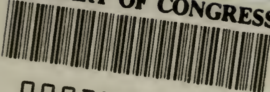
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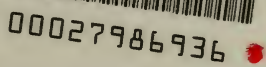
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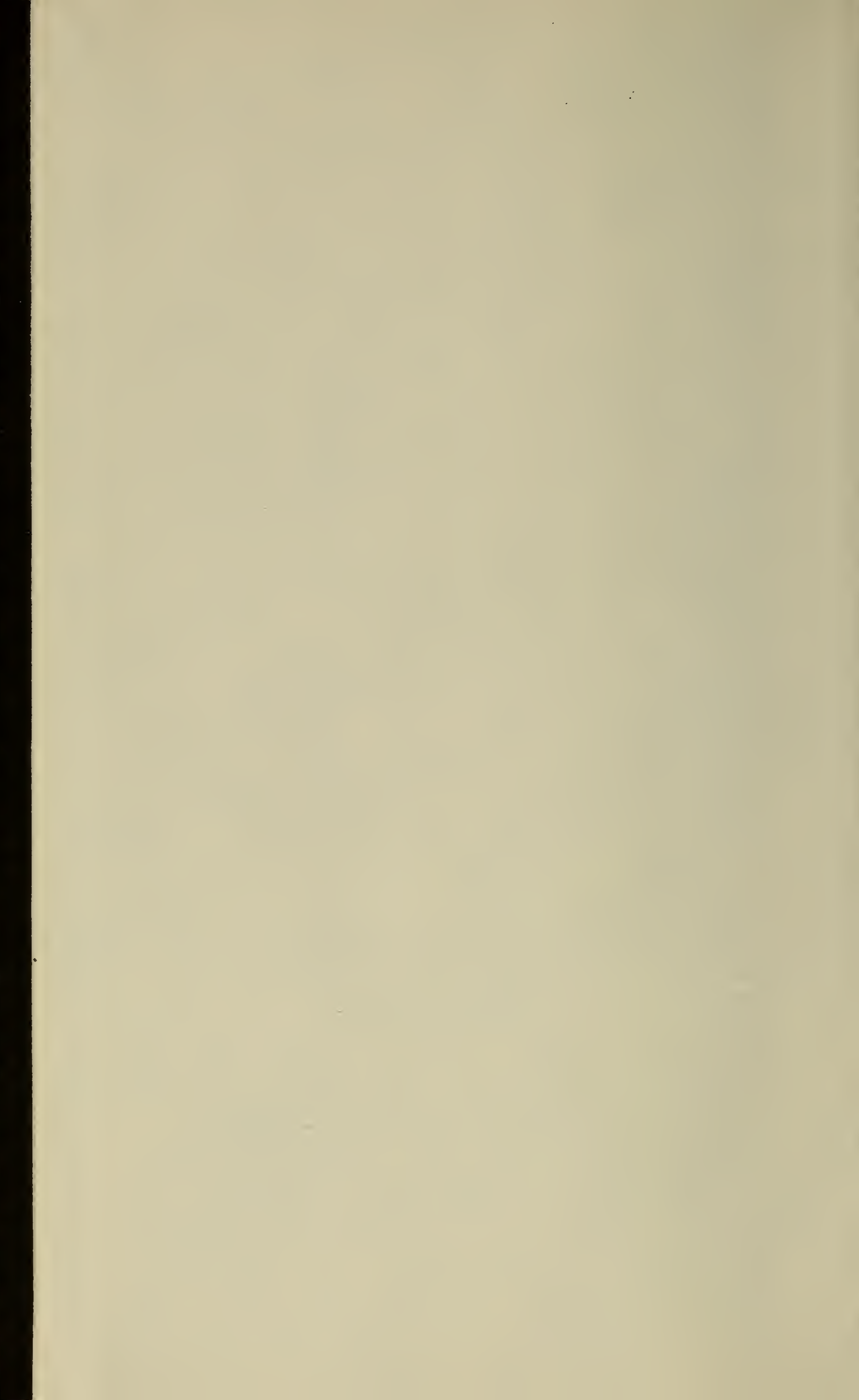

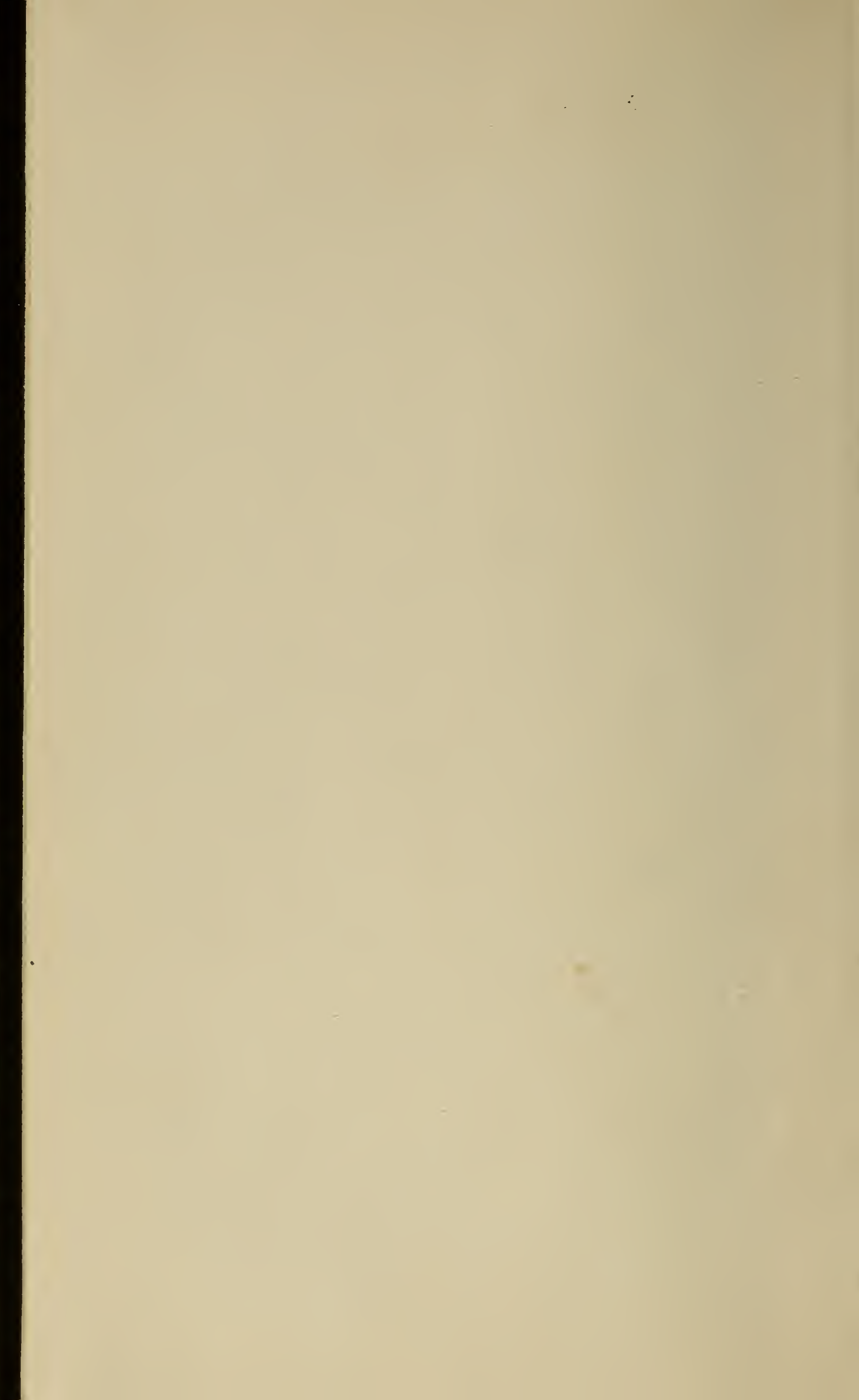

WORLD'S FAIR STUDIES.

BY

DENTON J. SNIDER.

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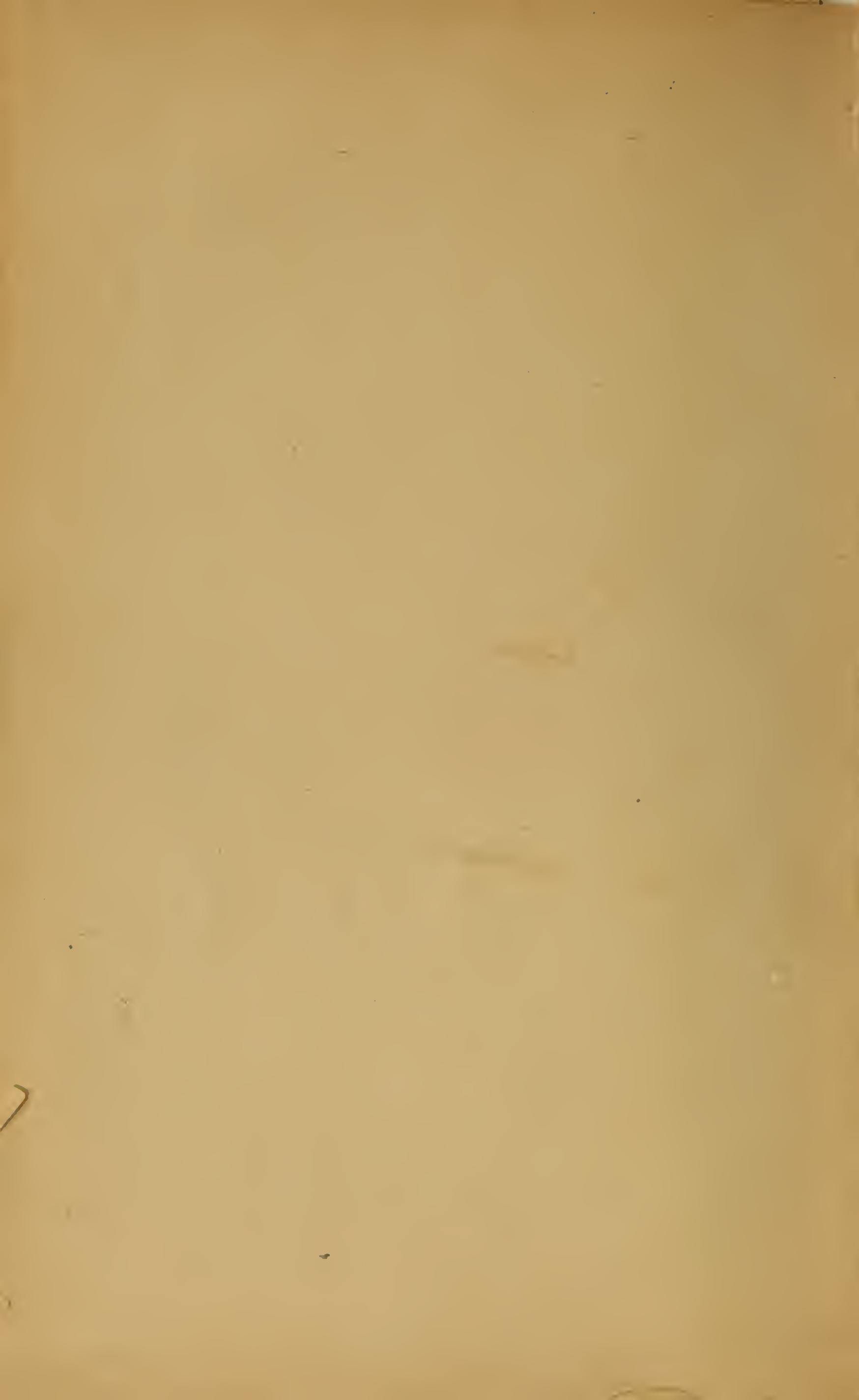

PREFACE.

I shall try to be fair to my reader, seeking to tell him briefly in advance the scope and general character of the present book, not concealing certain important omissions, so that he can at once decide whether he wishes any further acquaintance with it after having glanced through this preface. For it is a mistake, I hold, to ask a person to read a book which he may have no inner call to know, and with which he can feel no sympathy; he will certainly lose his time, and probably his temper, in the perusal.

The plan is to study the Fair as a great event of history, I might say, a world-historical event, which took place at Chicago in the year 1893, but whose significance reaches beyond all urban, or even national boundaries. What did that huge outburst of secret, unexpected power mean? We shall not rest content till we have grappled with the spirit which lurked in the mighty ap-

pearance, and indeed created the same; we shall only be satisfied by getting some glimpses of its creative Idea.

Doubtless, however, the most enduring effect has been produced upon those who live under the more immediate influence of the city where the Exposition was held — the people dwelling in the Chicago belt, whose periphery extends round the city at distances varying from several hundred to a thousand miles, according to the direction. This population, probably at the present moment the most energetic, enterprising, and aspiring set of human beings on the globe, found its supreme expression in the Fair, which it visited with the keenest delight, and of which it carried home a vivid image, together with all sorts of printed descriptions, tables, catalogues, columns of figures, illustrative pictures, down to advertisements. Since the Fair the printing press has been pouring forth a stream of literature upon the subject; especially the pictorial reproductions of the buildings have met with a colossal response from the people. Most of us still like to read or see anything which recalls the great event; we look back at the Fair not only with strong admiration, but with stronger love: it has taken possession of our hearts more deeply than of our heads. The affection with which the people regard the Exposition is profoundly significant, and shows that they still appreciate the heroic deed in whatever way it is done.

But the vast multitude of details, as yet more or less chaotic, must be reduced to order, before the event can become our intellectual property; this floating mass of images, recalled and reproduced by the thousands, must be united and held together through their Idea ere they can become truly our spiritual possession. Such is the endeavor of this book, only a beginning; it seeks to crystallize into thought the enormous cloud-masses of fact and image still hovering around the Fair. The hour for a complete organic work of this kind has by no means yet arrived; the spirit must still brood long over the waters, ere the cosmos be born. But it is time to begin.

Thus, from the standpoint of the present book at least, the Columbian Exposition is by no means dead, and is not going to die for a while yet; nay, it may be said to have taken on a new and higher phase of life, different from the former one, yet springing out of the same. It is true that the outer semblance of the mighty spectacle has quite vanished, and that unseemly heaps of rubbish and ashes lie where the splendid edifices once stood; still they are not lost, but have become internal — the soul's possession, which is immortal. Strange but true is the statement: once they were transitory, but now they are eternal; while they existed, they could perish, but having perished, they live.

Not only in the heart and imagination of the people of the West is the World's Fair still

alive; it is re-incarnating itself on many sides, especially in architectural forms. In villages, towns and cities throughout the country one can see its spirit at work in the buildings just erected or in the process of erection. Verily creative is the Idea, it must be embodying itself afresh in hundreds of shapes, and thus reach its true heritage in the world of sense. It will therefore produce no surprise that the present book puts its chief stress on architecture.

On the other hand, the works of the sculptor and painter find almost no mention. Multitudinous and splendid was their display, never to be forgotten; still they were felt at last to be a foreign imitation, not yet naturalized, in spite of prodigious effort. The spirit of the Fair somehow would not express itself this time in sculpture and painting; may these sister arts win their laurels next time!

But to record all the things omitted in this book would require another book, and less interesting, if possible. Let the matter be cut short with the statement that, in the author's judgment, the three greatest and most original products of the Fair were the Ferris Wheel, the Architecture, and the Midway Plaisance. These are the three main themes of the present book, two-thirds of which appeared in pamphlet form during the Fair, while the remaining third is printed now for the first time

THE FERRIS WHEEL.

Triumphantly the World's Fair announces itself in the distance by the Ferris Wheel, before any building or tower or dome can be seen. A piece of machinery of colossal size is the introduction to the Exposition; a writer, searching for his point of beginning, may be permitted to start his book upon the World's Fair with the same grand mechanical contrivance, in the hope of gaining thereby a little needful momentum.

The Ferris Wheel is primarily a work of scientific engineering, but it is something more. What this additional quality may be, so subtle and so ideal, we shall try to investigate. Not only a work of engineering, but also a work of imagination we hold it to be; it reaches over science and sweeps into the domain of art.

Mathematics cannot adequately explain it; the imagination itself is required to understand and interpret the imagination.

In the Ferris Wheel the Plaisance, if not the whole Fair, finds its culmination. The mighty mechanism mounting heavenward from the heart of the avenue along which lie the nations of the globe, images in its massive rotation the revolving earth, and permits us to take, in one of its swinging coaches, a short journey round the world. Ascending, descending, it moves in a kind of inner rhythmic harmony with yonder Sun, which also to the vision turns round the sky, rising, setting. Still this mighty disc resting on the Midway is of us and not of the Gods, being made by mortal hands and showing strong terrestrial sympathies.

Undoubtedly the Ferris Wheel has taken the Grand Prize at the Fair. The judges are the millions who have been present and have witnessed it, impartial, unpurchasable, inexorable, appointed only by themselves, and constituting the tribunal of last resort which passes judgment upon whatever is great and lasting in this vast display of man's activities. A world-judgment we have to consider it, most emphatic too; we could not appeal from it if we would. Surely there is something very human in the big Wheel, calling out to the multitudes which surge below, and eliciting a marvelously sympathetic response

from every heart. All feel its deep suggestiveness, and catch its flashes afar into the Past and Future; it fills the soul with glimpses of meaning quite beyond what we can at first tell; an unspeakable, overwhelming element lurks in it which picks up our struggling spirit and makes a bold dash for the Infinite. Who does not wrestle with his soul's limits in contemplating it, beating vainly his wings against the walls which shut him in? Still our thoughts must at last find some utterance; everybody has finally to give an answer to that imperative question sounding through the Plaisance: What is the big Wheel saying?

To the visitor approaching Jackson Park by land or water, it is the first object which becomes visible, rising more than one hundred feet higher than the highest dome, and thus soaring above all the lofty architecture of the Exposition. Slowly it can be seen turning, turning; what does it turn? Has it not some unseen belt attached to its broad rim, and is not this belt connected with the main grounds, whose machinery is moved by the rotations of the Ferris Wheel? Such it appears at a distance: it must be driving something, and what else is there for its enormous energy but the Great Fair? That wonderful belt in mid air never quite vanishes from the mind of the visitor, even when he walks up the Plaisance and stops for a gaze just under the

Wheel, which is felt to have some strong though invisible bond with the entire Exposition. Still we ask, what does it turn?

The Ferris Wheel turns itself. It is an ideal thing, it has no direct mechanical use, it is not for driving a machine; it exists for itself, being its own end, and thus becomes an image of the self-active spirit. Its supreme use is to manifest an idea, and therein its ideality is shown to be its dominant element. It appeals far more powerfully to the imagination than to the understanding; very manifest is the fact that the people feel its poetry more deeply than its mechanics; accurately measured it must be, but so is verse; a piece of mechanism it is, and yet it sings. A cunning adjustment of cog and rod and shaft and manifold contrivances we know it to be, all founded upon rigid mathematic calculation; still it bears within itself something incalculable, its hard material of iron casts a shadow of aught beyond mensuration. Not a belt but an idea is that which connects it with the total World's Fair, transforming it into a vast symbol thereof, which is finally the thing which we must make our own and carry away.

Much have we all read about its materials, its process of construction, its measurements; very useful is such information. Useful for what? Surely not for itself; useful for the idea which is just that which created the grand structure, and

still holds it together and keeps it revolving. Could we somehow remove the idea out of it, at once it would fall back into chaos. The Ferris Wheel is, then, an utterance of an idea, and has a voice for him who can hear, expressing the new fact in a new way, wherein it becomes the last and freshest artistic expression, possibly heralding a new art.

Engineer Ferris would probably laugh at us if he were told that he had built an iron poem with deep harmonies in it, or had constructed a fresh symbol of the spirit's triumph over matter. He did not intend any such thing, it is very likely; but he may well be surprised at what he has done, since the unexpected always happens to the genius. Unconscious, unpurposed by the human maker is the great work or deed; especially at pivotal epochs of time a secret universal energy co-operates with the chosen individual and makes him mightier than himself. The man must rise out of the limits of his own vocation, must break his professional chains and take to wing. Clearly Mr. Ferris is the prince of wheelwrights, but it required something more than a wheelwright to make this Wheel. Did not his fellow engineers scout his plan, they being simply engineers and nothing more? Such at least is the printed report of the matter, and it is too like the truth to be untrue.

The mere fact of seizing upon the wheel and making it the image of industrial progress was a wonderful flash of insight. Indeed is not the Exposition rendered possible by the wheel? Has not everybody been borne hither on a wheel of some kind? Car-wheel, wagon-wheel, boat-wheel, bicycle — what are they but the great means of transportation? Vast is the importance of the wheel in the world's economy, appearing in every shape of mechanism from the time-piece in our pocket to the Corliss steam engine; the man who invented it began civilization. The work of Mr. Ferris by its magnitude calls attention to the wheel and its place in the Universe; it becomes an image of all rotary motion on earth and in heaven, from the spinning of the boy's top to the whirl of the planets around the Sun.

It may, therefore, be affirmed that the Chicago Fair has been set in motion by wheels, of which fact the Ferris mechanism is the colossal emblem, perhaps we might say, the best artistic expression. It is beautiful, it is sublime, and yet graceful; moreover, it utters an idea, and though particular in form, being just this wheel, it has an universal meaning, being a type of all rotation. A deep harmony with the very sources of the Exposition it shows, its conception goes to the heart of the great opportunity; exact mathematical science furnished its body, but its soul was born of the creative imagination.

I.

In order to justify these opinions, which may seem lawless rhapsody to some people, it is worth our while to reflect a little upon the significance of a wheel. Many persons, though using it all their lives, have never spent a thought upon it; the present writer has to confess that he was first driven by the Ferris Wheel into the question: What, then, is a wheel? Is it really so large a thing? What is the fundamental fact about it? Primarily it is the means of changing a rectilinear force into a circular one, which can then be turned into any required direction. Rude force pushes straight out or pulls; it has to be transformed into a circle when it can be drawn off for a new purpose. The simple cart is moved by the ox on a line, but this line of force sets in motion the wheel of the vehicle which carries the load. The wheel turning on an axle and rolling on a road is the first great humanitarian, taking the heavy burden from the back of man and even of beast.

The primitive force of nature has to be transformed into the circular by the wheel ere it can be controlled and directed. For the circle complete and returning into itself, is the universal form of nature's energy; earth, sun and stars move in circles or in the kindred form of an ellipse. But observe particularly that supreme

mechanical contrivance of man, the steam engine; its central fact is the movement of the piston-rod, one end of which is rectilinear and the other end circular in its sweep; wherein we behold the straight line passing into the circle. Just that indeed was the grand invention; the enormous power of steam expansion was cornered and driven into a circle, being compelled to turn a crank, which is really a wheel and moves a wheel. Thence the power of steam was distributed at will and sent forth upon its errands; man now controls the rude energy of nature by transforming it into a wheel. Verily, the Ferris Wheel stands for something inherent in our time and in our consciousness: hardly less does it affirm than the subjugation of physical forces to human control — which is the task and the triumph of the present epoch.

Thus the wheel in some form is the basis of all transportation of men and materials, the bearer of the railroad, the driver of the steamship — the main questions about it being, How rapidly and how cheaply can we make it whirl? Commerce, intercommunication, the mastery over land and sea, the victory over Space and Time seem largely to turn on the wheel. It is well to note again its three constituent elements: (1) The direct power applied to make it move on its axis; (2) the resultant rotary motion, which is motion universalized, being the possi-

bility of every direction; (3) the transfer of the rotary into the direct motion, which is brought about by some force counteracting the rotary one, as when the wheel of the wagon meets the ground, or the wheel of the steamboat strikes the water. Thus rotation is the grand mean in the realm of mechanical forces, and the wheel has a truly mediatorial function, standing in the middle and mediating between two diverse energies, which must be brought into co-operation. The engine will not go forward by its own sheer power, however great; it must first be set upon wheels and then it will run. The Ferris Wheel towering solitary and existing for its own sake, emphasizes strongly its own ideal principle, and therein suggests from afar the thought of a mediating element, not only in the sphere of nature but also in that of mind. It has a character like a man's, which we come to know and love after an intimate fellowship, and it speaks through its actions a tongue which we can only understand after some affectionate study.

There can be no doubt that the Ferris Wheel gives a decided impression of beauty; it is forever rising out of dead mechanism into the living thrill of art. Its colossal size is coupled with harmony of form, suggesting the grand cosmical order which holds the Universe together. By night it is illuminated, and is thereby drawn into a kind of competition with the stars in Heaven

which bend over it and twinkle in rivalry with its electric lamps. From one point in the distance it appears a vast hoop of light resting on the earth; at another point, this hoop divides into two luminous circles, and one fancies that the rings of Saturn, shooting out of their orbits, may have dropped down to the World's Fair for a visit by night in the Plaisance. Surely the radiance below strikes subtle notes of harmony with the stellar radiance above, and the music of the spheres, terrestrial and celestial, begins to be felt, if not heard. In fact, illumination has risen quite to the rank of a new art during the Exposition, and the Ferris Wheel has made itself visible by night as well as by day, exciting strong novel emotions by its brilliant nocturnal image.

The visitor will often take his seat somewhere just beneath the big Wheel, and look up with wonder into the intricate network of rods and beams and supports, and ask himself, what does all this mean? It certainly hints a complex social system, each little part of which fulfills its special duty and thereby works for the great common end. Is there not a society with members mutually helpful up yonder made of iron? Behold the harmony of the scheme, with its triple shape of axle, middle rim and outer rim, interlaced and locked together in hundreds of ties and cross-pieces, each giving and receiving

aid from the whole. Dependent on the totality, yet necessary to the same is each small bolt or screw; well may we deem it a note, one little note helping to make the grand orchestral harmony, which the sympathetic listener will hear with his inner ear if not with his outer.

Thus the Ferris Wheel casts an image, in its complex yet reciprocal parts, of the great social order, which is also complex and reciprocal in its structure. Indeed the mighty Wheel is the product of this social order which it images; it required the co-operation of all kinds of workers in iron from all portions of the country to make it and hang it up cloudwards and set it going. Each man hammering at it in Pittsburg, in St. Louis, in New Bethlehem and elsewhere, represents a little nail or clamp or screw holding together the vast complicated system. Only a society like the Ferris Wheel, complex, colossal, could produce the Ferris Wheel, making the same, as God made man, in its own image.

Very graceful the Wheel rises upward, with even a slender look, seeming almost to float and sway, like a huge round cobweb against the sky. Its motion is not ponderous, but easy and light for such a massive body; slow, steady, dignified it turns in measured cadence to a kind of musical beat, repeating only its monosyllabic click, click, click; otherwise quite silent. It is not grotesque, as it might easily become through its enormous

size, being hung up in mid air, 125 feet above the earth. Its colossality is truly national, American, imaging the big country and the consciousness of the people, who must have magnitude in their art or in any picture of themselves. Big country, big Wheel, big Fair; even the American savage, true to the spirit of the land, calls himself big Indian. And what is bigness but a crude greatness, which one day shall get ripe?

The total appearance of the Ferris Wheel, seen afar or near at hand, is not magnificently barbarous, but truly grand and beautiful. There is also a triumphant daring in it which connects it intimately with the locality which it overlooks; it ought never to leave its present site, it will be out of place anywhere else. Its very idea links it closely with the city where it first rose up before the wondering eyes of men. Chicago has utilized the wheel more than any other place on the globe, being the center in which transportation has shown its most sudden as well as its greatest and boldest triumph. Verily Chicago is the child of the wheel, the bringer of railroad and steamboat, along with the new order which is not hampered with prescription or privilege. Here the wheel, bearing its heavy burdens from all directions, seems to turn with the least friction on its axle; it shows an innate tendency to run toward the City by the Lake, whatever be its propelling energy,

steam, electricity, horse-power. Therefore let us magnify the Wheel and set it up in mighty proportions before the whole world when we exhibit ourselves.

While the Ferris Wheel was in process of construction many people said they would not trust it. A very old man, leaning on his staff one day and looking up at it, declared: "Life is too precious to be risked in that way." But the wheel started and nearly everybody is taking a ride; men, women and children are seen going up and returning in safety to their friends. Yet some grow pale and get sick at the stomach during the trip; women cry and become hysterical, and sometimes they faint. For most people it is probably a little trial at the start; but there is a feeling that courage needs a taste of discipline when it fears to go where there is no danger. One can often see a workman carried around on the inside of the rim; when the Wheel starts he walks; when it stops for a moment, he inspects a bolt, or taps the megatherion with his hammer, just to hear the ring of the monster's voice.

Characteristic is it that the Ferris Wheel sometimes separates husband and wife; one goes up without the other, but has to come down again and resume his or her former lot. Mrs. Ferris, wife of the inventor, is said to have accompanied her husband when the latter went to the top in a terrific tempest in order to note the effects of the

wind-storm which paid a visit to the Fair in July, hastening hitherwards at the eager pace of 110 miles an hour, according to good authority. Brave woman, she clung to her husband and he clung to his Wheel, and the rough visitor swept by without producing any break of any kind. Two young ladies from the country, after vainly trying to persuade their father to go with them, take the trip alone: a significant deed, showing improvement in the blood and a dash of the American woman. But there is one set of people who always start up and come down harmonious, rapturous, indissoluble: who can they be? Lovers, a class well represented at the Fair.

I have been told that an Indiana woman refused to be penned up inside, but heroically mounted the top of a coach and thus took her ride, breaking over man's regulation: which revolution of her's on the Ferris Wheel may foreshadow the great woman's revolution which is said to be coming.

After pondering the matter a while, and seeing the huge toy revolve several times in a playful way, the visitor concludes that his experience of the Fair will not be complete unless he takes the trip. He enters the coach and the thing starts, slowly rounding upwards and bearing its burden along, the body standing erect yet always circling. Most people will have a slight tremor, an unusual sensation of life's uncertainty, however

stoical they be; the imagination starts to working with no little vigor, being set in motion by the Wheel. Can any person help asking himself repeatedly with some eagerness: What if? Half in banter with his soul, half seriously shoot the questions through his brain: What if the Wheel should leap from its supports and start to rolling down the Plaisance like a boy's hoop? What if it should break a cog and begin whizzing round and round with the velocity of the earth-ball? What if it should stop when we are at the summit and absolutely refuse to budge? How could we ever get down, thus lodged in cloudland? We glance at the pivot of the coach in which we are ascending, and observe that it must cancel the wheel's circular motion; that pivot might get caught and cease moving; what a tumbling together of men, women and children, topsy-turvy, would take place in the coach during the course of a single revolution!

Thus the imagination frisks about, calling up all sorts of possibilities, and painting the consequences in vivid colors, while the wheel keeps steadily going its appointed way, inevitable as the law of the planets, and paying not the least attention to the fantastic humors of mortals. An Olympian serenity it maintains amid all these fluttering hearts and capricious bubblings of humanity. One has to go round twice and it is well, for one is occupied inwardly at first; but

with the second revolution the mind is called outward by the splendid views of the Plaisance with its currents, eddies, and counter-currents of people, by the new outlook upon the Buildings of the Fair, with gleams of the Lake beyond, and of the City in the smoky distance. Not the least interesting is the aspect of the Wheel itself from above, many-handed as fabled Briareus, holding us out at arm's-length and giving us a slow sportive toss through the air as a fond father does his child. Down it brings us once more, and we pick up our terrestrial thread where we left it a few moments before for a sweep heavenward.

The Ferris Wheel is reported by the guide-books to be 264 feet high, and the passengers ascend 250 feet in the coaches, ere the turn is made downward. Thirty-six of these pendent swinging coaches are counted in the orb, each of which is capable of holding sixty people, thus more than 2,000 persons may be seen winding up toward the moon and then descending earthward. It is a long railroad train made to mount in the air and turn and come back to the starting point; wherein we behold the iron horse transformed into a heaven-scaling Pegasus and bearing aloft thousands of Bellerophons, at present in no danger of being hurled from the back of the soaring steed and falling from the clouds. Thus the wildest fable of antiquity is translated into the literal modern fact with wilder additions, the

dream of the poet becomes a prophecy forecasting the reality, and everybody can now do without heroism what the Greek hero alone could do in the old ages — mount the flying horse and conquer the fire-breathing Chimaera. What next? Shall we not in time be able to invade the lunar territory? At any rate we can contemplate the new appearance with wonder: that long line of a railroad train, carefully hugging the earth hitherto, of a sudden rears like a steed and leaps up skyward, gradually transforming itself into a soaring circle. On such a train did we, the people of the United States, come to Chicago to see something marvelous; but hardly did we expect to behold our very vehicle take wings before our eyes and soar like the American eagle, inasmuch as we intended to do the chief soaring ourselves.

Still when we come to look a little more closely into the matter, what are we all doing just now but taking a ride around the sky in a long circular train, of which the earth is the Ferris Wheel, and of which this city, this house or even this room may be regarded as one of the coaches? Around and around, up and down, overhead and underfoot are we whirled, yet always erect: thus we circled in the Wheel, yet never lost our straight line of gravity. And this is not all: are we not sweeping through a circular or an elliptical orbit around the Sun on an earth-car, a small

coach compared to the encompassing immensity of space? And perchance this is not all: the whole solar system is but a little coach in the grand cycle of the Cosmos.

Thus the total earth is a kind of Ferris Wheel turning on its axis daily and carrying its train of coaches in which you and I are passengers. The earth's orbit is also a kind of Ferris Wheel, with our planet as a single car moving around the great central Sun, whose direct force of attraction has to be converted into a circular movement which keeps all the planets spinning. Nor need we stop with the Sun and the planets, for they, all taken together, form merely one coach in the Ferris Wheel of the Universe, apparently circling around some far-off central luminary hardly yet ascertainable, which no human eye has yet seen, but whose light may to-morrow burst upon the earth with heaven-born radiance after sweeping across space for a million of years, in its long search to attain the last boundary of things and to shed upon the same its illumination.

II.

In such manner the Ferris Wheel, stretching the soul of the beholder by its magnitude, drives him beyond and beyond, past earth, sun and stars, to the very limits of the cosmical order, of which it casts a terrestrial shadow. But the great Wheel has equal power in the other direction, it compels the mind to turn inwards and to explore the immensity there, in the sphere of the microcosm. For the Wheel is product of man's intelligence, and must bear the impress of intelligence; thus the huge material shape becomes an image of spirit. Thought cannot create without leaving its stamp upon the thing created.

In the first place, mind must be self-centered like the Wheel and turn on its own axis, transforming all sensation, or perchance all force which starts from the outside world, into its own movement, whereby we come to know things. This universal movement of mind is its essential form, which we may call circular, being at bottom a return into itself, self-related, self-conscious. Keeping up the comparison with the Wheel, we may further affirm that the rectilineal, the limited, the one-lined, must be converted into the rotary, the unlimited, the all-lined, whereby the outer, finite world assumes the form of the unbounded world within — knowledge, thought, spirit.

On the other hand, this universal movement of mind being circular and self-returning, must not remain such, but must again go forth and take some special direction. That is, it must again become limited and particular, it cannot rest in its own pure universality, and dwell in its own infinitude. Otherwise the self-centered degenerates into the self-occupied, and the idea becomes fixed in its eternal revolutions about itself. This, in a lighter form of malady, is simply selfishness, but it can turn to the deepest mental disease, insanity. The wheel that simply gyrates about its own center is of little use, is indeed crazy; the wheel can be diseased like the mind and show the image of the unsound as well as of the sound spirit. Both wheel and mind must impart what they are, must get out of themselves, but first they must get into themselves. Impartation as well as acquisition belong to both; thus the total processes of the wheel and of the mind are similar, the one being outer, seen by the senses, the other being inner, seen only by itself, wherein lies just its essence.

The Ferris Wheel turns on its own axis, but it carries its burden along, namely that train of cars which encircles its outer rim, not pulling, but lifting it by sheer strength. It transforms the force of the steam-engine, driving the same into a rotary motion, which is specialized in each coach turning on its own pivot and keeping erect while moving around the center. Rectilineal

first, then circular, then rectilineal again — for that coach-pivot cancels the circular movement of the Wheel back into the line — such is the threefold process, as already traced. To start at the beginning, note the huge piston-rod of the engine thrusting straight out at first; then observe it change into a circle which moves the Wheel, and this in its turn moves the coaches. Thus the entire process becomes an image of mind, the outer reflecting the inner which made it, the material setting forth the spiritual, the object manifesting the idea. Veritably a symbolic thing is the great Wheel, holding up to spirit a mirror of the latter's innermost movement; the obtaining from the external, the transforming within, and the imparting without.

Flowing out of this central fact, many suggestive relations can be traced between the Wheel and the Mind; they hint a feeling of kinship, a veritable sympathy exists between the inner soul and the outer form. The spirit of the beholder roused to transcendent vision, looks beyond mere eye-sight into the essence of things, and will not rest till it has beheld itself in the vast object, thus attaining knowledge. The very magnitude of the Ferris Wheel is a truly adequate quality for expressing Mind, which is the boundless, limit-leaping, barrier-bursting; hence the fascination as well as the deep artistic significance of the colossal shape.

III.

The educational value of the wheel in its roll down Time is great; its changes and various uses reflect the progress of civilization. Has not man made it and imaged himself in it too? By that reader who is able to read the meaning in things, the World's History can be read in the development of the Wheel. Thus an historical lesson can be learned from the mechanism.

In the midst of the Orientals of the Plaisance, the Ferris Wheel mounts skyward, suggesting the triumph of the Occident and throwing out deep intimations of the meaning of the New World and of the march of the ages. We have often wondered what thoughts arise in the souls of these dusky children of the East as they behold the mechanical marvel of the West. Do they receive from it any forewarnings of destiny, any significant foreshadowings of the World's movement?

Doubtless the wheel was born far back in Asia. Hardly can we trace its history now, which is lost in the darkness of primeval time; but that primitive man, working and thinking and planning over his rude cart, did a great thing when he made two round discs with a hole in the center of each, and united them with an axle piercing the holes, whereat the wheels began to roll and carry a load. No hub, no spoke or felloes, simply

a round piece of wood with an aperture dug out in the middle, probably by means of an implement of stone: Such was the beginning of the Ferris Wheel, of the locomotive, of transportation, and of the grand transformation of the earth into the abode of the rational man, surrounding himself with a world made more and more in his own image.

Barbarians in their forests have little use for the wheel, even if they know of it, for the good wheel demands a good road as its counterpart. The Orient still employs largely the caravan, bearing the load directly at an enormous outlay of muscular strength; thus the burdened camel still represents the East, which somehow has been unable to apply the same strength to the wheel, and thereby increase its force several fold at once. The desert of sand sometimes lies in the way, but that too can be conquered. The ancient Greek knew the wheel and used it for glory and for poetry in his chariot races; he had roads, too, where the modern Greek has none. Homer sends Telemachus on wheels from Pylos to Sparta; hardly could any vehicle make such a journey to-day in that country. But the Roman was the great wheelwright and road-maker; he conquered the world by his arms, but he held it together by the wheel and the road, with the Eternal City as the center, as the hub with radiating spokes. Vast was the network spreading over

Europe into Asia, and binding the civilized nations, and even uncivilized, into one Whole, or into one Wheel if you choose. Oriental conquerors we hear of, but their empires vanished, leaving scarcely a mark on the earth's face; they were not wheelwrights.

Thus the wheel brings about political unity, and has rendered the Great Republic possible. The Roman went in advance with his paved road and cart-wheel; the American, some 2000 years later, follows with his mighty national unifiers, the railroad and the car-wheel. But mark the difference. Rome still used animal power to turn the wheel, while we are more and more employing inanimate power. Even the beast of burden must share in the movement of freedom, when his task is getting too onerous. The Oriental piled the load on his back; the Roman hitched him to a wagon; we are substituting for the horse of flesh and blood and sensation an iron horse, whose breath is steam and whose legs are wheels, running all day and all night with the speed of a racer and never getting tired, whereby New York and San Francisco on the opposite sides of the new continent are nearer together than were Rome and Naples in the olden time

Thus mechanism has made the new political order a reality, setting man free from the immediate burden of nature, and even relieving

the beast. But the converse is also true: the new political order has in its turn liberated mechanism; the free country has produced the free machine. The steamboat was the first contrivance to carry its own engine — certainly a great invention; the locomotive followed, driving itself on its own wheels and pulling after it a train. Thus more and more has machinery become the image of the free, self-determining man. Indeed it is plain that man, till he was free, and had in his soul the working conception of freedom, could not invent, could not conceive of a free machinery, namely a self-moving piece of matter, which therein becomes stamped with the very impress of selfhood. The freest land must in the end create the most perfect machinery, since the self-determined is the ideal even of the machine. America produced Robert Fulton who made the hitherto stationary steam-engine move itself on water. George Stephenson, an Englishman, followed him and made the same sort of an engine move itself on land. The identical spirit which manifests itself in a political instrument will also impress its features upon a mechanical instrument; the American railroad is a product of the Constitution of the United States, constructed, however, by an engineer and not by a lawyer. Sometimes, it is true, the process is reversed; the machine gets into politics, whereas politics ought to get into the machine.

It is, therefore, with a kind of sympathy that the Ferris Wheel looks down upon the heavy-laden camel, which trudges wearily beneath it in the Street of Cairo or along the Midway. Do they not speak to each other, telling of Orient and Occident, the Wheel at last saying to the camel, "Let me, friend, take thy burden?" So it has said and done with a voice out of the heart of time; but still more sympathetically does it behold and perchance address those human burden-bearers, men from the Turkish Village, who are carrying the sedan chair, shuffling along the street with muscles strained and bodies stooped under the weight of their load. Why do ye not, O ye helpless, hopeless Orientals, take a chair with wheels to it, needing only to be pushed, not lifted? See here, such a chair is just now coming up the Midway — note, too, the youth who trundles it easily about. Thus in the sedan and wheeled chairs, as well as in their attendants, can we catch another image of of Orient and Occident flitting through the Plaisance.

In such a way the wheel rolls down the ages, and its history is the history of civilization. One feels strongly that it will yet turn backwards and run through the Orient; it has already begun to do so — witness the Asiatic railroads coming from Europe. The East may never take our religion, but it must take our wheel. These

Orientals of the Plaisance, daily gazing and wondering at the Ferris mechanism, cannot help having some such presentiment. The monster will crush them if they resist it; but it will carry them if they jump on and ride.

Nor must we leave out of this account the latest application of the wheel in the ever-hurrying Occident. The bicycle has become a means of human locomotion, and has transformed the walk into a run. There always has been a great loss in the step of man or animal; the feet strike the earth and stop their energy with a sudden thud. Not an economical use of power: Cannot the downward thrust of the leg be made to continue its force by transforming the same into a circular movement? The man on the bicycle is the human locomotive, his legs are the piston-rods with joints at the knees, whereby the rectilinear power is changed into the rotary by means of the crank, which drives the big wheel and the little; or perchance, this bicycle crank may be the rider himself.

The ordinary gait of the pedestrian rises at once to a good trot or even a gallop, without the jar of stepping, and every man is his own horse and carriage. The youth of the land have now to learn a new kind of walk, or be left behind in the great race; with the first kind they moved out of the past into the present, with this second kind they are sweeping out of the present into the

future. Greybeards too, are learning, and women have begun to straddle the bicycle, determined not to walk in the rear. No wonder that we all love the wheel, ponder it, fondle it in fancy ; the Ferris Wheel becomes anew for us a typical thing, and makes the heart of young and old, man and woman, jump with expectant delight, for everybody is going to take a ride.

In a certain sense the Ferris Wheel is a huge toy, a mighty plaything, which is made for grown people as well as for children, not only to ride on but to sport with, in imagination at least. One may well think that a kind of kindergarden has opened here in the Plaisance, one of whose games is the Ferris Wheel, yet not the only one by any means, since the whole Midway shows the kindergarden of the world, starting far down in Dahomey. One imagines that the little children who come hither and look for themselves, will hereafter choose the wheel as their toy with a new delight. In all of which we feel that the engineer has risen above his mere vocation and made himself truly the artist, producing a genuine, deeply suggestive image of his time in a material form which seizes hold of every soul, even the youngest.

Far more does this image mean to us all than any painting or statue at the Fair, though these be excellent too in their way ; indeed, they seem almost to have gone out of date in the presence

of the big Wheel. Truly the works of art at the Fair are but imitations, reproductions, rehabilitations of things which have been better done; they are really forms of expression which have already had their bloom in other centuries.

The comparison has often been made between the Ferris Wheel and the Eiffel Tower. Both are existing forms expanded to a colossal size, till they take strong hold of the imagination and of the heart. Both therein become symbols, adumbrating Chicago and Paris, or America and France. Their respective nations have looked on both these structures, and each has said with great unanimity: There is a good deal of me in that work, it exalts me, it stirs my spirit, it is American, it is French.

The tower is of the past, military in its associations on the whole; it seems connected with overlooking a subject people. The motion in the framework of the Eiffel Tower was up and down, perpendicular, not circular; it could really go in but one direction, it had not the possibility of all directions. It carried people several times higher that the Ferris Wheel; one cannot help thinking that it sprang from the French military mind, which seeks to get an outlook from Paris over the Rhine to see if the enemy are coming. Is not all France seated on a watch-tower anyhow? France is a sentinel just now, America is not, thank the Lord; but no boasting! she has

been, and may have to be again. The Wheel suggests peace, commerce, intercommunication; with true instinct our engineer-artist has built us a wheel. But France has erected for herself a Tower, a mighty symbol of her spirit at present, which work was a prodigious success; did not every true Frenchman wish to mount to the top and take a peep over the border? But the Tower could not have meant much in Chicago, at least not so much as it did in Paris; the design of building it here, though suggested, was very properly abandoned.

Which is the greatest feat of engineering? That question the specialists must decide, we cannot; still we can see that each city built its own spirit into a marvelous structure, which became representative, outstripping every product of art in the field of art. It looks as if the engineer were going to wrench the sceptre from the artist. Certainly the sculptor and the painter fall far behind him in the Chicago Exposition in portraying the spirit of the time.

Our preference goes out to the Wheel instead of the Tower, we hope from no national prejudice. The former has a deeper, more humane suggestiveness, and, we contend, is more beautiful. The very motion of the Wheel is more graceful than that of the Tower, which was narrow and arbitrary, up and down, while the Wheel swept round in a grand curve and made a circle;

the motion of the one was particular, that of the other universal, the possibility of all motions.

Not the least significant thing about the Ferris Wheel was the rapidity of its construction. The assertion has been made in print on good authority that on December 28th, 1892, it was still in masses of pig iron scattered over various parts of the country. In less than six months, on June 21st, 1893, the Wheel began to revolve, 2,200 tons of pig iron having been transmuted into its shape. Such a fact hints the grand social and industrial mechanism by which such a result is brought about through hundreds of co-operating causes, of which the manifold network of the Wheel casts a vivid image.

One must see with the inward eye many things pertaining to this Wheel, among others one must behold its parts coming together from every portion of the United States, from places hundreds of miles asunder. Very striking is this co-alescence and adjustment of its parts, according to some pre-established law of harmony. From Pittsburg come the rolled plates, rods, bars; from Youngstown, Ohio, the engines which furnish the motive power; from St. Louis, the steam boilers; the huge steel axle, 45 feet long and 33 inches in diameter, said to be the largest steel shaft ever forged, is the product of the Bethlehem Iron Works in Pennsylvania, a work veritably forged with the hammer of Thor. The setting

up of these huge pieces was mainly accomplished by local talent.

What went before and commanded these mighty energies, each to perform its separate task in remote places? Evidently the Idea. Everything was calculated beforehand and took its place in an ideal shape of the Wheel; then it assumed its form under the cunning hand of the artificer; at last it began its march from its birth-place and came to Chicago, dropping into its position by a kind of fore-ordination. Great is the Idea, all-controlling; we must look through the material of the Ferris Wheel and see the Idea, to which solid iron becomes fluid, yea transparent.

The Idea is what commands Space, Time, Matter; every screw is made in advance to fit into its place, as well as the huge rolled plates of steel. This material shape cannot exist without being mind at first; the Ferris Wheel had to revolve in a man's brain before it could revolve in the world of matter. And the Idea is still there, and holds the mechanism in its limits; could you jerk the Idea out of the Ferris Wheel, it would fall, drop back into a formless mass of pig iron, from whence it sprang, and even that pig iron would take another drop backward into chaos.

Thus the Wheel in its creation casts an image of the grand industrial order of the age; it sets

forth what made it in a strong picture, truly symbolic. Each part adjusts itself to the Whole, seeks its place therein and fills the same, harmonious with the Whole, helping to bring forth the great result. Mutual support and coöperation we read in the Wheel itself and in the way of making it. Nor should we forget the safety with which it does its work. Every piece is tested before it is allowed to take its place in the totality; its strength is known beforehand, security is reduced to a mathematic formula. The little bolt has to stand its examination before it can enter the public service of the Wheel; hazard is removed to the utmost limit. Only a complex society could bring forth such a complex piece of mechanism.

Thus a trip on the Ferris Wheel becomes truly a journey round the world. The individual commits himself to its providence, result of science, and is brought back to his starting point in safety. A circumnavigation of a spiritual globe he has made, if his eyes and heart be open; what more could he demand?

THE FOUR DOMES.

Overwhelming is the first look at the World's Fair; human vision succumbs for a time to the impression, and runs wildly over the mass of edifices, unable to catch the ordering principle. But the mind soon rallies from its confusion, and begins its search for some guiding principle. Where shall it start?

