

we wish to express in some blundering way our admiration. The art department certainly never opened with such prospects before. Miss Parker seems to have brought back something from the great school of modern French painters, which most artists who study in Paris do not.

JAKY AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

He went with a rush. Somewhat like a fourth of July sky-rocket. A swish without impetus, a scoot through space, a report, and golden eagles flying helter-skelter through the air. Jakey had been going to go to the World's Fair for two years running; that was the swish. He went; that was the scoot. He got "broke;" that was the report. And he didn't whine because his paternal sire wouldn't purchase him a bow *wow wow* after he came back either.

But Jakey was unlucky in one particular. He had no relatives in the city that is operated by the wind and lightning, not a single person whom he could rely upon to furnish him a temporary home. Not a single loving heart breathed out that warmth of affection which all Chicago great-aunts and sixteenth cousins are required to show towards any relations who may come in from the highways. So all the poor fellow could do was to take his carpet sack in one hand and his independence in the other and tumble off at Englewood which was only a five minutes' ride to the Fair grounds and any way from one to twelve miles from where he didn't know whether he wanted to stop or not.

He soon found out that he was five minutes ride and ten minutes walk and one hour's inquiring from where he didn't care if he ever got at all. But of course he arrived. His was a lucky star, and as he owed the plaster paris hotel five dollars yet, he was unable to miss the place and lose himself.

There are hotels and there are furnished rooms and then there are confiding friends who get unwary way-farers to go to neither. Jakey went to neither. And law, didn't he have a large, warm time in getting to neither.

Emerson's rule of compensation works out at the World's Fair if it ever does. One has a time with a high altitude and pays for it by a corresponding depression of energy and funds. He walks all day and sees the world's congress of beauties and goes to sleep on a mattress that in a finely printed folder was once hair with springs below; but alas, owing to the evils of a democratic government, is no softer than pounded sand. There is naught in art's bravuras that can work with such a sell and can reach the soul's dark, deep fountains where the imprecations dwell as that melody of nature that constitutes the groan of a tired World's Fair visitor who throws himself for the first time upon the conventional ex-hair mattress. But our friend went expecting such little difficulties. All the preparation in the world, however, could not prevent him from dreaming of Morpheus blowing up a pneumatic mattress which looked so comfortable and so awfully nice because so unattainable.

Jakey went for education, however. His mind had to be broadened by contact with things elevating and instructive, so he determined to be in Chicago on the fourth of July. What would 283,000 people do with themselves if they were assembled in a crowd and deprived of the bliss of making idiots of themselves? One or two fools are tiresome company; thousands are interesting. From six to nine o'clock on the evening of July 4, 1893, there were gathered on the lake front at Jackson Park a large number of this class. The beach is paved with rough stone blocks; on the edges of these blocks the multitude sat and yelled and scored any poor mortal who desired to stand and stretch his weary shanks. That was education. A few whizzes and a number of bangs followed. These were pyrotechnics, and they didn't get home till daylight. What would a person feel like if he were in an immense crowd and felt supremely happy and thought he was not abused and ill treated? Half the joy of life comes through being able to be miserable on occasion, and in company.

After another interview with the interior