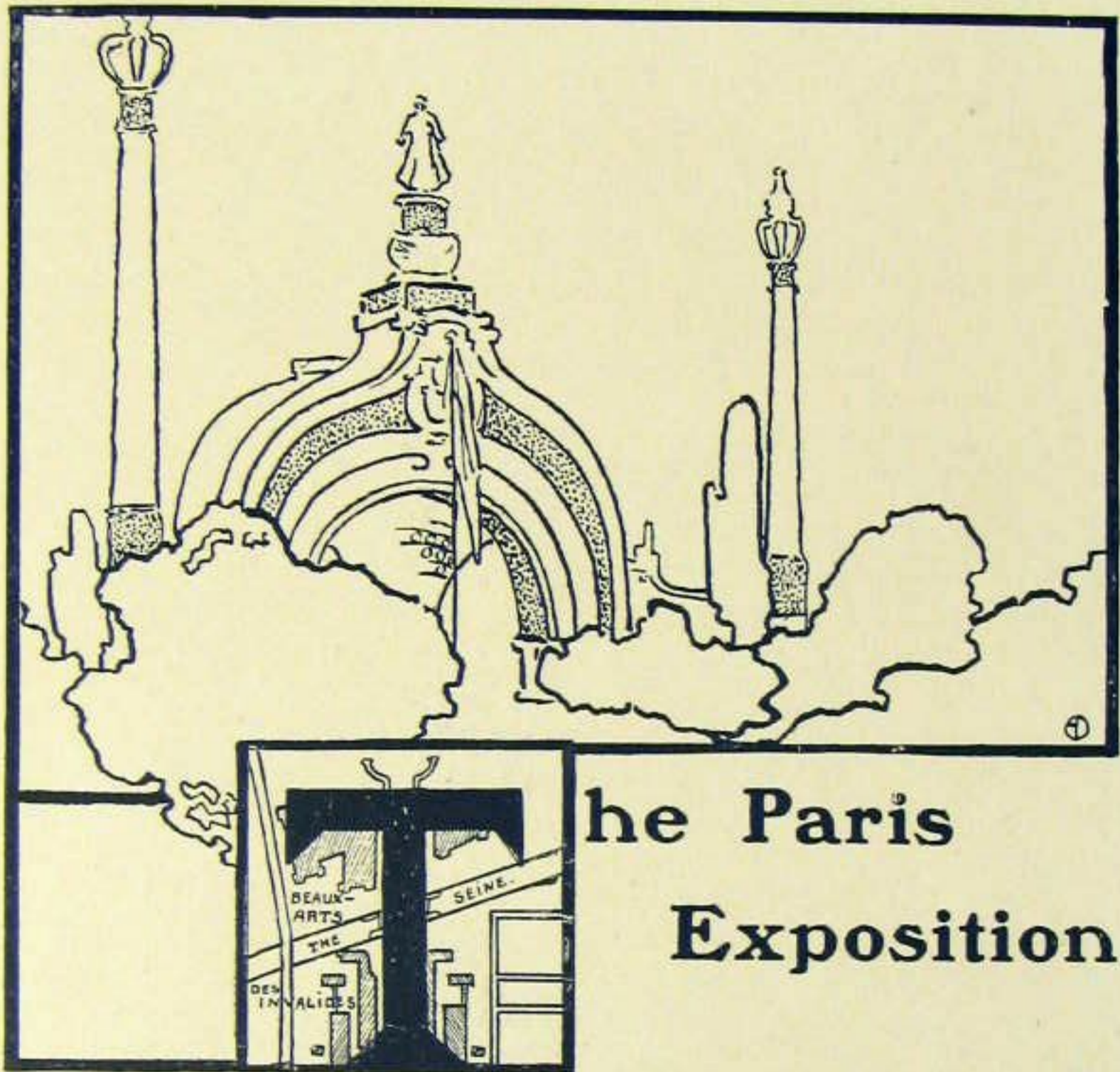




PALAIS LUMINEUX
(PARIS EXPOSITION)

PARIS EXPOSITION

I



The Paris Exposition

TO SAY that we do not care for expositions is to confess that we are not interested in our fellow-men. Great expositions represent the labor and the thought of countless workers in every branch of human art and industry. Great expositions are like mile-stones, marking the accomplished stages along the highroad of Universal Progress.

The greatest exposition of the nineteenth century was the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893.

But since Chicago reared, amid the smoke and din of toil, that marvelous White City of imperishable memory,

the world has added seven years to its long life ; seven modern years worth seven medieval centuries.

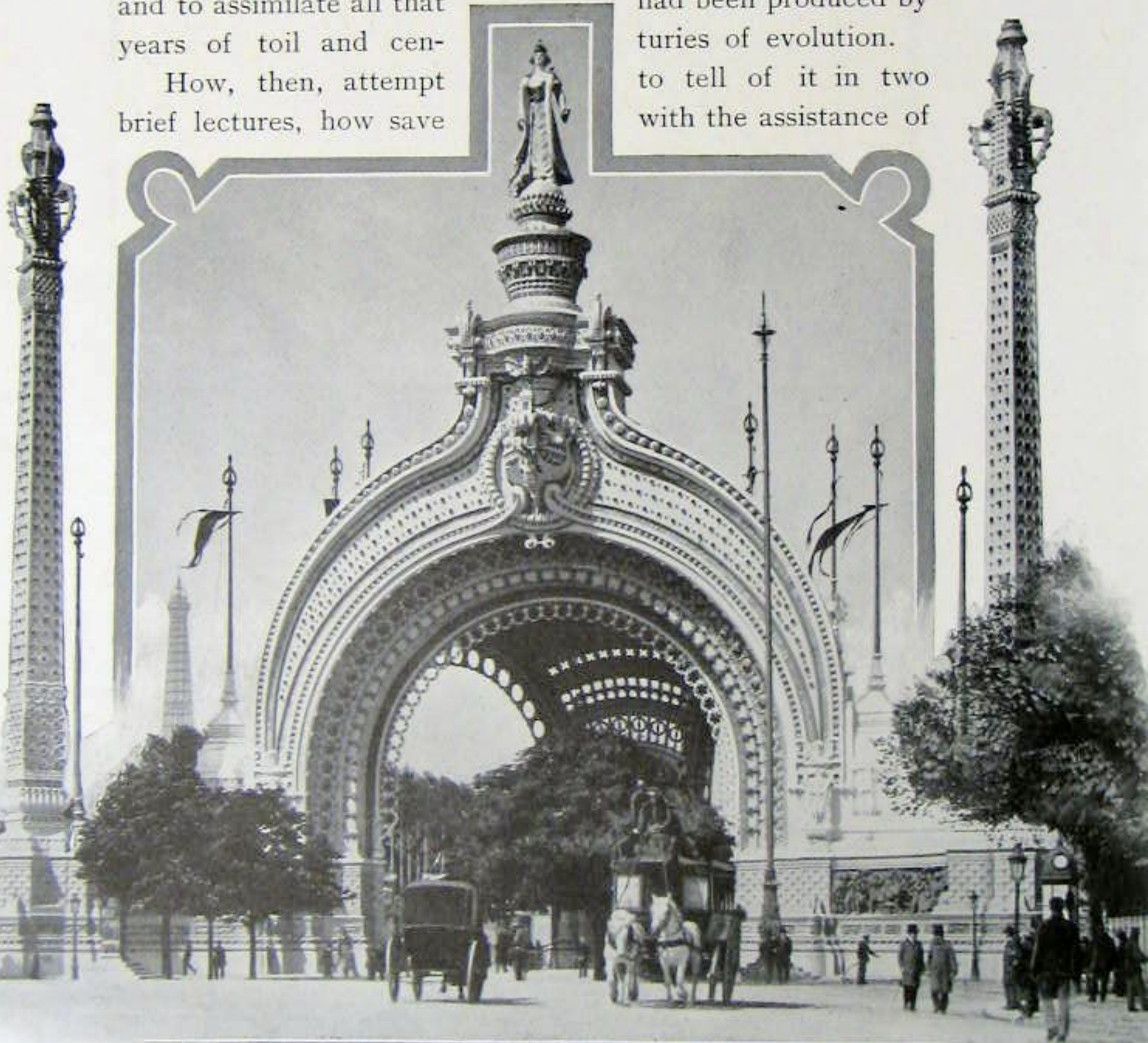
The Universal Exposition of 1900, held in Paris, was a worthy manifestation of these seven years of progress.

It was magnificent. It was so vast that a hundred days did not suffice for the mere *seeing* of it. Even in the space of an entire summer, it was not possible for one to study and to assimilate all that

years of toil and cen-
How, then, attempt
brief lectures, how save

had been produced by
turies of evolution.

to tell of it in two
with the assistance of



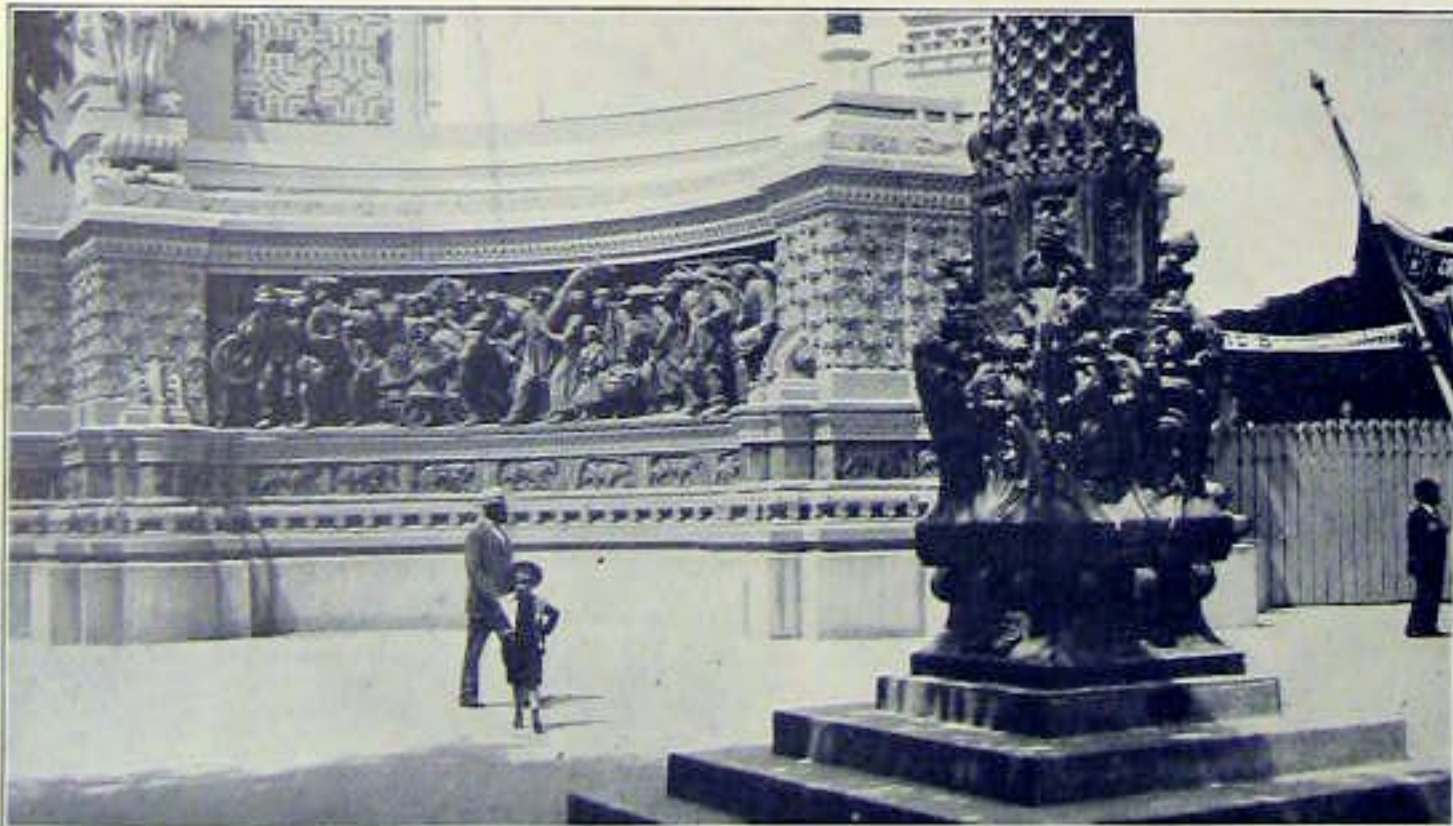
THE PORTE MONUMENTALE



LA PLACE DE LA CONCORDE

pictures which speak more quickly, more compactly, and more comprehensively than the tongue?

The Place de la Concorde shall be our starting-point. From the terrace of the Garden of the Tuileries we look down on the square and note an unfamiliar aspect and an



THE WORKERS



GENIUS OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT

unfamiliar feature. Apparently, long ropes of pearls hang in festoons from lamp to lamp, as if this beautiful public place had donned a festal necklace and assumed a fantastic crown of gold and purple. The pearls are gas lamps, the crown is the great portal to the Exposition, the Monumental Gate, novel in conception, gracefully graceless, and harmoniously out of architectural tune. Conspicuously soaring above this spacious parallelogram, it was the object of no end of flip-

pant criticism. The Frenchmen described it in warm terms, calling it a "*Salamandre*," from its resemblance to a peculiar form of Continental stove.

An English artist on beholding it, exclaimed, "Designed undoubtedly to keep away the British public." Even Gallic gallantry failed to respect the unhappy lady perched upon the stove-lid. Her sculptor



THE BINET PORTAL, FROM THE BRIDGE



THE PURPLE GATE AT NIGHT

called her the typical Parisienne, welcoming the nations of the world. Her fellow-citizens disowned her, as unanimously as Chicago repudiated her "Christopher Columbus" on the Lake Front Park. But this monumental gate is in many of its details admirable. On either side are sections of a frieze in high relief, showing the workers of the world bringing to this universal competitive display the fruits of their industry and study. They press forward even more eagerly than the crowds who come to see and judge their



THE GERMAN INVASION



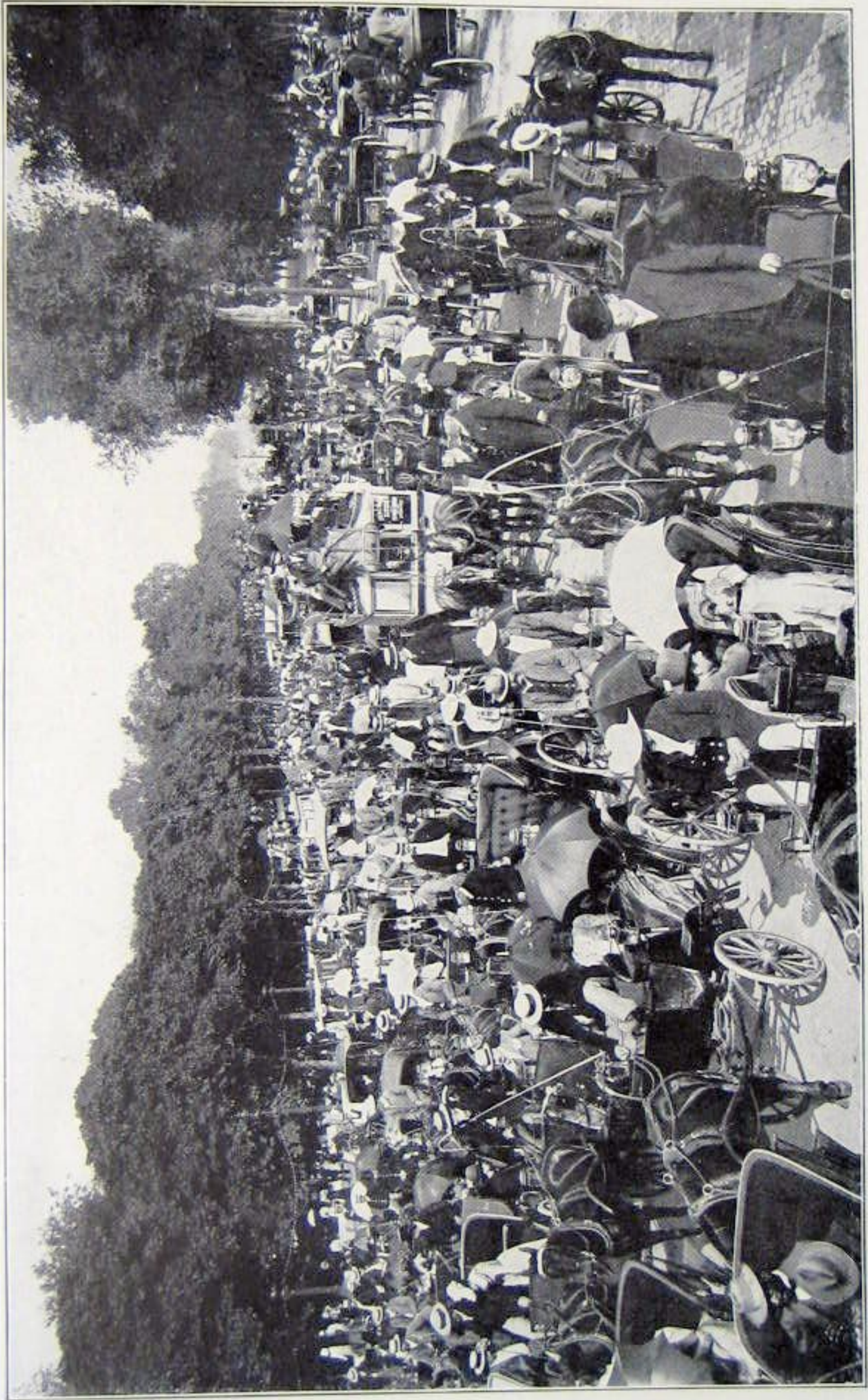
"VOS TICKETS, MESSIEURS!"

reflected in the shadowy Seine, the "Porte Monumentale" vindicates its architect. It wakes not only our astonishment but our delight and admiration. Though it is fantastic, as the entrance to an ephemeral wonder-city should be, it is fantastic in a hitherto unknown way. As an attempt to give the old world something new, it is courageous, successful, and unique, and the Parisienne enthroned high above is, like a true Parisienne, much more attractive in the evening light. We should not be too hard upon Moreau-Vauthier, the sculptor, who molded her, because he gowned her badly.

products, for the visitors' attention is diverted at every step by some boldly novel detail or design. Unearthly goddesses, robed like Rider Haggard's "She," pose in two niches as the spirits of Electric Power and Electric Light. The tiny blue dots on the walls and panels, arches and minarets, are incandescent lamps, which at night soften the outlines of this weird creation with purple luminosity. Seen from the bridge, its royal glow re-



TICKETS



A JAM IN THE CHAMPS-ELYSEES

French sculptors are working in an unfamiliar, uncongenial field when they attempt to clothe the human form divine. Among the thousands of plastic beauties assembled at the Exposition, the lady at the gate is the only one who came provided with a trousseau. Let those who disapprove the tendencies of Gallic sculpture, respectfully salute her ere they approach the entrance wickets, which are designed to filter sixty thousand visitors in sixty minutes. To facili-



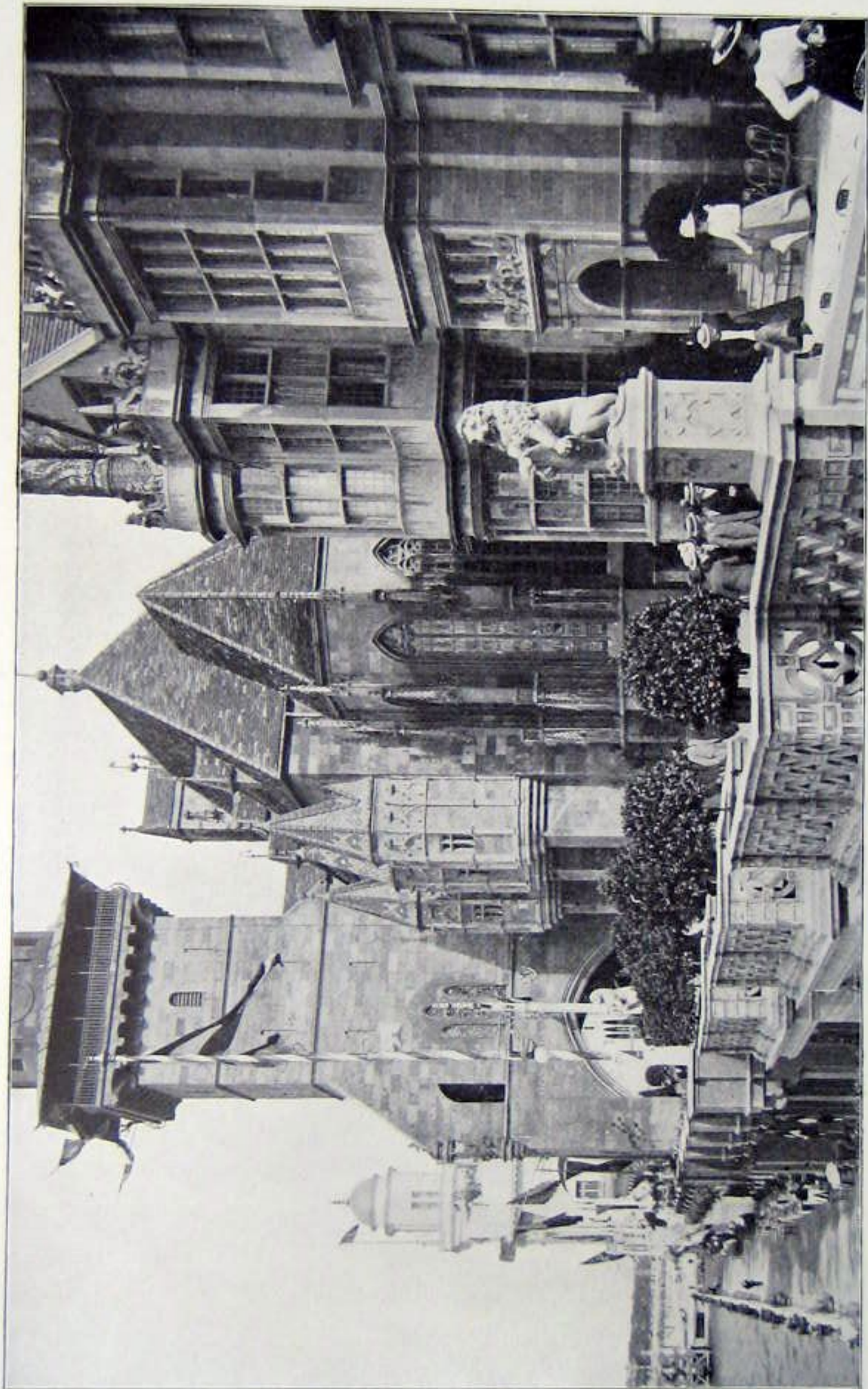
BUYING ADMISSION TICKETS

tate the ingoing of the crowds every provision has been made, save one — there is not a ticket-office anywhere in sight. The stranger, unfamiliar with the language, offers in vain all kinds of money to the gatemen. They will not take his money, but demand "*Ticket, monsieur,*" and monsieur, unable to buy or find the necessary "ticket," begins to wonder how he is expected to break into the Exposition; and in search of information he wanders aimlessly away. He soon hears a familiar phrase, "*Ticket, monsieur?*" but this time the inflection is that of a supplication,



BLOCKED!

not that of a command. He sees a woman with a baby and a tired look—sometimes an old woman, or a ragged boy, sometimes a pinched old man, offering sheets of pale blue coupons to every passer-by, with a “*Vos tickets, messieurs, mesdames?*” “How much?” the stranger asks, and the price depends upon the stranger’s accent. If he says “*com-bee-ang,*” there’s no telling what price he may have to pay. The nominal value of a ticket is one franc, or twenty cents, but though the price fluctuates from day to day, it never touches par. We pay on sunny Sundays about fifteen cents, and on somber Saturdays tickets go begging at from five to seven cents. Late in the season the price fell even lower, and on the closing evening tickets could be had in any quantity at one centime each—five tickets for one cent. But as we turn into the Champs-Élysées, to seek another and more hospitable portal to the Exposition, let me explain that this loss does not fall upon the Exposition com-



HUNGARY AND ENGLAND

pany, but on the financial institutions and private individuals who bought the bonds to which coupons exchangeable for tickets were attached. In 1896 the Exposition issued bonds to the value of sixty-six million francs. Each bond, of which the par-value was twenty francs, entitled its bearer to twenty admission tickets, the right to a twenty-five per cent



THE CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES GATE

reduction in the entrance fee to every sideshow or attraction within the gates, reduced railway fares to and from Paris, and a chance of winning half a million francs in the Exposition lottery. Thus the Exposition realized its gate receipts and flooded the market with millions of admission tickets several years before the gates were built; for with these temptations and advantages attached, it is safe to assume that bonds were purchased by every loyal Frenchman: that,



THE CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES ENTRANCE

should we search the multitude caught in one of the blockades here on the Champs-Élysées, we should find in the pocket of every cabman and every passenger an Exposition bond and a bundle of tickets. Thus, with intending visitors supplied with more tickets than they need, and millions of tickets in the possession of the banks and speculators, it is not strange that there should be fluctuations in the market price.



GRAND PALAIS DES BEAUX-ARTS



NORTH WING OF THE GRAND PALAIS

At last, provided with a coupon, the stranger approaches the Champs-Élysées gate only again to be refused admission. "But why?" he asks, in desperation. "Here is a ticket. Why can't I get in?" The gateman's answer is that it is now only half-past nine. "Well, what of that?" the baffled visitor demands, only to learn that from the opening hour until 10 a. m. two tickets are required for admission. From ten o'clock till dusk one ticket suffices. In the evening the rate is again doubled, and on Fridays, the nights reserved for the aristocratic public, four tickets are demanded. Until these details have been grasped, the stranger will have trouble at



A FRAGMENT OF THE FACADE



A COLONNADE

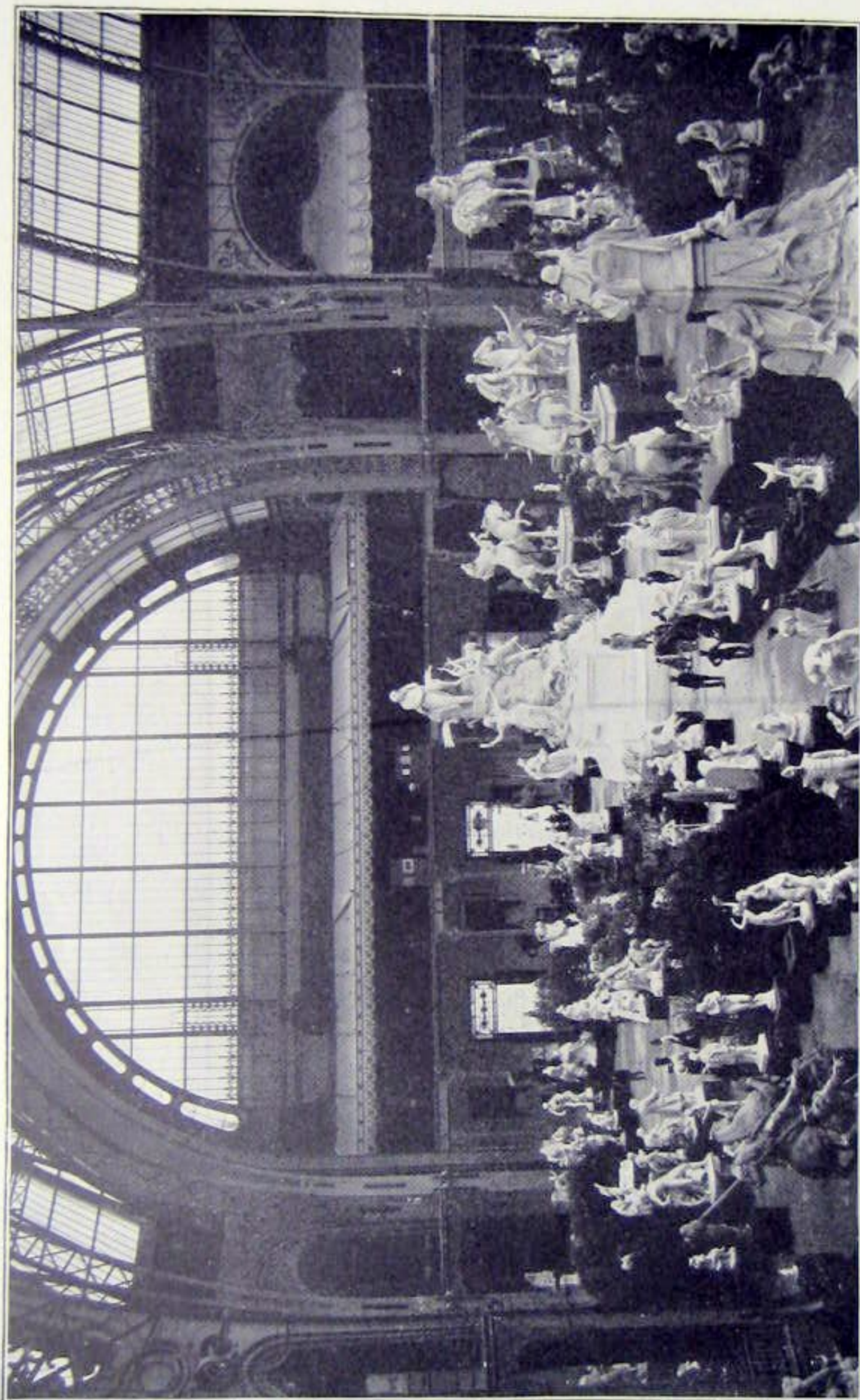
the gates. Let us, then, buy a ream of tickets, to be prepared for all emergencies, and before long we shall once more attempt to pass the ticket-takers.

