

## Of Interest to Women

### Down the Pike.

Everyone said "Don't do the Pike until night; it isn't half as fascinating in the day time," and we realized the wisdom of this advice when night came and we gaily started forth, for everything looked so much more mysterious and interesting in the twinkling glow of innumerable electric lights, than in the broad glare of the sun.

Talking of electric lights reminds me that as yet I have made no mention of the wonderful electric display which, to me, was one of the most beautiful things in the whole exhibition.

Saturday night we went out in a gondola and I can scarcely describe to you the witchery of the still summer night as we drifted through the quiet lagoons, lazily propelled by our picturesque gondolier, or stopped under the arches while he made the echoes resound with the melody of his Italian love song.

Looking up, we saw the Cascades, with their miniature Niagara, now golden, now ruby, now emerald, as the lights changed and the bubbling crystal fountain sending up intermittent jets of silvery spray.

Each and every building seemed like a fairy palace with its myriad electric bulbs showing forth its dazzling whiteness against the black night, and all the world seemed an enchanted fairy-land. It was with a sigh that one came back to earth and all the life and glow of the Pike.

Here was a group of Indians dancing wildly to the beating of tom-toms; over there a "spiel" loudly proclaimed the wonders of the show within. Bands seemed to be playing in every direction; the cafes were full of people and the Pike itself was thronged with men, women and children of every nationality.

A wheeled chair came along with a beautifully-gowned woman languidly leaning back in a posture so evidently leading that you could hardly keep back a smile. Near her the inevitable small boy was shrilly declaring his intention of seeing every show on the Pike, of he went "bust." Along came a couple of Japs in their rickshaws, and then a Turk leading a camel. It was a kaleidoscope scene, ever shifting, ever changing, with only the background the same.

A daring tight rope walker was performing away up in the air; advertise some show; we could hear the splash of the boats as they came down into the water after "shooting the chutes;" and right beside us was a man urgently inviting us to "get your tickets for the scenic railway."

One party was so large that the inevitable split occurred and fortunately so, for we compared notes afterwards and we were able to describe much to each other that all had no time to see.

First of all, I went to Ireland, which is undoubtedly one of the most picturesque and interesting spots on the Pike. A very charming little theater where an excellent entertainment is provided; a salesroom with the most exquisite Irish lace and linens; another salesroom with every variety of souvenir; McKelvey's cottage, an old chapel and the famous Blarneystone are but a few of the attractions there.

Coming out from Ireland we made our way to "Fair Japan," and in an instant the scene was changed. Instead of merry lads and gay colleens and hearty Irish laughter, dance and song, we were in a land of mystery, with dark-eyed, inscrutable-faced Japs in their gay kimonos, with their halting tongues and broken accents. The only thing that seemed quite sure of was the price of their articles, and I was very much amused at the fruitless endeavors of one of our party that she was asking too much for the artificial cherry blossoms which she was busily manufacturing.

"How much?" said the newspaper-woman, holding up a spray of the exquisite flowers.

"Fifty cents," said the Jap girl, with her shy smile.

"Fifteen!" said the woman of the pen.

"No! No! Fifty!" retorted the Jap, and they kept it up for several minutes, but the commercial instinct of Japan prevailed and fifty cents it remained.

Here, too, was a pretty little theater where geisha girls sang and danced to their weird, and to our western ears, unbecomingly music.

Miniature lakes and tiny trees were lit up by beautiful Japanese lanterns. Dark-faced Japs presided over gay booths, where you could buy kimonos made in Japan, and all sorts of Oriental souvenirs.

It was indeed "fair" Japan, but we had not time to linger, and we hurried on to "Mysterious Asia," with its narrow paved streets, its odd camels with their swarthy attendants, its noisy theater and its rows of booths where you could buy things which ranged in price from 25 cents to \$500.

A stately member of our party whom we called the chaperon, mounted a camel with a little Frenchman from one of the Canadian exhibits, and then ensued a time of joy for long as the "chaperon" clutched the camel's hump and the Frenchman clutched her, both in unison shrieked "Oh! stop it, stop it!" and the Frenchman added, "It hurts me much." While even over the dark face of the Turk there flitted an evanescent smile.

In "Mysterious Asia," too, is the wonderful old Turk, Sasso, who seems to gaze down into the very depths of your

soul as he takes your hand, and unlocks the doors of the future for you. You begin to believe in fortune telling as he sits there quite calmly and tells you things you thought unknown to any but yourself.

"Can you tell me my name?" I asked, and placing my hand against his forehead, he said, "Think of it. Concentrate your mind on that one thought," and in a minute he had told it correctly.

We came out quite impressed, but on the "Pike" quite merry. "Creation," where, after sliding through vista after vista of different countries by a sluggish canal, we arrived at our landing place and there, after passing through many illusions, we reached the little theater where by a series of panoramic moving pictures, the glories and wonders of the creation of the world are said to be shown.