The visitor will find himself, sooner or later, in a large inclosure, which is surrounded by lines of stately buildings, and which has, as its heart, a canal encircling an island. At almost any point in this inclosure he can take his bearings and fix in his vision certain prominent objects, by which he will always be able to tell where he is in his mazy wanderings through the crowd and

among the structures. Land marks are the first means of guidance into the new order before him.

Let him look up and he will see at the four points of the compass, the Four Domes, to which we now intend to devote a little study. They are the loftiest objects in his horizon; they are the largest of the many domes and towers rising up from the edifices of the World's Fair; they are different in shape and size from one another, and thus can be easily distinguished; they all have a meaning and a history. While they are distinct in form and separate in place, they belong together and make a series or system, which, if we desire to group our ideas and designate them by a nomenclature, we may name the primary domical system of the World's Fair Buildings. The thought is, they are really part of one vast structure whose unity is to be felt, seen and expressed.

We now ask our reader to imagine himself taking a position in the inclosure above mentioned, and surveying the horizon in the four directions, which embrace for the present his outer world. We shall first attempt to give a brief description of these Four Domes; then we shall try to find the meaning of the Dome as an architectural form; finally we shall seek to throw some glances into the historic evolution of the Dome till its appearance at the Chicago Fair.

I.

The human being naturally looks first toward the East, the source of light, of culture, of civilization, probably the source of man himself. Moreover, the East is the home of authority, religious and secular, and shows the beginning of institutions and of the World's History. Now, what building seems to have the best right to lie eastward in the great architectual system of the Fair? At any rate here is the United States Government Building with its imposing Dome, 120 feet in diameter and 150 feet in height. This Dome is clearly a suggestion taken from the Capitol at Washington, so that every American in these grounds has before himself an image of the typical building of his country, and if he be keenly alive to the fundamental artistic impulse which created such a structure, he will have a thrill of nationality every time he looks up and beholds its massive outlines marked off in strong relief against its blue back-ground of the skies.

Such is, then, a glance at the first Dome, from which we may turn to the North, for in that region a large building calls our attention. It is constructed in the form of a Greek cross, and over the central portion rises the second of the prominent Domes, which we wish specially to designate. The structure is the Illinois State

Building, the largest of all the State Buildings, very commodious, inasmuch as this Fair is in Illinois, and she is the hostess of the other States and Nations; accordingly she must have a spacious mansion worthy of the occasion. The Dome has an internal diameter of 75 feet, and it rises to an inside height of 152 feet. Thus it is considerably narrower at the base than the Dome of the United States Building, yet it is a little higher. These dimensions give to it a more slender, less massive, yet more aspiring appearance. It seems to be ambitious of putting itself alongside of the Government Building, just yonder across the lagoon, though it shows itself by no means so broad at the foundation. The State asserts itself beside the Nation, and has its place in the grand architectural as well as political order. The conduct of Illinois in this matter has been called impudent and brazen, but she is right, I hold; she belongs just in this location, and could not help erecting such a house with its lofty, self-asserting Dome. There can be no question about the loyalty of Illinois to the Nation, for that is written in characters of blood on many a battle-field. Delightful is it to witness now an equal loyality to herself, to her statehood, in which she stands with all her sisters at her back just here in their own separate buildings.

For the third Dome we shall have to turn to

the South, where we see it glistening in the sunbeams as it rises above a cluster of splendid edifices, which surround it on all sides, and seem to be smiling on it as their own special hero. This is the Dome of the Administration Building, the structure erected as the home of the directive power of the Fair. Manifestly the attempt is to express in architectonic forms the grand thought which moves and organizes this marvelous work of a World's Exposition. Moreover, we note that no expense has been spared to make it glitter and dazzle the eye; the center of the money flowing into and out of the Fair's coffers is here; gold, literal gold, is suggested by the yellow gleams of the Dome, in contrast to the white marbled appearance of the surrounding edifices. In the arrangements of the Administration Building we observe that utility has not been specially consulted; beauty is the end of the architect here more than in any other structure on the grounds; a lavish use of space and of funds without any restraints of economy is emphatically, almost ostentatiously, presented to the mind of the wondering gazer. The sister arts, sculpture and painting, are most fervently invoked to the aid of architecture in the present work, and have given their response, doubtless the best they could under the circumstances. This Dome is distinguished from the other three in being octagonal; the diameter is 120 feet, just that of

the Dome of the Government Building, while the two structures are about of the same height, 275 feet. Undoubtedly the object of the administration was to give to the administration the finest residence on the grounds, as well as the best location. Such a purpose accords well with the spirit of our time, in which we see the men of great organizing power in the railroad, in manufactures, and in commerce, building for themselves the palaces of the land for their dwelling-places. Not kings and nobility are now the chief patrons of the architect and artist, but the man who can master the instrumentalities of wealth.

The fourth large Dome is that of the Horticultural Building, on the west side of the inclosure. Its shape reflects its purpose; under it are placed palms and tree-ferns and other tropical forms of vegetation. The diameter of the Dome is 180 feet, while its height is but 114 feet; thus it is the widest and the lowest of the four Domes. These dimensions give it a broad appearance, not by any means inharmonious with its object. It is not aspiring, but seems to hug the earth and spread out over the same, in comparison with the other three Domes. It overarches and protects not a spiritual kingdom, but the vegetable one; utility rather than ideality determines its form. Still it suggests nature, yet not the lowest of nature, for the plant rises up toward Heaven and

seeks the light, and so is entitled to a Dome. In fact, the tree of itself often takes the shape of a Dome as it rises skyward.

The visitor thus has the Four Domes before his mind, and their various positions at the four points of the compass. He can now find the direction wherever he may happen to look up, and the idea of a system may perchance have faintly dawned in his soul, as he brings together these four prominent objects in the flash of a glance round the horizon. For upon this horizon they have written certain lofty characters which must have some significance.

II.

It will, therefore, be in order for the visitor to ask himself next: What is the meaning of the Dome, and specially of this system of Domes which girds man here round-about, as it were from Heaven itself? After observation, reflection must enter and begin its search for the thought underlying the appearance; sight must be transmuted into insight. Some significance the Dome must have, which the beholder is first to read and then to take to heart. For all Architecture is an utterance, setting forth not merely the purpose of an individual builder, but the spirit of a city, of a people, of an age. The builder when he rises into being truly an architect,

is possessed of some energy mightier than himself, and in his inspiration he builds wiser than he knows. It seems to us that of all artists the architect has the best right to be unconscious in his work; his prototype is the little bee constructing its hexagonal cells with geometrical perfection, yet without any knowledge of geometry.

But the thinking spectator, as he stands before the great edifice, is to read what it says, for only thus can he understand its purport. Silence seems to lie on the ponderous tongue of stone, especially when weighed down by the dead centuries, but even the Pyramids will speak to the ear that can rightly listen. Sit down before the monument and interrogate it concerning its mystery: What art thou doing just here, O cunning structure of human brains and hands, why hast thou been called out of the void to appear in Space and Time, and wherefore dost thou tarry? Not at once probably will the answer be given, but with due outlay of patience the still small voice will be heard intoning a word even from the colossal lips of the Sphinx. The traveler in foreign lands, if he be not in too great a hurry, will be able to cull the best fruit of his journey from the responses of stone given by the Greek Parthenon, the Roman Colosseum, the Mediæval Cathedral. The past has a crystallized speech built into its marbles, which speech it is the first duty of the observer to decipher. The present,

the very latest present, has also an architectural language, and has given a mighty utterance of itself at the World's Fair before us. Indeed man cannot help building himself into whatever he sets up; he must make a symbol of his spirit, of its littleness or of its greatness. The question, therefore, of the visitor is: Am I able to read this tongue? A little help in this matter he will probably not eschew; a little help to help him help himself is all that is needful.

What, then, is the significance of the Dome? Note its position first; it is placed upon a lower structure which usually stands on the earth ; thus it is high over all, indeed quite out of reach, not directly resting upon a terrestrial foundation. Moreover, utility cannot be the object of its erection; a roof would do as well for a shelter. It has, therefore, an ideal purpose — it is built to utter spirit alone. Undoubtedly it protects, but the protection which it suggests is not simply the material one, against rain and wind, heat and cold; it points to a spiritual protection, Providence.

The Dome was originally a religious structure, overarching the congregation below,— perchance overaweing it too, — protecting it on the one hand yet requiring submission on the other. Its form resembled the canopy of Heaven; it was, so to speak, the new Heaven on Earth which shielded man against a

mere physical Heaven, against an external world of Nature. Internally the dome was often filled with golden stars, with paintings of Saints and Angels, with images of Christ and even God, all of which were made to suggest its celestial meaning. Likewise it was round, that is complete, wherein we may catch a hint of the grand totality, the Church, which was the all-embracing edifice of divinity, outside of which no man could be saved.

The Dome rose with a sharp outline above the sacred House, revealing the two distinctive portions of an ecclesiastical edifice, lower and upper, which we may call the terrestrial and celestial portions. Such a division corresponds profoundly to the double nature of man, his sensuous and his spiritual elements, of whose conflict religion is the great mediator. When the roof suddenly shoots up into a Dome, do we not structurally see the passage from the real to the ideal, from a thing built for use to a thing built for an idea? And does not man, contemplating such a transformation of his religious edifice, begin to move on the same lines within, and start to rise out of the senses to the spirit — whereby the soul's structure gets to be harmonious with that of the Church? Thus Christian Architecture has built the thought of Christendom into its places of worship, of which the Dome, with its various forms of spire, tower, steeple, is the loftiest outgrowth.

But the Dome, taken by itself, towering over the people and standing alone in majestic supremacy among the clouds, sends down below unto man the look of authority, nay, of absolute authority, imperial or ecclesiastical. With such a look comes the other side, submission, whereby the individual may be jeopardized in his freedom. Indeed, he runs the danger of losing or obscuring his selfhood under the grand canopy of the Church, which, if all-embracing, gets to be all-suppressing; it includes grandly and mightily, but excludes with equal energy. Thus, we behold a church which is universal, but which makes itself universal by crushing the individual. Hence a new process sets in by way of reaction and reconstruction, and with this process new forms of Architecture arise. The Dome begins its migrations both toward the Orient and toward the Occident, developing on one side and on the other, intensifying the element of authority, or reconciling itself with freedom, according as it moves eastward or westward.

The reader naturally asks at this point: What is the Dome doing at our World's Fair? What indeed is its right to be in America, the home of freedom, whose chief boast is to have embodied in its institutions the highest self-determination of the individual? Well, America is also the home of authority, perchance the very strongest authority just because of this liberty; the Dome

has its place in our architectural and in our spiritual system. Indeed we could not do without it and its imperial meaning, lifted not only above the individual, but also above the State into the supremacy of the Nation. But let the other side be affirmed with equal intensity: The Dome must now be made, not to exclude and destroy, but to save and protect individuality in its fullest development.

The four Domes of the World's Fair are not, then, an accident, but an evolution. Whether consciously planned or not, they have got themselves built somehow, and placed in due order here, manifesting the deepest architectural significance, and revealing a new stage in the history of the Dome. Into this history we may now look, observing the various transformations which it undergoes from its origin to the present time, remembering each important change is an utterance of the spirit of the age.

III.

There can hardly be a doubt that the Dome sprang from the Arch, for what is the Dome but a kind of universal Arch? One is manifestly developed out of the other, and the people through whom this development took place, were the old Romans, who, if they did not invent the Arch, were the first builders who fully

realized it, and gave to it the important place which it occupies to-day in construction. Indeed, the Arch would not be a bad symbol of Rome herself, the mighty world-upholder.

We can easily conceive the process. The builder has to make two Arches cross each other at right angles; then follows the thought of making an indefinite number of Arches cross one another at a common point, which holds the keystone. Finally the fact comes out that no keystone is necessary in the Dome, as the latter cannot fall inwards, since it is held up laterally by the concentric rounds of its materials, stone or brick. Thus the Pantheon at Rome is open at the top. In the Dome, therefore, the principle of the Arch works horizontally as well as vertically. Or, the Dome is a series of concentric Arches laid on top of one another in the form of an Arch. We may well think, if we believe that construction springs from thought, that, as Rome made her city universal in the Empire, so she made her Arch universal in the Dome.

If, accordingly, we trace the history of the Dome, down through time to its present appearance at Chicago, where it has assumed a new function, we shall note that it has a heathen epoch, whereof two buildings may be cited as examples — the temple of Vesta and the Pantheon. Then it has a Christian epoch, of which four churches will furnish examples: two are

Byzantine — early Christian with Oriental tendencies — St. Sophia's at Constantinople, and St. Mark's at Venice; two others belong to the Renascence, and to the Occident — St. Peter's at Rome, Catholic, and St. Paul's at London, Protestant. Finally the Dome crosses the ocean and becomes secular in the Capitol at Washington, whence it passes to the World's Fair. The inner genesis of all these structures we shall try to unfold in a little detail, for the sake of the Four Domes and their due appreciation.

The Romans at an early date had the Arch and saw it passing into the Dome, as we may notice in their round temples, especially those dedicated to the goddess Vesta, of which two specimens almost perfect are still to be seen, one at Tivoli and another at Rome. Two patterns of such a temple can also be seen at the Fair near the eastern end of the Court of Honor. Vesta was goddess of the hearth, and her temple was possibly suggested by the household gathered round the fire-place. The whole community worshiping in her temple becomes one family, as it were; indeed, the world becomes one family in her worship; her round temple suggests completeness, an all-embracing unity, which lies at the foundation of Roman spirit, and which makes its possessors the conquerors and unifiers of the world.

Still more significant is the Pantheon, a very important building in the history of Architecture,

which was completed at Rome about the year 25 B. C., during the reign of Augustus, and thus touches the beginning of Christianity. It is essentially a round temple, which has reached its true destiny, being devoted to all the gods; a totality of divinity and hence a unity of godhood lay in the conception and in the structure; polytheism shows its turn toward a monotheistic religion in the Pantheon. We feel when we penetrate its creative idea, that the thought of the new order, indeed of the Christian world, has begun to dawn and to express itself in heathen Rome architecturally. The all-encompassing and all-protecting divinity is brought before the vision and the consciousness of the Roman by means of construction — an idea which he is realizing in his universal Empire and in his Law equally universal.

The Pantheon is a Dome, but a Dome placed upon the ground and clinging to the Earth; it is still heathen and not fully spiritualized. The next great step is taken after some hundreds of years; the Dome is freed of its immediate terrestrial foundation and is hoisted to the top of another building, which is the body of the Church structure, and, resting upon the Earth, supports the Dome mounting heavenward. This stage of its development was reached in Constantinople, when the Roman State had become Christian, and had found the architectural expression of the new

idea in the Byzantine style of construction. St. Sophia's Church, built by Justinian, who ascended the throne of the Eastern Empire in 527 A. D., is generally regarded as the archetypal form of the far-extending domical system, both Oriental and Occidental.

The main body of the edifice holds the people, who are to be taken into the fold and cared for in paternal fashion; they are still below on Earth and need protection. The Dome sweeps above them, with no direct purpose of utility; it is purely expressive of the celestial world over those who are included in the walls of the Church. The worshiper in the Pantheon and in the temple of Vesta was still inside the Dome; but now he is under it in another structure, and it has risen out of the earthly and finite into a heavenly place. Moreover, we observe clinging around the central Dome of St. Sophia's a group of vaults and partial Domes, and these all constitute the beginnings of a great domical system which will develop into many forms along the path of time, the last of which is just this system of Four Domes of the Chicago Fair, placed on the four sides of Heaven's Dome. Children they seem, hugging the Mother Dome in St. Sophia's, but their destiny is to develop into separate and independent manhood.

With Byzantine architecture the Dome traveled eastward and westward, acquiring characteristics peculiar to each people and each age in

which it held sway. In the Orient it passed into Mahommedan countries, reaching India and possibly China. From the beginning it had an Oriental element: it suggested divine authority, which might be pushed into Pantheism, or the complete nullification of the individual in this world and the next. The Russians have adopted it, giving to it a national tinge. The Arabians in particular carried it forward to a high degree of perfection in their own peculiar style. Many of these Oriental touches can be observed in the various structures of the Plaisance at Chicago.

In the Occident, Christian Architecture took up the Dome and unfolded it into many suggestive forms. The Church of St. Mark's at Venice is, perhaps, the most important western product of the Byzantine style, erected A. D. 976–1071. In it we see a development of the partial Domes of St. Sophia's into a system of complete and independent Domes, four of which are grouped around the fifth or central one at the four points of the compass. Note the analogy to the Four Domes at Chicago, which are also grouped around the fifth or central one, namely that of Heaven itself.

But the mightiest application of the Dome is witnessed in St. Peter's at Rome, truly a world-cathedral in thought and magnitude. In most of its architectural forms we can see that the Renascence has swept over the Occident and wiped

out many Byzantine features, but the Dome remains and becomes one of the grandest of all constructive devices. It stands one and alone, it suffers no lesser forms of itself. In it one colossal genius asserts himself as absolutely as the Church of Rome; it is the work of Michel-Angelo Buonarotti (1474–1564). This vast Dome of the Roman-Catholic Hierarchy passed into the possession of the Anglican Protestant Hierarchy through the erection of St. Paul's Cathedral at London (1675–1710), a very important structure to the English-speaking race, but much inferior to its great pattern. There can hardly be a doubt that through St. Paul's the Dome makes its connection with America on its road to the World's Fair. Already while it was building, many thriving colonies over the sea watched with deep interest the last great religious edifice erected by the mother-country, and possibly felt in it the end of the old and the beginning of the new.

In the old world, both in the Orient and in the Occident, the Dome was employed upon religious edifices mainly, and had a religious meaning. It seems specially adapted to suggest a State religion, which extends its authority over all, and in case of necessity can compel obedience, if not conformity. It protects undoubtedly, but it also excludes and even represses; the flock must stay within the fold under pain of losing salvation,

possibly of losing life. Truly the Dome has the same problem as have institutions; it must harmonize authority with freedom. If it be a true thing it cannot perish from among men, just as little as authority itself can perish.

Note, therefore, the next great movement of the Dome: it crosses the ocean to America, and the cardinal fact of this settlement of it in the New World is that it is placed, or rather places itself, upon the Capitol at Washington. Surely it has gone to the spiritual heart of the continent and installed itself there with no little energy. It is true that many churches can be found on this side of the water with Domes, but they are reproductions, importations purely, which have nothing distinctive in form or meaning. How little can they signify in comparison with St. Sophia's, or even with St. Paul's! It is also true that in Europe secular buildings may be found which have Domes, but they are really not at home — they are anticipations of the coming idea.

But the fact that the Dome now settles upon the chief secular edifice of the New World, and transfers its allegiance, as well as its idea, from an ecclesiastical to a political structure, implies a mighty change, a change quite as important as the elevation of the Roman Pantheon to the top of Christian St. Sophia's. The protection given by the Nation is now the universal matter; that

protection is fundamentally to secure man's liberty. The institution with all its authority is here, being visibly represented in the Dome, but the very object of that authority is fully to realize and protect the freedom of the individual through universal law and justice.

The Dome of the Capitol at Washington has, therefore, no longer the idea of a centralized unity, which seeks to put all under itself; on the contrary, is imparts itself freely and without jealousy to every form of political authority. The result is that the single States have a decided tendency in their State Houses to repeat in some form the Capitol with its Dome; they image the great national structure as their own in mutual relation; they recognize it and it recognizes them. Nay, we can witness the same spirit at work in the smaller and smallest political divisions of the land; the county and municipality in their court-houses and town-halls, seats of justice and of local administration, show the same tendency to reproduce that central Dome, which thus becomes the symbol of unity on the one hand and of freedom on the other. The smallest Dome says to the largest: "I in my sphere am just as self-governing as you are in yours; therein we both are one in spirit and in form, yet both are absolutely free." Local self-government has its own home and its own Dome, offering its protection and affirming its

right with the same language and under the same image that the general government employs. Thus a new domical system has arisen in the United States, scattering its Domes all through the land, imparting itself to State, city, county, with an ideal participation. Observe how this conception has succeeded in shaping itself architecturally in the State Buildings at the World's Fair, where they are not scattered through the land but brought together into one whole, which is, indeed, a new universal Temple of the Nation.

We have already noted in St. Sophia's at Constantinople a number of partial and lesser Domes, all in an incipient condition, and lying around the mother Dome, like infants or half-grown children, a veritable kindergarten on top of a church. In St. Mark's at Venice these have already become developed, full-grown as to size, yet they still lie around the central Dome on the same building. The Capitol at Washington, however, has essentially but the one Dome on its structure; the children are no longer kept in a cluster around it, but are sent forth into the world as independent beings; they are no longer held in tutelage by the kind, though absolute, power of the Hierarchy or the Empire. The idea of paternalism is eschewed in the construction of the American domical system; the individual must be accepted as free and therewith as standing firmly on his own foundation. Thus what

we see merely hinted as a germ in St. Sophia's, the archetype of domical construction, becomes developed and differentiated into independent individuals, each of which, however, strongly asserts itself as belonging to the totality. That is, the Dome has joined the American Union; the domical system, imaging the great institutional movement of the ages, and making its dwelling places, has unfolded into a Federal system, in harmony with the Constitution of the United States.

Such is the meaning of the change suggested in the architecture of this Western World. In like manner the ecclesiastical structure has been dispossessed of its locality. The Cathedral once occupied the Public Square or the most prominent place in the town or city; so we see it still in Europe. In the United States, on the contrary, it has been supplanted by the Court House or Town Hall, often surmounted by a Dome taken from a Cathedral. The State is thus completely divorced from the Church, yet has assumed its function in part. Still the central fact seen in the central structure is the secular institutional life of the people, which has its home in that structure lying at the heart of the community.

Meanwhile what has become of the Church? It is not lost, but moves somewhere around the corner into the neighborhood of its special worshipers, who construct it according to their own

needs and beliefs. Religion is not thereby destroyed, but is internally strengthened, having gained individual freedom; each man can worship God according to the dictates of his conscience, and not according to the external behest of some established Church. Religion is ultimately an inner personal relation of the human being to the divine, and must in its deepest intimacy shrink from any public manifestation. Let it therefore have its own organism apart from the civil institution.

All men, however, are to live in society according to Justice; thus her temple has become the common center of the community's life. Still let this temple be over-canopied with a Dome given by religion, let Justice be capped with Mercy; let Faith, Hope and Charity become not merely celestial but also terrestrial virtues. Heaven is to be brought down to Earth and not remain beyond; it is to be realized here and now in the secular institutions of man; life in the present is to start and carry forward the eternal life. Thus the European Cathedral is secularized in the American Capitol, and the Dome still unites the people under it with an image of Heaven not beyond but here realizable.

May we not say that the Constitution of the United States is getting itself written in stone? Must not the same spirit which uttered itself in that instrument also build the public edifices of

the country? American architecture, though it be a development of the ages, just as America herself is the heir of time, must at last attain to expressing the national spirit. If I mistake not, we may already read two distinctive principles of our land written architecturally in its buildings: first, the one Nation composed of many States internally sovereign, revealed in a federation of Domes; second, the institutional separation of State and Church, yet their spiritual connection hinted in the placing of the Church's Dome upon the State's edifice.

Such, then, are the four Domes, such their meaning and their historic evolution till their appearance at the World's Fair. See them first as distinct, then see them as one system, as organic parts of one great edifice, architectural as well as institutional. Really they form with their special buildings one grand Temple surrounding an open inclosure, a new kind of hypæthral Temple, like some of those in ancient Greece, letting in the sunlight and sky as a part of its own structure. The primary domical system we have called these Four Domes, for there is also a secondary system, made up of other Domes at the World's Fair, whereof we may have something to say hereafter.

But in this thought of the oneness of the Four Domes and of the connected buildings there is made a decided step in advance of the previous

American employment of the same in Nation and State. They are now joined together into a higher unity, at least we find the strong suggestion thereof. We should say that the most important thought which the visitor is to realize for himself out of the Fair and to carry away with himself is this thought of unity. The series of structures is finally one structure, which is to hold the World's products, and manifest therein the World's Spirit.

Never before was there such a massing of great architecture. Greece and Rome could probably not have furnished the parallel. We still can imagine what lay on the Acropolis of Athens along with the Parthenon. We can to a degree reconstruct the Roman Forum in its best architectural days. Of the great temples of Egypt we have considerable fragments. But here seems to be a sudden collection which surpasses them all, at least in certain ways, not in durability however.

Durability is usually considered as one of the artistic effects of great architecture. But the transitoriness of this whole scheme of buildings is just one of the marvels.

The architecture which the world has produced in its thousands of years, is called up for a short period, made to show itself, and then is permitted to vanish. The power of the Idea which brings about such a result manifests a new control over

matter. Architecture is thrown into Time, is no longer frozen music, but begins to thaw and to move.

Again we affirm that if the visitor look up with feeling and insight, he will behold around the horizon the New World enclosing him. To be sure, it is not said that the Architect or the Board of Architects were conscious of any such plan; it is plain they were not. Architecture is an instinct, and the true architect builds wiser than he knows. He usually knows little of the Idea, and often despises what he knows of it; he is not a philosopher, and is unable to give the final account of his own work. For his ultimate speech is his building, which has something for him quite unutterable in words. The artist uses his art for his last expression.

In great epochs of construction something has to be built beyond the intention of the artist, often in opposition to his intention. The Idea gets itself built, and not always well built, since technical perfection may work out of harmony with the Idea, and the latter may have to employ an imperfect instrument.

It seems that the Four Domes of the Upper Enclosure were constructed without co-operation by different Architects. We read that the Architect of the Government Building proceeded in his own way without consultation with the Board. The Illinois Building has been specially con-

demned both as to location and construction. It may be said that its Dome is not perfect in form, and other criticisms may be made in the line of technical deficiencies. But whatever its shortcomings, it is true to the Idea, and this is the main thing.

This last point we may illustrate. All would agree that the statue of Aaron Burr, though exquisitely wrought and in itself beautiful, would be jarringly out of place in the room of the Supreme Court of the United States. On the other hand, the rudest image of John Marshall would be harmonious with the Idea, in spite of its technical imperfections. The portrait of Jefferson Davis by the best artist in the world would clash with all art by being made typical of emancipation and placed in a Freedman's School; while any recognizable picture of Abraham Lincoln would be a work of art in comparison, because deeply concordant with the Idea, which lies nestled in the environment. The final test, then, of a work of art is: Does it make itself a symbol of the Idea which is seeking utterance?

So we are inclined to endure the technical criticisms on the Illinois Building. When all is said it is still most harmonious with the totality around it, being an utterance of the Idea; it is an organic part of the domical system of the Upper Enclosure. And it was built apparently

in spite of the Board of Architects; something greater than their architectural formulas was at work and found an instrument. What is this Spirit at work mightier than the conscious purpose of the builder? That is, indeed, just the problem, the deepest of all problems pertaining to the Fair.

THE ORGANIZATION OF THE FAIR.

When we speak of the organization of the Fair, we do not mean what its projectors may have knowingly planned and organized. Undoubtedly there was a scheme or working pattern of it in the minds of those who originated it, but we have a strong belief that it has, in a number of characteristic respects, turned out different from what was consciously intended. The unconscious result is apt to be the most important in all the greatest enterprises of men, especially in those which involve and interest the whole spirit of humanity, as must be the case in a World's Fair or Congress of the Nations.

Our object at present is to look at the thing which has been realized, and to study its organic idea, whether that idea was conscious or uncon-

scious in the organizer. There are many ways of regarding the wonderful appearance; some people will be satisfied simply to gaze in amazement and rest in external impressions; but the thinking spectator will seek to arrive at the creative thought which clothes itself in this overwhelming outer manifestation, and which unfolds itself into its different parts by an inner necessity. The question now arising in his mind is: What is the first division we have to make in order to grasp the thought of the phenomenon before us? Or, to state the matter a little more exact technically: What is the primal differentiation of the Idea which has developed itself into this World's Fair.

The nations of the earth have come together in order to show the products of their intelligence. These products may take a material form, and thus may be classed as industrial, wherein mind reveals itself as the great transforming power of nature. Or they may assume an ideal shape, and reveal mind transforming mind and organizing the same into the spiritual works of man — Education, Religion, Philosophy, Science. Both the material and spiritual output of humanity should be somehow exhibited at an universal exposition.

Thus we reach what is probably the primordial distinction in the organization of the present World's Fair. It divides itself into two great

parts, corresponding to the double nature of man himself and of his works, the material and the spiritual, the visible and the invisible, the manifestation and the idea. The World's Congress Auxiliary is supposed to represent more particularly the spiritual side of man's development, that portion which cannot be adequately shown to the outer eye, but must be seen by mind, being itself mind. This Congress has its own place of meeting, as well as its own work and organization, into the details of which, however, it is not our purpose at present to enter.

But the visible Exposition at Jackson Park is the emphatic portion, which, though also the product of spirit, is made to appeal powerfully to the senses. The civilization of the world here appears in its works; it is this civilization which binds the nations together into a whole, and this whole is primarily manifested in the unity of the buildings devoted to the Exposition. Architecture is the first and greatest art at the World's Fair; it shows both the totality and its organic parts unfolding within these grounds. As the various civilized peoples are one by virtue of their civilization, so they are here put into a diversified group of buildings, which, however, constitute finally one structure, and have one fundamental thought.

Such is the fact now to be emphasized, that of civilization, however varied may be its forms

among different peoples. These are to dwell together here in one vast temple, ordered according to the works of civilized life; they are also one in a common idea and they must subordinate themselves in this unity, which is over them, yet in them as well.

Equally certain is it that each Nation is to show itself as a complete, self-determining unit in this grand totality of nations. It is not to be absorbed, it is not to be assimilated wholly by its participation; on the contrary, it is to assert itself all the stronger as individual. It is to preserve and develop its own self-hood by sharing in what is universal. In other words civilization is not to destroy individuality, but is to nourish it in its true sense. Civilization, while uniting the individual nations in a common bond, is to give them a better opportunity for developing their own inherent character.

The World's Fair, accordingly, as the exposition of civilization and the products thereof, will have two strong forces at work both in co-operation and in counter-action, combining yet dividing, showing the unity of all, and their diversity as well. These two forces will manifest themselves in two fundamental divisions of the Exposition, indicating mightily, on the one hand, its universal side, and on the other hand its individual side. Architecture has primarily revealed this fact; note the one connected temple for all the States

and Nations, and then the separate disconnected buildings for each State and Nation, in the northern portion of the grounds. Unity is affirmed, but not the death-dealing unity which means the destruction or even the assimilation of the individual, for behold the latter appearing here, too, and asserting its right of existence.

Very significant and far-reaching will the present division reveal itself unto him who thinks. It cuts deep into the history of the world; it reaches down to the foundation of systems of philosophy; it touches profoundly the religious development of mankind; it embraces in its sweep the fundamental forms of government among nations. Indeed, this division suggests the deepest dualism of the race, the difference between Orient and Occident. The Greek, placed in the vanguard of European civilization against the Asiatic, gave supreme validity to the individual — he fought for it and made it triumph. Nay, he gave to it an exclusive one-sided validity, and of this excess he at last perished. Oriental civilization, on the other hand, was always inclined to suppress the individual, or to hamper its development in Family and State — in Art, Religion and Philosophy. The true outcome is that both these conflicting elements of the old world be harmonized, and live together in a new order, political and social. Europe has long been working at this problem; America, if she has not solved it, has carried it a

good way forward toward solution. The struggle is, of course, perennial, being the source of all transformation and renascence, but the latest form of it we may behold at the World's Fair, where it is built into the very edifices and organizes them.

The French have called an enterprise of the present kind an Universal Exposition, which evidently has two meanings. The first indicates a display in which all peoples take part; but the second and deeper meaning of an Universal Exposition is an exposition of the Universal, of that which unites all peoples, of that which is commonly called civilization, especially in its industrial aspect. So the French say and think, being the chief heirs of the old Roman solidarity of nations, which is a phase of this universal element whereof we have been speaking.

But the World's Fair, particularly in the United States, is to be an individual exposition also — that is, an exposition of what is individual, separate, peculiar, possibly capricious at times. Indeed, each State of the Union is to show itself distinctively in its own way and in its own home. It is not to be absorbed, though it recognize a higher supremacy; it is to be put under the shelter of the one great temple, yet it is also to put itself under its own shelter. Therein we may see an image of the Federal Union, with its two sovereignties, — State and National.

Such is the new synthesis at Chicago, like a fresh step in the world's history showing a truly universal exposition, one which does not suppress or obscure individuality, but gives to it full sway in its own sphere. For that which is truly universal must finally over-arch and include the opposite of itself, namely, the individual in complete development. Thus it is, like Providence, who rules the universe, yet allows his great adversary, Satan, a free field of action in the same.

These, then, are the two fundamental divisions of the visible appearance of the World's Fair at Jackson Park — divisions which also reach down and embrace the idea. But mankind has had to develop to the present height of civilization through a succession of stages; this preliminary process is also to be shown, and hence we have a third division — the Plaisance. These three divisions we shall now still further unfold and organize in due order.

I.

Looking at the total group of buildings devoted to the general purposes of the Fair, those structures which we have indicated as the common temple of the nations, we observe that this temple falls into three compartments, each of which takes the form of a large court or open place surrounded by edifices. These courts are con-

nected by streets and canals; they can be reached in various ways, both by land and water. As far as we have yet been able to find out, these courts have not been duly named; indeed there is generally a serious want of nomenclature for important localities and divisions; there seems to have been no name-giving genius among the organizers of the Fair. We shall, accordingly, have to make our own terms, and call the three divisions above mentioned the Upper, Middle and Lower Enclosures, which we now shall briefly describe and explain. It would be well if the reader have a plan of the grounds before him.

1. The Upper Enclosure is irregular in shape, yet verges toward the figure of a parallelogram, running lengthwise nearly north and south. Its form is determined by an irregular canal, surrounding an irregular island, which is in part given over to Nature's irregularities, and is in part cultivated into them. Still it shows everywhere the hand of training, even in its wildness; law it manifests in all its freedom. Its lines are not always straight, its angles are not always right angles. We may affirm that its spirit is that of liberty, but not license; it is strongly individual, it has even its caprices, when it has a right to them; though ungoverned, it is not ungovernable.

If now we look up from the ground plan of the Upper Enclosure to its counterpart in the

skies, we observe at each point of the compass the four Domes, which have already been described in a previous study. At present we may note that three of these Domes, those of the Illinois State Building, of the Government Building, and of the Administration Building, represent authority and suggest protection from above. The Nation, the State, and the local Administration rise before the eyes of the visitor whenever he glances upward and around his horizon for external guidance or personal security. He adjusts his direction by them, and he must feel, if he be at all sensitive to the spiritual order in his presence, their protecting hand over himself. The fourth Dome, that of the Horticultural Building, will also have its effect upon him; at least it will remind him of the sphere of Nature, who is still present in him, and is at the Fair, too, with her power and fascination. But the other three Domes are symbolical of his country and its institutions; they suggest the form of government under which he lives and in which he believes. For we all are ready to say: Look at our organization of the State and of the Nation; that is what we have done in advance of the rest of the world; in many things Europe surpasses us, and we have to follow; but in this matter it must follow us. America's most distinctive contribution to the civilization of the race is the political one; very

properly, therefore, is it manifested, if not exhibited, at the great Exposition, in which the country seeks to reveal its best self to the world.

We note, therefore, that even the Domes suggest the division above unfolded. The Nation is here with its universal supremacy; the State and also the local Administration are present, strongly individualized, yet in harmony with the general government. Authority is not to crush freedom, nor is freedom to uproot authority; both are necessary parts of one great structure.

The Upper Enclosure by its lines and its shape hints a certain independence; it seems to break over the fixed, the exact, the rectilineal, and make a dash for something beyond. Its Domes, rising out of rectangular buildings below, mount skyward in great sweeping curves and suggest aspiration for the Infinite. The landscape artist and the architect have wrought together to produce a deeply harmonious Whole out of the land, water and structures of this Upper Enclosure. Still, its character is to leave much to suggestion and imagination; it is not finished to the end by any means, and ought not to be. With all its classic forms there is in it a strong romantic element, which transcends such forms and leaps out toward the boundless. Moreover, we feel that its makers produced something beyond their plans; the work is not the result of a limited, clear-cut, conscious purpose, but in this case the

unexpected mingled in the scheme and largely helped to produce what we now behold.

2. The Middle Enclosure, of which the Administration Building is the center, shows in many respects a strong contrast to the Upper Enclosure, which we have just considered. Everything now becomes regular, definite, foreordained by plan. There are no subtle reaches outward and upward for the unattained; the master has evidently gotten what he wanted and what he intended. The Middle Enclosure has the form of an exact parallelogram, running lengthwise east and west; it is strictly rectilineal, its lines do not break out of the straight direction; when they change, they make a right angle, and move forward without turning elsewhere; they reach what they set out for, and include what they want, and are content. No struggle for the beyond, no dashes sidewise for the unexplored; in other words, we have entered the realm of Greek Art, beautiful beyond compare, and satisfied with its beauty. The Middle Enclosure is architecturally a re-constituted Hellenic world; on the Earth to-day probably cannot be found its equal for suggesting the classic spirit.

The lagoon here takes a regular shape and is assigned to precise boundaries; it has also received special attention in the Columbian Fountain, placed at the head of it, and flanked by two electric fountains; at the other end of it is the

colossal statue of the Republic. This little sheet of water is thus chosen for a grand sculpturesque display pertaining to America, and breaks up, in Greek fashion, the straight architectural lines enclosing it everywhere, into a certain degree of fluidity, into the flowing lines of statuary.

The visitor's attention will be specially directed to the two colonnades, which unite the parallelogram, and which make the Middle Enclosure complete. One of these colonnades lies southward, and connects the Machinery Building with the Agricultural Building; the other lies eastward along the Lake, and forms one side of the parallelogram. Very beautiful is the effect, which rises into the feeling of grandeur; at present, however, we are to emphasize the idea of unity, which clearly lay in the plan of the architect when he conceived these colonnades. It is plain that their supreme object is an ideal one, they can hardly be called useful for any material purpose; they link together the disjointed members of the Middle Enclosure, indeed, of the entire Fair, into a totality whose intention becomes visible most distinctly at these places of connection.

Music has been specially assigned to the Middle Enclosure; the fixed harmonies of Architecture and Sculpture are to be made fluid, and to flow into sweet sounds. The rays of the sun work with a strange concordant power upon this classic scene, which old Helius seems to salute in

a kind of glad recognition, as if he again beheld his Hellenic domain. At night artificial illumination gives to the Middle Enclosure a new light and a new meaning; electricity with a fresh terrestrial sun pours down into the clear Greek world and transforms it to a romantic fairyland in a grand spectacular scene. The resources of the Exposition are concentrated at this point; all the Fine Arts are seeking to combine together and to form a new supreme Art, aided by every cunning device of Science.

Still the Middle Enclosure is Hellenic and has the Hellenic joy of life. Its architectural environment is rectilineal and rectangular for the most part, like the Greek temple; white also it appears, like an ancient city of marble. Structurally it gives the feeling of completion, it is finished quite as it lay in the conscious purpose of the builder, while the Upper Enclosure is unfinished and unfinishable, with its larger space and its uncontrolled lines of land, of water, and of sky. Thus in many respects the spirit of the two Enclosures is different, if not opposite; still they belong together as architectural outgrowths of the human mind, and make at last one temple of the ages.

3. There is a third Enclosure, the lower one, lying behind the second, to the south. It shows a tendency to be triangular, and has its own special bit of water within, as well as the lake

beyond. Outside exhibits are placed here, the overflowings of the great Fair. On the whole, its character is to be a receptacle of what cannot be put elsewhere; it is the outhouse of the Exposition, the necessary barn, stable, pen; consequently here are found the stock exhibits, the car shops, the places for refuse; Sewage Cleansing Works, Garbage Furnaces show that a great Exposition has its uninviting aspect, and cannot be wholly devoted to High Art. Undoubtedly there are many things in this Enclosure worthy of study, and we shall return to it hereafter, when we have more time. But the main fact of it is that of being a corner to one side; indeed, a three-cornered corner, which has to be placed in the rear of the grand edifice.

Such are the three Enclosures, Upper, Middle and Lower, of the one vast Temple, embracing distinctively the Universal Exposition as such, that phase of the World's Fair which unites and subsumes all peoples under a common spirit called civilization. But there is also an Individual Exposition, by necessity of completeness; this is now to be designated, being the second portion of the architectural as well as spiritual phenomenon at Jackson Park.

II.

The individual phase of the World's Fair has, as already indicated, shown itself in the build-

ings which each State or nation has erected in its own way for its own behoof. They are grouped together in a somewhat capricious manner at the northern end of the grounds, where they have been given over to a free play of individuality, of course within the limits assigned. One of the strange facts here is that the Art Galleries Building, with its dome, has gotten itself built in the midst of these structures; it has not succeeded in making itself an integral part of the one great Temple already described above. To us such a fact is not an accident; sculpture and painting are an individual matter in this country; they have not entered the universal consciousness of the people, as they did in ancient Greece, for example. Still they are present, struggling for recognition, trying to cross over from Europe to our country. Not without a playful hint does one horn of the Art Galleries Building touch France on the East, while the other horn (or annex) reaches out for South Dakota and for the State of Washington on the West. Let us deem the Building, then, a vast bridge for the passage of Art out of Europe, specially out of artistic France, over the sea to America, even unto the Pacific coast, by way of Chicago.

The most significant division of this collection of edifices is the division into domestic and foreign. Note the fact: each American Commonwealth here asserts its individuality with quite as

much intensity as any outside nation. Still these Commonwealths, in their very independence, have a common spirit and a common principle, which joins them into a higher unity called the Nation. Each has its own home and its own Building, which, however, belongs to a federaation of Buildings at the World's Fair.

Nor should we forget the wider, indeed universal suggestion, which is born of the present thought. These buildings of other peoples, intimate, if they do not openly express, a deeper unity than all differences; they are one at bottom, and they prophesy a new United States, a federation of the world, which is the goal of the publicist as well as the dream of the poet.

1. We may now pay some special attention to the domestic division, to the State Buildings proper. Are they all present? Call the roll; who is absent, and why? One looks with particular interest toward the South in this play of individuality, inasmuch as the South has always declared itself to be the champion thereof in the American political system, and not many years ago it fought for the same with a desperation which the centuries will not forget. Marvelous response! South Carolina does not answer the roll-call; all the States immediately around her, North, South, West to the Mississippi River, are absent with her, while all the other Southern States are present with Virginia, the State mother!

We hope that nobody will charge us with the design of stirring up sectional hate in these observations. We are simply noting a fact at the World's Fair and are trying to interpret it. Whatever be the pretexts, legal and economical, for this absence, the meaning underneath must be read. The South-Eastern States of the Republic believe so strongly in the individual side of their political system, that they will not unite with others to celebrate it, for that would be a kind of union. Their tendency still is, apparently, to push individuality to such a degree of tension that it collides with the universal element of the Nation. It has been left to Illinois to assert State Rights most strongly in her Building; to be sure she remains inside the architectural federation containing nearly all the Northern States and most of the Southern. Even the territories are not going to be wholly left out, for here is Oklahoma with the two other territories in a joint household. In all of which we can see the intense working of these two principles, which we have called the universal and the individual, in the political history of our own country.

Passing now from the absentees, we may cast a glance at those present. Each State Building, as a rule, has something peculiar, something typical; it designates, more or less adequately, the character and the history of the people who

built it. Often the distinguishing trait does not lie in the Architecture, which can be a mere imitation; more frequently it is the interior which speaks. Still the very fact that a State has erected its Building here has of itself a certain meaning. An unconscious symbolism runs through the entire mass and provokes the careful observer to fathom their significance both specially and in general. Moreover every American visitor will have an interest in making a call at his own State home, and contrasting it with others which are clustered around. A national feeling he will have for all, and appreciate sympathetically the neighbor; his patriotism will be twofold, he belongs to a State and just therein belongs also to a Nation. Indeed, he must transcend even the limits of his Nation, and become cosmopolitan; he belongs to a higher aggregate, whereof the next step is an indication.

2. The foreign division of State Buildings is grouped together more to the East, where the Lake stretches pleasantly along their front. Different quarters of the globe and different races are represented in a suggestive way. What a separation in speech, in blood, in ideas! Yet here too the conception of a common humanity will rise underneath all diversity; man, rational man, is certainly present, and with him given, everything else will follow in time, even the Universal Republic.

Of our North American neighbors, Mexico appears to be absent; of the South American, Brazil, the vast new republic, sends a most beautiful and significant greeting in her new and spacious Building. The Latin family of the Western Continent, now wholly republican in form of government, has apparently some misgivings, yet it is, with a few notable exceptions, present, and in friendly mood. Why not? The old historic conflict between the Teutonic and Romanic civilizations has probably been transplanted to the New World, but here we hope to witness only the rivalry of peaceful development, and in time, that Federal unity which not only permits but fosters the free and full unfolding of each individual State.

European nations have in a number of instances erected special Buildings. Each of these deserves notice, but in the present survey we can give only general outlines. Eastern Europe has naturally laid less emphasis upon the individual element; Russia, Austria, Italy have no Houses outside of the great Temple. England, France, and Germany, nations nearest to our country, though in different ways, have not failed to build independent Homes along Lake Michigan. Undoubtedly the German Building is the most striking of all these special structures. Indeed, Germany has, on the whole, shown her-

self the most powerful and aggressive nation at the Fair. On all sides her mighty national spirit asserts itself in surpassing works; the new consciousness, born of the united German people, reveals itself everywhere in imperial strength and grandeur.

From the far Orient representative Buildings spring up and fraternally salute the remote Occident on its own soil. Ceylon, the East Indies, Japan, each with its crystallized civilization of thousands of years, have begun to move West, and surprise us here by making a sudden leap half-way round the globe. It is probably but a short visit at present; still the suggestion is that the whole earth is encircled with a zone of nations held together by a common bond. But how does the exclusion of the Chinese by the United States fit in at this point? China, the greatest Oriental power, very naturally refuses to show herself.

Such, then, is the general organization of the World's Fair, with its two fundamental phases, the universal and the individual, revealing themselves particularly in architecture. This division goes down to the deepest dualism of civilization, indicating the chief antithesis of the human mind as well as of human history, out of which, however, is to come the new synthesis of mankind. But the Exposition, to be complete, must give some hint of the road on which man has traveled to his present state.

III.

This makes the third division, the preliminary part, which is known as the Midway Plaisance. Note that it is in the form of an avenue leading to the main grounds, wherein one may find a suggestion of its character. It hints the path of human progress; it may be called the highway of civilization. We can enter where it begins and pass down its stream to the place where it loses itself in the great ocean of the Exposition; that is the natural course. Or we can reverse the process: we can drop back into the Plaisance, when wearied and foredone by the overwhelming tension and earnestness of the industrial battle among the most highly civilized peoples. What a relief to retire several degrees behind the car of progress, and look once more upon the childhood of the race! It is a new delight to chaff with a semi-barbarous Oriental, or to hobnob with a cannibal.

We deem it, therefore, in keeping with the character of the Plaisance, that it has been made a place of relaxation and entertainment. It has many promiscuous kinds of diversion; refreshment for body and mind it offers in abundance; people here eat and drink and are amused. Unbend the bow a little, O civilized man, else it will surely snap at Chicago.

But instruction may be easily combined with

relaxation. The ethnical display is of such a nature that we can calmly look back through the whole line of our ancestors quite to the human beginning. The African savage is here from Dahomey; not far off is the American Indian; let the visitor take his choice for a starting point. Asiatic civilization is seen in a great variety of products and persons; the Turanian, the Semitic and the Aryan races are represented in the Turk, the Arab, and the Persian. Finally European peoples are shown in their more primitive condition by a series of villages — German, Austrian, Irish. Nor must we forget the Mongolian of Farther Asia, with a civilization of his own, lying quite outside of the world's movement. What a conglomeration of races and nations, historical, unhistorical, pre-historical, and even extra-historical! The confusion of tongues has come again, and that ancient Asiatic symbol, the Tower of Babel, is renewed with a fresh meaning in the Plaisance.

But under all this diversity and discord one can hear a subdued, but very persistent, note of harmony. The nations are going toward a common civilization; nay, toward a common government. The Asiatic confusion of the Plaisance is moving — has to move — into the universal order, which is hinted in the Exposition. There is but one road to the great end; and both the road and the end are symbolized in the very plan of the

World's Fair before us. The ethnical, political, and religious chaos of the Orient is set forth in a striking picture; but its future lines in the direction of a cosmos are also laid down with some precision. Here we shall have to pass out of the Plaisance for the present; but you and I, reader, will come back to it again.

If the present study has succeeded in its object, the student thereof has now before his mind the organization of the total Fair with its leading divisions and sub-divisions. Again, we repeat that its organizers had probably no such conscious plan, nor did they go through any such process of thought as that above unfolded. Men of action are not usually thinkers — their thought is their deed, and overmuch reflection fritters away the power of will, as the universal poet has shown in the case of Hamlet. Then, too, in any great epoch-making event, a spirit mightier than man takes possession of man, and causes him to produce a work clearly in advance of his ordinary power, quite beyond the range of his conscious self.