But first let us inquire what is to be seen of the promised land from the Elysian Fields. A splendid unfamiliar vista greets us. The old Palais de l'Industrie, remnant

of the Exposition of 1855, home of the Salon for so many years, has disappeared ; a broad, fine avenue now traverses its



PORTICO OF THE GRAND PALAIS



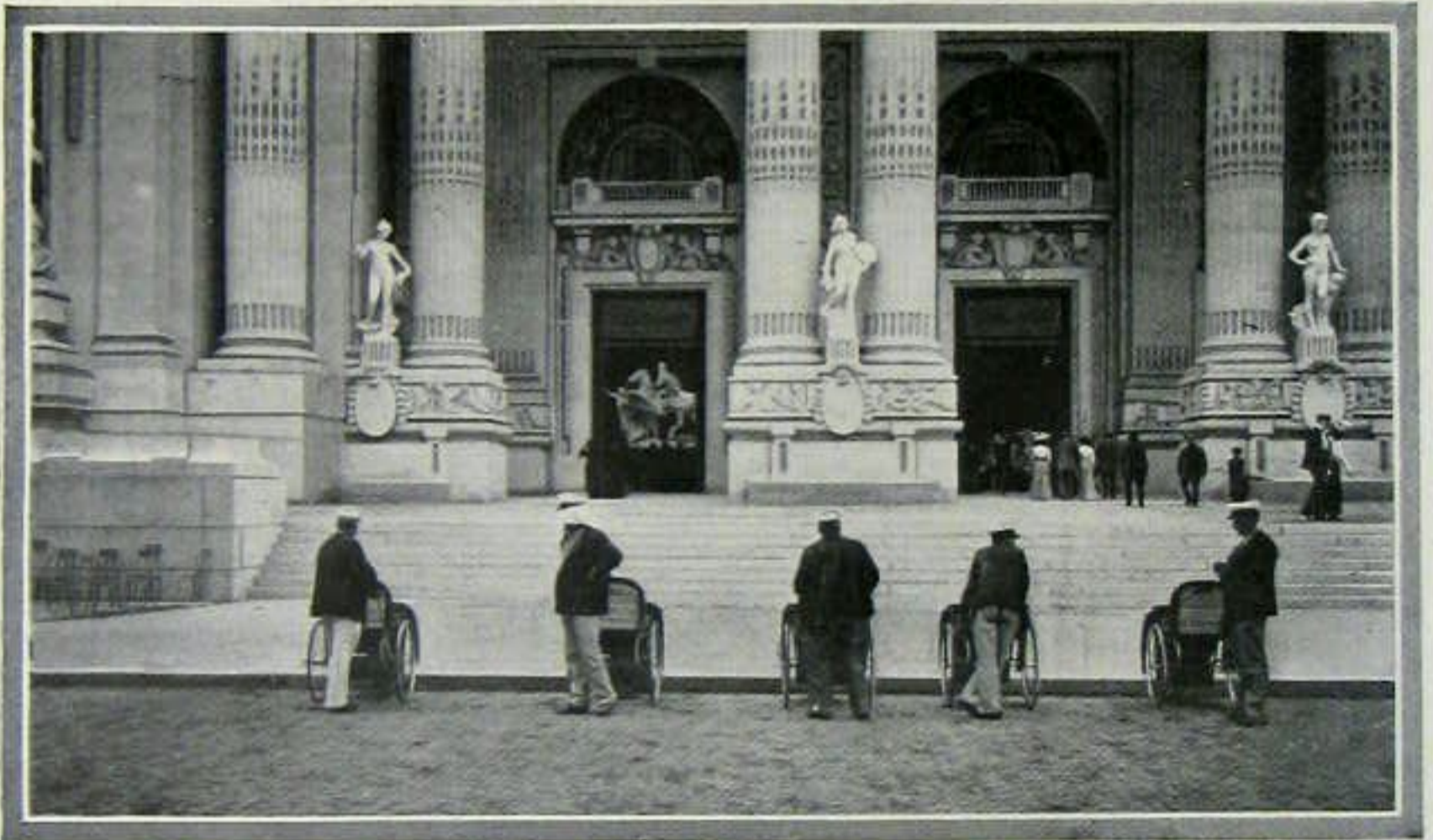
IN THE GRAND PALAIS

site and leads the eye afar to the gilded dome of the Hôtel des Invalides, the resting-place of the great emperor. On the right rises the superb new palace, which will be the home of future Salons, on the left a smaller, daintier structure also dedicated to the arts. The larger palace, le Grand Palais des Beaux-Arts, was reared as a monument "to the Glory of French Art." This magnificent construction of stone and steel and glass is not altogether faultless. The noble façade and the imposing portico, creations of the architect Deglane, are dwarfed and dominated by the swelling dome and arches



WEST FAÇADE OF THE GRAND PALAIS

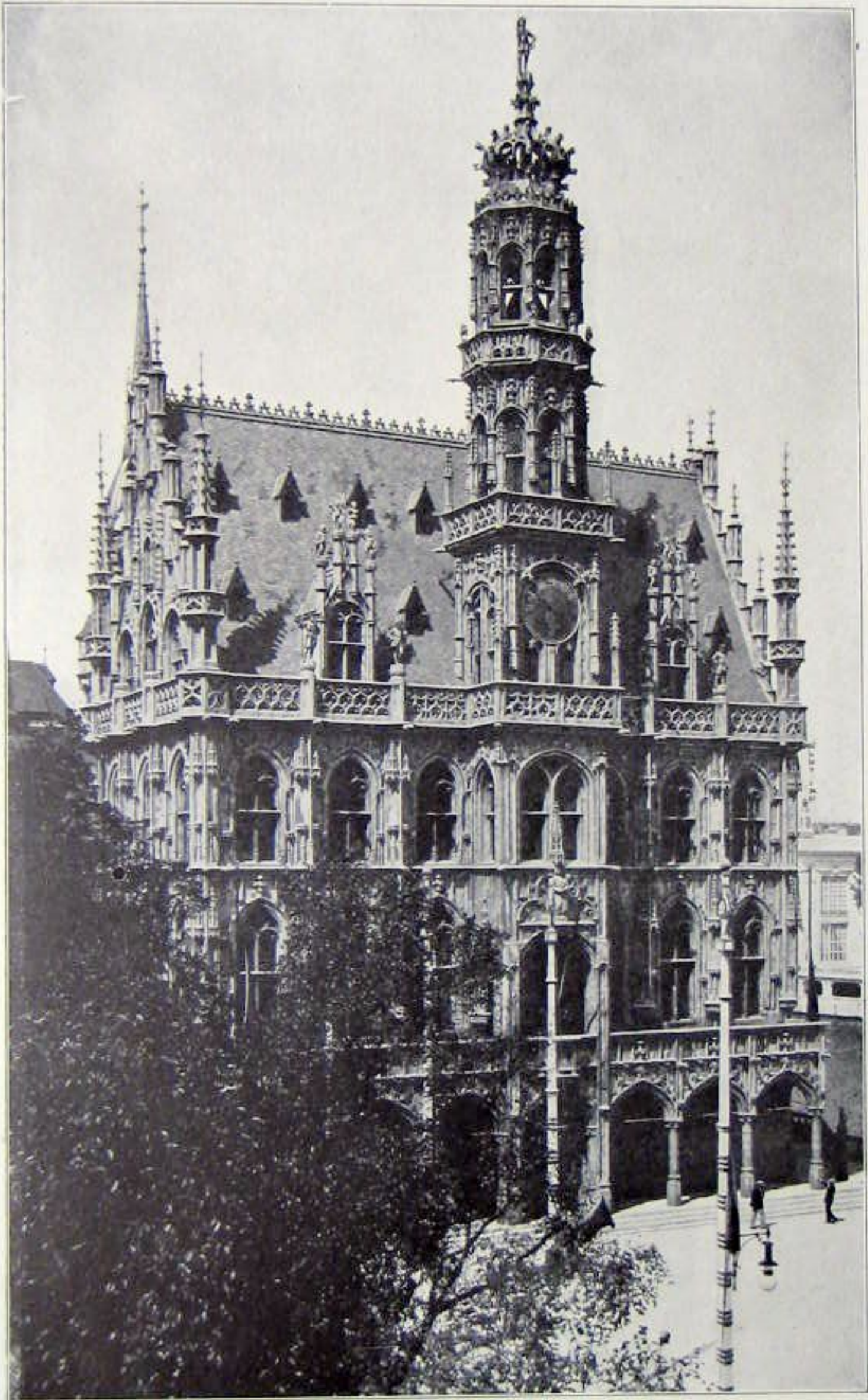
of the engineers. The scientific overwhelms and crushes the artistic. The modern structural masses of the colossal skylight rise like mountains of steel and crystal above the architectural lines of the Ionic colonnade, where nothing but the clear blue sky should rest. Between the columns we see fragments of a mosaic frieze, gorgeous in color, by which the great epochs of the world's art are glorified. Yet despite the presence of color and the lavish wealth of sculptural detail, the colonnade retains a grand simplicity and dignity.



ENTRANCE TO THE BEAUX-ARTS

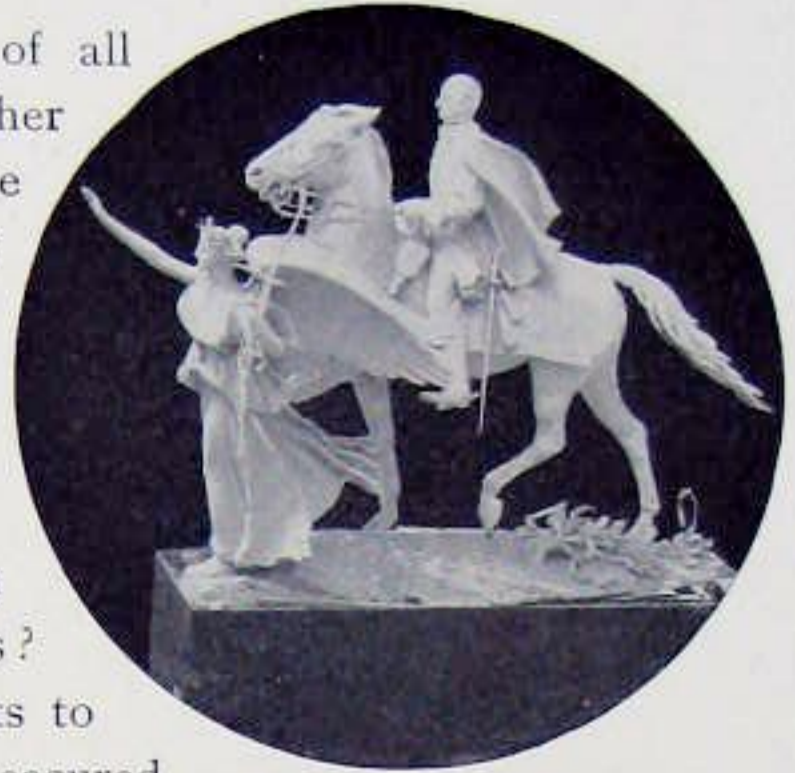
What is more beautiful in architecture than a row of noble pillars, be they Ionic, Corinthian, or Doric in design? There is in every range of fluted columns an evocation of classic antiquity. As we tread the pavement of the porch, these columns, even in their youth and newness, seem to breathe something of the soul of Greece. They inspire vague longings for a breath of the pure air of Athens, for the warm touch of a ray of Attic sunshine.

The entrance portico, with its nude figures and its effective groups, brings us back to France. France to-day .



BELGIUM

regards herself as the source of all artistic inspiration; she holds her art supreme. Nor can we blame her. Do not even our sculptors and our painters, like those of European lands, seek in her schools and studios the instruction of her masters? do they not expatriate themselves to dwell in the artistic atmosphere of Paris? do they not send their best efforts to her annual competitions, to be measured



IN THE ARENA



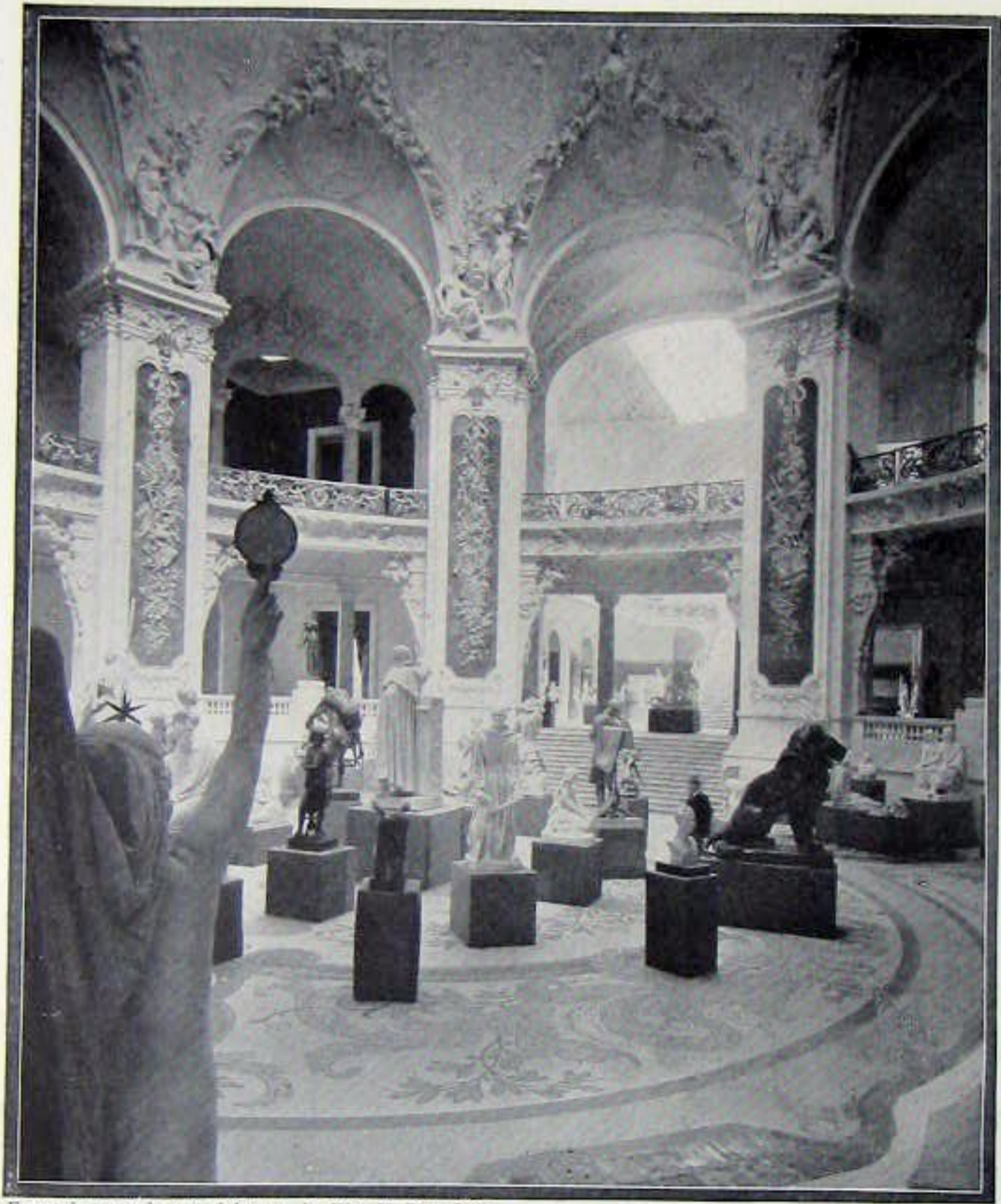
THE ARENA OF SCULPTURE



IN THE ARENA

by her standards? Truly, France was not presumptuous when she reared this monument to the glory of her art.

The contents are worthy of the splendid envelope. There are two separate exhibitions of paintings. One is centennial. It is an epitome of French Art of the nineteenth



From photograph, copyright 1900, by Wm. H. Rau, Phila.

IN THE GRAND PALAIS

century, comprising early and late examples of all the famous painters of the nation. Private collections, churches, and provincial museums have been drawn upon for the precious pictures necessary to complete a comprehensive illustrated history of French art-endeavor from the year 1800 to the year 1890. The second exhibition, which occupies the main portion of the palace, is decennial, and illustrates the rapid

growth and advancement of Gallic art within the last ten years. A host of famous and familiar canvases, although adding to its retrospective value, take from it the atmosphere of novelty; in spite of many new compositions, we carry away a vague sense of disappointment, born of the fact that we have seen so large a part of this exhibition before, in other galleries or salons. More than half the space within the palace is given to French artists, the rest being apportioned among the artists of

all nations. I dare not lead you into even one of the allotted artists States. A casual visit to the American Section can occupy a morning and an afternoon; a re-view of the best



LA TEMPÊTE

Photo copyright 1900, by Wm. H. Rau, Phila.



RODIN'S "THE KISS"

six rooms of the United States casual visit can occupy a morning and an afternoon; a re-view of the best works would fill an evening's lecture. To single out a Whistler or a

Sargent would do injustice to the rest. Moreover, photographic reproductions of paintings are never wholly satisfying to the artist or the beholder. Therefore we choose the wiser course, and after casting a hasty glance at this ghostly assembly of marble personages, each worthy of an hour's patient study, we shall resume our promenade. I do not know how many pictures and statues there are within this temple of the arts, nor



THE TEMPEST

Photograph, copyrighted 1900, by Wm. H. Rau, Phila.



STILL THE MOST BEAUTIFUL

along the endless galleries, their pace, expression, and precipitation vividly recalled the image of a certain noted piece of sculpture — a bronze conception of "The Tempest." Still, we must ourselves sweep through the Exposition like a whirlwind if we would see it all in our allotted time. However great our haste, we gladly pause to pay our homage to a goddess immemorably old, but ever and

how many miles of canvas and tons of marble have been assembled here. I spent at least three weeks marching past leagues of walls, hung with masterpieces and mistakes, with loveliness and horrors, with the creations of sane-minded geniuses and of artistic anarchists. Some people tried to see it all in only half a day; and when we met them, tearing



MARC ANTONY



LE PETIT PALAIS





IN THE PETIT PALAIS
 Photograph, copyright 1900, by
 Wm. H. Rau, Phila.

forever beautiful and young, the Venus of Milo. By right the Milo Venus claims an honored place in every exposition, and we resent the placing of her image — even though it be but in a plaster copy — outside the Temple of the Arts.

We turn from this most perfect statue of antiquity to the most perfect structure of this modern exposition. The Petit Palais is the architectural gem of the Exposition. It con-

tains the retrospective review of French Art Objects from the earliest ages down to the end of the eighteenth century.

The larger palace, as we already know, being dedicated to the art of the nineteenth century, it is possible for us to trace the glorious progress of French Art from the crude naive productions of the early Gauls to the creations of Rodin and Puvis de Chavannes. France has sent the most precious of her treasures to grace for a brief season this marvelous museum.

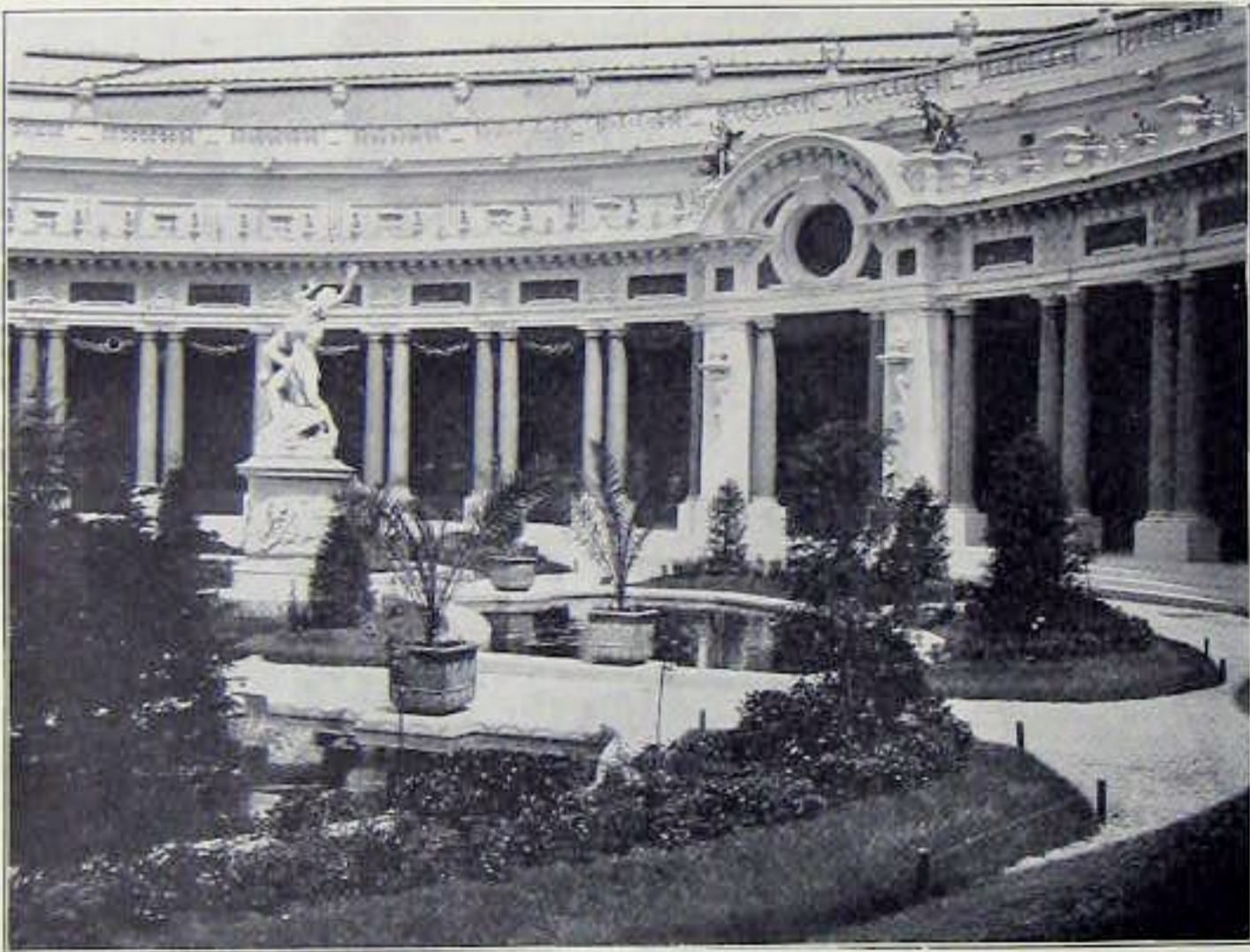
“Why,” a friend remarked, “I spent more than a year in an artistic pilgrimage all through the provinces of France to see the very things which I now find assembled in the galleries of this incomparable treasure house.”

Should I attempt to de-



THE “LITTLE PALACE OF FINE ARTS”

tail the contents of even one room, we should find ourselves at the end of the lecture still lingering in admiration near the first cabinet of enamels, gems, or chiseled ornaments of gold. Tapestries more valuable than carpets of pure gold are lavished on the walls—ecclesiastical riches from the sacristies of many famous churches fill huge cabinets with golden jeweled splendor. Vases and plates, the breaking of which would be national calamities, are ranged in



COURT OF THE PETIT PALAIS

reckless profusion on the shelves of crystal cases. No photograph can give an idea of the interior. We seem to be in an atmosphere surcharged with the wealth and artistic refinement of more than eighteen centuries. Even the admirable court, rich in marbles, mosaics, and bronzes, seems almost poor and simple to one who emerges from the treasure-laden halls, saturated with the sight of old-time riches, dazzled by the gleam of diamonds and rubies. We feel as if we were emerging from a visual shower-bath of gold

and jewels. Nevertheless the court is wonderfully beautiful, from the blue bordered pools to the superbly sculptured walls and portals. Yet we have been told that there was nothing at the Paris Exposition to repay the visitor!

This place offers every lover of the beautiful, weeks of intense pleasure. But we must hasten out through yonder vestibule into the broad avenue which bears the name of Russia's present czar. The vista across the Alexander



PORTAL OF THE PETIT PALAIS

Bridge, which should be the most imposing of the Exposition, is for some reason disappointing to the eye. The bridge, though so low as to be almost unperceived, were it not for its four pylons, rises just enough to obscure the horizon line, and to give to all the structures on the farther shore a depressed and insignificant aspect. But the fault lies in the low point of view, not in the buildings and the bridge. Could visitors march down the avenue on towering stilts, the inherent grandeur of the spectacle would be at once apparent.



IN THE PETIT PALAIS

It may well be called an Imperial Thoroughfare, for this fine Avenue of Nicholas the Second, sweeping between the permanent art palaces, is carried across the Seine by the Bridge of Alexander the Third, and, after traversing



PYLONS OF THE BRIDGE



PERMANENT EMBELLISHMENTS FOR PARIS



THE LONG VISTA

the Esplanade des Invalides, terminates at the Tomb of Napoleon the First. The bridge dedicated to the late Czar Alexander, father of Nicholas and friend of France, was flung across the Seine as a symbol of the alliance between the French Republic and the Russian Empire. Superb in every detail, technically a triumph of engineering genius, architec-



THE PONT ALEXANDRE III

turally a triumph of allegoric art, the Alexander Bridge will ever remain among the attractions of the French metropolis.

