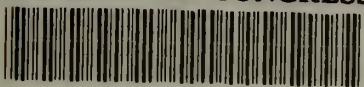


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A LECTURE

ON

What You Missed

IN NOT VISITING



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THE WORLD'S FAIR.

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MRS. MARK STEVENS,
(Author of "Six Months at the World's Fair.")

A LECTURE

ON

WHAT YOU MISSED

IN NOT VISITING

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

It seemed the crowning year in the world's history of grandeur and glory, for all sciences and arts from rude beginnings were represented, leading us into the fullness of perfection; and we felt that there had been reached an eventful epoch in the world's history, so marked, as to awaken mingled emotions of profoundest thought, even of sacred joy, as were presented to us themes for thought and inquiry, and, in vain we tried to measure to the fullest extent the great work which had been assigned to the officials of the World's Fair, in wisest ways, from God Himself, who had given His watchful care over an undertaking which brought us near, oh! so near, to His wonderful love toward the children of men. How we all appreciated and improved our opportunities, "of coming into His kingdom at such a time as this," the decisive answer can only come in the final day from God Himself, Who caused humanity to be imbued with wisdom, to create a marble-like city, which seemed in touch with the infinite, and to give

us a glimpse of the Celestial City which encircles the Eternal Throne.

The ultimate good accomplished in bringing together the great from the nations of the earth will not remain an unknown history, for all that was accomplished in the many congresses of religion, temperance, and others by words of helpful cheer and wisdom, lent by good men and women, are fully recorded by Him Who in the presence of the assembled world will unfold their records made for a final report. Then shall all be made plain, that which awakened new aspirations and high ideals to be striven for, leaving in their wake memories most tender and sacred which were there awakened, and to-night we bring forth from the most hallowed recesses of the soul, the cultivation, unfolding, budding, blossoming, and fruiting which is yet to receive the final tintage, from the Son of Righteousness, which mellowing into a ripeness of enduring heaven, will be gathered by the soft hand of paternal love, into His kingdom of light. To those who visited the World's Fair we pause with them to retrospect upon the friends and associations connected with them, of the places where we met and parted, perhaps not to meet again on earth, but in a better land. So, in a silent procession, events and friends pass in review before us. How familiar each face in our favorite building or resting place; that particular painting or piece of statuary, or design of architecture; and hundreds of thoughts come crowding in which we remember enthused us with holier ambitions; and we regard these, as we do shadows of faces which were once the windows of the human soul, noting how familiar each eye and facial expression, until they seem ready to speak and take part in our routine of life; for, as years pass by, and friends are gathered one by one into the better home, they yet silently speak and do for Him. But from these comforting, yet some might say peculiar thoughts, we turn from them, to speak of the eminent people who in-

cessantly labored to give to the world so great a thing as the Columbian Exposition, while it seemed their enthusiasm was strengthened by the very spirit of Columbus himself.

Space will not permit the mention of but a few of the leaders; President Palmer, Michigan's own; Director General Davis, a king among men; Mrs. President Palmer, a queen among women, and the idol of all. Besides these, thousands worked in concerted action with them. How they all toiled, both in thinking and working, night and day, from the beginning of the great undertaking to the brilliant end, can never be measured in words. Their works will follow them into eternity; for they stand out on the canvas of our memories, enlarged and beautified a thousand fold, by the sanctified heat of love towards these who gave of their wealth, strength and thoughts to the successful culmination of the grandest event ever known, and it is hardly expected that such a treat will ever be repeated.

Memory revels through those bygone scenes, and while tears start, we yet exult that we have seen the good and honored people with which the world is filled, who contributed a scene of beauty and peace, which has qualified all for a thousand fold enjoyment of greater bliss in the White City on high. ✓

We would not forget to pay reverence and respect to those who handled the hammer and nail, or hoisted, by the aid of pulleys, gigantic statuary to roofs and niches of dizzy heights.

Yes, it took brave and fearless men to climb over scaffolding built so high that they appeared dwarfed in size as they, or the decorators, were drawn up by pulleys hundreds of feet high, to narrow scantlings upon which they seated themselves, perhaps soon to fall to terra-firma a mangled, bleeding mass. Their works do follow them, and as they entered the Heavenly portals we doubt not thousands of melodious voices poured forth in song the welcome.

These came through paths of noble duty, thorny the way yet blossoming the while into divinest duty, into heaven's beauty, meeting God's smile.

In many respects, while in the White City, especially in the Court of Honor, were we reminded, "Is not this a model of the new Jerusalem?" It did not, neither will it ever, cease to be an object lesson for good to uncounted thousands, for it ever was gazed upon with a feeling akin to reverence, causing all to feel the palace gates of a typical heaven had been thrown wide open, and for a time all were allowed to enter in, while gladness beamed in every eye; and as the mournful cadence of the "Vacant Chair" chimed from "Liberal Arts," we wondered how much more beautiful was the real city where shall be met loved ones that here are missed.

Then a sublimely grand chorus of six hundred voices, accompanied by the Exposition Band of sixty pieces or more, directed by the batons of Profs. Tomilson and Thomas, sang, "I Would Not Live Always, I Ask Not to Stay," and we in our inmost heart of hearts understood why.

Here, as everywhere in the White City, was found the grave and great of every clime. Strangely garbed people of every nation, and a prophecy came floating into our memory which sounded something like this, "And in the last days He shall gather together all the nations of the earth."

