

JACKSON PARK JOTTINGS.

The Tide of Events Transpiring at the World's Fair.

Chicago's Royal Guests—Celebrities Visiting the Great Exposition—A Strange Mingle of Nations—New Features.

Special Chicago Correspondence.

The world's fair city has for the last few weeks had somewhat of a surfeit of royalty. The city was thrown into a tumult by the arrival of Duke de Veragua and his suite, and laid itself out to entertain the titled descendant of Columbus in truly royal fashion. For a week or ten days there were grand receptions, public and private, and ceremonial visits to the fair grounds, and altogether a perfectly delightful season was enjoyed by those of the upper tenement who were privileged to participate in the festivities. Then Infanta Eulalia burst upon our social horizon in all her regal splendor and society had another round of hobnobbing with royalty. The elite of the city reveled for a brief season in the smiles of their titled guests and fairly jostled one another in their efforts to get nearest to the fair princess. But it is all over and we are compelled to fall back upon the lesser lights from abroad, who were for the time thrown in the shade by the brighter luminaries of more exalted station.

The duke and princess having taken their departure from our city, we can give our eyes a moment's rest and then look about us upon the plainer but more satisfying celebrities of our own country. Within a few days past among the visitors at the White City were noted ex-President Harrison, Vice President Stevenson, Senator David B. Hill and a number of other prominent figures in political and business circles, and they all pronounced our great exhibition a veritable city of wonders. It is said that Mr. Harrison remarked in private that he would sooner visit the fair than go duck shooting. Knowing the ex-president's great love for his favorite pas-

furnishing some rare surprises by the magnificence of their displays. The Russians among others are distinguishing themselves in their section in the Manufactures and Liberal Arts building, their arrival all but completing the grand central avenue in that Leviathan of buildings. Germany, France and many other nations have been in place for some time and are dividing among them the wonder and admiration of the visiting hosts each day.

A great many people come to visit the fair who expect to do the who's thing up in a few days, or a week at most. These invariably go away unsatisfied



SEEING THE FAIR UNDER DIFFICULTIES. or conclude that their business elsewhere is not so pressing as they at first thought it was. After spending a whole day in one corner of one of the vast buildings they begin to realize the magnitude of their task and resolve to forego a minute inspection of the exhibits, unless they can arrange for a lengthy stay, and bestir themselves to get over as much ground as possible, contenting themselves with only a cursory glance at objects of superior interest while on the wing.

There is one portion of the fair, however, that sticks them. That is Midway Plaisance. In spite of all their

GOING TO THE FAIR.

With a pocket full of money
And a gripsack full of clothes,
And with a kodak loaded
For most anything that shows,
And with enthusiasm
That is way beyond compare,
I'm going to Chicago
To be "in it" at the fair.

I'll gaze on greater wonders
Than were ever dreamt before,
The world in past and present
I am going to explore,
And all its rarest treasures
Will appear before my eyes,
Which were, I wish as many
As are given to the flies.

Among the strangest people
In their native streets I'll go—
"More" words from darkest Africa
And from Equinox;
Like in the ancient fairy tales
I'll visit every land
"From Greenland's icy mountains
To India's coral strand."

I'll gain so much of knowledge
That forever I will be
A bright encyclopedic
In high society;
And folks will crowd around me
When there's silver in my hair
To listen to the story
Of Chicago and her fair.

What care I for the trouble
Or discomfort or expense
When fifty million dollars' worth
I'll see for fifty cents;
To miss that biggest thing on earth
Would be a lasting crime—
I am going to Chicago
If it takes my bottom dime.

The railroad trains are crowded
And the ocean ships are crammed
The highways are with carriages
And bicycles all jammed;
The lakes, canals and rivers
Haven't any room to spare—
For all the world is going
To Chicago and her fair.

At least a million pocketbooks
Brimmed full of ready cash,
Two million Sarasota trunks
For baggage men to smash,
And countless bulging gripsacks
Packed with the greatest care,
Are going to Chicago
To boom along the fair.

Hoo-ray, then, for Columbus!
Three tigers for his fair!
I'm going to Chicago
If I must use Shank's mare;
I'll find my eye-sore wonders,
With a howdah on my brain,
And proud I'll tell the story
When I am home again.
—H. C. Dodge, in Goodall's Sun.

THE GUARD IS WORSTED.

Mr. Trotter Asks a Question and is Brought Up Sharp.

"Can this be love?"

Tenderly gazing down into the limpid eyes of Agatha Swoggles, whose fluffy bang rose and fell regularly on her throbbing temples, Vernon Trotter asked himself this question while he took a clandestine hitch at his suspenders.