Thanks to recent progress in engineering methods and in the arts of metal, it has been possible to create steel arches long enough to join the two banks of the Seine, high enough above the surface of the river to



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SPLendid MASONRY

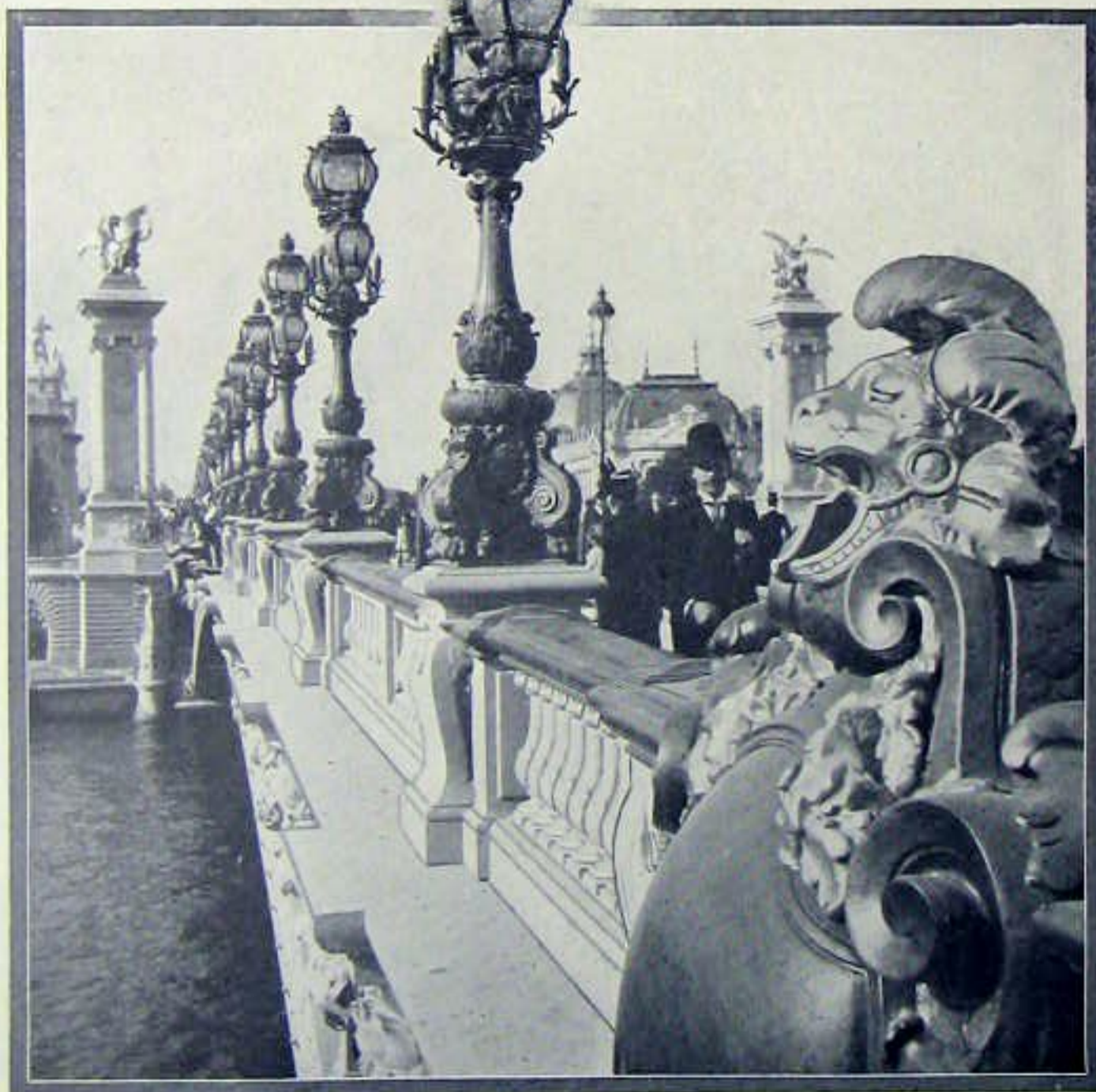
clear the funnels of all tugs and launches, and low enough to keep the roadway on a level with the esplanades. Fifteen of these arches support the Alexander Bridge, and they rest upon foundations laid at a depth of more than sixty feet below the water-line.

To counteract the effect of the necessary flatness, two stately pylons rise at each extremity, crowned by heralds of

Fame and winged horses, all in gilded bronze. Four years of time and five million francs were given to the realization of this splendid project. Beautiful by night as well as day, is this brilliant bracelet on the curving Seine; and even though Parisians are made poorer by the Exposition, Paris herself grows richer in artistic monuments. The profit of Paris is represented by the Alexander Bridge and the permanent Art Palaces—surely a generous compensation for four preparatory years of dirt, disorder, and delay.

Paris was not ready to receive her guests upon the opening day. On April 14 much remained yet undone, and

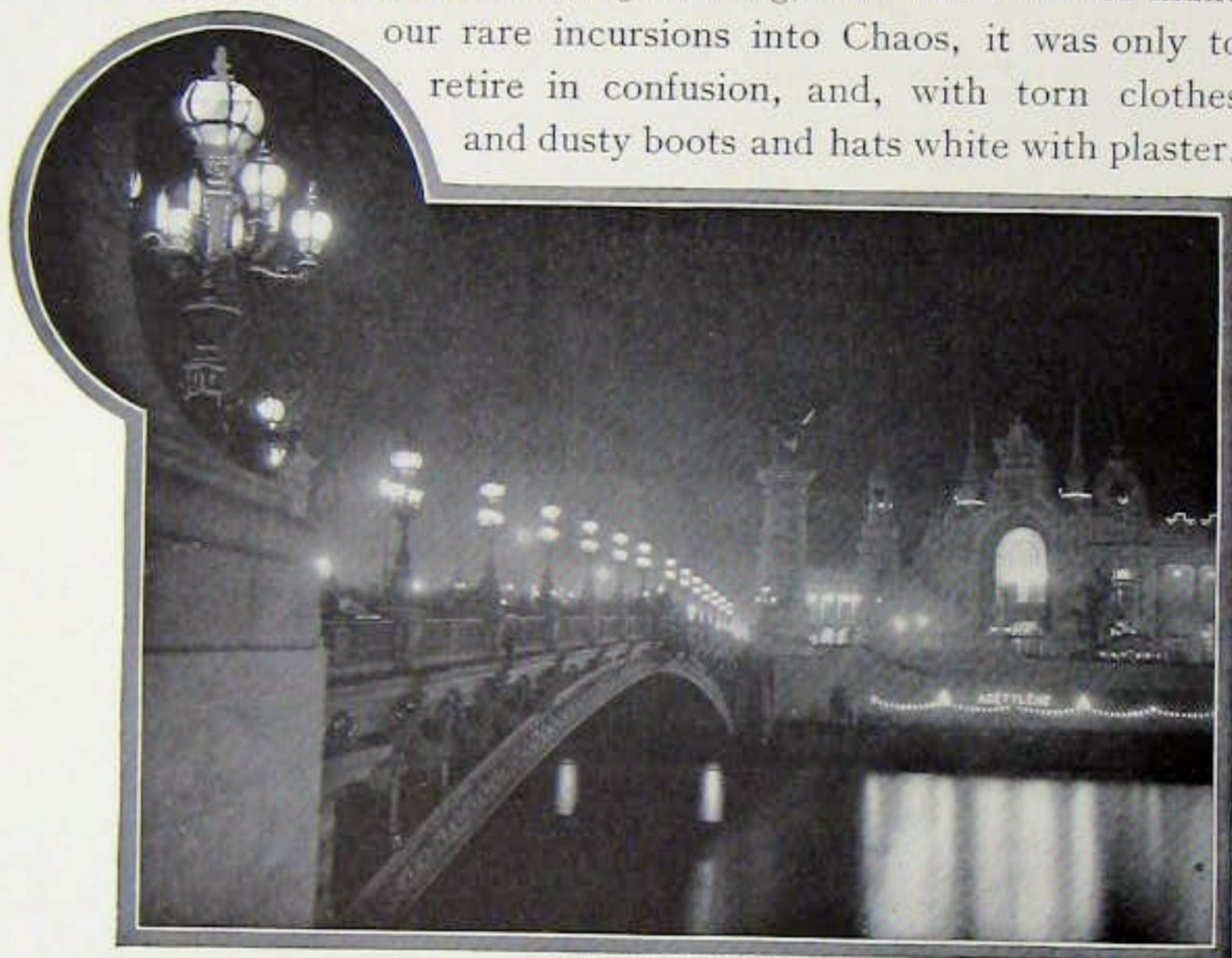
ready to receive her guests upon the opening day. On April 14 much remained yet undone, and



From photograph, copyright 1900, by Wm. H. Rau, Phila.

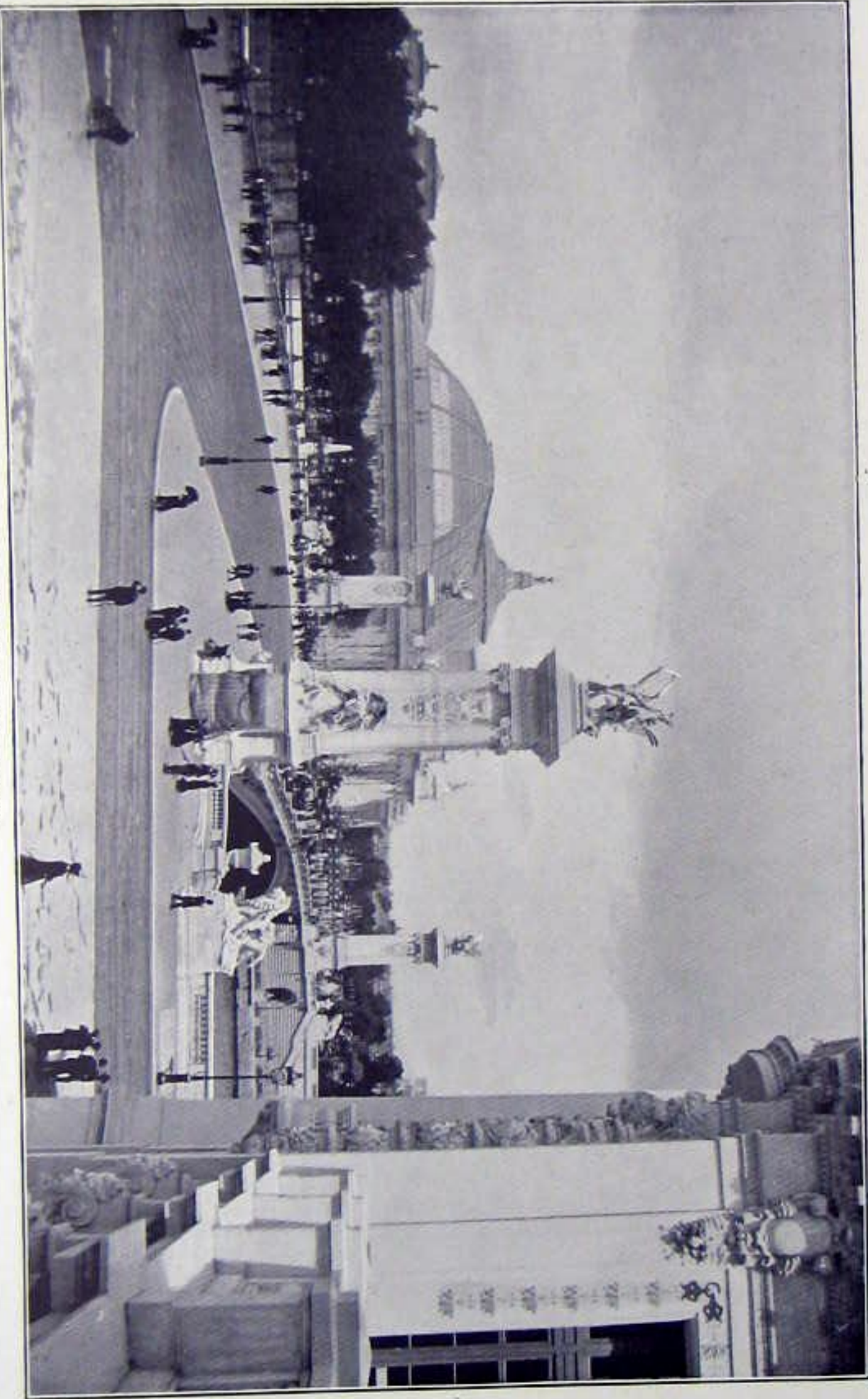
EXQUISITE DETAIL

dirt, disorder, and delay, still remained during April, May, and part of June the most conspicuous exhibits. True, the huge palaces of Industrial Arts were externally complete, but the interiors were choked with unopened packing-cases and alive with working carpenters. During the first six weeks we scarcely ventured into a big building, and when we did make our rare incursions into Chaos, it was only to retire in confusion, and, with torn clothes and dusty boots and hats white with plaster,



THE BRIDGE BY NIGHT

to return to the examination of the promising exterior walls and decorations. In time, however, order out of chaos came, and littered labyrinths were ultimately transformed into a broad-aisled universal bazaar, where all the nations of the earth displayed their decorative wares. The two great buildings bordering the avenue, although at first glance identical, differ slightly in design. One palace is the stronghold of the French exhibitors. Foreign nations have pitched commercial camps in the opposing structures.



THE "PROFIT OF PARIS"



ARCHITECTURAL PASTRY

Should I be asked what I saw in this bizarre white city, I must answer that it took me just ten days merely to stroll casually up and down its gorgeous aisles and interesting byways. How, then, attempt to give in a few brief words even a list of the objects that appealed to me? In the French section behind the frescoed walls



NATIONAL MANUFACTURES



BIZARRE DETAILS

there were the Gobelins tapestries and also the tapestries of Beauvais, the pottery of Sèvres, and, admirable above all the marvelous exhibits of jewelry and precious stones—an indescribable glorification of the daintiest of arts, grown daintier in the hands of the incomparable jewelers and *ciseleurs* of France. Turning from these almost sinfully lovely things, we cross a circular court



THE WHITE CITY OF THE ESPLANADE

to enter the Russian section, noting, as we pass along, the fountain of green tiles in which little cherubim are playing. Russia's most curious, if not her most artistic offering, was a map of France composed of semi-precious stones, with gems to mark the sites of cities. This was the gift of Nicholas to Paris. And as we swiftly pass from nation to nation we reach the graceful portal to the United States section. Above is a panel by Augustus Koopman, representing the Industrial Arts. It won for the artist a silver medal. A hurried survey of this section reveals American superiority in many lines; notably in artistic glass do we surpass the

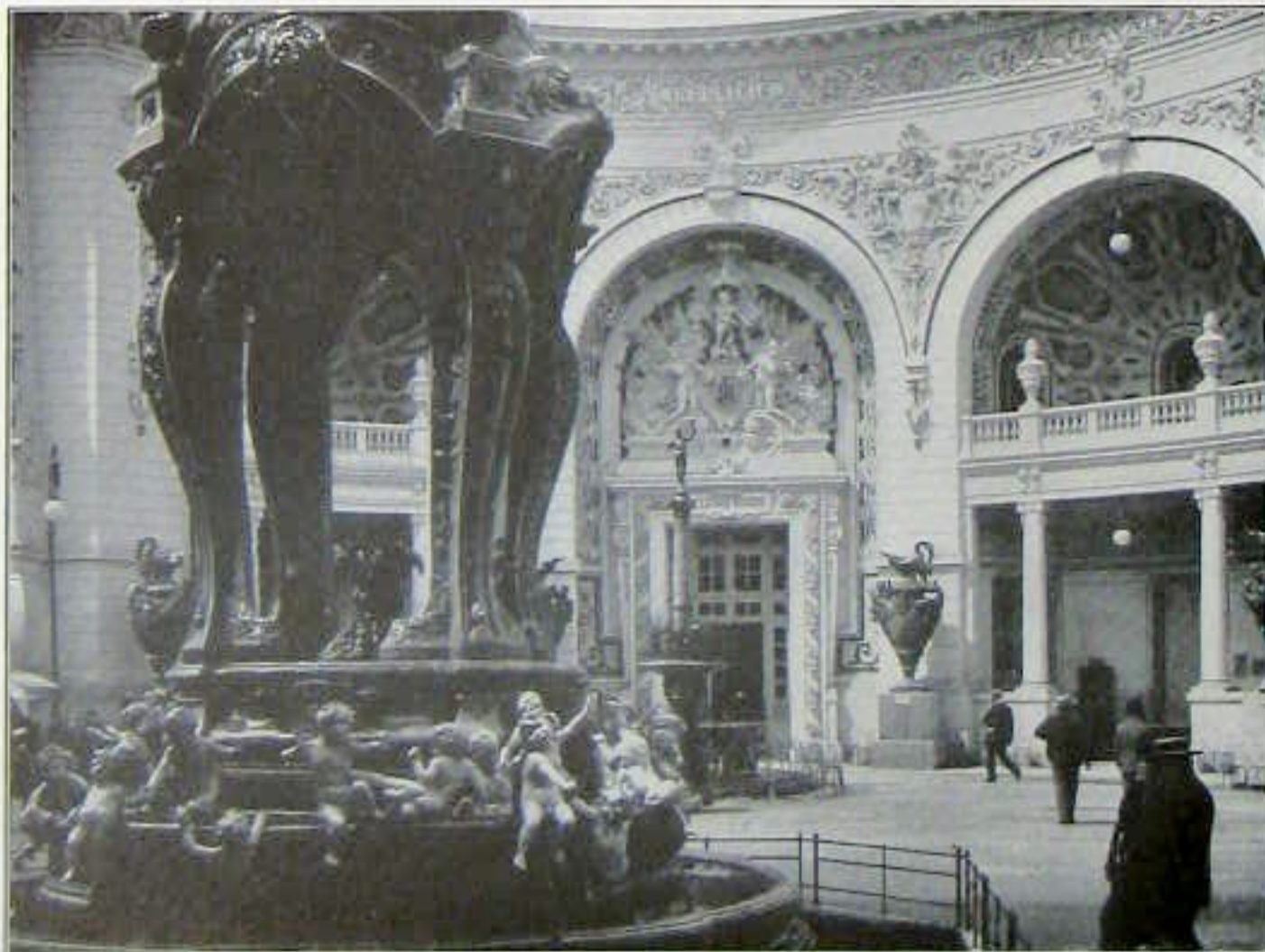


TOWARD THE DOME



TAPESTRIES

French. There is not space to go into detail. Suffice it to assert that truly the American departs as proud of his artistic artisans whose efforts made this section memorable, as of his painters and sculptors, who in the great Palace of Fine Arts deserved and won the first place among the foreigners. The space accorded us in this palace not sufficing,



A FOUNTAIN OF TILES



AMERICAN INDUSTRIAL ARTS



AMERICAN INDUSTRIAL ARTS

American exhibitors constructed in the gardens bordering the rear wall of this palace, an annex, known as the Pavilion of the Publishers. The site was granted us on the condition that the trees which stood at intervals all over the ground be not disturbed. American ingenuity rose to the occasion. A



ARTISTIC GLASS

building covered the entire site, and all the tree-trunks are snugly boxed inside the hollow pillars, while the leafy branches spread above the arching skylights their sheltering masses of foliage. Here was published throughout the summer an Exposition edition of the *New York Times*. But lest we weary of the Exposition by attempting to see too much in one short day, let us dash away in a motor-carriage



FANTASTIC FACADES

to the Bois de Boulogne. We pass en route the new palace of the Count and Countess de Castellane. In the Bois we find a happy gathering of theatrical celebrities indulging in a *fête des fleurs*. The automobiles, armored with buds and blossoms, are manned by actresses, who wage a merry war with floral missiles.

We return to the town by little



PAVILION OF THE PUBLISHERS



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PORTE DES INVALIDES

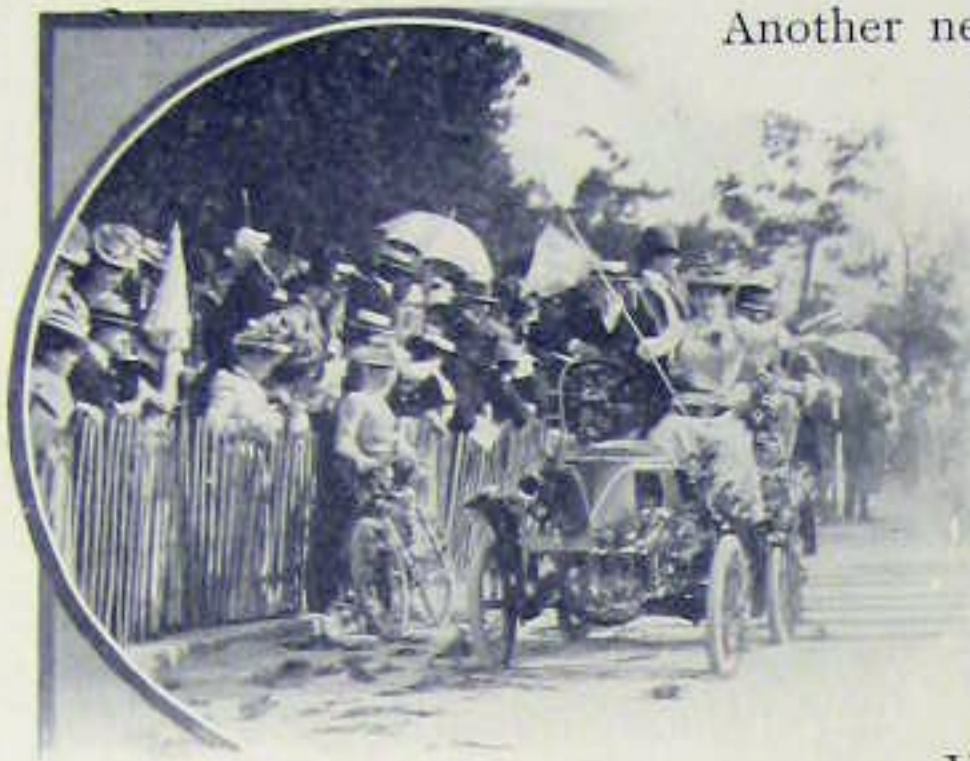


THE PALACE OF THE CASTELLANES

river-steamers, noting as we approach the Tuileries a splendid unfinished structure on the left bank of the Seine. It is the Orleans railway station, *La Gare du Quai d'Orsay*, erected on the site of the old Cour des Comptes. The railway line reaches the station by means of costly subways, beneath the quais along the Seine.



IN THE PUBLISHERS' PAVILION



FIN DE SIÈCLE FÊTE DES FLEURS

Another new enterprise is the underground electric road called the Metropolitan. Its main line traverses Paris from the Bois de Boulogne to the Bois de Vincennes, running beneath the Champs-Élysées and the Rue de Rivoli. It is, in fact, the only really rapid system of transit in the city. Until the Metropolitan was opened, in July, the public had no resource but the slow trams and busses. To-day the passenger exchanges those stuffy rumbling vehicles for these swift trains, which glide through the cool quiet tunnel at terrific speed.

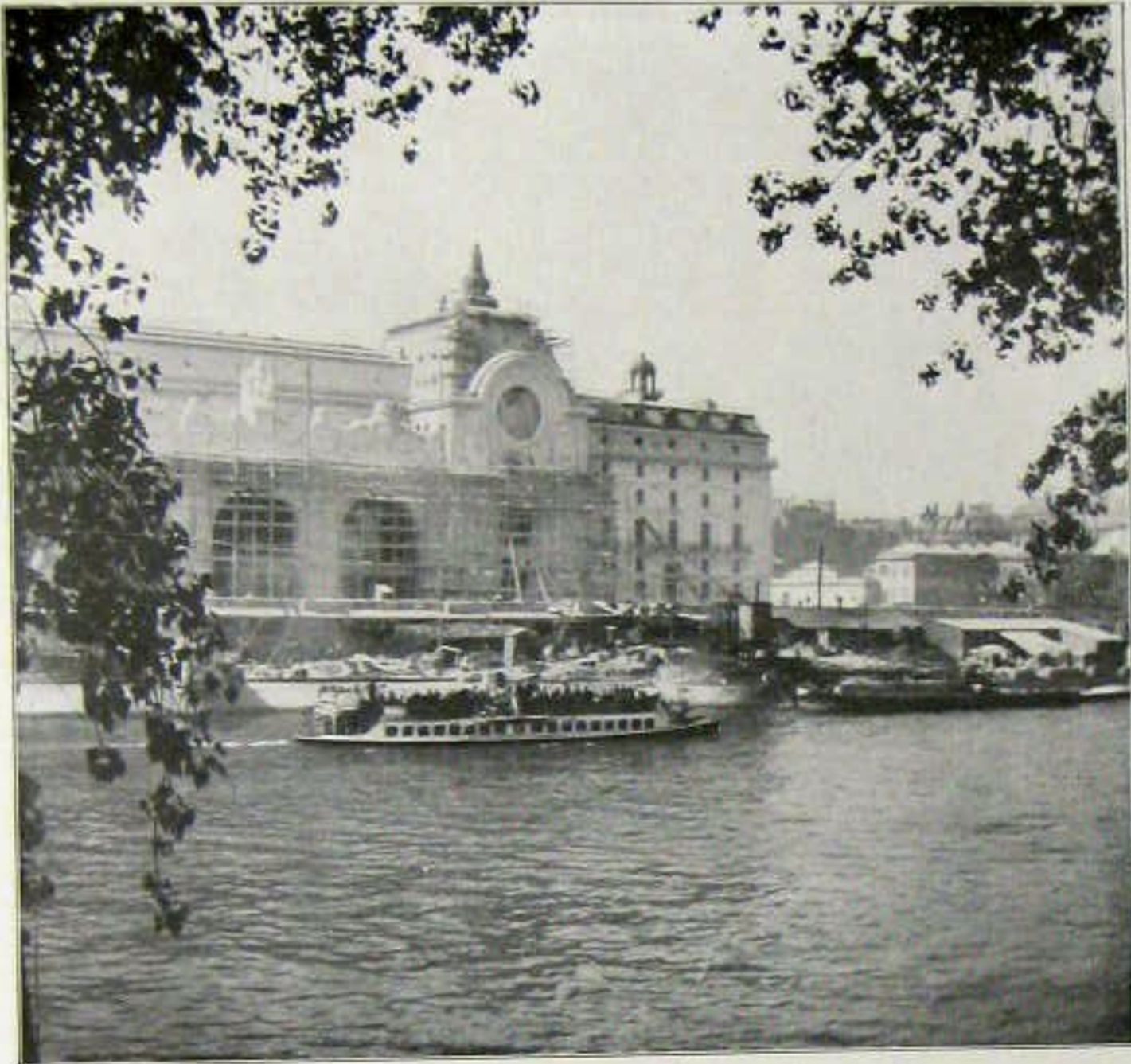


ACTRESSES IN AUTOS



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THE ESPLANADE DES INVALIDES FROM THE EIFFEL TOWER



THE ORLEANS STATION

Finding ourselves at the Vincennes terminus, far from the Exposition proper, let us devote a moment to the neglected Annex in the park of Vincennes to which the admirable machinery and transportation exhibits were exiled. The American Machinery Annex, built by the American exhibitors themselves, was a credit to their enterprise, and served its purpose well; for though the crowds did not come, prospective buyers found it possible to study our inventions at their ease. The exhibitors, however, led the life of exiles; so far as Paris and its Exposition were concerned, they might as well have been in factories at home. We sought out one young man, whose friends at home are picturing his summer at the Paris Exposition as a period of gay frivolity and soft



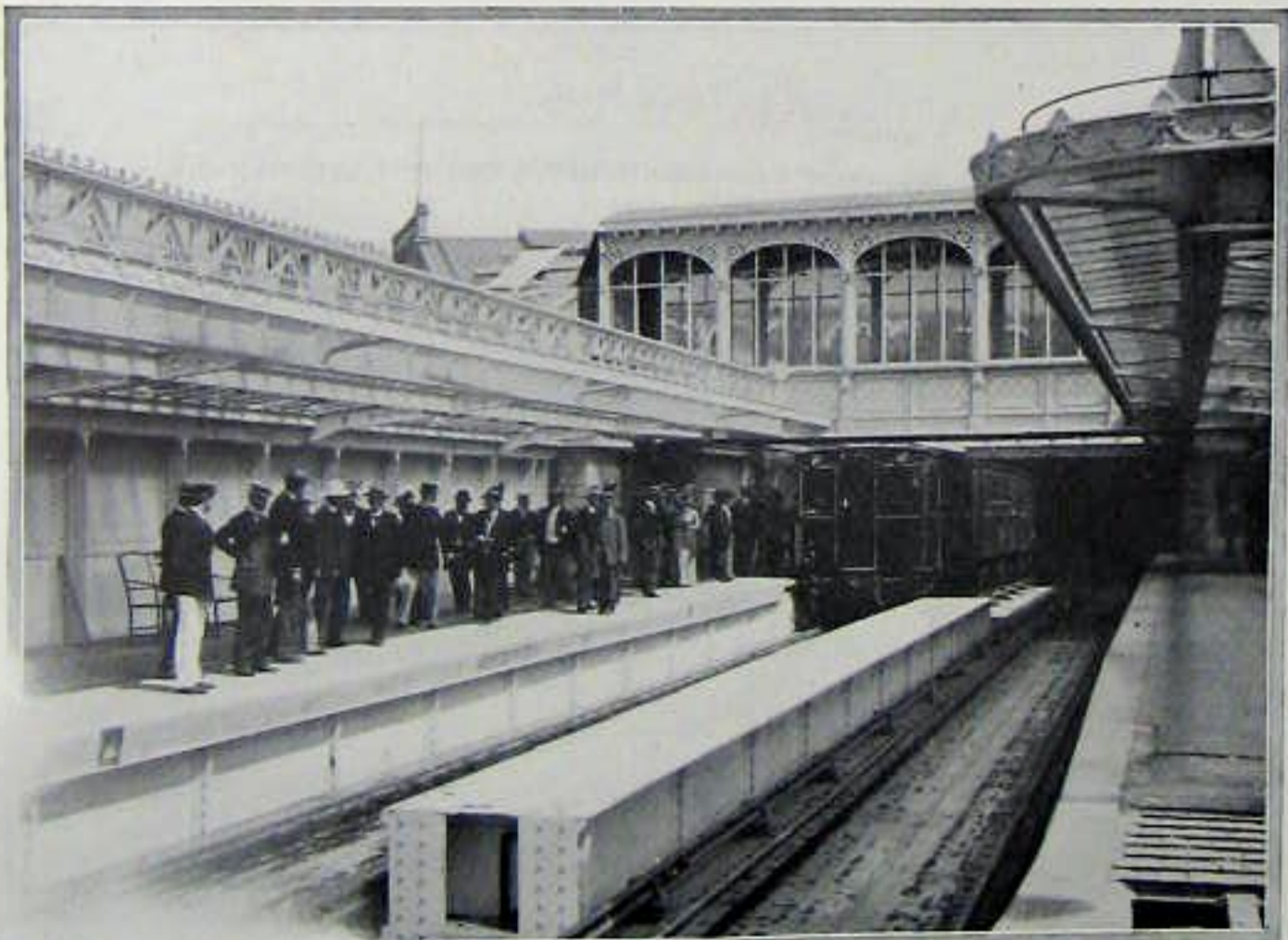
GARE DU QUAI D'ORSAY

repose, thinking of course that French workmen could be found to take charge of the big boilers sent over by his company and leave him free to wear good clothes and worthily represent the firm at fashionable functions and in gay cafés. But he did better, he represented the sturdy manhood of the young American, by sticking to his boilers and making them perform miracles of force and power. He did not wear good clothes and the names of gay cafés remain Greek to him. He saw less of the Exposition than the six-day tourists, but he himself is an exhibit that does credit to our nation, a type of the American who has resolved to do his work a little better than the other fellow. On July 3, a superb bronze of Washington was unveiled in the Place d' Iéna. It was the work of two American sculptors, Daniel French creating the figure of Washington, Potter molding the splendid charger. The monument, a gift of the women of America to France, is a token of a sister republic's gratitude.