This place gave the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, filled the soul with holy laughter, carried the spirit up and away in chariots of lovely flame, to the climes of light and eternal love. But all this material glory passed away, leaving with all, we trust, a new spiritual awakening, which reaches out ever towards the city of eternal splendor which will abide for ever, as we know did not these marble-like temples, topped and ornamented with grand statuary, those classic figures which looked

like Parian marble, the Peristyle topped with representations of literature and all arts, the golden Statue of Liberty fronting these, while everywhere were millions of gleaming lights reflecting into the water and streaming over the broad white roadways edged by marble-like palaces, while the rich strains of music produced within us highest and holiest enthusiasm which throbbed through the soul with the strength of ocean tides, until it seemed that a divine sanctity pervaded the atmosphere, while His sweet and tender presence attuned the heart to divinest melody; yet this sunk into nothingness, and was vanity compared with the thought of God's great temples, made without hands, which line golden-paved streets.

More than ever we realize that God is our one summit, and He alone is great, and we thank Him for giving to the world an effect which was deep, far reaching, tender and refining, and which should have enthused all with divine ambition for a better life.

Imagine a glorious blue sky and sunlight. This lighting up to our view the marble-like city and if, perchance, it was enveloped in a misty fog, it seemed like a phantom city whose domes, colonnades and towers lost all solidity, becoming a dreamy vision of architecture and a creation of vague scenery about a phantom crowd whose forms were so obliterated as to become moving spots, while a confused, muffled hum became the faintest murmur, which seemingly was caused by the fog. There was no longer a chorus of individual words, but it sounded more like a grand concert given by the anonymous voices of nature, or the plaint of a stormy element. Our first glimpse of the city was of dazzling brilliancy, but it was given a legendary charm as the misty fog rolled over it, illustrating in the effacement of the past, that we must realize the melancholy touch which is required to be placed in every human masterpiece to make it truly beautiful.

How enchanting it was on a glorious sunny morning,

to saunter down broad streets, lying between marble-like palaces, then by the lagoons, over which floated, like white-winged messengers of peace, seagulls, dipping the water, then, frightened, taking their noiseless flight, only to quickly return and flit about the electric launches, the gondolas, or look in wonder on the ducks, swans or foreign birds contentedly paddling about the white bridges, which were guarded by mounted knights, polar bears, reindeers or other objects in white, equally as interesting.

Passing over the bridge, situated between the Illinois and Woman's Building, we find ourselves on Wooded Island; passing the Japanese pagodas; then over another bridge and we are at the tea houses. On past buildings belonging to foreign countries, stopping by Germany to look over the green waste of Lake Michigan's waters, walking by its edge, passing by the Victoria House, the battleship Illinois, the old Norse ship, Fish and Fisheries, Life-saving Service, the Government Building, bristling about it cannons and stacked arms. This, accompanied with the roll of drums and bugle calls; while on the north side of the building were pitched hundreds of tents, which were the headquarters of thousands of United States troops, under strict military discipline of their superior officers. Walking the length of the shaded portals of Liberal Arts, stopping for refreshments, partaking of the never-failing sandwiches, doughnuts and a cup of the ever present Chase and Sanborn coffee, best we had ever tasted; yet we passed by people, seated at tables, upon which were schooners of foaming "something," whose partakers pronounced the best they had ever tasted.

At last we are on the grand old Peristyle, walking between its great white fluted columns, and now a greater fairy charm clothes the scene that it is forever removed from us, and as memory recalls it distantly, indistinctly with that conjured, almost supernatural charm, wrought by the magic hand of humanity, though it has become a

drifting vapor, it yet remains a most precious treasure of the soul, the poetry of reminiscence, which power has transformed sensations into thoughts, images into ideas, the feast of the eyes into food for the mind, pleasures and emotions into precepts, and it is a truthful assertion to make, since the Fair is now a thing of the past, that ideas gleaned by people who visited it, are broader and much altered, for it was a colossal experience to all. Just how their ideas and opinions have changed we leave to the edict of time.

There was astonishing rendezvous presented us of industry and art, pleasure and study.

In Chicago, the young metropolis of the west, was all this created and consummated; and her representative figure of the strong, handsome-looking young girl, with firmly planted feet, wearing upon her breastplate the words "I will," shows the defiant, joyous spirit which dominated, and ever will dominate, the people of the "Queen City" of the west, which is yet expanding and growing like a gigantic plant, which seems fairly in advance of this age, for in building the White City they seemed imbued with Emerson's idea, who has said, "Why need we copy the Doric or Gothic models when beauty, convenience and grandeur of thought are as near to us as any art."

Those enormous splendid palaces of a day, so ingeniously constructed with Aladdin-like magic by the shores of a free inland sea, have announced the birth of new art, and we now realize the absolute originality of Emerson's dream.

This is one of the helpful lessons of the many which the White City has left behind, to the innumerable spectators, gathered from the four corners of the universe, that the merely colossal, unaccompanied by grace and symmetry, can no longer satisfy the tastes of their builders; to all it was an indelible object lesson.

