

Ladies were lifted over the barriers, the sacred grass plots were opened to the foot of the crowd, ways of escape were pointed out, and after a critical five minutes once more there was safety. But what are my impressions of the

EXHIBITION ITSELF?

Well, there is abundance, variety and excellence of almost all things under the sun, and in these respects the French Exposition of '89 has probably never been surpassed; but the greatest impression made on my own mind was of the wonderful taste and effectiveness with which everything is shown. There is nothing of the mere shed or shanty character in the whole of the grounds. For instance, a long narrow building on the Seine bank is erected for the display of preserved and bottled food products—not a very attractive subject. But the building itself wears the aspect of an enormously prolonged fairy palace in ornamental white marble. Another enormous and dignified structure is devoted to prosaic matters of hygiene, where sewers and water supply are the chief things on show. Turn where one will in the grounds there is visible a lavish wealth of architectural display of the most wonderfully varied and tasteful character. Beauty of form, color and ornament everywhere; the prosaic, and merely useful nowhere. This is the grand external characteristic of the Exposition. Palaces, domes, minarets, towers, castles, temples, joss houses, what you will, but no railway station order of architecture except the great gallery of machinery in the extreme rear of everything else, and, therefore, not visible externally. To all this architectural beauty and brightness must be added a wealth of floral display, of fresh green turf and dazzling blooms, which connects and harmonizes all. And now add the imperial and imperious

TOUR D'EIFFEL

to crown and dominate the whole, to give its own supremacy of unique,

grand beauty, to harmonize with its plain, dull red, towering high in the heavens; all tones of green turf and gravel walk, of white walls and gilded domes, of parti-colored roofs and flower parterres, of blue sky above and flashing fountains below. Eye and hear are saturated and almost sickened with the beauty of the scene. An English friend with me said that he now realized for the first time the feelings of the Queen of Sheba when she was introduced to the glories of Solomon's court—"There was no heart left in her." And what shall I say of the Eiffel Tower itself? Some people go so far as to say that the tower is the Exhibition. Without going quite so far as this, I may say that it is certainly the most important feature of the whole show. Beautiful to look at—beautiful to look from. Of its form I shall say nothing. Everybody has seen its picture; Everybody will soon see it, as it is to be seen now in Paris, on pins and brooches on pipes, paper knives and pincushions, on stationery and confectionery. In itself only a big iron girder stuck up on end. That is one way of describing it. But the big iron girder (and oh! how big it is!) has been "invented with artistic merit, and is as much more than a girder as a cathedral is more than a pile of stones." "A poem" in iron; the nobly ductile metal patterned into a lace-work which, in spite of its lightness, gives the needful sense of strength and stability to the mighty structure. For myself, I have no adverse criticism of the Eiffel to offer. It *satisfies* me. And closer and renewed inspection does not modify this feeling. To stand beneath it is to feel one's littleness. To begin to ascend it is to lose sight of one's self altogether in admiration of the ingenuity, skill and daring of one's fellow men. To go on and on till the top is reached, to find one's self one only of several hundred people moving about on that apparently tiny square shelf, is at last to understand how great