

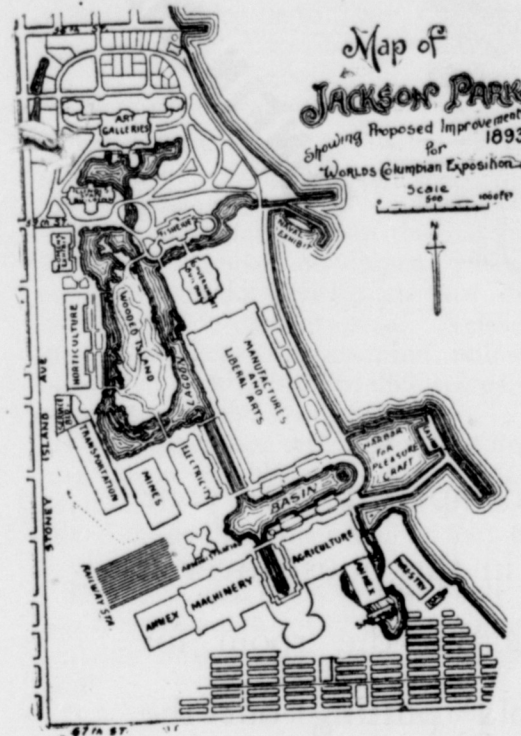
ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1891.

## HOW THEY LOOK TODAY

### THE UNFINISHED COLUMBIAN PALACES IN CHICAGO.

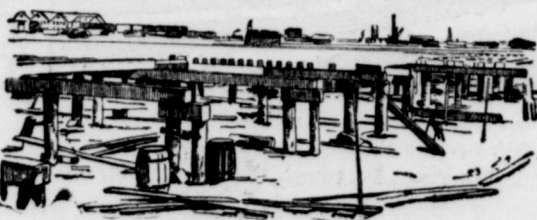
Our Correspondent Takes Some Photographs on the Spot—The Work of Construction Progressing Slowly—Very Little Evidence of Enterprise.

CHICAGO, Ill., October 28, 1891.—For purpose of convenience down at the superintendent's office, Jackson Park is said to be divided into the "improved" and the "unimproved" portions. The former embraces the space between Fifty-sixth and Fifty-ninth streets, from Stony Island avenue to the lake. The latter stretches from Fifty-ninth to Sixty-seventh street, and is considerably broader from east to west than is the northern portion. At Fifty-ninth street, the dividing line, a sluggish stream oozed through the marshy land and emptied the stagnant sewerage of the pools into Lake Michigan. Here a pier ran out into the water, matching another at the northern border, and between them the shore is guarded with a low wall and shelving beach of rockwork.



Inland the park was about evenly divided between grove and open ground. Among the trees were hundreds of tables with portable benches for use of parties who come here to spend the day. On the lawns were conveniences for outdoor sports—tennis, foot-ball and base-ball. A winding waterway—not a stream—connected several miniature lakes, and on the boarders were banks of flowers. There were no buildings aside from a handsome stone pavilion at the northern shore, and a circular, wooden refreshment house at the southern. But it was a park, and thousands of visitors willingly forgot the absence of conservatory and menagerie for the abounding space, and shade of trees, and the pure air that came over the tossing water.

South of the "branch," as the lagoon was called, there was only a stretch of sand dunes with stunted oak trees and sweeps of marsh grass. In this larger southern portion the main buildings of the World's Fair are now being erected. When work began the high ground was not high enough and the low ground was not low enough. The first task was to strip the deep soil from the earth and heap it in long banks against the fences. Then scraping machines were employed to cut the loose sand lower in certain marked boundaries, heaping it on the higher ground. Dredgers followed them, cutting deep ways for water craft. The material thus displaced was levelled on the higher ground, making foundation for the future buildings. That ground which was naturally the highest, bearing a scattered growth of trees, has not been disturbed. The "canal" surrounds it, and the gardener's art has been employed to make it beautiful by the time the exposition opens. Sodded soil and winding paths are expected to grace this grove, while various bridges connect its island shores



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

with the mainland. All about it are clustered the Columbian buildings, while the exhibits of the several states will be housed in special structures to the north, in what has heretofore been the "improved" portion—a portion of which the public will now be deprived.

