

WORLD'S FAIR FAR BEYOND EXPECTATIONS

Verdict of a New York Writer Who Spent a Week at the Exposition at St. Louis in July.

The World's Fair at St. Louis is now in the midst of its splendid season. Colossal, complete, cosmopolitan, it commands the attention of the world as no other enterprise of the present year. From all nations there are pilgrims coming to this shrine, and from all our states and territories there is a constantly growing throng of visitors. United States Senators, Governors of States, men eminent in science, art and letters—all express unqualified admiration for the Exposition and free acquiescence in the oft-repeated statement that this is by far the greatest and best universal exposition ever held.

During July a well-known magazine and newspaper writer from New York, Mr. Addison Steele, spent a week at the World's Fair, inspecting the grounds, buildings and various attractions as thoroughly as was possible in that limited period. Returning home, Mr. Steele published in Brooklyn Life the following appreciative comments on the Exposition:

In the expressive language of the day, St. Louis "has the goods." I had expected much of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, for I had kept in touch with the making of it from its very inception, five years ago; but after nearly a week of journeying through this new wonderland I must confess that in every essential particular it is far beyond my expectations. The biggest and best it was meant to be and the biggest and best

ent parts do justice to their nobility of architecture and general grandeur. Then again in the ground plans and bird's-eye sketches—the only possible manner of showing it—the fan-shaped arrangement of this group looked stiff and unsatisfying. Far from that, it is quite as remarkable in its way as the famous Court of Honor of the Columbian Exposition. In one respect it is even more notable, for instead of two grand vistas it offers a dozen. The main vista is, of course, the one looking up the Plaza of St. Louis—whose crowning feature is the great Louisiana Purchase Monument—and across the Grand Basin to the Cascade Gardens. On the right are the Varied Industries and Electricity buildings and on the left Manufacturers and Education, these—with Transportation and Machinery still further to the right and Liberal Arts and Mines beyond at the left—making up the body of the fan. For its handle the fan has the Cascade Gardens—rising in a grand terrace to a height of sixty-five feet above the floor level of the buildings mentioned and crowned by the great Festival Hall, the Terrace of States and the East and West Pavilions—and the Fine Arts building directly behind.

The Pike has in the Tyrolean Alps the finest concession that I have ever seen. There is a great square with many quaint buildings, a little village street, and above the snow-clad mountains—which look very real as the

infinite variety, and as a rule the full money's worth is given. The enormous Jerusalem and Boer War concessions are not on the Pike.

It is a case of dine at the German Pavilion and die at the exposition. In a beautiful Moderne Kunst building adjoining Das Deutsche Haus the best food and the highest prices on the grounds are to be found, the table d'hôte lunch and dinner costing two and three dollars, respectively. There is also a la carte service. Everything considered, the prices are not excessive, and at least one meal should be taken there for the experience. Another should be taken at the Tyrolean Alps, either outdoors or in the gorgeous dining-room in the mountain-side. The best French restaurant is at Paris, on the Pike. Lower in prices and in every way admirable are the two restaurants conducted by Mrs. Rorer in the pavilions of Cascade Gardens. The east one has waitresses and no beer and the west one waiters and beer. For a bit of lunch Germany, France and England all offer delicious pastry in the Agricultural building. These are not free ads, but time-saving tips for the traveler. There are no end of restaurants to fit all purses on the grounds. I tried nine of them and nowhere found the prices more than they ought to be. As a matter of fact, for neither food nor lodging no one need pay any more at St. Louis than he feels that he can

Boys and Girls

Wild Flowers.
Scarcely known by name, they dot the ground.
With motley colors, starry forms.
In them the sunset skies are found.
That follow after storms;
And blurs of crimson, blue and gold.
Their graceful chaques unfold.
While 'mid the dead leaves pile and pent
Humbly they live and die content.
Huge oaks above them lift their heads
And drop the acorn, shed the leaf;
The harvest field far round them sheds
Plenty in many a sheaf.
And they, half fragrant, brighten earth,
Low in the shadows where there's death.
Of pain or pleasure, love or life,
Far from the world's mad, ceaseless strife.
They speak no message, act no part.
They have no works to show;
Deep hidden bore they touch no heart.
And do not ask to know:
Yet if one meet the eye of man
It all unfolds the master plan—
The power that painted this fair bloom.
For man can have no futile doom.
—Charles W. Stevenson, in New York Observer.

