

of a model hostelry, and an elucidation of the monetary mystery hidden in *a la carte* and *table d'hote*, this country jake went to the art galleries. There he surely found education. Art! O sublime art, consisting partly of what one person was so rude as to call "deaders and bathroom ladies." He thought of standing up for the effete upon hearing this, but decided to let the effete stand in its own shoes, whenever the artist had been kind enough to provide such apparel. In his walk, he always stopped before the pictures that covered large spaces and looked ordinary, for he was well enough versed in art lore to know that these were the ones to be admired and remembered. Especially acute was his observation of the gems that had rugs spread beneath them. It is so nice of the Exposition management to inform Americans so subtly where the exquisite hangs. It enables them to go home and talk advisedly and intelligently of what they are ignorant about.

Jakey remained in the art palace just as long as his horror of the Wellington Catering company's awful aggregation of Irish beauties held the supremacy in his mind. Then he gradually weakened, and no sort of art but the art of cookery had the least particle of charm for him. There were some cute Dutch girls, but they sold chocolate only, and man cannot satiate exposition hunger by chocolate alone, even if it is served by the sweetest girls in the dearest little cups.

There was no use in talking, he just had to get into the Plaisance. He lodged just outside it, across the street, and his ears had been regaled for two nights by the cowbell-like strains from the Javanese orchestra. So he went, drawn into the whirlpool of students of the queer, on his third day. That night he was a poorer but a wiser man. The place where Princess Eulalia consumed her cheese and beer was quite interesting, as also was the place where ladies from the Orient caelesthenicked. He was forcibly reminded that the minister to Dahomey in Hoyt's "Texas Steer" would not have been much out of place in the Dahomey village.

In the Moorish palace man's many-sided character was made apparent. It is modern progressiveness indeed to make one person equal two hundred. But the noise, the blowing of one toned ear-splitters, the seeming enjoyment of the ugly mugged proteges of the Geary law as they succeeded in smoking an opium soaked cigarette at the same time that they made the most infernal din that was being dinned anywhere in the vicinity, struck the visitor with admiration.

If anything can be produced more abject than a Columbian Chinese tom-tom beater, it must be the tom-tom beater's father.

It takes a long time to go through the Plaisance, and a still longer time to get a person to confess that he has been through it in its entirety. Our friend was too modest to say he saw all, but to judge from his reticence one would conclude he had been through with a vengeance. In his account book, Plaisance day is a blank with a solitary total. This may explain something.

That part of one which walks, gets mighty tired at the fair, and that part of one which eats, gets very little exercise unless it has a stand-in with that part of one which audits the accounts. That part of one which sleeps gets the most exercise, because it tackles one when he is down. It is 9:59 on the morning after Plaisance day. Jakey still sleeps. Don't rouse him. He might have a large radiated iron mechanism among his choicest thoughts.

Many students whose classes occur at unfortunate hours are suffering from total abstinence from dinner. We would suggest that in the line of her official duties Miss Kate Wilder be sent about from class to class with a cruise of oil and a little ground meal and other light refreshments to keep the students alive during dinner hour. We would suggest that an assistant be procured for Miss Wilder, as it will certainly require a great deal of "physical training" to make up for the loss of dinner.