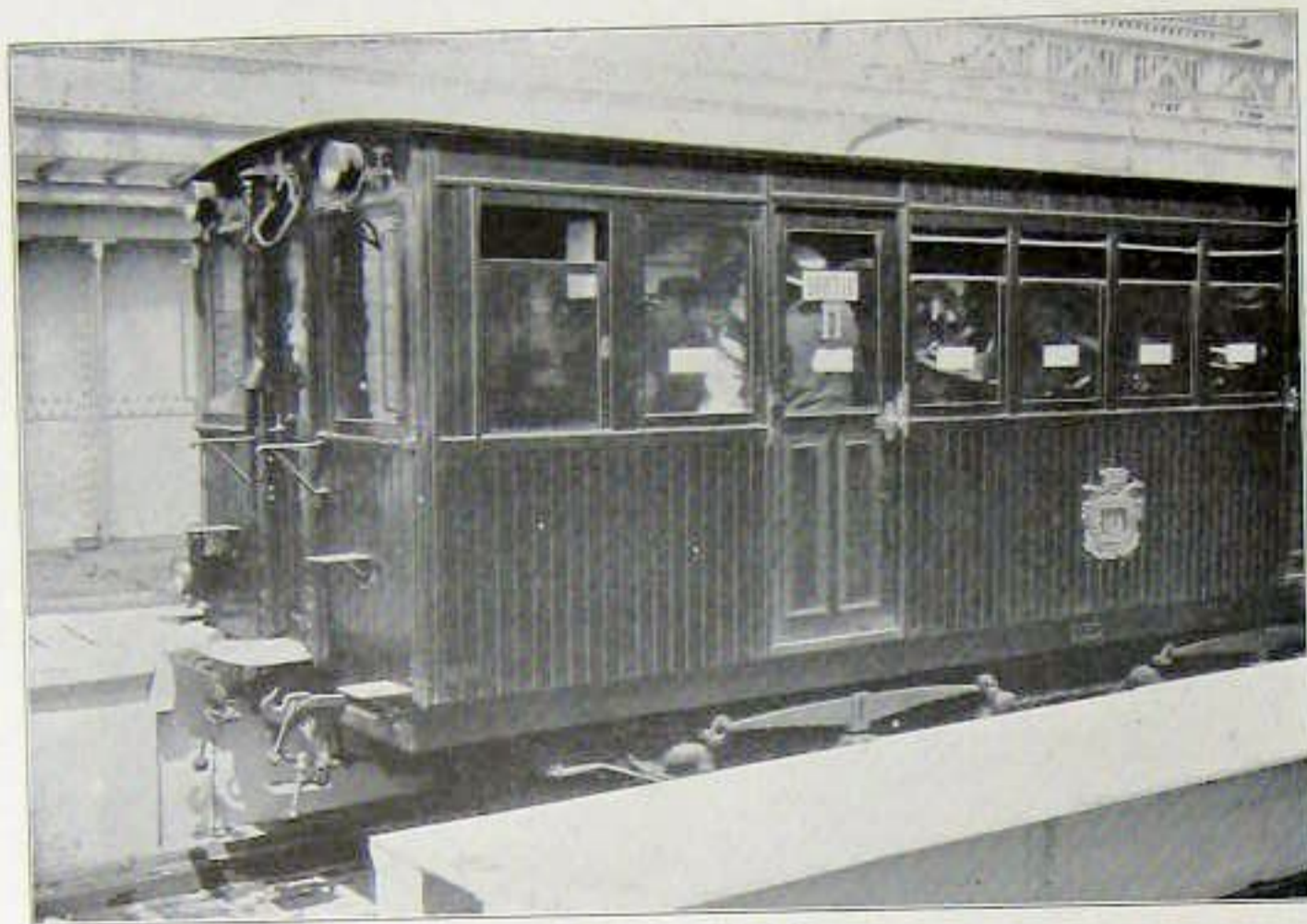
With a proud, noble gesture, Washington salutes the nation that befriended his struggling people in the days of direst need.

On the following day the celebration of the last Fourth of July of the nineteenth century is made memorable by the unveiling of the statue of Lafayette, a gift of the school children of the United States, a memorial of that admirable Frenchman in whom, for us, French friendship is personified. Thousands of enthusiastic Americans witnessed the unveiling and applauded the sentiments expressed by President Loubet, Ambassador Porter, Archbishop Ireland, and Commissioner-General Peck; other thousands, unable to gain entrance to the small enclosure, drowned the voices of the orators and even the strains of Sousa's Band, in a flood of patriotic song.

United States exposition guards, in their simple but effective uniforms, were conspicuous at all official functions; nor were there more of them than were needed for the task of guarding the fifty-one sections of the American exhibit scattered in all parts of the grounds and in the distant annex

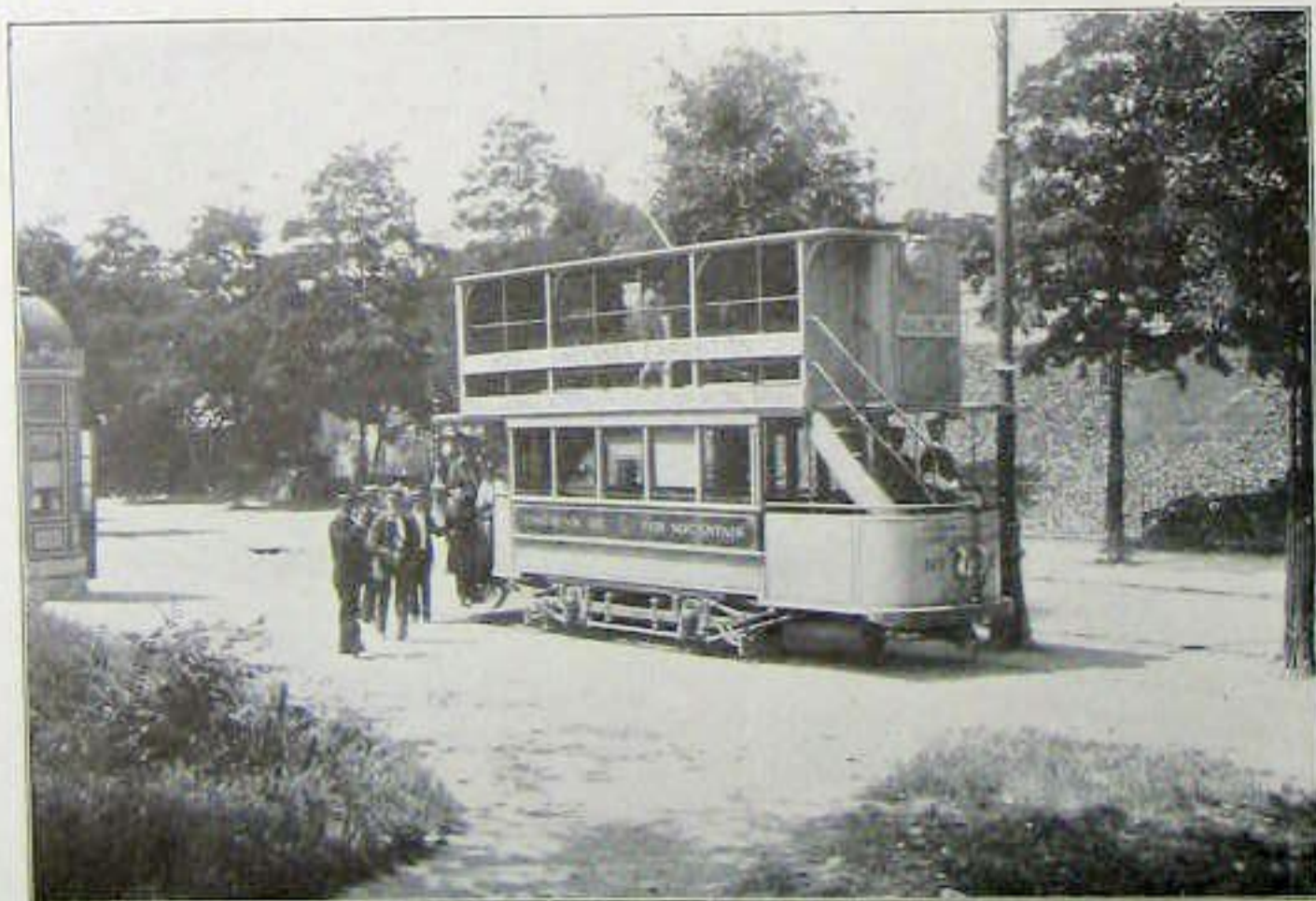


AN OPEN STATION OF THE METROPOLITAN

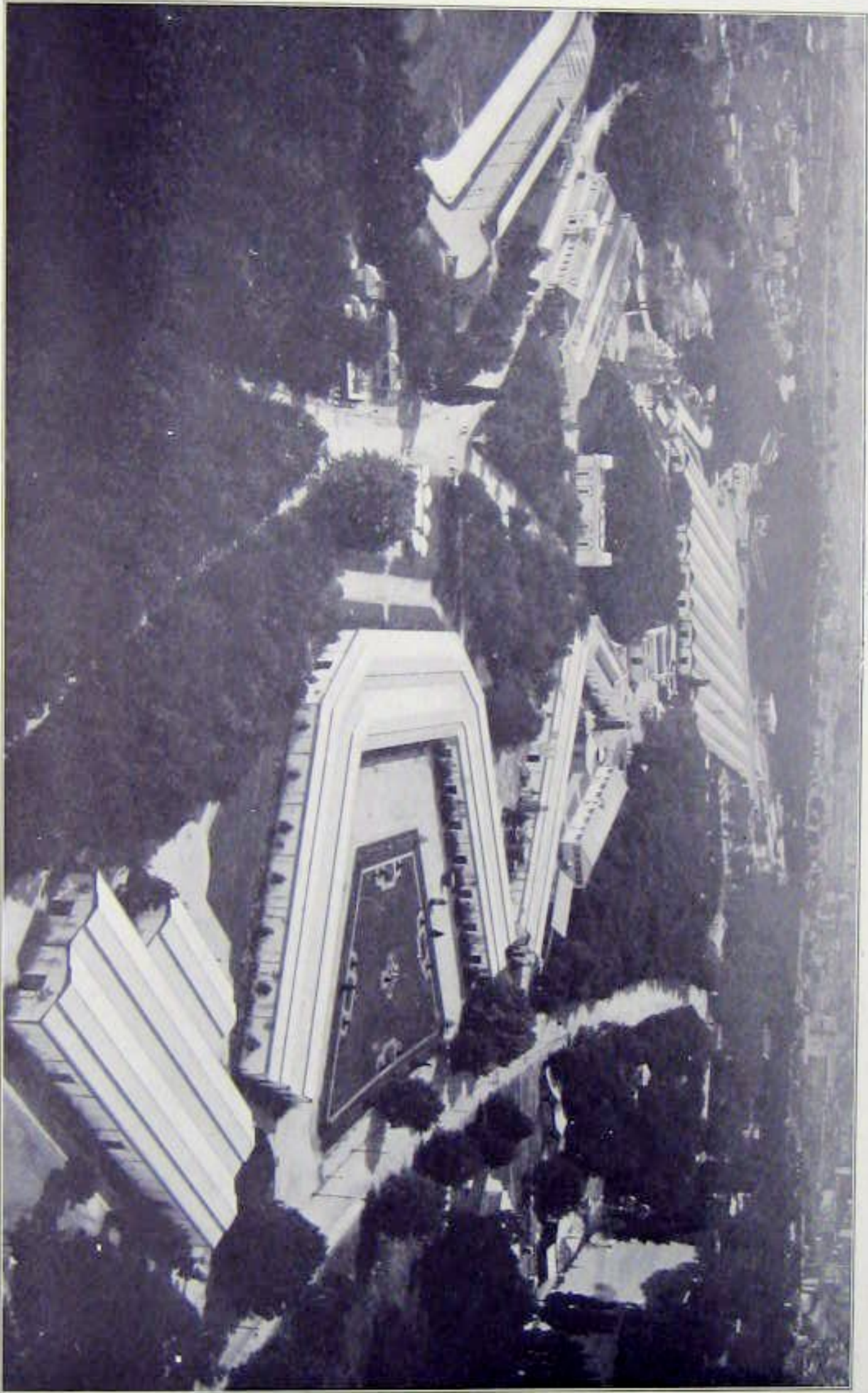


METROPOLITAN CAR

of Vincennes. Another uniform made familiar to the Parisians last summer was that of the members of Sousa's triumphant band—a band that set all Europe dancing the



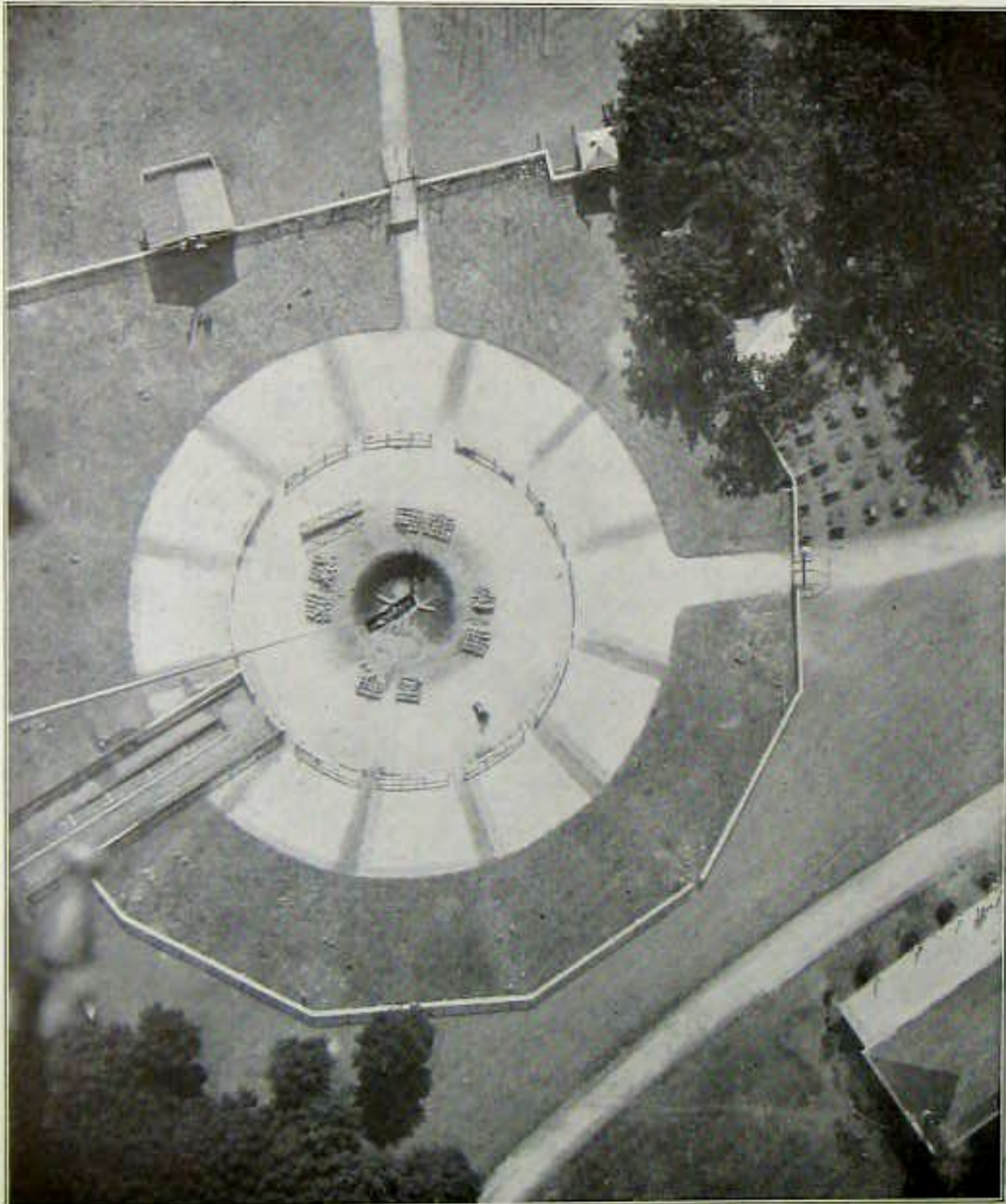
THE VINCENNES TROLLEY



VINCENNES ANNEX, FROM THE BALLOON

American two-step, to the inspiring measures of "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

During the hot spell which Paris suffered in July, the city horses wore straw hats, and even little donkeys from the country, when they came to town bringing the farmer and his wife to market, knew enough to don *chapeaux de paille*, adapted by means of perforations to their auricular necessities. For two weeks the temperature hovered in the



WHERE THE BALLOON CAME FROM



THE AMERICAN MACHINERY BUILDING

nineties. Paris grew dusty, dry, and disagreeable. The waters of the Seine became so thick and sluggish that when the Chicagoan looked on the historic river, his bosom swelled with pride.

The Chicagoan never rides upon his river, but the Seine is the great central highway of Paris and the Exposition; and as we speed beneath the Alexander Bridge, where the bronze Nymphs of the Neva and Seine salute the passing launches, let me outline the plan of our second promenade. The two grand divisions of the Exposition are linked to one another by two narrow strips along the river shore. We are, to-day, to "do" these long connecting links, beginning with the section on the left bank graced by the palaces and pavilions of the



AN EXILE AT VINCENNES



A "CROWD" AT VINCENNES

foreign nations. The first and most effective of them all is the Italian Building, a composite architectural paraphrase of those glories of Venice, St. Mark's Cathedral and the Doge's Palace. Seated in majesty upon the Grand Canal of Paris, Italy's national pavilion dominates, not only in size but in artistic worth, all the pavilions in the Street of



ENTERING THE ANNEX

Nations. The exquisite detail of its walls and windows, the rich coloring of its mosaics bear even the closest scrutiny. And the interior, although used as a national bazaar, is dignified and rich in suggestions of Byzantine magnificence. A marble likeness of King Humbert and a portrait of his



BOIS DE VINCENNES

widowed queen recall the tragedy of Monza, and we ask again why individuals must be made to suffer for the sins of a system they are powerless to change?

The geography of the street of nations is hopelessly confused. To our surprise we find that Italy is bounded on the west by Turkey, and that Turkey encroaches on the frontiers of the United States. "Encroaches" is too mild a word,



DEDICATION OF THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT

for the sultan's gaudy pile of plaster, with its swelling domes, elbows our classic construction into insignificance. True to the traditions of its Oriental land, it enrages the protesting American eagle on the dome, and annoys the horses harnessed to the chariot of progress.



"THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER"

The United States Pavilion has been criticised severely from the standpoint of art and architecture. Must we join in that chorus of condemnation? Is our American pavilion so inartistic as its critics have declared? Given a favorable location, with space for the development of the projected wings, and given a point of view permitting some perspective, would it not elicit praise rather than condemnation? Be-

neath the arch we see a copy of the Washington memorial statue, behind it the blue tones of Robert Reed's attractive mural decoration. We must admit that the interior is fearfully and wonderfully bad. It was amusing, in a sad sort of way, to listen to the comments of the discriminating few and of the uncomprehending many, as they marveled at the multiplicity of American shields, and vainly sought the meaning



READY!

of this ostentatious emptiness, in the midst of which a group of maddened horses are plunging in frantic efforts to escape. The horses have our sympathy. True, a model post-office stands for utility, and an army of leather chairs and sofas for comfort; but are these things a worthy expression of the genius of our people?

But let us fall back upon our most prominent exhibit, the people themselves. They were in evidence upon the



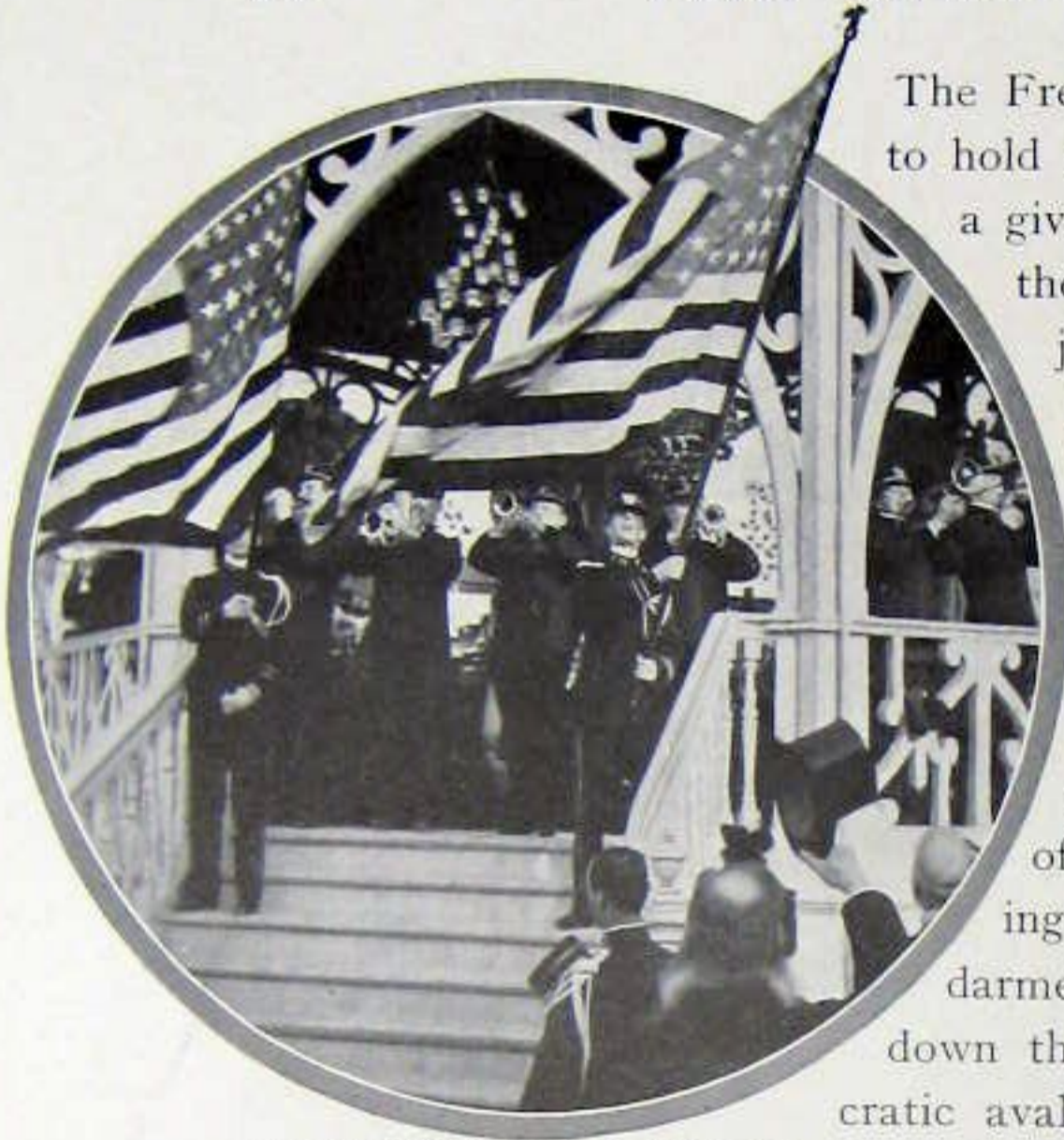
"VIVE WASHINGTON!"

day of dedication. They came as an unclassified exhibit, which should be marked "A1," for they were the best-looking people at the Exposition. In this eager crowd we



DEDICATION OF LAFAYETTE MONUMENT

saw more pretty girls and pretty frocks, more handsome, wholesome looking men, more smiling faces, and more honest courtesy than at any other gathering in Paris.



From photo, copyright 1900 by W. H. Rau, Phila.
THE STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER!

The French police had orders to hold the arriving crowds at a given distance. To do so they were compelled to join hands and form a living barrier; but when our "March King" Sousa lifted his musical scepter, his eager subjects broke through that chain of little guardians of the peace, and sweeping the protesting gendarmes off their feet, rushed down the terrace in a democratic avalanche. Yet this was done in such good humor that



ITALY, TURKEY, UNITED STATES, AND AUSTRIA



THE GIFT OF AMERICAN SCHOOL CHILDREN

even the punctilious Continentals smiled to see the police calmly reform their line *behind* the crowd.

The American people found in their pavilion, if not delight of eye and æsthetic satisfaction, at least an atmosphere of democratic hospitality, in pleasing contrast to the repellent official coldness that possessed the guardians of the more tasteful palaces of many of the European nations.



"OH, MR. SOUSA!"



"C'EST MME. PECK QUI ARRIVE"

A great event at the American pavilion was the official visit of President Loubet. He is a short, gray-bearded man, with a face best described as kindly and sympathetic. He is always accompanied by M. Picard, the commissioner-general of the Universal Exposition, a tall thin man with sharp eagle-like features worn to a skeleton by the tremendous



THE UNITED STATES GUARDS

THE SEINE



cares that rest upon him. Wherever the official cortège goes, there go the official photographers with their ladders and long tripods. We see them a moment later awaiting the presidential



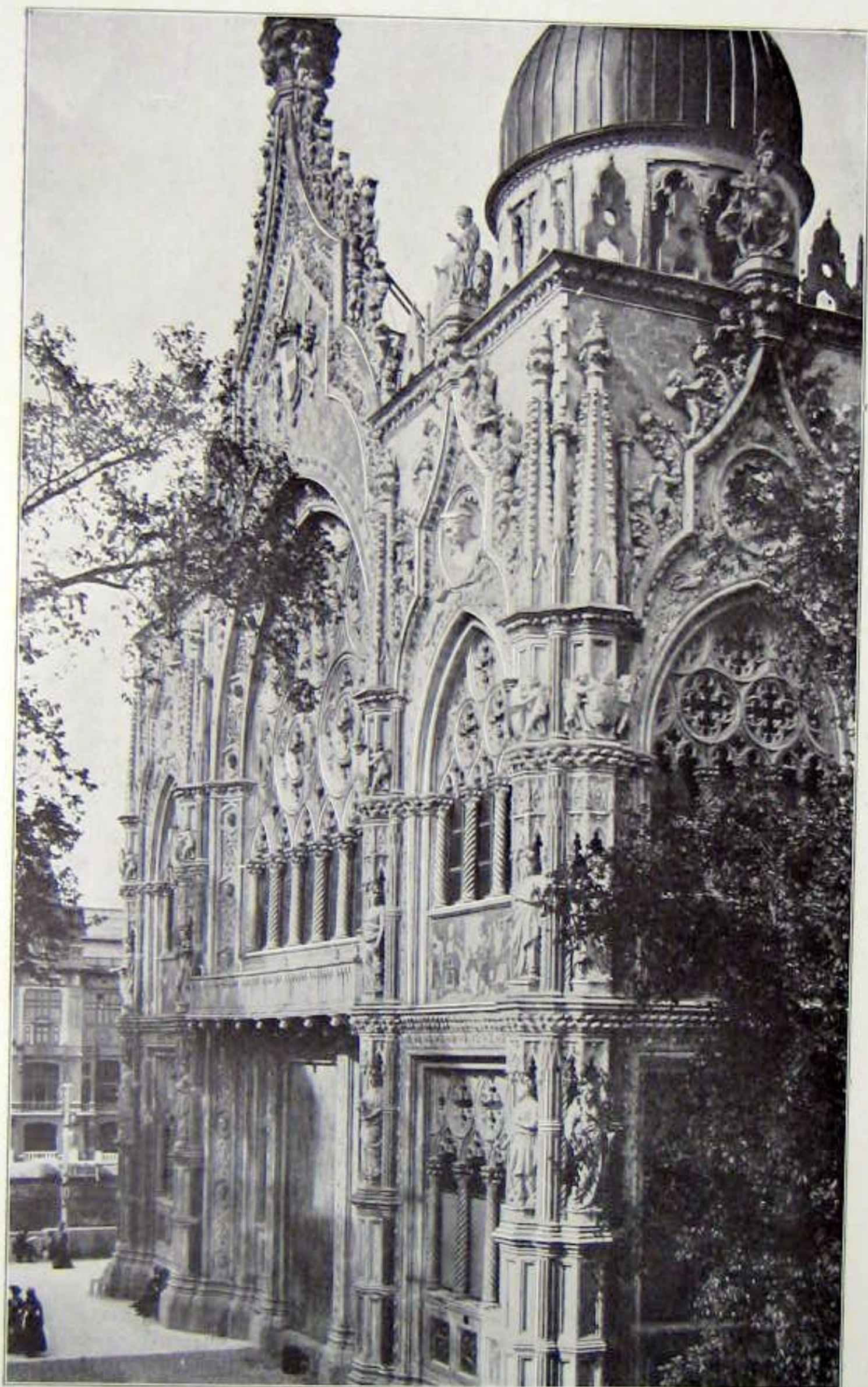
exit from the Bosnian Pavilion. Between the pavilion of the United States and Bosnia-Herzegovina rises the Austrian palace. Its interior is furnished according to the curious decorative standards of the Viennese taste.



