

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

List of Exhibitors, awards etc.

The immortal Columbian Exposition being over the, process of disintegration is going rapidly on, and all is rustle, disorder and confusion. Exhibits are being taken down and removed with a rush, especially among the natives, which the Yankee alone can properly illustrate. Foreigners are going a little slower with the exception of the dusky Denizens of the equatorial regions who do not care to stand around shivering in a Chicago climate instead of basking in a tropical sun at home. The bee-keepers are as busy as anybody, if not busier. Their pet insects seem to have taught them a lesson to "hustle" as well as to be patient over details and difficulties. If the beemen of Jackson Park are not at present making things "hum" with saw, hammer and nails, as well as with limber tongues (count this scribe out—he never was a talker) then that word has no meaning outside a bee yard of a June Morning. But while there is so much physical and material disorder, harmony reigns in the upper regions. A better natured, more sociable and obliging lot than than the "bee men" in the East Gallery of the Agricultural Building could nowhere in Jackson Park or elsewhere be found. There is one Characteristic of human nature, however, which seems to run through them all here, and that is they are all "Stuck up" not exactly with conceit (though what they don't know about bees is hardly worth the knowing) but with honey *stuck up* with honey. As their tongues are *melifluous* with fluent speech, and limpid with licking their fingers and other things, so in the genuine mel itself everywhere and on every thing. It is "sweetness long draw out", and very much of it grown in and around as well. Everybody is happy as well as in a hurry. The Doctor that sings "Dot Happy Bee-Man" is unfortunately gone home, or we would have him up in the corner near the "roosts" mounted on the Pasteur Filter Fountain singing for us, while we would betimes hand him a bottle of catnip and hoarhound honey with a "straw" to suck it through to clear his throat; but the other partly doctor is here all right, and if he is not quite "in it" in singing he is in talking. With equal facility this genial, and Jocular and rotund, doctor can talk his patient subject blind or talk his eyes wide open to the mysteries of bee-keeping. And if anything is the matter with anybody among the happy and healthy family in the Gallery either outside of the four "roosts" or

inside them, the doctor is always ready and willing to right him (or her) up as quickly as a little harmless medicine and a good deal of potential personal Magnetism can do it. But these happy days are drawing to an end! The parting must come, and one feels sad at the thought. I venture to say that no lucky or luckless bee man who has had the fortune or misfortune to participate in these last days in the wind up in the Gallery can ever forget the proceedings and reminiscences, or look back to them with anything but pleasure, mixed with sadness that they can never be repeated. As the great world's Fair was but once in a life-time, so these esoteric experiences and inimitable incidents are but for once in a life-time. Of course the roads out of the Honey Gallery and the Exposition is not all smooth any more than was the road in. But the annoyances and troubles are laughed off by some, such as the Doctor, or taken philosophically. When a thief gets away with a bottle of honey, or a bottle of wine, (this latter *sotto voce*) or a hammer, or saw, or packing box, or the doctor's coffee pot, or some other man's stool or stew pot, nobody cries, but nearly everybody laughs, except, perhaps, the victim, and he tries to. It is only when a big Jar of honey, containing maybe 10, 20 or 30 lbs. unaccountably divides its individuality, and unceremoniously lets its precious contents out in the tank of warm water during the process of liquification, that anything like gloom reaches the alcove where the gas stoves are going, and overspreads the charmed circle, but especially the face of the unlucky man who had the Exhibitor's lost honey in charge. With all possible prudence and care the little glass jars will occasionally break, and the big ones semi-occasionally. But where an aggregate of thousands are to be heated it is only in accordance with the inflexible and inevitable law of accident percentages that we must expect some to break. Here is where the philosophy that leads to resignation comes in. But while in the aggregate, the percentages must and do according to law come out all right, they often provokingly fail to distribute themselves evenly or justly. For instance, the writer has perhaps 12 to 15 times as many large Jars as his nearest neighbor on one side but one in the Gallery (Michigan), while each has lost so far one large Jar with contents. But it is not safe to whistle before one gets out of the woods; the writer has still a lot of jars to melt, but only a few large ones. But the large jars have a queer and provoking habit of parting with their big flat feet when in the hot water. While this spoils them commercially the honey is saved. As for the loss