Secret of a Water Light.
If you were to announce some evening that you could stick a lighted candle into a glass of water until it was submerged almost up to the wick, and that the candle would not



The Candle in the Glass.

go out, but would burn down to the very end of its wick instead, wouldn't everybody laugh at you?
Get a candle; drive a very small nail into the bottom end. The candle should be about three inches long. Fill a glass with water; light the candle and stick it into the glass. The candle floats and the nail weighs down the end, which results in the candle floating perpendicularly, as shown in the illustration.
But what is to prevent it from burning down to the surface of the water and going out?
That is the secret of the trick, and not one person in a hundred would think of the true cause, which is very simple and natural.

The candle loses its weight as it burns; the remaining portion, growing lighter, keeps rising to the top, pulling the nail up with it; the water maintains the same distance from the wick it had in the beginning of the experiment, and the candle burns merrily away until it reaches the end of its wick when there will still be enough tallow left to support the nail—if it is small enough—and then it is your turn to laugh.

The City of Silence.
Ancient Greece, hundreds of years ago, was divided into several independent states. One of these was Sparta and the men of Sparta were wonderfully strong and brave, and so warlike that all the neighboring cities and states were much in fear of these fierce men, who fought for the love of fighting.
Now, about twenty miles south of Sparta there was another city, called Amyclae, which was still free, although constantly in dread of being captured by its northern neighbors. There were constant reports that the Spartans were coming, and the people were in such an excitement every time these false reports were spread that at last the leading Amyclaeans passed a law forbidding any one to mention Sparta by name on pain of death.

But at last the Spartans did come, and although some of the Amyclaeans heard of their approach, they were afraid to give warning to their friends, for fear of the punishment threatened.
So the Spartans attacked the city, which was, of course, not in a state of defense, and it was taken and the people made captives to their enemies.
That was a time when strict obedience to a law caused dire results, was it not?

Tiny Man Whose Pluck Won.
Everybody cannot be big and strong and handsome, or even smart, but almost anybody can try to get ahead in some way, even if he is homely and freckled and awkward. Once there was a little bit of a dried-up boy who lived down southeast somewhere, in Georgia, I think, and everybody but his mother said he never would be of any account. His folks were very poor, and so he had not been too sickly and too little to earn anything out at work he might never have got a chance to go to school. But he went to school and kept getting older, though his head was about all of him that got any larger. Finally he finished school and graduated from college and the day he was 21 he said to his mother: "I'm a man now and I

must look after you." And she said: "Yes, Alexander, you are a man at last," but he only weighed ninety pounds, after all.
Pretty soon that little dried-up, sickly man said he wanted to go to congress, where nearly all the great men of the country used to go, sooner or later, in those days. "Why, sonny," said one of Alexander's friends, "how can you all go to congress? You ain't much bigger nor a jackdaw!"
"Why don't you send Kane Freeman's big hog if you want size? He weighs 400 pounds!" said the little dried-up man.

Then everybody laughed. Then they stopped to think. And ever after that Alexander kept people laughing or thinking. He went to congress and became the greatest man in his state. He served in congress years and years, and was governor of Georgia when he died. His full name was Alexander H. Stephens, and he was a wonderful orator.
Don't give up because you are little or ugly or dull or weak, because you never can tell—you never can tell what will happen when you do your best.

Novel Fishermen.
The boys who live near a body of water containing perch, bullheads or catfish can make large catches by means of simple devices.
An old jug, well stoppered, makes an excellent assistant. After emptying the jug, and corking it securely, take it to the place where you want to fish, and, making a line fast, bait your hook and carefully lower the jug in the water.
A tempting worm on a hook below a jug is liable to result in a bite, and then the jug commences to bob about in an amazing manner. If the fish is large it may tow the jug around the water for awhile, but a heavy jug will soon tire out even a big fish, and then you can haul in the captive.
If jugs are not obtainable, large bottles are effective, although they do not offer the resistance the heavy jug does, and, unless dark-colored, are hard to see on the water.

Which Eye is Stronger?
Here is a little test for your eyes that will soon show you which of them is the stronger. Place an object about two inches in diameter on a level with your eyes and move back from it about ten feet. Then point to it and take sight along the top of your pointing finger until the object and the tip of your finger are exactly in a line with the eye from which you are sighting. Next open the other eye and see if the object seems to have moved from the straight line. If it has not moved to one side, apparently, the eye with which you first looked is the stronger, as the addition of the other's vision does not change the focus. If the object seems to have moved it proves that the other eye is the stronger, the difference being measured by the distance that the object appears to have moved.
Try sighting with both eyes open first. Then look with first one eye and then the other and see how far out of line each makes the object appear. The one that is farthest out of line is the weaker eye.