Following the broad terrace we pass beneath the archway of the Hungarian Tower, and find that another geographical hyperbole makes England a near neighbor of Hungary. An ideal home is Britain's offering to the Street of Nations, a dwelling, restful in design, irreproachable in taste, and unostentatiously magnificent. It is a replica of Kingston House, a manor of the seventeenth century. Upon



From photograph, copyright 1900, by Wm. H. Rau, Phila.

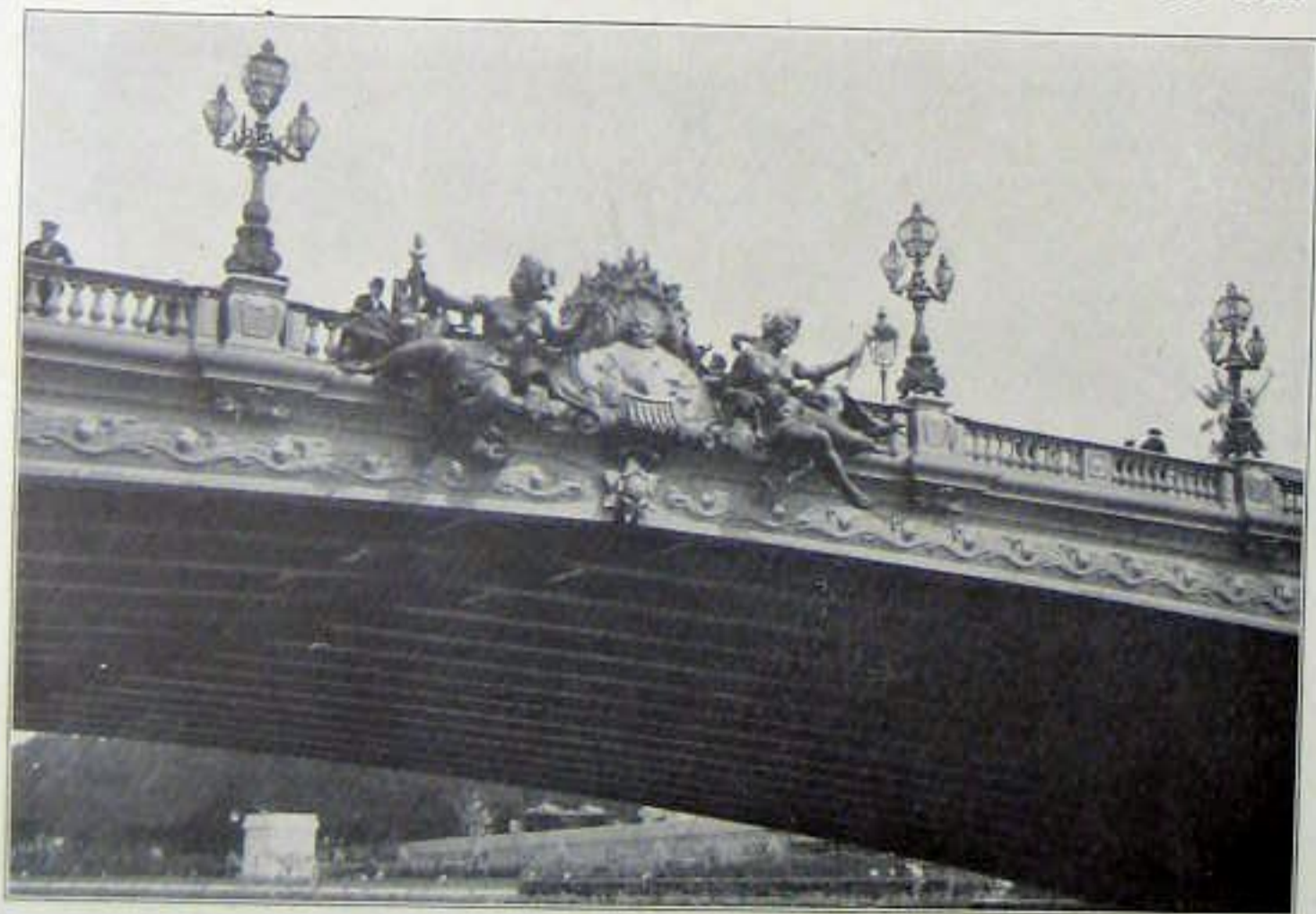


SUGGESTIONS OF SAN MARCO



ON THE SEINE

the walls of its exquisite apartments hang pictures by Burne-Jones, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Turner. In striking contrast to the sober British gray, is the bright blue of Persia's mosque-like palace. The terrace on the roof is an admirable point of view whence to look down on Bel-



RIVER NYMPHS

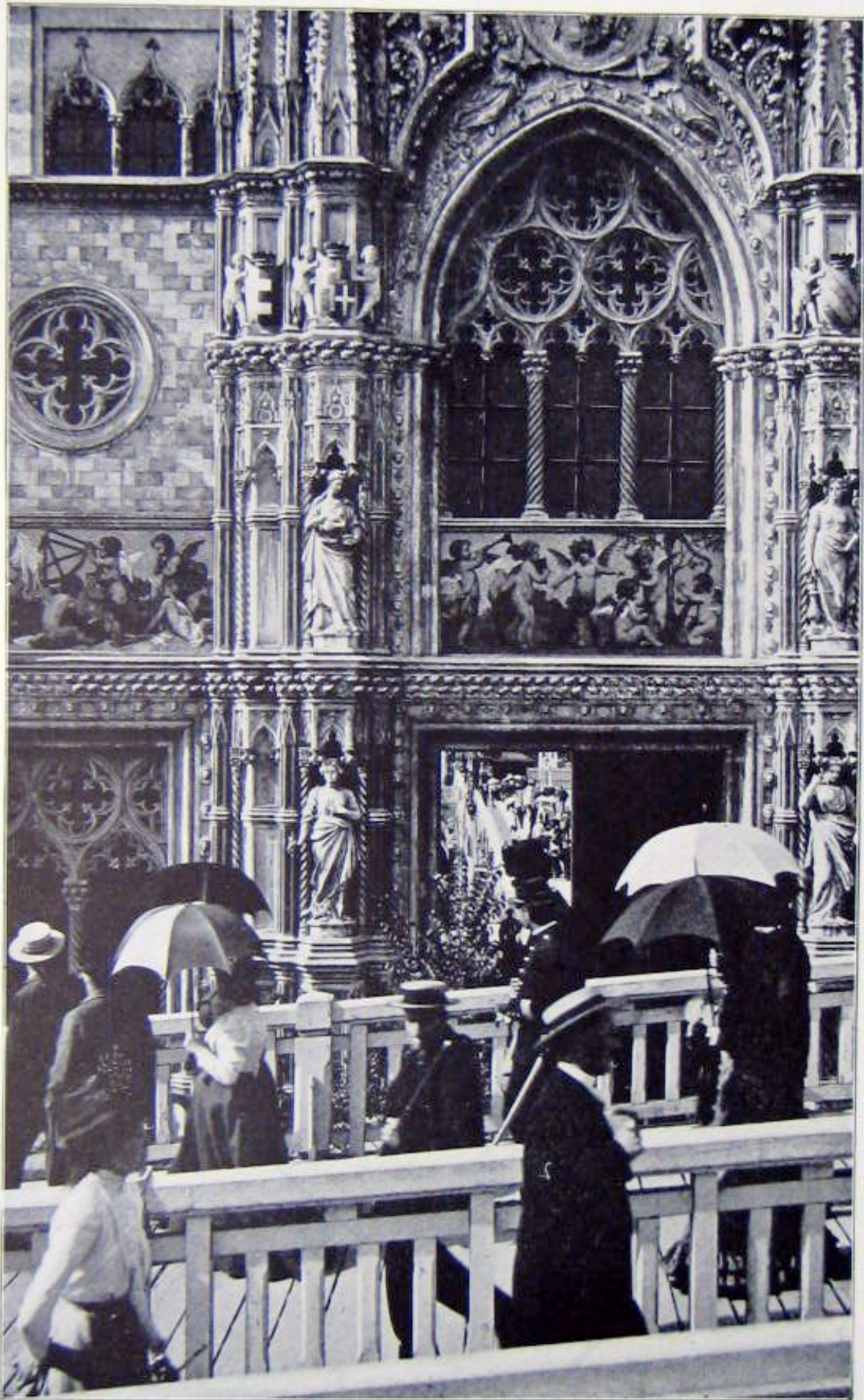


ITALY



From photograph, copyright 1900, by Wm. H. Rau, Phila.

ON THE PARISIAN GRAND CANAL



A BIT OF OLD ITALY



THE ITALIAN INTERIOR

gium's medieval city-hall, a faithful representation of the Hotel de Ville of the town of Audenarde. It was in these things that the Paris Exposition was most admirable. The artistic fragments of foreign lands were so grouped that one might travel round the world in half a day and breathe the atmosphere of a different country at almost every step.

From Belgium we skirt the coast of Norway to the banks of the German Rhine. Norway shows us a huge red cottage, filled with Nansen's trophies, and other things that tell of the North seas. Germany challenges our attention with a gorgeous structure, lifting an unmistakably Teutonic tower above the Gallic Seine. Genuineness was the keynote of every manifestation of the artistic and industrial genius of



From photograph, copyright 1900, by W. H. Rau.

"HOORAY!"



ON THE TERRACE

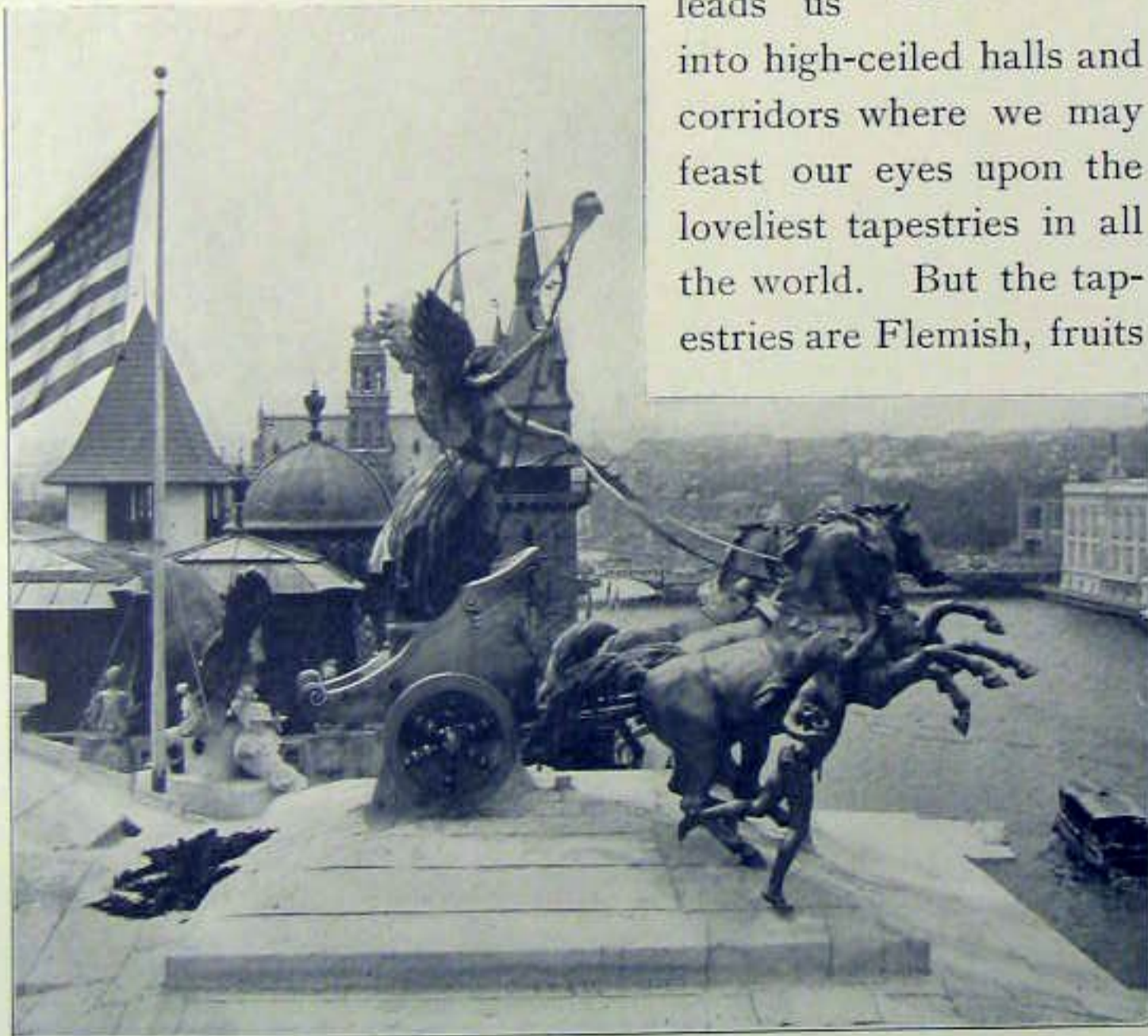
Germany. No other nation illustrated more convincingly its rapid progress in the last decade. While glorying in her past achievements, the Kaiser's land points resolutely to the future and dreams of greater things to come.

Not so with Spain, whose palace rises on the right. With quiet dignity Spain seems to say, "Behold what I have been!" She bids us enter a cold, almost vacant court, and do homage to a statue of Velasquez, whose pictures are among the most precious of her remaining treasures.

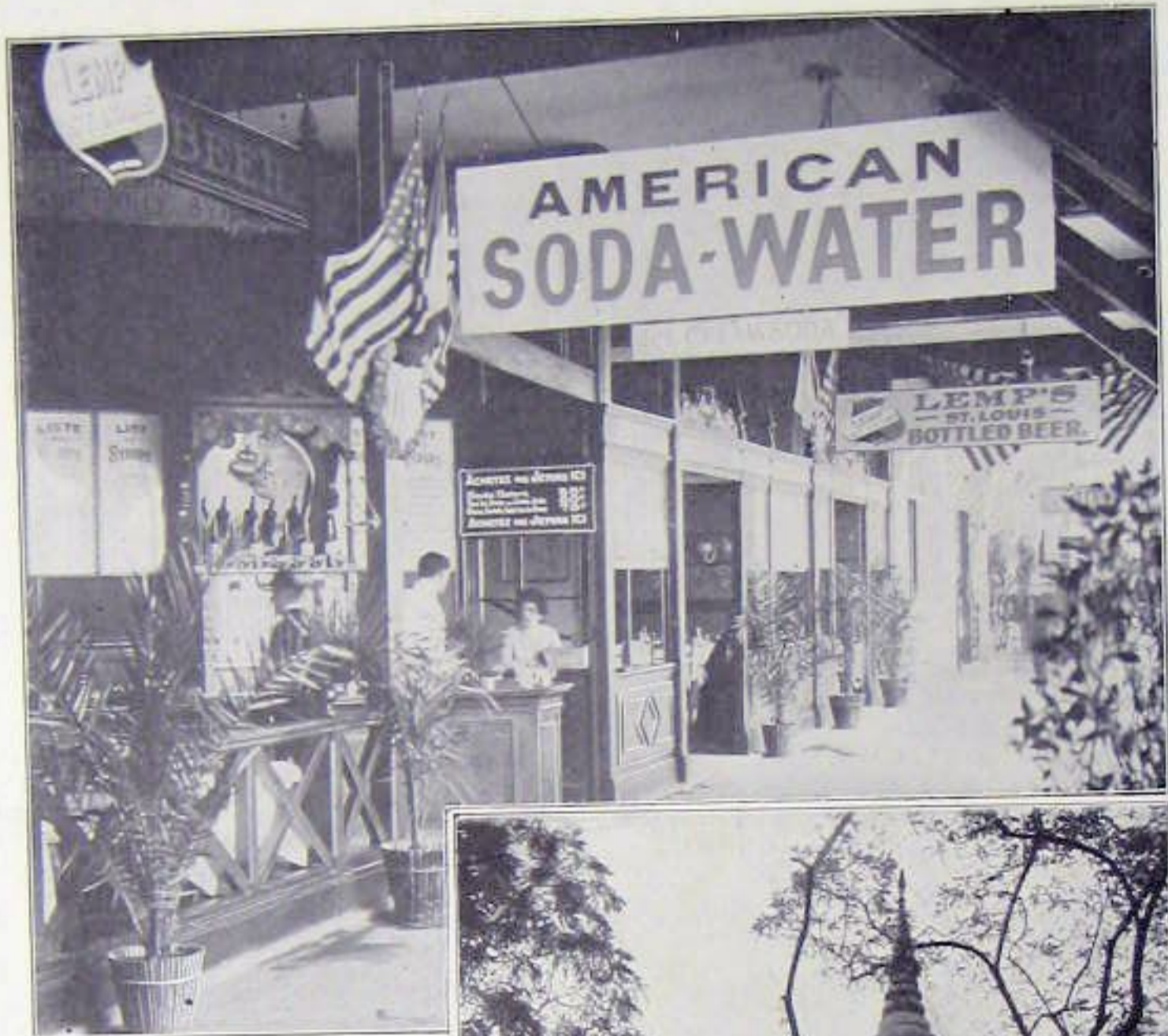


THE BIRD OF FREEDOM

Then she leads us into high-ceiled halls and corridors where we may feast our eyes upon the loveliest tapestries in all the world. But the tapestries are Flemish, fruits



THE CHARIOT OF PROGRESS



FAMILIAR SIGNS

of the Spanish conquest of the Netherlands. She shows us two or three superb fragments of chiseled, inlaid armor, and an incomparably dainty fan, thus evoking with eloquent simplicity the days when Spanish knight-hood was the admiration of the world.

Another step and we have crossed the



AN ORIENTAL TEMPLE



From photograph, copyright 1900, by W. H. Rau.

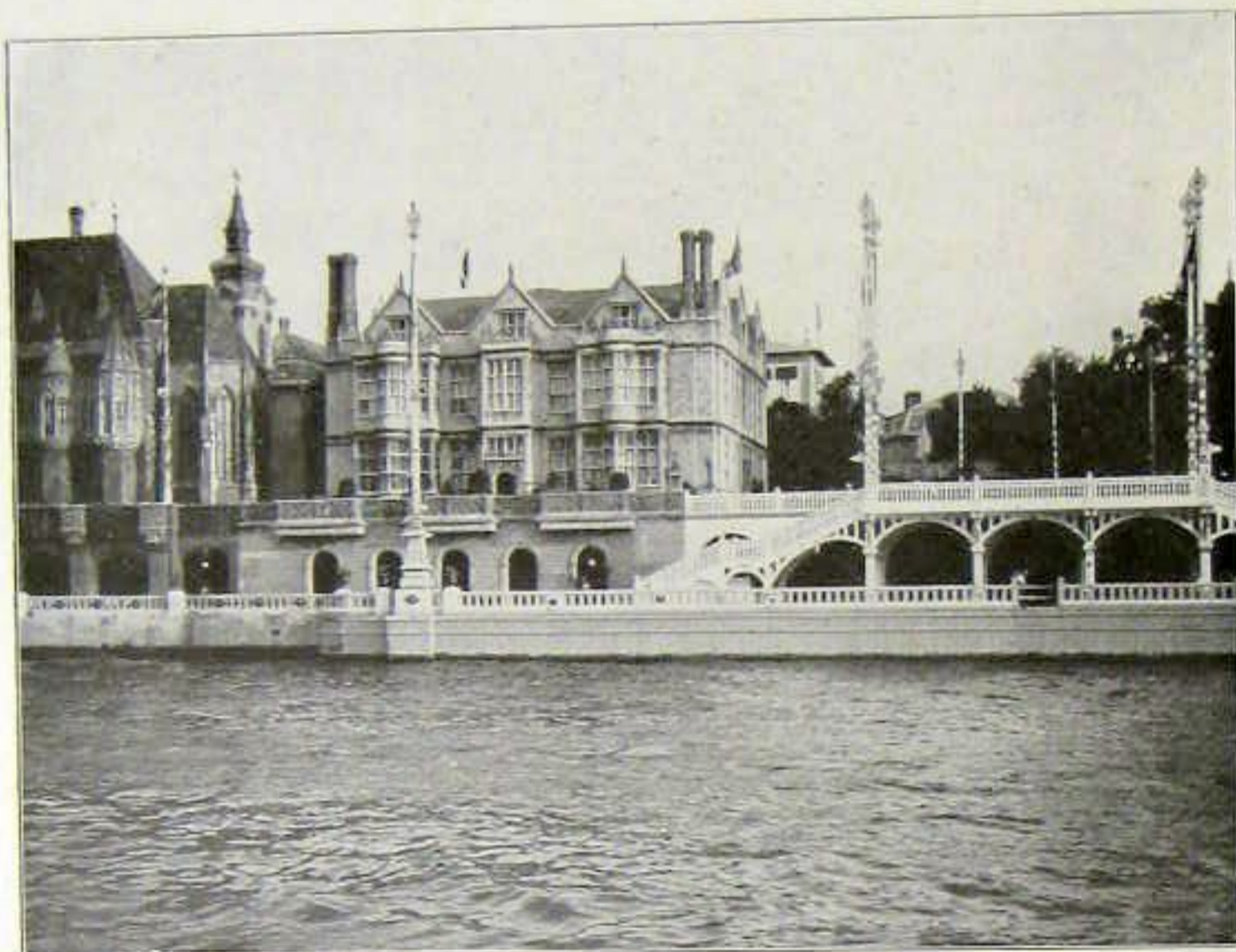
AFTER THE AVALANCHE



RIVERSIDE RESTAURANTS

frontier of the little principality of Monaco. We are surprised to find frivolous Monte Carlo represented, not by a gay Casino, crowned with a roulette wheel, and decorated with portraits of the King of Spades, the Queen of Diamonds, and the Jack of Hearts, but by a somber pile of stone, an imposing fortified château, rivaling in size the buildings of the largest nations.

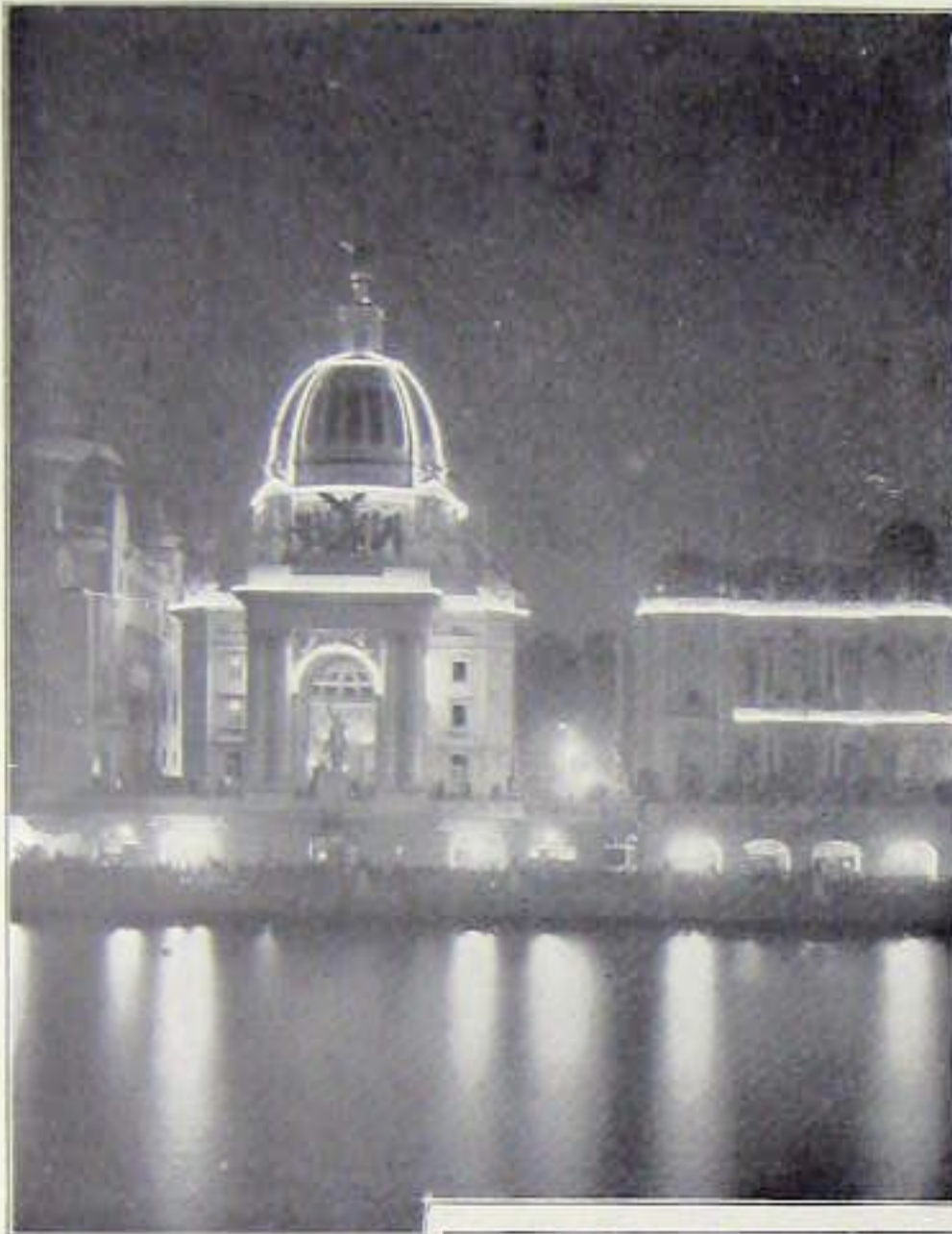
It is a replica of the château of Albert, Prince of Monaco, whose kingdom, though apparently only a few square miles



GREAT BRITAIN



BRITISH "BOBBY"



THE UNITED STATES DOME
BY NIGHT

Sweden's brown freak of shingled turrets and balconies and towers serves to throw into the most pleasing contrast the modest Greek pavilion in the form of a tiny Byzantine basilica. Within, alas, we find exposed noth-

in extent, is infinitely broad, for the bottom of the sea belongs to him by right of scientific conquest. Albert of Monaco is a royal scientist. His oceanographic explorations have revealed to us many of the mysteries of that almost unknown continent hidden by the deep waters of the globe.



LA FERIA

ing but modern products—tan shoes and patent leather, dried currants and cheap wines. A few blocks of Pentelic marble are the only things suggestive of glorious antiquity. The Servian pavilion is likewise a church of Byzantine design. Mexico's contribution to this cosmopolitan array of



ON ATTEND M. LOUBET

palaces rises below the Bridge of Alma, and there are many attractive pavilions, notably those of Finland, Rumania, Bulgaria, and Denmark, ranged in a second row behind the more conspicuous palaces, which rise in friendly rivalry upon the terraced shore.