It has often been said of the visitors that they were so anxious to see everything that they forgot to be amused. That was not entirely true; yet everywhere could be seen the serious attention of minds, imperfectly grasping new ideas, some with a look of pride and thankful appreciation, others with a look of careless curiosity; and we tired of hearing the phrase, "these are rustics"; for if perchance you should place yourself in the martyr-like attitude, of persecution, to read the book entitled "Six Months at the World's Fair," you will find that all breaks which are usually laid at the door of the rustic, are shouldered onto the New Yorkers or Bostonites. Does it not strike you as a huge joke upon them to picture, for instance, a New York man, his hat resting on the back of his head, his hair combed in straight bangs over his forehead, a cigar resting so far back in his mouth that it pushes out his cheek, his fingers digging in the very bottom of his pockets, and snarling out, "I hain't got my money's worth, hain't seen nothing worth coming for;" and if perchance you saw a bewildered-looking lady who had entirely lost her cool self-possession, and asked in what building the lagoon was situated, mark my words it was a Boston lady. For we know that the New Yorkers and Bostonites know a good thing when they hear or see it, and American-like, they do not have to be told that this is a joke upon them; and now we have removed from their head their shining high hat, their immaculate city-made clothes and placed them upon Josh, right straight from the "kentry," who gracefully holds the New Yorker's kid gloves in one hand, while with his cane in the other hand he waves it gracefully in the air, saying, "Why should not these births of great antiquity and mediaevalism, the enchanting renaissance of Greece, Italy and others of the old worlds have been built to stand forever." Leaving the New Yorker in a rage and Josh in a dead faint we leave them, hoping they may amicably settle their differences.

No foreigner of knowledge takes a steamer from their port regardless of the fact that it bears them across the ocean toward a decisive acquaintance with the greatest example ever known—that of audacious American modernism.

All of intelligence know the world in which they live, and know the worth of its nobility and grandeur, but we know nothing of the unknown worlds whose toilers are elaborating with their countless hands; irresistible as those of the old fates. We can see those terrible hands destroying, but we are ignorant of what they are creating. Why try to hide the fact. The best of us realize these two uncontrollable forces, Democracy and Science, which have toiled through centuries with ceaseless activity, and are transforming our world, our heritage and all that we love.

May it not be doubtful if these two geniuses are in accord? Does Democracy respect disinterested thought? Are letters of scientific speculation incapable of industrial application? On the other hand, may not implacable science prove at last to be the murderer of the human heart, by developing in the extreme the positive side of knowledge? Is it not destined to dry up the source of mysteries, where for ages the soul has quenched its thirst finding its vitality and source? Will the reign of science have a poetry? Will it have a better, brighter, more comprehensive and practical religion, which will teach the masters lessons of the brotherhood of man? Yes, a practical poetry and a practical religion, accompanied by new knowledge and the same old-fashioned, heart-felt emotions, deeper, tenderer and more enjoyable than we now know, because we are taking long, swift strides in progressive science, which is giving to the world true knowledge of the teachings and life lived by the Master when on earth.

In this, the new age of knowledge, we are not to be awed by the lessons of truth, so long as its tendency is not to remove us, but will bring us closer to His side.

Let us not suffer from intellectual homesickness, for science no longer stands tapping for admission which she has already gained, and certain it is, she gives to each a thirst for knowledge and creates a deep respect for all that constitutes the spiritual and moral treasure house of humanity. Is this not a strong and progressive sign of the invincible vitality of Christianity?

There were too many lessons to be learned from the great minds who figured in the many congresses and otherwise to tell them separately, and as a natural consequence this talk must seem broken.

Night was the magician of the Fair; by day the illusion was not complete. The outlines and masses, the groups and spaces, the vistas and perspectives, the lawns and lagoons were superb and inspiring; but the glare of sun bewildered and revealed too much, leaving a vague sense of desolation, which it would seem brooded over a tropical city in the desert. The monotonous multitudes which wandered to and fro, apparently without interest and enjoyment in the marvels by which they were surrounded, became oppressive, and the unspeakable debris of innumerable luncheons seemed incompatible with the temples and the porticoes of palaces. But the fair was made for man and not man for the fair. So these objectionable features, the luncheons, though a necessity, which contributed towards the comfort of the people, we cannot pass by the fact that they were the flaws in the gem or the rift in the lute.

All things coming within the limitations of earthly achievement forbid perfection.

When evening came and the shadows ascended from the feet of the golden Statue of Liberty up past the cap upon her spear, and the effigies of art, science, religion and others shown above the peristyle, then the reign of enchantment began. Discordant and inarticulate murmurs were then succeeded by silence, made audible by the

whisper of falling waters flowing down marble steps; just back of them, the barque of Progress, seated in it "Fair Columbia," while "Fame" stood in the prow with trumpet heralding their approach, while "Father Time" guided with steady hand the rudder. About the barque there arose out of the water mythological gods and goddesses. Darkness had become mysteriously luminous; distant domes grew translucent with interior flame, cornices, pediments and colonnades were traced in golden beads of fire, pallid pinnacles were etched upon the ebony sky, a long light leaped across the lake, and a wild cataract of brilliant colors from the electric fountains threw sprays ninety feet in air. Gliding noiselessly about the lagoon were electric launches and gondolas, freighted with people from every clime, making the scene gay with laughter and song.

The subtle pathos of this transitory beauty and splendor made an impression too deep to be expressed, for there had been conceived, created and loved an ideal which we knew must soon vanish like the insubstantial fabric of a vision.

