

my bag and umbrella, and made into Fred Harvey's good old-fashioned restaurant and had a warming bowl of clam chowder. On my return he was still seated there, with the same self-centered air, but a uniformed railway official was also seated by my things, evidently with the determination to see that nobody walked off with them. Upon my appearance he got up and walked away. I heard afterwards that a policeman was seen to come up to a respectable-looking woman, and, pointing to the door, order her out of the station. She departed instantly.

I first visited the Windy City in 1882, eleven years after the fire, of which hardly any signs were then remaining. It was a bustling town and everything was enjoying a healthy rush. On my next visit, in 1893, the city had increased enormously in size and had achieved the height of her ambition—the Columbian Exposition. There was a feverish sense of bigness, resulting in an unhealthy overgrowth, that continued for some years after the World's Fair had closed its doors. The efforts of the Two Million Club were unavailing, and the population remained stationary or fell off. When I passed through there in October, 1904, the streets seemed comparatively deserted. Save for Michigan Avenue, the splendid lake driveway, where hundreds of automobiles were silently speeding, there was a desolating stillness in the streets. A spell seemed to