

# FINE ARTS BUILDING, ST. LOUIS

The Louisiana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis in 1903 will be the first in the world's history in which hills enter into the composition of the main exposition "picture." The natural topography of the site prompted this radical departure. The main "picture" of the exposition (the great spectacle to be made by the big exhibit buildings, by water and by sculptures) is to be located entirely within Forest Park, the second largest public park in the United States. The use of half of this park, the unfinished portion, was granted to the exposition company by the city of St. Louis as an exposition site.

This part of the park is hilly. It contains a large level tract of about 400 acres, which formerly supplied space for golf links and a race track. From this level the ground rises on a slope of about 60 degrees to an average height of 60 feet. The main exhibit buildings, the big towers, the lagoons, basins, canals and statuary groups occupy the lower level. The art gallery and its by-buildings (the architectural chef d'oeuvre of the exposition, designed by Cass Gilbert), the United States government building, designed by J. Knox Taylor, are to be built on the elevated tract.

In the treatment of the intervening slope the commission of architects had scope for originality. The difference of elevation constituted the chief problem with which they had to contend. Hanging gardens and a series of magnificent cascades fill in this portion of the picture.

The main picture of the exposition is roughly in the shape of a gigantic fan, the ribs of which are the avenues of the exposition. At the apex of this radiant composition stands the art building on an eminence. Three great cascades that issue from the sides of three hills in the form of a crescent are to course down the hillside and to empty into a grand basin. The water effects, radiating from these three great cascades, offer a mile of continuous water circuit.

The main entrance to the exposition is to be on the side toward the city where the exposition site abuts the finished portion of the Forest Park. A monumental entrance of magnificent proportions and design, the work of Chief Architect Taylor, will be located here. The two exhibit buildings immediately within this grand portal

title as being out of keeping with the tenor of his "poor existence," and the pension because he was not in needy circumstances; but the fact of the offer and the generous language in which it was conveyed startled and subdued him. He wrote frankly to Disraeli: "Allow me to say the letter, both in purpose and expression, is worthy to be called magnanimous and noble; that it is without example in my own poor history, and I think it is unexampled, too, in the history of governing persons toward men of letters at the present or at any time; and that I will carefully preserve it as one of the things precious to memory and heart." Subsequently he wrote to his friend, the Countess of Derby: "Mr. Disraeli's letter is really what I called it—magnanimous and noble on his part. It reveals to me, after all the hard things I have said of him, a new and unexpected stratum of genial dignity and manliness of character which I had by no means given him credit for. It is as my penitent heart admonishes me, a kind of 'heaping coals of fire on my head,' and I do truly repent and promise to amend." One needs no better evidence of the real greatness of Carlyle than the promptness with which he recognized this magnanimity and the manliness with which he acknowledged it.—Youth's Companion.

## THEY ALWAYS DO IT WRONG.

**Not One Woman in a Thousand Knows How to Leave a Street Car.**

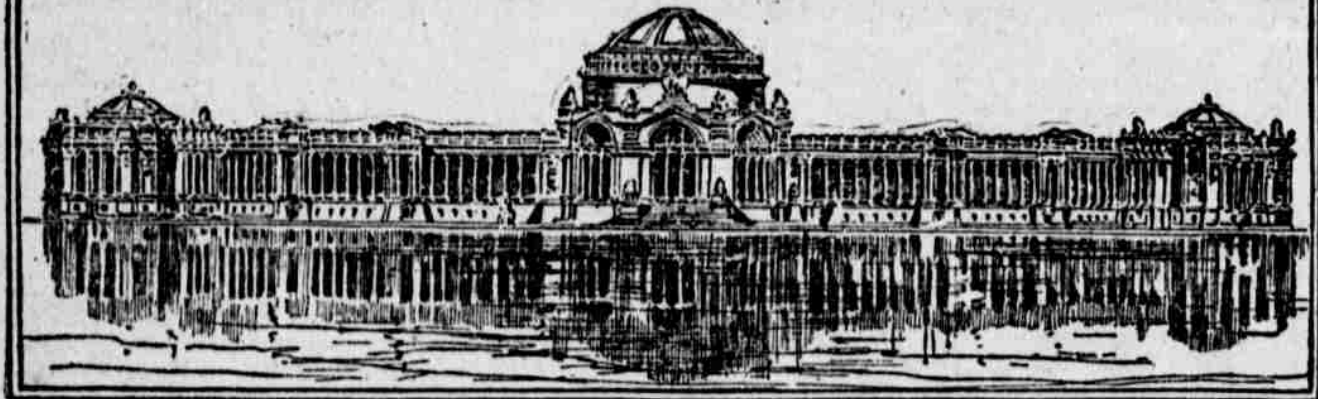
"Dern these women!" Thus ejaculated a Metropolitan street car conductor in the presence of a Washington Star reporter; as he gave the bell rope a vicious double pull to signal the motorman to go ahead. A reporter who knew him expressed surprise at his ungallant remark. "I didn't mean anything disrespectful," said the fare taker, wearily, "but sometimes I have to let loose. The women set me crazy the way they get off cars. Now, that one nearly got a fall by getting off backward, the way she did. If there had been the littlest bit of motion to this car when she stepped off with her face to the rear end she'd have gone kerthump down on the concrete. Not one in a thousand women," he continued, "ever alights from a street car right. Instead of taking hold of the handle bar on the upright toward the front of the car, she grabs the one back. If you don't believe it

