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Beautiful Sights Which May Be Seen from Various Points of Vantage at the Great World's Columbian Exposition—View from the Colonnade Looking North—A Fascinating Show.

WORLD'S FAIR, June 9.—[Special].—One of the charming features of the exposition is the large number of vistas which it contains—spots from which one may look forth and behold views which entrance the senses and delight the eye. Wherever one goes about the 700 acres of the fair grounds such scenes are constantly unfolding themselves. Many times in a day the visitor is tempted to pause and drink in the beauty of some spectacle which had hitherto escaped his observation. This is one of the tests of architectural and landscape art. No designer could be expected to plan vistas as a primary idea. That would be mere scene-painting and unworthy the higher art. But in such a combination as this exposition, where all effort is on such a large scale and there is such dependency of one feature upon another for excellence of effect, a work that did not present charming vistas would lack complete success. They are inevitable incidents where there is true beauty in the massing.

The wealth of such views presented here is but another proof of the commanding genius which designed this work. Perhaps it may seem to you, dear reader, that it is rather late in the day for me to enlarge upon the outdoor glories of the fair. The architectural and landscape features were the first things here to be described in the public press and in the illustrated magazines and weeklies. But let me tell you that until this month of June, this month of freshness and flowers, no one had ever seen the Columbian exposition at its best. For the first time in its career it is full-blown and ripe.

Now it has not only the beauty which verdure and sunshine alone can give it, but the additional charm of masses of people constantly moving to and fro on both land and water. It is now an animate landscape. The figures are in the picture, and, grand and impressive as it was before the people came, there is contagion in the presence of a host of admirers, infection in the enthusiasm of the multitude. It is no wonder to me that half the friends I meet here tell me they put in their first two or three days outside the buildings, roaming through the park, riding over the placid waters of the lagoon, realizing, or at least endeavoring to do so, the unprecedented grandeur of the whole.

"The greatest thing in the fair is the buildings which contain it," is an expression which I have so often heard during the past six weeks that it has become trite. That is the way in which people are impressed. The majority of them are discouraged the first time they enter one of the palaces for a look at some of the exhibits. This disappointment is not in the interior show considered as a whole, but in its magnitude and in the oppressive realization which overcomes one at this moment that he can never hope to see it all. There is so much of it—it is spread over such a vast area—one can never go through it section by section, aisle by aisle, exhibit by exhibit, article by article. The utter hopelessness of this task repels at first. So it is that nine visitors out of ten remain but a short time in the building which they may first have entered. They come back into the open, the sunlight and the fragrance, and feast their eyes upon the ensemble. Here is something which they are able to see, and see quickly, for it is a panorama of white and green spread before their eyes.

Fascinating as the outward show is at a single glance, one must travel about for many a day before the full glory of the picture is impressed upon him. Indeed, the beauty of the scene, like the magnitude of the buildings, is some-



A GLIMPSE OF THE ART GALLERY. thing which "grows upon" every visitor. This is to say, day after day your admiration and your enthusiasm increase through familiarity instead of diminishing. The first thing you know you are in love with this spectacle, and like the true lover you see new lines of beauty in your sweetheart every time you meet her. Suppose some fine, fresh morning you get a glimpse of her head through a blooming rose bush in the garden. You may have seen the head a thousand times before, but this vista seems to endow the white brow, or the golden hair, or the profile with a charm which you had never before discerned.

You will never thoroughly appreciate the exposition scene until you have had some such glimpses of it, till you have feasted your eye upon its vistas. Stand at the Colonnade, for instance, for a moment. That is at the southern end of the grand canal. The Colonnade is of itself a beautiful structure. It is purely classical, and looks as if it might have been transplanted from Athens or Venice. Sometimes it is called "The Screen." Do you know why? Well, the scene to the north is Venetian, in its architecture, its statuary and in the movement of the gondolas over the surface of the canal. To the south are the live stock sheds and the exercising amphitheater. It would not do to mix the Venetian scene and the horse barns, because there are no horses in Venice. Hence the "Screen."

Stand at the Colonnade and look to the north. The vista is unapproachable. It follows a line of water, broken in half a dozen places by bridges which curve over the channel with the true line of beauty.

Underneath them the boats and gondolas are flitting, and over them streams of happy people are constantly passing. Fast they along are the green trees and the flowers of the wooded island. In the extreme distance is the great light of the Illinois building and the more beautiful dome of the Art palace. The foreground of this picture is misty, for there the fountains spray the air. Around the corner of vast Machinery hall come the swelling strains of music. The sight-line from this spot is encased by walls of ivory, four of the greatest and noblest buildings in the world—Machinery, Agriculture, Electricity, and Manufactures—ranging themselves either side the view.