Who first conceived the idea of a Fair? Hard to tell; it has a history, it is an evolution of time. An ancient writer informs us that already in antiquity one of the Ptolemies caused all the products of Egypt to be displayed at a stated period, and in a given place. Fairs for the sale and purchase of goods have been common

throughout Europe and Asia. But the French may reasonably claim to be the originators of the universal exposition in the modern sense, and they generally trace it from their great awakening called the Revolution. The spirit of uniting all nations into one vast brotherhood was then born, and has never since died out in the hearts of Frenchmen. They call it the solidarity of peoples, and one of their political watchwords is fraternity. It is true that they seem not to be ready just now to fraternize with their German brothers across the Rhine, but that feeling is doubtless temporary.

In fact, France stands for the universal side of the idea in all things; there is something Roman and imperial even in her republican character. On the other hand, she has little feeling for the individual side of the idea, which is specially emphasized in Anglo-Saxondom. A complete World's Exposition must bring together both sides of the grand dualism, and to a degree harmonize them, hence one watches their manifestation at Jackson Park with so much interest. We Americans, filled with our strong and youthful national life, must think that the grand new synthesis of the World's History is taking place just now in our own land, and that a colossal outburst thereof may be witnessed not only in the present Exposition, but above all, in the city where it is held.

THE GREEK COLUMN AT THE FAIR.

There can be hardly a question that the architecture of the World's Fair is its greatest exhibit. It is the first thing which one looks at on entering, it is the last thing which one lingers over while departing. Not merely the beauty of the appearance is fascinating, but there is felt in it a gigantic power of construction; a colossal architectonic energy pervades the whole, which goes home at once to the spirit of the beholder. whether he knows much or little about the principles of architecture. There is a voice here which speaks immediately to every human soul out of these buildings; truly it is spirit uttering itself to spirit by way of construction.

Now this architecture of the Fair is essentially Greek architecture. The breath of Hellas stirs

in it all; that marvellous people, who lay anciently around the Ægean and on its islands, and who were the givers of beautiful form to mankind, have transmitted their ideal shapes with a new life to the temple before us, this vast Greek temple re-born on another continent.

Still we do not intend to affirm that the architecture is exclusively Greek. Time has furnished its contribution, and time has brought forth important things since the age of Greece. The Roman has lent his greatest structural product, the arch, which we can see here in hundreds of forms, though they are quite under the spell of the Greek enchanter. The Renascence, with its fresh transformation of the classic world shows itself everywhere in these buildings; but the Renascence itself was mainly a new birth of ancient Hellas. Indeed, there is a going backwards to a certain extent, a reaching out of Europe into Asia in the structures of the World's Fair; they have a colossality which belongs to the vast edifices of Egypt and the Orient. Little Greece had, on the whole, buildings in proportion to her size; moreover she loved moderation and harmony; the unmeasured and the immeasurable she eschewed as alien to her genius. Limits she rigidly set for others and for herself, but in those limits she demanded perfection, and in that way satisfied her infinite nature. External magnitude was not her architectural element,

but constructive completeness; hence when she produced a form, it has remained unsurpassed and unsurpassable in its kind.

The World's Fair is accordingly pervaded by an Oriental feeling for magnificence, for huge measurements, for colossality, which is, indeed, profoundly harmonious with the American national spirit. The great country stretches the mind of its people, and makes it mighty and aspiring, truly limit-transcending; hence arises a certain spiritual similitude between the American Republic and the Oriental Empire. Still the gigantesque is barbarous till it be trained to order and harmony; such training has been the special function of the Greek spirit in the World's History. As the Greek heroes of civilization, Hercules, Theseus, Bellerophon, had to subdue primeval monsters of various kinds, so Greek art has had to transform the monstrous in shape, and to subject the colossal to the law of beauty. This function it has most nobly fulfilled at Jackson Park.

It is no wonder, therefore, that a Greek atmosphere hovers over the Fair. Its architects, with true insight, called up that old form-compelling Hellenic spirit, with its sense of harmony, order, and moderation, that it might subject American colossality, which, without such subjection, could easily run over into the extravagant and beget monsters. Then we should witness a huge pri-

meval deinotherion of a Fair, instead of a well-ordered, civilized product, the last utterance of man's reason and sense of beauty. But mark it well! the magnitude must not be left out, for it is ours, and we must have it; never again can we be shut up in that little Greek temple by the Ilissus. Yet that temple is just the wondrous transforming power which is present in these buildings; hence it can be studied with profit by the visitor who wishes to look into the sources of things.

That is, we must now pay some attention to Greek Architecture. Moreover, as there is little time for details, we wish to push to the heart of the matter as soon as possible. Now the central form upon which Greek architecture rests, and around which its development turns, is the column. The Greek column, repeating itself in a line till it forms the colonnade, then turning at a right angle and continuing the same line in the same manner, till it forms the figure of a parallelogram, produces the shape and the enclosure of the Greek temple, the holy place of the gods. This columnar line or colonnade we shall see at the World's Fair in many different situations; it always calls up its Hellenic home, and has a beauty of its own, which can only be named Greek from its character and origin. It has certainly imparted its spirit to its new abode by the side of Lake Michigan.

There are several hundred Greek columns to be seen at Jackson Park; indeed the eye lights on them with every sweep of vision indoors and out. Let the visitor stop before one of them ere he gets too tired; let him sit down and look at it from top to bottom; then let him begin his wrestle with it to seize its meaning. What is it saying? For it is an utterance, nay, the most distinct architectural utterance that has ever been given to a material thing.

But at first he will probably hear no response, he has not yet learned the alphabet of its language. He will look again, and begin to scrutinize more closely; he will observe that the column has three main parts; a lower part, which passes by degrees from the horizontal pavement into the middle part; this middle part bears strongly upward in a perpendicular line to the third part, which passes in its turn gradually into the horizontal beam resting upon it, and called the architrave. These three parts of the column, lower, middle and upper, have been respectively designated as the base, the shaft and the capital, as he will learn from any book on the subject. But the book will probably give him no clue to the meaning of these parts; so he will begin again, delighted but not satisfied with what he has gotten.

As he looks up the second time at the heavy architrave passing from column to column, an

idea strikes him, very simple, but very necessary at this point. The column is made to support the architrave, to support the whole entablature, indeed the roof and ceiling it helps to support. That is just its meaning then: Support. It says to the person entering below: I shall not fall on your head, or let this roof fall on your head; be of good cheer, go ye in with courage, not fearing my weakness. So it begins to talk, and is evidently not yet done talking to the person who can hear its speech.

The total building now has differentiated itself into two portions: that which supports and that which is supported. Moreover it is clear that each portion is to express its own character through its very construction, and each detail is to say what it is there for. Architecture is to make every form tell its own story; ornament is not to be hung on the outside, but is to spring from within, uttering what the part means.

The column, therefore, signifies the supporter, the upholder, the mighty Atlas with broad shoulders and strong body. Still the column is not to assume the human shape, which is the abode of spirit and of freedom, though it can have and does have a suggestion of man's physical frame bearing the burdens of life. There are a few Greek instances of the human form used as a column, for example, the caryatids; but their employment is so rare that it indicates that the

Greek, after becoming acquainted with them, rejected them. Still, we may trace a glint of man's fate, toil-enduring, in the column.

It is now in order for us to go back and pick up the threefold division of the column, and see what we can make of that. The lower part, the base, has a number of forms, technically called mouldings, all of which express the various phases of the transition from the pavement or stylobat, which is rectangular and horizontal in the Greek temple, to the shaft of the column, which is round and perpendicular. Let us notice some of these forms. The first is a square block called the plinth ; its rectangular shape suggests the stylobat below it, but its limited form suggests its adaptation to the column above it. We see that the stylobat of the whole temple has become in the plinth the stylobat of the column. The next part of the base is called the torus, which is both round and bulged, or oval ; it has both the name and the form of a cushion pressed out by a superincumbent weight. Thus the torus is an important step in the development of the column, having become circular, and suggesting great pressure from above. The third part turns inwards, and shows the shape opposite to the torus, being hollowed out and bent inside, and thus showing a collection and concentration of the power which upholds. Without this inner gathering of strength, the torus would have a crushed appear-

ance, being unable to rally under the weight. Then the torus is usually repeated with a swell outwards. Thus a double movement is indicated like that of the burden-bearer heaving his load; and the whole base becomes organic, alive and toiling, with expiration and inspiration, with a diastole and systolė in stone. Having grasped this thought we are already beyond the base, we have made the transition into the shaft.

Looking back at the base for a moment, do we not see the development in its mouldings from a flat pavement to an upright form which supports? Behold the column rising up and standing as it were on its feet. So we must read this architectural language.

Now, we may consider the second part of the column, called the shaft. The first fact concerning it is its rotundity, it throws off all corners and angles, it gathers itself about its center and strives upward like an organic object, a tree for example; it is complete and without superfluity of material. The second fact is, the shaft is fluted, has a series of perpendicular grooves covering its whole surface. Many different effects have been ascribed to this device, but the main one is that the eye is caught and carried up by these straight lines on the shaft, whereas the sight would glance off from a round smooth surface. So the shaft asserts strongly its erectness under its burden by these flutings, it stands

straight; see, it can walk with its load, if need be. Moreover a certain variety of light and shade comes from the edges and hollows, which gives to the column a picturesque tinge, a changeful play of features like that of life. Note another fine point in every truly Greek column; there is a slight increase of its diameter for about one-third of its height, then a slight diminution of the same till the capital, causing a small swell in the body of the shaft, a kind of corporeal rising and falling, which gives a suggestion of movement and of vitality under the great pressure of the burden. A mere mechanical uniformity of diminution upwards in a column would kill it dead to a Greek eye.

The capital is the transition from the perpendicular shaft to the horizontal architrave, the first indication of which are two or three grooves which run around the top of the column at right angles to the flutings. These grooves cut off, as it were, the perpendicular lines, or hint their conclusion, for shortly the echinus begins struggling outward and upward in the form of a rounded protruding bulge, suggesting, like the torus of the base, a strong pressure from above. Then follows the abacus, a square block like the plinth of the base, wherein we see the round column passing into the rectangular form which immediately becomes the super-imposed architrave. Here the column is at end, having taken upon its shoulder its burden,

or the first portion thereof. As the base is the transition from the flat pavement below into the upright shaft, so the capital is the transition out of the upright shaft into the flat ceiling above, and all the mouldings express various stages of the transition.

Now the reader has, we hope, seen the column rising up from its prostrate position, setting its foot firmly upon the stylobat, then erecting its total body slowly, slowly, and finally elevating its head, and assuming its great burden with a triumphant uprightness. All its actions, as we may call them, have uttered themselves in suggestive forms, which though of stone, show a marvellous expression of life.

Yet they are not alive, are not imitations either of the animal or vegetable kingdom. The column has a certain resemblance to a man or to a tree, but it is neither, for its supreme function is to support a burden, which is not the supreme function of a man or a tree, though they can support a burden, too.

The column must develop its parts logically from its thought; it resembles the human body or the trunk of an oak only in part; when it seeks to become animal or vegetable in form, then it is losing the idea which created it originally, and is getting degenerate.

Now for the next important fact about the Greek column. Its law being given as above, it

can be infinitely varied within those limits. Take for instance, the Ionic base which is essentially the one above described ; its torus can be single or double ; its hollow (scotia) can be single or double or treble ; its torus can be fluted horizontally, emphasizing still the horizontal stylobat; new mouldings can be introduced, giving new shades of transition, yet they all must in one way or another express just that transition. Nothing can be added simply for the sake of ornament, every part, however minute, must spring from within and show itself a stage of the process called the base, for the base of a true Greek column is by no means a thing defunct, but has the variety of life.

Thus perhaps every temple in Greece had a different base for an Ionic column ; new turns were given, with their fresh suggestions, but they all had to be an integral phase of the transition from the flat stylobat to the upright shaft. Here was the field for the imagination of the Greek architect, he did not simply copy, he created new forms, of course within the law and limits of his Art. The law of the base is, that it is the transition from a platform to a pillar, from the square to the round, from the prostrate to the upright. The plinth, the torus, and the scotia are given to the architect, but he has to make them tell their story in a new work of art.

Let us compare this procedure with that of

the Greek poet. The dramatist took the same legend which others before him had taken and handled, but he filled it with new motives, new touches, new traits of character. The mythical outline was always given him, and was pre-supposed in the minds of his audience, yet this outline he was to endow with new life. Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripedes have all treated the subject of Electra, yet with what a difference! Greek architects have treated the base of an Ionic column at Athens, at Samos, at Priene, yet with what a difference! The epic poets sang the tale of Troy for a thousand years or more; they did not simply imitate one another, but they renewed and transfigured the tale, making it reflect each passing epoch. So the Greek builder did with his temple, his column, even with the base thereof, which had to have its own individuality in every case. Your body in general outline is the same as mine, but the life in each body is different; still more different is the soul.

What is true of the base is true of the shaft and of the capital; they are made to vary, to give new forms of statement to their idea. The flutings of the shaft are sixteen in the old temples, twenty in the later as the Parthenon, and even twenty-four in the Corinthian order. The height of the column varies in the Doric Order from four to six diameters; that is, from a

heavy, almost oppressive massiveness to a slight slender shape. In like manner, the Doric capitals are very different from one another in the preserved monuments; in some the echinus reaches out in a clumsy excess of strength, in others it becomes almost elegant in its modesty. So the Greek architectural genius plays with these forms, giving a fresh turn to the expression. But the shaft had always to be round, to be fluted, to be a support of the burden above. The capital had always to be the transition from the shaft to the architrave. The idea had always to be present, and every part was to lead back to that idea as its source.

In all these parts of the column we note an undulation, strong in the base, very delicate in the shaft (entasis), pronounced in the capital. Then there is a hint of the same wave-like rising and falling in various mouldings (called cyma and cymation). Thus the suggestion of movement, of breathing perchance, runs through the entire column. But when the capital changes to a new shape, and the base is added to it, and the shaft becomes more slender, then we have the differentiation into Orders, which is indicated especially by the column, yet also by the entablature. There are fundamentally but two Orders of Greek Architecture, Doric and Ionic, though others were added which are only variations of these two. This twofold division corresponds

indeed to the dualism inherent in the Greek national spirit. There were the Dorians whose chief political representatives were the Spartans, strict, legal, moulded into men by laws and institutions. The Ionians were represented by the Athenians, active in spirit, seeking the new, limit-defying. As all Greece finally ranged itself on these two lines, so Architecture very early showed two tendencies. The Ionic Order seems to have specially flourished in the Ionic colonies of Asia Minor, and has a certain leaning toward an Oriental fullness and luxury of form. The Doric Order shows its completest early development in the West, in the colonies of Sicily, which were mostly Doric. Thus Orient and Occident cast their shadow into the divisions of Greek Architecture.

In the buildings at the World's Fair, the Doric column is rarely employed. It is a little too heavy and solid, we may say, a little too sincere and truth-telling to permit itself to be made out of staff and then to assume the appearance of stone. The Doric character, as illustrated by the Spartans, was blunt, direct, not given to show or ornament. Moreover the Doric column was built to stand forever, not for six months, it has in it an eternal element, being made to support the temple of the God. The architects of the Fair Buildings showed both their judgment and taste when they selected the Corinthian column as the

best for their purpose. Still the eager student will find four large Doric columns in the front of the Choral Building, where he can trace all their characteristics in shaft, in capital and entablature, for they have no base. The Ionic column is used much more frequently at the Fair than the Doric; notably the Art Building has Ionic colonnades, which are doubtless intended to suggest the great original home of the Fine Arts. Athenian genius, being Ionic, is very properly called to mind by the architecture of that temple where the world's artistic skill is exhibited in sculpture and painting. Even the caryatids of the Acropolis are not omitted in this suggestive structure.

The two columns, Doric and Ionic, have been compared to the forms of man and woman. The Doric is stronger, not so high in proportion to its thickness, it shows greater capacity for bearing its burden. It has no base, it stands firmly on the pavement of the temple, and connects immediately therewith, making no apology. That is, it has no transition from the stylobat into the shaft, brusque it seems, laconic in its mouldings, which are the speech of Architecture. On the contrary, the polished social Ionian demands a mediation between two such opposites as the horizontal and the perpendicular, or prostrateness and uprightness. Nay, he wishes to vary in many ways this mediation, and hence the

manifold forms of the Ionic base. The Doric Order has a capital, simple, expressive, direct. Yet, if there be a transition above out of the shaft, why should there not be a transition below into the shaft? Logic would seem to demand it, as well as symmetry. The absence of the base remains an instance of Dorian straightforwardness, perchance too of abruptness which may lack courtesy.

So the Ionic column introduces the base with good reason; then it lengthens its shaft in proportion to the diameter; finally it changes radically the capital by employing volutes, or spirals like the ram's horn, or snail. This curling up hints how the Ionians took the heavy burden, the architrave of life, in contrast to the Dorians; the former showed more repugnance to it, they took it like a worm trodden upon, while the latter grimly broadened out and stoically accepted the great weight from above. The Ionian turned back into himself, manifested more internality, emotion, sensitiveness; he recoiled invariably when the pressure of fate came upon him outwardly.

Very significant is it that the Ionic column makes a different appearance when viewed from the side and when viewed from the front. Hence it was suitable only for a colonnade, or straight line of columns, and not for a peristyle with four corners. Herein the Doric capital is superior,

so that the Ionic Athenians employed it for their great temple, the Parthenon, also for the Theseion. The Doric capital with its round echinus and its square abacus, was the same on every side, it presented always a face to fate, being equal to the emergency; while the softer Ionic genius could go straight ahead on the line of prosperity, but could not meet the angular turn. Makeshifts were resorted to for the corner column, but the insufficiency was felt; Greece could not go back to Doric strictness and simplicity, so the column being forced to change became Corinthian.

The Corinthian column is essentially derived from the Ionic, whose base, shaft and capital are retained with some additions and variations. The shaft has twenty-four flutings, is higher in proportion to the diameter, and thus becomes still more slender and graceful, than the Ionic, while, compared to Doric, it shows weakness and effeminacy. The chief change is noticeable in the capital, which is now surrounded with the leaf of the acanthus, suggesting the flower. The volutes are transformed into four simple scrolls equi-distant, so that the Corinthian column can be employed for the peristyle at the corners as well as the Doric. This is its great advance over the Ionic, and is what brought it into universal use in the later period of Greece and Rome.

But the acanthus leaf is not structural, it does

not suggest the idea of support, however graceful in form. On the contrary, it is an external decoration put upon the column and counter to its real meaning. Gone is the old Doric sense which made every moulding express the one purpose; even the Ionic freedom is transcended. The capital has, therefore, broken loose from the law, and the result is, soon every kind of ornament is sculptured upon it — men's heads, animals, bunches of grapes, emblems of all imaginable kinds.

It is manifest that the other parts of the column cannot be henceforth held to their structural meaning, but ornamentation will break out everywhere over them. Finally, in the Roman time the Greek column as a whole will be reduced to a decoration, it will no longer show support, but will ornament a wall, or an arch of some kind. Greek Architecture, like all Greek art, becomes a Roman plaything. Yet the Romans adopted specially the Corinthian Order, not eschewing the other Orders. Indeed, they made fresh combinations, so that writers have assigned to them two new Orders, the Tuscan and the Composite.

We have now seen the Greek column develop into the Roman world, in which its architectural meaning is essentially supplanted. For the Romans have their own upholder in construction, namely the Arch. The column, therefore, is not a necessity to Rome as it was to Greece; it has

become really a structural superfluity, yet it is still applied, not from any inner need, but from its beauty. But when beauty springs not from within, it is not likely to be very beautiful. The Roman column lacks, accordingly, the spontaneous grace and spirit of the Greek columns, it shows that it is an imitation, indeed a stranger at Rome, in spite of Greek architects, who were often employed by Romans.

A slight examination will show that the Corinthian is the dominating Greek column at the World's Fair. For a good reason, doubtless, this column with its decorative character lends itself more easily to mere ornamentation than the Ionic, not to speak of the Doric. The fine large Corinthian columns in front of the Railway Terminal Building are simply ornamental; the arch alongside of them does the supporting, or can do it fully; the columns have really no inner constructive purpose. Yet who would wish them away? The acanthus leaf on the capital is already an ornament, and tinges the whole character of the column, however massive. Put a Doric column in place of the Corinthian here, and the discord would be intolerable.

But the Corinthian column can also stand alone and bear its burden, as it did in the old classic time. A striking instance at the World's Fair is the grand colonnade, the so-called peristyle, in which the Corinthian column is not orna-

mental, but is inherently structural, being used for support and not for decorating an arch. Thus it is employed for a twofold purpose, for construction and for ornament, both of which spring from its double nature. It is hence the most available of all the kinds of columns, and gives a Corinthian unity and harmony to this varied architectural appearance.

That which the column supports is called the entablature, which has three parts — architrave, frieze, cornice. The characteristic of the entablature is, therefore, that it is supported, being upheld by the columns. Its general direction is horizontal, it lies down and rests upon its supporter. The column is, accordingly, the field of two contradictory forces, that which presses downward and that which holds up; and everywhere the column is to show some phase of the conflict. The torus in the base hints the crushing weight transmitted from above; the shaft asserts the ability to meet the burden; so through all its mouldings the column shows its conflict and the solution thereof — the thing of gravity is to overcome gravity through construction.

A short designation of the entablature may be here permitted. The architrave is the cross beam extending from column to column, and thus it unites the separate columns into a colonnade, which encloses the temple. Accordingly its lines lay stress upon the horizontal. The frieze unites

this colonnade or first enclosure to the second enclosure called the cella, or walled abode of the God; hence it had the sculptured scenes of divine fable. Also it had three lines called triglyphs, perpendicular, and thereby in contrast with the horizontal direction of the architrave. The cornice, in a series of significant mouldings, reached out over the entire entablature and colonnade, and suggested the covering inside as well as outside, inasmuch as the ceiling lay back of the cornice. Finally we must take note of the triangular gable or pediment, the form of which was first made to carry off the rain; thus it hints the roof, which is both to cover and to shed water, and must have, accordingly, its own cornice with suggestive mouldings. This pediment was soon observed by the keen eye of the Greek artist, and was employed for a group of statuary representing some mythical deed of the God and thus showing a sculpturesque drama, since the very form of the pediment suggests the beginning, culmination and end of an action.

Another important element in Greek Architecture is intercolumniation, or the distance between the columns measured by the diameters of the same. The Doric solidity passing into Ionic grace can be reduced to figures in this way; one can observe the difference between Spartan massiveness and Athenian versatility in the hand of the workman. The Doric column is from 4 to

6 diameters, with an intercolumniation of one diameter and a third; the Ionic rises to 8 diameters and even to 9½, while the intercolumniation reaches two diameters. Let the student test these measurements with his eye and his feeling; let him look at a Doric and then at an Ionic colonnade, and he will see the spiritual tendencies of the two branches of the Hellenic race expressed in stone. Finally the Corinthian Order transcends the Ionic in the height of its columns and in the width of its intercolumniations, thereby quite reaching the limit of constructive possibility. For the horizontal architrave has to span the distance between the columns, yet it cannot pass beyond a certain length with safety. The Corinthian column is really calling for the Roman arch to help it support its superincumbent burden; the Roman arch came and took its place, reducing it to a mere ornament. Thus pure Greek architecture, like Hellas itself, comes to an end in the supremacy of Rome. Still it is not lost by any means; on the contrary, it has begun a process of evolution, which reaches down time to the present moment.

Herewith we touch the historic development of the column outside of Greece, though in Greece it attained its supreme artistic bloom. For the column has a history, as well as the nation, and that history extends backward and forward, in time and in place. The spirit of the

ages has imprinted itself on the shaft of stone; the column has unfolded into new forms and new uses with the movement of the race.

On the one hand the column reaches backward out of Greece to the Orient. The volutes of the Ionic column may be seen in the ruins of Assyrian architecture, and are decidedly suggested by certain capitals found at Persepolis. Even more decidedly has the Doric column been found in Egypt at the tombs of Beni Hassan; the flutings, the simple shaft, the abacus of the capital with the architrave resting upon the same, show such an affinity that these Beni Hassan columns have been called the proto-Dorian. Still this seems to have been a strange prophetic accident; the Egyptian column in general has a vegetable suggestion, it is a reed or stalk with leaves around the capital, which takes the form of a flower on top, and with decorations and inscriptions covering its shaft. It is not ruled by the pure idea of support. Sometimes it assumes the human shape and countenance. We may note that the Corinthian column is, to a certain extent, a going back to Egypt as well as a going forward to Rome. The preliminary stage to ideal completeness and the degenerating stage afterwards are often similar; man goes down by the same road on which he climbs up, and witnesses the same general appearance of things.

On the other hand the column reaches forward

out of Greece into the Occident. We have already noted what became of the Greek column at Rome; it was mainly supplanted by the arch and reduced to an external decoration. Yet it becomes again organic when it is made to support a Roman arch, which, however, destroys the Greek entablature. Then the column turns Byzantine, it twists and writhes, it is painted over with the figures of demons, with Hell itself. In great tribulation does the old Greek column enter the Christian world, it too has to be sent to Inferno, and is there tortured by fiends, along with the rest of the heathen. Thus with many changeful destinies it passes through the Middle Ages, when the Renascence restores it to its pristine shape, yet puts it into new relations. From the Renascence it has been transmitted to the Chicago Fair, at which it is playing a most important part. The Greek column gives to these vast buildings a classic order and beauty, and is the chief means of uniting them into one great Temple of Industry, by connecting them directly through colonnades. Wherever the Greek column appears, whether in a great edifice, or in a little exhibit, the fundamental note of harmony is struck, to which the architecture of the World's Fair is attuned. This harmony is felt as soon as one enters the grounds and takes his first look.

THE HEART OF THE FAIR.

The great majority of visitors, if they were asked to state what they consider the heart of the Fair, would mention at once the Court of Honor, that portion which we have above named the Middle Enclosure. Yet there is another Court of quite equal importance, usually called the Wooded Island, which name in these studies we shall have to change into Upper Enclosure. These two Enclosures are to be considered separately and together, in their distinction and in their unity, ere we can grasp the most original part of the great Fair, that part by which it is destined to be longest remembered.

What is the charm in these two bits of space, environed by edifices? Wherein does it lie? The

answer is, mainly in the architecture. To be sure, there is a subtle combination with nature — with lagoon, lake, trees, sky, sunlight. Moreover the effect is instantaneous, there is no need of any deep scrutiny or analysis to discover the hidden beauty. No learning is required, no great knowledge; the rustic who beholds it is impressed quite as profoundly as the ingenious critic. The whole speaks to the people directly; every man, wise and foolish, exclaims on seeing it, How beautiful! One can hear the hard-headed farmer and his wife, least sentimental of human beings, indulge in spontaneous bursts of rhapsody at the scene, though they would prefer more drapery on some of the statues. Not the particular part is specially beautiful, as a rule, but the whole; never before was a people so driven to see a grand totality; the vast details are completely overmastered by the mighty unity, and are sunk into a single all-subduing impression. This is indeed the triumph of the World's Fair Art.

Still, the thoughtful spectator, after indulging his feeling of beauty for a while, will become sated with mere feeling; his intelligence also will demand a little food, particularly a little of this food of the Gods. He will seek to find the charm, and to hedge it in, partially at least, with a kind of statement, for he has somebody to whom he wishes to impart the idea of the great

appearance. A picture is not enough; the word, spoken or written, has to come to the aid of the Fair, stamping it at last with the universality of thought.

The first matter to be brought before the mind is the conception of an Enclosure which surrounds a given space and enfolds the assembled people. Yet it is without a roof, it is open to nature's light. Thus it produces a twofold influence: it is an interior, while it has all the advantages of an exterior, with its colonnades, pediments, façades. Each single edifice is thus made to be a part of the grand new edifice which is the Enclosure. No building stands now for itself merely, it is reduced to being a part of the greater order above it, which is the enclosed totality of structures. Each house, though separate like the individual in society, must, like him, contribute to the Whole in a harmonious spirit. Such is, doubtless, the deepest note struck here, and heard by every human soul present: the note of harmony between the particular structure and the total Enclosure. Wherever we turn, whatever we look at specially, we hear, with rare and insignificant exceptions, the same happy concordant tones and overflowing melodies. Architecture has often been called frozen music, but here it seems to be melting, and almost moving to a tune, since we become aware of so many different strains as we glance

round the horizon, all of them helping to produce the one grand symphony called the Enclosure.

What is this but another note of that harmony which we traced through the total Exposition, the harmony between the individual and the universal? We have already observed how each State has its own separate building, yet belongs to the Whole: the fact which gives the fundamental distinction of the Fair, both in its inner meaning and outer construction. The Enclosure has the same key-note.

Architecture has here the function of surrounding a vast body of people, though it does not furnish a covering overhead, which is the free gift of Heaven. In the largest medieval cathedral the roof and dome were to overarch the whole community gathered inside under the special protection of the Church. But the Railroad now brings so many people together with such rapidity from great distances that not one cathedral but several would be needed.

The cathedral at the World's Fair is the Enclosure which surrounds the people, and gives the sense of being within, yet has Heaven's blue dome as its own, hinting a harmonious relation with nature. The Renascence has this return to nature out of medieval religious asceticism; the architecture of the Renascence which is largely that of the World's Fair, has adopted this dome of nature as its central one and has surrounded

the same with the lesser domes of the old Church.

Thus each Enclosure has the feeling of an interior, yet combined with the architectural forms of an exterior; wherein we can see that the artistic work has been internalized. What was formerly outside is preserved yet is turned inside. Still this inside is not exclusive, Heaven is not shut off by any artificial cover, the sky is open to all, with its sunshine, its clouds, its stars also. This feeling of being in a house which is out of doors, is unique.

Still it is not pretended that such an Enclosure is here given for the first time; it, too, goes far back in the ages. The court was known in antiquity, witness the houses at Pompeii, also the hypæthral temple of the Greek was open to the sky. The Forum in old Rome, the Public Square in modern cities, are Enclosures surrounded by edifices. But the architecture in such cases is mostly left to take care of itself, it has little or no unity of plan or of feeling.

We shall accordingly proceed to consider the two Enclosures, scanning in some detail their special characteristics as well as their general relations. We shall try to grasp the friendly reader by the hand and conduct him, both of us taking glimpses of fronts, colonnades, sky-lines, in an extended walk through the grounds. Each building will be seen to have its own peculiar

facial expression, yet in agreement with the rest. Then we must endeavor to see how all these exteriors are themselves one, suggesting also an interior, which leaves upon the mind the impression of an harmonious whole.

Nor should we fail to expand thought and imagination by tracing analogies, historical, artistic, even literary. The two Enclosures may be said to lean toward the classic and the romantic respectively; they suggest the Greek and the Christian tendencies in art; in the one the sculpturesque dominates, in the other the picturesque; the one is more Sophocles, the other is more Shakespeare. Golden threads out of all time can be discerned running through the two Enclosures in every direction, crossing, interweaving, rising here, vanishing there, forming a marvelous texture, which charms the humblest eye and entices the most subtle, to explore the secret of its beauty.

In order to connect the present study with what has gone before, we shall briefly repeat two or three points which have been previously set forth. The first is the division into State Buildings and General Buildings. The latter are, however, in reality but one structure, one grand Temple of Industry, and ought properly to be spoken of in the singular number, though there be a multitude of separate houses. Thus the unity of this portion of the Fair Buildings is emphasized, which

is its cardinal fact. On the contrary, the State Buildings ought to be spoken of in the plural number; thus their individual element has the stress. Still further, we have already pointed out that the General Buildings surround three Courts, and hence fall into three portions, which we call the Upper Enclosure (Wooded Island), Middle Enclosure (Court of Honor), and Lower Enclosure, the latter being the background of the Fair and reservoir for its overflow.

In the present study we shall elaborate more fully the details of the first two Enclosures, Middle and Upper, both of which, taken together in their completeness, may well be named the Heart of the Fair.

I.

The best way is for us to pass at once to the Middle Enclosure or Court of Honor, and seek to grasp its leading points. No trees, no island, no wild boscage, hardly any greenery, a little border of sod in two or three places; there is a small body of water, but it is enclosed, walled in, put into regular lines. Thus we see that Nature in her untrained mood is not permitted to be present, wherein this Middle Enclosure is in marked contrast with the Upper one, as we shall hereafter note more particularly.

Raising the eyes from earth to heaven, we

observe that there is but little attempt to reach upward into the Beyond ; the sky-line in general stays below, undulating somewhat, yet hovering around the rectilineal. To be sure, there are some towers and spires which push the line upwards, but it soon drops back to its satisfied level. Again we shall note a decided difference in this regard from the Upper Enclosure with its cloud-piercing, aspiring Domes on every side.

The Middle Enclosure gives, accordingly, the idea of limitation, of a strict boundary ; it is essentially rectilineal and rectangular. Thus it has a certain geometric regularity, its general form is that of a parallelogram. Yet it is by no means rigid or crystallized in all its lines, it sweeps at certain points into curves and becomes sculpturesque. But its grand fundamental character is to be architectural ; its walls are the walls of a building, and it suggests the indwelling spirit by construction and not by statuary. This regularity will also form a contrast with the irregular shape and lines of the Upper Enclosure.

On account of this mathematic definiteness, the Middle Enclosure gives everywhere evidence of pre-calculation. It is not an unconscious product, breaking out of some man's brains with the elemental force of limit-defying genius, it is measured, mastered, ordered, being created according to law. Manifestly it was seen and built by mind before it was built of material

staff, iron and wood; it was reckoned in numbers, and made definite in the idea. Thus it is complete in its kind, nothing more is wanted. It satisfies the mind beholding; above all, it is satisfied with itself, it rests content in its own beauty.

Already we have said that limitation is the feeling uttered in this Middle Enclosure, yet the soul is happy in that limitation, and feels the same to be its own. Hence we have here the atmosphere of the Greek world, in which the Gods descended to earth and took on finite form and revealed themselves as serene and happy therein. So in this Middle Enclosure the spirit loves its limits, seeks not for the beyond, attainment is now attained. Every soul entering this Enclosure is filled with a common sentiment and says to itself, Here I am satisfied. Happy-making is the glance, surely a grand benediction of the Gods.

Now this atmosphere or the thought thereof is essentially a part of the Great Fair. The spirit of man is to take hold of matter, of all the products of the earth, and to transform them, and be happy therein. Industry is but a grand metamorphosis of the physical world into the forms of the spirit. As the old Gods of Greece came down from Olympus and assumed visible appearance in marble which was wrought by the hands of the artist, so the same spirit is reproduced ideally in this Middle Enclosure. Hence

these Greek architectural forms flow naturally from the idea of the place.

For a more adequate study of the Middle Enclosure we may look at each of the four sides of the quadrilateral, Western, Eastern, Southern, Northern. Each side is different from the rest, has its own character which fits into the total Enclosure and helps make the same an artistic whole. We may now follow them out in succession, taking each side in order.

1. On the Western side is the Terminal Building, which is the entrance of the railroad to the Fair by way of the land. The great mass of people necessarily come this way. It is the place of bustle, of hurrying crowds, of trucks and trunks ; it has a roughness which belongs to the railroad station. Hence it is appropriate that here the work should show a rough outside — *rustica* they call it — with jagged edges, uneven surfaces, indicating resistance to a jostling multitude. In such a place the column too must show and even use its elbows.

Moreover the style is essentially Roman. Three large arches fill the center of the façade, reminding the spectator of the so-called Basilica of Constantine at Rome. The arch here finds its true application and becomes very suggestive. For this arch always calls up Roman strength, the power of upholding a great superincumbent burden, while it leaves a large passage for those

beneath to walk along in security. The multitude rolling by under them may well look up at these overspanning arches and feel safe. The fine Corinthian columns at the side of the entrances are merely decorative, not necessary for support; still they show Roman might adorning itself with Greek beauty, and thus become characteristic of the entire Middle Enclosure, and harmonious with its spirit.

The façade of the Terminal Building is one of the best architectural plans on the ground. The triple-arched central passage with the two wings, which are again subdivided into three main portions, gives a completely organized surface, one which shows no excess — not too much detail on the one hand, no bare surface on the other. One of the dangers of architecture is that it runs to the picturesque and fantastic; here the architect has filled, but not overfilled his surface. The idea of the threefold colossal gateway it has, yet covered overhead for protection. The two wings added on each side complete the notion of an Enclosure.

One drawback we may note. The Building is too wide for its height, thus it violates the fine sense of classic proportion. The result is, the structure as a whole seems flat, squatty; it has not enough upwardness for the modern, not even for the ancient spirit. The architect seems to have been aware of this fact, and so he put on top of

his building a large number of heaven-pointing obelisks, which look like so many tombstones. The suggestion is not pleasant, but one may think it appropriate. A grave-yard is placed on the roof of the station to symbolize the fatality of railroad traveling during the Fair; thereby many indeed were sent to heaven, which is here significantly pointed at. A somewhat ghastly symbol — but let it pass.

Nor must we forget to note the bandaged columns in *rustica* which are here introduced with effect. The idea of putting such a rough protection around a column came originally from military architecture. A column might be struck by a cannon ball; why should it not be protected by a kind of wrappage in stone? But in this place we think not of war but of trunks and baggage and breakage; let every wall and column present a rough resisting surface to such treatment, thus protecting itself. These bandaged columns are so often senselessly introduced that it is pleasant to see them in their true place for once.

Very proper is it that the visitor should first pass into the Middle Enclosure through the Terminal, as this ushers him into the presence of the Greek world, which, in order of time and development, is before the modern epoch and art which belong to the Upper Enclosure. He proceeds to the Upper Enclosure somewhat in the order of history, he goes forward to his own

time on the path of his race. Laden with the art and architecture of the Middle Enclosure, he can more easily grasp the art and architecture of the Upper Enclosure. But we are not yet ready to pass thither; we wish to inspect the other buildings of this Middle Enclosure (Court of Honor), and listen to what they say to us.

2. It is best, on the whole, to pass next to the Eastern side, where is the so-called peristyle, or large colonnade of Corinthian columns. The first fact to be considered in reference to this structure is that it connects, its purpose is to unite, without it there would be a great breach in the Middle Enclosure, and also in the total Industrial Temple. Nothing in all these Buildings suggests unity of plan and structure so strongly as this colonnade, joining with its two wings the two sides of the Middle Enclosure.

The next fact is that this colonnade is Greek, with column and entablature and sculpturesque forms above on the sky-line. It lies toward the East, whence culture has come with the course of the sun; it encloses with its columnar rows yet gives a peep through into the Beyond, into the illimitable waves or into the heavens above. Here is the element of water, hardly employed at this point for an entrance, though steamboats are landing in the distance. The peristyle is not useful, but simply beautiful, it serves for an idea, it has no purpose but an ideal one. The

Terminal Building opposite exists for utility, it is Roman, practical. But this colonnade is Greek, ideal, made for the artistic unity of the Enclosure. Behold the crowds pouring through the gate of the West and looking toward the beauty of Hellas in the East; on both sides the architecture is truly significant of the two great classic peoples, Roman and Hellenic, and hints their respective contributions to the ages.

If you look at the sky-line of this colonnade, you behold sculpturesque shapes on high in various attitudes. They seem to have descended from the skies and to have lit there; indeed they seem to have flown down as spirits from above and assumed these material forms for our vision. Perchance they are Gods taking on an appearance for the senses, Greek deities manifesting themselves once more to mortals. At least, the feeling is that out of spirit they have descended into flesh and are perched yonder; the descent, not the ascent, is the emphatic thing. Very marked will be the contrast with the Upper Enclosure, when the ascent, the rise, will have the stress, and will hint of a new order.

The colonnade has its perpendicular element in the column, the support; then its horizontal element appears in the entablature, the supported; its rise to the curved organic shape is witnessed in the statuary above, for which the whole peri-

style stands as a kind of pedestal, showing a new grand epiphany of the Gods, as they alight from Olympus on the earth. Such is the distant suggestion; by the inscription underneath we find these new Gods to be the States of the American Union. Let not this fact disturb us, nor need we inspect these shapes too closely; at a distance they give the finest classic scene at the Fair, a view never to be forgotten, a vision of the Beautiful not soon to be seen again.

When we look down from the colonnade to the water in the Middle Enclosure, we find it changing to plastic shapes in the McMonnies Fountain. Water is the formable; it naturally runs into forms and half-forms; it seems often turning to something organic and then it drops back again to its chaotic self. The Tritons, Mermaids, Neptunian cohorts, the multitudinous demi-shapes of the sea have been fixed by Greek imagination into sculpture; accordingly we behold water breaking into the lower shapes of the white Fountain and struggling to get itself formed. We all feel a subtle connection between the Fountain, the Colonnade and the whole Middle Enclosure. Far less significant to us are the allegorical figures of this group. Water the formable passing into sculpture the formed, with a continuous interplay between both sides is the work here, and the subtle suggestion.

The Quadriga of the Peristyle faces the Boat

of the Fountain ; one is a response to the other, they are indeed counterparts ; the boat is for water and the chariot is for land. Yet the two are attuned in unison, we feel that both are coming together and ultimately belong together; signifying at bottom the same thing: spirit's mastery over sea and earth. Light, too, solar, lunar, electric, introduces a varied play of these forms with new effects, by day and by night; they are never quite the same forenoons and afternoons ; under a cloudy sky or on a rainy day their mood changes. Undoubtedly the spectator changes also.

3. We may next glance at the Southern side of the Middle Enclosure, which has its own character, and which is made up of three structures, Machinery Hall, the Southern Colonnade, and the Agricultural Building. Taken together these have a decided classic tendency, their façades show almost a continuous row of columns. The idea of them is to enclose, and to turn inward to the beautiful Court; very carefully does the line of buildings keep out what lies behind them. The Lower or Third Enclosure, which is the backyard of the Fair, is firmly excluded.

Machinery Hall is marked emphatically by its long columnar portico, which seems a delightful promenade. Along the sky-line its classicism relaxes and breaks into a number of towers and small domes. Its architecture has but little

reference to the contents, that is determined by the general character of the Middle Enclosure. For this Court is the true interior, whose spirit must call forth the appropriate architectural forms; a total structure is this Middle Enclosure whose parts must be made harmonious in their diversity. We note a tendency to break upward out of the classical, which, however, dominates the Building in its lower portions. The roof is in a kind of struggle against the body of the structure, which thus sends forth a slight echo of the dualism between Classic and Romantic.

The Southern Colonnade is smaller than the Eastern (the peristyle so-called), yet has the same general purpose. Its design is to connect Machinery Hall with the Agriculture Building, and thus to suggest the unity of the Middle Enclosure. Yet through the unusual elevation of its base, it gives also the idea of exclusion, it will shut out what is behind it except the sky. Surely an ideal purpose lies in it too, hardly is it useful for anything in the way of housing exhibits. From the bridge over the South Basin, one looks at the Eastern and Southern colonnades, and feels them connecting the separate members of the Exposition in a Greek harmony. Yes, from that bridge one may obtain, on the whole, the finest architectural view that has ever been beheld on our planet. It is easy to exaggerate, and Chicago is somewhat

prone to boast; still let anybody recall the greatest scenes of Classic or Oriental splendor and draw the comparison.

The Agriculture Building is the third structure on the Southern side and keeps up the classic impression, though in a different way. It has also its two façades, one fronting the Court and the other fronting the Basin; thus it is quite symmetrical with Machinery Hall. Very beautiful is this mutual looking at each other of the two grand palaces over the intervening body of water. Then the linking together by the Southern Colonnade hints the connecting bond between the two buildings, namely the Greek forms of architecture — that is indeed the subtle element which joins the whole Enclosure into one Temple. Note that the line of columns is repeated in front of the Agriculture Building, yet broken up by square pillars into groups. On the sky-line is much statuary pertaining to Agriculture, whereby the classic impression is heightened. This Building does not shoot up into spires like Machinery Hall, though it has a dome in the center. The two thus are in a contrast above and below.

This South side of the Middle Enclosure is its most elaborate part, and must be deemed highly successful. The Eastern and Western sides are much simpler, and hence have the beauty of simplicity, in Roman and in Hellenic style. But

the Southern side, owing to its length, presented a far harder problem. How shall this long surface be filled without monotony, yet without too much variation? Tediousness on the one hand confusion on the other, were the dangers. On the earth-line and on the sky-line must the skill of the architect be shown, the result is an exceedingly noble view above and below, which one can contemplate often and long, and from many points of view, for its wealth of architectural forms seems inexhaustible.

Nor must we forget to call attention to the outlook from the bridge which here crosses the South Basin. On the whole it embraces more of the greatness of the Fair than any other point. We can behold the two Colonnades South and East, and thus receive the idea of the connection of the whole, of the one Temple; indeed the controlling thought is suggested, that of Greek architecture with column and entablature. This is the underlying structural principle which dominates the whole Enclosure. Then we catch a glimpse of the entire Quadrilateral with all its Buildings seen from the bridge and feel their unity amid their great variety. Finally we throw a glance up the lagoon into the Upper Enclosure and see the foliage on the island, with the Illinois Building and its Dome in the distance. Truly a peep beyond the Classic World of the Middle Enclosure, into the future, as it were, into a new

art. Thither we are surely going in time, and the suggestion thereof lies also in the buildings which we have just been considering.

One can never look at the total sweep of this South Side of the Middle Enclosure without the feeling of being lost in the multitude and magnitude of its architectural ideas. Herein it transcends classic moderation; in its mighty profusion it suggests something beyond the Greek prototype after which it is mainly formed.

4. We shall now pass over to the North side, which is made up of the three Buildings — Mining, Electricity, and Liberal Arts — each of which has a front toward the Middle Enclosure. Yet no long side-front it is, but rather the rear; we observe that these three buildings really abut upon the Middle Enclosure, rather than face it; they are turned in the other direction, they look toward the Upper Enclosure. In other words, we are directed now from the Middle to the Upper Enclosure.

The suggestion of the architecture here is that of a transition. There are no long lines of columns as in the buildings of the South side; there is a succession of square pillars forming arcades, the strong classicism of the South side diminishes. To be sure, the entrances are marked, and the corners of these structures have special pavilion-like shapes; due respect is paid to the Middle Enclosure; but the spirit is to de-

clare that this side points and leads to the Upper Enclosure. The simple Renascence prevails with glances back to classic ideas. Some towers we see on the Electricity Building, which distinguishes it from the Mining Building, suggesting lightning-rods which pierce the sky. These towers, too, connect and contrast it with Machinery Hall on the opposite side of the Enclosure.

One feels, therefore, that this North side does not exclude nor enclose with the vigor of the South side; it has no colonnade over its lagoons for the purpose of connecting its Buildings, it is more of an interior or part of a totality. So the architects would have us at last couple together the Middle and Upper Enclosures into a unity, or into one vast Temple. The Mining and the Electricity Buildings, therefore, do not separate very strongly, they hint rather a connection. Open passages by land and by water invite the visitor to look or to walk from one to the other; no such easy passages are found on the South side.

Thus we have taken a glance at the four sides of the Middle Enclosure. We should now observe that the space between is broken and diversified in many ways. Water along with gondolas, boats, launches, fountains, borders, gives an important note of movement and color. The peculiar Neptunian columns, eight of them, do not interrupt the view; the two temples of Vesta

are neat in themselves and have an historic value, being the old Roman source of all these domes. The statuary, mainly of animals, furnishes a kind of contrast and relief, though really out of place in this Enclosure; they belong to the Upper Enclosure properly. With the Goddess of Liberty standing here, colossal, gilded, we cannot get acquainted somehow, often have we sought to know her and tarried near with eager glances; but we still remain outside of her train of admirers.

Doubtless all these architectural forms are old, taken by themselves. We are aware that these buildings belong to the general type of the Renascence; indeed the arch, the window, the cornice, the mouldings can be traced back to old Rome. Still the use of them is original, the combination is the novelty. Any one of these parts or structural elements is imitated, but the totality of them is original. Architecture is an evolution, and does not reject what has gone before, but unfolds out of the same while taking it along. So the Middle Enclosure as a whole is the wonderful new Building, never seen before; it will modify entire streets, squares and parks; it will suggest not one good edifice, but the unity of many good edifices. It is truly the new Greek Temple with its beautiful Enclosure, not copied after the old one, but derived therefrom.

We have not yet spoken of the Administration

Building in connection with the Middle Enclosure, though its Dome has been already noticed. In external appearance it is a striking happy conception; the threefold structure with Dome on top, with Ionic temple in the middle, with modern type of a Renascence building below, give a strong and true architectural impression. The three structures piled up one on the other, represent three great phases of architecture happily joined together.

Yet one will experience some disappointments in this edifice. We enter it, and find nothing in it but vacancy. We look up and see emptiness to the very apex. Only some decoration on the walls; no purpose, no contents visible. Perhaps the small silver model of the Treasury Building which stands in the center may be deemed enough by some people; but most of us will not accept an idol of Mammon as sufficient for a God of such a Temple. Manifestly one of the first laws of Architecture is herein violated: the outer is not made to express the inner. Thus the most pretentious building at the Fair is reduced to a piece of empty bombast.

There are four pavilions attached to four sides of the octagonal building. And just here again we feel a discord: these pavilions are not organic, they are simply glued on, and might be taken away, or slashed off without injuring the unity of the work. The Dome really descends to

the ground, and the pavilions or wings are outside of it. These contain the offices of Administration while the real edifice contains nothing. Very different is the organic relation of the Dome to the lower structure in the Government Building or even in the Illinois Building, whatever we may otherwise think of these structures.

Nor can we see why the architect did not flute his Ionic columns. The result is the Colonnade above has an appearance of columnar dropsy, swollen unhandsomely below near the base of each column. Still the conception of the Domes resting upon this quadrilateral colonnade is of the best.