The lower terrace is one long, international restaurant, where it is possible to make a gastronomic tour around the



GERMANY AND SPAIN

world. We breakfast to the music of Hungarian gypsies ; at five o'clock we take tea to the tinkling of Neapolitan guitars ; we dine to the sound of the Servian tambouritza or usually amid the clacking of Castilian castanets. The restaurant called "La Feria," beneath the Spanish building, was by common consent the rendezvous of those who sought good cooking, gaiety, and noise. French chefs, mandolin players



M. LOUBET AND M. PICARD



From photograph, copyright 1900, by Wm. H. Rau, Phila.

OUR MARCH KING



MEXICO

from Madrid, and dancers from Seville, provided delectation for the palate, ear, and eye. An evening at "La Feria" was an experience not to be omitted. Next door we



MONACO AND SWEDEN



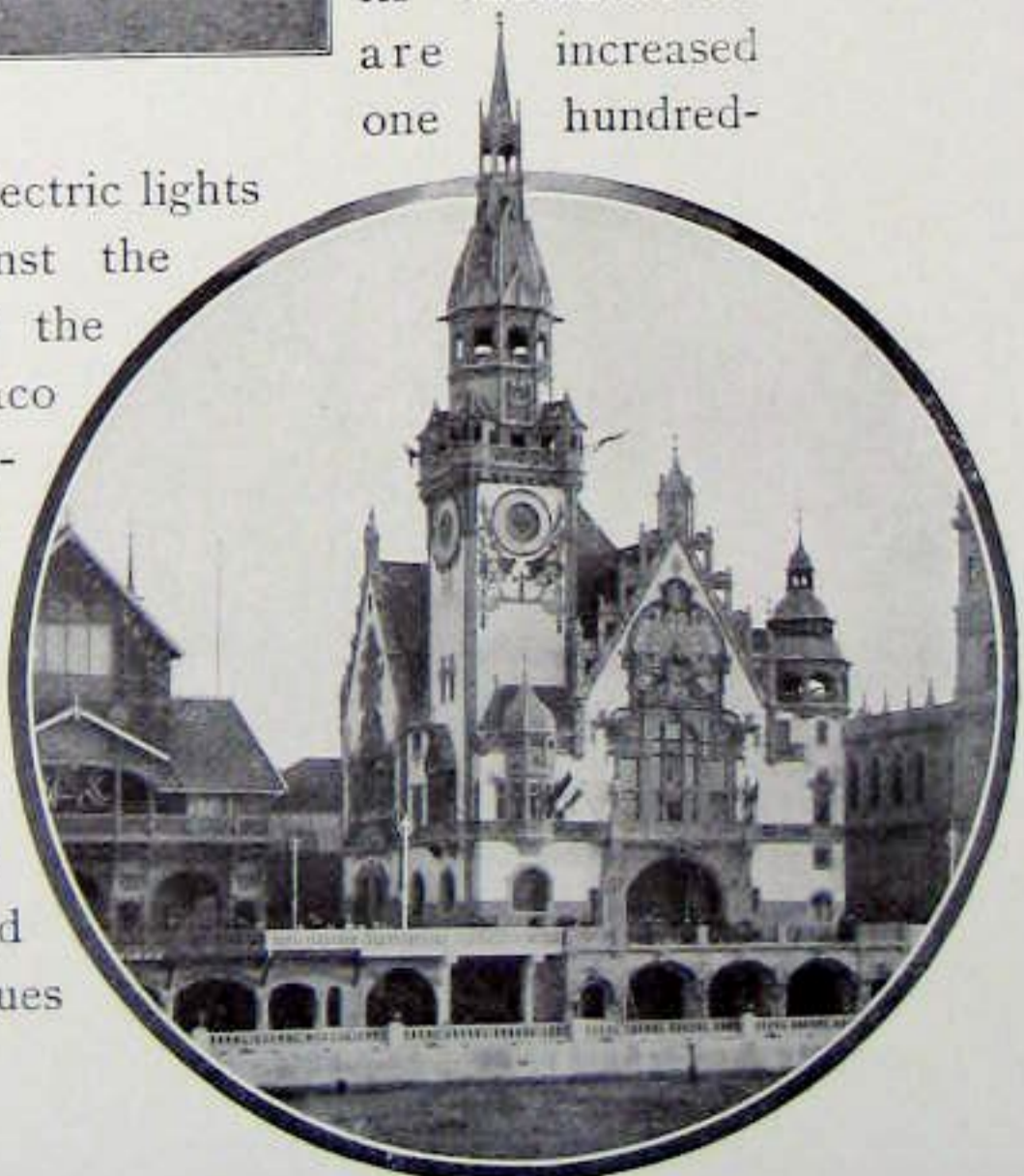
IN THE UNITED STATES PAVILION



PERSIA

find the German restaurant, more sedate but always crowded to the water's edge. Interminable rows of tables stretch away in two directions, and at these tables people of every nationality are striving to appease an international appetite. But if by day we find this section pleasing to the senses, by night its fascinations are increased one hundred-

fold. Then thousands of electric lights outline every palace against the mystery and blackness of the sky. The towers of Monaco and Spain, the Turkish turrets, and the dome and arch of the United States stand out in luminous relief. The music of a score of orchestras comes to us in a faint universal cacophony, and the mingled murmur of more tongues



GERMANY



From photograph, copyright 1900, by Wm. H. Rau, Phila.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

than Babel boasted is wafted from this ephemeral cosmopolis across the silent waters of the Seine. But the placid Seine was not always silent and undisturbed. During the magnificent Venetian Fêtes, in August, processions of illuminated barges glided and circled and defiled between the banks, filling the night with glare of torches and lanterns and with the blare of trumpets and the sound of song and the sudden



SPAIN



GREECE AND SERVIA



SUNDAY CROWDS

brilliance of pyrotechnic fires. In the distance loomed the twin towers of the Trocadéro, and over all, like the ribs of an incandescent umbrella, revolved the search-lights of the Eiffel Tower.

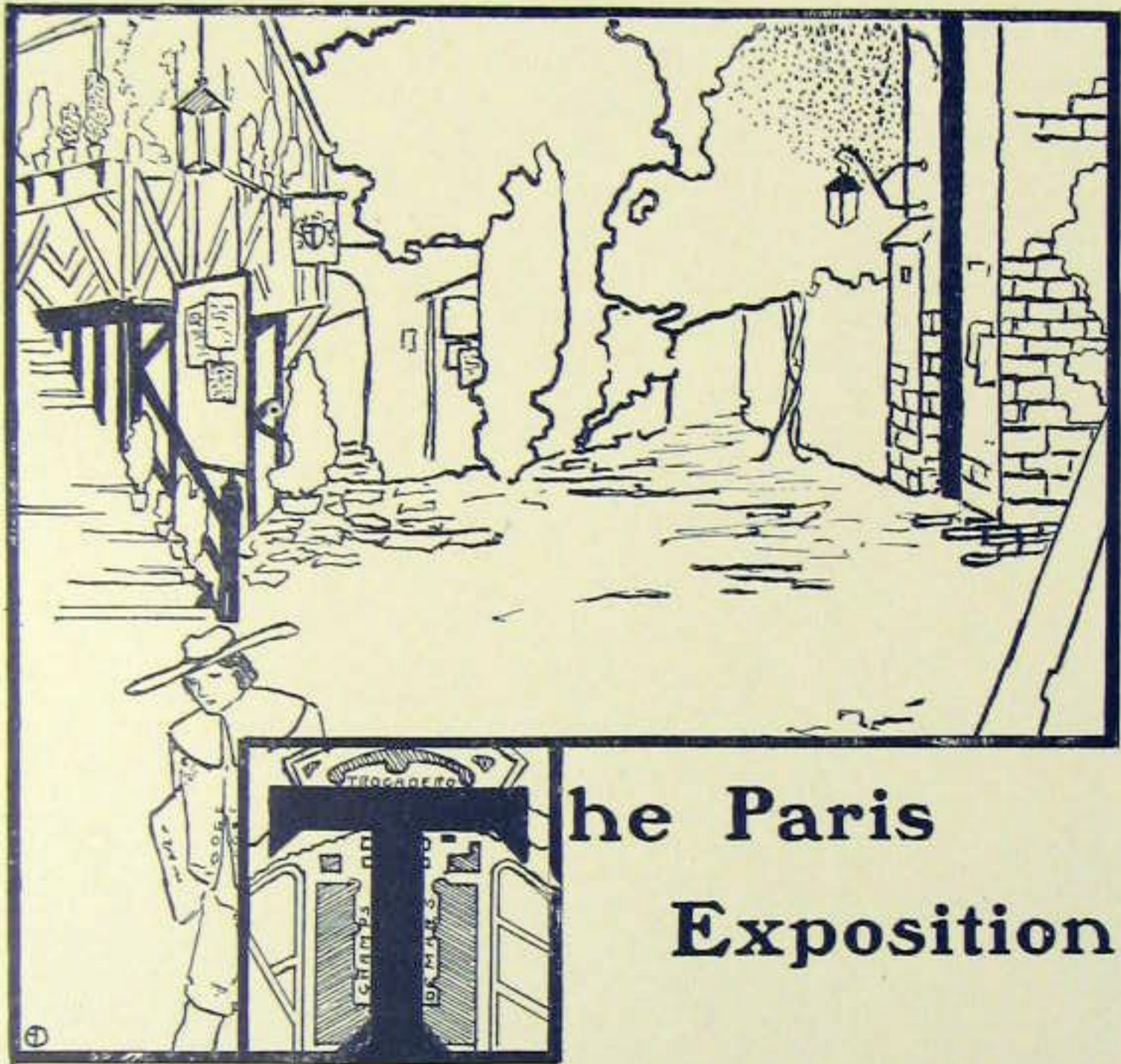




UNITED STATES BUILDING
(PARIS EXPOSITION)

PARIS EXPOSITION

II



The Paris Exposition

FRONTING the Seine, between the Bridge of Alma and the Bridge of Jéna, is the long narrow "Palace of the Armies of the Sea and the Land." Strangely enough, the same roof shelters also the section devoted to Hygiene.

From the hall where the bust of Pasteur is enshrined amid the instruments that served him in his marvelous experiments, we may turn to the exhibits of artillery and warships; from the life-saving, health-insuring inventions of that great benefactor of humanity, to the death-dealing contrivances used in war on land and sea.

Eloquently suggestive
fare is the great central
hold. Armored sentinels
equestrian statues of the
mortal Bayard stand with-
their presence alone is
and chivalry of battles
armies long ago. There
turesqueness in the war-
fortress is constructed
an engineer. Armies to-
khaki — the steel is worn
Creusot
stained

of the pomp of oldtime war-
portal of this staff strong-
are posted at the bridge, and
brave du Guesclin and the im-
in the shadow of the archway;
sufficient to evoke the poetry
that were fought by steel-clad
is but little poetry and pic-
fare of to-day. The modern
not by an architect but by
day are clad in cloth and
by the forts and ships. The
dome, crimson
and



A NOVEL ASPECT OF THE EIFFEL TOWER

hideous, like a great gory menace, stands strikingly out
amid the palaces of peace, an extremely discordant stain
upon this Parisian Field of the Cloth of Gold, where
a large majority of the nations of the earth are assem-
bled to render unmistakable proofs of universal amity
and love. It is the creation of the firm of Schneider

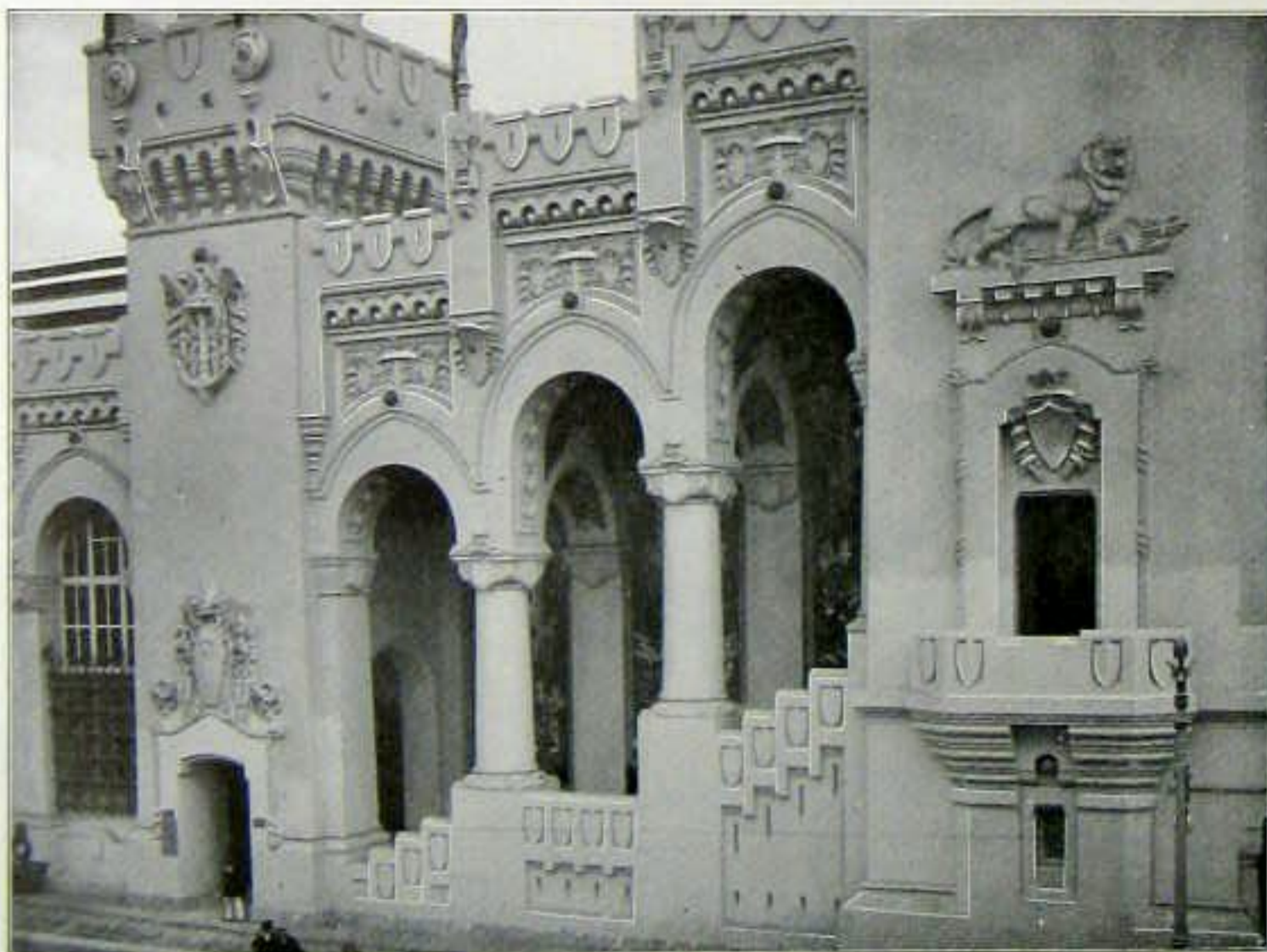


A VICTORIOUS FLEET



A STRONGHOLD OF STAFF

& Company, makers of the famous Creusot cannon, electrical apparatus, and locomotives. Behind its ugly, threatening dome runs the elevated moving sidewalk, one of the most amusing features of the Exposition. The Frenchmen called it a *Plate-forme Mobile*—there are, in fact, three platforms, the first is stationary,



THE WAR PALACE



ARMORED SENTRIES

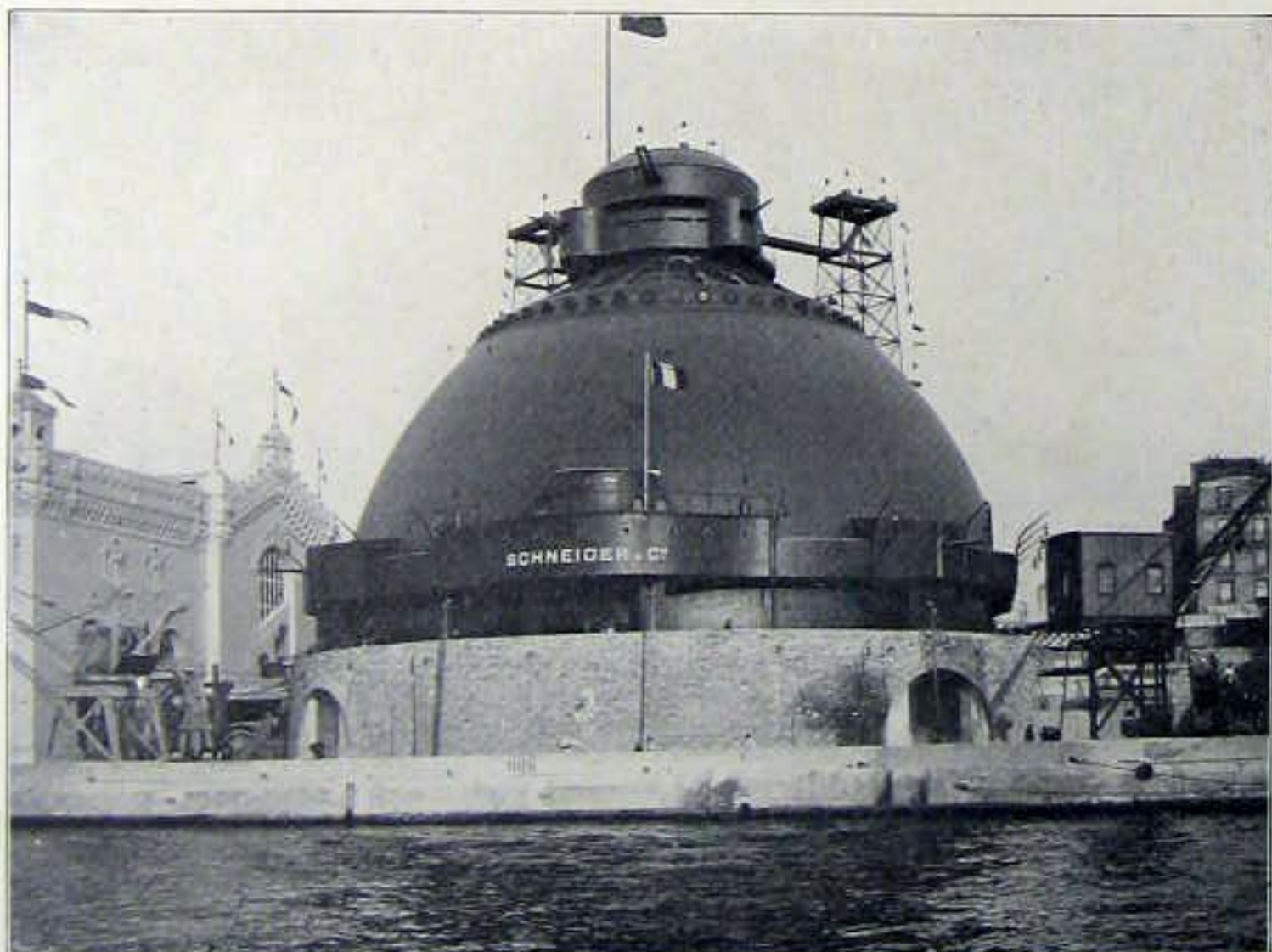


LE CHÂTEAU D'EAU

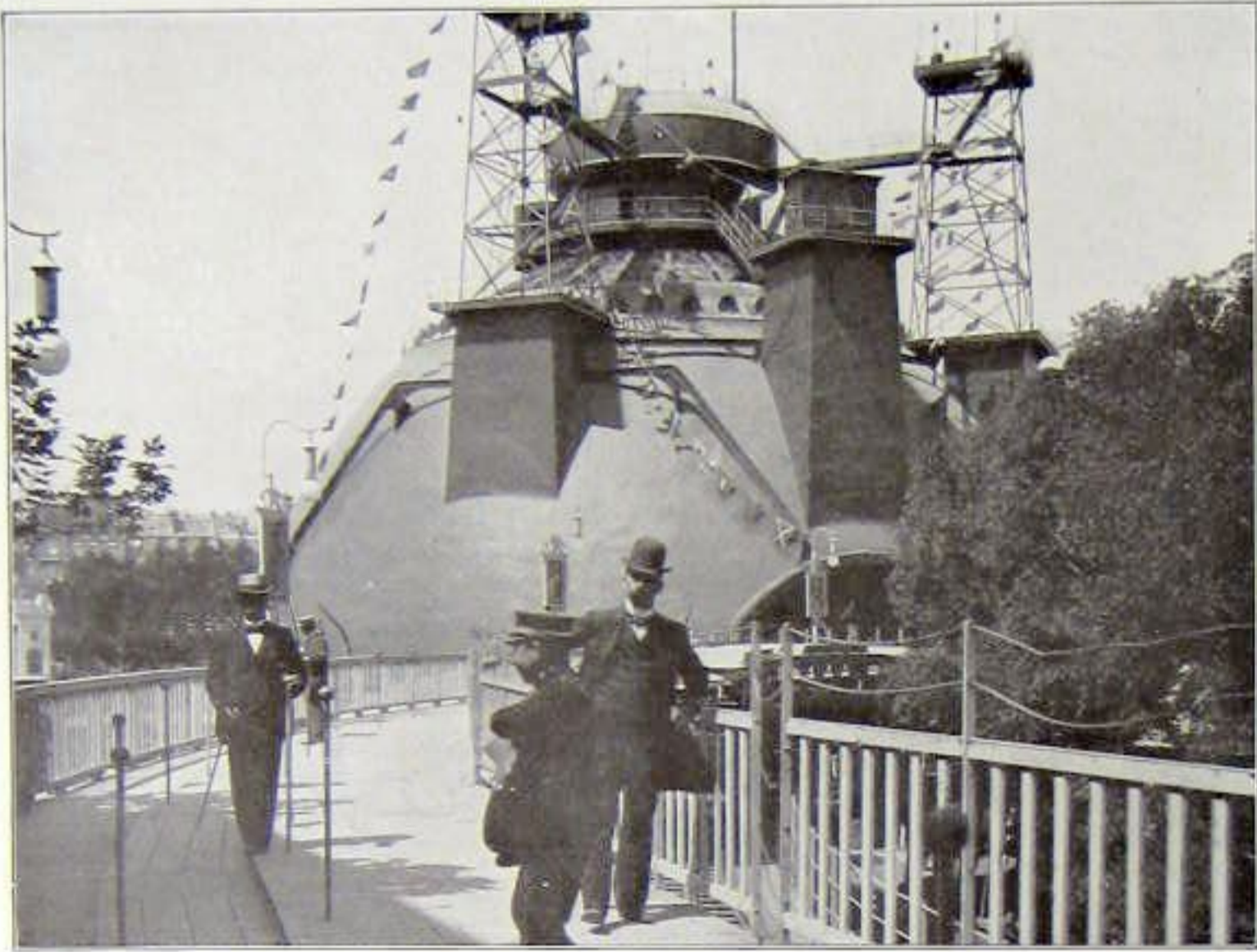


FATIGUES

the second moves at a pace equal to an easy walk, and the third rolls along about as fast as a woman in tight shoes can run. To step from the immobile platform to one plate-forme mobile, or vice versa, required little skill; yet nine women out of every ten, with that innate feminine impulse to face the wrong way, found it impossible to effect a



SCHNEIDER ET CIE-CREUSOT



THE MOVING SIDEWALK



ON THE PLATE-FORME MOBILE



CREUSOT CANNON

change of base without a stumble and a shriek. Many of them, once upon the moving platform, remained transfixed, clutching a post, irrevocably swept on until rescued by some uniformed attendant. The movable sidewalk is continuous, and in the course of its meanderings, it carries us through a busy street on a level with the second-story

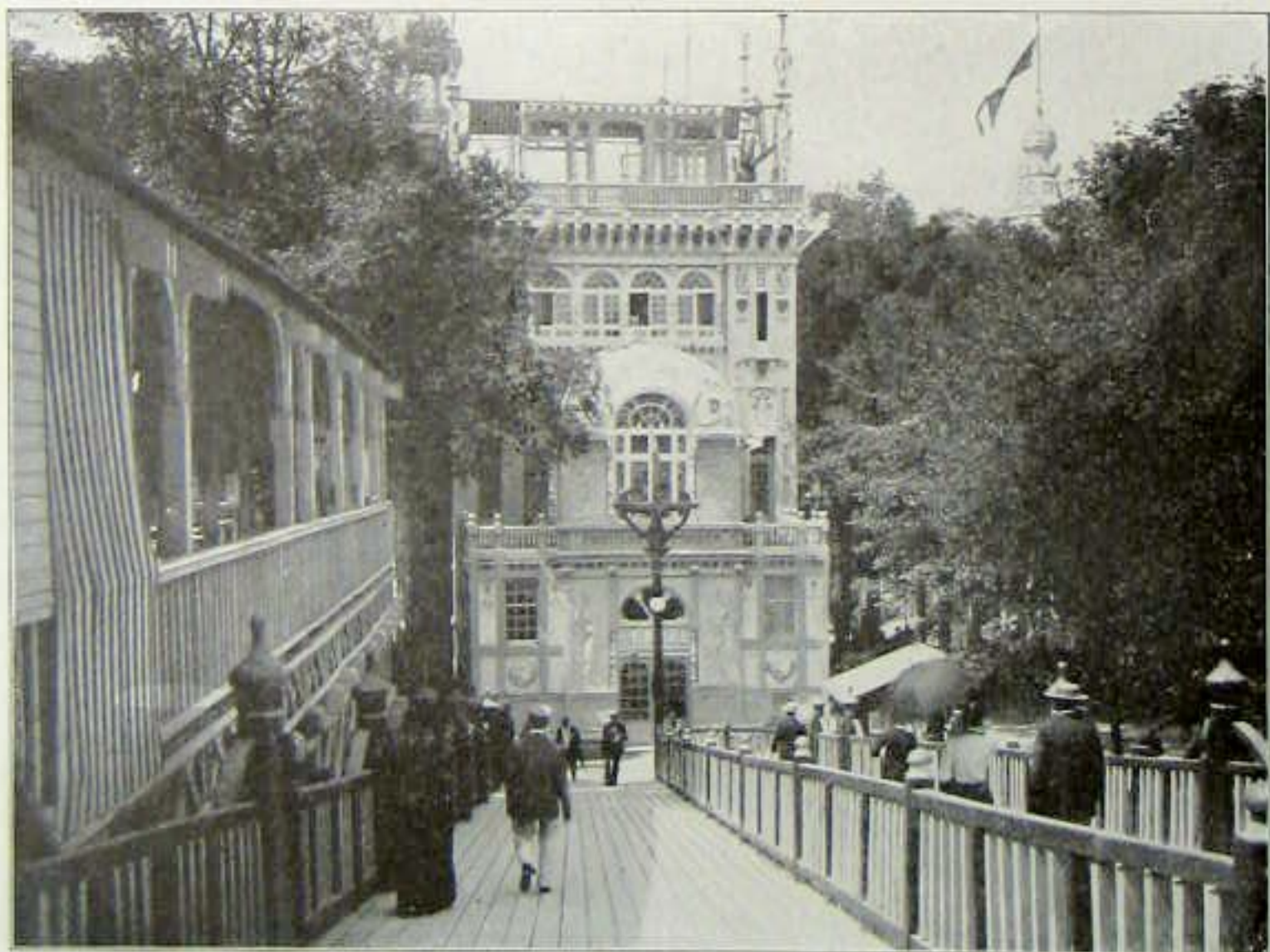


WAXEN SMILES

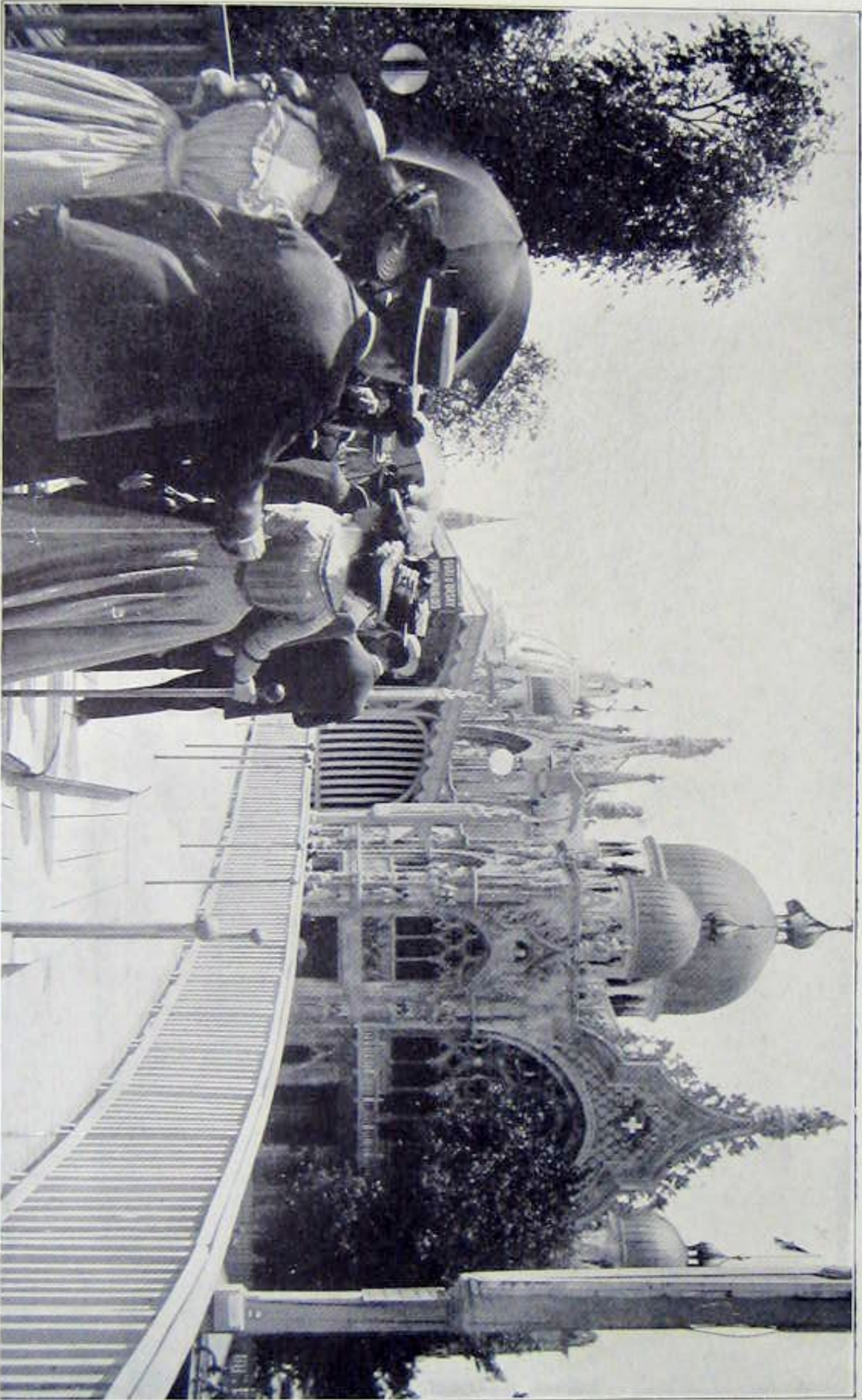
windows. Hence new and tempting opportunities for flirtatious Frenchmen. We think at first glance we have made a great impression, but the lady in the window is impartial, she smiles a waxen smile and waves an artificial hand at the endless tide of passers-by; so without regret we roll on.