than was usual with him for one play; the properties for "Patient Griselle" cost him the much more moderate sum of \$4 50, while among an inventory of properties belonging to the Admiral's men we find such entries as "Tasso's picture," "a tree of golden apple," and "three imperial crowns."—Gentlemen's Magazine.

## SPIDERS OF COLORADO.

**Big Ones That Flourish in the Middle Cottonwood Pass.**

Professor E. T. Laughton has returned to his home in New York after spending the winter in exploring the mountains near Buena Vista, Col., and investigating the habits of a species of monster spiders found in the middle Cottonwood Pass, says the Washington Star. Little definite is known of these spiders, but around them has been gathered a mass of Indian legend and prospectors' yarns that rival those of Munchausen. Many years ago these spiders lived in a cave easily reached by tourists. It was in a valley two miles northeast from Harvard City, then a thriving mining camp eight miles west of Buena Vista. In 1880, a man named Shultz cut his way into the spiders' den. He did not return, and a week later a searching party found his body partly buried in the spiders' cave under a mass of fallen rock. As it would have required considerable timbering at an expense of several hundred dollars to recover the body, and as the man had no known relatives, it was left undisturbed. Shultz's skeleton is still in the cave, but the spiders have found another home further back in the mountains. Some of the tales about these spiders are given in an old letter which has just been found in Buena Vista. It says: "A short distance out of Buena Vista there is a cave swarming with spiders of immense size, some of them having legs four inches in length and bodies as large as that of a canary bird. The cave was discovered in 1863 and was often visited by pioneers on their way to California, who obtained their webs for use in the place of thread. A number were captured and tamed, and manifested great affection for all members of the family. They were far superior to a cat in exterminating rats and mice, following their prey into the holes in the walls and ceilings. One spider, kept as a pet by a Buena Vista lady, used



PLAN OF THE ART BUILDING FOR THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION.

will be crowned by towers 400 feet high, which will form a part of the picture of the monumental entrance. The grandest residence street in St. Louis, Lindell boulevard, will lead directly to the monumental portal.

The main exposition picture covers over two-thirds of a square mile. The avenue in which lies the Grand Basin is 600 feet wide. The other avenues are 300 feet wide. From the main entrance to the apex of the radiant picture the distance is over three-fourths of a mile. The buildings are on the same heroic scale.

The art building is to be a fire-proof permanent structure, and for that reason cannot be as ornate as the show buildings of staff which form the rest of the main picture. To eliminate a discordant note which might enter in the juxtaposition of a subdued building with more ornate exhibit buildings, the summit of the hill whence the cascade torrents gush will be crowned by a magnificent colonnade, or peristyle which will close the main picture and exclude from the grand view the more subdued main art galleries. The colonnade will be terminated at either end by the pavilions of the building.

## CARLYLE AND DISRAELI.

The Former Made Ashamed by the Latter's Magnanimity.