One word about the inscriptions upon the building. Could anything be tamer? Was it not possible to put some point, or even some poetry into these sentences? Alas! the Fair with all its grandeur has produced no poet, no master of artistic form in words. Here we seem to come upon the American limitation. We have to recollect that the war has produced no worthy poem, no worthy historian of itself as yet. And the literary output pertaining to the Fair makes us think that the American literary defect lies deep, is indeed organic. Listen: "Columbus was born at Genoa in 1446, went to sea at the age of 14, and entered the service of Spain January 20, 1486." Soul-depressing is it to read such an inscription in such place with such an opportunity;

but we seem to have nobody able to stir the heart and imagination with a half dozen simple words like *Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante*, or with four words like *Si monumentum quaeris, circumspice*. Fourtimes, over each entrance, are these awful platitudes held up before millions of gazers. Think of this: "Columbus received from Ferdinand and Isabella, sovereigns of Spain, a commission as admiral of an exploring fleet April 30th, 1492." Surely a shiver-producing utterance amid these surroundings.

But let us look away from these little flaws and appreciate the glories before us. Let the critical mood be suppressed just here, lest the reader may retaliate upon the author of the present book, saying: "You, the fault-finder, come under your own ban; you, writing your book upon the Fair, furnish the best illustration of the thing which you have condemned."

II.

The Upper Enclosure breaks away from the regularity which we have just witnessed in the Middle Enclosure, and stirs at the first glance a new order of emotions and thoughts. Nature is now permitted to appear in her native costume, her wild look is even encouraged among the latest works of civilization. The body of water in the Upper Enclosure is not confined in a

walled basin with precise bounds put upon it, but its channel curves and wanders about, now narrow and now wide, now straight and now crooked, with the inborn freedom of an untamed river. The edges of the stream are left as they grew, in a careless savage condition; no trimming, no hand of cultivation is suffered to interfere with nature, who here shows her little caprices in a border of weeds, swamp-grass, and low shrubs.

As we look up from this rude margin of the water to the Domes reaching heavenward, we are aware of the full contrast between nature and civilization, both of which in their extremes are suggested in the present Enclosure. The total sweep from the lowest at our feet to the highest above us is included in a glance, neither side being disdained, for both belong to our spirit's heritage.

But the chief physical feature of the Upper Enclosure is the island, which now enters the landscape with its special significance. It grows trees and shrubbery, hence it contributes nature's green to the view and always gives a refreshing hint of the forest. It has also a nook of seclusion, the water cuts it off from the main highways, wherefore it has to be reached by bridges. A shady sylvan spot in the midst of all this bustle and activity, it wafts over to us a breath of rural quietude and repose, as we go tramping down

the avenues and through the buildings of the Fair, many thousands of us, rushing along and jostling one another. This mass of greenery obstructs the view of the opposite side, whence however, we catch glimpses of the upper part of the grand structures, specially the sky-line pierced by various architectural forms rising over the tree-tops and making a lofty row against the blue canopy above and beyond. It is a characterisic of this Upper Enclosure that all of it cannot be seen at once by the spectator below; it does not lie open before him like the Middle Enclosure; it is partly hidden always, and can only be known by beholding it from many points of view.

We pass over to the island and find that it has a cultivated garden in the heart of it, with winding paths and fountains and statuary and houses; in the night it is lighted with many-colored lamps and Chinese lanterns suspended from the bushes. Yet that ferocious border of reeds and mud and morass environs it, and suggests whence it came. All these grounds, indeed, sprang from a swampy worthless moor; why should there not be left a small reminder of the origin and first appearance? Thus we catch the grand sweep of the transformation here, which is verily a soul-stretcher. Other beginnings we note on this island: the hunter's cabin, the bark hut from New South Wales, suggesting the abodes of the pioneer in conflict with savagery. The little

Japanese temple, delicate, light, with its two wings almost ready to fly, belongs to the garden; with its brilliant decorations we may for the nonce deem it a humming-bird among these flowers.

But we cannot long remain in this floral dream-life of the enchanted island, though it be restful to us and an important phase of the total artistic representation at the Fair. We move again to the pulsing avenues and seek to grasp this Upper Enclosure in its completeness. As already stated, the whole cannot be seen from any point; there is an element of the unseen in it, which must always be supplied; there is the limit, the Enclosure, but with the same comes also the suggestion that it must be transcended. As the form of this Enclosure is essentially a quadrilateral, we shall consider the four sides in order.

1. We are walking along the west side of the lagoon and are looking across the Wooded Island over the green leaves at three Buildings which show themselves in a broken line against the sky. The first of these structures on the South is the well-known Liberal Arts Building, not only the largest edifice on these grounds, but said to be the largest in the world. It abuts upon the Middle Enclosure to which it shows one of its broad fronts, then it overlaps the Upper Enclosure to which it reveals its enormous length, forming a vast bridge from one inclosure to the other.

Indeed this building, shaped like a parallelogram, is the Middle Enclosure roofed over; the classic temple, great though it be, is withdrawn from the open sky and put under cover by our modern life, being converted into the house of utility. Nature is not admitted directly, but is transformed, is given a new body and a new purpose by the hand of man. The total edifice suggests Manufacture in its most colossal appearance.

The sweep of the roof is the most imposing thing about the external structure, seen across the Wooded Island. It seems some mountain range, dominating and belittling all things about it by its size. Its architecture is simple; each side and front are divided into two equal halves by a massive arched entrance, thus furnishing a needed point of rest for the eye as well as a basis of measurement. Each of the four corners has a grand pavilion marking the angle, and giving emphasis to changes of direction in its sides. Its architectural forms speak of the Renascence, that wonderful new birth of secular life, whose products it holds. Its construction and that of the Ferris Wheel are the chief mechanical triumphs at the Fair.

Utility is the word spoken here, to which a slight decorative element may be added. What does the Building house? Can we designate it by a general name? Nature transformed by man into thousands of shapes and employed to sub-

serve his purposes and to satisfy his wants: nature is manufactured, made over by the human hand originally, thus becoming useful, an end unto something outside of itself. But the whole grand transformation taken together has a meaning beyond mere utility, it signifies freedom, it shows man liberating himself from the dominion of nature, and building with his own hands a new world in which to live. This is the great social fact of our age; political freedom we have, to a reasonable degree; social freedom, which is liberation through a social order from fate of nature, is deeper and greater; let it have, therefore, the largest Building of all — the biggest place for the biggest thing.

Three characteristic qualities we feel to be in this edifice: (1) its magnitude corresponding to the importance of work here exhibited; (2) simplicity, showing a proper moderation in its ornament, as is becoming in the house of utility; (3) uniformity, indicating a repetition of the fundamental form, for instance, the vast iron arches inside, and the long rows of windows outside. In this repetition lies the idea of mechanical production which is exhibited in the Building. Prose it is, yet not prosy by any means. Then behold that wonderful roof supported on iron trusses, the triumph of mechanism in protecting itself and its products from external nature.

The eye has often passed to the next great structure on the North, the United States Government Building. How different, yet how expressive! Its ground-form approaches the square (350 ft. by 420 ft.); it seems a little flat, and disconnected, but suddenly at the middle it concentrates and mounts upward in a lofty Dome whose meaning in relation to the other Domes we have considered in a previous study. Surely the lower portion would go to pieces were it not for that Dome which both aspires and commands. Can we not see separation and union, the two counter tendencies of our government, in this edifice, or freedom and authority, or local autonomy combined with a central hegemony? Three portions, all parts of one process, we can note in the Building: (1) The lowest part, with distinct corners and projections, with four small domes separated from the large one, with no uniting roof visible; this part is spread out on the ground, squared in shape. (2) The rectangular form passes into the circular drum of the Dome, uniting and concentrating what is below, upholding and foreshadowing what is above. (3) Herewith we reach the curvature of the Dome sweeping upwards to its keystone, which, connecting and binding, is still further emphasized and made apparent by a small dome which images its greater self. Then on top of the whole floats the American Flag. In this manner

we may read the national thought built into the Nation's Building.

But what is the connection between it and the preceding Liberal Arts Building? In shape we mark the passage from the long and prolonged to the square and concentrated, from repetition to unity, from a continuous moving along the earth to a soaring above the earth. The one is a product of man's will transforming the physical world; the other is a securing of that will to the one who puts it forth. The object of government is not to manufacture but to secure the man who manufactures, to will the man's will producing. Thus it overhangs this vast workhouse, which is larger, but not so lofty nor so central. An Anglo-Saxon spirit rules in this Government House, it is the offshoot of the English colonization of America.

Next we pass to the Fisheries Building, a quaint but fascinating structure, which offers its problems to the beholder with no little intensity. What is its meaning and what is its link of connection with the other edifices? In contrast with the two previous Buildings, it seems to drop down into itself, being less in height and size, yet it has a character and a charm of its own. Domes and towers it possesses, still it cannot be called aspiring, but rather self-suppressing; its unity is not concentrated, but is loosened by annexes which are connected with the main

building by curved arcades. Everybody's attention is caught by the deep, small windows. What do they signify here? An introverted look they have, not free and open to the outside world, like yonder Government Building for instance; the inmates of such an house might peep out of these windows, but they are not to be seen peeping out. A monastic tinge we observe in the structure; there is in it a turning away from nature as something forbidden, along with a suppression of the soul; mark how these domes flatten down the free upward curve of the other domes around it into a straight line, and refuse to mount cloudward. Are they not crushed to their present shape in a manner? Spanish is the edifice taken from the ecclesiastical architecture of the Middle Ages with many Moorish hints; it must represent or point to Spanish America, whose State Buildings lie in this part of the grounds.

Now we begin to trace the connection of this structure with the others belonging to the Upper Enclosure. Spain and England were the two European countries which colonized the Western Continent; here is a suggestion of the fact in architecture. Spain with the Moor, with the cloister, with the inquisition in her spirit; introversion, brooding, suppression; such a character is stamped upon this construction. Yet note the breaking loose in these two wings, which

are like the mother house, yet separate: wherein also lies an historical suggestion. The whole has less unity than the United States Building, less concentration; who cannot find traces of the Spanish American Republics in this Building, probably not intended by the architect? Not much relation has this edifice to fish, except in its ornaments, which are tacked on capriciously to the columns. Still it is unique in conception, a flight of imagination, placed here in the neighborhood of Brazil and the South American State Buildings, and in contrast with the United States Building.

Let us glance once more at that sky-line to the east of the Upper Enclosure; deep unspeakable things one feels at the first glance, possibly at the last. We behold in wonder the vast pyramidal sweep, with its central culmination; we read the letters from left to right, three of them, making one great continental utterance: (1) Spanish discovery and colonization coupled with romance and imagination, yet with suppression of the spirit in Church and State, till it breaks forth wildly in revolution; (2) Anglo-Saxon discovery and colonization coupled with freedom yet with unity, but not without struggle deep and strong; (3) Industry overmaking the physical world for man's new abode, colossal but with vast repetition, a suggestion of the new social order. Some such intimations we feel

from afar, viewing yonder row of architectonic shapes over the tree-tops against the clouds.

2. It is now best to look at the opposite side, which is the counterpart of the Eastern side just witnessed; that is, we must change position and glance westward. Accordingly we shall view the Western side of the Upper Enclosure across the Wooded Island, which almost hides it when seen from below. Here we note our first suggestion: the West still hides the works of man with trees, being not yet emerged as fully as the East from the forest. The sky-line is low, compared with the Eastern, the architecture has not yet risen so very far above the earth. Important is it to put this Wooded Island into our view of the Upper Enclosure; to catch the lines of construction through the foliage, or just above it, adds much to the significance of this Western side, especially when seen from the East. Three main buildings we shall take note of, quite in symmetry with the opposite side, though there be some lesser buildings in between the larger ones.

The first on the North is the Woman's Building, with the ordinary Renascence features. The most striking architectural characteristic of it is the row of caryatids placed high above on the sky-line. Why just that, I wonder? Why should woman place such a burden on woman and so exalt the matter? The ancient caryatid

was really a pillar, a supporter of the architrave standing below the same; but now she is placed on top of the house, with the burden still, but it is hardly a necessary burden. One is inclined to cry up at it: Throw down that heavy beam from your head, O woman, and stand forth free, as a Goddess of Liberty in the New World.

But the most important fact connected with this Building is not architectural, though playing deeply into its significance for the beholder. It was built by a woman for women. Thus the female world has its distinctive home in this Exposition; sex has asserted its right to a separate recognition, though elsewhere woman's work is merged with man's. This new wonderful phase of woman belongs to the West with all its possibilities. Moreover we must note that the building manifests a phase of that individuality which in many ways has shown itself at the present Fair; here the distinction of sex has asserted itself. Hence the structure has its place at the Northern end of the grounds, near to the separate buildings of the States and Nations, which locality has been given over to the individual side of the Exposition.

The next important Building is the horticultural, which almost sinks out of sight behind the trees, hugging the earth from whose bosom the vegetable world immediately springs, with roots in the soil. The Dome is one of the largest at

the Fair; though low, it is very broad at the base; it seems a huge bud surrounded by four little buds. Such a Dome we cannot call aspiring; it stands in strong contrast with the counterpart opposite, the Dome of the United States Building. Thus the Horticultural Building hardly rises above the island with trees and garden; why should it, being of the same, the very house thereof? That this floral life lies close to the Woman's Building has also its fitness, for is there not more affinity between woman and the flower than between man and the flower? The low structure spreading out over the earth has its concentration in the Dome, and suggests the top of the tree overlooking the vegetable kingdom in a kind of regal supremacy.

Next we observe the Transportation Building which may be called the Sphinx of all these structures, inasmuch as it offers more problems and makes us ask more questions than we ask about anything else. Few persons come before it who do not feel at first surprised, perchance shocked, and are compelled to make a new synthesis of some kind to become reconciled to it. Architecturally it is in a general harmony with the rest of the Buildings, being of the Renascence type; its ground-plan, its shape, its windows are of the same class as the Mining Building which stands just across the street from it. Still it has a number of disguises which turn

the mind away from the mere scheme of its construction; it has beyond its classical forms dashes and splashes into the fantastic and picturesque.

Three things chiefly insist upon some answer, after careful and repeated surveys of the Building from various points of view. (1) Color — why such a display of it just here? First of all, color gives relief from the overwhelming white which so dominates the edifices of the Fair. White suggests the pure, the passionless, the colorless law; but law is not all of the human being, he has red blood, heart, emotions, nay caprices. So this play of colors calls up a corresponding inner play of feeling, these polychromatic sports release us from the stern grip of legality. At least thirty shades of color are said to be employed, all distinguishable by a sensitive eye. Yet it is not chaotic, not delirious, but an ordered festivity of tints; note the patterns recurring regularly and the mathematic repetitions of these shapes; underneath caprices we can see the law at last. Thus this Building in contrast to the others around it makes its appeal to the subjective nature of man, and gives us a higher totality. (2) The next problem touches the grand display at the entrance, the so-called Golden Gate. We behold a lavish use of color, forms, golden and silvern, with intricate patterns of leaves and other vegetable shapes; truly an appearance of Oriental

magnificence. But why such a sudden outpour of splendors at this point? Very significant is the suggestion. The gate to the colossal fortunes of this country, those of the Goulds and the Vanderbilts, not to speak of lesser examples, has been through Transportation by railway and steamboat. Commerce and manufactures have also been profitable, but have not rivaled Transportation. Hence this Gate is truly typical and belongs just to this Building. Moreover the Transportation monarchs, railroad kings they are called sometimes, have an Oriental taste for ornament and external splendor in their houses, cars, hotels; they show their wealth by lavish outlay, they to a degree have revived the gorgeous display of the sovereigns of the East. We hold, accordingly, that the Oriental style of this Golden Gate is a true picture set up in front of the present structure, with its profusion, its multiplication of ornament on ornament, showing the luxuriousness of Arabic or Hindoo fancy. (3) But those winged figures between the spandrils — what can we make of them? They have perhaps received more censure than any other single design at the Fair. Beautiful they can hardly be called, stiff, without perspective, rudely primitive, going back to old Assyria seemingly. The universal objection is that they are mechanical; they have no life, each is like the other, face is without expression; to these depressing qualities wings are

added, they are made angels. Yes, such they are, and after a little sympathetic reflection we see that such they ought to be. A mechanical figure with wings, that means flying mechanism — what else is Transportation with its locomotive speeding over the land? The figure would not represent those stationary engines in Machinery Hall, which cannot fly; it belongs just here. As a human shape it is not perfect, being too mechanical; it is not a fresco by Raphael, which would be in this place meaningless. As an angel it is not a success, judged by the standard furnished by Fra Angelico; still we may say that it suggests the heavy world of matter taking the pinions of thought and flying, even by way of mechanics. In this manner criticism can win a positive side from these shapes, and rescue them from universal damnation, beholding their celestial and not their diabolic element.

The building has, therefore, imagination, it has an original stroke in it, which sets the mind a-going; it streams back through Romanesque and Byzantine hints in the windows and capitals and ornaments and color, to the Orient and connects with the Plaisance, with the Moorish Building and the Street in Cairo. A fantasia in color and form it is on the outside, yet is fundamentally patterned after the Renascence type. Transportation has developed in the Occident, and yet carries us to the Orient; it belongs on this West-

ern side of the Upper Enclosure ; yet breaks into color, which has its analogy to movement, especially to the self-movement of the locomotive. Law is found under this Building's fantastic outbursts ; it is not a drunken delirium of color.

3. As often as we have looked to the South, we have noticed two Buildings standing alongside of each other, erected in a certain relation to each other, both fronting the Upper Enclosure. They give the impression of a pair, male and female, man and wife, having a certain yoked domestic appearance.

The first is the Mining Building, on the left hand — massive, strong, but heavy-featured. Large windows with wide projecting walls between, with broad plain entrances; low domes on each corner, yet without any central dome; it is muscular, cyclopean, suggesting the big-boned miner delving in the bowels of the earth. Yet it has grace, has simplicity, even a certain classic elegance, being also of the Renascence.

The second Building is of the same size (350 by 700 ft.) but is given much finer features, more delicate details. At once we notice the smaller windows, the pilasters between with a Corinthian finish, the more elaborate cornice. Specially we observe the towers, ten of them, shooting from all parts of the roof toward the clouds, as if to conduct down the lightning in accord with Franklin's great epoch-making exper-

iment. These subtle architectural lines and forms accord with the electrical energy, most subtle in nature, as it runs somewhat zig-zag along the eaves and down the sides of the structure. Nor should we forget the front toward the Upper Enclosure, showing two semicircular projections, with the great arched window looking out between them, the whole suggesting the bust of the female.

Thus the two Buildings reveal themselves as counterparts. Electricity is ethereal, cloud-dwelling in its primal appearance, descending to earth as the bolt of the Gods in the legends of the race, being regarded always as a divine power. But Mining goes in the other direction; it is a terrestrial business, prying beneath the earth, and raising something from below instead of coming down from above. Yet just the metal mined is the grand instrument of electrical power. So they are paired, being analogous to man and woman, the man here being shown the more earthy and the woman the more spiritual. The male and the female contour is suggested by these two façades as well as in the style of decoration. Their unity lies in their similar magnitude, in the similar ground-form, as well as in their common aspect derived from the Renascence. So we may see here a kind of marriage, or perchance a family.

4. Looking to the opposite side we behold again the towering Illinois Building which stands

single and alone, representing the State. Already in former studies its significance has been unfolded. And here we observe a whole region of domes lying between the Illinois Building and the Government Building, to the northeast of the Wooded Island. The Fisheries Building with its group of domes and towers manifold, the Marine Coffee-house with its cluster of cones and obelisks, the pinnacles of the Brazilian Building, the strange transformed dome of the Swedish Building further back, the steeple of the German Building still further to the rear, constitute a group of mountain peaks, each struggling to be seen and to attain Heaven. What does it all say? The group lies in the direction of the separate buildings of the Nations, each of which asserts its own individuality; the scene is situated in the locality devoted to manifesting the individual element of the Fair, specially as regards nationality. Between our State Building and our National Building with their lofty Domes, breaks up all this little realm of lesser domes and towers, each affirming its own distinct existence before the whole world, as it were, protected by the greater domes and following their example, sometimes capriciously, as is the case with the peaked coffee-house.

Thus we have gone the entire round of the Upper Enclosure and taken a glance at its four sides, in itself a city of architectural grandeur.

Again we note the four great Domes on each side, to which we cannot help adding a fifth, greatest of all, the central one, that of Heaven itself, overarching this total Enclosure with a new but very old Dome of blue lit up with golden radiance. In the medieval Cathedral the sky was roofed over, nature was shut out, and the flock was shut in even from above. But here we feel a reconciliation with nature, she too belongs to the total Cathedral, and contributes to the new structure her vast physical Dome, to which the four artificial Domes around the horizon stand as so many domicles, or lesser domes. Note too that this central Dome with its four domicles is repeated on each the four Buildings which stand at each point of the compass.

In such a view of the upper Enclosure we have the suggestion of a world-cathedral, embracing nature and art, making a new synthesis over the old medieval structure. A new harmony rises within us at the survey of such a scene, the harmony of a new order. In like manner, the Middle Enclosure suggests a world-temple; also open to the sky (hypæthral), making a new synthesis over the ancient Greek structure. The one is more Romantic, the other is more Classic; yet in each there is a transcending of former limits, and a rise into a higher universality.

Still further, the two Enclosures must be seen

at last as one vast edifice, representing two great phases or tendencies of the one Human Spirit. Man built the Greek Temple and he built the Medieval Cathedral; here they are, both of them, joined together in a new development, which is different from the two prototypes, yet is clearly unfolded out of them. The final synthesis of the Fair must unify what has been transmitted by Time, and this unity must be seen as the movement of humanity, of which a mighty image is witnessed in the architecture of these two Enclosures.

The wonderful appearance before us is a work of the Imagination, and can be adequately appreciated and explained only by the Imagination. Not the rigid rules of the Understanding, not the strict, spirit-confining methods of science can pierce the Heart of the Fair, or indeed any work of the Imagination, which, though it be measured and calculated, has also an immeasurable, incalculable, bound-leaping element as its very soul. The Imagination alone can understand and illustrate the Imagination. Hence, in these studies the appeal is made strongly to the reader's imaginative faculty; he must be alert, yea he must be creative himself, throwing out gleams far and near, tracing hidden analogies, bringing to light remote suggestions. To a degree he must create over again in his own way these two Enclosures in order to make them his own; he

must not be afraid of going beyond the conscious intention of the builders in order to reach that deeper intention of the age, which often makes the artist its unconscious instrument.

STATE BUILDINGS—COLONIAL.

What is the charm in these State Buildings, clustered together in a kind of family group at the northern end of the Fair Grounds? The crowd wanders through them and shows by word and look that it is strongly attracted to the spot. It is not the architecture, not the exhibits, not even the precious relics and reminders of a bygone time, which exert the sole, or, perchance, the main fascination. Not one building, but all taken together work the spell; the whole is the chain which keeps the mind in delightful captivity; that is, the charm lies in the idea. Now, what is this idea?

If we have been able to catch the secret of the spell, it is that individuality is represented and strongly tested in these State Buildings. For

each State claims to be distinctive, to have its own character and spirit, as well as its own mountains, plains, rivers, and natural resources. The very right to statehood seems to involve the capacity of becoming a complete, self-maintaining, self-governing unit; the circumscribed area of land is but the body of the State, which must have a soul — aye a soul of its own.

Now, this soul of a State is to take on an outer visible manifestation, specially in its own home, in its own Building. Thus the State, as individual, is represented at the World's Fair, revealing itself in architecture and in other fine arts, in material products, in cherished mementos, in historic deeds — above all, in its great men. Its particular selfhood is to be set forth apart from the connected exhibit, which is put into the one common temple of industry, where it is fused with other peoples, and possibly lost in the universal mass. Undoubtedly it belongs there also, belongs to the Whole, but here it belongs to itself, and to itself alone. Individuality, then, is the charm which casts its spell over every sympathetic person who wanders over this portion of the grounds.

Accordingly, when we start for a ramble through the State Buildings, we cannot help looking for something distinctive, for an appearance of some kind which has back of it an idea shining through, and expressing the character of the

people. We listen to the structure on the outside to hear what it is saying, but often it utters nothing pertinent, having been imitated from abroad. Then we go inside and generally we are rewarded with a striking communication from the spirit of the State. Thus we move about and grope and pry, searching for the distinctive thing, which may be called the symbol, whereby we begin to enter the domain of true knowledge, all the rest being superfluity, excrescence, mere information, at best preparatory.

Man has been well defined as the symbol-making animal; he must put his spirit into whatever he says or does — the language which he speaks, and even the gesture or grimace which he makes, are inherently symbolical. When he merely imitates, as he often does, his imitation is a symbol of himself, of his poverty of creative power. But when a great and original spirit utters itself in an adequate form, then the deed is epoch-making, and all the world cries out at last, if not at first: "That is a true thing — let me share in its excellence and make it a part of me forever." The symbol blends in a happy harmonious union what is most individual with what is most universal, the most distinctive thing of a state with what most strongly appeals to all mankind.

In a previous study we have sought to unfold the significance of the idea which called these State Buildings into existence, as they are dis-

tinguished from the one great connected Temple of Industry, under whose unifying roof all the nations are assembled together by virtue of a common civilization. There is an universal side of the Exposition, manifesting itself fundamentally in the unity of the peoples, and revealing itself specially in the architectural structures of the three Enclosures, Upper, Middle and Lower. Then there is the individual side of the Exposition, which is particularly shown in the separate buildings of the States and Nations. At present it is our purpose to look at some of the State Buildings in a little detail.

It is well, perhaps, to begin with the oldest States, the original Thirteen, which fought the Revolution and formed the Constitution. They lie toward the East, nearest to the old world both in space and in spirit, having been colonized directly from Europe. Of these thirteen elders, three are not present — South Carolina, with a State on each side of her, North Carolina and Georgia. Thus the extreme Southern group is absent from this new Union of States; is there not a meaning in that? Be the pretext what it may, the absence suggests some old and some recent history. But the middle Southern States of the colonial era are all on hand with beautiful buildings; Maryland comes forward with decision to the front, showing her typical industries and pointing to her great new institution of learning,

Johns Hopkins University; little Delaware is not going to be left out, but valiantly asserts her statehood by a commodious and hospitable home for her children and for her guests; Virginia, the mother, is not absent, indeed, could not be absent, without the feeling of some great loss, as if the heart were taken out of the family of States. Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York, the middle Northern group, answer with emphasis the roll-call of this last State re-union at Jackson Park; so do the four colonial New England States, constituting the extreme Northern group.

Now we shall have to make a selection. Of the thirteen we shall take three States, which may be fairly deemed typical, and try to find out what they are saying through their Buildings, and the contents thereof. Virginia for the South, Massachusetts for the North, and New York, the imperial State, lying between the extremes, are here in waiting to give answer to any reasonable and courteous interrogation.

Which State shall we consider first? There can be no doubt that all the colonies were rebels; they broke their political ties and fought England, the power to which their allegiance was due; they were born of a rebellious spirit, which in itself is the spirit of anarchy. Mark now the turn they made, truly the supreme act of the Revolutionary Fathers; they wheeled about, as it were, and went in the opposite direction; from rebels they

changed to organizers — from a mighty destructive energy, begotten of war and revolt, to a mightier constructive energy, producing a new institutional order. For the tendency of rebellion is to go on rebelling; it is eternally self-begetting and self-perpetuating, unless the people are able to make the sharp turn around the corner at the right time and go the other way. Witness the Latin American republics for some striking examples of a revolution that keeps on revolutionizing; verily, the Latin race finds it exceedingly difficult to free itself from the spirit of revolt when once invoked, nor is it easy for any race.

Now it is the everlasting merit of Virginia that she produced the leaders who constructed the great bridge out of rebellion into order, and over this bridge the whole people made the passage — truly a Red Sea deliverance. A long line of Great Men, with essentially one great thought, Presidents, Statesmen, Judges; they reach from George Washington to the last days of John Marshall, extending through a period of fifty years or more. Such is the typical deed of Mother Virginia, mothering the Nation, which deed should be somehow represented when she represents her best self at the World's Fair.

It is plain, therefore, that Virginia had really but one selection to make for her Building — she could hardly help choosing Mount Vernon, the

home of Washington when he had retired from active life, and had passed into the Nation's ideal. After serving two terms of the Presidency he laid down his high office and became a private citizen. He had also been the first soldier, yes, the first rebel in the land, but he renounced his command voluntarily, and obeyed the law simply as one of the people. Thus he is the man most completely representing the typical deed of Virginia.

Let us look a little into the central fact of his character, for the person is more important than the house before us. Lurking in all authority is a demon which tempts, especially the Great Man, at the high tide of triumph. It whispers seductively: " Thou art now the first of all — nobody can resist thee; pluck the fruit of thy victory, which is thine if thou darest." But Washington refused to listen to the demonic voice, speaking out of his success; after ending England's supremacy he would not seize it for himself; he would not be king of a people whom he had freed of a king. Ambition was unable to unsettle that splendid mental equilibrium, his special gift of genius, and turn him over into the opposite of himself through victory. The Weird Sisters met him in the day of success, as they met Macbeth and must meet every successful man, but Washington would not hearken to their seductive prophecies. Not his military ability, not his political sagacity, made him the supreme

man of his time, but the mastery over his own success, which could not defeat him, as it has defeated some of the mightiest heroes of the world — Themistocles, Cromwell, Napoleon. A spiritual balance he possessed so complete that it offsets any one-sided genius, however colossal; he is through it a more universal man than Napoleon, and has produced a greater and more lasting influence. A world-man, or more nearly so than any other person of these last centuries — him Virginia produced, and erects his habitation at the World's Fair.

But is he typical of Virginia as a State? Certainly typical of her as she was a hundred years ago, for it was the early Virginia Presidents, along with Chief Justice Marshall, a Virginian, who established firmly the Constitution of the United States, making it the successful, practical instrument of the Federal idea, and thus transforming the Union into a solid fact. Many good Constitutions in other countries will not work; easy enough is it to write them, but to make them march is another matter. Ours, too, had to be made to march; but so good was the start that, with a little mending here and there, it is still marching.

Another interrogation at this point: Does the Mount Vernon House represent the spirit of Virginia at present? Not so easy of answer; Virginia has a second time gone into rebellion,

and has come out of it a second time, having brought forth a most marvelous second crop of Great Men therein, among them a new hero, whom she delights to call a second Washington, but now a defeated Washington, without having had the chance of making the sharp turn from destructive rebellion to constructive order. The situation, therefore, is radically different; the great Washingtonian test has not been, could not be, applied in this last case. She is right, however, in sending to the World's Fair the first Washington, about whom there is no question; but she lets us know, even here, that she has not forgotten the second.

From the person let us pass to the building. The Mount Vernon House is an unpretentious structure, yet not humble; of republican simplicity, yet not without a certain appearance of comfort. It has a high, spacious porch in front, without any railing, or other obstruction; it extends an invitation to the wayfarer to come in and sit down, and from this spot to look out upon the world. The floor of the porch is almost even with the ground; no great effort would be required to step up to its level — there is equality here with the earth itself. No fence runs around the yard to warn off the pedestrian; open to mankind is the expression on the House's face — affable, easy, without striving, yet without exclusiveness.

If we go inside of the House, we find an orderly, simple arrangement of rooms, filled with many sacred mementos of the domestic life of Washington. Virginia has placed here works by some of her artists; also, we observe a book-case filled with volumes written by Virginia authors. A very commendable purpose one reads in the attempt; the State gives us to understand that she, too, has done something in the literary and artistic line. But one feels that her greatness does not lie in this direction.

We cannot help looking to the rear of the Mount Vernon House. There we behold two annexes joined with the main building by a roofed passage, which is open at the sides and slightly curved. What are they, connected, yet held off backward at arm's-length, as it were? Kitchens and dining-rooms, the domain of the black servants of the household — African slaves, whose quarters were still further to the rear, and are not here reproduced. Of another race they are, almost of another world; yet they are human, speaking the articulate speech of men; nay, many of them have as much Caucasian as African blood in their veins, but the least drop of Africa taints and sends its innocent victims to the rear into the slave quarters.

At this point, then, our Mount Vernon equality passes into its opposite with a plunge that makes the head swim. Quite a little speck in the sky

was the matter one hundred years ago, causing some uneasiness, though pushed into the background; but it is destined to come into the foreground just at Mount Vernon with all the vigor of a new-born epoch, amid the roar of artillery and musketry. War will rage around the home of Washington for four years, and will, in the end, sweep away the servile distinction which he could not erase, for the time was not yet ripe, and he was not the man chosen for that act of the World's History.

In a reflective mood the visitor will sit under the willows behind the Mount Vernon House at the Fair, musing on the past and dreaming about the future. What is the drift of the centuries? Where points the hour-hand on the clock of time? A pleasant voice will rouse him, speaking at his side: "Will you be served with some ice-cream?" On looking up he will behold, if he be in luck, a fine appearing mulatto woman of middle age; he will be a little startled at first, for she seems, somehow, to fit in just at this point, rising like a sybil to answer his question. He will give her his little commission, and when she returns, he propounds his interrogations: "Are you from Mount Vernon?" "I lived there many years." Whereof she gives proof by telling a number of facts and supplying certain things which are here missing, among others the slave quarters. Interest demands: "May I ask

your name?" "Mrs. Washington." "Indeed! Then I judge you belong to the Washington family." "Yes, I belonged to that family in two ways. I was the slave of Col. John A. Washington, who was killed during the late war." Here was a moment's hesitation, after which followed this statement: "And I am descended from one of the nephews of George Washington." "And you were held a slave in the family?" "I was, and it still makes my blood boil; but all that is now past, and I tell you something else is coming." With which dark vaticination she flits off without waiting for further questioning. Indeed, has she said enough? Such is the ghost that will appear to the astonished visitor even at Chicago, behind the Mount Vernon House, and vigorously shake him out of his dreams. Typical, indeed, is the appearance, not an accident. Virginia has sent her mulatto sybil along with the home of Washington to the World's Fair, consciously or unconsciously completing the symbolism thereof, for in the background of many a Virginia household some such weird spectre stalked and uttered her curse.

It is surely now time to pass to Massachusetts, whose house lies only a few rods distant from that of Virginia, and still nearer in imagination. Somehow, these two older States place themselves alongside of each other, both by way of contrast and of resemblance. Massachusetts is the most

important of the New England group of Commonwealths, and may, in a general manner, stand for them all. She is especially distinguished by her culture. She has produced the greatest literary men of the country, the heroes of the printed word. She has fought in two wars, in the old and in the new Revolution, and has fought well; still she has produced no soldier of the first rank, probably none of the second rank. After all, Ben Butler is about the best she has done in this line. Her statesmen may claim a higher place than her soldiers, still by no means the highest; they have been distinguished as orators, as rhetoricians, as masters of golden speech; they have not been great organizers, not the leaders in the far reaching constructive policies of the Nation. Daniel Webster and Charles Sumner, whom Massachusetts would probably call her two greatest statesmen, have left little behind them of the positive work of State-building, but they both possessed in the highest degree the gift of eloquence; and they have handed down to us the finest political discourses of the time. Webster dropped to the rear in the greatest national movement of his age, and lost the headship of his own people. Sumner remained to the end a stimulator of the inner moral spirit in politics, an excellent New England preacher — hardly a great architect of the Nation. In Sumner Massachusetts simply continued her

line of Puritan ministers, her chief spiritual product, and gave them a secular vocation. Note well these Puritan ministers, for we shall see their hand in all that Massachusetts has done, and in all that her children have done throughout their migrations in the western States of the Union. Emerson belongs to them with a slight change of calling, as well as the whole galaxy of New England poets and prose writers, certainly the best that the country has yet seen.

Now, what has Massachusetts built at the World's Fair as her distinctive structure? She has chosen the house of John Hancock, a merchant, a man of wealth and of public spirit; a hot rebel in the time of the old Revolution; a fair speaker and a loud protester. Again we must observe that the man is more important than his house; but for him the latter would not be shown at the Fair.

We are inclined to question whether this selection be the best; that is, the most symbolic selection. The Puritan meeting house, with its preacher, ought in some way to be at the heart of the Massachusetts offering; instead of it we behold the mansion of Beacon street, with a gilded codfish on the top as a weather-vane, adjusting itself to the fitful breezes of Lake Michigan. The codfish aristocracy has set on high its armorial sign in apparent rivalry with New York, just opposite, and certainly it is not to be left out of

the Massachusetts inventory; still, the true aristocracy of the Bay State is the intellectual one, starting with that line of little Puritan popes in every village, and reaching down to the great authors of the present century, by direct physical descent as well as by spiritual evolution.

Hancock was of good family, descended from several generations of ministers, which descent was the chief patent of New England nobility. He was, therefore, born a prominent figure, or rather figure-head. He was president of the Massachusetts Provincial Congress, and was so prominent in his rebellion against England that General Gage organized an expedition to capture him, which, however, did not succeed, but did succeed in bringing on the battles of Concord and Lexington, very famous in Massachusetts history. Then he was sent as a delegate to the Continental Congress at Philadelphia, of which he was chosen president, and which issued the Declaration of Independence. The name of John Hancock, appended to that instrument as President of the Congress, written in a bold, clear hand, has put the man upon a pedestal, to be seen by the whole world for all time. Though his chirography is superb, indeed, unsurpassable, he did not write the instrument itself; that was the work of Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia.

Again Massachusetts has selected John Hancock, with his House, and sent both out West to

the World's Fair, to represent her, probably for quite the same reasons which induced her more than one hundred years ago to send him to Philadelphia as her representative. His family connection was of the best; his grandfather was already an important man, and a minister. He was himself a graduate of Harvard, and thus a person of culture, with something of a talent for public speaking. Not a great man, but of good general average, with a shrewd eye to business and money making, also a Yankee trait by no means uncommon; a strong protester, even to downright rebellion and fight. Him, along with the house on Beacon Hill, codfish and all, let us accept as typical, though not the best type, of Massachusetts.

We may next take a glance at the architecture of the Hancock House, which has a sleek, tidy look, with some pretense to a palace. Note, first of all, that it is raised high above the surrounding level; it has two flights of steps outside, one of which leads from the street to the terrace, the other from the terrace to the portico of the house. A double elevation is this, in emphatic contrast to the Mt. Vernon equality, whose porch lies on a par with the rest of the earth. One cannot help noticing the strong, well-built wall enclosing the yard of the Hancock House, and upon this wall runs a fence which does not invite the wayfarer to climb over, or if he did he might find

the bull-dog. Not a very grand or ostentatious edifice; still in it we may mark a stage of aristocracy, exclusion, wealth; the colonial time must have felt its distinctions more than we do at present. We read, too, in its lines a turning inward from the outside world, perchance, also, aspiration, the struggle upwards; on the whole, it has a suggestion of a more pronounced inner life than can be observed in the Mt. Vernon House, which has openness to the world, democracy, hospitality, the free and easy way of living, which is always in danger of becoming shiftless.

In the midst of such reflections the thought intrudes itself that the Puritans chiefly came from the humble class in England, and were originally Cromwellian republicans, while the Virginians were mostly of gentle blood, and once bore the title of cavaliers. Are these two States exchanging characters in the century and a half of American life? Somewhat, yet not wholly; Virginia has developed a strong democratic element in her aristocracy and Massachusetts has developed a strong aristocratic element in her democracy.

But in the rear of the Hancock House we see no such slave quarters as we have noted at Mount Vernon; there is no such distinction here, with its black cloud threatening horrors. That is certainly an advantage. The earthquake of the

second Revolution will roll and heave around Mount Vernon, bringing devastation and death, but it will not reach the neighborhood of Beacon Hill, though the latter will hear the rumble in the distance — will have to gird on its armor and march.

Such are the two structures, Northern and Southern, taken on account of their occupants and elevated into symbols by their respective States. No doubt climate plays its part in the architecture of both, but their significance is not thereby changed; climate has its influence upon character, too, and even upon ability. Then the one House was intended for the city, specially for Boston city, let it not be forgotten; the other was intended for the country, and indicates a rural life — open, less constrained, less intense than an urban life. But herein again the difference is typical; Massachusetts concentrates herself in one city; Virginia has really no city, but is scattered over the country on the plantations. The same distinction runs through all the North and all the South; the one with a centripetal, the other with a centrifugal, tendency, culminating at last in a Civil War between Union and Disunion.

So much by way of contrast; still Massachusetts and Virginia have shown a common trait at the Fair. Each has selected the private dwelling of its heroic individual; no other State, we be-

lieve, has taken just that way of symbolizing itself. A certain degree of hero-worship lies therein, as well as reverence for the past. Both these ancient sisters (or grandmothers, if you please) say to the younger States out West: We are older than you, we won the independence which you enjoy, we formed the institutions under which you have prospered; you ought to look up to us with gratitude and veneration. You cannot show a Washington, or even a Hancock. You are a little inclined to forget our services in your behalf before you were born, and slight the respect due to age. Look upon the two Houses which we send to grace your Fair; you have no such venerable structures, no such illustrious occupants, whose lives stretch back more than a century, while you saw the light but yesterday.

Thus the Colonial States have a past and live in it, and point to it with a certain sense of superiority over those which have no past, or a very small, recent fragment thereof. We may well glory in the claims of Massachusetts and Virginia — they have produced the Great Men of the country, they are right in exalting the individual at the World's Fair; no other State or States can compete with them in that line. Both had a kind of aristocracy, or rule of the best. The one was an aristocracy of intellect, made up of a long line of Puritan preachers and writers,

the most protesting of all Protestants, carrying their protest into politics as well as into religion, till at last Puritanism protests against itself and begins sloughing itself off, always, meanwhile, stirring up the inner man, and troubling the waters everywhere, with a prodigious effervescence of the spirit. The other was a landed aristocracy, creating institutions — organizing, not criticising, the builders of the Nation, we repeat, yet with the everlasting danger of becoming stagnant, yes, ossified, unless prodded, criticized, and, in case of necessity, damned by the Yankee preacher, who can do that part of the work to perfection. The two States, Massachusetts and Virginia, are complements of each other, as thought and action, the word and deed, must in the end fit harmoniously together. Both are to enter into the complete national character of America, which is still in the process of construction. The glory of Virginia is her men of action, yet she has lovingly gathered her writers into her Home, proud of her limited achievement in letters. The glory of Massachusetts is her literature, which she has not gathered into her Home, where it ought to be, and thus has left out of the Hancock House any adequate hint of her greatest work, of her most significant national deed. Opinions will differ, but our judgment is, that Massachusetts has not placed her best foot foremost in this matter; if she had put up and

attractively arranged a library of her authors, the Hancock House would have been the Mecca of the intellect of the Fair, as Mount Vernon is the magnet of its patriotism. Herein Germany has set the best example; she has built the finest House on the grounds, and put her book-writers in possession, not of a corner to one side, but of the whole building, from top to bottom.

Between Massachusetts and Virginia, we may place New York, which lies in the middle, and is the largest and wealthiest of the sisterhood of States. It was settled not by the Anglo-Saxon, but by the Dutch, also a branch of the great Teutonic family — a sea-faring commercial people, imbued strongly with the idea of freedom, but without any gift of universal expression; Holland has produced no writing which can be placed in the rank of the World's Literature, in any high sense of the term. Nor has New York ever had any great line of writers or statesmen, who have molded the Nation's thought and the Nation's institutions, as have Massachusetts and Virginia. She has produced eminent individuals in literature and statesmanship, like Irving and Seward, but no succession; no epoch-making deed or idea can be laid at her door. New York is a merchant — she buys and sells, even in literature and statesmanship; she does not produce her own spiritual goods, or what she produces is not of the best quality. How can she? Still,

her services have been great to the country; she has stood between the two fighting branches of Anglo-Saxondom, the Puritan of the North, and the Cavalier of the South, and made them keep the peace; she has been a kind of balance-wheel in the Union, through her conservative commercial spirit and her Dutch stolidity. She is rich, very rich, the treasures of the sea and land have been poured into her lap; must she not manifest the fact at the World's Exposition?

The New York State Building is distinctly the palace of these grounds; a lavish magnificence dazzles the eye; it shows already from the outside the greatest display of wealth. At the first glance we say: "The owner is rich; he has so much money that he hardly knows what to do with it." Surely he does not need to economize; moreover, he is making a position for himself through his expenditures; he asserts his superiority in that way. There is no need of all this costly, but tawdry, ornamentation; it really hurts the artistic effect to a person of pure taste; but the outlay can be afforded only by a few multi-millionaires. Thus the Building draws a distinction, which becomes social; an aristocracy of wealth has arisen in New York, and is asserting itself also at the World's Fair, being quite different from those two other aristocracies of Virginia and Massachusetts. But let us scan closely the Building.

Broad, grandiose steps conduct us first to a terrace, then to the covered entrance. All the luxury of the Italian palace is reproduced with a patrician pride; copies of the Berberini lions guard the entrance, gilded chandeliers give us light — particularly in the day-time. As we go in, two fountains are playing on either hand, in front of an elaborate background of mosaic, studded with classic masks and figures. When we have entered, we behold Pompeiian decoration in the roomy vestibule and on the walls of the stairway. Imitation of the later Italian Renaissance meets the eye on every side; in general, it is but an imitation of a Roman imitation of ancient Hellas. What made New York select just that? Similar social conditions beget similar tastes and similar buildings the world over; wealth is going to make itself valid, not through original genius, which it has not, but through splendid reproduction. But it is gorgeous, dazzling, fascinating, while it lasts; look at the people gazing on the spectacle. The thoughtful visitor, also, will not fail to throw his search-light upon the scenic display of the New York Building, seeking to find out the idea lurking in the phenomenon.

One observes that there is no large, open portico surrounding it, like that of the Pennsylvania House near by, hospitably inviting the stranger to come in and make himself at home. Yet the New York House has two porticos, not in

front, but at the sides of the building. Note that these porticos have no steps connecting with the rest of the world; they cannot be reached from the outside, being built on a high and steep platform. Quite inaccessible for me, and possibly for you, my reader; the man who enjoys them must reach them from the inside with the special consent and invitation of the owner, who evidently scans closely the credentials of every comer, and whose desire is to keep out the crowd. To-day being World's Fair day we can enter with the masses and get a glimpse of what is inside.

Thus we pass to the porticos; each is guarded by two parallel lines of columns, which not only support the roof — one line of them would suffice for that — but shut in the people there, excluding, likewise, with some emphasis. I noticed that everybody sitting in either of the porticos turned inwardly; hardly ever did one feel inclined to cast a glance outwardly upon the passing multitude. We all, being the favored set this time, looked at each other in a semicircle, or gazed at the fountain which was spurting up a little stream in the center of the portico.

Enough of this; let us now ascend to the second story. Here are some rooms, containing historic souvenirs of various kinds, specially of the old Dutch pattern. New York remembers her origin — the character of Holland has not yet

wholly disappeared from her people. But these lesser rooms surround and embrace, as it were, one inside room, the center of the Building, or the very heart thereof, into which the visitor is curious to take a peep.

This is the reception room, out of which New York money has made a very significant symbol of itself. A grand spectacular display certainly — decoration is piled upon decoration. Look at the gilded and flowery figures; look at this Greek column, made to hold up a burden in old Greece, here supporting festoons and manifold showy ornaments, with a golden base and capital. Clearly the place is for the few, the room is the select one in the House; may we not call it the reception room of New York's chosen 400, the famous cream of that wealthy city's society? But note another distinction: up yonder are three balconies, like boxes at the theatre, from which the occupants can look down upon the 400. Thus the cream of society makes a distinction within itself, for have we not here the cream of the cream? Verily, the demon of exclusion enters the exclusive circle, and there keeps on dividing and excluding.

One cannot help asking: For whom, then, are these boxes? In an aristocracy of wealth, the rich are the good, but the richest are the best. New York herself has made the selection. In one of these boxes we would have to place the

Vanderbilts, in another, the Astors; the third may be reasonably left open to the coming man, an object of striving for all New York. Look once more; note the increased amount of gilding on these boxes, above and below, hinting the gist of the matter. One asks the attendant, if it be possible to get in up there. No, that part is private, perchance sacred.

In such a manner has New York built for herself a home at the Fair. It seems a hymn of praise to wealth; it shows a lavish expense upon self. The individual is seeking to exploit himself by spending more money than most men possess. Therein he draws his line of superiority over the rest of the world, who cannot live in a house of this kind. Three such lines of distinction and exclusion we may note. First, the New York Building separates itself from all the other State Buildings by its lavish display of ornament; second, the reception room separates itself from all the other rooms by a more lavish display of ornament; third, the three balconies separate themselves from the reception-room by the most complete cut-off in the Building. In addition to these distinctions, we may add the two high-perched, excluding porticos.

Have we wrongly interpreted the spirit of this edifice? And, if rightly interpreted in the main, is it typical of New York? Or, if true of New

York city, does it hold of New York State? To such questions the reader will have to give his own answer, which admits of many grades of affirmation and denial. We all know that there are strong currents of opposition, in New York itself, to the monied arrogance of the New York millionaires; but the latter are now on top, and are going to make hay while the sun shines. They have their hold on society as well as on commerce; and even literature, the bond-breaking, the freedom-giving word of the spirit, has to pay them court with due obeisance. At present they dominate, whereof the sign is this House.

