attendance at Omaha was 2,613,000; total receipts, \$1,048,556; surplus, \$356,011, a sum sufficient to pay all claims and return to the shareholders 97 1/2 cents on the dollar, the highest exposition record reached up to that time. Attendance at the Pan-American passed the 3,000,000 mark on August 6 and the 4,000,000 mark August 25. The average daily attendance last week was 61,700. The remaining days of the exposition are likely to double the attendance up to date, making a total of 8,000,000 admissions paid and deadhead, or about three times the record of Omaha. Before the exposition opened President Millburn was quoted as saying that 8,000,000 paid admissions would square all obligations and pay the stockholders dollar for dollar. I am informed by local newspaper men that the exposition proper will pay out, but that the Midway, excepting three or four concessions, will lose money. It is said an average of 100,000 a day would be needed to save the whole Midway from loss. Buffalonians have put a large bunch of money in this mile of freak and fake shows sandwiched between five or six respectable and commendable concessions.

Omaha visitors to the Pan-American—and they are numerous—bring with them the imperishable pictures mirrored in memory of the Transmississippi, and naturally measure the present exposition by the famous product of the west. The impres-

sion given by a front-gate view of the Pan-American does not by any means overshadow that of the main court at Omaha, nor does it approach, in the writer's opinion, the grace and beauty and artistic grouping of the buildings around the Omaha lagoon. The principal spectacle here is the Electric tower. In front are numerous fountains and basins fringed with floral designs, many groups of sculpture, a wide plaza and four mammoth pillars like those reared in ancient Rome to welcome a conqueror. Viewed from the pillars the spectacle is gorgeously impressive, almost overpowering by the profusion of stately, towering columns, domes and splashing water. The color scheme is pleasing and grateful to the eye, and marks a delightful change from the blinding glare of whiteness that distinguished the buildings at Chicago and Omaha. All the roofs are red in imitation of Spanish tile roofing, and this color, as well as brown and orange, is employed as a background on doors, ornamental scroll and floral designs on doors, windows, domes and cornice. White horses, gray buffaloes, green lions and pink cupids lend an amusing variety of color to the statuary.

The central picture fronting the Electric tower leads to many others on each side, smaller in size, but no less attractive. Indeed there are so many ornate views that one must linger at each to enjoy the wealth of art and floral charms that here abound or else one goes away with confused impressions of the spectacle. The opulent profusion of the decorations of grounds and buildings easily surpasses any like effort in this country. Three hundred and fifty acres are under fence and about one-fourth of the area is utilized for decorative effect.

The illumination of the grounds and buildings is a spectacle of surpassing

grandeur. Several pen pictures of the scene have been published in The Bee, but no pen or pencil can reproduce the graduated tones of light that mark the progress of the illumination from the faint tints of waning twilight to the mellow glow produced with the full current turned on. All the buildings and grounds are illuminated a little more extensively than those of Omaha, but on similar lines. The Electric tower, rising to a height of 391 feet, is a modern "pillar of fire." Its windows, doors, sculpture and decorations are clearly outlined in light, and is visible for twenty miles around.

The scene at night is impressive, even thrilling, and worthy of serious contemplation. In the twenty buildings comprising the exposition are shown the many products of mills and factories, of inventive skill, textiles from countless looms, treasures of the mines, the skillful work of artisans, the arts and sciences, knowledge, discoveries, agriculture and horticulture—everything that contributes to the progress and ennoblement of the human race are represented in their latest and best development. Over and about all glows the magician of modern times—Electricity. The effect of the spectacle is to lift one, mentally, to ideal heights, to forget the strife and struggle and toil of life, and feel the inward pulsings of gratitude for the divine blessings of our times. Yet we are of earth earthy. The applauding multitude moves toward various byways, surfeited by the beauties of the scene, and drifts, whither? To the buildings where art and skill are quartered? A fraction of the crowd. To the midway the multitude moves by common impulse, illustrating in most impressive manner the descent from the sublime to the ridiculous and the rank.

The most impressive feature of the ex-

position is the amazing triumph of electricity. That was the chief purpose of the enterprise and it was accomplished with opulent lavishness. It comes from the falls. It is the motive power of Buffalo and its possibilities are shown by the fact that the exposition takes 15,000-horse power of the 30,000 sent to Buffalo by wire. But one must do the falls, and get done in the doing, to see the mighty torrent of 10,000-horse power roaring and tumbling idly over cliffs and rocks. It is the exposition of expositions. I have rambled about the islands on the American side, ridden on the Maid of the Mist, circled about the gorge and viewed the majestic scene from the Canadian side of the falls and my impressions of the spectacle are made the more enduring by the incomparable "touch" of the scenic grafters on the Canadian side. As I contemplate the visit a few days later the eloquent and picturesque epic of Josh Wink comes to mind and serves to make a fitting conclusion:

Roll on, Niagara, roll on!  
Continue thy descent;  
Aye, let thy torrents tumble down  
Like waterfalls unspent;  
Yes, crash and smash and lash,  
With billows fiercely tossed;  
Do all the funny stunts you can,  
For I must count the cost.

Roll on, Niagara, roll on!  
What do you care for me?  
Yet I love you because you're not  
Just working for a fee,  
You do your duty every day,  
Staunch and true,  
While guides and drivers on the shore  
Hustle lest we forget.

Roll on, Niagara, roll on!  
Thou marvel of all time  
(Excuse me while I get my purse  
And dig up another dime)  
Roll on, old cataract immense,  
I like you well—and, say,  
I'd give a dollar more to see  
You roll the other way.