Magnanimity superior to his own could shame even the dogmatic Carlyle. The man whose arrogance of opinion never permitted him to take anything back once had to confess that a Jew had disarmed his bigotry and changed his insulting prejudice into gratitude and respect. Disraeli, whom he had often reviled in speech and in spirit, had every reason to know how bitterly Carlyle despised him and his race; and after he had become the most powerful man in England he took his revenge. It was the vengeance inflicted by a great man who could forget his personal antipathies upon a great man who could not. Recognizing the commanding intellect of the surly philosopher and the luster it conferred upon his country, the prime minister offered him the knighthood of the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, and the "good fellowship" pension once accepted and enjoyed by Dr. Samuel Johnson and also by the poet Southey. Carlyle declined the

watch this push and see if I'm not telling you a true one." The reporter said he'd watch, and he did, not only on that car, but several others he rode on during the course of the day. He watched men and women alike. Out of sixty-seven women who alighted from a car he got up when their corner was reached and carefully selected the wrong handle bar to assist them in alighting. Out of 114 men none took other than the proper clutch contrivance. Seven of them, however, invited the foolkiller's attention. They jumped off while the car was speeding rapidly. Any Washingtonian can prove the truth of Conductor 9999's assertion by keeping eyes peeled when street car riding.

## THEATRICAL PROPERTIES.

Stage Contrivances Three Centuries Ago Like Those of Today.

In the induction to Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair" we find the "Stage Keeper" says, "Would not a fine pump upon the stage have done well for a property now?" while in the old play of "The Taming of a Shrew" one of the players who is to act before the

I'll speak for the properties, My Lord, we must Have a shoulder of mutton for a property.

Now, both these quotations show that "properties" three centuries ago consisted of much the same things as they do today. The mention of properties in the stage directions of old plays are frequent; a few instances must suffice. In Greene's "James IV," we are directed to have "a tomb conveniently placed upon the stage," while in the same author's "Alphonsus of Aragon" we read, "Exit Venus, or if you conveniently can, let a chair come down from the top of the stage and draw her up." This is interesting both for the fine consideration for the convenience of others which it implies and also because it shows that the use of mechanical appliances for introducing a deus ex machina were not unknown. In Henslowe's Diary we find an entry for a disbursement for a somewhat similar contrivance—"a pair of pulleys to hang Absalom." On this point, as on so many others, Henslowe provides us with a great deal of valuable information. In his Diary for September and October, 1598, we find that he expended £29 2s on properties for "Fiers of Winchester," a larger amount

to stay all night at the head of her bed acting as a sentinel."

## The Woman Would Speculate.

Among the stories told of the recent flurry in Wall street is this: An army officer stationed in the Philippines has been sending home his salary to his wife to save. She sought to add to it by taking a flyer in Wall street. She had invested every dollar of her husband's savings and in the recent panic all was swept away. She appealed to Henry Clews, with whose firm she had dealt: "If I show you the way to get your money back will you promise me that you will not speculate again?" asked the broker. "Indeed I will," tearfully assented the woman. "Well, here's your money; now keep off the market." Clews said afterward that he had not invested the money. A broker who listened to the story laughed. "Well, there's one on Clews. That woman brought the money right over to my office and asked me to buy Delaware and Hudson for \$1. I did so and she made \$5,400."—Utica Press.

## Governorship of New South Wales.

It is extremely probable that the Right Hon. Sir Joseph West Ridgway, P. C., K. C. B., at present governor of Ceylon, will be appointed first governor of New South Wales, under the imperial federation of the Australian commonwealth. Sir West possesses extensive knowledge of foreign and colonial administration, has been at Ceylon since 1895, and his term of office there is about to expire. He commenced a somewhat brilliant and eventful career in the Indian army in 1861, served in the Afghan war, 1878-80, has been under secretary to the government of India in the foreign department, was commissioner for the delimitation of the Afghan frontier, under secretary for Ireland, etc.

## A Fairy Cradle.

In South America the Brazilian peasant women often take their infants down to the water and use the leaves of the Victoria Regina water lily as cradles. The leaves are often a yard in diameter, circular, and with an inch high border which stands up like the rim of a tea tray.

Economy is the easy-chair of old age.—Franklin.

# The Diamond Bracelet

By MRS. HENRY WOOD,  
Author of East Lynne, Etc.