Such are our three colonial State Buildings, those of Virginia, Massachusetts and New York — the two extremes and the mean, we may consider them. Along the Atlantic coast these States lie, from North to South, and form the starting points of the great movement of the Nation, which movement has been from East to West, with the course of empire, and along the path of the Sun in Heaven. It is the last and greatest stage of that mighty Aryan migration, which thousands of years ago, broke loose from crystallized Asia, from the very heart thereof, and started for the Occident, and has been moving thitherwards ever since in search of new worlds — sweeping over Europe, crossing the Atlantic, and spanning a continent; moreover,

bearing the World's History along its track as the record of its progress. This last and greatest movement of the limit-leaping Aryan spirit toward the West is also to be shown at the World's Fair, if the latter be complete; especially must it be shown at Chicago, the very centre and final bloom thereof. Hence the necessity for another grapple with these State Buildings.

STATE BUILDINGS—FROM EAST TO WEST.

In the previous study we gave some account of the State Buildings belonging to the commonwealths which were the original colonies of the present United States. They ran, in the main, from North to South, along the Atlantic seaboard, and thus each colony had its own road over the broad waters, connecting it directly with Europe. We shall now run a line in the opposite direction — from East to West, the direction in which population has migrated from Ocean to Ocean. We shall take Pennsylvania as a starting point, the central State of the original thirteen, and move West, somewhat as the center of population has moved across the Alleghenies into the Mississippi Valley.

At present only a few of the State Buildings can be selected for special mention, but the few will, we hope, in a general way represent all. The movement is the grand fact, the movement of the whole mass westward, in which a development of the means of transportation takes place which scatters the people with the greatest celerity, yet holds them together in complete unity, so that distance is unable to disunite the new and the old States. Thus the Great Republic becomes a reality, and the Universal Republic is seen to be a possibility.

Starting, then, with the Pennsylvania House, one cannot help observing that it makes a friendly impression upon the spectator at the first glance. The striking fact is the portico, which is high and wide, and runs around the entire building, except a small portion to the rear, hardly visible. There is no fence, no sign of exclusion; a few easy steps lead up to the portico, which very distinctly invites everybody to come in and sit down for a rest on a chair or rocker, there being of both the greatest abundance. The result is, larger numbers of satisfied faces look out from its covering than from any other place on the grounds; people drop down into a seat as if at home, and repose for a time from the fatigues of sightseeing.

The work here is simplicity itself; a good plain floor, a high ceiling, upheld by the least orna-

mented kind of columns — the Roman-Doric. A profusion of modest but very comfortable chairs has an exceedingly hospitable effect — one can observe here what even a chair can say. The walls of the House are made of beautiful pressed brick; they are substantial, not built of staff, though the residence be for six months only. There is a solidity and a sincerity about the structure, and its furnishings, which leave not only an artistic, but also a decided moral, impression, as all good work does, even brick-laying.

With no little satisfaction we say to ourselves, as we look about us: Here is the most friendly, hospitable, cordial piece of construction to be found in all these Buildings; no exclusiveness whatever, but no vulgarity. And how plain! Truly a Quaker plainness and neatness, with the most genuine human kindness. The spirit of William Penn built this portico, and is now present. One can almost see the tidy Quaker housewife darting among her guests with white cap and spotless gown, and hear her saying to each one present in her hearty dialect: "Thee is welcome." But mark! Let there be no undue familiarity, no presumption. You feel at once that you are in the house of a gentleman, doubtless a plain Quaker gentleman, who expects you to behave yourself. He is wealthy, and wishes others to share in his wealth, of which he regards

himself as only the steward in the service of the Lord. Still he is a very careful and most economical steward.

When we look into the interior, the same pleasant aspect of things greets us in the main. A little greater outlay; perhaps a little more comfort; surely the master of this House must be in easy circumstances, and he is getting beyond William Penn. But how different from New York! Indeed, these two houses must have been built by way of contrast: the most exclusive and the least, the most ostentatious and the least, the Quaker's home and the Patrician's palace — behold them alongside of each other at the World's Fair in a kind of rivalry for the friendly glances of us all, the happy visitors.

The Pennsylvania House has, however, another element: one which fights and has fought on sufficient provocation. The peaceful Quaker withdraws somewhat into the background in the room where the Liberty Bell is placed. A new emotion rises strongly within us. Pennsylvania salutes us with her most sacred relic — sacred, because of its connection with the Declaration of Independence. She wishes to associate herself with the birth of the Nation, and the first note inside her House is that of Patriotism. She has certainly shown a strong national feeling, and mighty has been the response of the people.

And this Bell, what is the charm of it? Noth-

ing but an old cracked piece of metal — throw it away. Not by any means; it has become a symbol, the people have made it their own; they read in it somehow the birth of their nationality. How they gather about it, look at it, poke it to see if it will still ring! Canes, umbrellas, fingers offer to touch it; stop! Hands off! There are two sets of railing around it, and inside the railing sit two policemen to prevent it from being caressed to pieces. The people lean over and gaze and read the inscription; in particular they examine the crack closely, and wonder how just that came to be, and why it did not go further, and what it means.

Thus the Liberty Bell has become elevated, or transfigured into a symbol, the highest destiny which can fall to any transitory piece of matter. The visible has become the mere sign of the invisible; the outer thing is marvellously transmuted into the inner spirit. The old Bell first rang out the joy of the people at the Birth of the Nation; that has become its universal meaning; it still rings out the joy of the people at the Birth of the Nation, though its tongue be now silent. So it is at present hardly a real Bell, for it rings no more to the external ear; but it is a ghostly symbolical Bell, which rings in the soul of the Nation, and will keep on ringing while nationality lasts. And we may say, too, that the first sound of it

from the old tower of Independence Hall was heard round the world quite as emphatically as the famous shot at Concord bridge. Well may the people press about it, and scrutinize it, and try to test it once more, for even the seeing it is able to set the heart in vibration and make the whole man ring, he himself being transformed for time into the Liberty Bell, Such is the power of the symbol, when once made and adopted by the people; it stands for what is deepest and holiest in the man, and will stir the depths as nothing else can.

In fact, the observing visitor will become as much interested in the people as in the Bell, perchance, more so; he will lurk in a corner near by, and seek to hear their observations, as they look upon their holy relic. Great will be his reward, if he be in luck; he will catch casual looks, gestures, even stray words on the wing, which will remain long with him, perhaps a lifetime. Here comes the Western farmer from one of the more remote rural districts; he stops and looks, what a gleam over his face! He is a veteran, he has the Grand Army button in his plain coat of jeans; he responded, in his youth, to the call of his country, and now his heart again responds; after a long gaze, he is not satisfied, but puts his hand into his pocket, and takes an extra chew of tobacco, in order to get the right grip on the thing. Legend will begin to play

around the Bell, the main point being: How did the crack get there? One hears that, when somebody undertook to ring it at the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law, it defiantly broke and threatened to go to pieces. Another story is, that the fissure was produced in the first days of the late Civil War. Thus, the people mythologize and weave about their symbol an ever-varying net-work of fable, possibly for the future use of the poet. Children come to view it with their parents and ask their hard little question: "Why not mend the crack and make it ring again?" A group of negroes look at it with no little awe, and conclude that it has something to do with the Proclamation of Emancipation. How can they help thinking that it must have been rung for them, specially on the great day of their liberty? One black fellow gives account of the matter, somehow in this fashion: "I tells you she was fust rung by Massa Abe Lincoln for the niggas; and when he got good hold of de rope, he rung her and rung her till she bust." An Englishman comes along, red-faced, stout-bodied; with some effort he stoops and looks under the bell at the first glance; why just that action, I wonder? I stoop, too, and look underneath, which I had not thought of doing before. As he straightened up again, with an air of satisfaction, he muttered to himself, "It is tied." What is tied? — I query to

myself, and look once more. Why, the clapper of the Bell is fastened; evidently our English cousin was afraid that it might start off ringing again, and he did not wish to hear it. And the fact must be confessed, that sometimes a Liberty Bell may get to be all clapper, which needs to be tied up for a while, to give the world a little rest. Still, mankind wants to hear the clapper going again after a time of silence. Very surprised I was to find doubting Thomas present among the visitors of Liberty Bell; probably he is everywhere. In plain, rustic garb, yet with skeptical leer, he declares: "This is not the real Liberty Bell, it is a sham, a counterfeit gotten up to deceive the people." But it was sent by the Governor of Pennsylvania, to the Fair. "All the more likely to be a cheat, being the work of a politician; there are a great many things here which are not what they claim to be; I tell you the whole business is a humbug." So he went his way doubting and denying; Mephistopheles must also come to the Fair, and burn a little of his sulphur there. Pity the person whose first salutation to every man and to everything he meets, is, "You are a lie." What response can he get from the whole world, except, "You are another!"

The truth about the crack in the Liberty Bell is said to be as follows: At the death of John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States,

which took place at Philadelphia July 6th, 1835, while the Bell was being tolled, it parted of itself and ceased to ring; its life went out with the last of those Great Men who organized the Nation after the destructive period of the Revolution. Its work was done with theirs, and stopped with theirs, whereby it has become a symbol of the Birth of the Nation.

As we pass upstairs in the Pennsylvania House, we look about and behold a significant picture. Another strong touch of national symbolism greets us; the picture portrays the Birth of the American Flag. Thus Pennsylvania again seeks to identify herself with the beginning of the Nation, in the present case with the origin of the national emblem itself. A woman is sewing its pieces together — three men are looking on, in the main helpless, yet making some remarks now and then, we may suppose. The woman is probably Betsy Ross, the deft needle-woman of Philadelphia, who is said to have first stitched together the Stars and Stripes, and also to have made elegant ruffled shirts for George Washington, such as were worn by gentlemen in those days. You and I, my reader, would like to have witnessed that scene in which the Father of his country gave specific directions to the cunning-handed seamstress about his wardrobe. Philadelphia still points out with pride the exact spot (239

Arch street) where the American Flag was born, born of a woman. The other story we shall probably have to dismiss, which tells of Mollie Stark sewing together the variegated stripes of her petticoat, and thus bringing to light the original Banner of Liberty. Finally Pennsylvania has put on the top of her House the old bell-tower of Independence Hall, and thus finishes her national offering.

Every American, accordingly, feels at home in the Pennsylvania House. He is first welcomed by the hospitable portico, then he goes inside, where his national feeling is touched at the start and remains in vibration to the end of his stay. But not one in a thousand Americans can feel at home in the New York House, just at hand ; it is copied from the edifice of a partrician, with all its fine social discriminations and exclusiveness, and transferred to a moneyed oligarchy, which makes wealth the basis of distinction. It is showy, dazzling, gorgeous, veritably spectacular ; by all means see it and study it, and enjoy the show, if it be in you to do so. But bring away the meaning of it, the symbolic hint; that is the final fruit of your visit.

We should note, too, before leaving, that Pennsylvania honors her two greatest personages. One is William Penn, the colonizer and the eponymous hero of the colony, whose name the State still bears in its first syllable, in its vesti-

bule, as it were, quite as we noticed that its Building here was Quaker in the portico. Penn was a Quaker, who would make a treaty with the Indians, recognizing them, too, as men and brothers. A person of great simplicity and honest dealing; his spirit may well be revered and build itself a little monument at the World's Fair. The other great Pennsylvanian is Benjamin Franklin, printer, and Poor Richard once, but now Richard is no longer poor, having gained riches through skill and economy. Franklin was a man of the hardest common-sense; so hard was it that he became thereby ideal and a poet. By him, too, was done the feat of harnessing electricity, the sky-leaping Pegasus, and, to-day, we are riding in the coach drawn by Franklin's magical steed. He was a patriot, likewise, and is very closely connected with the Birth of the Nation, which Pennsylvania has especially taken upon herself to symbolize at the World's Fair in the Flag and in the Liberty Bell.

But Penn was an Englishman, and Franklin was a Yankee; Pennsylvania did not produce them, nor has she since brought forth any Great Man of the first rank, any towering, epoch-making genius. She has probably been more barren of Great Men than even New York. She has had men of talent always, but no world-compelling individual as statesman, soldier, poet, preacher. Herein Massachusetts and Virginia

outstrip her immeasurably. What can be the cause? Let that pass at present; the sybil of the ages will have to give the answer, when people have more time to listen than they now have at Chicago.

At this point we shall have to move West, and next in order comes Ohio, represented at the Fair by a Building with a semi-circular portico, the whole being in the style of the Renascence, and not very characteristic of anything the State may be supposed to mean. Ohio was the first territory of the West which received the three great streams flowing from the three portions of the Union, Northern, Middle and Southern. These three elements of population, mainly from New England, Pennsylvania and Virginia, poured into the so-called Northwestern Territory, and settled Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, giving to them ingredients from the best of the old colonies. Ohio became a kind of stopping place for those moving westward, the stop often lasting for a generation when the journey was continued by the children of the first immigrants.

The chief distinction of Ohio has been the fact that it gave birth to Grant, Sherman and also Sheridan — accounts vary in case of the latter — the three greatest generals the North produced during the late Civil War. Certain it is that all three were reared in Ohio and went to West Point from that State. Glory enough; yet one queries

if the matter were more than a curious coincidence. Grant, Sherman and Sheridan can hardly be deemed Ohioans, in the sense that Lee and Jackson were Virginians, or that Emerson and Hawthorne were New Englanders. All three were born of parents who had migrated into the State, and all three left the State when they arrived at manhood. In fact the Western States have hardly developed distinct types of the individual, owing to the migratory habit chiefly, though the Hoosier has a more marked individuality than the Buckeye.

In the yard of her State Building, Ohio has placed the statues of Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, along with other famous men of hers; on a narrow rim they stand with their backs to a pillar, and they all seem on the point of stepping off. Indeed, the appearance is that, unless they give a jump, they will pitch off, head foremost, to the earth. Very uncomfortable does the sympathizing spectator feel for these great men, with the toes of their boots extending over the precipice; why has Ohio put them in such a ticklish position? Is it to show that they all leaped away from her as soon as they had a fair chance? Certainly, in these pieces of statuary they are ready to spring; indeed, they cannot help themselves.

Indiana, to which we next pass in this westward migration, has erected a State Building which is comfortable, but not extravagant; the

architecture resembles more that of a domestic, than of a public, edifice. A large fire-place greets you at the entrance, and gives forth the impression of a home; the family and the guests can find room enough around the spacious hearth, which hears many a tale of the early settlement and of the recent war. It is the house of the Indiana farmer — not lavish, but thrifty; careful of too great expense, yet by no means averse to certain little comforts. Indiana is still agricultural; it has no large cities, no developed urban life; its thriving capital is hardly more than an over-grown village. The State lies diagonally between two cities, both of which are just outside of its border — Chicago and Cincinnati — each near enough for convenience, yet far enough off to be out of the way. Thus, Indiana is as yet substantially, free of that toughest question in American politics, municipal government. A transfigured farm-house we may call the Indiana State Building, with various architectural adornments added, as towers, Gothicized windows, sculptured reliefs of early frontier life. The portico is open, high and inviting; Indiana is hospitable.

When we go up stairs and enter the large parlor or main room, a surprise awaits us. In the center is a book-case, and in the book-case are gathered the works of Indiana authors. She is, then, proud of her literary men, prouder of them

than of any thing else, for she puts them into the most prominent place in the principal room of her Building, to be seen of everybody. No other State has shown such preference for her writers; the German Building alone lays as much stress upon the written word, and Germany is book-maker to the world. Who would have thought that of Hoosierdom?

One naturally asks: Is the fact typical, or is it some chance caprice? Two Indiana authors, Wallace and Riley, have been placed by the public in the first rank of American writers; they are probably the first literary men of the present decade. The Atlantic seaboard would, it is likely, contest this statement, and the fact cannot be definitely settled. It is true that these Indiana authors belong not to the first class, or even to the second class of greatness; but in the present pygmæan condition of American literature, they are veritable giants. So let the Hoosier put his book-case of State authors into the heart of his living-room, and crow.

Another fact in the same line may be noted — it is the strength of the educational spirit of Indiana. Those of us who have had opportunities of knowing and comparing the school-work of the three Central States of the West, and who are free enough from local prejudice to see clearly, have been aware that Indiana is forging ahead of both Ohio and Illinois in the matter of

education. Undoubtedly the latter are at work too, but the Hoosier is in the lead, and is now educating himself with tremendous energy and earnestness, whereof the results are already beginning to appear. We maintain, therefore, that the book-case in the center of the large room at the Indiana State Building is not an accident, but is truly a symbol, a genuine utterance of the spirit of the State in this matter.

Crossing the Indiana border, we come to Illinois, the hostess of this World's Fair, who has rightly insisted upon putting her spacious State Building in front of all others, and in line with the vast edifices of the Universal Exposition. Chicago is in Illinois, let it not be forgotten, and Chicago is now making herself the American world-city; let the high Dome be erected, the highest on the grounds, over the residence of the State, and challenge comparison even with that of the Nation, just yonder across the lagoon. Much criticism has been spent upon the lofty aspiring Dome of the Illinois Building, it has become almost popular to condemn it, both for ugliness and impudence. But the censure is largely an echo, started no doubt in certain architectural circles and continued in newspapers, from which it vibrates through many empty heads by sheer impact from the outside.

Not much can we say of Illinois at present;

already she has been often mentioned, and we shall have to speak of her again. More than any other State she lies along the banks of the great River running North and South and binding together the two diverse zones of the Union. As we are now in the migratory mood, we shall cross the Mississippi, and move forward till we reach that State which has the best right to be called the geographical center of the country.

This is Kansas, which has erected a prominent State Building at the Fair, and has exhibited herself in it as no other State has succeeded in doing. The edifice has an oriental cast, with a low dome, and with a tower and peeping windows suggesting somewhat a minaret or mosque. Not a very happy architectural idea, according to our judgment; for Kansas is about the most occidental in spirit of all the States in the Union. But let this pass and enter the interior, where a racy, but very significant spectacle greets us.

We go straight forward to a railing in which is placed the grand Kansas menagerie of wild animals, in attitudes characteristic to a supreme degree. In the foreground are the fighters, all quarreling, either in the act of war or getting ready for it. Mark the groups: (1) two Rocky Mountain Lions, the largest and most savage of the tribe of wild beasts on the western continent, have a meeting over the dead body of a deer just slain by one of them; but the other lion

approaches, puts his paw on the deer's foot, and sets his teeth for the struggle. "It is mine," he says, "or a fight." (2) Just back of this first scene is a group of huge wolves, growling, howling, grinning, with one of them in complete possession of the carcass of a buffalo. (3) Near these last are two little coyotes, little wolfish devils, tussling over a bone; one has one end of it in its mouth, the other has the other end, and so they pull and jerk in opposite directions each trying to get possession of the bone. (4) The herbivorous animals also share in this contest; two huge moose have locked horns and are settling their dispute quite in human fashion, specially as that fashion rules in Kansas. Then what a mass of wolves, foxes, panthers, spotted ocelots, black wolverines, all barking, showing their teeth, trying to start a rumpus of some kind!

Such is the foreground of the Kansas menagerie — the beasts of prey in a desperate struggle over various bones of contention. Now look into the background, where you see high mountains, evidently the Rockies, with the more peaceable animals, as the sheep, the goat and the deer; they are perched in lofty places, out of danger, and gaze downward into the plain, where the carnivorous battle is taking place. Yet, even up there, we behold a bear crawling out of his hole and evidently intending to do some work. But

these Rockies, with their peaceful summits, are beyond the borders of Kansas.

All this is portrayed with a directness and realism, which, though rude, is very refreshing. The dead leaves lie around, the earth is pawed up and dug out into holes for animals, the hollow trunk and the rotten log are here as in the forest. A picture it is, of its kind a work of art, which for vigor, forthrightness and sincerity, coupled with grim humor, stands unsurpassed by any in the Art Building. A true Kansas man, seeing it, beholds an image of himself, or of some large fragment of himself; to him it is no artistic affectation, but the reality of his life.

For Kansas is a fighter; she was born fighting and in the midst of a fight, and she still has the crimson birthmark in her face. The bloody struggle between North and South opens on her soil, and has there its preliminary skirmish. Long had it been deferred and had continued to intensify; the Ohio river separated the combatants by a natural boundary, till they reached the Mississippi; beyond the Mississippi, the Missouri compromise held them asunder for a time; but beyond Missouri, the two streams came together with a mighty rush of opposition, and the day of settlement could no longer be put off. Each side knew the situation and sent its chosen champions to the scene.

Thus Kansas, by a process of natural selection,

was peopled by fighters. In the North, every intense man, who had principle in his heart and blood in his eye, felt himself called to shoulder his gun and go to Kansas in the years 1854–60. Did not the Puritan preacher subscribe a Sharpe's rifle and send the fighting brother of his congregation to carry it to the then Far-West, to be used in the service of the Lord? John Brown — Kansas has not forgotten him; his restless soul is still marching on in that State, and the war is not yet over. What a long desperate battle — with border ruffians first, then with rebels and guerillas, then with drouth and grasshoppers! And now, having nobody else or nothing else to fight, the Kansans seem to have resolved that they must fight one another. County seat wars, in which neighboring towns have a reciprocal fusillade, appear too trifling a matter; just last spring (1893) the people out there seemed bent on having a State war, in which muskets and cannon made their appearance, and they conquered their Governor, somewhat as France is said to have once conquered its King.

But Kansas has another side, the ideal one; she believes in education and advancement, she is the very home of progress. This phase we can also find in her Building; up stairs she tells to the world what she is doing for her spiritual

betterment. The latest idea takes root in Kansas, though it be not always practicable, or even a good idea; often the phantast, the hobby-rider, the quack find a congenial soil there and flower forth with astonishing prosperity. Several pictures of John Brown one sees in her Building — he is her typical man, with both her traits in him — a fantastic idealist and a ready smiter. Yet in his very failure he was a forerunner and a prophet; he had the idea in his soul, as we all now see, though fermenting in the wildest fashion. Kansas is still striking out boldly in new directions — Woman's Suffrage, Prohibition, not to speak of that ideal money of hers, to be made by some magic process, and of many vague dreams of a new social order, in which all men and women are at last to be equal. Even her physical aspect suggests a dead level of equality, being that of a vast plain, without mountains or marshes, and with very little forest — about five per cent. of the total area, it is said.

Another exhibit here should be noted — the miniature railroad, which runs around the rotunda with a petty clatter of wheels, and hints how Kansas is connected with the rest of the world, and, in fact, with herself. Herein her progress has been marvelous; in 1864 she had 40 miles of railroad, in 1893 she has about 9,000 miles. Thus she triumphs over her vast prairies and lives next door to all mankind, for the railroad uni-

versalizes each strip of territory through which it passes. Still, she cannot help fighting the railroad, for fight she must.

Kansas is not only the geographical centre of the Union — she is its historical pivot for the late war. In 1854 the repeal of the Missouri compromise brought on the contest, which was not ended till 1865. Kansas thus had eleven years of war, and was not content, while the rest of the States had four years, and at the end thereof were fully satisfied. The fighting record of Kansas during these four years is unique. She sent into the field more volunteers than she had voters. She enlisted more soldiers in proportion to her population than any other State; she never gave a bounty or resorted to a conscription. Sixty-one out of every thousand of her soldiers were killed in battle, a proportion which exceeds by far that of any other State. There can hardly be a doubt that her soldiery was the most relentless of either army, North or South. Usually where Kansas men had control, quarter was neither given nor asked for — fire and sword spared neither guilty nor innocent. They meant the war to be a complete cleaning out, and a beginning over again. They entered the South, and particularly Missouri, somewhat as the Israelites entered Canaan, intending to finish the business for once and for all, or get finished themselves in the doing of it.

Some such fighting intensity of character we may well read in this exhibit of Kansas, the most realistic picture at the Fair. The old generation is passing away, but the new one is keeping up the fame of the State, whose central locality makes it the turning point, the very hub, of the United States. The center of population is moving thitherward, but will hardly get there during the present order of things. Nor must we forget the ideal of progress which lies deep in the soul of Kansas, though often shooting forth into mad phantasmagoric dreams. One thing is certain: Kansas, during her short period of existence, has developed a stronger individuality than any other Western State, and, if she keeps on at this rate, she may yet bring up among the stars, and literally fulfill her motto: *Ad astra per aspera.*

From the plains of Kansas we pass to the mountains, which also are parceled into States. Of these we shall select Idaho, on account of its State Building, which is original in idea, and to us very attractive. A transfigured log cabin of the frontiersman we may call it, raised to three stories, and given a grandiose turn in all its rooms, which strangely blend the spirit of a palace with that of the backwoods. An arched doorway of untrimmed cobble stone greets the visitor with a rough and ready hospitality; let him not brush too close, however, else

he will get a scratch or a bruise. Everywhere he will note trophies of frontier life; the hunter comes out strong in the decoration of this cabin, yet tinged with modern civilization, even with modern luxury. Observe that there are no porticos on the first floor, as in so many of these State Buildings; they appear in the second and third story, where they stand out in delightful freedom. The frontiersman's visitors might come from the neighboring woods, hence the first floor is a kind of fortress on the outside, defensible and repellent; when he wished to sit down, putting his gun in a corner, and to take a quiet look upon the world as he smoked his pipe, he went to the second story, which gave him protection. Many cosy little nooks and corners with their board seats invite the guest to take a short rest; the overhanging roof and eaves seem to reach out and raise a kind of umbrella above the head for protection against sun and rain. Small windows with plain white curtains, speak of ancient simplicity; a large platform open to the sky and extending outwards from the third floor, suggests the place for an old-fashioned country dance.

There is certainly a charm about the Idaho House which no other State Building possesses. None of us are far removed from frontier life, it is still in us all to a certain extent; we remember the time when we lived in a log cabin, for awhile

at least. There is a delicious flavor of primitive ways and days hovering around these rafters everywhere visible, and over the fire-place of the olden time with its chimney and mantel. The building is a lyrical outburst of a genuine American experience, and we feel a native freshness in the thought and in the work.

Another reason: the Idaho House is in striking contrast with the classic lines, which dominate the forms of nearly all of the State Buildings, and indeed of the whole Fair. The visitor generally reaches the Idaho House after having grappled with acres of Greek architecture; he wants some relief from its authority, even from its perfection. That relief he feels here in this autochthonous structure of wood, modeled after the home in which his fathers lived. It is true that the Swiss cottage may have furnished suggestions to the builder, or even have given the model. If such be the case, certain phases of Swiss and American life have found a common architectural utterance. Here we feel like children playing once more; but we must leave childhood and the Idaho House, and move forward to the next stage of our journey.

This is the Pacific coast, of which California is the leading state. For her Building at the World's Fair she has taken a kind of Spanish ecclesiastical style, which was employed by the Catholic Missions in that country at an early

date. Thus the Pacific coast will remind us that it, too, has a streak of age as well as the Atlantic coast, and it gratefully recalls the old Spanish monk and his attempt to Christianize the savage.

The structure is very interesting by way of contrast. It throws an element into these State Buildings which is, to a certain extent, foreign to the American spirit. Compare it with the free, open houses around it, turned outward to the world and seeking some harmony with the same. But this California Building has a closed, introverted look. It rather distrusts everything which is not within its walls. Not exactly a fortress, it is a cloister fortified against nature. It is truly the home of the monk, who fights his own flesh as the great original sin, and looks upon the world as the abode of the devil. By its architecture we would expect to find, when we enter it, a crucifix and a priest swinging a censer, or at least some kind of fasting, together with a rigid suppression of the body's appetites. Let us peep in and get a glimpse of this lean monastic life, so forbidding to those who love the good things of earth.

Could there be a more complete surprise? Within this penitential cloister are found all the luscious fruits of California, far surpassing those of the fabled garden of Hesperides. Row upon row, pyramids, almost mountains of fruit, preserved in jars and piled up fresh; dates, figs,

oranges, grapes, pears and apples, of endless variety and of monstrous size; what a temptation to lay hold and eat! Something good to drink is also visible, yea, obtainable, specially the California wines; a seductive display of long bottles filled with divine nectar, brings back the time of the happy gods who once ruled and drank on Olympus. Such has the old gloomy cloister become in the hands of the humorous Californians, for this whole thing must be a piece of California humor. Clearly two deities are enthroned here, Gustation and Potation, having taken possession of the very house of Abstinence. Nor must we forget that in the center, under the sacred dome itself, stands not an altar, but a date-palm.

The love of good eating and drinking is, then, the sort of monasticism inculcated in this Building, a sort not wholly unknown to the old monks, if reports be true. But even a stronger appetite is appealed to here; California is the land of gold; behold the yellow metal in every alluring form ogling the eager spectator out of the show-cases; watch, too, how this golden display always attracts a nervous, wistful crowd, some of whom seem ready to clutch. A touch of the gold fever, which once raged over the whole land, may still be noticed here in certain faces by a careful diagnosis. It is again the old story — *auri sacra fames;* cupidity is yet mightier than

gulosity, and this is not the first time that it has demonized the cloister.

But we have to bring our western trip to a close; let us conclude it with a California banquet, at which, if one is not happy, it is not for want of something to eat and drink. Let us ascend to the top of the Building, where is the Olympus of the Pacific Coast, with its most delicious nectar ready to be served at the tables of the gods by Ganymede or other cup-bearer. Favored mortals also can partake. So we shall wind up our journey with an Olympian feast.

But hark! there is a discord at the feast; John Chinaman appears, and the whole California House falls into a fit bordering on rabies at the very sight of him, shouting in savage wrath, Put him out. What does it mean? The extreme Occident has touched the extreme Orient, and mighty is the clash of the spirit. Apparently some new step in the World's History is henceforth to be taken; the Aryan race sweeping westward for thirty, forty, even fifty centuries, has come to its limit on the Pacific coast, has met a small Mongolian outpost there and has exchanged shots with strangest results. Indigestible Mongolians by the few thousands — what will they be by the hundred millions? All Arya, having overrun Central and Western Asia, Europe, America, has to halt in its Occidental career at California, and ask itself, Whither next?

FOREIGN BUILDINGS.

We have already noted in a general way the group of Buildings at the northern end of the Fair grounds, and have sought to get some hint of their meaning. Here the individual nation gives token of its existence by erecting its own separate home, where its people may assemble, and find themselves in their own abode on a foreign soil. Thus the principle is nationality, which is first represented by a house, and then proceeds to realize itself in other things. The architecture of this portion of the Fair will, accordingly, show some national characteristic, if the style be successfully chosen, and the building be faithfully constructed.

It was also observed that there are two grand divisions of these structures, domestic and foreign. The former have been already considered;

it remains to say a few words about the latter. Here again we shall have to make a selection. In general, the Spanish-American republics have shown their Latin origin in art and culture by their reproduction of classic forms modified by the renascence of Southern Europe. The Orient, too, has given an architectural definition of itself in various shapes from Japan to Turkey. We shall take a few examples which lie nearest to our country, and consider them in a brief summary.

The American, in spite of his independence, is inclined to ask at the start, What is the mother country doing? Well, England has built a house here which is certainly English. In the first place it is the most insular spot on the grounds, it is cut off from all the other buildings by the avenue in front, and lies on a little projection of land washed by the lake. It has the appearance of being all to itself, and of warning off any intrusion. It alone of these structures has its back to the water and looks toward the land, toward the continent on which the rest of mankind is moving and acting. Doubtless to the rear there is a beautiful view lakewards from window or portico, but that is a private matter. Thus the Englishman jealously guards his island home and sallies forth to take his share — and it is always the lion's, nay, the British Lion's share — of the rest of the world.

The Building is said to be patterned after the English manor-house of the time of Henry VIII. Thus let the American cousin be reminded of the respect due to age, a matter which he is sometimes apt to forget, especially at Chicago, the youngest and most defiant of these new-born cities of the West. Blood, too, is in the Building, a kind of aristocratic exclusiveness. Our experience is that this house was more frequently closed to the public than any other at the Exposition. Why should the rabble be permitted to trample the grounds, and even to enter the apartments, of an English gentleman? Once in a while the thing had to be endured at the Fair, and people were allowed to use the front door; but we could never see the whole house, never were able to get up stairs on account of the forbidding notice backed by lock and key. All of which we set down, not by way of complaint, but as typical, as something which could not be otherwise under the circumstances. England or the English Commissioner chose to present that phase of his people, and he succeeded.

Still we cannot believe that England has built her greatness into her House at the Fair, but rather her littleness, her insularity, her snobbery. No hint is found of what she has done for mankind, no suggestion of her free institutions which are organizing the whole political world of Europe and America to-day, nothing which re-

calls her wonderful literature, nothing which brings to mind her world-commerce. Why did she neglect her opportunity, and build this little rural cabin? But now for the sake of contrasting her with a Nation that did seize its opportunity and use it with gigantic energy, we shall cross the street and look at the German House, overtopping in many ways all the other National Buildings.

There can be no doubt that the German mind has built for itself a very noble and appropriate abode at the Fair. The architecture has a commingled tone of many ages, yet harmonious, orchestral. There is the Romanesque, with a turn to the Gothic in the chapel, which recalls the Cologne Cathedral; into both Romanesque and Gothic the Renascence plays with its modified classic forms. The history of architecture, specially of German architecture, can be read in the construction of these walls.

Then there is the decoration, outside and inside, a marvel of beauty and deep Teutonic suggestiveness. Coats of arms, arabesques, sayings in old German letters, with colors bright and dark, lure the eye; knight and lady, with war and song, spring out of flowers; monsters of the North with its fairy lore weave through this typical palace of German art. The world of Teutonic fancy, with its strange mysticism, its weird shapes, its wild romanticism, enters the

soul of the beholder at the first view. Truly a great artistic triumph.

But what has the German selected to put into his House? Books, books everywhere; he is book-maker to the world, and well does he know it. Intelligence is installed as the Goddess of his temple, and she reveals herself not by dim spoken oracles now, but by the printed page, whose sibylline leaves are here thrown open to every man who can read. It is the most symbolic thing in this House of symbols, that the book is enthroned, we might almost say, apotheosized. No other Nation, no other State (except Indiana) has assigned such a prominent place to men of letters. One may well read the intellectual pre-eminence of Germany in the fact. A little investigation will show how universal in scope these books are, since they touch quite every phase of human investigation. The result is, the German House is the most tempting place on the grounds for the man of learning. Art is present too, reproduced in many forms; but the main modern implement of intelligence, the printed page, has here its due recognition by those who employ it best.

The Building, therefore, proclaims that the German is the scholar of the world. But he is something else; one has but to go to the Liberal Arts Building in order to note that he is the soldier of the age. Behold these gates of iron

which enclose Germany's exhibit; no other Nation has a right to them, at least so good a right. What a suggestion of strength! The old Teutonic God Thor again rises with his hammer, and mightily hammers out these shapes of flower, stem, leaf. An iron flower decorates the gate made to protect Germany, and the whole portal has been pounded into shape by German thews. Is not Bismark, the typical Teuton of to-day, called old "Blood and Iron?" Power, therefore, speaks out of these gates, for the possibility of the German army lies back of them, and utters itself with a smiting energy. If we now add the Krupp cannon, the military impression will be complete, and we can almost hear the victorious tread of the hosts over the Rhine marching along the shores of Lake Michigan.

It is now time to take a glance at the French National Building, which is in strong contrast with the German. They are not far apart, have a similar situation; both have an outlook over the waters of the lake. The French structure is classic in suggestion, belonging to the Renascence, and is said to be patterned after the palace of Versailles, where Franklin during the Revolution met the Commissioners of France. Also there is a room devoted to the memory of Lafayette. Thus the bond of political sympathy, which exists between France and America is appealed to with strong effect. Herein lies for

us an interest possessed by no other foreign Building.

The French House hugs the earth, the German mounts several stories and ends in a spire. The French shows its derivation from Greece and Rome, in ornament, column and colonnade; the German overwhelms its classic inheritance with its own character. The French is white, open, sunny, full of grace and joy; the German is more introverted, more mystical, yet flashes into all sorts of color outwardly; the one is more under law, the other gives free rein to fancy. Classic tradition dominates the French constructive spirit; the German artist at his best is still Gothic. Yet the French people have gone forward to a self-governing republic, while the German people have apparently gone backward to medieval imperialism. Indeed the German House is strongly tinged with the artistic spirit of the Middle Ages.

Here is the institutional fact which causes no little questioning. Politically the French speak to us Americans with great power. We are prodigiously interested in their republician experiment, which is also ours. We feel in a certain degree responsible for their present form of government, and we hope intensely with them and for them.

Yet the German Building has more fascination, it touches a chord deeper than the political, it

stirs the poetic, imaginative, mythical element which seems to go back to the old ancestral fairyland of the North. The ancient Teutonic spirit lurks in us all still, and must respond to such an appeal as comes to us here. This edifice with its decorations rouses something within us far back, unconscious hitherto but very real, and speaks to us not with a national but with a racial sympathy, uncovering in us strains of human feeling long buried beyond our own vision.

Both the French and the German Buildings the American will take into his heart and imagination; he is kin to both, being in blood a composite of these two peoples, and speaking a language made up of French and German. That language shows what these two Houses show: an element of culture and reflection transmitted from classic antiquity and an element of instinct and nature coming down directly from the Fatherland. All our Anglo-Saxon development in art, literature, religion and philosophy has oscillated between the French and the German, or in more general terms between the Latin and the Teutonic elements of spirit. Even in this Fair we have noticed the interplay of the same two principles, called in art the classic and the romantic.

It is well known that the two peoples, French and German, are at this moment in a state of deadly enmity with each other; the dualism

above hinted has reached its last point of intensity. Into the merits of the quarrel the foreigner cannot enter, but in the two Houses we can see the two tendencies of national spirit, which led to struggle and war. In like manner the exhibits of the two nations in the Liberal Arts Building are very suggestive; indeed we need not look inside at the display, but simply regard the architectural setting of each in order to characterize the two national tendencies. Moreover it is very plain which of the two at this moment is the stronger.

Pleasant it is to see the two Houses lying alongside of each other in peace, with the new world as mediator, fully recognizing what both have done for her, and claiming a line of spiritual descent, and even physical, from both. They look out upon the waters of Lake Michigan serenely toward the East, their common home, and hint the two grand lines on which culture has moved to its western abode.

It is manifest that Germany has tried to put her best foot foremost at the Fair and has succeeded. Wherever we come upon any work of hers, we feel at once the strong national spirit, the determination to do the great thing. She deemed herself shut out of the last Paris Exposition; but at Chicago upon neutral ground she saw her chance, and seized it with an energy which has deeply impressed itself upon all visitors. She

has succeeded in imparting her spirit to her exhibit more completely than any other European nation.

One people, however, has tried harder than even the German, to represent itself well at the Fair. Strange to say, it is an Asiatic people — the Japanese. We find their exhibit in the Liberal Arts Building, large, very attractive, and well-ordered. Their booth on the Midway is the most prominent of all the shops in that locality. Their display in the Art Building ranks with the best. Finally their temple, Hoo-den, is the gem of Wooded Island. Thus we meet them everywhere, and they are doing their best.

In fact so conspicuous is their effort that it calls up a question: What is the meaning of this desperate struggle of the Japanese here at Chicago? In so far as we have been able to give any answer, we shall impart the same to the reader. Commercial reasons have their weight, but are not adequate to account for the phenomenon; there must be a national, perchance world-historical principle at work.

The Japanese are plainly the vanguard in the Occidental movement toward the Orient. That movement has been the movement of history, of civilization; it has passed out of Western Asia to Europe, it is still passing from Europe to America, and it now seems to be tending toward Japan, which has adopted the railroad, the tele-

graph, the school, the printing press of the West; in general, it has made itself the bearer of Occidental civilization, with its face turned toward the Asiatic continent.

There it meets two antagonists, China and Russia. Japan in former centuries was under the spiritual domination of China, but it has broken loose from its ancient fetters, and seeks an alliance with the new spirit which is coming across the ocean. The result is a conflict along the borders of the Eastern Pacific, wherein we can read these words: The Japanese as bearers of the new order versus the Chinese, supporters of the old order. Equally certain is it that the Japanese will not affiliate with the Eastward movement of the Russian, who is his neighbor on the North.

We are, therefore, inclined to read in this attempt of Japan the effort to put itself into line with the world-historical movement of the Occident. It allies itself with the nations of the West, especially does it appeal to the United States, the country which is behind it and next to it in spite of, or rather by means of, the ocean between. One cannot help noticing here the care with which the Japanese man explains that he is not a Chinaman.

Thus Japan comes to the great congress of the nations, and presents her credentials. She is evidently preparing for an approaching struggle,

she is winning the sympathy and possibly the aid of the civilized world. She is distributing more printed books and pamphlets telling of her resources and progress, than any other nation at the Fair. All of these have one burden: See how I have occidentalized myself in the last thirty years; I am one of you. To be sure, Japan does not intend to surrender her individuality, she is going to remain Japan. Still, consciously or unconsciously, she has joined the march of Western civilization, and proposes to take part in the great movement of history around the globe.

I. The Plaisance in General.

It is possible that the reader may, at the start, ask for a guiding word to the labyrinth which he is entering. We shall give him a sentence, which he can refer to and ruminate upon, seeking to extract from it whatever may be in it: The Plaisance is a voyage round the World and down Time.

Mighty is the confusion to the new-comer, a veritable Babylonian hubbub of noises with fitful strains of music darting through and apparently striving for order. But not only is sound in a state of primordial chaos trying to right itself; the architecture is a variegated mass of structures tumbled together out of all conditions, ages and nations; human speech is giving itself utterance

wildly in every sort of vocable; man, physical, mental, moral, is exploiting himself from the beginning onwards, from Dahomey to Chicago. All is plunging through the dark toward something; the whole is a world desperately struggling to become. A fermentation and a churning of human elements which are madly striving to reach the goal somewhither; what is that goal? One thing only can be said of the same: it lies beyond their present selves.

Unquestionably the first impression of the Plaisance is that of a chaotic throwing together and seething of many things, persons and peoples, whereof the iridescent bubbles are perpetually rising, floating, exploding in the air. Very diverse seems the mass, incoherent, absolutely capricious, refusing at first all order and organization. But the problem keeps returning; there is felt in this tempestuous play of discord some hidden harmony, some law, which continually lures the thinking spectator to pursuit, now beckoning out of clouds, now diving back into total darkness. Something is here which will not permit the soul to rest in disorder; these frantic demons of chaos are so frantic because of their struggle with the powers of light; the certainty of a cosmos lurks in all this self-destructive confusion.

With such a faith at the start we have a working principle for the mastery of disorder,

inner and outer, our own and the world's, whereof the Plaisance appears just at present quite a large fragment. But we hold that this is merely an appearance, which vanishes with a little illumination of thought. The Plaisance is a spontaneous product, coming together from all parts of the earth and forming itself, after its own fashion, out of the most diverse materials. The Plaisance was born of the travail of the entire globe seeking to bring forth some likeness of itself as it has unfolded in Space and Time, and thereby presenting a living epitome of our terrestrial home in its geography, ethnology, and history.

Behold the elements setting out on their journey, moving around the earth-ball from the remotest places of departure, even from antipodes, marching, marching, with many a whirl and turn and stoppage, till at last they settle down together on one point, which point is just this Plaisance. Preceding such a movement was some vague plan, or some productive germ emanating from Chicago; on the wings of lightning it was borne, and fell upon fruitful soul; at once busy, speculative heads were set to work in every portion of the globe. A man in Egypt started to reproduce a street in an Oriental city, and to fetch it hither; an imaginative Greek, living in the land of the Nile, conceived the idea of bringing a spiritual semblance of ancient Egypt

in the temple of Luxor; a resident of Apia prepared to show the life and character of the South Sea Islanders; the wild Arabs of the desert quit their sandy home of thousands of years and set out, with their camels and horses, for another continent. Most marvelous is the movement, seen with the eye of contemplation; Javanese, Japanese, Chinese, Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Polynesia, from the bungalow of Johore with its tea on the other side of the earth, to the little town of Mount Gilead, Morrow County, Ohio, on this side thereof, with its cider — all are deeply stirred within by some common migratory instinct and begin to start, wending their way round a small or large portion of the terrestrial circle toward that little strip of land in Chicago, which is the aforesaid Plaisance. Very wonderful indeed is the phenomenon.

But even more wonderful is the second fact which soon shoves itself into vision. This vast mass of widely separated and apparently incongruous elements is actually organizing itself into an order; out of a world-chaos there seems to be rising a world-harmony. Distracting is the din of the nations, each one making its own peculiar noise, musical or unmusical; still there is a real concord in this common utterance of artificial sounds, a music universal and all-inclusive, possibly a new music of the future, a stretch beyond the last Wagnerian combination of the tone-

world. Then speech of all kinds we hear, a Babel greater than the original structure on the plains of Shinar; yet in it is a unity which one can at first feel, and at last grammatically demonstrate. Costumes set off the human shape outwardly in many colors and draperies, giving to the multitude a pictorial movement; even institutions and religions peer forth in the Plaisance, veritably a miniature earth. And, as has already been intimated, not only Space, but Time also is represented. The old ages are present by proxy; Egypt, mother of civilization, flashes a tiny light through her 6,000 years of development; the history of Arabia is seen in fierce activity enacting itself among the Bedouins as it was before the time of Mahomet, nay, before the time of Abraham; the stages of prehistoric culture are visibly presented to the eye in living representatives from both Hemispheres.

We may repeat, therefore, that the Plaisance is a voyage round the World and down Time; it is a living museum of humanity, not a dead collection of curiosities. Probably the best presentation of himself that man has ever looked upon is this, showing him in his totality; a universal human soul is present, if we can but look through the outer body and commune with the spirit of the place. The world-man is here and at work, differentiated, it is true, into many individuals of many nations; still the world-

man is he, quite as he has come down through the ages and has spread out over the globe. Call the whole a grand temple of humanity, intricate, labyrinthine; can we seize its clew in thought and not get lost in its mazy compartments?

Let us note the first external fact concerning the Plaisance: it is a strip of land about one mile long and 600 feet wide, through the middle of which runs a broad street or highway leading to the World's Fair, or leading out of the same, just as the visitor chooses. On each side of the street are arranged the contents of the Plaisance — its shows, booths, eating-houses, drinking places, villages, peoples. Thus it is like a gallery of paintings or statues; truly a world-gallery, which is to be viewed on both sides of the passage.

It is, accordingly, in the form of an entrance to the Exposition proper, an avenue leading through many diverse peoples to this last phase of civilization. Let us note also that there are other entrances which have no Plaisance, no such long suggestive highway of human progress. Many people are impatient of the prolonged journey by which such an Exposition is attained, and they cut it off; but others say: We wish to see this wonderful work in its becoming, we desire to pass through its preparatory stages, or at least to gaze at them, as we move into or retire from the grand result.

Thus it is necessary to cast a glance at the multitude of people surging through the main street of the Plaisance. We observe at once that there are two streams, one going, the other returning, or, the one advancing, the other withdrawing. Advancing whither, withdrawing whence? Look into their faces; these, as a rule, show marks of struggle and weariness in the crowd falling back, but marks of eagerness and tension in the crowd pushing forward. This observation is not true in every case, but it is the rule; two counter-currents of people we see, making one stream, which runs in both directions, out of and into the fatiguing battle of the day.

For the Exposition proper is a battle to which and from which these people are hurrying through the broad avenue of the Plaisance. In the first place, it is a battle of the mind, it requires a long, deep-thinking struggle for its mastery; it overwhelms the spectator at first on all sides and will bear him to certain defeat unless he pierces it with thought. Little wonder, therefore, that the spirit gets wearied in wrestling with the colossal work. In the next place the whole Fair resolves itself into a gigantic conflict, into the grand industrial battle between the nations. Are these not competing for the world's prize of excellence? France and Germany are here, in peace yet in mighty struggle,

the question now being which of the two can show itself the winner in this new Olympic contest of the whole Earth? England also is present, taking a hand in this war of peaceful industry; Russia is beside her rival,—trying to show to all mankind wherein lies her superiority. Thus there is a battle raging through all these Buildings, a battle between the foremost nations of the world to be foremost in whatsoever is foremost. Nor should we forget that the contest is to be decided, there are judges selected to determine the result and to proclaim the award of victory; but a more important decision than theirs is that of the great public, the universal consensus which finally arbitrates and settles every claim. In all of which we observe that the very form of the Fair is cast into that of an earth-embracing contest, with decree of triumph to the victor.

Now the one stream of people, those falling back into the Plaisance, show in their looks and actions that they have had enough of the big battle for one day. They are wearied, for they have to participate in the struggle even by looking at it; they are withdrawing, they need relaxation, rest, refreshment. They can still bear some calm, pleasant instruction, but they can no longer take any such tremendous dose of it as that offered in the main grounds; instruction must now be strongly diluted with amusement in order

to be palatable. Very sharp and earnest has been the battle of the Exposition, in which they have been hotly engaged for some hours; but now they must take food for the body, must have a decided re-action from the mind's strong bent; let them next behold some less intense form of the world's life. So this retiring stream of people gives character to one very important phase of the Plaisance, that of diversion, relaxation, entertainment of body and mind.

But now let us glance at the second stream, dashing, rushing alongside of the other, indeed pushing through it everywhere, with haste and eagerness going toward the battle. It has the look of resolution on its face, indeed a strong tension knits the features of many, as if they were moving to storm some fortress. A few may loiter a moment, attracted by some barbarous freak or Oriental curiosity, but soon they plunge ahead with the stream, well knowing where lies the emphatic thing, the turning-point of the great contest. Men and women with guide-books and other helps in the hand, the weapons of mastery: behold them step with brisker pace and firmer features than those whom they meet retiring; yet they too will come back this way more slowly, for they all see that the Plaisance is likewise to be explored, and that to explore it will take a little time. Possibly they catch some fleeting notes of its elusive

harmonies, but to-day they feel that they cannot stop.

