

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 day. From all directions there are pilgrims coming to this shrine, from all 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's 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 it 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. There again in the ground plans and bird's-eye sketches—the only possible arrangement of showing it—the ran-shaped arrangement of his 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 fair. For its handle the fair has the Cascade Gardens—rising in a grand terrace to a height of six hundred feet above the floor 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 dime at the German Pavilion and die at the exposition. In a beautiful Mo. rne 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. Körner in the pavilion of the Cascade Gardens. In each case, one has waiters 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

afford, and yet be well fed and housed.

On the Pike the food is excellent, and the cooking, snake and other dances by the Southwestern Indians make it another of the Pike shows which should be taken in by all. In Seville there is an amusing marionette theater and some genuine Spanish dancing. For the rest the Pike offers

nothing but the usual.

ADDISON STEELE.



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 compo-

nition. The best scenic rail-road yet devised affords several fine glimpses of the Alps and there is a very graphic exposition of the Oberammergau passion play in the little church. The Cliff Dwellers' concession also looks very realistic at nightfall. It is elaborate in arrangement and the courting, snake and other dances by the Southwestern Indians make it another of the Pike shows which should be taken in by all. In Seville there is an amusing marionette theater and some genuine Spanish dancing. For the rest the Pike offers

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HAD FAD FOR PHOTOGRAPHS.

Thousands of Negatives Made For Millions at 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 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 birds become weak and habitually reservation 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 fail 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 grain in the gizzard that needs no repairing either.

MODEST PHILADELPHIA POLICEMAN.

Philadelphia policemen are easily shocked. One of them arrested a hardened young lady, for laying claim to raising her skirts too high, while crossing a muddy street on a rainy day. It isn't often that cops feel called upon to determine questions of ethics. The justice who heard the case discharged the prisoner. Pennsylvania has no statute defining the exact lines of feminine propriety in matters of this kind.

LAWSYERS IN PUBLIC LIFE.

The membership of house of representatives has 236 lawyers out of a total of 357. The house of commons, on the other hand, has only 129 lawyers in a total of 676, while the French chamber shows an attendance of 129 lawyers in a total of 584.

WORK ON GARIBOLDI STATUE.

There are prospects of finishing the Garibaldi statue in Rome. It was begun in 1884 and may be unveiled in 1911 if all goes well. The sculptor Gallori has been commissioned to complete the work.

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 hid 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 rite fellow, who asked:

"Didn't you have a brothel back last week, sir?"

"No," said the one addressed, "I believe not."

"Well," continued the waiter, "thee was a gem man at mah table what looked ve'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 \$50,000 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.

ACTOR'S OPINION OF MANAGERS.

Wilton Lackaye, the actor, told a friend some time ago that he had engaged to make a dramatization of Hugo's "Les Misérables." The friend congratulated him, but doubted whether any New York manager would produce the piece. "Please it," sneered Lackaye. "Why, my boy, I doubt if any New York manager could pronounce it."

SMART WOMAN BECOMES CITIZEN.

Miss Millie Holmes, English, has, after twelve years' residence, taken out naturalization papers in order to be eligible for a position at the Philadelphia mint. Few women apply for naturalization, but it is noted that Miss Holmes showed a rare knowledge of the constitution and passed the examination with high credit.

Few of Fremont Guard Left.

At last accounts the Brooklyn man engaged in rounding up the John C. Fremont old guard of 1856 had succeeded in getting three responses. He wants them for campaign purposes. If there are more of them alive it isn't to be wondered at that they are reluctant to make the fact known.

FAVORITE FRENCH NATIONAL CHURCH.

According to the Paris Presse M. Combes, the French premier, desires that the French Catholics should break off from the Roman church and form a French national church, with a pope of its own.

Romance in a "Graft"

The best grafts in the world are built up on copy-book maxims and psalms and proverbs and Esau's fables. They seem to kind of hit off human nature. Our peaceful little swindles was constructed on the old saying: "The whole push loves a lover."

One evening Buck and Miss Malloy drives up like blazes in a buggy to a farmer's door. She is pale but affectionate, clinging to his arm—always clinging to his arm. Any one can see she is a peach and of the cling variety. They claim they are eloping to be married on account of cruel parents. They ask where they can find a preacher. Farmer says: "B'gum, there ain't any and neither Rev. Abijah nor Rev. Wm. Green are near." Farmer's wife is over on Candy Creek.

"B'gum," says farmer, "if that ain't a preacher now!"

It transpires that I am Rev. Abijah.

Green, traveling over to Little Bethel schoolhouse for to preach next Sunday.