It gleamed like a marvelous mirage, only to disappear and be seen no more. All this glory has vanished like the flowers, the rainbow or a radiant sunset, reminding us of Burns' epitaph on the "Snowflake in the River," "One moment white, then gone forever." But the memory of its magnificence is imperishable; it can never die. Those structures are as immortal as the Alhambra and others of like nature.

But the buildings of the White City were more fortunate than these, for they never knew decrepitude or decay. Art will retain their lineaments and proportions, and they will survive in the memories of millions who were charmed and elevated by contemplation of them. The wonder that these noble artistic conceptions were realized at all is increased in the fact that they were realized in Chicago.

All this would have seemed possible in ancient and opulent cities with traditions, superfluous wealth, hereditary culture, with galleries, museums and schools of art, but for the original suggestion to come from Chicago, it was received with derision and disdain by the competitors, who affected it was not meant as serious, while cynics sneered, scoffers jeered at their advertisement of a bid for notoriety, saying it partook of the nature of a frontier joke, and instead of being given hearty, generous, cordial and patriotic co-operation, by some there was manifested indifference, jealousy and malevolence. Even those who knew the wealth, courage and audacious energy of Chicago almost held their breath, for the time was short, and an enormous amount of money was required. The site selected was remote and repulsive, but the same undaunted spirit which had once lifted the city bodily out of the ashes of one of the most destructive conflagrations of modern times, proved equal to every emergency, only to surpass expectations and amaze the world.

She has firmly established her claim of ranking among the great capitals of the world. There were then men living who remembered when the great metropolis was the worthless suburb of a squalid hamlet upon the far frontier, and that Oliver Wendell Holmes had begun to charm the world with song, and Gladstone had commenced his extraordinary parliamentary career, before the name Chicago was written upon the map. It is futile to estimate or measure the lessons of the fair, but they will gradually unfold in the future condition of the nation's life.

The number who seriously studied and compared the exhibits were small, and but few were presented with the opportunity to subject it to a thorough analysis. By the majority of visitors it was not attempted, for its immensity was appalling. It was an embarrassment of riches which the spectator withdrew from in despair. But what was

lacking in the advantage of time was amply rewarded in pleasure; while, in general, the public were immensely benefited. To millions it was only a carnival, a spectacle, a pageant, which they enjoyed as they would a summer holiday, strolling through the halls, glancing casually at some striking object, then yielding to the invincible fascination of exterior attractions, wandered by the lake and lagoons, returning again and again to the entrancing Court of Honor, which fully satisfied the unspoken aspirations of the soul.

Others succumbed to the harmless seductions of the Midway Plaisance, which was full of human interest; for there was found the Congress of Beauty, where the lovely Fatima and other ladies of the harem, beautifully adorned, sat or reclined on silken cushions and couches. American beauties wore rich robes which came from Worth's. One looked upon any type of beauty or costume from every country. In other places were found the "bad men from Borneo," savages from the Cannibal Islands, Algerians, Bedouins, Turks, Indians, Laplanders, Japanese, etc., all representing the manners, customs and costumes of the different countries; but whether there in the palace of manufactures and liberal arts, or elsewhere, no observer could fail to perceive that the path of humanity had been upward from the beginning, and that every century had been an improvement upon the one preceding it, and that development and progress are the laws of the race as well as of nature, and that we live in the best age of history and upon the most favored portion of the globe.

God has smiled upon our nation from its beginning, and yet does not withdraw that smile or His loving kindness; but standing as we do on the summit of time, living in the last age of the fulfillment of prophecy, do we pay Him the reverential respect, and obey God's holy laws as laid down by Him? A deep discussion of this important subject cannot now be entered into; but is it not a terrible

thing to rush into the face of an Almighty God, making excuses as a nation for deliberate national sins, and may we not in fear look for the "handwriting" upon the wall?

From the fact that humanity has never receded from civilization and knowledge, but advanced, makes the sins of our time seem prominently wicked. Nations have decayed, governments have expired, races have become extinct, but man has moved, physically, intellectually and spiritually, onward and upward. Every person holds it within their own will to live on a high plane, and you who live upon the higher planes appreciate and understand these lessons which I very weakly have put forth to you, which is another grand lesson learned from the Fair.

There is infinite consolation in the thought of the progress of humanity, for the strongest faith often falters in the presence of ignorance, vice, poverty, misery and folly of modern society, and pessimism seems the only creed; but doubt was banished there, and we know that never before have the beneficent energies of education, religion and charity been so active and efficient as now. Never before had the means of education or knowledge been so nearly adequate to the desire to know, or the opportunities of happiness so nearly commensurate with a capacity to enjoy; nor could anyone fail to be impressed with this thought, that the race had advanced further and more rapidly in the last half century than in the previous fifty centuries, showing that this of the present epoch surpasses in interest and importance all former achievements of the human mind.

The application of steam to land and water transportation, which has revolutionized the commerce of the world; the telegraph and telephone which have annihilated time and space; the spectroscope, which has detected the secrets of the universe; the use of anaesthetics, which conquer pain and rob death of its terrors; agricultural machinery, which has subjugated the desert; truss, tubu-

lar and suspension bridges; the application of electricity for light, heat and power; photography, the phonograph, the typewriter and the sewing machine, are a few of the intellectual trophies of an era which extends no further back than the incorporating of Chicago and the coronation of Queen Victoria. These and many more, all which have been in the direction of enriching and enlarging the daily life of the masses, alleviating harsh conditions, and equalizing the injustice of destiny. The Fair taught us that the humblest artisan of to-day enjoys facilities for improvement, travel, health and happiness, that monarchs could not command when America was discovered. The example shown on Midway of a Philadelphian working-man's home contained conveniences and comforts, which were then absent from the palaces of kings. Necessarily I speak of much we already know; examples of free schools, and universities, which afford to the poor ample access to the storehouses of learning which once were the exclusive possessions of the rich.