As the production of the world out of chaos, it was really wonderful and very beautiful, and indeed, all was well until the human element was introduced, but when Adam and Eve came on, the solemnity was taken out of the whole thing for me, for Eve advanced with such a "hard" face and such rough cheeks that the man beside me exclaimed, "Well, Eve certainly knew the use of cosmetics."

Yet, "Creation" was well worth seeing, though to our old-fashioned Canadian minds the idea of the reproduction of sacred things in these secular ways seems repulsive. They tell me that the "Passion Play," which I was unfortunately unable to see, is very beautiful, and indeed it may be so, but to my mind the sufferings of the "Man of Sorrows" are too sacred and too wonderful to be degraded by modern reproduction.

There are so many wonderful things on the "Pike," the "baby incubators," the "Palais du Costume," where every variety of gown is shown; Holck's "Five Fighters," where all sorts of wonderful deeds are performed; the Galveston flood; the "Boer War," particularly interesting to Canadians, where stout old Cronje and his little Dutch bride-elect may be seen and spoken with; the Esquimaux village, with its round-faced, black-eyed inhabitants; the Tyrolean Alps, with all their beauties, and "Oh, such lots of things," that I have not patience to describe them. You must see them for yourself. I had almost forgotten to tell you of the

**Fine Arts Building,** which would have been quite unpardonable, for it is, of course, one of the grandest exhibits on the grounds. I should never have time to tell you of the room after room of beautiful pictures from every country, through which we wandered, but I should like to say that Canada, although lacking in quantity, in quality was well to the fore.

Miss Carlyle, whom we Londoners regard as almost belonging to us, has a very charming picture, and Mr. Geo. Reid, of Toronto, has one of those beautiful, misty effects, for which he is so justly famous. Others had exceedingly meritorious works, which space forbids me to mention, but it gives one great hopes for the future of Canadian art, which, as yet, is largely in its infancy, when one sees such an excellent exhibition as is at St. Louis.

**The Missouri Botanical Garden.** Our Sunday in St. Louis was a very quiet one. All the buildings were closed, and in the morning we had a delightful automobile ride all through the residential part of the city, and St. Louis can certainly boast of some beautiful residences.

In the afternoon we were admitted through the kindness of the mayor, as a special favor and compliment to Canadian and to press-women, to the Missouri Botanical Gardens, better known as the Shaw Gardens, which were left by Mr. Shaw to St. Louis, one condition being that they should not be opened, on Sunday, except twice a year.

This seems a very great pity when there are so many poor people in a large city to whom the garden, on a hot day, would seem like a glimpse of Paradise. So it appeared to us, weary and worn with sight-seeing, as we wandered through it, and revelled in its green grass, wonderful conservatories and beds of rare and beautiful plants.

We picked the ripe mulberries from their trees and found them delicious. I frivolously suggested that we form a ring and sing, "How we go round the mulberry bush, mulberry bush, mulberry bush," etc., after the fashion of our childhood, but was frowned down by the more staid members of the party.

We spent a most delightful afternoon at a charming old German lodge-keeper, who lived in a beautiful little vine-covered, stone lodge, and to whom we offered our smattering of "Deutsch," presented us with beautiful little souvenir books, in which were excellent photographic views of the gardens, and we went off charmed with our afternoon.

**Chicago.** We left St. Louis on Tuesday evening, and getting into Chicago on Wednesday morning, were met by a party of Chicago press-women, who took us in hand for the day and entertained us royally.

After a hurried breakfast, we went through some of the large department stores, seeing them thoroughly from roof to basement, and then we had the very rare privilege of being admitted to the Republican State Convention, into which it is as hard for a woman to gain admittance as for a camel to go through the eye of a needle.

This courtesy was obtained for us by Mrs. Warren Springer, through the Governor of Illinois, who, in a charming

little speech, made us very welcome and invited us to visit the State Capitol at Springfield.

Mrs. Springer is one of the few really beautiful women I have ever seen. Of magnificent presence, beautifully groomed, she had a charm of manner, which instantly won the hearts of every member of the party. She was our chief hostess for the day, and she was a royal one.

We spent an hour at the convention, which is now extremely interesting to us in view of the demonstrations at the St. Louis Democratic Convention, which is apparently a very serious one. The Republican one was not lacking in enthusiasm, however, for the huge building was packed, with at least 8,000 people, mostly men, though there were a few women here and there. One thing that struck me as being very characteristic

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## THE MASKED BALL

The swirl of the dancers occupied the main body of the ball, but the outskirts were free, open promenades, in which the masks went to and fro with animation in every pose of their bodies.

Beauty was there, implicit in the paraphernalia, but beauty latent, un-revealed, and flaunting itself in disguise. Lord Francis' eyes passed across the shepherdesses, Marie Antoinettes, vivandieres, and rested for the third time on the gray domino in the alcove. She was in the costume of a Spanish dancer, and she had not left her post now for a quarter of an hour. Obviously from her attentive air she was expecting some one. Lord

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