

They Observe Polish Day at the Fair.

PARNELL CREATES PANIC.

The Fierce Lion Attacks Nero in the Arena.

POPULARITY OF THE HALF RATE.

Sunset City Thronged With a Well Satisfied Crowd of Sightseers. A Sick Islander.

Through Turnstiles Yesterday.....24,799

THE PROGRAMME FOR TO-DAY.

General admission, 50 cents; after 5 P. M., 25 cents.

10 A. M.—Football match between Manufactures and Mechanical Arts teams on recreation grounds.

1 P. M.—Chimes on the bells in Liberal Arts tower.

2 P. M.—Baseball match between '49 Camp team and Northern California counties.

2:30 P. M.—Weltzman's performance on the high wire.

2:45 P. M.—Concert by Cassasa's Mid-winter Exposition band in Liberal Arts building.

3 P. M.—Concert by the Mexican band on music pavilion near Administration building.

6 P. M.—Evening chimes on the bells.

7:30 P. M.—Grand illumination of central court.

7:45 P. M.—Weitzman's evening performance on the high wire.

8:10 and 9:30 P. M.—The wonderful electric fountain.

The first popular Sunday was celebrated yesterday at the Midwinter Exposition, and there was nothing to mar the enjoyment of all that was offered visitors at half-price. It is certain that the attendance was better than on any previous Sunday. The half rate of admission was assisted by a pleasant day and a variety of attractions. So every part of Sunset City was crowded by happy people who felt they got full value for their money. It was the first satisfactory test of a 25-cent rate, and the public showed its appreciation of the reduction in a very decided manner.

The celebration of Polish day was a complete success from an artistic as well as an enthusiastic point of view. It took place yesterday at the fair. Shortly before 2 P. M. a procession of celebrating Poles passed around the grand court. Cassasa's Exposition band led the way, and after the musicians came several little girls in white with flowers in their hair, and some of them wearing Polish caps. They were friends of members of St. Stanislaus Polish Society and the Polish-Californian Association, which followed in double lines. The procession passed on to Festival Hall, where a brilliant musical and literary programme was presented to a large audience.

Dr. Pawlinski acted as master of cere

The bell of King Sigismund (1520) on the castle tower is heard at midnight.

The Polish kings came out of their graves and appear on the castle walls.

A shepherd plays a melancholy air on his flute.

Time of paganism—A battle between Poles and their adversary.

The conversion of Poles to Christianity represented by their religious hymn.

Kosciuszko Polonaise and Mazourka, "Poland is not dead,"

The Polish army retreat.

For expression, coloring, and

Dr. Pawlicki acted as master of ceremonies, and introduced Judge E. W. McKinstry, who delivered the opening address. The speaker declared that he was proud to be called on to preside at a gathering of representative people of Poland. He referred to the history of Poland as the pride and the glory of all, particularly of the descendants of those who were reared within her borders. Poland had been robbed of everything, even of her language, as far as that was possible. Kosciuszko, he said, was one whose lot it was on two continents to bear an heroic part in two distinct struggles for liberty and independence, and one to whom no American can refer to except with feelings of patriotic pride.

Director-General de Young delivered an address of welcome in which he sketched the history of Poland and ended as follows: "And now, sons of Poland, citizens of our country, and friends, I bid you all welcome to our Midwinter Exposition. I thank you one and all for holding your fete on our grounds, and I hope we will have the pleasure of meeting often."

Mrs. Maud Durbin recited "The Polish Boy," and Miss Joe Tuholsky read "God Save Poland," a heroic poem written by Miss Harriet M. Skidmore.

Frank Murasky made an eloquent address in English, which acted as a stimulant to many of the audience, and was warmly applauded at frequent intervals. An oration in Polish was given by M. Maryanski, and Miss Meta Asher gave Mendelssohn's "Hunting Song."

The two grand features of the programme, however, were Madam Modjeska's recitation of poems by Ujejski and Slowacki in Polish, and Chevalier de Kontski's rendition of his new "Polish Historical Symphonie-Rhapsody," arranged for the piano. The chevalier was at his best, and his playing was marvelous.

His symphonie-rhapsody was arranged in seven parts as follows:

For expression, coloring and high art pure and simple this composition placed the composer and player among the few eminent men of his profession.

Modjeska with all her sweet characteristics was applauded as she began to speak, but thereafter her audience was held spell-bound. She bowed her thanks while leaving the stage, and the audience felt as if

nothing more was left to complete the artistic success of the celebration of Kosciuszko's centenary.

A performance not on the bills took place in Boone's arena at 4 P. M. About fifty members of Golden Gate Lodge, Order of Elks, were present to give Colonel Boone a magnificent medal for his bravery in entering the lion Parnell's cage and rescuing Keeper Carl Thieman last February. Although Thieman died from his wounds, Colonel Boone's bravery was none the less marked. The Elks agreed to present Boone—a brother Elk—with a medal for his heroic act, and yesterday assembled in the seats surrounding the arena to give it. The colonel gave a performance for their benefit. He took the savage Parnell into the arena with other lions and his two great dogs. Mrs. Boone was with him in the arena. Their eyes never strayed from Parnell, for it was the first time he was taken out of his cage since killing Thieman. Boone held a heavy iron bar pronged at one end with points of steel like a hayfork, which he never carried before among the lions.

The performance was proceeding nicely except for a fierce glare in Parnell's eyes and an occasional snarl which was horrible to hear. Parnell and another lion were standing at two pedestals six feet apart and facing each other. Their forepaws rested on the pedestal and their hind feet on the floor. Between was a low gate over which the dogs jumped. While Nero, a handsome blue German boarhound, was leaping across the gate he touched Parnell's nose. Like a flash the vicious brute was upon him like a big cat on a mouse. The dog fought bravely, but the lion was tearing him to pieces. Boone used his whip without having the slightest effect. Then he grabbed his revolver and fired five or six blank cartridges at the lion, also without effect. The other lion slunk away to a corner completely cowed. Women screamed and a panic ensued. Side exits were thrown open and people rushed wildly out of the building to avoid a spectacle that seemed imminent. In all the brief reign of terror Boone held his ground, though Mrs. Boone appeared badly frightened. The colonel threw his pistol aside and made a desperate onslaught