Still the attentive observer will notice in this second stream a few persons who walk with a more leisurely gait than the great multitude, who at times halt and listen and look, who finally dart into some house or village along the avenue and disappear. Not a large number of persons; they are those who have resolved to move down the Plaisance from the beginning and study it in the order of development, those who feel that here is a rare opportunity to march through the highway of civilization, to take a voyage round the Earth and down Time. Here indeed is seen the evolution of the Great Fair, the process of its development, whereby it gives an account of itself. The aforesaid persons move slow, yet they go forward always; they seem to be keeping step with the unfolding of their race, which they seek to look at in its earliest germs. They start with the least civilized tribe, and work forwards, forwards, till they have embraced in their course the entire manifestation of humanity in the Plaisance.

Such are the two sets of people here, which we may call the regressive and progressive sets, both of which combine to make the character of the place. Indeed the people beholding the Fair must always be studied along with the Fair, which has been called into existence for their sake; the

seeing and the seen are ultimately the two sides of the whole Exposition. At present, however, we shall follow the line of the regressive stream, made up of those who are falling back, those who have finished their part in the heavy battle of the day. The Plaisance is at hand to relieve and to restore; it furnishes a varied entertainment which we shall now attempt to classify under three heads: refreshment for the body which is tired and hungry, relaxation for the mind which is tense and jaded, then some lighter forms of instruction tempered with amusement. All of which indicates that the Plaisance is an unbending of the bow, a letting down of the high-strung energies which have been called forth by the great industrial battle.

I. Eating and drinking must be attended to, and well attended to, if one wishes to come out victorious at the World's Fair. One hardly knows at first how hard he works in sight-seeing; it is the hardest kind of toil, indeed several kinds of toil combined, which one puts upon himself in the sheer force of his intoxicated spirit. Walking, talking, looking, thinking, with a strong nervous excitation and mighty upspring of the soul: it all requires blood, and blood demands nourishment. It is true that one can take his meal in the main grounds, but one begins to eat and drink in peace, when he relaxes from his strain and sits down to dinner in

the Plaisance. No longer in the tension of the great struggle, one masticates better and swallows more slowly; there gets to be a pleasure in filling the void; possibly the name of the Plaisance is derived from such pleasure. Not without a true sense of the fitness of things are all these eating-houses placed here, showing a great variety of food and many degrees of excellence.

It hardly lies within the scope of the present writing to enter very profoundly into this part of the subject. But the architecture of these places deserves a passing notice as giving diversity and tone to the Plaisance. We see the old farmhouse of New England, the pompous palace in the style of the Renascence, the finely carved Swiss chalet, all devoted to eating and drinking, which are often attuned to the music of an orchestra, whose notes are interpersed with the clatter of dishes and the clinking of glasses. The two fine .arts, architecture and music, seem to have allied themselves marvelously to Gustation and Potation in the Plaisance; a kinship between them has been developed which tends at least to relaxation of body and happiness of mind.

The candid investigator will taste of everything in the way of food and drink; the Turkish and Hungarian dishes he will try with a relish; that Oriental johnny-cake baked on a round oven heated with camel's dung he will not eschew.

Hot zelabiah in the street of Cairo he will swallow, if he be hungry; otherwise, what is the use of eating? The Arab's loaf he will break and devour with the help of a Bedouin, in imitation of the hospitality of the desert. Veritably a grand arabesque of eating and drinking is pictured in living colors along the whole length of the Plaisance; one gets interested in it and keeps tasting and swallowing, not to satisfy hunger, but curiosity. With such a sauce all goes down, inasmuch as we are communing with the spirit of the nations; that spirit may also reflect itself in food and drink, and the true cosmopolitan cannot be exclusive even in his cookery.

II. The Plaisance is also the realm of amusement, of the mind's relaxation. Manifold are the diversions, most of which impart instruction also, though it has to slip into brain without the strain of thinking, by way of curiosity or laughter. Whimsicalities play their part here; the Oriental mind is a perennial fountain of caprices which give some relief to the soul against despotic authority. Even reason is a tyrant, sometimes an unreasonable tyrant; but the mind will assert itself against all tyrannical limits, and leap over into absurdities just for a change from excessive rationality. Thus grave people turn children in the Plaisance, and ride the camel or even straddle the donkey.

The wonders of Nature are always a healing

balm to a mind foredone, especially when they direct it upward to the heights. Two large panoramas of mountain scenes transport the spectator beyond the dead level of the western prairie, and give him a welcome change of scenery. The volcano of Kilauea, situated on one of the Sandwich Islands, is a vivid picture of a colossal physical phenomenon, a fiery outburst of that inner life of the globe which yet awaits an adequate explanation. The crater with its red glare and the huge dragons of lava formation show the Titanic struggle of pent-up energies underneath our earth-crust.

Of equal interest with the mighty appearance of Nature is the spiritual influence, the mythical activity which starts in the soul of man at the view of such a marvel. The white-robed priest moves to the edge of the precipice, and, standing with uplifted hands over the fire-lake, tries in a broken, tearful voice of prayer, to propitiate Pele, the Goddess of this infernal region, who is preparing to hurl streams of burning lava and masses of hot rocks upon her great enemy, the water-god Kamapuaa, who persists in following her even under the earth, wooing her and kissing her, the impudent deity! The result is a grand flare-up, which must happen when fire and water undertake to kiss each other, especially such enormous quantities of fire and water as exist in the hot tropical Pacific Ocean. Pele, in her divine rage

for being kissed, flings back her burning hair in the form of a glassy mist, and begins work with a bellowing and a vengeful uproar which involve sea and land. Then the priest comes to soothe her wounded modesty, and worship starts out of Nature spiritualized; the Mythus too flowers forth and Art follows; behold here in front of the building the colossal statue of Pele, uplifting a huge torch, with streaming hair and flashing eyes, setting out, perchance, to avenge that unwarranted kiss. The Hawaian maidens, we must suppose, are fervent worshipers of the fire-goddess Pele, and the Hawaian youths, those handsome fellows whom we hear singing sweet ditties in the Plaisance, love-ditties seemingly, have at home to beware, lest they provoke a volcano by too devout worship and imitation of the water-god Kamapuaa. So we read the Mythus of Pele spontaneously shooting up in Hawaii, but impossible of growth in these United States. Still one may well take notice of Pele, her volcano, her legend, and her statue, and behold therein a little strand of human development.

From the tropical mountain of fire, we pass to the other panorama representing the icy heights of the Alps, whose very look makes a person shiver on this warm day of mid-summer. There is no concentration here in a mythical being like Pele, no attempt to show these peaks as they have passed through the imagination of the

people and become transfigured into fable. The work is a vivid image of lofty Alpine scenery, upon which one gazes after ascending a long winding way, which gives him a point of view level with the summits and overlooking the valleys. Very real is the scene, of a high order of merit artistically according to good judges. We like to conceive of it as the old Greeks did, under the form of a mighty battle between Giants and Gods, between Earth and Heaven, with the final victory of Zeus, who has hurled his enemies into murky Tartarus, and piled upon them the mountains. The Alpine battle has long since ceased, having cooled down to snow and glaciers, while the struggle is still going on at Kilauea, shifting about, unsettled, with Pele continually in wrath. The Alps have become civilized, yet one cannot help thinking of the savage possibilities of upheaval and revolution that still lie in this vast mass raggedly striving skyward.

What will be the effect of such an environment upon its people? Will this colossal world be transmuted into Art by the Swiss? Not at all; very strange is the fact at the first glance. Switzerland, the home of poetic nature, has produced no great poet, no great artist, no universal genius in the creation of beautiful forms. Its greatest man was probably John Calvin, a theologian, dealing in the dry abstract dogmas of the church, and stripping off the

picturesque element of the old faith, in obedience to conscience. No poet, surely, was Calvin, but let us think that the Swiss mountains helped produce at a distance Goethe, who often saw them, and even Schiller, who never saw them, but who wrote *Wilhelm Tell* with all its Alpine scenery in a grand world-making fiat of constructive genius.

One might suppose that the Swiss, moulded by their lofty far-reaching landscape, would have a tendency to produce the vast, the magnificent, the colossal. Just the opposite; their work leans to the small, the minute, the microscopic; they are the makers of the finest watches, of music-boxes, of filigree-work, of lace, of wood-carving. And they put a spirit into their products which shows that the hand takes delight in its skill, that the soul is present in its labor and is happy, having found its true field of activity. We once heard a Swiss watchmaker declare that the wealth of Jay Gould could not tempt him to follow permanently any other calling, that as a child he could only take pleasure in playing with clock-work, that he must be a watchmaker or die.

Wonderful is the contrast between this human spirit and the spirit revealed in the panorama of the Bernese Oberland. But when we come to look into the matter a little more closely, we observe that these Swiss mouths must be fed from the

mountains, that the struggle for existence and not the view of the scenery gives bent to the character. The people are largely goatherds and shepherds; they are compelled to pay attention to every little plot of green herbs, to every blade of grass struggling up through the crevices of the rock, for just that means life to them. Microscopic must such an eye and such a soul become, though surrounded by the grandest aspects of nature. Switzerland is also small, the magnitude of the country has something to do with the magnitude of its spirit, unless it breaks its bounds, as the English have done, and as the Swiss have not done. Rigid economy and industry, along with sterling integrity, we can see growing out of these mountains; liberty too will be born here, and will stay till the tyrant is able to level the Alps even with the plain. Here we must bid an affectionate farewell to our sister Republic, perched upon her mountain heights in the heart of Europe, small, modest, old; and we may without self-exaltation contrast her with another Republic lying mostly in a vast plain over the sea, not small, not old, not modest, whose spiritual tendency is not toward the miniature in life and works, but toward colossality in deeds and also in words.

Now let us pass to our next diversion, the making of glass, which has always proven itself to be a popular amusement at an Exposition. In the

Plaisance two companies have erected fine buildings in prominent places, one being just opposite to the other. Italy and America are very characteristically represented in the houses, in the work, and in the workmen. We are first attracted to the American place by skillful advertising in the street; we enter and find a large furnace (declared to be the best in the world, of course) in the center of a commodious room, which is tidy as a parlor — with workmen, clean, rapid, yet somewhat mechanical in movement. Many little booths of glassware are scattered about the building, with attendants spruce, neat, eager to sell; the crowd is on hand and is buying all sorts of delicate fragile souvenirs, most of which I could not put into my pocket without breaking. Women specially have come in great numbers, enticed by the marvelous glass dress of Princess Eulalie displayed on the street, truly a fairyland wonder more marvelous than Cinderella's glass slipper.

The spinning and reeling of vitreous thread as fine as a cobweb precede the weaving, which takes place on the ordinary loom; the glass product, however, has a warp of silk, and the woof is composed of alternate layers of glass and silk. Not wholly of glass, therefore, is the fairy dress of the Princess. Business, business is the organizing word of this place; one cannot help admiring the sense of order which secretly runs

through and controls the great establishment in its minutest details. Nor must the man of universal appreciation at the Fair forget to give to the controlling spirit of the Libbey Glass Works credit for a knowledge of human nature, as far as it lies in the horizon of trade. Note well that the entrance fee of ten cents is to be applied on purchases made in the building, and a ticket or due-bill is given for that sum to every person who enters. Show me the human being who will not try to save his dime at any cost. One soon finds out that he has to add ten cents to his due-bill to buy anything, even that useful article, a glass butterfly. What was the result to-day, after some little observation? Perhaps not a man, certainly not a woman, left the place without having at least a glass butterfly. Only one person, as far as our knowledge goes, went away keeping possession of his precious due-bill, and he consoled himself, saying: The show was worth a dime, anyhow.

At once we should pass across the street and see the Venetian glass works by way of contrast. The house on the outside with its colored mosaics in Gothic frame-work is a happy reminder of sunny Italy. We go inside; what a change! The room is smoky, hot, uncomfortable, strewn here and there with broken glass; the furnace seems old-fashioned, is not probably "the best in the world," at least it does not say

so; the workmen are begrimed in their faces, and their clothes were not put on fresh this morning. But now for the other side: here is the art and these are the artists. Beautiful things, exquisite forms, fantastic shapes seem to spring out of the molten mass at their touch. Observe that man, oldest of the company, making some kind of a vase; what an eye for his work, what skill in his hand! The feeling for color we note in all these people, an inborn sense of shades and tints peculiar to Italy, specially to Venice, home of Titian and Paul Veronese. You can see that the workman loves what he is making, he turns it over with care, and adds a new idea to the dragon which serves as a handle to the vase. Never before has he produced just such a work, and never will again, for he is not an artisan but an artist, he will not imitate even himself, but must labor creatively, bringing to light something unseen before and thus always surprising himself first of all.

Well, what is the result? Visitors, choked by the smoke and shocked by the litter on the floor, soon run out and see nothing. Just now some two dozen persistent sight-seers are gathered round the furnace, sneezing and coughing, while across the street there are comfortable hundreds; twenty-five people are employed here, almost ten times as many are busy over the way. Yet here is the art and these are the artists. From Mu-

rano they come, an island to the north of Venice among the lagoons, where it is said that glass factories have existed since the year 1261, and the art, transmitted from father to son, has perpetuated itself to the present time. No outsider is ever taken there as an apprentice, the true glass-blower, like the poet, is born, not made, and he can be born only in Murano. Only there it is that sun, color, climate and sea help make the product, as well as the man. Yet the spirit of beauty loses, while the spirit of utility wins, in the race. O Italy! why so great artistic sense yoked with so little commercial sense! Why so beautiful, yet so dirty! so picturesque, yet so ragged! with the weapons of the Gods in thy hands, yet beaten by the sons of men! with all the gifts of Heaven showered on thee, yet a beggar upon the face of the earth! Sweep out, wash thyself and clean up, then blow thine own trumpet, and thy time will yet come!

At this point we shall have to stop giving in detail these amusements of the Plaisance, lest we write a book before we know it, and destroy the reader's amusement in describing amusement. Many a little nook the prying visitor will poke his face into, sometimes to take it out again at once, saying to himself: Hardly worth the time and money. But the most colossal thing of amusement here is the Ferris Wheel, towering up like a little world revolving on its own axis, and carry-

ing along in its revolutions a small humanity. At a distance it seems to be a vast mill-wheel turning the whole Plaisance, if not the whole Fair, with which it is connected by some invisible band or belt, which moves the total machinery of the Exposition. And have not all the people, and all the merchandise come hither on a wheel? The wagon, the railroad, the steamship in one way or other runs on wheels. Mighty is the wheel and here is its mightiest symbol.

III. But the most important of these regressive movements in the Plaisance is the ethnical, the dropping back through the various races which represent stages of man's culture. Here one can live rearwards in time and in human development; he can follow the lapse of the soul down, down through every phase of humanity, European, Asiatic, African, till he reaches the animal in Hagenbeck's menagerie, or even the plant in the nursery exhibit, in both of which the lower orders of nature have been trained till they throw out gleams of their former state before the mighty fall of a world. Such is the Oriental view, that of a great original lapse from the Divine, by which the curse has come upon us with all its consequent misery. Now, as we are entering the Orient, its world-view can well be followed, for a time at least, by the sympathetic visitor.

Nearest to us are the various phases of European and Christian peoples, represented by the

Teuton and the Celt, in the two German and the two Irish villages. To these we may add the Laplander, a Turanian, to which race the Turk also belongs. With the Turk we pass out of Europe and Christendom into Western Asia, which is the great Mohammedan world, mainly Semitic. Observe that the center of the Plaisance is Mohammedan, and that the Moslem faith really dominates it, as is strikingly shown even at a distance by mosque and minaret. From Western we move to Eastern Asia, in which the authority of Mohammed ceases, the borderland being Hindostan, and the chief countries being China and Japan, inhabited by the Mongolian race with another world-religion. Next we cross into the Indian and Pacific Oceans, where lies Polynesia, chief abode of Malay peoples, which are well represented in the Plaisance. At last we descend to the savage races, the African of Dahomey and the North American Indian, each of which has its place in this grand sliding-scale of humanity. Now we are ready to go to the Zoological Arena to see the ancestral monkeys, or enter the Street of Cairo to observe old Egypt's sacred crocodiles. Perchance, however, we would prefer to vanish into leaves and flowers, which also are here awaiting us, in many attractive shapes.

Thus we have, in the Plaisance, fallen back to the beginning of human culture, which finds

its culmination in the Exposition proper. Undoubtedly the best way of looking at these races is to behold them in the ascending scale, in the progressive movement; thus we can march forward with them, starting with the lowest specimens of humanity, and reaching continually upward to the highest stage. In that way we move in harmony with the thought of evolution, and not with that of the lapse or fall.

Herein the Orient differs deeply from the Occident. There is generally in Oriental thought and in Oriental religion the idea of the lapse, of the descent of the soul from the highest to the lowest, even to the animal. As already stated, the mind of the East conceives man as a fallen being, down he has been hurled from Heaven by God, and has become what he is, a sinful spirit. This is the trend of the great Semitic Sin-Mythus, which we of the Occident have received through the Hebrew Bible, but it seems to have been the common property of the Orient in one form or other at a very early date, being found on the old monuments of Egypt. The West has naturally the reverse process in spite of inherited doctrines; it believes in the rise rather than in the fall, in ascent more than descent; that is, the idea of development is the germinal idea of the Occident. Its migration indicates a continued new conquest of the world, the triumph over the unknown; its civilization is one of progress, inner and outer, spiritual and material; evolution is the watch-

word of its secular existence, though its religious belief is sprung of the Orient and bears still strong traces of the grand lapse, the sweep backward of the race. We have to keep and lay to heart this Oriental contribution to our Western world; very necessary indeed is it, a great corrective of our one-sidedness and egoism.

It is, therefore, in keeping with the Oriental character of the Plaisance that we drop backward in viewing it, once at least, that we pass through the grand retrogression even down to the animal, in spirit if not in body, and follow sympathetically the Oriental view of the world, by plunging into it headforemost and living through its thousands of years for one bright autumnal day at any rate. A fall we may name it, from Adam, the most perfect man, down to the least perfect; or we can call it an emanation of the Divine, getting less and less till it seems to go out in darkness. Such is the one great strand of our culture, the Oriental; but man is not a one-sided being, at least ought not to be so in the West; he must also look at this race-movement in his own Occidental fashion, which is not that of a lapse, but of a rise, a development from the lowest to the highest. This development is the truest suggestion of the stream of the Plaisance as it keeps flowing forward to the Great Fair, into which it pours itself for its final fruition and attainment. From this point of view we shall have to study it once more.

II. The Plaisance — Arabia, Mohammed, the Koran.

As soon as we enter the Plaisance, whether we come directly to it from the outside world, or drop back into it from the Exposition proper, we are aware of a great change in our spiritual atmosphere; we have passed into a new environment of the human soul, foreign to us but very fascinating. What is the influence which works upon us so strangely, so subtly, yet with so much reality? Can we catch it and hold it long enough to scan some of its fleeting, enticing, elusive outlines? Hard is the task to throw the shackles of speech over this charm and make it tell what it is in downright prose; but feeling and imagination, after a prolonged fit of intoxication in the Plaisance, must at last sober off and settle down to the plain understanding of Earth, or fly up to Heaven and stay there.

The dominant note of the Plaisance is Oriental. The sons of the East are there and show themselves at every turn to the human stream of the Occident, which is rolling by. Yet there are other elements of many diverse kinds; there are the wild men of Africa and America, together with various sorts of entertainment bodily and mental. Still the prevailing tones in costume, color, architecture, merchandise, as well as the types of men, belong to the Orient. Asia has conquered and taken possession of a little spot in America, yes, in Chicago, the most Occidental city in all the Occident.

But there are many Oriental peoples in the Plaisance; Asia is the home of every diversity of the human race. The Mongolian is here from China and Japan, the Malay has come from Java and built his bamboo village. The Persian is on hand, probably the oldest of Aryans, from Central Asia; the Turk, the conquering Tartar of Western Asia, has not failed to put in appearance, and to assert himself loudly on the highway. Each of these Oriental peoples gives its special tinge to the variegated multitude of the Plaisance, and helps make it what it is; still there is a stronger influence which overrides them all, and furnishes the ruling principle. There is a special nation which we soon find to have stamped its spiritual impress upon this part of the World's Fair to a greater degree than any other of the Oriental

peoples. Arabia is the power which dominates the Plaisance, quite as it dominates to-day all of Western Asia, and intellectually rules its savage conqueror, the Turk.

Arabia, therefore, we shall have to study a little if we wish to understand the controlling idea of the Plaisance, for here is certainly an idea which has the mastery. Behold this strange new life eternally welling up out of the depths of human character and belief; from what land does it spring? Another order of things we behold with astonishment; can it be traced? Yes, it goes back to the Arabian desert which has somehow got itself spiritualized, and is now and has been for some centuries flying round the World and down Time. Thus it has its sphere at the Universal Exposition of the Nations, its sphere of control, wherein it must exhibit itself not merely in dead merchandise, but also in the living energy of the spirit. The Arabian mind rules, though it does not absorb, this grand Asiatic conglomeration; it has impressed itself on the whole, it has stamped the totality with its image, though the individual parts it has left free, each to manifest itself according to native character. Thus we witness with great wonderment a little Oriental Empire or Arabian Caliphate arise and establish itself in the Plaisance, exercising a new sway which we all gladly acknowledge for the time being, with

the hope of widening thereby our own spiritual vision.

The ground of this influence can be stated in a few words. Arabia has produced one of the supremely Great Men of the world, a religious hero, who is to be ranked with only three or four other appearances of the kind on our Earth. That Great Man, born more than 1400 years ago in the Arabian peninsula, rules now the Plaisance. The spirit of Mohammed can be traced in these edifices, in these customs, above all in these human souls. We may call him a false prophet, but he has been and still is a true prophet to a large portion of mankind, larger probably than the sum total of all those named Christians. And that spirit of his has not ceased its activity, it still shows itself capable of producing the strangest fermentations in the Oriental world.

Mohammed united his country politically and founded an empire; but his secular power was by no means the chief fruit of his genius. The great fact of his career, and it is the greatest possible fact in the career of any mortal, is this: he was the author of a Bible. He composed one of the Sacred Books of the race. Perchance not sacred to us, but it is sacred to more than one hundred millions of souls to-day, being their guide through life and death unto eternity. Not sacred to me; but who am I, in the presence of such a fact? Moreover, Mohammed is said to

have accomplished the work by himself, single-handed, as it were; the Koran is his, and his alone. Most wonderful and unique is the deed; all other Bibles were written by several hands, and were the product of ages; our Hebrew Bible, for instance, is a whole literature, which lasted many centuries, and is the offspring of many minds. But the Mohammedan Bible sprang from one mind, during one life-time, being the solitary instance of the kind in the World's History, unless the work of Confucius be classed with that of Mohammed. A great political organizer of men, he founded an empire, like Julius Cæsar; but he also wrote a Bible, which Cæsar could not write, though a good writer in his line. The World's Fair, accordingly, has a section presided over by the spirit of the Arabian Prophet; verses of his Koran may be read and heard often in the Plaisance, mid prayers spoken by devout lips which are turned toward Mecca.

Very surprising is the phenomenon, which few of us have ever seen before: a believer in another Bible, a worshiper with a different faith from the Christian, pious, charitable, perchance deeply learned, going to church five times every day for prayer. What is the result? For one thing it sends us to the Koran on the spot; we have had the book and have looked into it before, by way of curiosity. Very hard reading was it, desperately dry, incoherent, often fantastic; soon

we threw it aside and turned to something less sandy, for the Koran did seem a vast Arabian desert, traversable only by a Bedouin of a reader on the back of a camel, that unspeakable beast of burden, defiant of hunger and thirst, carrying inside its own skin a huge magazine of food and trickling springs of water amid the barren and parched wastes, unconquerable by sand and simoon. But now, having seen living Arabia in the Plaisance, we take down the Arabian Koran from its dusty grave on the library shelf, and begin to read; verily it is a resurrection to new life, resurrection of a Great Book, which begins to gleam and flash and fuse itself together into oneness and become an image and a revelation of the one God, in whom lies its whole faith and doctrine.

And the history of Arabia with its sand clouds and its dusky hordes rising and overwhelming the rest of mankind, becomes fascinating, and in fact explicable to a degree; the great movement of Mohammed and his people begins to assume its just proportions and to take its due place in the World's History. Often had we read about it before, indeed studied it, and even taught it in the way of professional duty; all to little purpose, we have now to confess. It was some far-off matter, hardly human, probably a mighty delusion set in motion by a cunning demonic man, a false prophet. Seen in the life of the

Plaisance, Mohammedanism begins to be a great necessary link in the chain of Universal Religion, truly a portion of the complete revelation of the race made by the race to the race. Sympathetically can we now study it, along with all other religions, even the humblest, for each is to be looked at in the spirit of the whole; all are required to make the one, unfolding in the living process of truth. What a bond-breaking, limit-cleaving hammer of Thor is this entire Fair on every side! Arabia is resurrected and we are resurrected, too; with new eyes, yes with a new soul can we henceforth look into its history.

The population of Arabia is divided into two classes, which division has evidently existed from the earliest times; the first is the roving nomadic class, the herdsmen, usually called Bedouins; the second is the settled class fixed to one spot for the most part, and pursuing the vocations of a civilized stable life. This deep social dualism goes back to the physical character of the Arabian territory; a part of it is a desert, a vast plain of shifting sand, barren, arid, parched by the blazing sun, yet with patches of pasture and with wells here and there; the other part has fertility and can become the abode of man, with property in land, order, and steady occupation. But that desert cannot be lorded over; if an individual seizes it, he has to let go his hold or perish. Then it rises and rolls in sand-clouds, threatening

to bury the poor mortal who happens to pass; it has, too, a poisonous wind called the simoon, which assassinates him who breathes it, if he escapes being buried alive. The desert refuses to be cut up into pieces of real estate; it can no more be individualized into landed property than the ocean itself, to which it bears a strange similitude. The home of the Bedouin is this floating sand-world, very uncertain in most respects; he can have in it no settlement, no fixed possession, inasmuch as to-morrow he may have to flee for his life on his ship, which is the camel.

The kind of a man which such a country produces is to be seen at the World's Fair in the camp of the Bedouins. Thus we reach back to the original Arabian, possibly to the original Semitic stock. How far was Father Abraham removed from a Bedouin? Yet one thing is certain: he and his descendants did make the great separation from the wild rovers of the desert, and the result was a most important chapter of the World's History. The oldest Semitic branches seem to grow out of Arabia or to hover around its confines. There they divide, they move, they advance, they colonize, they reach the eastern shore of the Mediterranean where, as Hebrews and Phœnicians, they play a most significant part in mankind's drama. But others of the same stock are left behind in the

desert, where they remain ages on ages the same, till some of them, too, make a start, and, taking a sudden sweep over land and sea, light in Chicago. We may catch in the camp of the Bedouins shreds of the oldest biblical History; perchance it is a fragment of the pre-biblical world out of which the Patriarchs came.

Let us enter the camp. There is no plain of burning sand, no deadly simoon, no flying mirage, but the men and women are here, also the animals. Tents are strown about the edges of the encampment, hardly sufficient; barracks made of boards supply the want and do not seriously disturb the illusion. The camels first march over the arena with riders bobbing up and down; then small donkeys with Bedouin boys astride give a slight dash of native humor to the scene. The main spectacle opens, the warriors on their Arabian steeds shake their lances by way of challenge, as when they meet an enemy in the desert. This feat ended they take blunt sticks about four feet long and have a tournament, which sometimes gets to seeming in earnest. They divide into two opposing sides, ride toward each other at a gallop and hurl the stick, which often hits the man or the horse. It is rough play, sometimes the man gets hurt; one I saw laid up in his tent with a swollen hand, to which he pointed when I passed and shook his head crying out, No good. The game is called "jerzed,"

and is very popular; even here the unoccupied Arabs sit before their tents and enjoy the conflict and applaud every good hit, though they see the same thing going on all day for weeks together.

It is a game of war; the individual advances on horseback and fights his foe singly; the personal prowess of the combatants is the main thing. There is no system of tactics, no organized movement of masses, the man and the horse fight pretty much on their own account. It is an Homeric battle with the hero mounted; the stress is laid upon the individuality of the fighter, who is to show himself a man, not in combination with others, but single and alone. Here lies the fundamental characteristic of the Bedouin, the source of his virtues as well as of his vices.

The visitor will be invited to enter the tent of the Sheikh or chief of the clan, where he will be received with hospitality and handed a cup of coffee, which is made before his eyes in Arab fashion, adding much to its flavor. A youth in red fez expounds the mystery thereof in broken English, and then explains the tent, which has a touch of Oriental magnificence, such as belongs to the desert. But while we are examining the various articles the tournament continues; the Arab youth shouts, Look out, look out. I turn about and see wild Bedouins riding at full speed directly toward the tent; one of them raises his stick and hurls it at his antagonist whom it

misses; but here it comes flying into the tent, the crowd scatters and dodges, while the weapon strikes the carpeted floor and rebounds with no little force toward me, till it settles at my feet, when I pick it up, with no intention, however, of hitting an Arab. Not gentle sport, surely; the tent of the Sheikh was dangerous and had to be abandoned afterwards.

Away the fellows ride in glory, on their Arabian steeds; a kind of parade they indulge in, conscious of their excellent horsemanship; why should they not show themselves off before these fair admirers? One of the riders is dressed wholly in white; as he dashes down the arena, the folds swell out in the breeze, and he seems a flying statue of Hermes, or Iris, messengers of the Gods in the old Greek world. But the most of the horsemen have many-colored garments, and the scene becomes a fine picturesque display, an animated painting of Oriental life. In fact the tints go deeper than mere dress, these Arab faces are of every shade, from the blackest dye of Africa, through many varieties of Asiatic brown and yellow, to the fair Caucasian hue of Europe. A great cauldon of miscegenation Arabia must be; I ask one of the pale faces concerning these black faces: Any prejudice against them? No; all are good Arabs, was the reply.

But observe again the flying stick; a man rid-

ing at full gallop has caught it and hurls it back at his antagonist with great skill mid the plaudits of the crowd. Fighters these people must be, and in peace they play at war. Even the women are said to take a hand in the actual struggle, though here they keep in the background. Did not Mohammed's wife Ayeshah perform daring feats in battle? An Amazonian element is in wild Arabia as in wild Dahomey; the women step to the front at the critical moment. It is reported that the Arabs sally forth to battle round a maiden seated on a camel, who chants songs of exhortation to friends and of defiance to foes. But here the Bedouin maiden seems to have little to do; around the camp she hobbles in big boots, having a forlorn appearance, peddling Turkish money, with a stud in her nose for an ornament; an ungainly slatternly creature, swathed over and over from head to foot in all sorts of wrappings, which dangle about her body in a most miscellaneous fashion; she tattoos her chin and even her lips which hang down heavy in a continual pout, and which must be very tempting to a Bedouin youth. The human starting-point is also given: a little babe five days old to-day excites an outburst of feeling from all the ladies present, but the mother is already up and attending to business, which is the collection of nickels from the sympathetic bystanders. The infant is bandaged around so tightly that it cannot stir

hand or foot; the mother, after giving us a peep at it, quickly covers its face, lest some one of these Christian unbelievers may strike it with his evil eye, and inflict upon it a curse, or even death.

One has but to study these Bedouins for a time in order to see what was the problem of Mohammed. They lack the power of combined action, they are divided into clans and sets, which refuse subordination. They love liberty, but their liberty is license, not the liberty of order, of institutions. It is hard for them to bear government, they kill rulers, chiefs, caliphs; in Arabia as well as in Turkey a violent death is always hanging over those in authority. The Sheikh is the chief, he is the law and the judge as well as the executive officer; yet he is not always obeyed. In other words the Arab is the man of excessive individualism; he is self-reliant, brave, death-defying; his desert has trained him into such virtue, but also he has the corresponding vice. The Bedouins fight one another, especially over disputed wells and pasturage. Feuds, private revenges dominate their souls, not justice; Mohammed tried valiantly to stem this tendency. The lonely desert is not reduced or reducible to human law; a mightier energy is needed.

Herein the work of the prophet comes out distinct. He was to unify his country, and subject it to some kind of order; thus he had a

political call. Still deeper was his religious call: he had to throttle this individualism, special product of his land; he was to make the man, the Arabian man, look inward and control himself and subordinate selfhood to the higher Person. The transformation of the natural man had to be brought about, and his submission to a supreme order above himself was the great starting-point. Look on one of these Bedouins and behold Mohammed's task. He seized the national sin by the throat, just that and nothing else; the battle was fought within first, and then without. It was no child's play, but it had to be done.

Thus we must think of Mohammed when we enter the camp of the Bedouins at the World's Fair, and we start to study his career as never before. Sympathetic we have to become when we see what he had to do. He was almost a Bedouin himself, he herded sheep and gathered wild berries in his youth, being very poor, though not quite born in a manger. Doubtless too, wild as a Bedouin, idolatrist and polytheist; then he changed, he became a Hanif or penitent, he went to the wilds for prayer, not for plunder; there he began to have visions, ecstasies, inspirations and turns prophet to his people. In all this can we not see the Semitic consciousness working as it did of old among the Hebrews?

At any rate we must praise Mohammed for

striking at the very root of the time's evil. That fierce individualistic spirit of the Arab must be tamed into submission; no law can do it, no man; God alone can tame the wild Bedouin; not many Gods can do it, only the one almighty God. Hence the first tenet of Mohammed is the one God, the one Will in the Universe, as opposed to many clashing Bedouin wills. The second tenet is Resignation, the Bedouin will must submit to God's Will, and therein become one and in harmony with itself and with God. Under the inspiration of such a doctrine all Arabia gets united within itself and takes fire. Political unity follows religious unity, which is truly the unity of the spirit. The scattered clans become one, all the fierce Arabic individualities become one, the whole land is a unit in the one God and in the resignation to His Will, which Will is to find utterance, and this utterance is the Prophet, who now has reached his genuine mission. Thus individualism is burned away like dry grass, the desert is aflame, and mighty is the conflagration, for the material was abounding. Behold, it sweeps out of the borders of Arabia, it blazes over all limits, and becomes a consuming fire which envelops the neighboring nations East and West. It leaps across into Europe and for centuries threatens Christianity, acquiring a Western foothold in Spain and an Eastern foothold in Constantinople.

Mohammed is not only a prophet, he is also a legislator like Moses, he is too a military leader. A positive side of the Divine he shows in his work of unity, but the negative, destructive side is also his, for he wields the sword of the Omnipotent, and mows down the ranks of the unbeliever. He has been called cruel; but more cruel than Moses? He cut off Semitic heads, rebellious, stiff-necked; they had to be eliminated, to make unity; with them in the world God was dualism and discord.

In the camp of the Bedouins we may behold Arabia before Mohammed, and see what toughest refractory material he had to knead and break and transform. It is true that the Bedouins at present are Moslems, but, according to report, not good Moslems. They will fight for their faith of course, fight for anything; but they care little for the fast of Ramahdin, they seldom go five times a day to prayers, they plunder pilgrims to Mecca, but go not thither themselves, though in the neighborhood. So there is an old remnant which has not really yielded. We may fancy that we can still see the battle of Bedr here in the Bedouin camp, as the horsemen advance, hurl their javelins, retreat, each man for himself. The battle of Bedr with its victory unified Arabia and made her conqueress of the Orient; but it has always to be fought over again. Indeed, heathenism in the form fetichism and

Sabaism is still said to linger in the Arabian Peninsula.

Already we have designated the greatest work of Mohammed to be his Koran or Bible. Thereby he has maintained his dominion, maintains it to this day. The two grand doctrines thereof still hold captive the Oriental spirit: these are Omnipotence on the one hand, and Resignation on the other. It would seem that this twofold statement of God and of man is the soul's best medicine for the Oriental world. Very similar is the Hebrew solution in the Old Testament. What shall the individual do with himself — with his rebellions, sins, caprices? Then what shall he do with suffering and misfortune? Resignation, resignation is the main sermon of the Koran. Yet it also speaks of the judgment day and man's accountability. So the individual is not to be wholly resigned; he must be up and at work for his soul's salvation.

It is manifest that the Koran will have to be interpreted. It has contradictions which must be explained; it preaches strongly predestination, but it also strongly implies free agency. Thus sects will arise in the bosom of Mohammedanism as they have arisen elsewhere. Then the Koran has its Mythus, as every Bible has and must have; this mythical element will give no end of trouble. The angel dictates to Mohammed and he transmits the divine message to man;

God does not speak in person to his prophet but through a medium. Herewith the question of the verbal inspiration of the Sacred Book comes up and causes violent disputation ; then too the subject of angelic ministration has to be set forth.

In other words a Mohammedan Theology rises out of the Koran, seeking to explain its difficulties, to harmonize its contradictions, to interpret its Mythus. Quite parallel to Christian Theology runs the stream; in fact, the two belong closely together in the History of Universal Religion. But this is not all: out of the Arabian Theology necessarily grew the Arabian Philosophy which went back to Greece and resurrected Aristotle and then handed him over to the Medieval Schoolman, through whom he came to Dante. Indeed the great Christian poet shows through his whole *Divine Comedy* the influence of Arabian thought. Wonderful was the overflow of Arabian spirit, passing into every noble form of utterance — Art, Science, Poetry, as well as Theology and Philosophy. Chiefly from the Moors of Spain came a light which illuminated Europe, then in darkness, and helped to save the world's culture. It was through the aid of Arabia that the bridge was made for Europe over the Middle Ages out of classic Heathendom into modern civilization. Thus she has her place in the movement of

the Occident, and is a link in the chain of the World's History.

Such results sprang from the work of Arabia's Great Man, truly a World-Hero in the highest sense. Looking into the camp of the Bedouins, we can see his beginning, his problem; if he can put himself under God, and if he can then put these wild rovers of the desert under the Divine Order, taming their strong individuality into oneness and harmony with Godhood, the rest of the world will easily fall into line. Such an Igdrasil grew out of this barren, treeless sand of Arabia with Mohammed as the planter of its seed. Well may one tarry and see the battle of Bedr fought over again in the Plaisance, for it images a great fact of Universal History, transmitted through the centuries and out of the desert in living reality to Chicago.

III. The Plaisance — Animal, Arab, Allah.

Arabia is the home of two quadrupeds which have become so deeply inbred with her character, that they share in her spiritual traits. The domesticated animal, ranging within certain territorial bounds and trained by the hand of man becomes typical of its land and of its master. It reflects, by long ages of association and inheritance, a partial human soul; it also takes lines which we can recognize to be national. In the Orient, indeed, the animal seems to stand closer to man than in the Occident; the doctrine of transmigration, repugnant to us, belongs to the East and finds there a stronger intimation in Nature than in our part of the world. Asia is very old, man and the animal have been a long time, in fact countless generations, companions together on the same soil. They both belong to it and therein are connected; a change of coun-

try breaks this deep intimacy, this common bond of earth; often the animal perishes in the new climate and in the new physical conditions. The East is stationary, the West is migratory; it would seem that migration destroys transmigration. Nearly all our domestic animals were first tamed by primitive man in the Orient, doubtless by virtue of a certain tie of fellowship and nearness which has since been obscured if not wholly lost.

Very interesting and suggestive is it, therefore, to watch the primitive man of the desert, the Bedouin, handling the horse and the camel, his two chief companions among animals. He certainly stands in close relationship with his horse, and his horse with him; when he is mounted, the man and the animal become one in appearance and movement, and always suggest that significant Greek fable of the Centaur. As the troop rides before the spectator, the latter cannot help picking out his favorite Arabian steed, which shares in all the pride and display of the rider. It is full of fire and of fight, ready for the onset of the antagonist, and in its way sends out a challenge. Yet it is not a trained horse, such as our cavalry horse, which will go through the evolutions of the regiment riderless; it is individualistic, like its owner, full of independence and caprice, yet always eager for a contest. It is not a tall or a large animal; it is smaller and not so

strong as the average American horse of good quality, nor is it so swift a racer as the thoroughbred. It does not work in harness, it is an aristocratic horse, not to be ridden for use; it is not to be taken for ploughing or for a journey. Its purpose is war, the manly games, and parade; no true Arab would use it for simple travel, he takes his camel for that. We have been told that these precious steeds belong to the chiefs mainly, not to the common people, in whose possession they, being so high-born, would be degraded.

The best Arabian horses are said to come from the province of Nejd, which lies in the heart of Arabia surrounded by the desert. They are not sold, are not objects of traffic, though they are given away and are captured in war. That is, the high-bred races have no price to the Arab mind, having a kind of personality. They are all named and recorded, from the first ancestor down to the present; the pedigrees of the Arabian horses in the Plaisance are said to reach back 600 years. What American of the First Families, Puritan or Cavalier, can trump up such an ancestral list for himself? Good authority declares that only half-breeds and lower sorts get into the markets of the world. Truly an aristocratic animal with his wide-spreading genealogical tree; he would certainly become a plebeian in this country, for sooner or later he

would have to go to work to earn his oats, like the rest of us. Meanwhile let us admire him now; symmetry, endurance, spirit he has in the highest degree, also docility, a kind of resignation with all his audacity; a pretty good Moslem he can be, at least as good as the Bedouin. Very beautiful and various are the colors of these steeds, playing in the sunbeams like shot-silk with muscles dancing underneath their glossy skins in the very riot of a high-strung life. Just see them gallop and turn and rear, with a great jingling of their trappings!

But the true Arabian animal is the camel, made by the desert and for the desert. Note the split foot, padded, spreading out on the sands the more it is pressed; therefore it sinks not into the same like a horse's hoof or a human foot. Look into the camel's mouth: it has lower and upper incisor teeth, adjusted like knives in a sausage machine, exactly fitted for chopping up dry shrubs and stalks and thistles, on which it feeds in the desert. That slit nose is capable of being tightly closed against the simoon, thereby protecting a very acute sense of smell. The hunch on the camel reaches not to the spinal column, but is really a lump of fat, which it carries inside its own skin, yet on its back like other burdens, being a storehouse of food in time of need. Also a storehouse of water it carries in its stomach, made of water cells about

three inches deep and three inches wide, which it can strain out and close by means of powerful sphincter muscles. Thus nature has prepared the camel specially for a journey through the desert.

It is not beautiful, it looks dusky, shabby, with odd bunches of woolly hair hanging about; it seems to have been made of what was left after the rest of creation. Dreamy, resigned, with half-closed eyes it trudges along, or rather, if we look at its upper part, it swims along through the air, with head held on a horizontal line, and followed by its long curved, snaky neck with protuberant back. Does it not look as if it had seen better days? There it goes, with a peculiar shuffle of the hind legs, causing the crupper to dance up and down like the rocking of a boat.

Truly an Oriental beast is the camel, bringing with it to the Plaisance an Oriental atmosphere; also symbolic of the East, and specially of the Arabian desert. Resignation is in its look and hints its spirit, a type of Islamism; of all animals it appears most submissive to the strokes of Fate. At a blow from its driver down it drops on its knees, haunches, belly, all of which are full of horny callosities from much hard usage, yet even the new-born camel is said to show the traces of them. In that attitude it receives its burden, receives the same with a grunt only, the sole protest, holding up its horizontal head and resigned eyes. Never do I see a camel kneeling

at the bidding of its master but I think of human prostration and prayer, notably that of the Mohammedan, who is called by the muezzin five times a day to supplicate Allah with kneeling and prostrate attitudes. This ratio will come flitting before the mind: as the camel to the Arab, so the Arab to Allah, the man being the mean between the extremes.

By its submissiveness and adjustableness the camel conquers, conquers the desert with all its terrors, — thirst, famine, simoon, sand. It carries 500 to 1,000 pounds, going at the rate of 25 miles a day for three days, without food or drink. Endurance is the victor, that resignation has its reward. Swifter varieties attain a speed of 50 miles or even 100 miles a day. Eats anything, dry twigs, dead leaves, spines; yet it loves good eating and will die of a surfeit after long abstinence, if it is not looked after. It has a history; the Old Testament knows it, Job had 6,000 and the Ishmaelites, who were going down to the land of Egypt with camels, were Arabs to whom Joseph was sold by his brethren. The camel stands alone of its class in the Eastern Hemisphere; in the Western it finds a close relation in the llama of South America. It lives to the age of 40 or 50 years; it furnishes milk, its hair is woven into garments, and its flesh is eaten by the Arabs.

The camel is said to manifest no attachments,

no feeling for man, not even for its master. It is without emotion, it takes what comes, resignation to the decree of Fate it always shows. Why should it have preferences? that can do no good against the decree. So the camel kneels, takes its burden and carries the same, with perfect indifference apparently. Yet one exception: it has the name of harboring malice when wronged by its master, when the blow of Fate is not Fate but Injustice; revengeful it becomes and waits for its opportunity. The master has to throw before the sulking beast some garment of his, which is struck and pawed, and then revenge is satisfied and forgotten. So even the camel is vindictive, and truly a Bedouin therein; but no fellowship with its driver, no display of feeling, no finitude it shows; the boundless desert is its character, a desert of sand. Only revenge: therein is the camel mortal and finite. The desert is its true home; it is said to be averse to crossing a stream, lest it come into a fertile land, with water and food, where it might have enough to eat and drink, but how could it show its superiority there?

Such are the two animals: the Arabian horse and camel, typical of Arabia and the Arab character. Fire, energy, enthusiasm, caprice, strong assertion of self, individualism: that is the horse. Then the contrary tendency: resignation, submission to Fate, to Allah; so we read the camel.

The creatures of freedom and of necessity side by side: do they not belong together? They find their synthesis in the man, who rides both, masters them, yet is of them. Even the movements of the two beasts are significant: the steed gallops, rears, fights, sinks into the sand, and succumbs in the desert to heat, thirst, hunger, simoon; the camel swims along, with that peculiar shuffle of his hind legs, as if they were oars, making his back and the people on it sway up and down, like a boat on the billows; he will swim through that sea called a desert with its shifting sand-waves, indifferent to the stroke of Fate. Truly the best of the Moslems is the camel with his spirit of Resignation; but he would hardly do for Chicago. Five camels were reported on the sick list the other day; evidently this is not a possible climate for his body or spirit. Attempts have been made to introduce the camel into some of our south-western States; in Arizona a few are reported still alive and even thriving.

But not the animals alone excite our imagination, stirring it to call up their home in the desert; the riders share in the landscape and set forth the character of the country. The Arab when on the back of the camel seems at once to relax, to resign himself to the ups and downs of life, shown in the undulations of his ship of the desert whereon he is sitting. Observe the sway-

ing of his body, flexible, submissive; he too is resigned to what comes, one with the movement of his beast; he appears dreamy also, having surrendered his will, his opposition to Fate; surely he is not more than half alive, a complete picture of Resignation along with his camel. But mark the change! The Arab mounts his horse, it is another life, he is another man; he stiffens up, he becomes tense in struggle, he is ready for a fight against any or all, hardly Allah with Koran and Prophet can restrain him now. The steed under him stamps, rears, tosses its head, desperately trying to get out of its limits, out of its own glossy skin; it protests, defies, defies Allah who made it and put it into such a narrow hide. The man and the horse become a unit in body and spirit, off the hybrid dashes, a desert-haunting Centaur, ready to destroy or hospitably to protect, according to caprice. Thus the two sides of Arabia show themselves in the animal and in the man, and both reveal one idea. Now we are called to see the battle, fortunately for us only a sham battle; in the desert the situation would probably be very different.

In these contests the spectator will soon find himself selecting his favorite rider and applauding the skill of the same with a kind of hero-worship. Right in front of me the best horseman is mounted, awaiting the onset of his antagonist.

Inquiry calls out the statement that he is seventy-three years old; yet he is the most untamed man of the lot. Of a sudden he puts spurs to his steed and dashes out; his eyes snap sparkles of fire, his Semitic crook-nose seems to get more curved, is like an eagle's beak, as he raises his stick and hurls it against his opponent; he hits and means to hit. For him the battle is not wholly sport, he is transferred to his native Arabian desert, and has met the enemy of the hostile clan. He loses or breaks his regular stick, and then he gets hold of a long heavy club resembling the handle of a pitchfork; with this he rides out against the approaching combatant. He brandishes his weapon, throws it, and strikes his enemy in the small of the back with a tremendous thump which sends the poor fellow to the hospital tent for that day. A fiery Ishmaelite still, untamed, product of the desert with its sand-waves, which allow no human possession; such was Mohammed's material, out of which he moulded a world-religion. I seek this man out, when the tug of war is over, for he seems the typical person; I try to make his acquaintance, but he waves me away with his hand, he talks nothing but the dialect of his desert, and he knows already too many people. But the fire, the vengeance with which he rode was a fragment of Arabian history, a gleam out of that pre-Mohammedan time which lies back of and

sets a-going the great overflow of Islamism, which is not by any means yet ended.

Thus the child of the desert, the genuine Ishmaelite, is seen as he was of old, to-day in Chicago. He still calls himself a son of Shem, as one will find by a little inquiry; he connects with the Old Testament, which contains the earliest records of his race. The Semitic element comes out in the Bedouin with an original power and intensity; the two great attempts to reduce him to order have produced two world-books, called Bibles, the Jewish and the Mohammedan. The God-conception dominates mightily in both, against which the individual is almost, yet not quite, nothing.