## CHAPTER V—(Continued.)

"I trust not, but I am very unhappy. Who could have done it? How could it have gone? I left the room when you did, but I only lingered on the stairs watching—if I may tell the truth—whether you go out safely, and then I returned to it. Yet, when Lady Sarah came up from dinner it was gone."

"And did no one else go into the room?" he repeated. "I met a lady at the door who asked for you; I sent her upstairs."

"She went in for a minute. It was my sister, Gerard."

"Oh, indeed, was that your sister? Then she counts as we do for nobody in this. It is strange. The bracelet was in the room when I left it—"

"You are sure of it?" interrupted Alice drawing a long breath of suspense.

"I am. When I reached the door I turned round to take a last look at you, and the diamonds of that particular bracelet gleamed at me from its place on the table."

"Oh, Gerard! Is this the truth?"

"It is the truth, on my sacred word of honor," he replied, looking at her agitated face and wondering at her words. "Why else should I say it? Good-by, Alice, I can't stay another moment, for here's somebody coming I don't care to meet."

He was off like a shot, but his words and manner, like her sister's, had conveyed their conviction of innocence to the mind of Alice. She stood still, looking after him in her dreamy wonderment, and was startled by the passers-by. Which of the two was the real delinquent? One of them must have been.

## CHAPTER VI.

A little man was striding about his library with impatient steps. He wore a faded dressing gown, handsome once, but remarkably shabby now, and he wrapped it closely around him though the heat of the weather was intense. But Colonel Hope, large as were his coffers, never spent upon himself a superfluous farthing, especially in the way of personal adornment; and Colonel Hope would not have felt too warm, cased in sheepskins, for he had spent the best part of his life in India, and was of a chilly nature.

The Colonel had that afternoon been made acquainted with an unpleasant transaction which had occurred in his house. The household termed it a mystery; he, a scandalous robbery; and he had written forthwith to the nearest chief police station, demanding that an officer might be dispatched back with the messenger to investigate it. So there he was, waiting for his return in impatient expectation, and occasionally halting before the window to look out on the busy London world.

The officer at length came and was introduced. The Colonel's wife, Lady Sarah, joined him then, and they proceeded to give him the outlines of the case. A valuable diamond bracelet, recently presented to Lady Sarah by her husband, had disappeared in a singular manner. Miss Seaton, the companion to Lady Sarah, had temporary charge of the jewel box, and had brought it down the previous evening, Thursday, this being Friday, to the back of the drawing room, and laid several pairs of bracelets out on the table ready for Lady Sarah, who was going to the opera, to choose which she would wear when she came up from dinner. Lady Sarah chose a pair, and put, herself, the rest back into the box, which Miss Seaton then locked and carried to its place upstairs. In the few minutes that the bracelets lay on the table the most valuable one, a diamond, disappeared from it.

"I did not want this to be officially investigated; at least, not so quickly," observed Lady Sarah to the officer. "The Colonel wrote for you quite against my wish."

"And so have let the thief get clear off, and put up with the loss!" cried the Colonel. "Very fine, my lady."

"You see," added her ladyship, explaining to the officer "Miss Seaton is a young lady of good family, not a common companion; a friend of mine, I may say. She is of feeble constitution, and this affair has so completely upset her that I fear she will be laid on a sick bed."

"It won't be my fault if she is," retorted the Colonel. "The loss of a diamond bracelet, worth two or three hundred guineas, is not to be hushed up. They are not to be bought every day, Lady Sarah!"

The officer was taken to the room whence the bracelet disappeared. It was a back drawing room, the folding doors between it and the front standing open, and the back window, a large one looking out upon some flat leads—as did all the row of houses. The officer seemed to take in the points of the double room at a glance; the door of communication, its two doors opening to the corridor outside and its windows. He looked at the latches of the two entrance doors, and he leaned from the front window, and he leaned from the one at the back. He next requested to see Miss Seaton, and Lady Sarah fetched her—a delicate girl with transparent skin and looking almost too weak to walk. She was in a visible tremor, and shook as she stood before the stranger.

He was a man of pleasant manners

and speech, and he hastened to assure her: "There's nothing to be afraid of, young lady," said he, with a broad smile. "I'm not an ogre; though I do believe some timid folks look upon us as such. Just please to compose yourself and tell me as much as you can recollect of this."