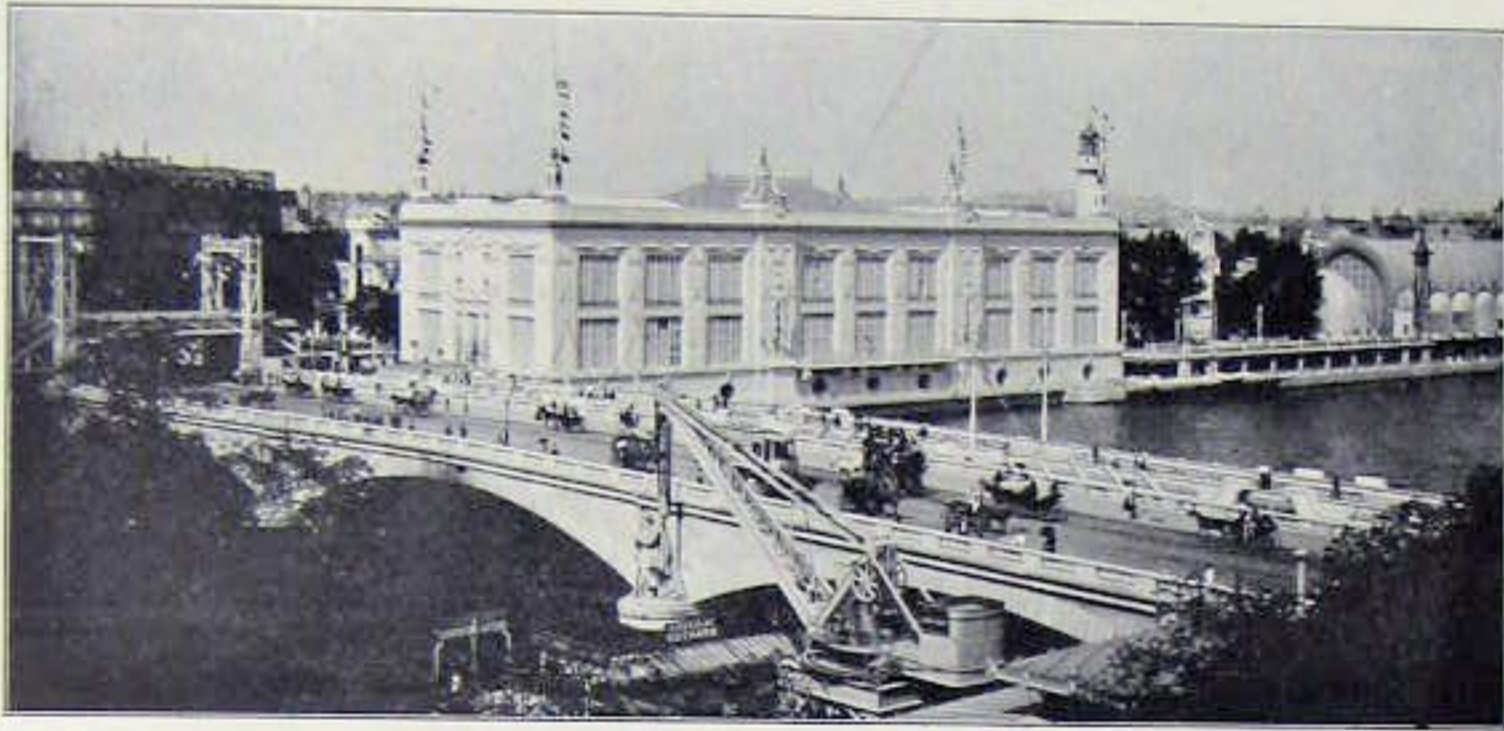
ROLLING ON THE TROTTOIR ROULANT



PAVILION OF THE PRESS



GLIDING PAST PALACES



PALACE OF SOCIAL ECONOMY

A witty suggestion was made by our indefatigable ambassador, General Porter. During the season he was called upon to make a speech in almost every corner of the Exposition. "Why," he exclaimed one day in desperation, "should I write many speeches and deliver them to the same official audience from various platforms? Why not



LA RUE DE PARIS

prepare one speech, and deliver it in a continuous burst of eloquence, from the *Plate-forme Mobile*?"

Another name for this invention is "*Trottoir Roulant.*" Now the verb *rouler* means "to roll," and when a punning Frenchman saw a group of English tourists plant themselves upon the rolling walk, he waved his hat and cried, "*Ah, bravo! — Roule Britannia!*" until Britannia's subjects had "roulé" out of sight.



BABY SHOW

Having finished sightseeing on the left bank, visitors may cross a busy bridge and explore the narrow strip along the right bank of the Seine.

The simple, dignified white building is the Palace of Social Economy. It served as headquarters of the various Congresses of wise men and learned women which assembled in Paris during the summer of 1900.

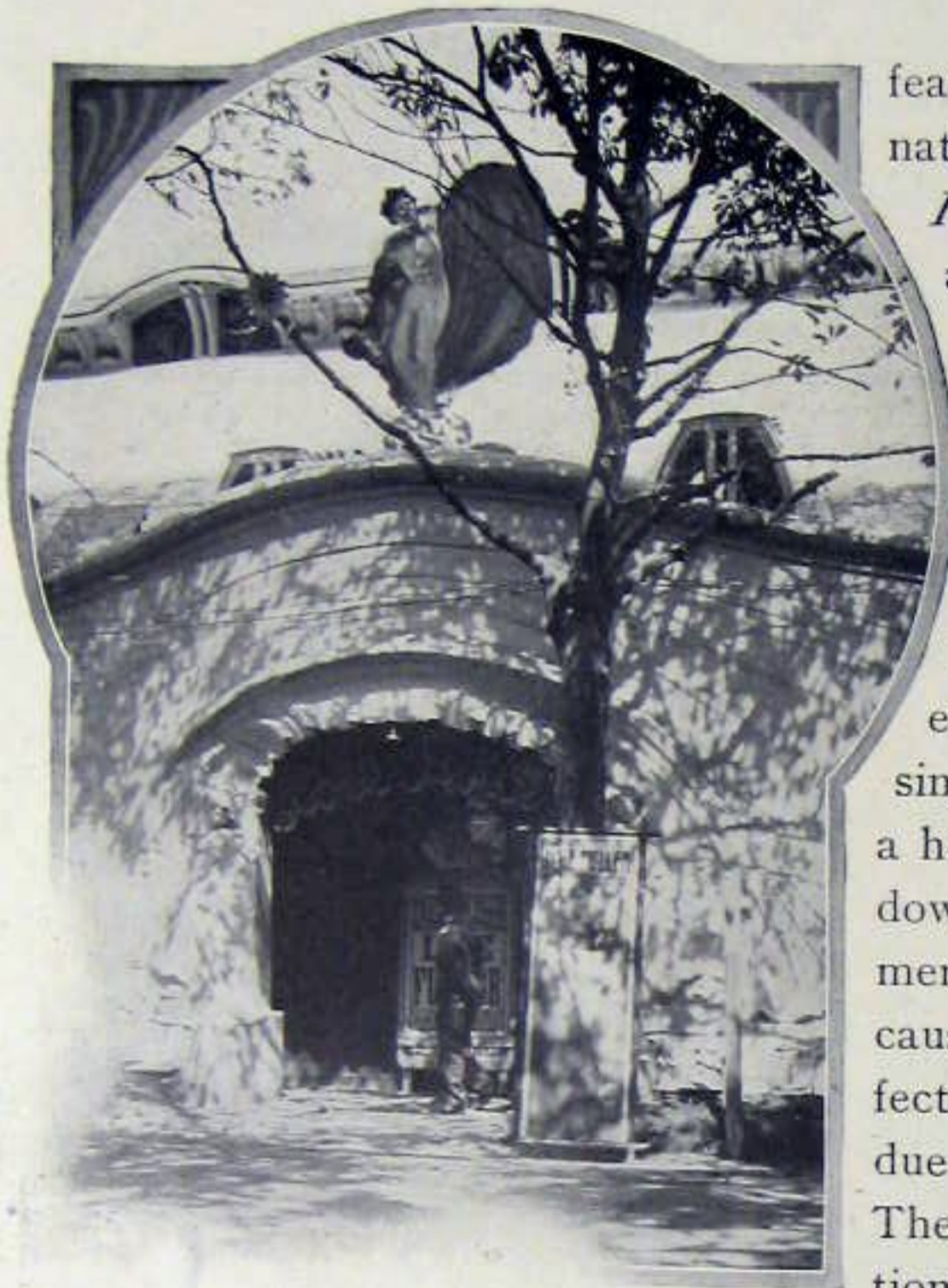
I fear that few of us attended those meetings of the sages. The sunny out-of-door attractions offered a temptation not easy to resist. Among these frivolous and superficial



CHICAGO NEAPOLITANS



"LA LOIE'S" FLYING SKIRTS



LOIE FULLER

features of the international kermess, the *Rue de Paris* was at first sight richest in promises of merriment. A score of tiny theaters were here with ballets, tableaux vivants, cinematographs, and singers. There was a house built upside-down, a disappointment, by the way, because the inverted effect of the interior was due to mirrors only. There was an exhibition of infants confined in patent incu-

bators. It must be confessed that in attendance the baby-show had much the best of it, thanks to the magic words above the door, which even those who knew but little French could easily translate: "Admission Gratis." But after seeing the helpless little packets of humanity in their coffin-like glass cases, who could refuse to drop a few sous into the tray extended by a nurse. There were five or six similar baby-shows, all drawing large crowds and equally large contributions.

Near by we find an orchestra of costumed Neapolitans. After the inevitable, but ever-pleasing "Funiculi-Funicula" and the song of "Bella Napoli," the little boys pass round a tambourine for pennies.



Photograph by Byron

KAWAKAMI IN THE GREAT FIGHTING SCENE FROM "THE LOYALIST"



BONSHOMMES GUILLAUME

“Where do you come from?” we inquire in French.

“America,” replies a boy.

Thinking this a ruse to loosen our purse-strings, we say in English, “Well, then, if you come from America, tell us just where you live?”

The younger boy pipes up in a familiar dialect,



ARMY AND NAVY

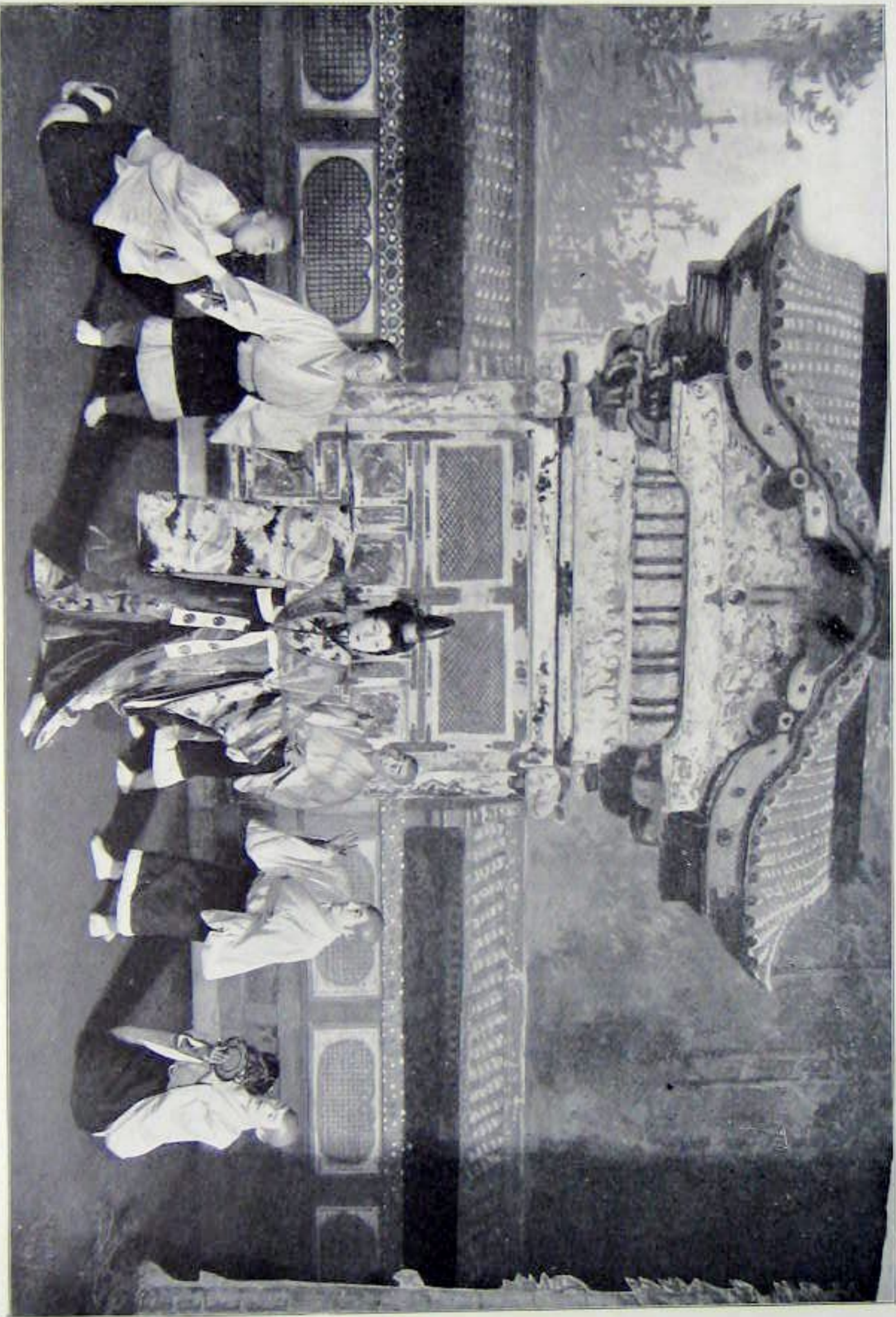
"Sure ting, we all lives in Chicago on de West Side, corner of Canal and Twelfth."

Another transatlantic feature is the little theater of our compatriot, Miss Loie Fuller, the creator of those dazzling dances in which the dancer seems to be an incandescent butterfly or an animated spectrum. No one could possibly mistake the Loie Fuller theater; so expressive is the exte-



"THE HOUSE OF THE LAUGH"

rior design that we can almost feel the swish of flying skirts. It was the most successful enterprise in all the street, thanks to *La Loie's* luminous personality, and to her wisdom in engaging for the season that little company of players from Japan, who last winter astonished American theater-goers with their marvelous skill in every form of dramatic art, from grotesque dancing to the tragic drama, with death-scenes so intense as to be positively painful.



Photograph by Byron

THE JAPANESE PLAYERS—THE GEISHA DANCES FOR THE PRIESTS



FLOWERS AND FERNS

Italy, Yacco is the actress of the world." Even the seemingly grotesque dramatic methods of the Japanese could not dim the flame of genius that glows in Sada Yacco. As for her consort, Otojiro Kawakami, he is masterly in his portrayal of the heroes of old Japan. His stage contests in which he overcomes so many of his

Sada Yacco conquered Paris and won from even the most critical of Frenchmen the acknowledgment of the greatness of her art. One famous critic, speaking of the universality of her art,—its independence of language limitations,—said that "while Bernhardt is the actress of France, and Duse the actress of



GRACEFUL GREENHOUSES

enemies by means of "Jiu-jutsu" are the most marvelous stage fights ever devised. The Japanese players made the artistic success of the Exposition of 1900; all other entertainments offered on the grounds were commonplace and uninteresting.

Another interesting section of the right bank is the reconstruction of the Paris of the Middle Ages. It is as if the ghost of medieval Paris had risen from the Seine to look from its quaint gable windows upon the Paris of the present. In its streets the people of to-day mingle with the people of the past; and well may we believe "there were giants in



"OLD PARIS"

those days," as we observe the gigantic figure striding at the head of a fantastic procession. The illusion of a vanished age is successfully created; the modern visitors seem out of place, while the costumed inhabitants harmonize perfectly with their surroundings. In the streets are theaters, taverns, churches, shops, and restaurants, and even strolling clowns and mountebanks



PEOPLE OF THE PAST AND OF THE PRESENT



IN THE PARIS OF CYRANO'S DAY



performing in the streets. There is a printing-office whence issues the "Gazette of Old Paris," which retails in quaint type the news and scandals of the fourteenth century. The architectural studies for this reconstruction were made by Albert Robida, the archi-

MEDIAEVAL JOKERS

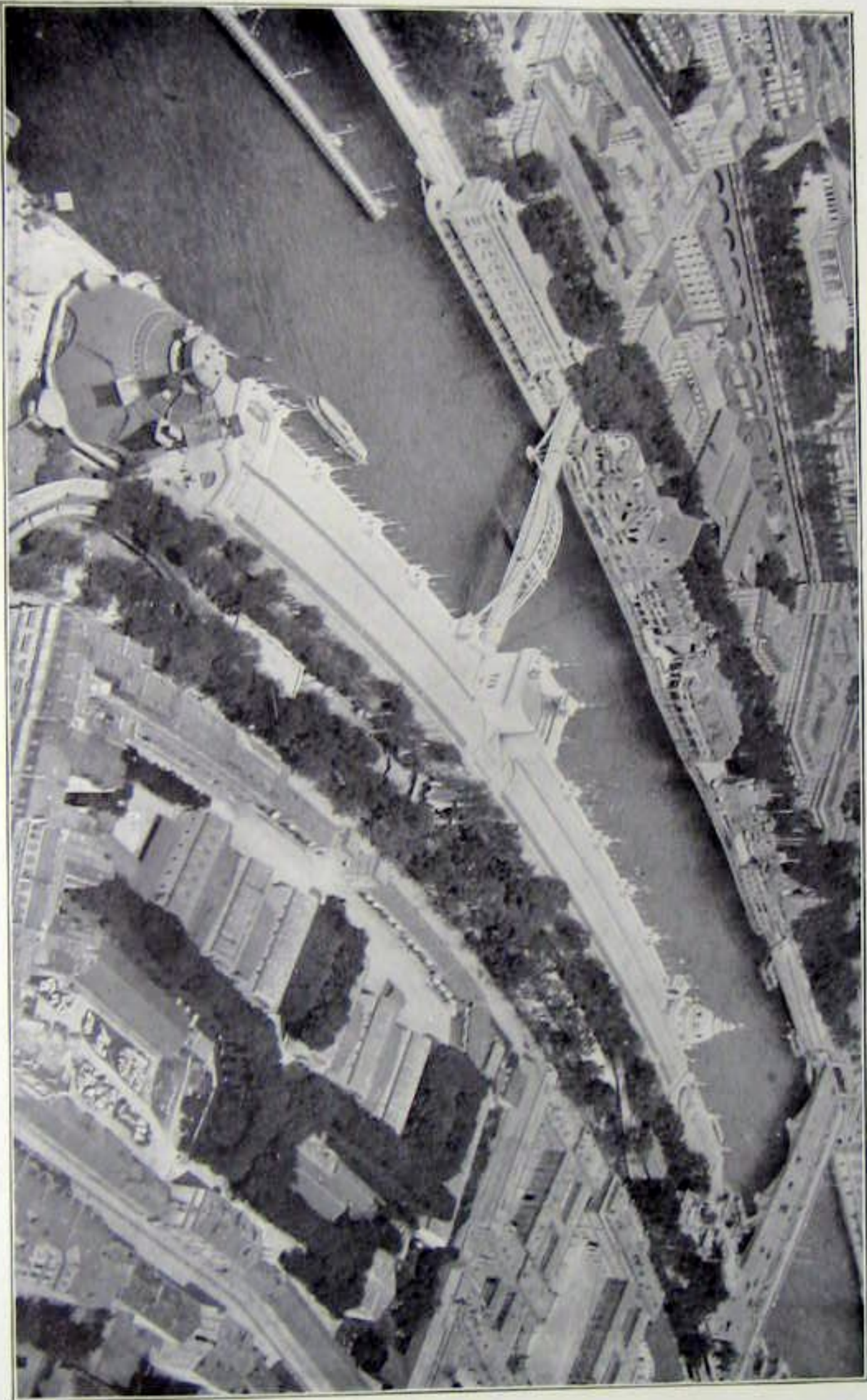
tect whose magic pencil has summoned from the past this vision of a Paris which had theretofore existed for us only in imagination. D'Artagnan or Cyrano de Bergerac would recognize in it the Paris of their day.

Below Old Paris we pass the large



"THERE WERE GIANTS IN THOSE DAYS"

From photographs, copyright 1900, by Wm. H. Rau, Phila.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF OLD PARIS

restaurant of the *Etablissements Duval*, and soon arrive in the gardens of the Trocadéro.

The Palace of the Trocadéro, a remnant of the Exposition of 1878, takes its name from a victory near the Spanish town of Cadiz in 1823, when a fort called the Trocadéro was captured by the French. In this section are found

the exhibits of Russia, China,

Japan, South Africa, the

French colonial pos-

sessions, and of the

colonies of several

European states.

Holland sends a

fragment of a sculp-

tured temple from

the island of Java,

and two very curious

houses from the

Pandang region of

Sumatra. Millions

of Ma-

lays



"ENTRES MESDAMES! MESSIEURS!"

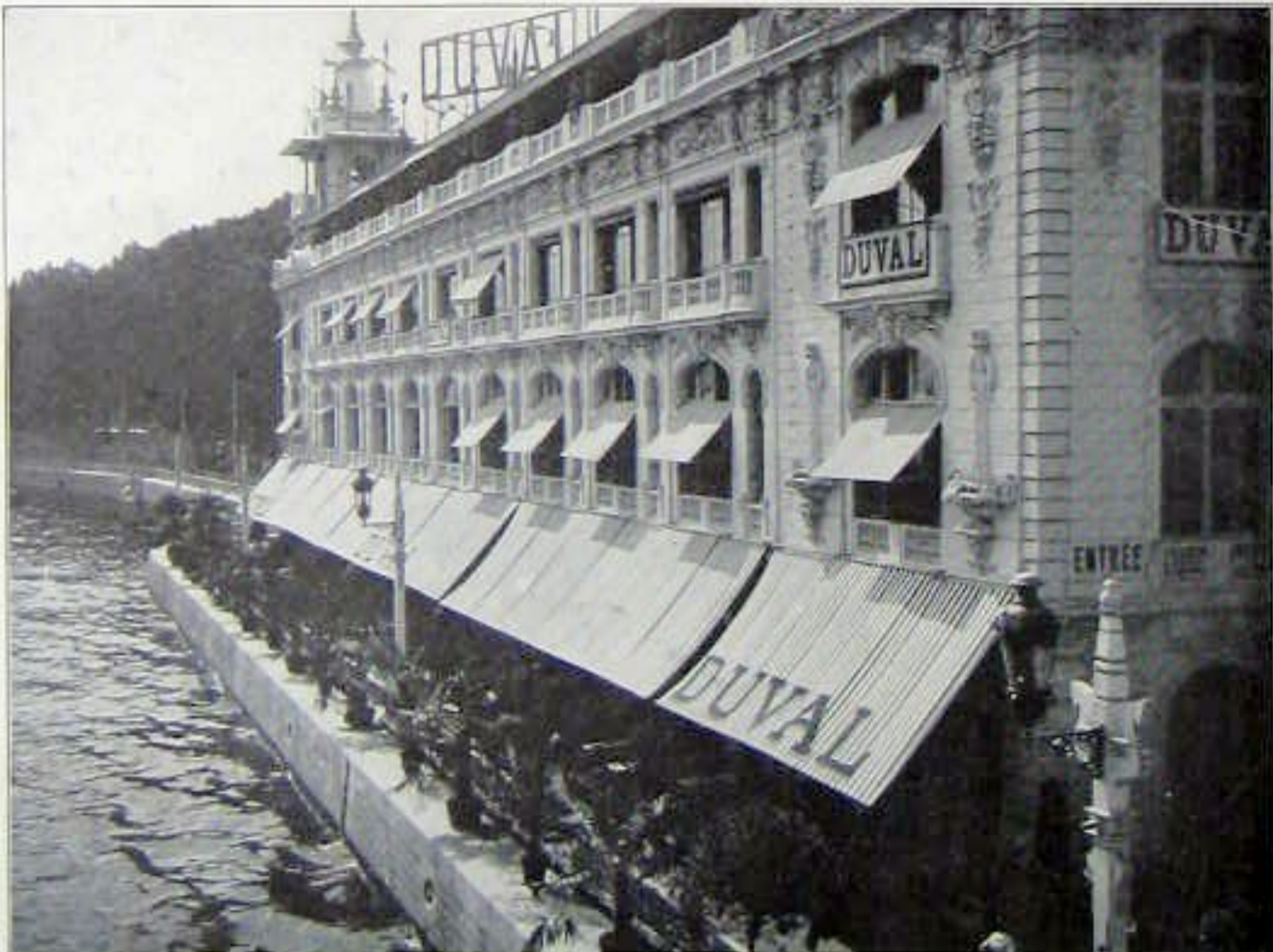
are ruled by the Dutch in the eastern archipelago that borders our new Philippine possessions on the south. The expositions of the English colonies are





VIEUX PARIS

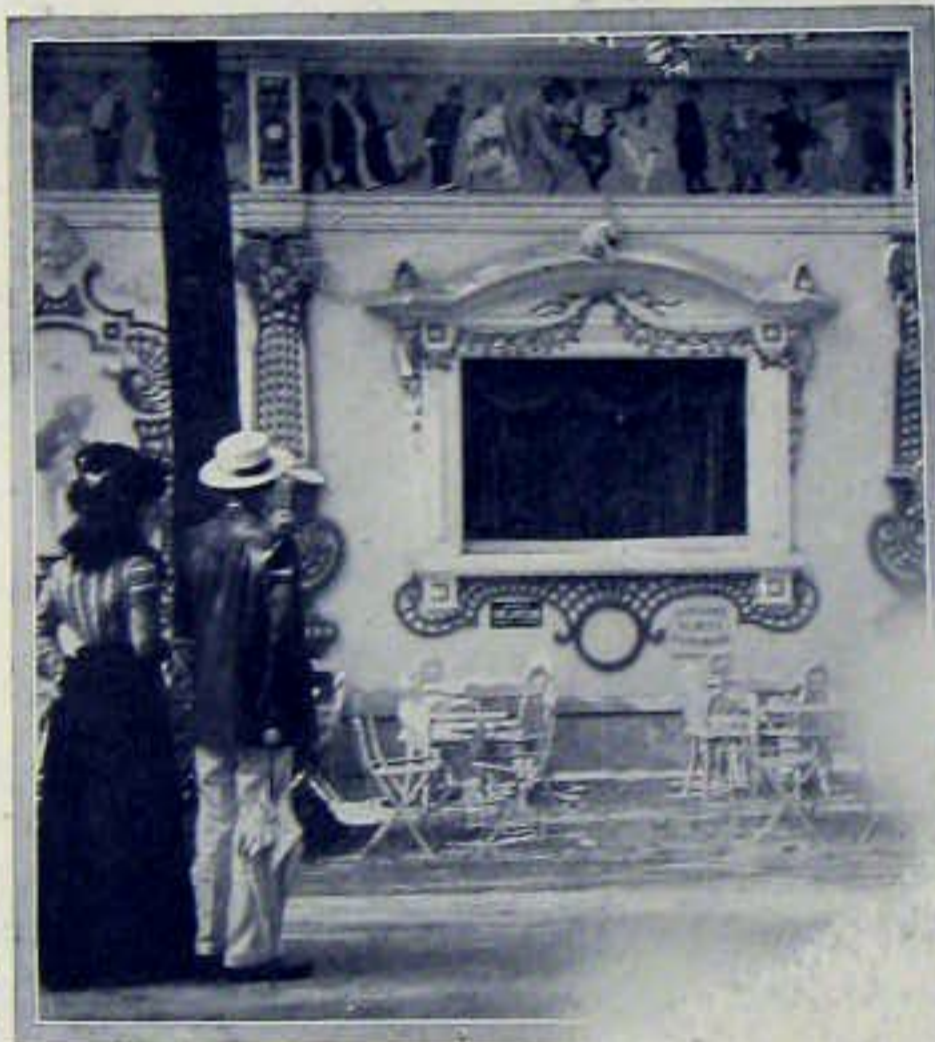
grouped around the turreted pavilions of India and of Ceylon. Canada and Australia display their admirable useful products



DUVAL

in pavilions that are utilitarian in aspect rather than artistic. Even the Japanese, most tasteful people in the world, have caught the fever for Occidental ugliness. Their tea-houses, which are *not* Japanese at all, retail Oriental beer, and their shops are stocked with the kind of trash that sells in big department stores. Even the Imperial Pavilion was built by European carpenters and lacks that indefinable something which gives incomparable distinction to everything truly Japanese.