About the couple lay the strange villages of the Midway Plaisance, shimmering in the moonlight. Low songs of night birds came to their ears in dreamy cadences, mellowed by distance and the warm night wind which greatly stirred the leaves above their heads. Happy in sweet soul communion, Agatha and Vernon gave no thought to their environments nor to the depressing fact that the morrow would bring toil, wheat cakes and bad Sixty-third street coffee. A long-drawn sigh was the only answer from the girl to the murmured query of her idol.

Words could not express the sweet restfulness which overflowed her heart as she trustingly burrowed her little head into his shirt front. No word escaped her lips and for some moments the youth gazed at her with eyes in which the love lights shone, straining his ears to catch a sound. But his ears stood the strain and returned to their normal position, for the girl spoke not.

An awful fear beset the heart of Vernon, causing him to start and gasp, while he clasped still closer to him the beloved burden within his arms. Could it be, he thought, that he had been mistaken? No, that could not be, for he was a Columbian guard. Why, then, this silence which echoed across the Plaisance and died away into the summer night? Again the youth leaned down close to her face—so close that her face-powder made delicate tracery upon his ear. Gazing into her eyes, he said again: "Can this be love?"

At this the young girl started. A gleam shot into her eyes, lighting up the darkness for eleven feet around, and she said: "Well, it seems to that if I had been monkeying around as long as you have I'd know whether it was or not, without asking any foolish questions."—Chicago News.

GO INTO THE GALLERIES.

People Who Do Not Climb the Stairs Miss Many Fine Exhibits.

Up to the present time it has appeared as if there was some danger that in the immensity of space that the sightseer has to cover at the fair, the galleries of the big buildings would be neglected. Since the crowds have begun to arrive and the attendance has run up to the hundred thousand mark, people have found out that there is much to be seen above ground, and have climbed the stairs in search of new marvels with as much energy as they have displayed in going from one building to another.

Still exhibitors in the galleries are inclined to complain that the masses pass them by, and ask for better means of transportation from the floors to the galleries. They suggest signs pointing out the way and stating what can be found above. The chief of the transportation department has promised his exhibitors more elevators and the additional attraction of a band on wet afternoons.

These people who hurry through a building without diverging from the main avenue on the floor make a great mistake. In the assignment of space it was impossible to place all the best exhibits in the most prominent parts of the buildings, and in most of the exhibit halls as much can be seen by taking a side aisle or walking through the gallery, as in the crush of visitors on the main avenue. Especially is this true in the Transportation building, where the whole of the bicycle exhibit is installed in the gallery, and a vast number of models of engineering works, and curious examples of boats and carriages can be found.

ON THE INTRAMUEAL.

time, we may believe that he thinks the fair is well worth seeing.

Having recovered from the thorough dampening received during the recent heavy rains, the fair is now resplendently ablaze with the variegated costumes of all nations. Each day brings crowds of people from all parts of the world to view the wonders about which they have heard and read so much. The White City is now in truth the Mecca of all nations, and here we may behold each day a wonderful mingling of strange races.

There are now but few drawbacks to the complete success of the fair, and these will, it is believed, be done away with in due season to permit of a full

In this connection it might be well to impart a little advice, which is contained in the words of an honest old lady from the back districts, who, when her filial spouse was departing for a day at the fair said: "Now, Hiram, you'd better leave what money you don't need with me." As the story has it Hiram left the bulk of his cash with "mother" and he was sorry for it when he struck Midway Plaisance.

A Pardonable Offense.

When Columbian guards do wrong they have to write a full explanation of their wrong doing on a formidable paper bearing printed questions that are designed to extort the truth from the erring Columbian. When one of them sat down while on duty one dreary night recently he was discovered in his heinous offense and was duly given the printed blank and ordered to tell his shame in ink. The questions to be answered read:

"What was the nature of the offense?"

The guard wrote:

"Settin' down."

"What was the cause?"

"Tired," wrote the culprit.

"Have you any explanation to offer?" said the merciless blank.

"Hevvy body, small feat," was the triumphant answer.

"Naive and to the point, to say the least of it."

The Assyrian Call to Dinner.

The Javanese people at the world's fair call the whole Javanese village to dinner by beating a tin fish with a big mallet. But the Assyrians have a queerer way than this. It does not look so odd, but it sounds funnier.

When it is time for the Assyrian dinner, and we shall hear some day what a queer dinner it is, the cook's assistant takes a long pipe which looks something like a flute and blows upon it. The pipe has several different sounds or notes which are the most mournful of any that you can imagine, and they are also what we would call sadly out of tune. The trumpeter blows as hard as he can upon the pipe, making all the different notes as quickly as he can, and then winding up on one long, sad one. It sounds very dull to call people to dinner to such mournful music.

Those of the foreign countries whose exhibits have been delayed by accidents at sea are now on the ground and are

beginning to show their wares.

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