The buildings are of wood. They have not even a brick or a stone foundation. Some of them stand on piles driven in the ground, and others rest on posts that have been planted two or three feet below the artificial surface. None of them boast an elevation sufficient to permit the building of basements beneath them, though a stopping rather space will be utilized between the moist earth and the thick pine floor of machinery hall.

Of the twelve buildings to be erected here on the southern or "unimproved" portion, the Women's Building is farthest advanced. In every line of structure and adornment this is the work of women. When the slight skeleton of scantlings and pine boards shall have been clothed with sheeting and adorned with paint and stucco, the Women's Building will be a handsome structure, three stories high, with turrets and galleries breaking a rather broad outline. At present it is uninclosed, and is not yet protected with a roof.

"Mines and Mining" is second in progress. The lofty roof will be supported on iron columns which are now in position, though the general structure does not seem to be nearly ready for them. The ground room is 350 x 700 feet, being three times larger than the Woman's Building.

Side by side and somewhat similar in outline is the home for the electrical exhibit,

covering very nearly the same space. But it is not nearly so far advanced in construction. There is more on paper.

South of this is a house whose architectural promise shows a sort of Greek cross with its arms set to the cardinal points, bringing its quaternary to the general plan of structure. This is the "Administration Building," and the busiest man on the site stopped to tell a group of favored visitors it would be "high art from top to bottom." Fronting the administration building, and on the side of it farthest from the lake, the terminal station of the railway will be located. So far as can be seen, not an ounce of sand has been displaced in preparation for its building. It should be

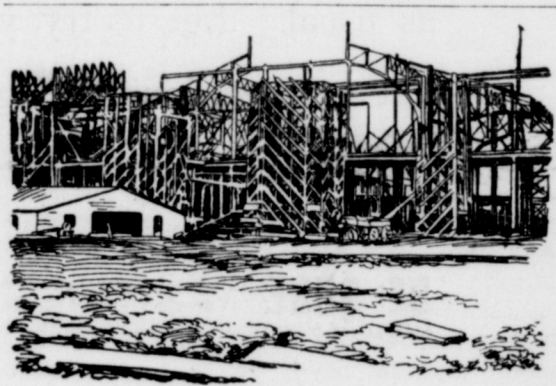


MINES AND MINING.

even more artistic than the administration building, as nothing so far has been done to limit its abounding possibilities. Then comes—still to the south—Mainery Hall, covering 500x550 feet of space, with a possible annex of 450x550 feet, and power house that does not come into this computation.

Across a narrow arm of the manufactured "basin" is the Agricultural Hall, with a ground floor of the same area and an outline strikingly like that devoted to machinery. It is not quite so far advanced as is the former. But the farmers of the section may flatter themselves on rather the best location on the grounds. Their displays will be housed on the south side of the basin, a body of deep water—the dredges are still deepening it—200 feet wide by more than a thousand feet long, with alcove banks and circling terraces. All the visitors who arrive by water will find the doors of Agricultural Hall first open to them after landing, and will be able to view from its towers the shining fronts of all the other buildings. Across another arm of water, now lying between unsmoothed banks of sand in the Forestry Building, 200x500 feet in extent, with a dairy hidden away behind it—the southernmost of the world's fair structures.

But the greatest building on the ground is still unbuild. This is the Hall of Manufacturers and the Liberal Arts. It is to be 780 feet wide by 1688 feet long—over one-third of a mile from north to south. Those in authority declare it is the largest single building ever attempted. Along the entire

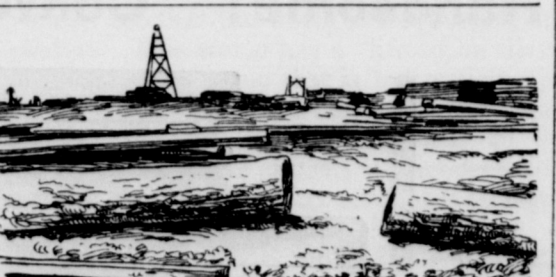


HORTICULTURAL HALL.

rear of the building runs the canal and the lagoon which surrounds the wooded island. But climb across the ridges of disturbed earth, tread patiently awhile the tan-bark covered highways, cross the temporary bridges and pass the painted eating house erected for the men—the largest finished building on the ground—and you come to crowds of men with spades, toiling in trenches, while other crowds with wheelbarrows take up the homeless earth and carry it in ant loads to designated spaces. Strung along the borders of the wide lagoon are piles of sawed stuff, waiting much as hundreds of other piles of sawed stuff are waiting, for the hand of the sawyer and the heavy hammer. Thousands of feet of stripping lumber crowd the spaces which will be devoted to flowers in some better, later day, and other piles are in process of removal from distances unknown, on two wheeled cars pushed by half a dozen men. Some acres of the space are covered with flooring, but nothing of the splendid front promised in pictures is even remotely hinted at in the "greatest building in the world."

