

examined and tested her newest handiwork.

The striking of a clock warns the traveller that there is no time to linger. One sight more must be seen before the three other sections of the exhibit are visited. It is but the work of a few moments to be conveyed to the dock and be put in the way of obtaining at least a glimpse of the shipping that again is illustrative of past and present.

There lies the City of Paris. A great ship in her time, but her time is not now. The curious are swarming over her decks and penetrating to the depths where the hundreds of tons of coal with which the hungry monsters of engines were daily propitiated were shovelled into the fiery abysses. The one vessel's supply would equip a fair sized modern fleet.

A wonder of speed she used to be accounted, crossing the bit of water between east and west in little more than five days. Few present-day travellers would be found willing to spend more than two upon the same journey.

She looks a baby by the side of her modern rivals. They are good-natured giants, these same rivals, scorning to extort from their ill-fated passengers toll in the shape of qualms many and horrible, the unfailing exaction of their predecessors. They are not in league with the sea as those earlier vessels were. The little Atlantic ocean might toss according to its own wild will; it would fail to disturb the equilibrium of the carefully poised self adjusting interiors of those great floating shells.

"Fast passenger service between New York and Boston! Next departure in five minutes!"

Another side of the picture. A visit to science in her own domain. Everything here in art, learning and literature. Which way to go? Follow the crowd, that, though it ebbs away in little side streams towards the countless objects of interest, yet in the main is true to yonder tall towered building. Certainly almost everything

in the world is to be examined elsewhere, but the object of the throng pressing this way is to get beyond the world.

"National Observatory. Mammoth telescope on view. Half-hourly communication with the planet Mars."

The eager crowd stands spell-bound as the signals from another sphere are scanned and interpreted, then presses forward to examine the monster telescope that has bridged the gulf between two worlds, brought to light members of the starry realm far beyond the ken of the largest sister instrument ever before fashioned, and settled many a disputed point of science. By the side of the conquering telescope is poised the instrument that once graced the famous Lick Observatory. Thousands of eyes fall upon it reverently—the pioneer in the field of celestial discovery. To what profound depths of space, depths immeasurably beyond its own reach, it had lead its successors. And now it stands aside, in the true spirit of discovery yielding the foremost place to others that but for its own doughty deeds would never have appeared upon the scene.

Chicago and the great west. The city upon the lake, and the rich grain-ary of the nations.

No parched fields here, crying out for rain. Seasons of drought belong to the past. Look carefully at that gigantic bomb. Its mission is to storm the heavens and open the reservoirs of the clouds. Yonder little funnel, pouring fourth a dense column of a smoke-like substance, that circles and spreads until it covers the earth like a pall, is the frost king's deadly enemy. Under its protection the fields can bid defiance to their former foe. Late harvests are no longer a source of danger; early frosts are powerless to nip and blacken the young corn.

That strange looking machine is a powerful wind generator, its mission that of producing currents in the sluggish air, driving away mists and