In the Anthropological Building we were instructed in hygiene and the laws of health, which is taught in our schools, learning how to prolong life. We saw multitudes of scientific applications and laboratory devices which have diminished the hours of toil, leaving us more leisure for rest, study and recreation. The harvest no longer yields to the sickle, nor is the weary plowman necessitated to tread the furrow, but the jocund farmer drives through his fields plowing, planting, and reaping with appliances which are a saving of his time and strength. In all that makes life worth living, the intelligent American wage-worker of to-day lives longer in a single year than did Methuselah in all his slow and stagnant centuries.

Although the emancipation of the American woman is far from complete, we may partially assert it is practically so. The tendency from subordination to equality has been far from being rapid as we could wish for, but her exhibit

shown in Woman's Building marked a most triumphant consummation to her, who, for ages, was the plaything or slave of man. Thankful we are, that this applies to but few of them in this age. For she is, at least in the United States, his acknowledged equal in everything except political sovereignty, and this distinction will soon be obliterated.

In no way was the part taken by the women in the great Exposition a disappointment. It was a striking object lesson of the executive capability of woman, and as it was their first great opportunity, they showed, to the satisfaction of all, that they were possessed with self-restraint, and comprehensive generalization, proving surely that women and men should never be antagonistic rivals, but their interests and destinies should be mutual, and their example there leads us to believe that the "new" woman will remain gentle, refined, retaining her kindly qualities, as she manifests to the world her ability to carry out business or political matters. Then she, side by side with man, will help to accomplish all good, and permit no evil.

When you see a man sailing on like a great ship of state, seemingly alone in a reform for good, take a peep behind the great ship, and you will discover that a little tug of a woman is putting on steam, and with a generous choo! choo! is the main power that helps him into the right port at last. They are disabled and helpless creatures without us, and we know it.

I am not here to give a woman's rights lecture. I leave that to the gentlemen who are endowed by the Creator with a broad, far-reaching love towards all humanity. If you have pro'd and con'd it carefully, tell me, honestly, do the pro's not have it?

As you see, the Fair causes us to stroll into all sorts of subjects, until we are dazzled, electrified, and almost hysterical.

Many went to the Fair in a tame sort of way, especially

“Easterners” with New York glasses on, to see if it was a success. They returned glad that they had not missed it, and doubtless it comes back to them, as to many others, in the watches of the night, the magnificent proportions of grace and symmetry of Agricultural, Liberal Arts, Administration, etc. The dazzling fire-works, the golden door of Transportation, natives of the wilds, wearing some clothing, but mostly a smile. Then soaring on the pinions of a fascinated imagination, they poise on the wings of exalted retrospection, and try to interest the individuals who could not get away, but took a pleasure trip in another direction, and boasted they cared nothing about the Fair. Since then they have been told of its glories, until in sheer desperation some of them turn upon entertainers with remarks sounding somewhat like this, which certainly should dampen the most enthusiastic desire to add to their pleasure, as agonizingly they cry out, “I say, give us a rest. I did not go to the Fair, and I do not wish to hear your infernal ecstasies, nor your long-winded descriptions and everlasting prattle about gondolas, plaisances, electrical fountains, and general stuff. If you wish me to stay away from the Paris Exposition in 1900, just keep right on. I hate shows, anyway.”

The people who could not attend the Fair for financial reasons, yet had a real desire to go and learn, their hearts ache sadly, and ours with them in very sympathy. But their embarrassment cannot be compared or measured with those who, colloquially speaking, are kicking themselves, because they carried out their boast of not going to the Fair, because of their hatred of shows.

Yes, these people are sadder than the autumn leaves. In May they acted mulish and said people who went were “garden asses.” In June they sneered and instanced the discouraging gate receipts as proof of their superior wisdom. In July they sniffed and said just wait until August and cholera will break out. In September they coughed

meditatively, spoke of the crowds, and admitted had they known in time that this particular show was worth seeing, they might have made arrangements to have gone. In October they thought swear words in abundance, and were conscious that they had been very foolish, yet they were determined they would stick it out to the bitter end until, perhaps at the very last minute, they made up their minds to go, then found every section in the sleeping cars taken, and all hotel accommodations gone. Again they most wrongly did swear under their breaths, abusing the country, its institutions, the railway systems, the management of the World's Fair in particular, and everything in general; but everyone who performed in this irregular manner will be the first at the Paris Exposition in 1900, and will be the last to leave. Then look out for the sweet revenge they will take out on some unfortunate, who can go, but won't because they hate shows.