The government building and the building for the fisheries exhibit, to the north, are all that are comprehended in this "unimproved portion" of the park. These two, being near that portion of the park which was common and freely dedicated to public use, are most plainly seen by visitors.

And now that the "unimproved portion" has been passed over, it only remains to say this northern third of Jackson Park has been allotted in severalty to the different states, and the official maps assign to each

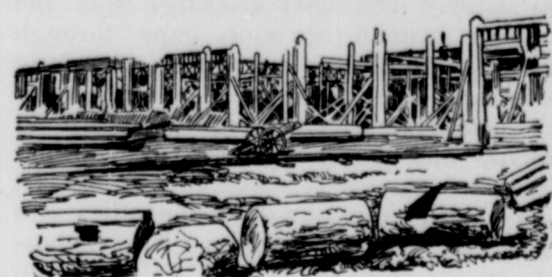


A SECTION OF JACKSON PARK AS IT LOOKS TODAY.

commonwealth the ground it may occupy with a building. Right in the borders of what is now the tennis ground art galleries are to be erected, but of course, since this is still occupied as a public park, not a foot of soil has been disturbed.

The superintendent reports "about three thousand men" employed on the grounds. The estimate seems very generous. Of course the grounds are extensive, and the places where little groups of workmen might be hidden away are numerous, but three thousand men make a crowd considerably larger than that in sight or hearing of the partly started buildings. They are not nearly so numerous as they might be. Along the 960 feet west front of the Transportation Building nineteen men of all

kinds were counted at work at 10 o'clock in the morning. On its southern end, 250 feet from corner to corner, two men were digging a hole three feet wide by eight long, one man in an apron was trying the



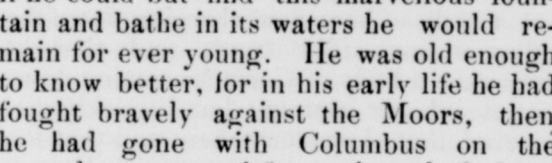
TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.

heft of a hammer and looking at them, apparently measuring the distance from their hole to the inchoate door behind him, and a fourth was pulling some two-penny nails from a pine plank. Only five men could be found in, on or about the government building. On that devoted to electrical exhibits not a living workman appeared anywhere upon the broad floor—and there is little but floor for them to appear upon.

The superintendent announced a majority of the buildings would be under roof by winter time; but the visible promise of inclosure is confined to the Women's Building alone. Fortune may favor Chicago with another warm winter, in which case, perhaps, the Mines and Mining building may come that near completion. But truly and truly there must be more energy, more men, more work, more—decidedly more—results, or the weather prophets' promised storms will sweep unhindered over the shelterless floors of all the other structures.

### The "Fountain of Youth."

When the New World was discovered, the wildest stories were spread throughout Spain and England about its wealth and its other great glories. Amongst other silly tales there was one to the effect that a "Fountain of Youth" existed somewhere in this wonderful country of America. Now there was an ancient Spanish warrior named Ponce de Leon, who thought that if he could but find this marvellous fountain and bathe in its waters he would remain for ever young. He was old enough to know better, for in his early life he had fought bravely against the Moors, then he had gone with Columbus on the second voyage, and for a time had been governor of Porto Rico. However, he was so bent on growing young again, and becoming rich in the bargain, that in 1512 he sailed westward from Porto Rico in search of the fountain. On Easter Sunday he sighted land, and named it Florida, because the Spaniards called the day Pascua Florida—that is, Flowery Easter. But Ponce de Leon found no fountain. Instead, on his second visit—five years later—he met with his death from an Indian arrow. The province that he discovered fell to Spain, and near the spot where he first landed was built—fifty years afterwards—the town of St. Augustine, the oldest in the United States. —Little Folks.