"I put the bracelets out here," began Alice Seaton, laying hold of the table underneath the window, not more to indicate it than to steady herself, for she was almost incapable of standing.

"The diamond bracelet, the one lost, I placed here," she added, touching the middle of the table at the back, "and the rest I laid out round, and before it."

"It was worth more than any of the others, I believe," interrupted the official.

"Much more," growled the Colonel.

"The officer nodded to himself, and Alice resumed:

"I left the bracelets and went and sat down at one of the front windows—"

"With the intervening doors open, I presume."

"Wide open, as they are now," said Alice, "and the other two doors shut. Lady Sarah came up from dinner almost directly, and then the bracelet was not there."

"Indeed! You are quite certain of that."

"I am quite certain," interposed Lady Sarah, "I looked for that bracelet, and, not seeing it, I supposed Miss Seaton had not laid it out. I put on the pair I wished to wear and placed the others in the box and saw Miss Seaton lock it."

"Then you did not miss the bracelet at that time?" questioned the officer.

"I did not miss it in one sense, because I did not know it had been put out," returned her ladyship. "I saw it was not there."

"But did you not miss it?" he asked.

"I only reached the table as Lady Sarah was closing the lid of the box," she answered. "Lady Frances Chenavix had detained me in the front room."

"My sister," explained Lady Sarah. "She is on a visit to me, and had come with me up from dinner."

"You say you went and sat in the front room," resumed the officer to Alice, in a quicker tone than he had used previously. "Will you show where?"

Alice did not stir; she only turned her head towards the front room, and pointed to a chair a little drawn away from the window.

"In that chair," she said. "It stood as it stands now."

The officer looked baffled.

"You must have had the back room full in view from thence; both the door and the window."

"Quite so," replied Alice. "If you will sit down in it, you will perceive that I had an uninterrupted view, and faced the doors of both rooms."

"I perceive so from here. And you saw no one enter?"

"No one did enter. It was impossible they could do so without my observing it. Had either of the doors been only quietly unatched, I must have seen."

"And yet the bracelet vanished!" interposed Colonel Hope. "They must have been confounded deep whoever did it; but thieves are said to possess slight of hand."

"They are clever enough for it, some of them," observed the officer.

"Rascally villains, I should like to know how they accomplished this."

"So should I," significantly returned the officer. "At present it appears to me incomprehensible."

There was a pause. The officer seemed to muse; and Alice, happening to look up, saw his eyes stealthily studying her face. It did not tend to reassure her.

Your servants are trustworthy; they have lived with you some time?" resumed the officer, not apparently attaching much importance to what the answer might be.

"Were they all escaped convicts, I don't see that it would throw light on this," retorted Colonel Hope. "If they came into the room to steal the bracelet, Miss Seaton must have seen them."

"From the time you put out the bracelets to that of the ladies coming up from dinner, how long was it?" inquired the officer of Alice.

"I scarcely know," panted she, for what with his close looks and his close questions, she was growing less able to answer. "I did not take particular notice of the lapse of time; I was not well yesterday evening."

"Was it half an hour?"

"Yes—I dare say—nearly so."

"Miss Seaton," he continued, in a brisk tone, "will you have any objections to take an oath before a magistrate—in private, you know—that no person whatever, except yourself, entered either of these rooms during that period?"

## CHAPTER VII.

Had she been requested to go before a magistrate and testify that she, herself, was the guilty person, it could scarcely have affected her more. Her cheeks grew white, her lips parted, and her eyes assumed a beseeching look of terror. Lady Hope hastily pushed a chair behind her, and drew her down upon it.

"Really, Alice, you are very foolish to allow yourself to be excited about nothing," she remonstrated; "you would have fallen on the floor in another minute. What harm is there in

taking an oath—and in a private room? You are not a Chartist, or a Mormon or whatever the people call themselves, who profess to object to oaths, on principle."

The officer's eyes were still keenly fixed on Alice Seaton's, and she covered visibly beneath his gaze.

"Will you assure me, on your sacred word, that no person did enter the room?" he repeated. In a low, firm tone, which somehow carried her to the terrible belief that he believed that she was trifling with him.