Too many there were who really could not get away, and those who could not afford to go, so they bravely stayed at home, and made the best of the picture-papers, and listened to the garrulous descriptions given by many, like myself. Shall we grieve for those who did not go, so that a tired sister, a public school teacher at a pitiable salary (and what abominable salaries are paid most of them), could go, or for those who remained at home, preferring to miss the enjoyment of the Fair for the sake of improvement which it would bring to the young brother or sister standing upon the threshold of life with a talent for art, mechanics, electric appliances, or perhaps with a taste for others than these, taken from hundreds of vocations which we must hurry by without making mention of. Such self-sacrificing ones do not need our sympathy, but they have it, and if we possessed a magician's wand so we could revive the Fair we would do so, that we might conduct through it the hundreds of thousands who did not see it, so that someone else might; since it is so easy to declare

what one would do if they could. Let us go a little farther and imagine ourselves into the bargain millionaires making the first use of our prosperity to have formed a philanthropic stock company, to have conveyed to Chicago "a la Windimere," all who were so poor, that they could not scrape together or borrow the means to have just one peep in the Art Palace, the Court of Honor, or a ride on the lagoons.

There are numerous mourners all over the country who have awakened to the consciousness, now that it is too late, that they could have afforded the expense after all. There were hosts who were wise enough to thrust their hands clean to the bottom of the family stocking, rather than stay at home. Let us not be hard on them, for it was a great temptation to gratify a desire, which it is not supposable that the like will ever be presented again.

There is such a thing in this world as being too economical, and drawn down saving-bank books, and empty stockings, left strewn along Midway, or lying in the bottom of the water-ways, gave splendid evidence of our national stock of good common sense, and freedom from niggardliness. Now, be truthful, have you not decidedly more sympathy for those who borrowed a hundred dollars to go and the following winter, perhaps the next, too, put off the purchase of a suit of clothes and overcoat, or a cloak, from the conscientious desire to blot out their indebtedness, than for the conservative folk who stayed at home and are a hundred dollars richer?

Is not the man or woman who is broad-minded enough to borrow once or twice in the course of a lifetime, for an object which accrues to their benefit, to your mind a truer patriot, than the hard-fisted soul who makes no distinction between the desire of his children to visit the World's Fair and a desire to possess a bow-wow. Many chose the cheapest form of extravagance, and feel cheap over it even now.

Another pitiable episode which was enacted probably many hundreds of times, was that perpetrated upon the young boy or girl whose parents, when asked if they were going, with a grave air shook their heads, saying, "Oh, no, it would not be worth while for any of us to attend it" (this refers to those who could have gone as well as not), but how like the beasts at Ephesus, would they have fought for an ocean passage to visit Paris, London, or Berlin, while alas! they remained away from the Fair, to hear the verdict forever refuted, that the exhibition at Chicago could not be a success, because it was American; and the outcome is that those who maintained it was necessary to go abroad in order to see anything that was artistic, or inspiring, have been silenced for all time.

How pessimists must have opened their eyes at seeing the Peristyles, and splendid groups on the Agricultural, and other buildings, the MacMonnie's Fountain, the Administration Dome, the graceful landscape gardening, the tasteful blending of land and water ways, and the poetic beauty of the whole magical "White City."

How surprised they must have been at the genius, the artistic sensibilities, the aspirations, and the greatness of their countrymen and countrywomen. But the majority of our nation's inhabitants, with true Americanism, went expecting perfection, for (nothing is impossible in America) upon their arrival they did not have to conquer shame-faced doubts, and they returned to resume the daily routine of their uneventful lives with food for thought, and prouder of their great nation than they had ever been.

Doubtless many have labored up to this time to atone for their glorious extravagance, but who will venture to forecast the fruits of their sojourn there, or predict the consequences to follow, from the impress made on the national intelligence, of all they learned there? Who can tell the grand effect, or the impetus given to fresh ideas, and of inspiration given to wistful minds.

With profound pity we again remember those who remained at home; they are our brothers and sisters who let slip by from force of circumstances, or by their own decision, one of the grand opportunities to learn and enjoy. Let us be tactful and not in our jubilant mood force upon them our jubilation because we happened to act wiser, or were more fortunate than they; for prattling pride and self-congratulation would not only be exquisite torture to them, but worse; but keeping within bounds they are glad to look at photographs, relics, to hear our adventures, even our descriptions, if they are not dogged into their very domestic privacy.

We believe it to be the aim of all to give pleasure and comfort in trying to set forth the Fair, by our individual power of language, but, after all, it is a lame attempt, and 'tis akin to one trying to play upon the violin with one string only, an air from one of the old masters. Those who attended the Fair have had their happiness from it, and its joy remains with them; and the least one can do is to respect the feelings of those who did not choose to go to Fairyland, but if they wish to hear it, let us tell it in a spirit of charitable helpfulness, without the least suspicion of a boast. Tell them of twilight across Wooded Island, of the flashing into vision of the White City by the lake, of its sudden extinction, being one of the most startling incidents which the American continent has ever witnessed; also the exquisite material it furnished for the myth-making fancy. What a noble legend the Greeks would have made of it, on beholding such a city, had they made it. The tremendous prodigality of the thing was to the imagination most imposing, and it gave to us a rare conception of our nation and the city of Chicago, which could afford such a dizzy array of millions on a mere fleeting show, however useful and instructive.

There was something captivating in the manner in which the principal promoters of the Fair attacked this

mammoth project. It was with a self-asserting, youthful bravado which scorned at petty calculations, as to profit or loss, but first and last, let us remember that it was Chicago's Fair, for she afforded us practically, at her own expense, a great and noble spectacle, which all are richer for having seen.

Never before was there crowded together such a wealth of achievements.