THE "FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH."

The Duke of Edinburgh was a jack of all trades. He was a carpenter with his older brother, a mason with his younger brother, the Duke of Connaught. The miniature fortress they built together is still preserved in this same garden. It is made of stone and brick, and is at least strong enough to brave the seasons. The prince worked under the eyes of their father, who was trying to teach them the art of fortification.

The fortress has undergone some assaults. The Prince of Wales, having his five sisters and the youngest of his brothers under his command, attacked its garrison, the Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught. Almost always the heir apparent carried the parapet and drove

### QUEEN VICTORIA'S GARDEN.

#### A House That the Prince of Wales Built and Played In.

Queen Victoria considers herself really at home in the private garden of Osborne only. For in this little corner of the Isle of Wight alone does the sovereign, whose possessions cover one-seventh of the globe, have powers absolute. Elsewhere, and especially in the parks of the royal residences, she is under the restraint of the officials of a constitutional monarchy.

The commissioner of public buildings and works treats the crown as an institution of which the rights are strictly limited. Her majesty cannot cut a tree without the consent of the proper official. To escape this vigilance the Queen has bought in the neighborhood of her castle at Osborne some acres of ground where she may have a gardener not subject to changes of administration. She has even gone so far as to disregard for once her position of political impartiality and has chosen a former gardener of Lord Beaconsfield, a man accustomed to the growing of Tory flowers. But any imprudences which he might commit will not easily reach the public. For while it is easy to get permission to roam about the grounds of the castle this little garden is carefully shut off from visitors. A correspondent of an English paper recently had the good fortune to get into the Swiss chalet, which her majesty has made into a family museum, and to walk about the aisles of trees where each tree commemorates an episode in the history of the royal house and recalls a day of happiness or sorrow.

A short distance from the entrance to this private garden is a wooden playhouse, built with their own hands by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh in 1857. The heir to the crown has missed his vocation. He clearly had in him the making of a notable carpenter. Even to the present day the Prince is very proud of his work, and, whenever he visits Osborne, he goes straightway to see if the playhouse is still standing. "Not a nail has fallen, not a plank has sprung. The house, after thirty-four years, is as solid as at first."

In the little house are preserved playthings of the royal children. Each of the children had little carriages of his own, and all are here preserved with the initials of the owners upon them.

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the two dukes into a casemate, where they had plenty of arms and whence hunger alone could dislodge them.

Nowadays the children of the Duchess of Albany and of the Princess Beatrice attack and defend the fort which their parents, their uncles and their aunts have so often captured with great valor after long and glorious sieges.

The day of her oldest daughter's wedding, Victoria took a sprig of myrtle from the bride's bouquet and planted it in this garden. It rooted itself so firmly that now it is grown into a great bush. Every time one of the grandchildren marries, the myrtle bush at Osborne is called into requisition.—Figaro.

### RUINED BY WOMEN.

#### Great Men Who Have Gone Down to Their Graves Disgraced.

The suicide of Gen. Boulanger at the tomb of Mme. Bonnemain suggests the memory of many another distinguished soldier whose infatuation for a woman who was not his wife caused him to neglect marriage vows, social obligations and the good opinion of the world.

Cesar and Anthony, two of the greatest generals the world has ever known, forsook their lawful wives for Cleopatra. This beautiful and crafty Egyptian was indeed an enchantress. Harmachis, the hereditary high priest, and Pharaoh of Egypt tells us in Rider Haggard's book how he, a strong man, a priest, who had penetrated the most occult mysteries of credence, a philosopher who had laughed Caesar to scorn as a weakling and expressed his contempt of the great queen who had usurped his throne—this man Harmachis tells how he fell beneath Cleopatra's spell and for her fleeting favor violated his most sacred oaths, sacrificed his priesthood, his country, his religion and exchanged his certainty of heaven for countless ages of hell.

Another great soldier, the Emperor Justinian, distracted his empire by his love for Theodora. Like Cleopatra, she was a beautiful, strong willed and crafty woman. But she was a notorious woman, despised by the people as the vilest of her sex; and yet Justinian took her to his heart and seated her on his throne as an equal colleague in ruling Rome.