The Greek world has mainly the opposite tendency. Its function was to rescue man from the Oriental God and for this cause it fought at Troy and Marathon, keeping the Orient out of Europe. Yet Greece went to the other extreme and lost the Divine, dissolving at last in its own selfishness and individualism. The Greek spirit in its best form still rules largely in the Exposition proper; but in the Plaisance it is Allah, who is supereminent, Allah Akbar, with Mohammed as his prophet. So the student is led to have a desperate grapple with Allah, if he is going to grasp this World's Fair.

The Allah of Mohammed is the one God, in whom all individuals are one, or must make

themselves one by an act of Will, which is Resignation. Thus human individuality divests itself of caprice, of rebellion, of discord with the Supreme Order. But what about Allah? He is the one colossal individual of the Universe, who has swallowed all of man's caprices in his own; he is the one personal Will which does as it pleases, be it to do good or sometimes to do evil. Allah thus asserts his individuality by destroying individuality; that which he refuses to man, he takes for himself. It is no wonder that Mohammed, the man, did not dare speak face to face with Allah; he would have been consumed in the divine look as dry stubble in the furnace.

Here then is the limit of Allah, he does not impart to man, not even to his prophet, what he himself is essentially; he has no sonship in him, which takes on mortal form; he does not individualize himself in man, but is the pure Universal, destructive of the Individual, hence really self-destroying.

Mohammed is the prophet, so he declares himself; he is the human means of utterance, he places himself on a line with Adam, Abraham, Moses, David, Christ. He is, however, the mere instrument of Allah, wholly without self-assertion in the matter of divine revelation; yet on the other hand, he is the chosen one, chosen just by virtue of his powerful individuality, which in this way secretly asserts itself. Mohammed is the

voice of Allah, uttering the divine decree to mankind; indeed what else is he but Allah, the omnipotent world-judge, with the power of life and death over mortals for eternity?

What now has become of that self-abnegated individual Mohammed? What, on the other hand, has become of the one all-powerful Allah? That fact is, they have changed places. The individual, specially the prophet, is not lost in Allah, rather Allah is lost in the individual, the prophet.

Great was the merit of Mohammed in taming the self-will of the wild Bedouins; clearly his method holds good to-day for them and for many others. Still, like all systems of mere Resignation, or the absolute suppression of the individual, it ends in the absolute assertion of self-will, be it in ruler, priest or God. Thus it comes that absolutism in Politics, Ethics, and Religion is the principle of the Orient with its doctrine of Resignation.

Most of the people here are Mahommedans, yet not all; a Syrian talking good English tells me of the different faiths in the camp: Mohammedans, Jews, Christians, even sun-worshipers, old Arabic adorers of the heavenly bodies; so at least he says. There are a number of Christians in the camp, men and women, wearing the European dress, and speaking English, having learned it in the missionary schools at Beyroot and Damascus. My favorite is the Syrian girl

called Malachi, jolly, heavy-built, good-natured, with a long braid down her back, serving up lemonade and sundry crumbs of English in a most delightful hodge-podge, whereof her light-heartedness is the best ingredient. Very interesting also is the intensity of her Presbyterianism. "You are not then a Mohammedan, are you, Malachi?" "No, I am a Presbyterian." "Ah, indeed, a Christian." "No, I am a Presbyterian." "You are not a Christian, but a Presbyterian?" "Yes; I went to school to the missionaries." Then she turned the search-light upon me: "Are you a Presbyterian?" Alas! I had to confess that I was not. Whereat she thought that I was a Mohammedan, or even a heathen. But those missionaries had done their work well, it is clear; if the above recommendation is worth anything, the Presbyterian Board of Missions will see to it that they not only keep their places, but that their hands be strengthened.

But the general outlook for a speedy conversion of any large portion of the Mohammedan world is not encouraging. Have these people not their own worship, their own subtle Theology, their own learned Doctors of Divinity, their own Bible? The East resents the very idea of being instructed in matters of faith by the West, saying, "Did you not get your religion from us? Why come you hither? It were better for us to be missionaries to you, for we can still

teach you. At any rate first take care of the heathen in your midst, then pay a visit to us when you have nothing else to do, and we shall give you a lesson." Thus the Orientals say and think, all along the line from Asia Minor to Japan, for we have heard them talking such things in Chicago.

And there does seem to be some grand fatality connected with the missionary business, some enormous mal-adjustment of means to end which causes the whole work to end almost in smoke. In Rome stands the College *De Propaganda Fide*, an institution which has probably done more for the spreading of the Christian Religion among non-Christians than any other in the world, though it be a Catholic institution. In the shadow of this College a Methodist preacher from the backwoods of Missouri opened his mission for the conversion of the Romans, belaboring them after the fashion of Peter Cartright. In Athens also one will find American missionaries, though the Greeks claim that their Church is the true primitive Church, the mother of all Christendom, and scout the missionary as an intruder and a hypocrite. Going still further eastward we find Syria, which was once Christian. Indeed the very name of Christian goes back to Antioch, a Syrian city.

Yet the fact remains: Syria, after 600 years' trial, abandoned Christianity and accepted

Mohammedanism. Many external reasons can be given for this surprising change, as gain, deception, the sword. Still the real ground has to be confessed: the Prophet of Allah has met the spiritual need of Syria better than the Son of God. For all the Orient can make little or nothing out of divine sonship, just here seems to lie the grand distinction between Orient and Occident. To be sure the Christians in the East speculated very subtly upon the Trinity and the relation between Father and Son, but it remained largely a mere cunning speculation, not a practical living faith. One cannot help sympathizing with the Syrians and all those living around the Eastern and Southern Mediterranean, when they said one day: Enough of this fine-drawn theological disputation about the Son and the Father, down with both Homoousianism and Homoiousianism, no more talk about the difference between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee; let us have the Father alone, and be done with all distinction. Thus they were saying and thinking, when Mohammed came along, and they followed; what else could they do? Some such man usually appears at the right moment, and now for 1,200 years the Syrians have remained his faithful supporters.

Still the West has no intention of giving up its missionary spirit, without which no right-souled man cares to live. For what else is there in this

thing called life? Do we not all say: Unless I can make the world a little better by living in it, I wish to get out of it as soon as possible? The question is: How shall we interpret the command, "Go ye into all the world?" Is it by making the Roman Catholic theologian a good Methodist, by metamorphosing Cardinal Gibbons into Sam Jones? Or even by transforming Mozoomdar after the pattern of John Calvin? Will the Orient ever receive the idea of divine sonship in that way? Alas! my Malachi, the Syrian girl, in her naive unconscious way has told the missionary story: "I am not a Christian, but a Presbyterian."

I. The Plaisance.—The Street in Cairo.

Coming back to the Street in Cairo after four weeks' absence during the summer season, we found that the price of admission had been raised. A good omen of deserved prosperity it was for us, and gladly did we pay the additional nickel to get in once more. The street was still thronged with a happy crowd of miscellaneous humanity; very distinctly the public has set its seal of approval upon this enterprise. With excellent reason, we think; relaxation, humor, and instruction are all present in living activity.

The life in the Street is the first fact in its favor; a billowy multitude is continually rolling and winding through its crooked passages. Something is going on all the time, something characteristic; nowhere do so many bubbles of

temperament and character break out of the soul, show themselves for a moment, and then vanish. The camel trudges along the pavement with its Arabian driver in white shirt and red fez; the black man from Soudan, the brown man, the white man, the tattooed man, all the mixed colors of the East in face, body, and costume, give their tints to this living picture; the juggler, the ballad-singer, the veiled lady, the masked flower-girl, the swordsman, the wedding procession and the birth-day festival form a grand orchestral medley of sounds, colors, costumes, customs, caprices, of which one tries a good while to catch the key-note, patiently looking, listening, thinking.

After a time of confusion everybody will begin to feel an order in the apparent chaos, in fact an inner necessity. The Orient is taking a holiday in free America; for once it has liberty and is enjoying the same in its own fashion. The strong hand of absolutism is no longer upon these people; they feel a kind of release, and the result is caprice has broken loose and shows itself in a great effervescence. For the Egyptians themselves enjoy the frolic quite as much as the visitors; there can be no doubt that they are giving, in a certain degree, their interpretation of freedom. They take it, like children, as a kind of license, or at least as the rule of caprice. The Orient solves the problem of individualism

by crushing the individual; it uproots selfishness by uprooting selfhood. This Street in Cairo is under American and not under Egyptian skies; an element is thus injected into it, which really is dissolving its whole spiritual foundation in a festival of mirth and fantastic humors. To take one item: these American women unveiled, free, often alone, walking the Street in Cairo, make it no longer the Street in Cairo, but turn its social basis upside down and cause yonder minaret to quiver to the very top. The Mahommedan world here at least is going to pieces underneath the outer show, and the Mahommedans are acting a kind of comedy, unconsciously reducing themselves to an absurdity in the presence of a new order of things. The Oriental company is playing a drama not only for others, but also for itself.

The Orient has the two sides: the crushing might of authority, unlimited, unquestioned; over against this absolutism lies the caprice of the individual, which will assert itself whenever it can get out of the reach of the iron hand, even wreathing itself around that hand when relaxed. The Arabic character, language and religion rule the Street in Cairo, making human conduct here a kind of wild arabesque. A bubbling over of the Oriental fancy in the matter of behavior we note, a boundless play of humors, which accords deeply with the work we see about us. The

scenes, the actions of the people, the customs are in harmony with all these fantastic products of carving, of designing, of building. The rigid necessities of life are overlaid with intricate geometric forms; grim Fate herself appears often festooned from head to foot with leaves and tendrils and flowers.

The countless number of little shops along both sides of the street is in itself a work of Arabic fancy, a kind of necklace in filigree reaching around the inclosure. No large single store separated into diverse departments which constitute a great organic unity, but many small repetitions of nearly the same thing, one after the other: what is the whole but a string of curious arabesques? Each booth is a copy after the one pattern, which has in the course of time the power of getting monotonous.

The merchandise in the shops shows in general the same characteristic. The wares are a play of fancy for the most part, not serious nor for the serious ends of life. They are trinkets, souvenirs, pretty trifles, many of which, however, suggest the spirit of the place. The carved wood, beads, brass-work, tracery, jewelry — is it not all a reflection of what we behold transpiring in the Street? Art is an image of life, and we begin to feel the connection in these little objects with the living reality. Catching a breath of the atmosphere of Cairo we purchase a memento;

rightly selected, it will always recall this human spectacle with its masquerade of caprices. Behold yonder small vase of metal; it is covered with numberless stems, tendrils, foliage interlacing in subtle curves, quite as these people cover the inner fact of daily life with a continuous ebullience of fantastic humors.

The sellers of wares in the booths often show the same trait in their manner of dealing and in their cries. First in this line I must place Hakim, the candy-seller, a true Arabic genius. He has been a good deal over the world, and picked up a number of words from various tongues; these words he puts together, weaving them into a marvelous cry which arrests the attention of every passer, and which has become famous. Another arabesque it is, now of speech and intonation, which one seeks to follow and trace in its first elements. It is made up mainly of these words: Alla (hello?) bum-bum (bon bon), vagood (very good), gypsy (Egyptian), candy. Such at least is my analysis, which however, is meaningless till Hakim joins the words together and intertwines them in a succession of skillfully modulated tones which becomes a work of art in its kind, truly an arabesque. Let anybody try to imitate the cry of Hakim, he will fail; though he succeed in catching up all the words, the whole will lack the finish, the light touch of the Arabic artist. Nor can one help

noticing that Hakim takes great delight in his accomplishment, even greater delight, I think, than in the sale of his wares. All day long he repeats that one strain, as the Arabic designer repeats his geometric patterns on wood or garment or vase. Hakim always has a smile for the crowd which stops and laughs and enjoys his peculiar cry, even though it buys none of his candy; appreciation of his gift he requites generously with an encore. Thou too, O Hakim, art a symbol, placed here upon our Oriental pathway; in thine humble manner thou dost truly reflect thy world.

Such is one instance out of many which might be given to show the peculiar life in this Street. What a contrast in general to our American way of doing things! We have no absolute rule of government over us, and we have little or no place for caprice, which we hold down by law, and this law is ultimately made by ourselves. Our liberty is not our humor, but our necessity; we have freedom, that we may do the rational thing. Thus we are a people almost without holidays and festivities, without real amusement, for which we go to the Orientals, or even to the Europeans in the Plaisance. The whole Fair is serious, intense, a veritable battle in many ways; great is the relief to fall back into Cairo and for a time to get rid of the tension and earnestness of our Occidental world. At once the human being

seems to change in character there, or at least to manifest some new traits. The outer appearance also changes; even the architecture is touched with the spirit of the place; classic forms with their strict structural meaning give way to a play of fancy, and man feels another side of his existence. Caprice asserts its right to be in this universe of ours as well as reason, and even folly peeps out of a little corner in the soul of the wise man.

Still there is something more than mere diversion in the present reproduction of a Street in Cairo. Gradually a deeper current makes itself felt, and into the present links the remote past, the very origin of civilization. We must not forget that Cairo is in Egypt, and that Egypt has given rise to the two main streams of Occidental culture, Greek and Hebrew. Homer points to Egyptian wisdom in more places than one, particularly in his Odyssey. Menelaus visited the valley of the Nile before he reached home from Troy, and brought back the knowledge of Proteus, that wonderful image of evolution, which finds its best interpretation in the thought of to-day. Then the Greek sages, Pythagoras, Solon, Plato—did they not all draw from Egypt? Finally Greece conquers the land of the Nile, which is ruled by the Greek Ptolemies, who build Alexandria and make it the center of Greek learning. So the Hellenic stock continues down

to the present; any person who talks Greek will be understood to-day in this Street in Cairo.

The influence of ancient Egypt upon the Hebrew people is still more patent. In fact the first grand chapter of their history is their separation from Egypt and their setting up for themselves under Moses, a reformer who certainly borrowed much from his Egyptain teachers. So the Hellenic and the Hebrew strands of our culture reach back to that strange people found in the valley of the Nile at the dawn of civilization.

The Street in Cairo would manifestly be imperfect without some representation of old Egypt. Here it is, suddenly rising before us in the Temple of Luxor, which reaches back about fifteen centuries before the Christian Era, and calls up a vivid image of worship, of art, and of architecture. Two obelisks stand in our presence, pointing upward with an everlasting forefinger of granite to some home beyond the earth. Colossal statues of seated kings guard the entrance of the Temple; we may wonder at their destiny and ours in beholding them under this sky. The Sphinx with her riddle, best emblem of Egypt's spiritual principle, bids us go in and interrogate. Ten mummies with hollow-eyed skeleton faces indicate at least the Egyptian struggle for immortality, and suggest a faith which has not been wholly lost.

Leaning against the Sphinx is a living son of Cairo with striped head-dress like that of the Sphinx; I ask him a question, but he is a riddle to me and I am to him. Four attendants carry a gilded image of the Bull Apis on a boat-shaped tray; the golden calf is this, which the Israelites in the wilderness fell to worshiping in their memorable discipline. The Pharaoh who oppressed Israel we can see mummified in his sarcophagus, or rather, a waxen reproduction of him, than which the original cannot have been more terrible. The attendants carry the golden calf inside the sacred Temple, moving and singing with a curious chant, which resembles the saying of a mass according to the Roman Catholic rite: wherein one thinks of Egypt as the great source of religious doctrines and ceremonies, as the mother of mysteries in the Greek, Jewish, and Christian religions.

Very appropriate are these monuments of ancient Egyptian life, giving a far-off background in Time to the present bustle of the Street. Civilization in the valley of the Nile reaches behind us to 4,000 and even 5,000 B. C., according to some accounts. If this be so, the temple of Luxor is not so very old, it lies only half-way between now and then.

But at the other end of the Street is the Mosque representing the last phase of Egyptian civilization and religion, namely the Mohammedan,

which began with the conquest of Egypt by the general of Caliph Omar in 638 A. D. From that time to the present Egypt has had the strong Arabic tinge already noticed; the ancient inhabitants readily embraced Islamism, though they were Christians. Again the question comes up: What did the new faith offer to these people, which answered their spiritual needs better than Christianity? It could not have been wholly delusion and terror which produced so great and so lasting a change.

Still there remain some sects in Egypt which call themselves Christians, particularly the Coptic. With delight one soon comes upon the fact that in the Street in Cairo are several persons who claim to be Copts. Well do we recollect the interest which a young lady who took our tickets at the entrance to the Tomb of Apis, excited by saying that she was neither a Mohammedan nor a Greek-Catholic, but a Christian Copt. She wrote down her first name in the diary of the visitor, but declined to give her family name, saying, "It is not our custom." French, Italian and Arabic she spoke, having been educated in a school in Egypt. Desire for instruction she still showed, inasmuch as she expressed a strong wish to learn English; she inquired of the pedagogue present how she should go about it. She pointed out two other Coptic girls among the attendants, and thus we beheld a fragment of Egypt's old

population, for the Copts are supposed to be the most direct descendants of the ancient race who dwelt in the valley of the Nile. One will scan closely the faces of these people, and will think he can trace a resemblance between them and the faces painted on the monuments.

A black fellow, a Nubian Mussulman, lights a candle and conducts us to the Tomb of Apis, the Sacred Bull, which had its own sepulchral chamber and was buried with great pomp. Very difficult is it to throw ourselves back into that consciousness which worships animals and believes in transmigration; but old Egypt clung to this belief as the soul's salvation, and must have received from such a doctrine both hope and consolation. Here is also the tomb of the High Priest named Thi, with strange symbolic pictures pertaining to the Nile, the hippopotamus and the crocodile. Also many hieroglyphics are interspersed among the paintings, from which one has to turn away with a sad lack of knowledge. The Nubian guide was a black chatterbox, talking by rote a little English for his purpose; I asked him to read these hieroglyphics; his answer was "seven times harder to learn than any language." Wherewith our candle went out, its burning material being exhausted, and we groped our way out of the gloomy chamber of the dead High Priest with its mixed society

of insects, reptiles, beasts and man, all of them worshipful products of old Father Nile.

On the inside of the Temple the walls are covered with many paintings, secular and religious. A Last Judgment conducted by Osiris is pictured before us, wherein the damned soul has to return to earth in the form of a pig. Can we not pick out the man to-day whom Osiris would condemn to such a punishment? Dante calls one of his lost spirits in the Inferno by the name of Ciacco, the swine. So a kind of justice, the return of the deed to the doer, may be seen to gleam even out of the doctrine of transmigration. Animals are still used figuratively to designate the lower traits of man; the old Egyptians seem to have taken the relationship literally and made it the basis of a creed. If the man is a beast in human form during this life, let him really become one when he sheds that form: so speaks Osiris from the judgment-seat. Literature has seized the animal shape and made it talk; witness the fables of Æsop, and the epic of Reynard the Fox. An epic of beasts made to show their character by word and action, with good or bad outcome according to conduct, is a sort of tribunal of Osiris uttering its decision in a poetic way. But why look back to old Egypt for such a doctrine? Have we not seen the Theosophists at Chicago trying to rehabilitate the belief in transmigration with certain new touches? Truly the

Nile stream is flowing through us still, by way of Judea, of Greece, even of India.

Many origins the observant eye can trace in this Temple of Luxor. Here is the Python, the great Serpent, embodiment of evil, the enemy of the Divine Order and of Osiris, with whom he has a mighty battle. The Serpent of Eden, one exclaims, the original Satan, transported by the Hebrews from Egypt, along with the grand conflict in Heaven. What a line of poetry this old Mythus has made, reaching down to Milton and Pollock! The death of Osiris is also figured here; so the Egyptians had that idea too, the idea that a God can die, must die in the great fight with the Destroyer. Yet he is resurrected, he remains not eternally dead; wherein another Hebrew instance is suggested. It is the son of Osiris, son of the great Deity, who defeats the Serpent; the sonship of God along with redemption is therein surely hinted. Egypt is the mother of religion and of religions; the germinal thoughts of the world seem to have started in that fertile valley of the Nile. Yet all in a crude chaotic form, tumbled together in a struggling mass, not yet differentiated, trying mightily to become: such primeval wonders we behold in this Temple of Luxor. Even the source of the Greek column we may look at here; this upright shaft with its capital will yet develop into the Doric Order of Architecture; these heavy colossal statues will

yet relieve themselves of their excessive gravity, will rise and become the Olympian ideal of the Gods transshaped into Parian marble out of Egyptian granite. Thus the legend of Œdipus turns out true, the Hellenic soul guesses the sphinx-riddle of Egypt, and reveals in transparent forms of beauty that occult spirit clogged and struggling in the mud of the Nile for so many thousands of years. But, let it not be forgotten, this mud of the Nile overflowed Hellas and Judea and made them fertile, whereof sprang that wonderful harvest, the civilization of the Occident.

Such is Egypt's background in Time, suggesting a long stream whose sources are lost in the unknown past. In like manner Egypt has a background in Space, a vast territorial region extending toward the head waters of the Nile, a country unexplored till the present generation. Lying back of the historic valley of the Nile, were unhistoric Nubia and Soudan inhabited by African peoples, which from time immemorial overflowed into Egypt out of the South, following the stream of the great River from the unknown to the known, from darkness to light, from black to white. On the monuments we see the curly-haired, thick-lipped, ebony-skinned race as conquered and conquerors; clearly the Negro had been a burning factor in Egyptian politics long before he had entered the American political

field. Thus the oldest and the youngest of nations have had to wrestle with the African problem, the question evidently being, How shall we white men civilize and assimulate this black man? Very interesting would it be to listen to the several thousand years of Egypt's experience on the subject. A bitter conflict of races we may reasonably infer from the circumstances, though some writers have supposed that the original Egyptian himself came down stream out of Ethiopia.

Now the Street in Cairo has this Ethiopian background also, significantly placed to the rear in some rude shanties, and quite overshadowed by the Temple of Luxor. Everywhere we observe the blackest of black skins, in native costume, running up and down the street, taking care of the donkey or on other service. Accost the African here, and you will soon find out that he is no American darkey, though it seems strange that he cannot talk English. All shades and grades of colors from black to fair are observable, indicating that Egypt solved the African problem as our own South was partially solving it, namely by amalgamation. So Nature works, in spite of theory, and gets her task done, often in the most outlandish ways.

Thus Africa lies in the dark background of Egypt, sending forth a stream of people down the waters of the Nile from unknown sources.

Soudanese jugglery, Soudanese dancers in the costume of the savage, rude Soudanese wares can be seen in Cairo to-day as of old. From the beginning apparently dark Africa has poured its black stream of life into civilization, down the Nile, even over the Atlantic to America, troubling, discoloring the world elsewhere, yet manifestly with some great providential purpose not yet fully unfolded in the Divine Order. But the head waters of the African stream are no longer covered with night; they have been surveyed and opened to the view of all mankind. A very significant event was the discovery of the sources of the Nile; we may call it the chief symbolic event of our time, having a purport which reaches backwards and forwards through centuries.

We shall now have to quit the old Egyptian quarter and pass along the street, looking at the more recent domestic abodes of Cairo. We note that the houses seem closed to the outside world — no yard, no cordial portico, no welcoming entrance. There are windows and balconies, but they are covered with a wooden network, which permits the occupant to see without being seen. The home is the place of the woman, Oriental seclusion is at once suggested by this architecture; thus the life of which the harem is the domestic foundation has built itself a dwelling place in the Street in Cairo.

But who are these young ladies in the booths,

bright, ready to talk, unveiled, free? A word reveals the fact that they are American girls, and have education and refinement. Whence did they come and how did they land just here? Inquiry is courteously answered: they are mostly from Otterbein University, Franklin County, Ohio, having left their studies during the summer vacation, and engaged themselves to sell Oriental wares in Cairo. Nor should the other side be forgotten: the young men of the same school were not going to be left behind, they too are here, employed in various kinds of work. Is not that a unique experience in college life? One cannot help inquiring about their welfare in this novel mode of existence. The young ladies have their dormitory and are looked after by a matron; in fact one of their professors, a lady, is here with them and also sells wares in a booth. The young people of both sexes eat at the same table in the dining hall, just as at Otterbein, which has taken this marvelous flight to the World's Exposition, and which surely will have a great increase of attendance on account of these fair advertisers.

Thus the Orientals have had placed before them the latest turn of American freedom — a phase of the joint education of the sexes, both boy and girl being in the very springtime of youth. What do they make of it? Evidently it staggers them, with a consciousness resting on a

wholly different view of the sexual relation. For one of their chief problems is, What shall we do with the woman, the temptress of the man, yet also his mother? The Oriental answer has been polygamy, the harem, seclusion; the woman is not to be trusted, she must be penned up, kept away from the world; it were best for her never see any other man but her husband. Such a view rests upon suspicion, the belief in the inborn weakness of woman when she comes in contact with man. But Otterbein has courageously assaulted the polygamous stronghold of Cairo; with what result, I wonder?

These ladies going through the street, bare-faced, talking, casting their glances wherever they choose — these Otterbein girls far away from home and family, freely mingling among men — what impression does it all produce upon the mind of the East? Will the Orientals carry back any new idea to old Egypt, to spring up as a fresh flower in the valley of the Nile? Nor can we suppress another query: Will they succeed in taking back to Egypt any of these young ladies whom they address so gallantly? One affair of heart has been already reported in the newspapers, which report the honest visitor will investigate before believing. The muezzin, a religious official connected with the mosque, he who calls the faithful to prayers from the minaret, is said to have been the hero of the romance.

Dare we ask one of these young ladies? "Tell me, was it so?" "Yes, there was one case, but it was not so bad as the newspapers made out?" "How bad was it?" Whereupon the story is modestly told; a very serious case I think, more serious than any report I had read in the newspapers. But it is all over now, without any tragedy; the Egyptian Romeo was pointed out to me, he was just then paying attention to another Juliet.

In such manifold ways life keeps welling up in the Plaisance; the novel is acting itself, doubtless somebody is writing it too. Indeed several dozens of romancers have already begun spinning their fabric, we dare affirm, with scene laid just here; vast will be the output. Can we not see young hearts gaily fluttering on every side of us? Orient and Occident are continually rubbing together, and generating by attrition a spark which leaves behind it an anecdote at least. The present writer happened to be conducting three ladies through the Street in Cairo one day, when he was met by an Egyptian acquaintance, a man from Alexandria, who asked him: "Is that your harem?" Spoken in a foreign tongue were the words, let it be said; surely the world in which such a thought could be born is different from ours.

Great will be our delight to enter a private dwelling, and to see an Egyptian, or rather an

Arabian interior, which we might not be able to see at the real Cairo. The house of Gamal El Din El Yahbi, erected in the 17th century, is open to the visitor, who is informed that the doors, windows and various ornaments had to be purchased and taken from the original building in order to be brought hither. Surely we ought to be thankful. The whole structure, from the entrance to the upper story, tells of the Orient, hinting a warm climate and the secluded life of the family. The windows are glassless, there being no rain in Egypt; through the close interstices of lattice-work we peep into the bustling street. Rugs are spread everywhere, on the floor, on the sofa, in the corner, inviting the tired body to lounge; reclining we look up at the ceiling with its intricate figures, or trace the elaborate workmanship on the walls and in the furniture; Arabic patterns we follow out in carving, in mosaic, in richly inlaid articles made of wood and ivory and metal. Oriental luxury has its suggestion in all the furnishings; a dreamy sensuous existence this must have been, spending itself in ease and enjoyment, and showing itself in an art which revels in a fantastic play of vegetable and geometrical forms. These, however, recur with a mechanical regularity, the wildest Arabic fancy is at bottom mathematic, being limited to a certain fixed order and repetition. Can we not see that Fate holds this spirit

fast underneath all its effervescence? An algebraic mind is here, with its intricate but abstract formulas, into which it pours its art and its life. An iron band runs around and shuts up tight this foaming vessel of caprice and spontaneity.

One would be glad to obtain a glimpse of the family life which developed itself in such a place. The mother, the child, the father at home we fain would behold; curious too, we are about that question of several wives under one roof. The work here shows a certain wild freedom up to a given limit, which is then most rigidly drawn, immovable as mathematics. Excessive indulgence within a prescribed bound we may read in these artistic surroundings, but beyond the bound we feel a strong repression, which may become cruelty. What has already been said of the whole street is true of this house: its freedom has a tendency to license, its restraint has a tendency to tyranny.

The typical animal of the Orient is not wanting in Cairo; the camel is on hand and must be ridden, particularly by the American girl. This ride furnishes the chief amusement, is, in fact, the culmination of the bubbling humors of the street. On the top of the camel's hunch is a kind of saddle, rather primitive; on the saddle are perched two persons usually, who go swaying up and down with the peculiar undulation of this ship of the desert. One can fancy himself

crossing the great sand-seas of the east in that way, but most of us would prefer a railroad for a long journey. Still the ride is a new sensation, which the visitor cannot afford to miss.

The best part of the performance is witnessed by the spectators who throng the lower portion of the Street, where the mounting and dismounting take place. The camel rises slowly with his human burden, moves off, then returns, when he lowers himself and lets the people spring to the ground. Three or even four distinct motions we can discern as he settles down: first is a sudden drop to his knees in front, which throws the riders forward, then a drop to the rear, which throws them backward; then another forward and backward motion, one quickly following the other, after which the beast crouches down on his haunches and abdomen, resting at every point upon his callosities, these being the cushions which he carries with him in his own skin. The same movements are reversed when he has to rise.

Thus the crowd looks at this curious animal humbling itself to the earth, lying down to receive its burden in the most submissive way: it is the very picture of Resignation, which is the great Oriental, and especially Mohammedan, virtue, the word Islam signifying just that. In its prostration and in its resigned look one cannot help seeing a kind of dumb prayer, which is also expressed by the position of the head, as it

holds itself a little above the ground on the end of the crooked neck. One feels like going up to the poor downcast animal and showing sympathy by patting it and talking to it in a kind tone. But the camel does not care, it is indifferent alike to man and the world; those who know it well declare that it has no emotion no feeling of comradeship with the human being, such as the horse shows for instance. The multitude pressing about it, laughing, looking, jostling, it regards not, pays no attention even to the unfavorable comments on its beauty. There it squats on the pavement, the image of supreme indifference to the whole universe, having attained a sort of Oriental Nirvana, resigned to the stroke of Fate.

But now the stroke comes and starts it; the Arab driver cries to the bystanders, Look out; these two words being quite the sum of his English up to date. He gives to the beast a smart blow accompanied with a hoarse Arabic guttural; the camel responds with a grunt and begins to rise. Up first on the knees in front, then up behind; behold, it stands on all fours, and starts swaying along the street with its burden, often a happy pair of lovers, who, blushing, smiling, even tittering, take this little voyage together in advance of the voyage of life. Back they soon come, radiant, triumphant, having accomplished so much successfully; may their

future voyage turn out as happily! Down drops the camel again and resumes his look of resignation, with half-shut eyes, dreaming perhaps of his beloved Arabian sands.

The observant visitor at the Fair will study the people quite as much as the exhibits; he is always seeking good points of observation, from which he can see human nature throwing off its drapery for a moment. He will find such a point on the steps of the mosque in the Street, whence he will look into the faces of the various riders. Many unexpected gleams of disposition and character he will observe raying out suddenly, for the ride on the camel is quite a test. That jerk forward and backward is a little trying in the presence of the large crowd eager for a laugh; every rider knows what is coming when the camel begins to rise and prepares for the emergency. See this lady stem herself courageously, leaning back with knit features; but the next one screams, and the third one may faint or become hysterical. Surely quite a little test is it which causes the whole inner spirit to flash through the face for a moment in spite of the spectators. Two young ladies, companions, conclude to take a ride together; they mount the camel's back; through some defect in the saddle or some negligence of the driver they topple over, heels upward, fortunately without injury. Not an agreeable situation before a large com-

pany is it to be turned upside down in that way, with women's present costume madly rushing toward the head. One of the young ladies refuses very naturally to take that sort of a trip the second time, being both ashamed and scared by her short trial. But the second maiden, on the invitation of the driver, swings herself again on that camel's hump, with an air of resolution which makes every heart in the crowd thrill; unabashed by one small reverse she takes her ride alone, and, as she sails off, the multitude breaks out into loud huzzas and clappings of hands at the pluck of the little heroine. The bachelor friend at my side, usually somewhat satirical, joins in the general acclamation, and then gives way to a sigh, declaring, "Well, there she is at last; I would take my risk with that girl, were it not, alas! for these gray hairs."

Thus infinite bubbles are thrown up in the street here, bubbles of pure Human Nature, which attract the observer quite as much as the outer show. A great study is the crowd of visitors as they enter this foreign world, and strive to partake of its spirit, admiring, enjoying, bargaining for a souvenir which strikes the fancy. The Occident in its latest manifestation on the Western continent comes buzzing through the Orient with the joyous noise of a festival, a look of amusement lights up every face, as it mirrors

the mirth of the street. Surely the coming European journey, which we all intend to take, will have to include Cairo.

Another phase of Egyptian life we may witness in the jugglers, fortune tellers, mediums, snake charmers, conjurors, that strange world in which the false and the true are so completely mingled that the human mind hardly knows how to separate them. Of such people we read in the biblical accounts of ancient Egypt; a kind of contest between Moses and the Egyptian wonder-workers is recorded in a famous passage of the Pentateuch. The visitor will seek to enter this borderland of deception and self-deception, ever fascinating to the populace and regarded with a kind of awe. But thaumaturgy, once deemed divine, is now held to be diabolic, literally or figuratively — a demonic power or a lying trick. Fortune-telling still lingers in the dark undercurrents of civilized peoples; but it comes to the front emphatically in the Street in Cairo. Fatima enters a cabinet, somewhat after the fashion of the Davenport brothers, with hands tied together in a hard knot; she then gets herself untied behind the curtain. I am blindfolded and put into the cabinet with her, a bell is placed in my hand and rung, while her arms are fastened. I ask Fatima if she holds that disembodied spirits did all that. She laughs and says: I have no theory. Old is the adage, *Vult decipi;* man wishes to be deceived and can-

not be hindered, look at this crowd admiring the juggler. A kind of demonic cult is general in the Orient, culminating with certain sects in a downright worship of the Devil.

In such manner new and old Egypt are present, each represented in its special religious edifice; the two bounds of the street are the Mohammedan Mosque and the Temple of Luxor. Very different are they in time of origin, in architectural form, and in the spirit which erected them. Still, they say one thing in common: the religious life dominates the secular; the busy trade of this street is encompassed by religion, which cannot be left to the individual, but is the universal matter, and hence belongs to the State. So the two edifices of worship, the old and the new, significantly stand at the beginning and end of Cairo with their command to the enclosed people.

The minaret, which is so prominent in the street, proclaims at a distance to the outside world its religion and its city. It too is a copy from a famous original. From it the muezzin calls the faithful to prayer five times a day; indeed the minaret itself is a kind of prayer, mounting upward by successive stages with longing for Heaven, till it rounds itself out in a small bulbous dome surmounted by a crescent which seems floating off in the skies. No bell sounds from the minaret, but a voice crying is the summons, which is indeed the minaret voiced, speak-

ing down to the earth from above. Thus we behold in it an emblem of Mohammedanism. That world below of business, of individual pursuits, of human desires, and of personal gratification must now pass to the mosque and surrender itself to the One God; all difference, particularity, self-will, pride, must through prayer elevate itself out of the Street of Cairo into Divine Unity. Five times a day is this process to be repeated by the good Mussulman, outwardly cleansing himself by ablution from the dirt, and inwardly cleansing himself by supplication from the caprices, of an Oriental city. Verily both forms of purification are needed.

Very different is the voice of the Temple of Luxor. What does it say? The Sphinx lies before it, half-human, half-animal, with its riddle unsolved, and suggests in advance what the architecture signifies. A massive terrestrial element is in the building, which spreads out over much space without great height; but there is also in it the divine element though heavily encumbered by nature. This combination of spirit and matter is verily the great riddle, which, as already said, was solved by the Greek world.

Hellenic Egypt in its two forms, Heathen and Christian, lies between old and new Egypt, being their connecting link. Still the Greek is there and is here in Cairo; one finds him as artisan, as baker, as shopkeeper, as manager of the Temple of Luxor. One young Greek,

a native of Egypt, told me that he had studied at the University of Athens, that he had come to the World's Fair to earn money for the purpose of completing his study of the law which he intended to practice in the Egyptian capital. The subtle Hellenic spirit is still active in the Orient; indeed there is some promise of its rejuvenation. And in this connection we must not forget that old Greek, Herodotus, Father of History, who was probably the first man to reveal Egypt to the world and to give to it, about 450 B. C., its due place in Universal History. His account still remains, on the whole, the best we have of that ancient people in the valley of the Nile. For Egypt was a sphinx-riddle unto herself, never knowing herself well enough to give any clear historic expression of herself. Herein again it was a Greek Œdipus who first guessed the Egyptian riddle and told the same to the future.

II. The Plaisance. — Savage Life.

The idea of an exhibition of savage peoples at the World's Fair has its source in the desire to see the complete evolution of man upon our earth. Very strong is the thought of development in us all; it is characteristic of our time specially, yet it belongs to the whole Occident. A universal exposition ought to show humanity unfolding into civilization, that is, into just such an exposition. Thus the Fair to a degree gives an

account of itself in the Plaisance, from almost the human beginning forwards.

Here the sympathetic visitor will live over the life of his own race in Time; he will start with the primitive man, and see the movement of culture down the ages. He will also live the total human life of the globe at the present moment; he will not be confined to one spot, one nation, or one continent; he must spiritually circumnavigate the earth, and fraternize with all that he beholds. Thus he begins to reach the proportions of the universal man; Space and Time are removing their limits from his soul.

Savages from each great division of the globe have come together for our study, enticed doubtless by gain, yet gain is but an instrument of some higher energy. Africa, the black man's world, has sent its contribution in the Dahomey negroes; Asia gives us the wild Bedouin, whose race has in it all stages from savage to civilized; Polynesia sends contingents along with North and South America. How much of the world is still in possession of the savage! Europe alone has no uncivilized people, though some are far to the rear; perhaps, too, the Aryan is that one of the great races which has fewest savages.

Unhistorical peoples are these savages; that is, they have no history except as they collide with historical peoples. No record of their own they hand down, unless it be a fleeting hazy cloud of folk-lore; they cannot give any true account of

themselves, they have done nothing worthy of such account. They have not reached the stage of national self-consciousness, which begets history, wherein the nation looks at itself. But when the savage and the civilized man come in contact, the latter tells the tale. The wars and battles of uncivilized tribes count for nothing seemingly in the World's History, since they are not recorded.

It may be said of all these savage peoples that they are solving the problem of life as it appears to them. Food they must have, shelter also to a limited extent, and some of them need clothing. These they have to wrest somehow from nature, and therewith the march of civilization begins. Man's mastery over nature is shown in its last and highest phase, by the Exposition; the Dahomey negro has clearly begun to travel on the same road. Then a political problem confronts the humblest race, which problem compels him usually to be a warrior.

But what we see in the Plaisance is mainly the incipient stages of human education, which starts even with the savage. Music, the dance, the song, are but forms of a rudimentary learning, which begins with a training of the body and passes into a training of the mind. A rhythm governs the motions and the voices of these people, a certain recurrence which hints of law, of an order. A subordination of caprice is

necessary in the wildest dance, an adjustment to music, which gives the rule. Then there is the subordination of many who move together; they must co-operate, they must act as one or nearly so in most of these dances; the idea of association lurks therein, and in a society the individual must adjust himself and recognize others. Also a certain harmony results, an inner harmony of character as well as an outer harmony of movement.

Thus we behold a system of education in the savage world, a barbarous system, yet truly disciplinary. These people are working at their problem in this life, with vision dim, chaotic, frantic. Yet see them labor! Very plainly they show the fundamental characteristic of human spirit; they are bursting their bounds of nature and mere animality, though still very natural and animal-like; they are rising out of their limits, and thus indicate their possibility, which is simply infinite. Self-development, education they manifest, and who sees not that fails of seeing the real inherent purpose of these doings of savages.

Moreover they all seek to figure by motion, voice, music, their relation to the Divine Governor of the world. Very crude is the expression, and capable of monstrous abuse; but they have religion, they believe in a spiritual order of some kind above them. They also believe in immortality, in the existence after death, in the

individual spirit. Therein are the two germs of all religion and of all culture — God and Immortality, or the Great Spirit and the Little Spirit, both eternal.

Very suggestive is it to study their music. Rude though it be, we can find in it the beginning of every instrument in the modern orchestra. It produces the external rhythm to which the adjustment of the body has to be made. Vibrations are started by blows on some resonant substance at regular intervals; such is the first outer form of that to which the whole man is finally to be attuned. The important place of music in all education becomes a most impressive fact in the Plaisance. The lowest savage starts to training himself through music, and becomes to a degree harmonious with himself and with the world, having an outer and an inner concord.

So, in the Plaisance, we witness the very beginning of the march of civilization, and we can follow the same road, one mile long, yet extending round the belt of the globe; a few hours' gaze, yet running through thousands of years. The man of to-day must be ideally all that his race has been — prehistoric and historic, barbarous and civilized. This is truly the deepest significance of the Plaisance as well as the ground of its attractiveness, and the reason of its being.

Nor can we help noting the evanishment of certain races. The North American Indian is doomed, he knows so himself; the present writer

has heard him call the Indian a sick man, going to die. One can note the death-mark in his features; he is dying proud, defiant, dying mainly through pride. The Polynesians are also said to be diminishing in numbers, and it looks as if the decree of Fate was against them. The African is not to be exterminated directly, he has too much pliability; but he also will probably be absorbed, bleached by centuries into a paleface. So we forecast him, not only in America but throughout the world. In Africa itself the process has manifestly begun, it began even in old Egypt. There remains the Mongolian, most stubborn of races, hard as granite, and the Caucasian, most active of races. Between China and Anglo-Saxondom is probably to be the future great struggle on this planet. Its preliminary skirmish is already heard on the Pacific coast. The intermediate field lies in the vast archipelago of the Pacific, occupied now by many varieties of the Malay stock, evidently an easy, offenseless, unaggressive race.

But of these future troubles we need at present take no account. The means are here afforded for a study of savagery in every quarter of the globe, and few of us will ever again have such an opportunity. Specially should it be seized by the profession of teachers, who can here see how the race starts to teaching itself in the primary grade, without any pedagogical science. Nor should the kindergardners be slow to take a

glimpse of nature's own kindergarden composed of grown-up infants, who, following the soul's deepest impulse, make their play-school without the aid of Froebel. Finally the thinker, trying to put together a World's History, and to see therein the workings of a World-Spirit, will often be seen meditating among the savages of the Plaisance.

1. The Africans of Dahomey have a special interest for the people of the United States. The negro is there seen in his native element, we can witness what he does for himself when he is left alone. The black race furnishes at present a large contingent of American citizens, and it is clear that Africa itself is certain to have its race troubles. It is now being seized and colonized by the leading Aryan branches of Europe — English, French, German, Italian. The present age has witnessed its exploration, we might almost say its discovery. Yet from time immemorial the blacks have overflowed from central Africa and mingled with the races which lie next on the northern border. Egypt in antiquity must have always had dealings with them; the Arabians are strongly amalgated with them; indeed Semitic tongues are spoken in Abyssinia and Soudan, and some ethnologists have derived all these Semites from Africa as their original home. Again, the African seems to have gone eastward toward the Indian Ocean and Polynesia and to have left his mark upon many islands of the

Pacific Ocean. Possibly he was carried thither as a slave, and finally mingled with the dominant population, when his time came, as he seems destined to do in America.

On the whole, the African has been the easiest prey for the slave-trader, and he makes the best slave. It is no great change from his condition in his own country. Then he possesses that supreme trait — adjustability. He becomes Christian, Mohammedan, whatever his master is or desires ; he has a pliable nature, he bends but does not break. So he is saved and prospers in slavery; indeed for him slavery among civilized peoples is a decided improvement in his condition. As one looks upon these Dahomey barbarians, one feels that slavery may not have been altogether a curse for the black man, though it certainly was for the white man. It was a great discipline of the African, but the discipline meant advancement, which hurried him along by ages.

The dances and festivals of Dahomey are heathenish, yet one must regard them as an infant school. They have manifold meanings, warlike, cruel, obscene. Yet these people are working hard and working with a zest. The king sits with great dignity on his throne in the presence of his black merry-makers. It happens to rain while I am there and we all betake ourselves to the shed for shelter and mingle with the dancers, Amazons and men. We seize the opportunity to shake hands with the old king or

chieftain, an attention which he accepts with evident pleasure from the pale-face. But what a world of antics, of caprices, of convulsions! Still, under it all a law is in the process of fulfillment.

One of the marvelous facts of Dahomey is that of the Amazons, woman soldiers who constitute the body guard of the king, "having renounced love and marriage," as the accounts of some travelers declare, rather curiously. It is said that they surpass the men soldiers of the king in courage and ferocity. In a festival, these women will tear a living ox to pieces and devour its meat warm and palpitating, like wild beasts. Human sacrifices are common in Dahomey, and voluntary suicides are at certain periods the order of the day.

But the interesting fact is that the old Greek legend of female warriors abjuring family and marriage has become a reality in African Dahomey. In Asia there may have been once such a people, whereby the Greek imagination was fired, and brought the beautiful Amazons into conflict with Athenian youths in Attica. A great subject for Plastic Art the myth of the Amazons became; some of the best remains of ancient sculpture are devoted to this theme.

But here we behold the living African Amazon, half-naked like her sculptured sister, with breast exposed, scarred, fierce, yet with far different facial lines, flat-nosed, woolly-headed, thick-

lipped, black in strong contrast with white Parian marble. Really the Greek artist shows his Amazon conquered by love for the beautiful youth she is about to slay ; the love in the woman triumphs over war. Such an artistic motive is hard to imagine in case of these African Amazons.

One cannot forbear making a reflection upon the social outlook of such a fact. Let the American woman who longs for the ballot take her Dahomey sister as an object-lesson. For here is the woman who has become a soldier, defending herself and her country even better than the man, according to good authority. Thus she has gotten her rights in Dahomey. But otherwise the women there are considered as the simple property of the husband, and he sells her as he would his beast of burden. She does all the work outdoors and indoors; she prepares her husband's food, which she presents to him on her bended knees without sharing in the meal; she has, however, the remnants to nibble at in her own little corner. But when she becomes an Amazon, all this is changed. So the American woman must in some way be able to defend her right when she has it, particularly the right of suffrage, which has sometimes to be maintained by force. If the interest in physical culture continues to engage the attention of our college girls, why should they not drill, and even shoot if necessary? Then there will be no doubt

about suffrage. Truly every right has a correlative duty, and the right of suffrage brings the corresponding duty of defending it. Otherwise it cannot mean much, if it ever gets to be. Woman must not rely upon man to defend her vote, else it will be his in the end.

About one hundred people are declared to be dwelling in these huts, wild Africans from the equatorial regions. Naked they run in their own haunts: here they are kept almost decently half-clothed, with some difficulty the manager says. They are at school working away, with much exertion; for the dance and the games, even the heathen rites, are attempts to transcend their narrow bounds, to give to nature a rhythmic order, though they be going through the slaughter of a victim. A sort of kindergarden we think of here, in spite of great differences; they are putting into play and festival their rise out of mere animalism, though the rise be very small.

There is present an orchestra which is primitive, yet shows the lines on which music has moved. First of all is the drum, being of various kinds, made of skins stretched over hollow logs, kegs, basins, kettles, producing a reverberation delightful to the savage ear. We see also a very rude stringed instrument, and a sort of flute or wind instrument. In fine one can behold the first patterns of the instruments of Thomas' orchestra, which is also an evolution.

The song is given along with the orchestra,

having refrains of various kinds, the whole being sung to the beat of the drum, which is the time-measurer. The dance follows in accord; the beat is often emphasized by the clapping of hands and the stamping of feet. Very suggestive is the performance in many ways; Pindar, the greatest of lyric poets, was the bloom of just these rude primitive elements: song, dance, instrument, word. But the word is nearly all that is left us of Pindar, while in Dahomey we can behold a totality at least, though it be in the crude germ.

Thus many beginnings can be traced by the diligent seeker in the Dahomey village, perhaps all beginnings. Still, even this barbarous starting-point is an advance. When we look upon the animals of equatorial Africa, those most resembling the human shape, the gorilla and the chimpanzee, we see the vast gulf between the highest animal and the lowest man. We shall have to confess that the Dahomeyan is educating himself, which fact we cannot affirm of the animal. He is transforming the nature given him, in whose bounds he will not rest; he must transcend them, hence he is a man. Evidently he has in him the infinite potentiality of mankind; behold him active in the dance, song, even in the bloody rite, not without a providential purpose. He is traveling toward freedom, though it may take him a million of years to reach the first mile-post.

2. Of the native races, doubtless the North

American Indian is to be placed next to the African in the scale of interest for the American. He belongs in this country, he once possessed the whole continent; with him therefore has been the white race's conflict. He is vanishing in a double struggle, outer and inner. The pale-face is destroying him, and he is destroying himself. He will not as a general rule enter civilization, so he is mowed down; the Indian is proud, he resists, he is ready to die, and he dies.

Then in every tribe there is an inner conflict. Always there are some Indians, usually a minority, who see the hopelessness of their cause, and advise acceptance of the new Order. At once against them and their party rises the conservative, who proposes to retain even unto death the customs and institutions of the fathers. The two parties often reach the point of civil war. Again, certain tribes are friendly to the whites and enemies of the wild Indians. Still more effective are the vices of civilization, specially the use of fire-water.