She looked at him, gasped, and looked again; and then she raised her handkerchief in her hand and wiped her damp and achy face.

"I think some one did come in," whispered the officer in her ear; "try and recollect." And Alice fell back in hysterics.

Lady Sarah led her from the room, herself speedily returning to it.

"You see how weak and nervous Miss Seaton is," was her remark to the officer, but glancing at her husband. "She has been an invalid for years, and is not strong like other people. I felt sure we should have a scene of some kind; that is why I wished the investigation not to be gone into hurriedly."

"Don't you think there are good grounds for an investigation, sir?" testily asked Colonel Hope of the officer.

"I must confess I do think so," was the reply.

"Of course, you hear, my lady. The difficulty is, how can we obtain the first clue to the mystery?"

"I do not suppose there will be an insurmountable difficulty," observed the officer. "I believe I have obtained one."

"You are a clever fellow, then," cried the Colonel, "if you have obtained it here. What is it?"

"Will Lady Sarah allow me to mention it—whatever it may be—without taking offense?" continued the officer, looking at her ladyship.

She bowed her head, wondering much.

"What's the good of standing upon ceremony?" peevishly put in Colonel Hope. "Her ladyship will be as glad as we shall be to get back her bracelet; more glad, one would think. A clue to the thief! Who can it have been?"

The detective smiled. When men are as high in the police force as he, they have learned to give every word its due significance. "I did not say a clue to the thief, Colonel; I said a clue to the mystery."

"Where's the difference?"

"Pardon me, it is indisputably perceptible. That the bracelet is gone, is a palpable fact; but by whose hands it went, is as yet a mystery."

"What do you suspect?"

"I suspect," returned the officer, lowering his voice, "that Miss Seaton knows how it went."

There was a silence of surprise; on Lady Sarah's part, of indignation.

"Is it possible that you suspect her?" uttered Colonel Hope.

"No," said the officer. "I do not suspect herself; she appears not to be a suspicious person in any way; but I believe she knows who the delinquent is, and that fear, or some other motive, keeps her silent. Is she on familiar terms with any of the servants?"

"But you cannot know what you are saying!" interrupted Lady Sarah. "Familiar with the servants! Miss Seaton is a gentlewoman, and has always moved in high society. Her family is little inferior to mine, and better—better than the Colonel's," concluded her ladyship, determined to speak out.

(To be continued.)

## WOMAN WHO RIDES HORSEBACK.

St. Louis for some time past has been greatly exercised regarding a fair equestrienne who has appeared daily on the fashionable drives around Lafayette park riding her steed bareback and astride. Her identity was known to few and the majority marveled greatly at her skill in managing her spirited steed and at her temerity in setting at defiance the accepted customs of her sex. With her blonde hair dressed pompadour, and her blue eyes flashing with exhilaration, clad in a clinging wrapper, wearing neither hat nor gloves, she goes forth daily for an equestrian stunt that astonishes the avenue. The identity of the fair horsewoman has finally become known to the public at large. She is Miss Jessie Goodpasture and belongs to an excellent family. She knows a good horse when she sees one, but she never refuses a ride on any animal that is offered, no matter how sorry a plug he may be. She prefers a horse with much spirit and plenty of speed, and she does not object at all to one that tries to throw her. "I have never been thrown," she says, "and I don't fear being thrown. I guess I can stay on any horse that comes along. I never rode a bucking broncho, though. I have heard of Miss Beasie Mulhall of Oklahoma and the way she rides horses and ropes cattle. Well, I suppose she is a pretty good rider, but I can ride a little myself. When Buffalo Bill was here two years ago I rode in his parade. I also rode in his show with the general turnout of riders. But I like riding astride better than on a side-saddle." Miss Jessie went from Springfield, Ill., to St. Louis eight years ago. She has never owned a horse, but depends upon acquaintances for her mounts. Whenever a boy rides past the alley in the rear of her home she craves the privilege of riding his horse. Then the neighbors witness a daring exhibition. "I don't know why I am so fond of riding," she said. "I guess I was just born that way. I'd rather ride than do anything else on earth. I just must ride."—Chicago Chronicle.

Christian science is said to be popular among art students in the Latin quarter of Paris.