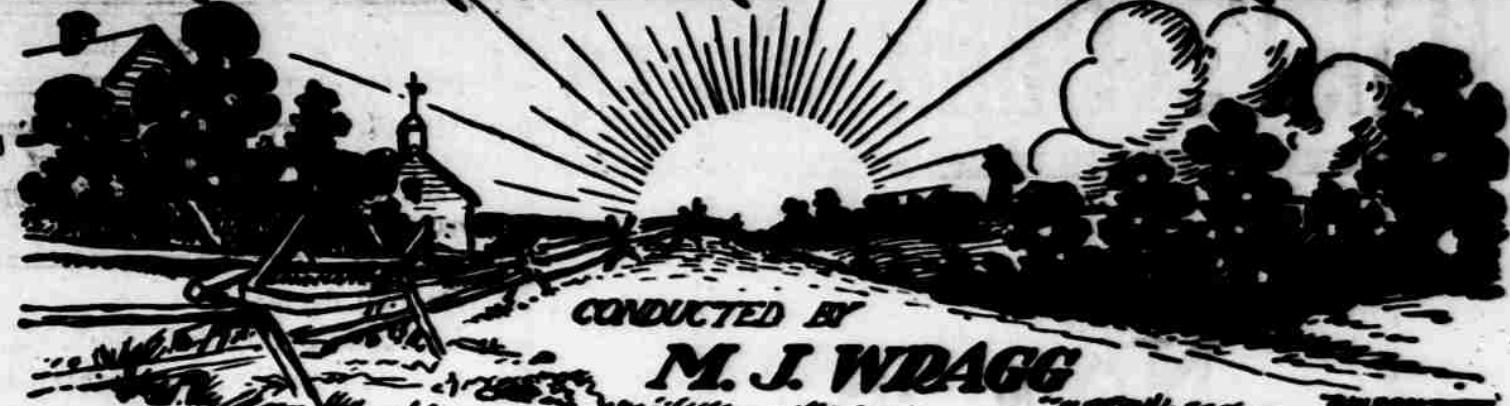
The young folks will have it they must be married, for pa is pursuing them with the plow mules and the buckboard. So Rev. Green, after hollering, marries 'em in farmer's parlor. And farmer grins, and has in the cider, and says "B'gum;" and farmer snaffles a bit and puts the bride on the shoulder. And Parleyoo Pickens, the wrong reverend, writes out a marriage certificate, and farmer and farmwife sign it as witnesses. And the two parties get in their vehicles and ride away. Oh, that was an idyllic graft! True love and the loving kind are the backbone of the red barns. It certainly had all other importunate I know about bat to a batter.

I suppose I happened along in time to marry Buck and Miss Maloney at about twenty farmhouses. I hated to think how the romance was going to fade later on when all them marriage certificates turned up in banks where we'd discounted 'em, and the farmers I certainly had all other importunate I know about bat to a batter.

It transpires that I am Rev. Abijah.

McClure's Magazine.

FARM ORCHARD AND GARDEN



CONDUCTED BY
M. J. WDAGG

STICK TO ONE BREED.

Almost any breed is better than a mixture. Suppose we should start out to get the good qualities of all breeds. We buy a few Poland China sows, as everybody seems to keep them. We hear the Berkshires are good mothers and they are English, you know, so we get a Berk hog; we save our pigs and read that the Chester Whites never die with cholera or anything else unless Armour gets hold of them. We must have this admirable quality in our herd, so we must have a Chester White hog.

Next year a Jersey Red will be fat and finally bear a fine breed just patented that seems to be just what we want. Now what do we have for all our years of labor? A hog for the good qualities of all these breeds? I think not but the commercial trade means and "commercial" of them all. We may be able to peddle pigs among our neighbors to scare off tramps with, but can scarcely expect to live long enough to get them fat enough for market.

HON. JAMES WILSON, secretary of agriculture, says old methods are worn out and must be displaced by modern methods. The farmer of to-day is the scientific agriculturist of tomorrow. People, he said, might call these new-fangled ideas if they wanted to, but they were substantiated by facts. The farmer must learn to make his ground the best the most. This knowledge he would never gain unless he familiarized himself with the science of the soil.

POULTRY NOTES.

Keep the hen house clean. This is the place of all the dirt. You have read this hundreds of times, but are you doing it?

More fowls should be kept on our farms. They pay, and pay well. Keep an account with them one year and see if they do not.

Much may be accomplished in improving the flock by picking out the best year after year and breeding from them. A good many farmers follow the opposite course. They pick out the best fowls and put them on the market. These we have concluded that either corn or sorghum preferable to penicillaria. It may have a mission away South, but it is not probable that it will ever become popular in the North.

BOTANICAL NAMES.

We are often asked the reason for using lengthy botanical names, which tax both tongue and memory, when we have short, familiar titles that convey the same meaning. This criticism sounds quite reasonable, yet, when we study the matter, we find that the familiar title does not always convey the same meaning, and that the universal language of science is the only one absolutely certain. We recollect hearing two of our friends debating over wild honeysuckles.

"Such a lovely pink," said one. "Why, they're red and yellow," said the other. Further questions showed that the upholder of pink honeysuckles referred to the native Azalea nudiflora, known in some sections as pinxter flower, while her opponent used by red and yellow honeysuckles the wild columbine, Aquilegia Canadensis. Neither of these plants has any right to the name of honeysuckle, which belongs to the Lonicera in its various forms, yet local nomenclature has bestowed it upon both. We need not go to the other extreme and name for a peck of Solanum. Tuberosum when we need potatoes, but we may just as well acknowledge that these are consequently grown with more or less success, according to the adaptation of the respective soils.

The farther north we get, the more roots are grown for stock; carrots for horses; turnips and mangels for cows and sheep. One extensive farmer said he fed a great many mangels to his fifty horses and knew it was better for them than all grain and very much cheaper. Mr. Delaney, in the institute work in North Dakota, recommends carrots for horses very highly, and says if one does not grow them it will pay to buy them, to mix with the other feed once or twice a week.

"Ump, calls me a bloomin' incompetent, dooh, sir?" I'll have known I worked the lights for his father when he played old Gaspar in 'The Chimes of Normandy' and he never made no bones of saying so; in fact, I called the light man a blooming incompetent.

It is little to do, but the blessing that goes with the gift you send.

Home? Can a wretched basement be worthy of such a name?

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