Writers have given such fine descriptions of the buildings, that I shrink from putting language to the strain of describing them, but their simple purity and grace comes before our vision and they are too lovely to be ignored. So grandly impressive, so richly beautiful, so appropriate and refined, that they have sunk so deeply into the mind as to remain a final and abiding memory.

The classic facades, roofs and porticos were in delicious harmony. Each edifice had its own individuality, yet all were subordinate to the grand ensemble. When young we had glorious visions, which in soberer years we dismissed as foolish and incapable of realization, but why was it when in the splendid Court of Honor gazing upon its monumental stateliness, the long majestic Peristyle, topped by the sculptured figures, reflected into the water, that we felt an incomprehensible affinity to something we had read, seen or dreamed of. Was it in a previous existence? But the Statue of the Republic, welcoming the nations, was distinctively new, and for that reason seemed a trifle out of tune with the dream.

An appeal to the imagination should not in the least disturb us, for plenty of illusion was furnished at night by electricity which transformed the perishable stuff into pure Parian marble, and a strange white light wove an enchantment over the scene, presenting it in ethereal beauty which seemed to belong to things not wholly of this earth, and gliding in and out over the quiet lagoons, an exquisite contentment possessed us, which was a feel-

ing akin to our young, happy days. We completely surrendered ourselves to the joyous moment, and delighted, accepted all it afforded.

In a delirious dream of joy, we drifted about in a world of glorious lights, gazing in awe at Liberty, who was a mass of gold from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet.

In the eastern arch of Administration, the statue of Columbus holding out the flag of Castile, seemed to quiver with life and in pride repeat, "This is my country, and I have returned to see it in grandeur undreamed of."

On the dome of Agriculture, Diana danced in the breeze like a thing of life. Enchanted we gazed upon her, and waited for an arrow to whiz over our heads from her bow, or the MacMonnie's Fountain, which flung into the air gorgeous columns of liquid fire, then colored spirals, glowing in intensest orange and green, then crept from the bottom, up over the tiny sprays, crimson, uniting in arches, then separating in a shower of silver, lastly forming into sheaves of golden wheat, which looked transparent as Venetian spun glass.

It is perhaps ungracious to criticize, except favorably, the foreign buildings, but from a classical point of view, they seemed a trifle barbaric. Why should they not, as some were patterned after early renaissance. So these were eminently satisfactory after all.

The Swedish Building was terribly fantastic and exhibited a vain chase after originality, but the German Building was a fine specimen of German renaissance. Turkey was intensely interesting, as were all the foreign buildings, especially India, built of rich foreign woods, finely carved. Among the State buildings none was more interesting, from a historic standpoint, than the Colonial Mansion of Massachusetts, with its quiet, simple architecture. Within and without was felt that air of old-fashioned gentility, charged with puritanical remin-

iscence, that called up the shades of her great men and women, soldiers, historians, writers, and poets; and thinking of the Winthrops, Standishes, and Endicotts, there came over us an agreeable sense of pride, as we remembered the age and dignity of American history, and we thrilled with veneration as we gazed upon the cradle ornamented with red flowers, made by the village undertaker, which had rocked three or more generations of the Adams'. It was indeed a precious and a priceless relic.

The Pennsylvania Building was of excellent refinement. Inaudible echoes of the American Revolution seemed to tremble in and about it, and the venerable old Liberty Bell, guarded day and night by two strong policemen, was a typical reminder, that vigilance is the price of liberty, and Dr. Johnson was wrong when he declared "Patriotism to be the last resort of the scoundrel."

This State of distinct individuality may justly point to her past with pride.

New York took a less conspicuous place in the Revolution; hers was a stately gilded palace, fitted out with furniture, centuries old, which had been brought from Italy. It was the general opinion, that the banquet hall was almost too grand to attempt to describe, and the richness and grandeur displayed here, as in every room in such fine taste, was made as evident as need be. Roswell P. Flowers' bust was on the outside of this building, so we took it for granted that he was the best type of intellect and statesmanship New York could place on exhibition, and the inevitable judgment was, that they must have been particularly proud of him.

The buildings of Washington, North and South Dakota, impressed the spectator most vividly with their methods and usage of agricultural machinery; very great was the exhibit of the resources of the boundless West. In fact, we know all States did well, and it was a matter of conjecture, especially regarding some States, which we had

better immigrate to. If we judged from the size of their ears of corn, huge pumpkins, squashes, potatoes, etc., it possibly would have been Iowa; for she, not content with her rare exhibition of truth-telling corn, which composed the only corn palace on the grounds, caused some ears to be made in wax, measuring several inches about, and over three feet in length. The kernels were made normal size, and a card informed us that was the kind of corn they expected to raise in the near future.

The Florida Building gave a commercial display, and bazaars were to be seen galore, where were advertised and sold her products. Small boys invested in young alligators, and heartless dandies and foolish women invested in chameleons.

The Missouri Building was a stately, beautiful home. The monastic Spanish type of the California Building immediately suggested the Convent of La RaBida, which in point of appropriateness, overtopped everything at the Fair. The Columbus relics, the primitive charts, maps, and paintings which illustrated the principal scenes in the life of the great navigator, brought us to a close realization of his mental equipment, and physical endurance. It seemed indeed the old Convent, and that every inch of its walls were cob-webbed and scrolled with murky legends of those far off centuries.

