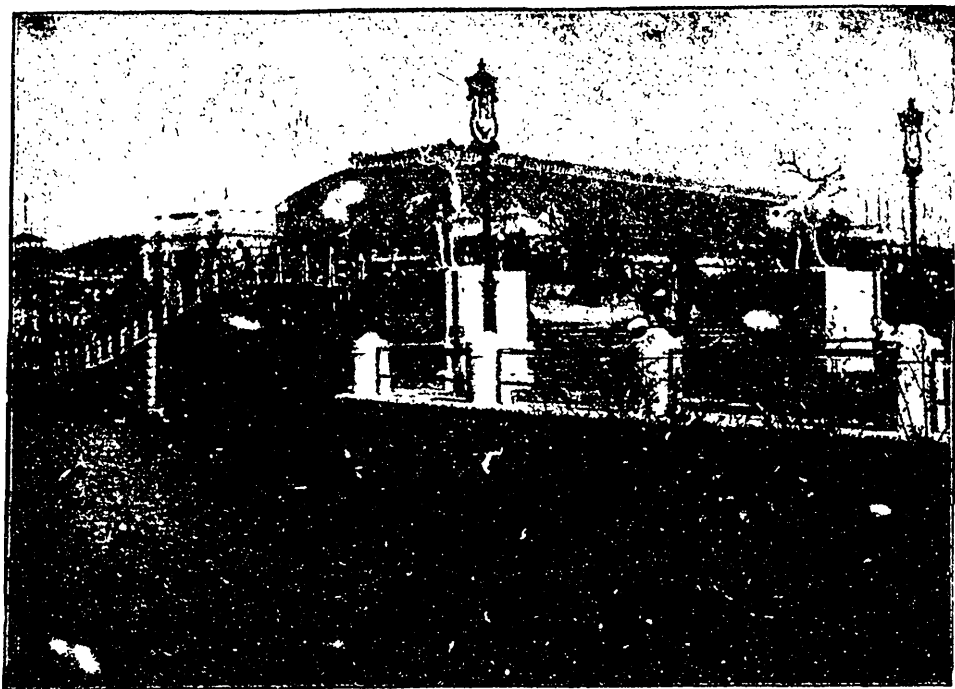




VIEW IN THE PARK LOOKING TOWARDS THE MANUFACTURES
BUILDING.

Soon, however, another guard, some distance off, espied me in the act of getting the German Building on the focusing-glass. As he hurried to me in apparent good-nature I held up the invaluable permit and shouted to him to stand still and have his picture taken. It worked like magic—the smile depicted in that countenance would have cured a bad case of dyspepsia. His features, though, assumed normal conditions when he learned that his order for one would have to be filled from Toronto and that the picture would not be finished (developed) for some weeks.

The Columbian guards are for the most part a decent lot of young fellows—quite unsophisticated, and many of them from the back country districts—who have been clad in gay uniforms and endowed with sufficient authority to make them feel—some of them, at least—as though a good deal of the World's Fair belonged to them. The poor, much-used “permit” (which I at last tied to the camera handle that, if possible, all the world might know I was not a thief and a robber) had to be produced no less than eight or ten times that day, if not more. Sometimes a guard who challenged my right to be making photographs