Alexander the Great, who wept because he had no more worlds to conquer, meekly succumbed to the sophistical seductions of a worthless woman. She stifled his ambition and transformed him into a drunkard. The orgies of Alexander with his mistress resulted in the cruel sacrifice of many innocent lives and the burning of some of the fairest cities in Asia Minor.

Frederick the Great was captured by a ballet dancer of poor repute. For her sake he forsook all that had been nearest and dearest to him. She changed his life. He was a puppet in his hands. Her word was law. She spoke and Frederick commanded his advisers to obey.

In the full meridian of intellectual greatness Conde, the pride of France, was consumed by an unlawful love. A notorious

English adventuress named Sophie Dawes made him her prey. For years the prince was her slave. He squandered fortunes on her, sacrificed his family and his friends for her, and she ultimately repaid his kindness by murdering him.

Louis XIV. is another instance of an able soldier who suffered his judgment to be routed by the battery of woman's affection. His amorous intrigues alarmed the nation, and well they might when it became patent that the kingdom of France was being governed by such creatures as the Duchesse de Valliere, Mme. de Montespan and Louise de Querouilles.

Napoleon, too, the greatest soldier France has ever known, was lured by a fair face from the paths of domesticity. His cruel treatment of the Empress Josephine will ever remain a plague spot on Napoleon's memory.—N. Y. Tablet.

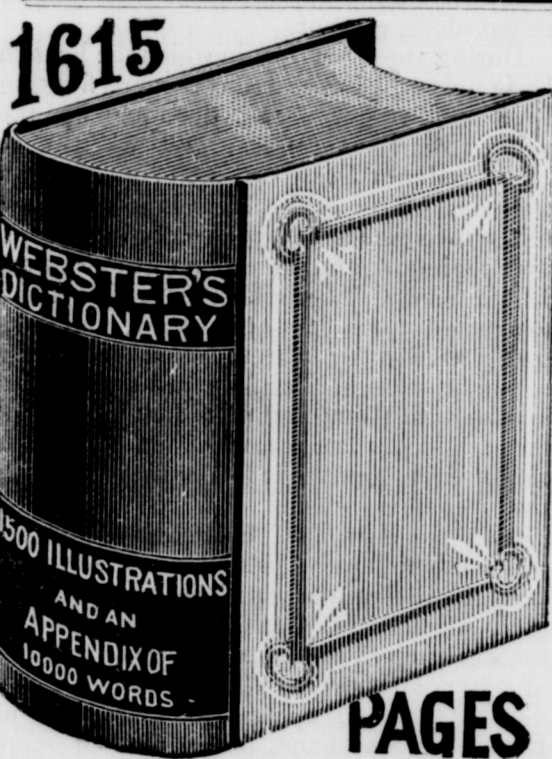
### Little Charlie Parnell.

In the sketch of Mr. Parnell in the Review of Reviews for 1890, the following suggestive story is told of Mr. Parnell's early life: "Some 30 years ago, a small boy with curious brown eyes and fair hair might have been observed on the coping of the roof of a stately mansion-house in Ireland. He was all alone, and was apparently too intent upon what he was doing to spare a thought for the perils of his position. He had with him on the roof an iron pot, one of those usually employed for boiling potatoes, but he had converted it into an improvised brazier in which he was melting lead. It was little Charlie Parnell, who, having heard that the best way of making spherical bullets was to drop molten lead from a great height, had mounted the roof of Avondale, dragging an improvised smelting pot full of burning coals up high ladders and across a sloping roof. This incident was typical of Mr. Parnell's subsequent career. The boy was father to the man. The cool daring which led the lad to drag his blazing brazier to the copstone of the topmost roof of Avondale without making any fuss or phrase, the originality and the resource with which he carried out his experiments, the calm serenity with which he achieved his purpose, and the safety with which he descended to earth, are all typical of the Irish leader."

### Honors for the Baby.

Nowadays when his majesty the baby is christened two little people, one dressed as the maid of honor and the other as a page, both in white, walk just behind her serene highness the nurse and the precious infant carrying the one a white ivory prayer-book bound in silver and the other a hymnal to match. You see, from the very beginning his lordship is put under the rod of Mme. Etiquette.

Solomon wasn't in it when he declared that the "borrower is servant to the lender." Everyone who has tried it knows that the lender has to wait on the borrower.