So often were we immersed in the past that we counted it no great feat to stride out of thousands of years ago, back into the present, perhaps to land in the Woman's or Children's Building, or find ourselves taking the Intramural Route, riding like mad, past Transportation, landing at the Forestry Building, and in a few moments be swallowed up in a deep cave composed of timbers and sheet-iron, where was found relics of the Cliff-dwellers. In some places it was dark, and upon running against a white be-whiskered Billy goat, which entangled itself in our feet, finally succeeding in laying us flat on Mother

Earth, expressions were then indulged in which must be kept dark also. The Billy goat was probably a genuine cliff-dwelling one, so was given free passage, and no doubt ages ago he rejoiced the souls and smoothed the rough paths of these anti-diluvians.

But what an annihilating sense of insignificance overwhelms us at the realization of this endless procession of races which had preceded us and may succeed us.

What an imperial destiny then is promised to mankind. Whata dizzy outlook into a future of infinite perfectability, physically, mentally, and spiritually. This is the stuff which sanguine, confident hope is made of. A happy trust is that of the evolution of humanity, to ever higher conditions and nobler happiness, to come from century to century. It is blinded, pigmy souls who refuse to see this. Upon inspection of the Cliff-dwellers' clothing and utensils we seemingly caught a glimpse of what pathetically bare and hunted lives they must have led, pursuing and pursued, blindly following the law of self-preservation, which drove them up sheer cliffs and into the heart of the mountains.

Appropriately near this place stood the Anthropological Building, crowded with valuable exhibits, that if a year were spent there it would scarcely suffice to exhaust its interest. Those ancient Peruvian cemeteries where, in ghastly groups, sat or reclined hideous mummies, swathed and unswathed, making blood-curdling faces at each other. Some were screwed up into an expression of heart-rending mirth and I yet sometimes see them in my dreams.

The Folk lore were intensely interesting, so 'tis a truth our prehistoric forefathers and mothers enjoyed games of cards and others which were very similar to ours of the present.

One had to be a specialist in machinery to enjoy Machinery Hall, it was too noisy and nerve-shattering; and but few would have any sympathy for the man who de-

clared that the Corliss engine was more poetic than all the poets. We need not stop to tell of the steam engine being the most revolutionary agency in the world; but a few years from now possibly it can be stated that electricity is a greater one than that of steam.

In the Electricity Building there was less noise, but its mystery made it more formidable. This wonder-working force done by a mysterious agency, which the best informed electricians cannot analyze to their, or our, satisfaction; but the outcome is sure to be something tremendous, and at present is incalculable.

Railroads and telegraphs have consolidated empires, and are as yet the main spokes in the wheel of our civilization, but who can foretell the grand future of electricity?

Three queer looking ships were moored in the lagoon near the Convent; they possessed ungainly prows and lofty poops with box-like sterns, which were there to remind us of the great Genoese navigator, in whose honor the great White City was reared.

In seeming protest another ship was moored near the battleship Illinois, a protest against the name and date of the World's Columbian Exposition. The rakish Viking Ship, with its grinning dragon-like face for a prow, was there to tell that nearly five centuries before the Spanish discovery, a crew of hardy Norsemen had braved the fog of Arctic seas, and had brought back to their northern home the knowledge of a land across the ocean, where vines and all kinds of trees grew.

It seemed that some fair Norwegian in whose veins flowed the blood of Lief Ericson should, too, have been the guest of our nation. Without doubt had Columbus sailed in the year 1000, instead of the year 1492, his effort might have been as barren of results as that of Ericson. No Spain could have then sent her soldiers forth to conquer, no chanting Dominicans would have followed in their wake, spreading Christianity, for before the actual dis-

covery of America was possible, Europe groped for centuries in mediaeval darkness.

Then burst into light the sixteenth century. A light made lurid by the blood of persecution; a light whose first rays were to guide the Genoese navigator to a new world. Great men and great deeds followed the centuries after Ericson's time, which hewed a path for Columbus and the Spaniards.

We hurry by to the reign of the Crusaders, which opened new markets to trade. The galleys of Genoa and Venice sailed to Palestine with supplies, and returned with oriental products. Then was created the wealth of Italian cities, while in the north the monarchs freed themselves from the encroachments of barons. Then was welded the scattered elements of feudalism into nations; and the great towns of Italy and Germany united in defensive leagues, threw off the bondage of robber lords, and created a commercial spirit which found its greatest triumph in the Columbian Exposition of 1893.

And so we might go on in history, for it comes in close connection with the Fair, but appalled at a hint of such a proposal, we gladly return to the glorious present, to take our farewell of the "White City," which was a beautiful pageant; and the memory of it will exercise an elevating influence, which will endure long beyond the present generation.

We mourn over the desolation at South Park where once stood a city in a blaze of glory, but there is comfort in the thought, we did not have to see a gradual dilapidation take place, for in the end that would have been as melancholy a spectacle as it now is.

If to-day we were privileged to wander once more through those spacious halls where lights have been extinguished and guests have departed, would we not wander through them mourning the loss of what we once loved

almost with feelings akin to those arising from the loss of one whom we loved?

So has vanished a darling joy, leaving in its wake deep and tender recollections, which, while life lasts, we'll cherish in the deepest recesses of our heart's affections.

Farewell mystic city
Of beauty so fair,
For one which is grander
And frees us from care.



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