There are many such vistas here, and one never tires of them. Another is that to be seen looking south from the rustic bridge which crosses the lagoon at the northern end of Horticultural hall. At the right is a long stretch of water leading down to the richly-tinted Transportation



SCENE FROM THE INTERIOR OF THE MINING BUILDING.

building, the only exposition structure which is not ivory white. At first glance visitors do not like the coloring of this building. It seems garish and inconsistent with the surroundings. But like anything else here it worms itself into your affections. In a day or two your prejudice against it is overcome. A day or two more and you are enthusiastically over it, for it adds a bit of warmth and color to the scene which only emphasizes the whiteness and the purity of the neighboring structures.

But this is not the vista to be seen from the bridge to which I desired to call your attention. Under your feet is one of the gondola stations, and a number of the craft are at rest there, the gondoliers basking in the sun and smoking pipes or cigarettes in the most unromantic of postures. Just beyond lies the leafy expanse of Wooded Island—the wooded island which impresses me as much as anything else in the exposition with the genius of man and the power of money. Only a year or so ago I saw this island when it was nothing but a mass of black mud thrown up by the big steam dredges. There were no trees upon it, no verdure or flowers. No one seeing it then could have foreseen what it is now, no matter how much he strained his imagination. Now it is a little paradise. You smell the fragrance of the flowers, and watch the water fowl and birds at their sports. Through the branches you dimly perceive the logs of the hunter's cabin, and over them your eye beholds the glorious dome of the Administration building. Your view of it is framed by the splendid facades of Electricity and Mines. It is a scene which thousands of visitors pause on the rustic bridge to behold.

Go down to the peristyle and stand where two of the great columns of that magnificent structure will frame you a picture looking to the west. The Golden Republic has her back to you, and you will note the perfection of her massive drapery. Though of stupendous size, she has all the grace of one of the marble Madonnas in the Palace of Fine Arts. She is looking in the same direction you are at the Administration building, which is a thing of beauty, a creation that completely satisfies and rests the eye and the soul from whatever point it may be viewed. Your picture comprehends but a part of the basin, with its moving spectacle, and perhaps but a glimpse of the plaza at the right or left, along which thousands of people are sitting or walking, with the colossal horses or bulls at the water's edge to enable your eye in part at least to realize the vastness of the scene.

There is a vista which not many people note, though it is sublime. Go to the Indian school in the southern end of the grounds. Stand on the piazza there, and look to the north. The sight-line carries you past variety and magnificence into a perfect lover of architecture and landscape charms in the far background. At the left the eastern end of Agriculture, surely one of the most beautiful buildings man ever made. At the right a glimpse from the middle ages, the ancient Convent of Laltabida. Near it the classical Casino. Between the two, and a little farther, the Golden Republic with craft circling about her feet. Then a long stretch of grandeur, the lake front of the giant structure, vast in expanse and altitude, but symmetrical as a babe. In the distance the vision is lost amid a bank of domes, towers, minarets, and trees—the circular annex of Fisheries, the varied elevations of the foreign buildings, and, finally, bits of the Art palace and the many state buildings which lie beyond.

You will see these and hundreds more entrancing vistas when you come to the fair. And having seen them and delighted your senses with them, you will not only pardon the enthusiasm of one who has been here a long time only to have his admiration constantly increased, but will thank him for directing your attention to these perspectives of perfection.

ROBERT GLAVES.

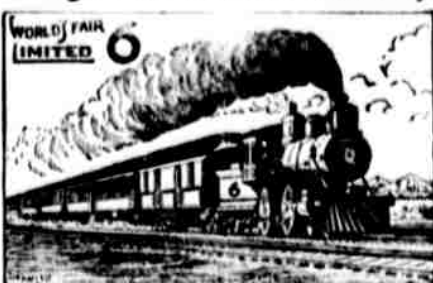
OF Interest to Women. The exhibits of Spain and Belgium in the Woman's building are very fine, the Spanish being the more elaborate and attracting the most attention from its location in the center of the south pavilion, from the exceeding beauty of the crown and gold booth and the varied nature of the exhibits. There are some magnificent gold embroideries, and fine laces in every design and for every use. There are artyn manikins in native costume, and carved woodwork in rich and rare devices, one beautiful vine-covered cross being perhaps the finest. Not only has old Spain sent of her costliest and best to lay as tribute at Columbia's feet, but new Spain has joined her, many beautiful specimens of needlework done in Havana being in the collection. Belgium's exhibit consists principally of paintings and the rare lace for which Brussels has always been noted and which are priceless.

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