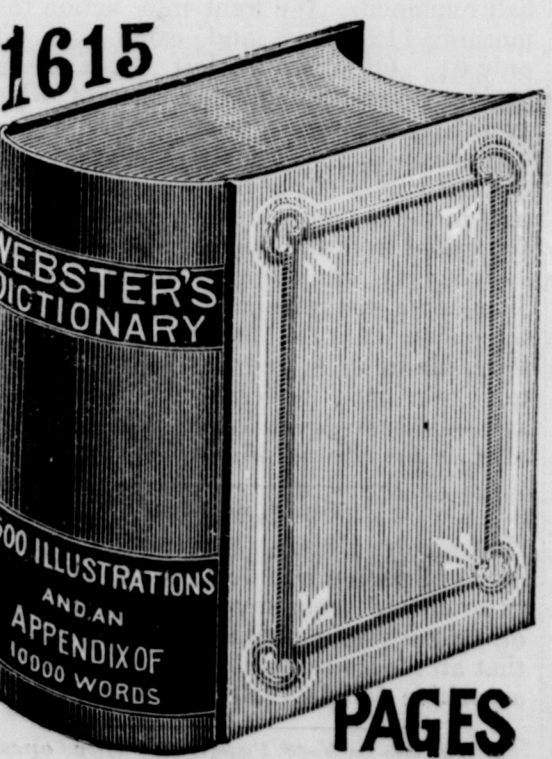


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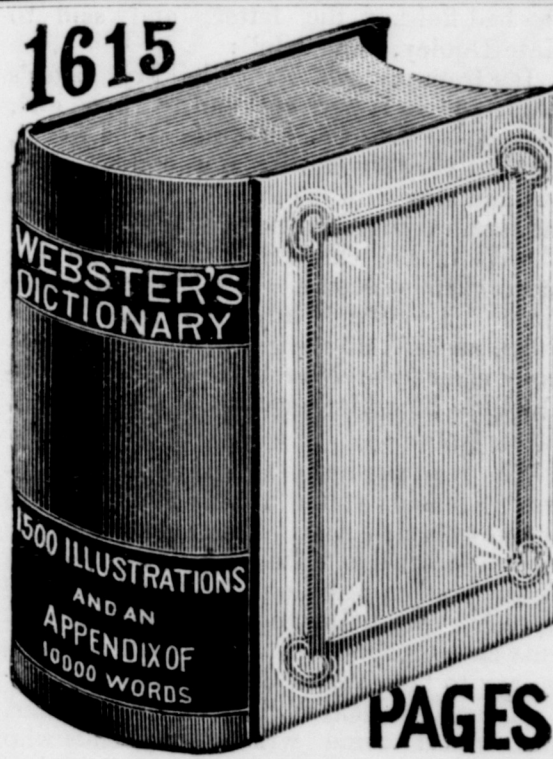
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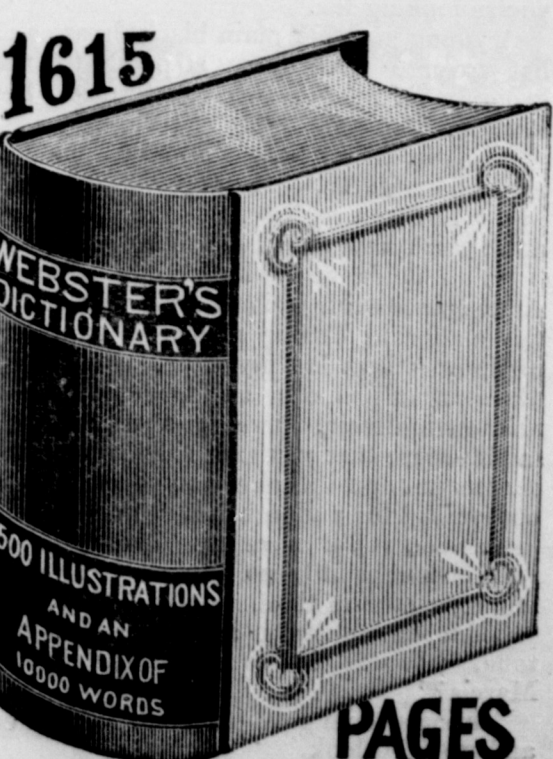


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