Trick With a Tumbler.
Cut an orange into halves and from one half remove the pulp, leaving the peel entire in the form of a hollow hemisphere or cup. With a penknife or a toothpick bore two holes in the bottom of this cup and put it into a tumbler, forcing it down about half way.
The tumbler should be a little smaller than the orange used, so that you will have to squeeze the peel-cup a little in order to get it in.
Then it will press firmly against the glass and stay where you put it instead of dropping to the bottom. Put the cup in right side up, that is, with the yellow peel below, and pour red wine into it. The wine will run

firmly into the hole in the deck, and your boat is almost complete.
Now comes the novel feature of your boat. Get one of these toy balloons which are so often sold by street vendors. You can get a five-cent one at any toy store. Fasten a light cord about four feet long to the balloon, and tie the other end of the cord to the screw-eye in the bow of your boat and you are ready to launch her.
The balloon will fly at the end of the cord, high above your boat, which will skim over the water like a swallow. As soon as the wind changes the balloon will yank around the bow of the boat, and she will head on a new tack. Then the square sail will fill and she will be away at a surprising speed.

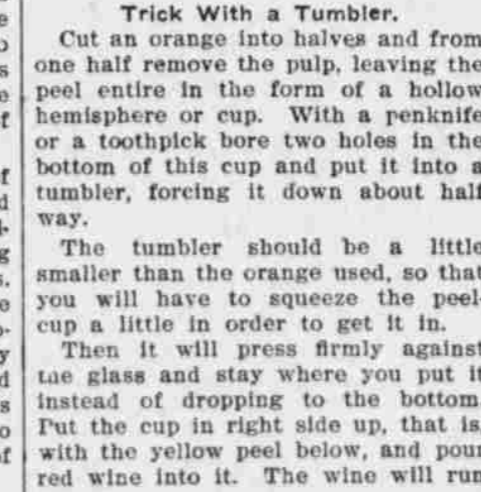


Diagram of Boat's Construction.

through the holes, and you must keep on pouring until the level of the wine in the glass just touches the bottom of the cup. Now fill the rest of the glass above the orange cup with water, and await results.
Soon you will see a thin red jet of wine rising like a fountain through the water from one of the holes. At the same time, though you cannot see it so well, a colorless stream of water flows downward through the other hole.
The two liquids do not mix much, but merely exchange places, so that in a few minutes the lower part of the glass, below the cup, will contain



Position of the Orange.

the water, and the upper part will be filled with wine.
This is as it should be, because water is heavier than wine and naturally goes to the bottom. The curious thing is that the wine and water do not mix, but each selects one hole for itself. It is like the trick with the candle burning in a lamp chimney with a partition at the top, so that cold fresh air goes down on one side, while the hot air and smoke escape on the other.
Oil may be substituted for the wine, or you may fill the bottom of the glass with water, and then pour in milk or some thin-colored syrup.

Story of the Wood Told.
A boy was sitting near the stove watching the fire burn. All at once he fancied that he heard a voice speak to him and he thought it was a piece of wood. The wood said: "Once upon a time I was a seed that had fallen off a tree. I lay on the ground for a week. Then some clouds spread over the sky and it began to snow. The snow covered me and I lay on the ground all winter in the warm snow. When spring came I began to grow. I grew until I was fifteen years old. One day a woodcutter came along and cut me down. He put me into a wagon and rode down to the woodyard. I lay in the woodyard about a month and then your father came and carried me to your house." This was all the piece of wood said.—Ed. Simonson.

The Surgeon's Patient.
It happened that a bulldog saw its master's broken arm often dressed by a surgeon. One day the same surgeon was surprised by a pawing and scratching at his door. When the door was opened he beheld two dogs—his friend's bulldog and another. The latter held up one of its forelegs to the surgeon, who saw that it was broken. He set the broken limb in splints and in due course the bones reunited and the leg became whole. On another occasion this very same surgeon was summoned to his door by the persistent yelping of a dog standing on three legs. The doctor examined the fourth limb and found a pin sticking in it, which prevented the animal from using it without great pain. The pin was extracted and the dog went away in ease.