The Plaisance has two camps of Indians, both representative. The center of the one is the chief Rain-in-the-face; this chief is said to be the real slayer of General Custer, whose death was one of the most impressive incidents in the whole range of Indian warfare. It has taken hold of popular imagination, as Custer was a youthful dashing cavalry general who had won great distinction during the Civil War. So we

behold here the cabin of Sitting Bull, not a chief but a medicine man, evidently, however, the soul of the revolt against the white supremacy.

Thus the bloody tragedy of the border finds its type; the penalty must be paid by the civilized man to the barbarian. Similar indeed, is a very large fragment of the history of America from the beginning, but that page is pretty nearly ended in the United States; the border is carried beyond the Indian limit, and Rain-in-the-face comes to the great Fair and is shown to the crowd as the last ember of the expiring conflict.

As one looks upon his countenance, it gives signs of a great rude will; behold the strong jaws and the strong features. A stoical demeanor he shows; it is said that in the grand Indian sun-dance once he was hung up by the flesh for a day, from sunrise to sunset in order that the Sun in Heaven might behold his adamantine endurance. But greater than his stoicism is his pride; he turns away with a look of contempt from the white multitude gazing at him, he seems to feel that he is in the hands of a resistless power destroying his world, so he will not deign to give a conciliatory glance to the people who have undone his race. It is true he will shake hands, possibly smile at you while doing thus, but he will not talk, though it is said he understands and can express himself in English. He lies down, beside him are two crutches; he can fight no

more, the white man's bullet has prostrated him and reduced him to a mere show.

A tale of border horrors is connected with the cabin, fourteen men are said to have been killed in it at one time; marks of bullets are pointed out in the floor after they had passed through human bodies. Even a woman's scalp taken by some Indian, is displayed, a relic which makes the spectator shiver, yet recalls the fact of bloody massacres perpetrated by Indians during three centuries of American history. Civilization costs, and the purchase money is human life.

We pass to the second camp of Indians, which manifests another side more strongly, that of inner conflict and disintegration. It suggests remnants gathered for a final show; five or more tribes are represented in small numbers. We are treated to a selection of Indian dances, rather a waning amusement for the participants themselves, with some weak whooping. Indian tents lie scattered around containing squaws and pappooses, the picture being realistic to the last degree; women and children are sleeping on the ground, rolled up in dirty, disordered blankets and rags. Though the new-born babe is on hand, yet all indicates decline, neglect, a giving up to the inevitable. It is a pitiful sight; only one family, who call themselves Iroquois, but who are nearer to the white race than to the Indian, show industry, cleanliness and hope. Still the most

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of these persons manifest pride, or a kind of despairing defiance.

Another cause of the inner disintegration was brought to the surface while we were present. At the beginning of one of the dances an Indian became ugly, began to swear, and left the camp with threats. The manager had this short account to give of him: He had taken too much fire-water. Indeed it was only too plain that some others of the red-skins had taken too much of the white man's fire-water. Dilapidation was again the impression as one glanced at them tottering about the camp or staggering at their business. The dances no longer showed the natural frenzy of the war-spirit, only one boy really danced in a way that indicated a sober head.

So the Indians revealed themselves, in a typical melancholy picture, as a dying race. Very strong was the vanishing idea in them; proud and defiant like Rain-in-the-face, or sinking in a drunken orgy, like some others. Wholly different is the African whom we saw as a savage on the other side of the street; his material is yielding, formable, he can make himself a place in the household and also in the heart of his master. Slavery cannot destroy him, it rather helps him up to a certain point. But the Indian cannot be enslaved, he is above it, or perchance below it; that is, he cannot take that which certainly has been one of the elements of the historic

progress of the race, namely the training through servitude. Most refractory and brittle is the stuff of the Indian, he breaks through pride and defies through stoicism; the African has little stoicism or pride, though he certainly possesses vanity. Such are our two savage races on the Plaisance, one rising, the other declining, one to be transformed, the other to be destroyed.

III. The Plaisance. — Ethnic Summary.

Everybody who becomes much interested in the many peoples of the Plaisance, desires to find out some method of classifying them. How is it possible to obtain a complete survey, and put them into their proper relations with one another? Shall our point of view be geographical, ethnological, linguistic or historic? It is hard to exclude any one of these methods of division, equally hard to carry it rigidly through and apply it to the entire mass.

The old way of dividing mankind into five races has been often assailed, and undoubtedly has its defects; still it remains popular and holds its place. Again, a division based upon the relationship of language has become current, and asserts itself alongside of the one just mentioned; thus we have the threefold division of mankind, according to linguistic affinities, into Aryan, Semitic, and Turanian. Then history introduces new points of connection between nations, through war, subjugation, migration; for instance, the

Turkish citizen can be Aryan, Semitic, Turanian; or Caucasian, Mongol, African.

On the whole the simplest way of proceeding is to follow the great geographical divisions round the earth, and let the other divisions play in by the way, according to necessity. Thus we shall be able to see in the Plaisance typical examples of the races of America, Africa, Polynesia, Eastern Asia, Western Asia and Europe. A voyage round the world is it and more; it suggest the historic and pre-historic development of man.

1. We have already touched upon wild America in a previous study. Two camps of North American Indians we have observed, and have noted the fact of the rapid disappearance of their race. Here we may remark that this evanishment seems to be a characteristic of the soil. America has been fatal to races, some are dying, others are just dead, others again disappeared some centuries ago. The Pacific Coast has been the home of peoples which perished before the advance of the Indian. Mexico and Central America show many monuments of nations that have ceased to exist; in like manner the Mississippi Valley has its unrecorded mound builders. The lost clift-dwellers of the mountainous West are another example of the same kind. A museum of dead and dying races is the entire Western continent.

The question is naturally asked: "Will this

Continent be fatal to the white race, which has had only four centuries' experience here?" Some have pretended to see the signs thereof in our own people; still it would seem that Europeans thrive and multiply in the United States. A short space, however, is four hundred years; we might tell more if we could look back through four thousand. At any rate, a fitful melancholy glare is thrown upon us from these dead and dying races of America, which are also represented at the World's Fair, appearing like a death's head in all the bubbling joyous life before us. Will Chicago ever be a ruin in the wilderness? Is the sudden vanishing of the wonderful structures of the Exposition to be prophetic? You and I, my reader, may as well pass on, for we cannot wait until the Oracle has given its response.

2. Africa is represented in the Plaisance by the people of Dahomey, who have been already described. A vast unknown tract this division of the globe has been till recent times; yet it possesses a northern border, which has belonged to the known world from the earliest ages. The Mediterranean Sea has been the center, the heart so to speak, around which man's development has chiefly taken place; a strip of Africa lies on this sea. But it is separated from main Africa by a sea of sand, more terrible, less hospitable, less passable, than a sea of water. The Atlantic and

the Pacific have become easily navigable, but the desert of Sahara is hardly yet conquered. The isolation of Africa from the center of the world's advancement has been greater than that of any other division of the globe. Indeed it has had to be reached from the south at points farthest from Europe.

Yet in Africa lies the valley of the Nile, which seems to have the best right to be called the original home of civilization. Egypt, however, could not penetrate southward to any great extent; her culture flowed out of the Nile into the Mediterranean, and thence it laved every shore east and west. Up stream the world's progress could not swim apparently, it had to wait thousands of years and come around at last by way of the Ocean. Thus Africa has in it the extremes, it holds the first and the last in the movement of civilization. Both extremes are to be found in the Plaisance; the Street in Cairo will tell us much about Egypt ancient and modern, while the wild African can be seen in the Dahomey village.

3. Polynesia is that part of the globe which has separated itself into a vast number of islands, lying southeast of Asia in the Indian and Pacific Oceans. An island-world it is, in marked contrast with the other grand divisions of the earth's surface, being mostly in the tropics, and needing much evaporation of water to cool down the heat of the land for the habitation of man. This

region is occupied chiefly by many varieties of one race, the Malay, which, though often mingled with the Mongolian and the African, has a character of its own.

The Plaisance has four different types of the Malay. First are the Javanese in their bamboo village, from the border of the Indian Ocean; then come the Samoans, from the heart of the Pacific Ocean; these two are the main groups. The bungalow of Johore is from the Malay Peninsula, which belongs to the great Malay island-world, though not quite an island. To these we must add the Hawaians. Thus we have an opportunity to see a race which has no connection with Europe or America or Africa, which just touches continental Asia at one small point and then shoots off into the innumerable islands of the equatorial Pacific. A new race to most of us: what can we make of it?

The Javanese in their tidy, industrious cane homes have excited not only interest, but positive affection in the hearts of their visitors. We shall all be sorry to see them leave. So quiet, so innocent they move about, bare-footed and bare-legged, always busy apparently; a race noticeably beneath our stature, and certainly with much less will-power; they seem made to serve and to be submissive. The women are plying their little industries, particularly weaving; how slow it seems! Time is not worth much, valued by such an occupation; hence the human being cannot be

worth much in Java. Yet they are at work; a very primitive bellows moving like a churn and a blacksmith shop one observes; in strange contrast the American sewing machine is running, and keeps company with the earliest forms of mechanical contrivance. A golden yellow is the complexion of the young maiden; she has a soft voice, naturally tender, yielding; an amiable face, but not strong, showing little self-assertion. She laughs; this laugh displays her teeth filed off at the edges and stained, so that they appear as if decay had set in. Thus she embellishes herself, not to our taste; but the Javanese youth may think differently.

Java is four times larger than Holland, yet the Dutch have sailed from Europe and have seized the island, from which they draw great wealth. One feels the weakness of a race which will permit such a subjection, also the rugged Teutonic strength which can bring it about at so great a distance. The Javanese are tender-hearted rice eaters, dwelling under a warm, dreamy sky; it is no wonder that they have developed quite a taste for music. It is plain that they have harmonious natures; why should not that find expression? A peculiar kind of orchestra or combination of instruments they possess, of which the so-called percussion instrument predominates.

Characteristic is their way of dealing with foreign religions. Their oldest faith is polytheistic, based upon a rule of spirits, good and bad.

The Brahmin came, then the Buddhist, finally the Mohammedan; the Javanese man is at present a Mohammedan in name. But he keeps all his religions, and mingles them together. The one God of Mohammed he acknowledges, yet that does not hinder him from having many little gods of his primitive polytheism; nor has he lost the traces of Brahma and Buddha. Very docile is he, most submissive, even to strange deities.

One leans to the conclusion that the Javanese are the least aggressive people on the earth. By no means lazy, but always going about their task in a contented way apparently; with little striving for the beyond, they accept whatever comes, cheerfully, even thankfully, adopting foreign religions and receiving foreign rulers. Individuality they lack, they have the Oriental trait of abolishing the self-asserting will; is this a result of their Hindoo discipline in former ages? A soft, gentle, lovable race; but they evidently cannot protect themselves in their own native home, they have to get their will-power from the Occident that they be able to live in a settled institutional order. This will-power is a stern and a rough master undoubtedly, and he will be paid well for his work, since he has the ability to obtain his price; still he renders a great service, he does not get something for nothing. Thus the Dutch have helped the Javanese, for a compensation, of course. Thus, too, a few thousand Englishmen furnish the will-

power to hundreds of millions of Hindoos, and demand pay, high pay, in fact the very highest. But they give a return in the shape of order, good government, defense of the country, with certain drawbacks, doubtless, as rum and opium.

From the Javanese we can pass across the street to another people of Malay stock, the Samoans, who are squatting about in their conical houses, half naked, with tattooed arms and legs, showing a very fine physical development for the most part. One of these in particular recalls the nude Greek athlete by his large but perfect proportions of body and limb. They have had the exercise of the oar and the combat with the sea; most of the men have been sailors. Yet we feel at once that they are not an intense race, not limit-defying; they show a sense of ease and of enjoyment in spite of their big muscles.

One squats down with them, the magnificent cannibals, though a printed notice is posted up, warning the visitors not to speak of cannibalism, "as it is very offensive to them." We converse together, they all talk English, having learned it in the mission schools; the fact soon comes out that the men are Catholics and the women Protestants. Thus the great Christian rent shows itself the first thing; a Catholic priest I saw there from the city, moving about and looking after the welfare of his flock. Siva, the Samoan maiden, writes her name for me in a

good legible hand, and tells me about her home. They are polite and answer all questions patiently, with one exception possibly, that question about eating roast Missionary.

To-day (August 5), news came from Samoa that a battle had taken place between the two contestants for the throne, Metaafi and Malietoa, that the former had been beaten, and that the heads of the slain had been cut off and tossed up in the air during a march of the slayers before their king. Women fought also and were killed in the conflict; thus the Amazon has appeared among the islanders, and these Samoan girls one beholds in a possible future career. I ask friendly Penau-aitu about the dreadful report, but he, being a strong partisan of Metaafi, does not believe that his king has been defeated. He showed a little heat on the subject of Samoan politics, he resented the interference of the Germans in the affairs of his country; he claimed, however, that his people wanted the Americans as protectors. The Lord forgive him if he told a story about that. I ask him: "But how about that tossing up of enemies' heads before the king?" "The slayer must take the head of the slain to the king, to show that he is the slayer." Then he turned his naked tattooed thigh toward me and made a motion of decapitation, which could hardly be called Christian. Thus one delightfully passes the greater part of a warm, summer day, sitting among the half-naked can-

nibals on the mats under the sugar loaf hut given by King Metaafi. A kind of tropical dream also one can indulge in, after taking a glass of *kava*, the Samoan drink.

One of the most interesting performances in the Plaisance is seen in the Samoan theater, where a selection of native songs, dances, games is given with great spirit. Joy, war, victory, struggle of various kinds is represented in rhythmic movements of the body; a symbolism of nature we can trace in the various turns and attitudes. Surely these Samoans have put their life into the music of motion; the impulse of art is here, the need of expressing harmoniously what strongly engages the soul. They go through a drill with oars, very characteristic; one notes that they are islanders, existing in close relation to the sea. In fact they have caught the spirit of the waves, and show it in the form of dance and whirl and distant reverberation. Their rhythm is truly oceanic, derived from deep intimacy witn the Ocean during uncounted ages; therein probably no race equals them. The voices of these people have a natural sweetness, a soft note lurks in their speech; they cannot help being melodious. The Pacific, which rolls around the island homes of the Samoans gives them the key-note and the beat, and has attuned them till they seem by nature the most musical of men. Both calm and storm are in them, as in music; the sea transfigured into motion and

song they have brought with them to the Plaisance by simply bringing themselves.

Wonderful is that island-world, in contrast with the two massive continents of the globe, lying largely in the Southern Hemisphere, while the continuous land lies mostly in the Northern. What place has such a fact in the physical order of our planet? Will these different conditions produce a different kind of man from the continental one? Here we have him, in so far as he has developed. The United States will be compelled to do something with him soon, since he is our next neighbor toward the east. The Hawaians are of the same race, the Malay; their musical gift, too, is much admired in the Plaisance. A race more nearly related to the Ocean than any other, living within the multitudinous sounds thereof more than any other, riding on the sea-swell more than any other — will it be pliable as the yielding water, yet mount up in foaming billows of passion? The other four races have been emphatically land-races, though fragments of them have developed under favorable circumstances a maritime character. But the Polynesians are a sea-race, inhabiting a territory which has been cut up into thousands of slices and scattered through the Ocean. They now lie directly in the path of the world's movement; what will be their contribution to the spiritual treasure of mankind? Art, specially music, one may guess in advance; but the Oracle is dumb

when asked about their capacity for self-government.

4. Eastern Asia we shall look at next, for the vast Asiatic world demands a division into East and West, though to us the whole of it is the Orient. Not with much precision can the dividing line be drawn; still we can say that Japan, China and part of India belong to this portion of the globe; it is also the dwelling-place of the Mongol race and of the Buddhistic religion, yet neither the race nor the religion can be given as the exact characteristic. Hindostan is the borderland, where Mohammedanism, the religion of Western Asia, is still fighting its battle; this month (August, 1893) we read in the newspapers of riots in Bombay between Brahmin and Mohammedan.

Here, then, is a strange product for us of the West, a civilization of a peculiar kind — Eastern Asiatic. From our point of view we may call it extra-historical, it lies outside of the grand historic continuity which reaches from Western Asia through Greece, Rome, medieval and modern Europe to America. This historical stream is what we call Universal History, yet it is not universal, since we know that India and China lay outside of it with their own culture and history, going back thousands of years. It is but a short time comparatively since Eastern Asia has really begun to join the World's historic movement, being forced thereto by the Occident.

At present we shall say a little about China which has a characteristic building in the Plaisance, namely, the so-called joss-house. Note the two pagodas, flanking the entrance, each of them eight stories high, getting smaller, story by story, till the top. It is the architectural embodiment of Chinese spirit, made up of a series of links which can be concluded at any point without damaging the unity of the structure. It resembles some of the lower orders of creation, for instance, the articulates; you can sever an angling-worm, and both parts are still worms and may live. That is, the pagoda lacks organic unity as a whole, particularly when compared with a Greek temple.

Quite consistent with the many-jointed pagoda is the great Chinese emblem, the Serpent or Dragon, which is seen in manifold plastic and painted forms, wherever Chinadom gets a foothold. It is the image on the Chinese flag, on porcelain, vases, embroidery; an enormous Dragon many feet in length coils around in the joss-house of the Plaisance. A mythical monster with a horrible grotesque head — what can it mean to the Chinaman? One will seek for explanation among the native attendants here, with little result. Surely a symbol, which so many millions of people have adopted and retained, must have some significance to them at least. Our American eagle has its import for

us, plain enough; what does this fabulous shape say to the Chinese?

The best utterance we have been able to find, after delving a good deal among living natives and dead books, is the following: the Dragon keeps evil spirits out of Heaven. It is, then, a protector, guarding Heaven, and we may add, guarding the good man everywhere and the good nation. Hence it is painted on the flag, and on many utensils of ordinary life in China. Hence, too, it is kept here in the joss-house, or temple of worship, in this Chinese Heaven on Earth, ready to spring out at the innumerable cohorts of devils which hover around on the lookout to assail such place.

But the Dragon itself is a devil, a monster, a terror in shape, thus it is a devil against a devil. At this point we reach the fundamental thought: evil destroys evil, is inherently self-destructive. Or, to employ a different phrasing, the negation negates itself in the end. Thus the Serpent, the Dragon here is not the destroyer of man, which is its character in the Hebrew Mythus as transmitted to the Occident, but is the destroyer of the destroyer. Nevertheless it is a destroyer, hence diabolic, and imaged as a horrible fiend in Chinese art.

Now we have reached what may be called the ground-line of Chinese consciousness. It sees that evil, sin, the negative generally is self-

undoing, but it does not thereby attain the good completely; it idealizes the destroyer of the bad, but still conceives of him as a destroyer, as negative, as a Dragon. China does not truly reach the good, the positive, the universal, in its negation of negation, but remains still negative, an infinite series in which the evil overcoming evil is still evil and must itself be overcome by the Dragon. In other words China is a pagoda, moral, intellectual, artistic, which can also be typified in the endless articulation of the Serpent's body.

Hence Chinese Art cannot really get beyond the grotesque, its highest reach is to show the fiend undoing the fiend. It cannot attain to the positively beautiful in the Greek or Occidental sense, just as little as the Chinese consciousness can attain to the positively good. Its mythology is essentially infernal, though it may introduce from the outside a happy abode for souls in Paradise.

Somewhat abstruse, I fear, has this Chinese lesson been to thee, my patient reader, but we shall now pass on and look at some objects as illustrations. Here are two portrayals, one of the Chinese Hell, the other of the Chinese Heaven, according to the Buddhistic faith. The great Mythus of the Future State has then occupied deeply these people, with the underlying thought of reward and punishment. The figures stand out like so many puppets in a toy-box; each

looks almost like the other, certainly there is no strong characterization. Outer signs, garments, head-wear, position designate the individual; there is little or no expression of spirit, of internality.

Here, too, we see a copy of the great porcelain pagoda of Nankin, which is thought to "bring prosperity to the Chinese nation." Why? In such a structure the nation beholds itself, its symbolic work, typifying what it is and what it can do. This is the temple of its Gods; in each of the ten stories are idols which the people worship and over it all floats the dragon. Must we not see the Chinaman as a human pagoda?

Such his education has made him, for the Chinese is an educated race. Into a certain fixed mould the young minds of China have been forced for centuries; no change is allowed, no transcending of the past; divers books have been written which are final, specially those of Confucius, and certain others called the Chinese classics. Thus one generation repeats the generations before it, always getting smaller like the pagoda.

The worship of ancestors, a very important matter in the Chinese religion, leads to the same result. Not the living man but the dead progenitor is the spirit's ideal; thus the respect for family reaches an excess which destroys the free person. A long line of deceased ancestry is again the pagoda, story after story, till the whole be

topped out with the live descendant, whose chief function is to be like those before him, but less. Thus too great reverence for parents destroys individuality, a fact of which our American youth seems well aware, and at once proceeds to correct any Chinese excess in this respect.

Confucius is the great man of China, and a mighty work he has done; since 500 B. C. he has molded the Chinese brain after his own pattern and kept it pretty much the same. In the joss-house a popular work of Confucius is for sale, it treats of the duties of children to parents, and has numerous illustrations showing instances of filial devotion. I purchase a copy from the attendant, who talks a fair Chinese-English, on condition of his explaining the pictures to me. One of them portrayed the son throwing himself into the path of a tiger, while the parent fled to a safe place; another represented the son driving off the mosquitos from his sleeping parent. My informant told me that this dutiful son was but seventy years old, while the father was ninety-five. Still that father had also a father, who was to be duly worshiped, being deceased, and so the series ran back to the hazy aforetime. Thus the family has crystallized the Chinese spirit into rigid limits, and filial duty has overwhelmed other duties. Still it might be well for our American boy and girl to take a few lessons in Confucius.

The attendant also offers for sale a Chinese almanac, which is used not merely to ascertain

the day of the month, but to find out the day which is fortunate or ill-boding. Before the Chinaman takes a journey or does anything of importance, he consults this almanac or luck-book, and thus is determined, not through his own will but from the outside, to a certain course of conduct. Therein, however, he is like the mass of people everywhere, who have their lucky and unlucky calendar.

Nor must the visitor forget to look at the picture of Confucius hung up on the wall of the joss-house. The curious fact about it is that it does not look like a Chinaman's portrait altogether; one feels inclined to question its authenticity. At any rate here it hangs, the supposed image of China's greatest man; very certain, however, is the fact that his spirit is here.

MISCELLANEOUS.

I. Though the predominance of the Oriental element in the Plaisance is strongly felt, we must not forget that there is also an important European element present in it, and adding to its diversity and completeness. This European element is chiefly seen in the village life of two leading European races, Teutonic and Celtic. The Teutonic is represented by two villages, showing the dualism in the German world, which in these days has divided the same into two great empires, the German to the north, the Austrian to the south ; and also into two great religions, Protestant and Catholic. Old Vienna is still a German city with German language, customs, music and architecture, though it rules over Slavonic and even Turanian peoples. The intense Teutonism of the North relaxes, and spreads

itself out in the South, an easy enjoyment of life prevails, people eat and drink to the strains of sensuous music. We feel the difference at once when we pass into the German village; more strength, more internality; the German home is given, but the main thing is the museum of arms, military, Prussian, with the soldiers on guard even here. Sandow, the German athlete, just now is showing himself at Chicago and has become the type of his people, the strongest man in the world, yet a gentleman, a man of culture trained at the German University, not by any means a barbarous prize-fighter, though he will probably fight in case of necessity. Then the music in the German Village is highly characteristic: military, organized with a march in it like the tread of an army. One cannot help comparing it with the squeaking Turkish music just opposite — weak, noisy, chaotic. Yet the Turk is always on the street making a prodigious uproar in person, which no German does; the latter stays inside his high walls (the Turk has no walls) and listens to his own music and to his own soul in response, drinking, it is true, his glass of beer. Thus he hints a highly developed inner life, with emotion, sentiment, perchance sentimentality; specially he is the philosopher of the world. Marked is the contrast between the most external and the most internal peoples of Europe, the Turk and the German, here set

opposite one to the other, and each revealing himself in architecture, custom, art, in the very noises which each is making.

Of the once powerful Celtic race we have a small fragment represented in Ireland, which, though not a large country, has to have two villages. At once we ask, why not concentrate effort and have one village and a good one? Alas! The Irish would not be Irish, unless they showed a split; their national condition seems to be that of dissension, inner disruption and partisan rancour. Thus, after all, they are right in having two villages, revealing the deep, inherent dualism which has hitherto rendered national unity impossible. Surely another symbolic fact has uttered itself in this case. Perhaps we may see herein also, the grand Celtic characteristic; for the Celt holds to-day no independent national position in Europe, he is ruled and apparently has to be ruled by the Teuton, in Great Britain as well as in France, in both of which countries is still found an important Celtic element. With all his brilliant qualities the Celt seems unable to organize himself, and so he has to be organized from the outside. But what a noise he makes in the meantime! In the face of the whole world, particularly in America, he airs his home quarrels; hence, the matter had to come out at the Fair, where the first thing everybody sees is the rent, a result of feud in which women seem to

have led. The most significant fact about the Irish village is, therefore, that there are two Irish villages resulting from internal dissension transplanted to American soil. Two German villages also, it may be said, but back of these stand two independent empires.

As the Celtic seems to be the receding branch of the Aryan race in Europe, so the Slavonic seems to be the advancing one, with the Teuton in the middle and at his culmination. The Slav has not shown himself with any distinctness on the Midway; but the Laplander, belonging to a prehistoric Turanian stock is on hand with his reindeer, though his people have receded into a remote nook of Europe.

Thus we pass through this living museum of ethnology, far better than any dead collection of antiquities. To see the people themselves, alive, moving, acting, in their costumes, manners, buildings, business, is far more instructive than to look at their remains in art, or their empty armor, or their skeletons. It is well to read the Sacred Books of a people, still better is it to see this people, and to note what kind of a life those Sacred Books have called forth. A dissertation on Mahommedan or Hindoo doctrines at the Congress of Religions is a good thing; but the living comment on these doctrines as realized in the institutions and social condition of a nation is the best.

Verily in the Plaisance we begin to touch the substructure of a true World's History. The globe's belt of 25,000 miles reduced to one mile; 6,000 years (and probably more) compressed to six months (and probably less); thus mind, the wonderful Ariel, has to girdle not only Earth's space, but also Earth's time.

II. Very natural is it that the Orient should hold tenaciously to the idea of a lapse, a primitive fall, strongly set forth in the story of Paradise. Must not the Orientals think that the Occident is a lapse from the higher Orient? Nature even suggests it apparently in the rising of the Sun in the East and the setting of the same in the West. The lapse is their assertion of self, of their place in all culture. They inculcate it in their Holy Books, thus affirming themselves to be the primal source of goodness and wisdom. Undoubtedly they involve themselves in this original lapse, still their people were the sacred people, and are yet the true believers.

On the contrary, the Occident, in order to assert itself, must hold to the opposite doctrine, namely, a progress out of the Orient, an evolution from lower to higher advancement in civilization. Not the fall of man, but his rise is the fundamental faith of the Occident, in spite of its Theology, largely borrowed from the Orient. Thus the deepest dualism of the Human Spirit

and of the World's History lurks in those two words, Orient and Occident, and surges through the mind with tremendous power in the Plaisance.

The interplay between these two influences is probably the greatest question of to-day. European energy is working back upon Asia as never before. Asiatic mind is in many forms making new paths westward. Still the inherent difference between Orient and Occident remains, and shows a secret trend toward some new synthesis of the opposing forces.

III. One will seek to classify the sounds of the Plaisance, its colors, and its motions.

There is the chaotic background of mere noise, which, however, has a character of its own, that of relaxation and mirthfulness. But above the hubbub and through it wind strains of music, diversified and tinged with national characteristics. The musical instruments also furnish quite a study in themselves. Is there any reason why the Scotch specially prefer a bag-pipe, and the Chinese a gong? The most universal instrument is probably the drum, which gives the first form of rhythm for bodily movement. The regular recurrence of the beat calls for a primitive harmony between the man and the sound. The variety of drums on the Plaisance is very great. The Dahomey negroes have an orchestra of drums which are made of skins stretched over barrels, casks, hollow logs, etc. The South Sea

Islanders belabor with a maul a huge trough hollowed out from the trunk of the tree. The Arabian drum-beater sits on a camel and pounds with great energy a covered kettle; sometimes a squeaking wooden instrument is added. The American fife and drum belong also to the primitive music of the Plaisance. We may say that the drum, with its very slight organization of sound, is the beginning of instrumental music.

Above the drum must rank the whistle or squeaker rising at last to fife, flageolet and flute. A column of air is made to vibrate through a tube with vents for the fingers. Thus a rude scale starts into being. Such an instrument united with the drum, which has no scale, but only time, begins the primitive orchestra; sound is not simply measured by a drum-beat, but gets pitch and a certain quality. Thus the Plaisance shows the path which leads up to Thomas' orchestra, which plays in the Exposition grounds and does not descend to the Midway. Still, for the investigator, the Plaisance itself is the true orchestra here, embracing nearly every stage of development in instruments and musical tones, from Dahomey upwards. One, by carefully listening, can hear this orchestra playing, if not with great sweetness, at least with decided significance. In all these cases music is an external vibration of air which starts an internal movement in the soul; be the man savage or civilized,

music brings together and harmonizes the outer and the inner being of him.

Of course, the culmination of the music of the Plaisance is found in the German bands. Yet, even here we mark a difference in spirit. One needs but hear the Prussian band and then the Austrian, in order to account for Sadowa. The grand Teutonic dualism, which is seen in the two villages, also very plainly shows itself in the music played in each.

IV. As to the colors of the Plaisance, the most striking manifestation is in the variegated costumes. Highly diversified is the display of tints and of dress; the fascination is to sit down in some nook, watch it and try to find the order in the ocean of Oriental caprice. Law must lurk underneath all these shifting appearances and control them.

It is the man who makes himself picturesque in the East; the woman lives properly in seclusion, she ought not to show herself. But in the Occident the man ridicules such decoration of the man, while the woman is expected to trick herself out in fine dress. She is the picturesque person of the human pair in the West; just compare the head-gear of the two sexes passing down the Midway. Then take a glance at the variety of Oriental turbans worn by men.

The present costume of the Occidental man is made for business, not for the picturesque, which

the Oriental loves, not for the statuesque, which the old Greek loved. He has evolved his breeches out of a savage ancestor as well as himself. He has to move unencumbered by his wrappage. A skillful eye can read the world's development in its dress. Well did Carlyle seize upon clothes as a symbol, and the history thereof as a genuine utterance of human spirit, in his famous book, *Sartor Resartus.*

V. Color at the World's Fair has risen into colossal proportions by means of electricity and pyrotechnics. A new art of illumination is hinted in these grand displays; light with its variations of color, thrown upon the vast background of night, moonlit, starlit, or clouded into many shapes of flying dragons, has produced the most wonderful spectacular effects, embracing land, water and sky in their natural magnitude. A kind of nocturnal painting by means of color we have witnessed on a scale of grandeur which makes every portraiture on canvas seem insignificant, and calls up the picture gallery of the future employing the walls and the canopy of the real Heavens, whereon to paint man and his works as well as angels and divinities.

Why should not a million eyes at the next Chicago World's Fair behold the Last Judgment thrown upon the skies over Lake Michigan and witness the coming of the Son of Man seated literally upon the clouds, while electricity, the

new Lucifer or Light-bearer, flashes over the waters below, and transforms the billows into a rolling sea of fire, like the infernal pit? And the very cupola of the Heavens above could also be illuminated with the forms of the Blessed in Paradise as they float about the Dome of the World's Cathedral. Such shapes painting has seized upon hitherto, but it is merely the prophecy of grander appearances. Michel Angelo's pictures in the Sistine Chapel would then reach a mightier fulfillment. In fact, the new illustrations of the Divine Comedy will be given with panoramic reality on a scale which will make Dante prophetic of the new art. Nor must we forget the fog-horn at the mouth of Chicago River which is to blow, like Gabriel, the last trumpet in the grand final spectacle.

The reader of Dante will recollect the parallel thereto, in the awful blast of the horn sounding out of the fog or darkness in the lowest depths of the Inferno — a blast which temporarily frightened poor Dante into a fit.

Why should not the human form be produced upon the sky before a million spectators by means of electrical painting, with its own perspective and color? A group of gigantic forms we can easily imagine drawn upon this celestial canvas. Nay, a new element can be added to such a style of painting, namely movement. The figures or groups of figures can be made to

change place and thus to show action, whereby the spectacle becomes dramatic. A battle can be fought upon the clouds, with discharge of artillery and explosion of missiles, accompanied by all the thunders and flashings which belong to such a scene.

In such vast outlines a new Art begins to show itself, worthy of and adequate to the new colossal works of man in the West. Nothing is plainer at the World's Fair than that, of the old arts, Sculpture and Painting have become historic, and must ascend into a newer and more universal Art. Limit-breaking is the spirit here, taking the old not as the top of the ladder, but as a step therein. The electric artist is the coming Michel Angelo.

VI. In the Plaisance, the movement of the human body has obtained a great variety of expression through the dances. In this field, too, national character finds an utterance. The motion of the limbs is the most immediate, spontaneous expression of life and soul; the dance, however rude, is an attempt to order the chaos of jerks, gestures, leaps which the vital energy of man impulsively flings out of itself. An education it is, or a beginning thereof, by which the caprices of movement are subjected to a kind of law and made rhythmical. The savage dancers of Dahomey we have already considered in this light.

As we pass through the Plaisance making a little study of the dancing, we observe a kind of gradation. The mild-souled Javanese dance with their hands mainly, in the softest curves of gesticulation, which it is quite impossible for the hardy, strong-willed people of Northern latitudes to acquire. The girls in the Java theater lull the eye with their graceful sweep of arm and hand; a tropical breath comes out of their motions, and harmonizes with their low, sweet, gentle voices. But their neighbors on the Plaisance, the Irish, dance with their legs and feet; hands are hanging down at t he side of the body and seem in the way. On exhibition are young and old men, who certainly make a shuffling of the feet which is intricate, rapid, and very noisy. But the Javanese with the delicate wavings of the hand make no noise, nor is the motion rapid, and it always seems simple. May we not affirm that the two peoples divide, to a certain extent, on the same lines? The Irishman is a strong man, but boisterous, he is always heard from, wherever he may take up his abode. His favorite clog-dance accompanied by the bag-pipe does not belie him.

Hands and feet we now have seen dancing; why should not that part of the body which lies in the middle have its turn? It has, and this brings us to the famous abdominal dance (*danse*

du ventre) in the Turkish, Algerine and Egyptian theaters. A dance specially cultivated in Mahomedan countries, it seems, where the man has many wives; these dancing girls show the woman as temptress, seeking to win the man through sensuous enticement. The visitor who goes to the Fair to investigate, can well trace in this dance a phase of Oriental life, a social outcome thereof. The chief function of the female is to charm the male; her look, her face, her gesture and movements indicate the one supreme end; no training, mental or moral, except to please and allure. The result is a kind of fixed features, a crystallized smile, making them all look alike to a degree; woman in the Orient is not strongly individualized. One may note a similar look in early Greek statues, while Greek art was still under Oriental influence.

From a physiological point of view, this dance is not only health-giving, but develops strength in those parts which are under great strain during maternity. Here, too, we may catch a hint of a social fact in the Orient, the woman's chief function is to bear strong men, the lords of creation; even her amusement is to prepare her for that duty. It would not probably hurt the American girl to practice this dance a little, not in public of course. At least we may see in it a good side, and a purpose not wholly sensuous, though it be not recommended for the ball-room.

VII. The Moorish Palace, outside and inside, will command a good deal of attention. The architecture hints an Arabian prototype ; the form of the windows, the play of colors, the horse-shoe arches make a very suggestive whole ; the architect has certainly imparted to it a Saracenic touch. When we enter the building, a world of appearances, shows, simulacra, rise before us on every side. One will see the waxen figures addressed as living beings, and the living attendants looked at as waxen figures.

But the mirrors produce the greatest surprises and strangest delusions for a short time, the cause being essentially the reflection of a reflection, which second reflection is again reflected, and so on, *ad infinitum.* The individual goes to a triangular room in which the mirrors are placed at such an angle that the image repeats itself many times, a thousand times it is said in the advertising bill. Thus is there seen the one substance casting its manifold shadows — a species of Oriental emanation or lapse from the one to the many, and from substance to shadow. We look into the Bottomless Well, which has one mirror above the head and one below; again there is an indefinite repetition downwards, suggesting the unattainable beyond or the infinite series from the highest to the lowest, in a scale of gradual descent.

Then we enter the Labyrinth, in which the arch is reflected many times in succession, so that the whole seems a long arched passage whose vista reaches out to the end of vision. Into this passage the visitor offers to go and take a stroll, when he is brought face to face with his mirrored semblance in a kind of collision, or kiss, it may be. Significantly do some people get lost in this maze of reflections, though the whole room containing it is but a few feet square.

The outer reflection leads to inner reflection, and the mind begins to trace resemblances and to find analogies. Is not this a picture of the Arabic consciousness to a degree? Granada, the Moors and Alhambra certainly flit through the imagination. Man here dwells in a world of shadows, with which he becomes strangely entangled.

The Arabian tales float before us again, being suggested by these appearances; the story of Sindbad with its repetitions finds a counterpart. We thought, too, of a mathematical science, algebra, an Arabian product, and its perpetual wrestle with the so-called infinite series, dwindling down toward nothing in endless self-repetition, like the faces in the Bottomless Well. Arabian philosophy too, with its Pantheism ; the individual is but this shadowy semblance, flitting in Time and Space, and slowly vanishing into the Infinite.

VIII. The Turk is on hand in the Plaisance, and we have a limited opportunity of looking at him who has been called the sick man of Europe, though he is not sick here, being the noisiest fellow on the street. The Turkish village is the most open of all the villages, and has a long line of rambling houses set down on the ground without much order. This confusion of building hints an imperfect condition of civic spirit. The architecture probably images the people. A barn-like construction prevails, their houses are sheds for temporary use. The Turk has put up the most insubstantial buildings at the Fair. The sign of uncertainty is in them all; he is not going to stay long. Of course this is to be expected on the present occasion; but the same trait runs through all his work in Europe. He proclaims himself a mere sojourner, if not an intruder; he in his heart believes that he will not remain a great while even in Turkey. One can see in Greece masonry, laid by the Turk not a hundred years ago, tumbling down, while alongside of it is Greek work 3,000 years old, which is still perfect and in place. Some Arabic ornaments are tacked on here and there, but you can always see the Turk underneath. Touches of European and Arabic culture can be noticed on the outside, but they have not become internal and organic. A tent-village, to be pulled up and moved to-morrow, is still suggested; a nomad and a Tartar cannot build with the thought of permanence.

This lack of substantiality he shows by his conduct here; he indulges in antics, catch-cries of broken English, jokes and hubbub generally in order to get the attention of the passer. Some have said that all this does not represent Turkey, and that the Turkish village is purely a speculative enterprise of some Oriental Jews. That the whole is a money-making job, one may well believe, certainly it does not pretend to be a charity; still the originators, whoever they be, are seeking to represent Turkey, and they have made the Turk the noisiest fellow in the Plaisance, and have given the village a distinctive Turkish meaning.

The mosque is here too, as simple and as bare as a New England meeting-house; its minaret is in striking contrast to the highly decorated minaret of the mosque in the Street in Cairo. In these two structures we can catch a glimpse of the difference between the two chief Mahommedan peoples, the Turk and the Arab. A third important Mahommedan nation is represented in the Plaisance, the Persian, of Aryan stock. Thus is brought to mind in these few acres how the Prophet, being of Semitic blood, has extended his spiritual sway over peoples of the two other great races of mankind, Turanian and Aryan. But the latter have modified their Semitic religion, which is still seen to be foreign to them in a certain degree.

IX. In the Chinese Theater the visitor will seek to witness not simply the acting, but to find out the significance of the play. He has probably his Shakespeare in mind, and he will strive to see how the Chinese dramatist will treat the great collisions of life, in comparison with the British poet. In one of these plays temptation is the pivotal theme; it comes to the young Prince who is already married, in the shape of the scarlet woman who is an evil spirit. The fall, the remorse, the gradual recovery of the sinner are all portrayed, but the internal change through repentance is accompanied with a great display of jugglery and mystifying tricks, which seem to have a restorative effect upon the erring Prince. If we understood the matter, the internal process of repentance, the spirit's transformation through spirit, is not fully revealed to the Chinese mind, but remains, in part at least, a mystery, a jugglery. How different is Shakespeare! Moreover, the same young Prince is married to two wives; and the Occidental mind, habituated to monogamy, asks: If you have two already, why not take a third. *C'est le premier pas qui coute?* In a polygamous country, such as China is, the problem of the scarlet woman is surely not so hard to dispose of, and the dramatic collision which involves such a character, is not very intense. Thus in dramatic art also the difference between Orient and Occident shows itself.

In another Chinese drama (recollect, the programmes are printed in English), two Princesses are the central figures, and fight a drawn battle with each other, whereby they become reconciled and declare themselves sisters forever afterwards, in mutual admiration of womanly prowess. One is a daughter of the Emperor, the other is the daughter of a tributary King; the daughters reconcile their respective parents, who were at war; the result is peace to the realm through the mediation of the Princesses. So the Chinese playwright exalts the woman, and makes her, in his own way, a mediatorial character as Shakespeare has so often done — Portia, Rosalind, Hermione. But these are all peaceful heroines; the Chinaman goes a step further and makes his woman a fighter as well as a reconciler; wherein he may possibly be prophetic. Such a curious glimpse we catch here concerning the advanced woman in this Oriental theater: first, the two fight a duel, then they reconcile themselves, then they reconcile their royal parents, and finally they bring peace to a disrupted empire. Does not that overtop Shakespeare?

Interesting will it be to witness in the Chinese style a collision of Love, the most universal of all themes of art. The following story is explanatory of one of the compartments of the Chinaman's Hades: a boy and a girl have fallen in love with each other, but the parents have

betrothed the girl to another, that being the parental right in China. Her lover dies of a broken heart, when he finds out the situation; she kills herself at his grave, believing that she will be united with him in Hades. So far we have a Chinese Romeo and Juliet. But mark the addition; the youth to whom she has been betrothed commits suicide at her grave, that he may appear beyond, and stop the union and have the lovers punished. Thus is the right of the parent vindicated not only in this life but in the other — seemingly an offshoot of the Chinese worship of ancestors. Surely to the Chinaman the universe would fall to pieces if a parent's will could be thwarted by the child, even through self-destruction. Again, how different is Shakespeare! He, true to the spirit of the Occident, gives to the daughter the right of choosing her husband against the will of the parent, even in this life, saying nothing of what is beyond. Such is the freedom which he claims for the daughter, and thus he has become the prophet of woman's emancipation. Herein we may observe the true contrast between the Chinese and Western Drama; in the preceding play of the Two Princesses, the exaltation of the woman is not the reality, but a far off presentiment. Still the human heart is the same in China as elsewhere, and love asserts its supreme power; the lovers, in spite of parental authority and the terror of Hades, prefer death to separation.

Nor would the Western consciousness take to the following as a basis for a novel, drama or work of art: A dutiful son who is penniless, loses his father by death, and, to give the latter a decent burial, sells himself into slavery. So the dead father is better than the living son at any moment. Then comes the reward for filial piety, though this has destroyed human freedom: God sends one of the seven angels of Heaven to be his wife. Neither such a son nor such a God can arise in the Occident. Very plain does it appear in the case of China that the Family can become overbalanced in its one-sided stress, and destroy the very individual whom it ought to cherish.

Let the visitor contemplate also this work of art which is set before him in the joss-house: a picture shows a butcher being pounded into a jelly for having killed a calf, as it is a capital offense in China to kill an animal. The calf is as good as the man, and is made his offset; such is the worth of humanity. A religious conception, transmigration, probably lies at the basis of this punishment.

China is indeed the greatest problem in the World's History. It has an age reaching into the remotest antiquity; Egypt, Babylon, Judea, Greece, Rome, have risen and passed away in its presence; still it is alive, and is becoming the storm-center of the Orient. It has universal education, literature, culture; its people are one-

fourth, possibly one-third of the total human race. It persists, it cannot be assimilated, representing the stationary on this globe, while the western peoples have had movement, progress, evolution, therewith decay and death. Opposed the two principles have been hitherto; but are they not two sides of one deeper principle which is to make the new synthesis of civilization?

X. Thus have we studied and sought to bring into the order of thought this wonderful Plaisance, the greatest surprise of the Fair, and one of its greatest and most original exhibits. Not sufficient has been the word, though the result of no little labor and reflection, and it may be added, of love. The subject is always reaching out beyond and beyond, limit-defying; yet just this is a phase of the unique experience. The Plaisance will probably be remembered longer than any other part of the Fair and will be more frequently reproduced; it has in it the seed of the future, and will hereafter develop into proportions now unspeakable. All the peoples of the earth are yet to come together along some future Midway and get acquainted with one another in customs, arts and institutions. They all must have been created for some purpose; even the barbarian has his undoubted place in the Supreme Order, and must be given his right. Hitherto savages so-called have been simply an unexplained negative element of mankind, which

element was to be exterminated by civilization. But now we catch a hint that they also belong to the grand total of humanity, and are in the world's process, which must no longer play a destructive, but a constructive part toward the inferior races.

But not alone barbarians are here; highly civilized people of the East are present and are showing what they have done in the line of art, of industry, of intellectual and social improvement. Can we fraternize with their work, and annex it to our own spiritual domain? Soul-stretching, barrier-bursting is the process, uprooting our deepest prejudices of race and religion, and compelling us to revise our fundamental ideas as never before. Strange as the statement may seem, the Midway becomes a preacher, a missionary to some of us, starting a kind of palingenesis, breaking through the hardest crystallized limits of the spirit, and setting free a human soul which did not know till now that it was in prison. Not to speak of religion, what shall we say to this Oriental art? We of the West have been dominated by the Greek ideal, but here is another ideal, very different, infinitely elaborated, wrought out with the greatest technical skill. We are repelled by it, but hundreds of millions in Asia accept it; can we not, must we not take it up into our spirit's being, if we wish to be a total man, measured by

the race's standard? In conclusion, we may repeat a text already repeated: The Plaisance is a voyage round the World and down Time.

XI. And yet we have omitted from these studies the greatest study of all — the World's Fair City. Repeatedly it has been noted that there was something at work mightier than all the plans of the individuals in charge, something which had the power of getting its purpose accomplished, often without the knowledge of, and sometimes in spite of, those having authority. A number of the supreme architectural effects came of themselves without the bidding of any architect; the Midway planned itself and fought its career out to the end, in defiance of a narrow and harassing official policy.

Still more striking was the manifestation of this spirit in the city itself, which seemed possessed by a demonic energy, and had the power to do whatever it pleased. A truly Marathonian deed done by a single community; this deed was more than urban, more than national, it was world-historical, and raised Chicago at once to the rank of a world-city, American still, yet also cosmopolitan. What is this spirit, which, seizing hold of a people at rare intervals, causes them to accomplish such wonders? Its presence was felt by every thoughtful visitor at the Fair; it was a mighty spell which made even the ordinary man greater than himself.

Profound thinkers, poets, philosophers, have long recognized such a spirit lurking in human affairs at certain pivotal epochs, and have sought to seize it and name it, and make it comprehensible for thought. We may call it the World-Spirit, which, when it wishes to manifest itself in a new era, takes possession of a city or a whole people, and through them makes itself a reality in time. The only explanation and the final view of Chicago in this business is that the World-Spirit had hold of her, and every citizen acted under the spell of that subtle yet resistless influence.

And now for a look at the other side, the individual side of the Fair, in which poor, weak mortal man shows himself in undress. All sorts of bickerings, animosities, personalities; envy finds a harvest, and especially self-exploitation thrives, in which Chicago is never wanting. An enormous number of individuals must be employed in doing the work of the Fair, high and low, each with his and her own ambitions, jealousies, notions of self-importance. No wonder that this wriggling mass should get into conflict with itself, and produce a clashing of authority and multifarious wrangling. The ladies have their unfathomable troubles; Chicago has an unusual number of ambitious women, eager to do something for the universal good, quite as eager to get the credit for doing it.

Then social claims and prejudices: What an inexpressible tangle! A Duchess comes to town, and somebody is not invited to see her, whereat a furious tempest, with accusations and resentments — even woman's hottest tears are not wanting to the cauldron already seething. The men are indeed no better, being born of woman. The committees from the several States find fault because of a lack of attention; and indeed are they not important personages, senators, representatives, mayors, and what not? It is too bad; let indignation find vent in the newspapers.

Now the emphatic point is to see how all these personal ends, schemes, ambitions, jealousies are just the means taken by the World-Spirit to bring forth its end. Behold all these individuals working for dear life, each with his own secret hope or plan for himself, yet held by an unseen and to him unknown power, and driven to his task with a scourge wielded by the seven devils. "Being shoved, he thinks he shoves;" a veritable Walpurgis-Night, in which individuality is given the fullest play of freedom, yet is overruled by a mightier power. Undoubtedly the work had to be done by individuals who showed skill and devotion; but whenever a man stood by himself, apart from the great totality, he seemed small, weak, inadequate. The Fair produced no Hero, no towering personality, in whom its Idea took a grand living embodiment; its administra-

tion distinctly fell below its Idea. Many individuals co-operated and must have their place in its history, but behind them was a spirit greater than any one of them or even all of them. The City was the Hero, for the City through its deed was able to make itself the incarnation of the World-Spirit, and thus call forth an epoch.

WORKS BY

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