Incombustible Celluloid.
Incombustible celluloid is a French invention.



LOUISIANA PURCHASE MONUMENT AND PALACE OF VARIED INDUSTRIES.

it is. The exposition, rumors notwithstanding, is quite finished.
One of the greatest, and certainly one of the most agreeable, of my many surprises was the extreme beauty of the main group of buildings. For the simple reason that the camera does not exist which could take in the vast picture as the eye sees it, the early views of the group—a bit here and a bit there—gave a scant idea of the scheme as a whole. Nor did the early views of the ten individual buildings which make up its compon-

HAS FAD FOR PHOTOGRAPHS.

Thousands of Negatives Made For Millionaire August Belmont.
Among rich Americans perhaps none is so fond of being photographed as August Belmont, James R. Keene being a close second. One New York photographer, whose patrons are mostly wealthy men, has made thousands of negatives for Mr. Belmont in the last few years. One of the largest single orders for prints from old negatives ever received by this photographer came from Mr. Belmont himself soon after the death of his wife. It included a good print from every negative in which Mrs. Belmont appeared. The photographer never guessed how many photographs he had taken for Belmont till then; he found that they numbered nearly a thousand.

Why Birds Live Long.

Why do birds live so much longer than mammals, which are often a hundred times their size? Possibly, among other things, because they have beaks instead of teeth. All carnivorous beasts become weak and liable to starvation, as their teeth drop out or break. Neither are the herbivorous animals in much better case. Old horses would probably die of starvation if wild, for their teeth would fall them; indeed, in some stony countries old horses have to be killed because their teeth are worn away by cropping grass close to the rock. Rodents constantly die from injuries to teeth. But a bird's beak neither wears out nor drops off, and as it constantly swallows fresh grit to aid in grinding food in the gizzard that needs no repairing either.

How the Waiter Lost a Tip.

At one of the Kansas City hotels where the colored waiters give especially good service, but always expect adequate remuneration for the same from the guests, a waiter was especially officious the other day in serving a man from whom he expected a liberal tip. When the meal had been served and he was standing off at one side, eagerly looking for an opportunity to be of service, he said to the guest:
"Didn't you have a brothah heah last week, sah?"
"No," said the one addressed, "I believe not."
"Well," continued the waiter, "teh was a gem'man heah at mah table what looked ve'y much like you, and he was so well pleased with the service that he gave me 50 cents when he left."
The guest had by this time finished his meal, and as he arose he said to the expectant servitor:
"Come to think of it, Sam, that was my brother that was here, and I guess he paid you for the whole family. He may be back again in a week or two."
—Kansas City Journal.

Church and School for Indians.

Mother Katherine Drexel of Philadelphia, founder and head of the Order of the Blessed Sacrament, composed of nuns who devote their lives to the uplifting of the Indian and negro, has offered \$500,000 of her own private fortune with which to build a church and school for the Indians of the Winnebago, Neb., reservation. The only condition is that the Indians consent, and this Father Schell of Homer, Neb., has obtained.

SET THEM ON EACH OTHER.

Belligerent Callers Fooled by Quick Witted Newspaper Man.
Representative Brownlow of Tennessee tells that once he was running a country paper during campaign times and was printing "fighting" language every week. One day, just after the paper was out, a big man, armed with a club, walked into the sanctum and fiercely inquired if the editor was in. The frightened Brownlow had wit enough to answer that he was not, but that he would go out and hunt him up. He started for the street and at the foot of the stairs met another irate fellow, who asked: "Will I find the editor of this dirty sheet upstairs?" "Yes," said Brownlow, "he's up there at his desk just itching for a fight." The second man went up and Brownlow disappeared. Which whipped the other is not related—and Brownlow didn't go back during the day to find out.

Ancient Phases Corrupted.

Ancient Picts in England were called by the Celtic word "pehta" or fighters. This was Latinized into Picti. So, too, Barbary of the ancient maps is a monument to the miscalling of the Herber tribe by the Greek word signifying "barbarian." Even the legend of the victory of Guy of Warwick over the dun cow is assailed by ruthless etymologists, who insist upon its derivation from his conquest over the "Dena gau," or Danish settlement, at the champion's gates. The Celtic words "alt maen" are responsible for many "old man" crags upon sea coasts and among mountains. They mean, however "high rock."