Opposite Canada's pavilion stands that of the South African Republics. By some strange coincidence the site allotted to the Boer Republic is upon the very border of the British colonial section. The Transvaal brings to Paris not only samples of its gold and its diamonds, but also a



MARIONETTE THEATER

complete active illustration of the mining methods used in obtaining the four hundred million dollars' worth of precious metal represented by the towering pyramid she has here set up. The small cube at the base represents a brick worth a million francs. A veritable gold-mine has been created in subterranean corridors, lined with genuine ore brought from South Africa. We closely follow the ore through every process, from the first stroke of the drill or pick to the final molding into bricks.



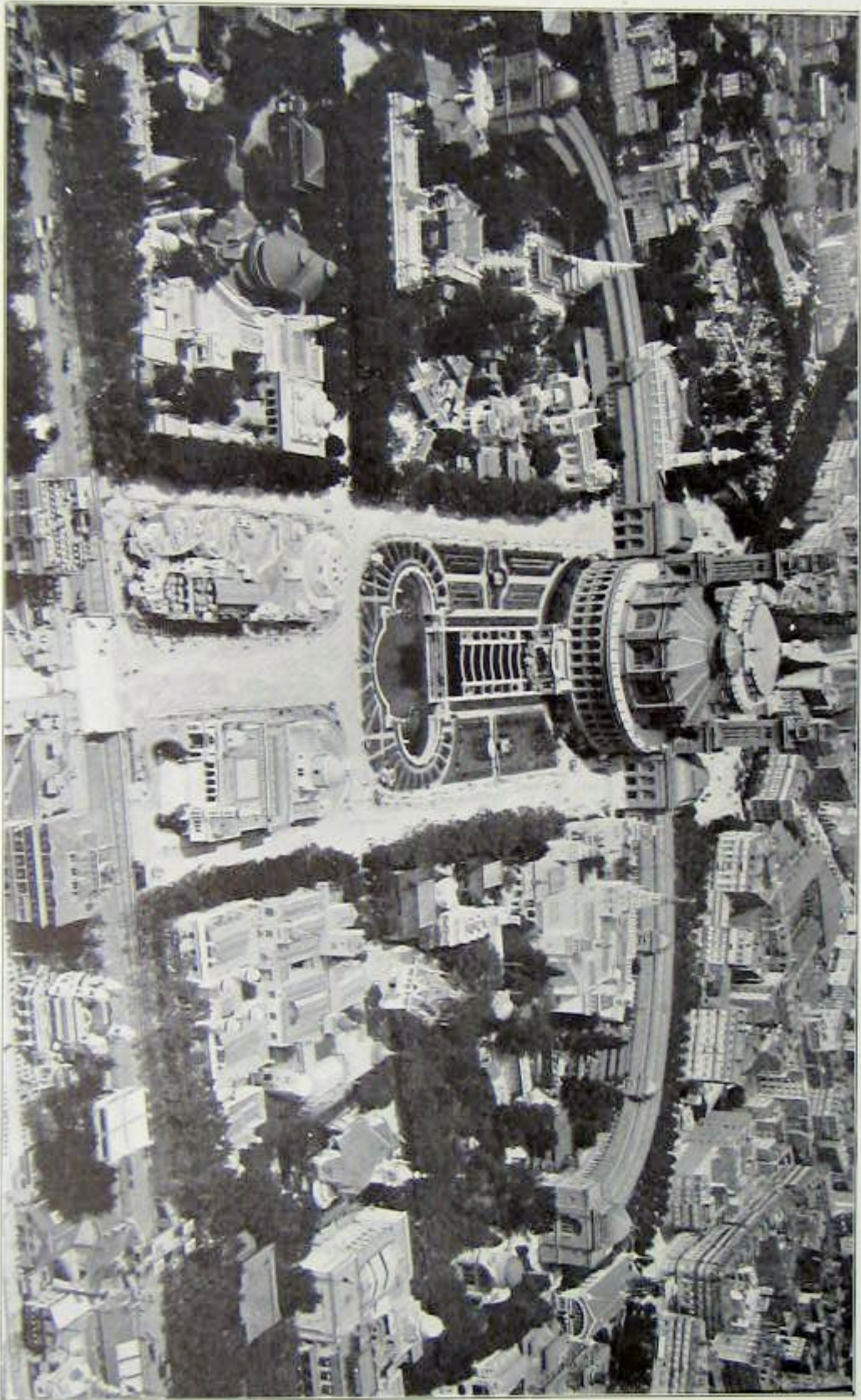
THE CELESTIAL GLOBE

From South Africa to Russia is but a step across this interesting "map" in the Trocadéro Gardens. Of Russia, France's chief ally, much was expected, and amply the czar's government has fulfilled the expectations of the French. The Russian Palace, a very imposing Kremlin, dominates this northern section,

as Russia herself dominates the



A FRAGMENT OF BORO BODOR

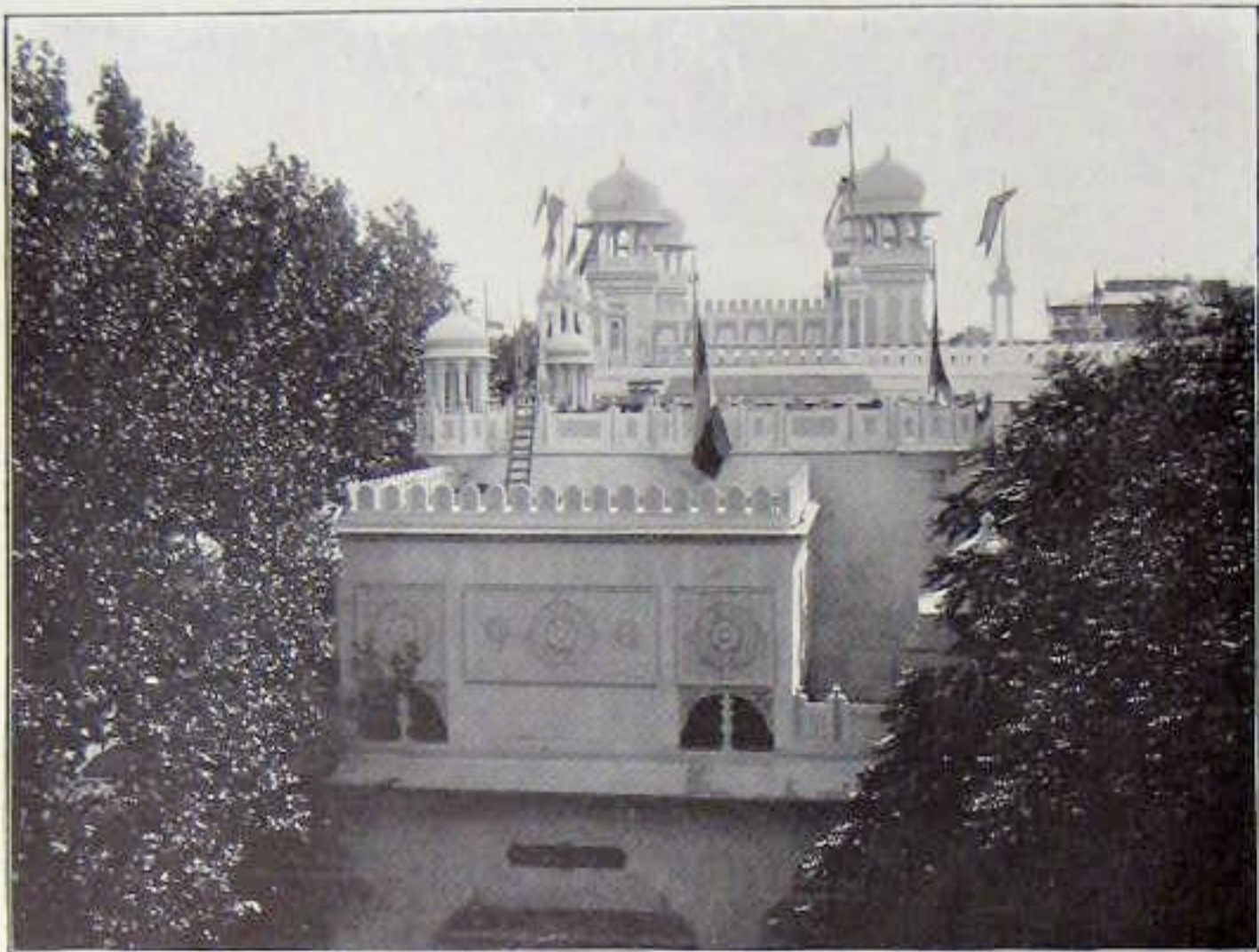


THE TROCADERO GARDENS

lands of the far north. But the one fact most strongly emphasized by Russia's comprehensive manifestation is the approaching completion of the Trans-Siberian Railway. "From Moscow to Peking," the motto written on the walls, signifies to jealous powers, "Eastward the Star of Empire takes its way." For just so surely as the Anglo-Saxon star advances westward, so does the star of the Slavonic race flash like a comet toward the east. Beware of the rain of fiery meteors when these hostile planets shall clash!



THE PONT D'JÉNA AND THE TROCADÉRO



INDIA AND CEYLON

In the Russia pavilion we make a mimic journey over the Trans-Siberian with the aid of painted panoramas which roll



FIVE-O'CLOCK

past the window of a stationary train. Suffice it to say that we lunch in luxurious dining-cars meantime glancing out upon the flying landscape, noting all the striking scenic features of the new railway route from Europe to the Sea of Japan. On issuing from the cars we find ourselves within the precincts of Peking. There is a deep political significance in the juxtaposition of the Russian and the Chinese

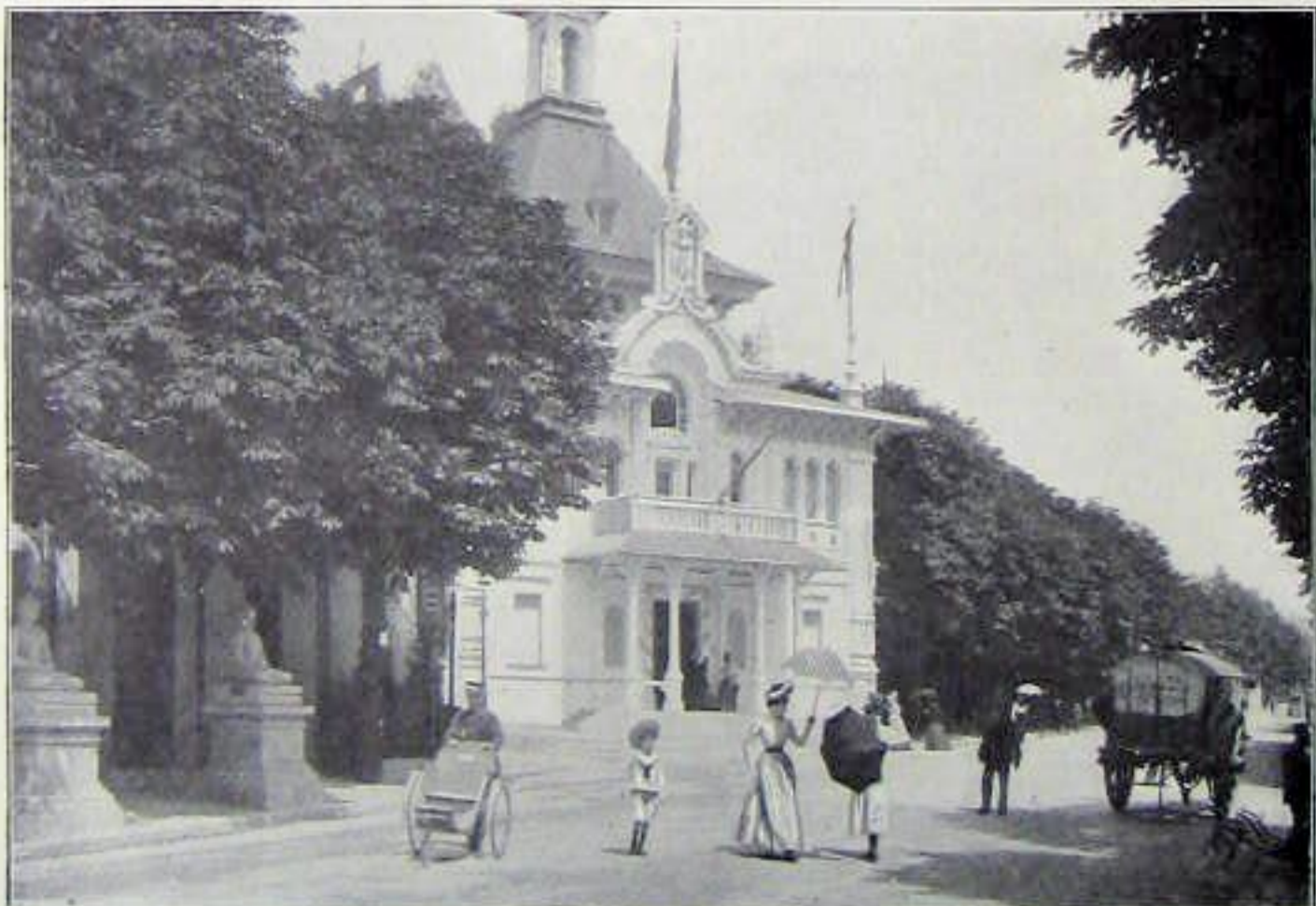


NOT AT ALL JAPANESE



CANADA

sections. We enter a Russian portal, we sit in Russian cars, and, without crossing any marked frontier, we suddenly discover that our surroundings are Chinese.



THE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC



Photograph by Byron

SADA YACCO, THE FIRST ACTRESS OF JAPAN



THE GOLD OF SOUTH AFRICA

Approaching the French colonial section which may aptly be called the Parisian "Midway," we find the counterfeit presentments of its denizens portrayed upon a wall. They are types of the inhabitants of all the colonies and the protectorates of France. And in the Trocadéro Gardens little fragments from their far-off lands are scattered, brilliant

with local color and steeped in exotic atmosphere. Algeria,



ASIATIC RUSSIA



THE TRANS-SIBERIAN PANORAMA

the largest African possession of France, here lifts its graceful green-tiled minarets and its contrasting snowy domes.



PICTURESQUE CHINA



THE RUSSIAN ORIENT



PEOPLES RULED BY FRANCE

With a delightful thrill, born of the thought that this is not the first time that we see it, we enter the Algerian street ; we even recognize the wily traders who cheated us in the real African bazaars, six years ago. We hear the sound of Arab flutes, the chink of metal castanets, and the rhythmic wailing of the "Ouled Nayels," who are dancing impassively



A PORTAL FROM PEKING

in neighboring cafés. Near by, the Protectorate of Tunis offers picturesque attraction to those who love the color and the quaintness of the Barbary States.

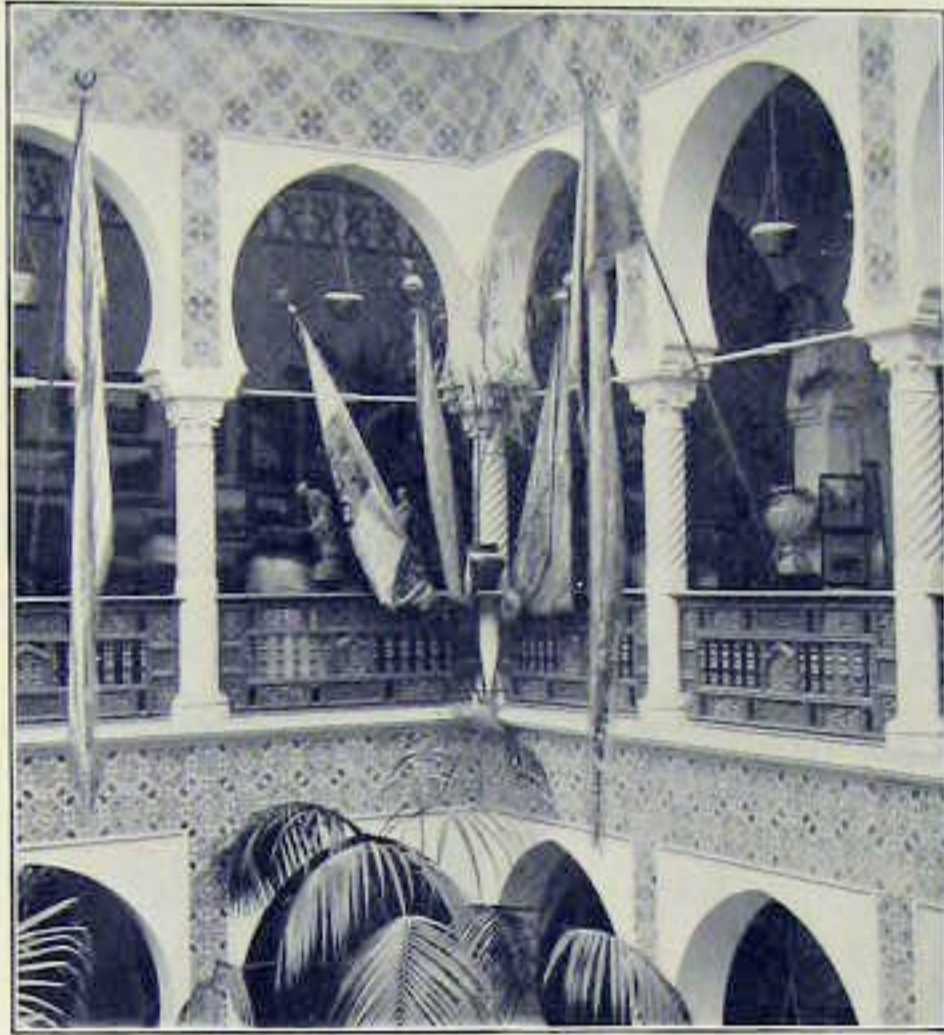
Behind the Trocadéro rises the panorama illustrating Major Marchand's heroic march through Central Africa, from sea to sea,—a march that ranks with the achievements of Livingstone and Stanley, and yet ended in the inglorious



From photograph, copyright 1909, by Wm. H. Rau, Phila.

"INDIGENES."

capitulation to the supremacy of England at Fashoda. Near here another panorama tells the story of the conquest of Madagascar, now a loyal possession of the French Republic. Nor must we forget the Asian Empire of France, for it rivals the African in extent and surpasses it in popu-



AN ALGERIAN PATIO

lation. We scarcely realize that France controls vast ter-



ALGERIA



ALGERIAN STREET

ritories in the East. Her Indo-Chinese possessions comprise Annam, Tonking, Cambodia, Laos, and Cochin-China,

while in Siam French influence is dominant.

The name "Cambodia" has always suggested to me a land like those in which authors lay the scenes of Oriental comic operas; and judging from a fragment of that unfamiliar country, no more appropriate background could be selected for an extravaganza. A stairway steep as Jacob's ladder, bordered by fantastic dragons, leads to a temple in red and gold, surmounted by a yellowish mina-



CLICK !



Photograph by Byron

SADA YACCO IN HER REMARKABLE DEATH-SCENE



PICTURESQUE ATTRACTIONS

ret: As we climb, we hear the music of the tinkly temple bells, suspended from the angles of the eaves. Below the



TUNISIAN BAZAAR

temple is a capacious grotto, apparently hollowed in the heart of a Cambodian mountain. Tremendous visages of unknown gods worshiped by the ancient races of Cambodia glower upon the intruder, as he descends the marvelous spiral stairway, leading into that sculptured subterranean sanctuary. Other gods bearing a family resemblance to the buried deities are found in the surrounding gardens. So perfectly



PANORAMA OF MARCHAND'S MARCH



THE CAMBODIAN TEMPLE



A GOLDEN BUDDHA

has the aspect of extreme age been simulated that the trees of the Trocadéro seem to hold the idols in a close snake-like embrace. We do not have time even to glance at the other colonies, the French Indies, Martinique, Dahomey, Sudan, or Senegal, for we must hasten on to An-



INDO-CHINA



A BUDDHIST LAOCOÖN

in need of rest, we turn from these picturesque attractions and seek repose in the contemplation of the fountains of the Trocadéro.

From the east tower of the Palace of the Trocadéro we may enjoy splendid views of the Exposition. The Seine curves toward the east, bordered by the War Palace and the Street of Nations on one side and Old Paris and the Rue de Paris on the other. In the distance a white line clearly marks the Esplanade des Inva-



CAMBODIAN DEITIES

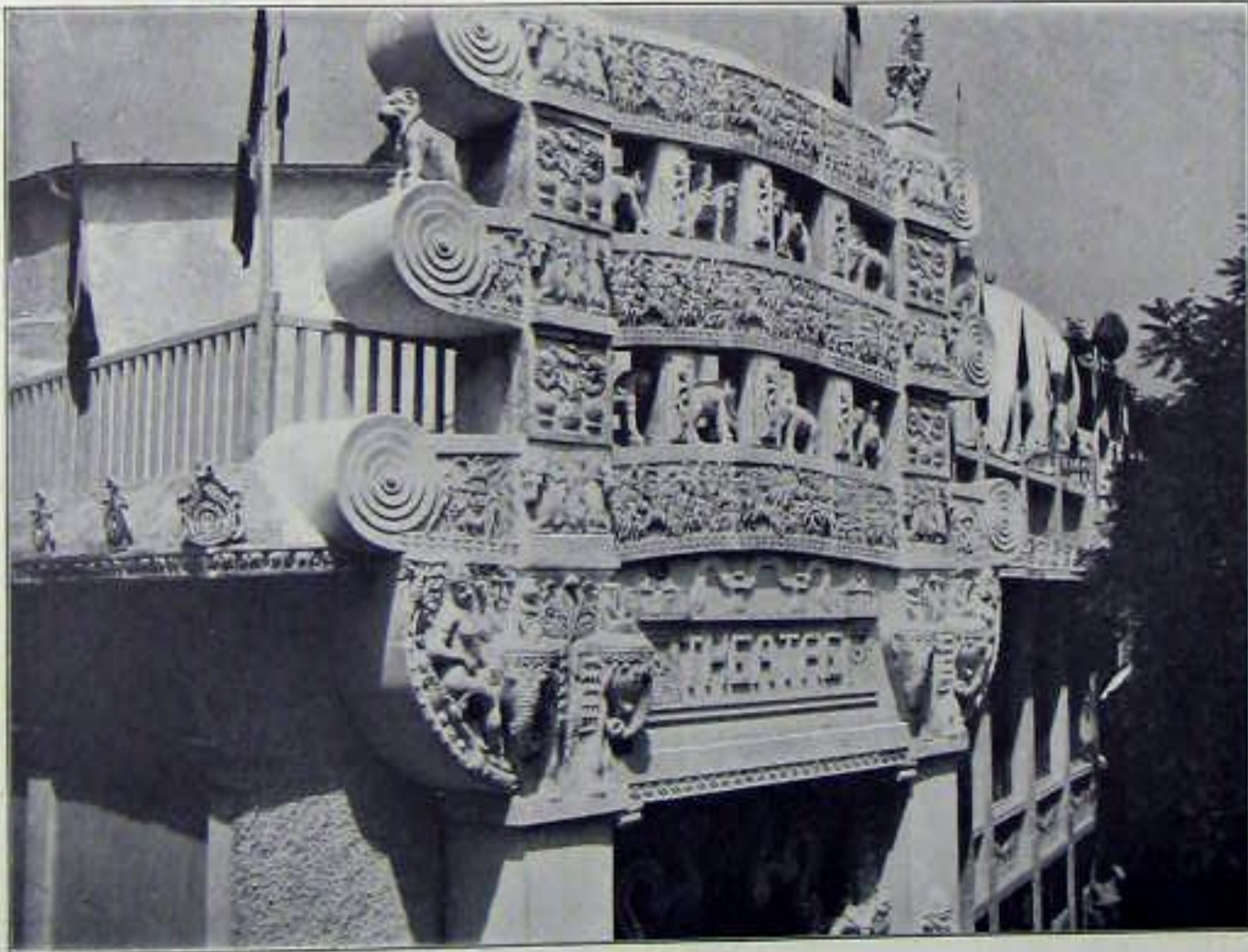
dalusia, if we would see Spain as it was before the Moors were conquered and cast out. We see the cavaliers of King Boabdil pitted against Spanish knights in gallant tournaments; we rest in patios where, confined by lacelike arches, the famous lions of the Alhambra stand at bay; we drink delicious Moorish coffee to the music of Moroccan instruments; and then, to wind up the visit gaily, we crowd into a gorgeous open-air theater and applaud the dashing Gypsy dancers from Granada, and finally, with tired eyes, and ears also



A STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND

lides. Toward the west the Seine rolls away between the suburbs of Grenelle and Passy. The Grands Hotels du Trocadéro rise in the middle distance, and the Cambodian Temple lies in the foreground, half encircled by the right arm of the Trocadéro gallery. Toward the south the view is bisected vertically by the Eiffel Tower and horizontally by a broad canal-like section of the Seine. Across the Seine, at the end of the Bridge of Jéna, are the palaces of navigation and the fisheries and forestry pavilions. Beyond the Eiffel Tower in the Champ de Mars are the vastest buildings of the Exposition, and far away upon the right is the Big Wheel of Paris.

Beyond the wheel lies the Swiss Village. Let us go thither at once lest amid the multiplicity of things to do we

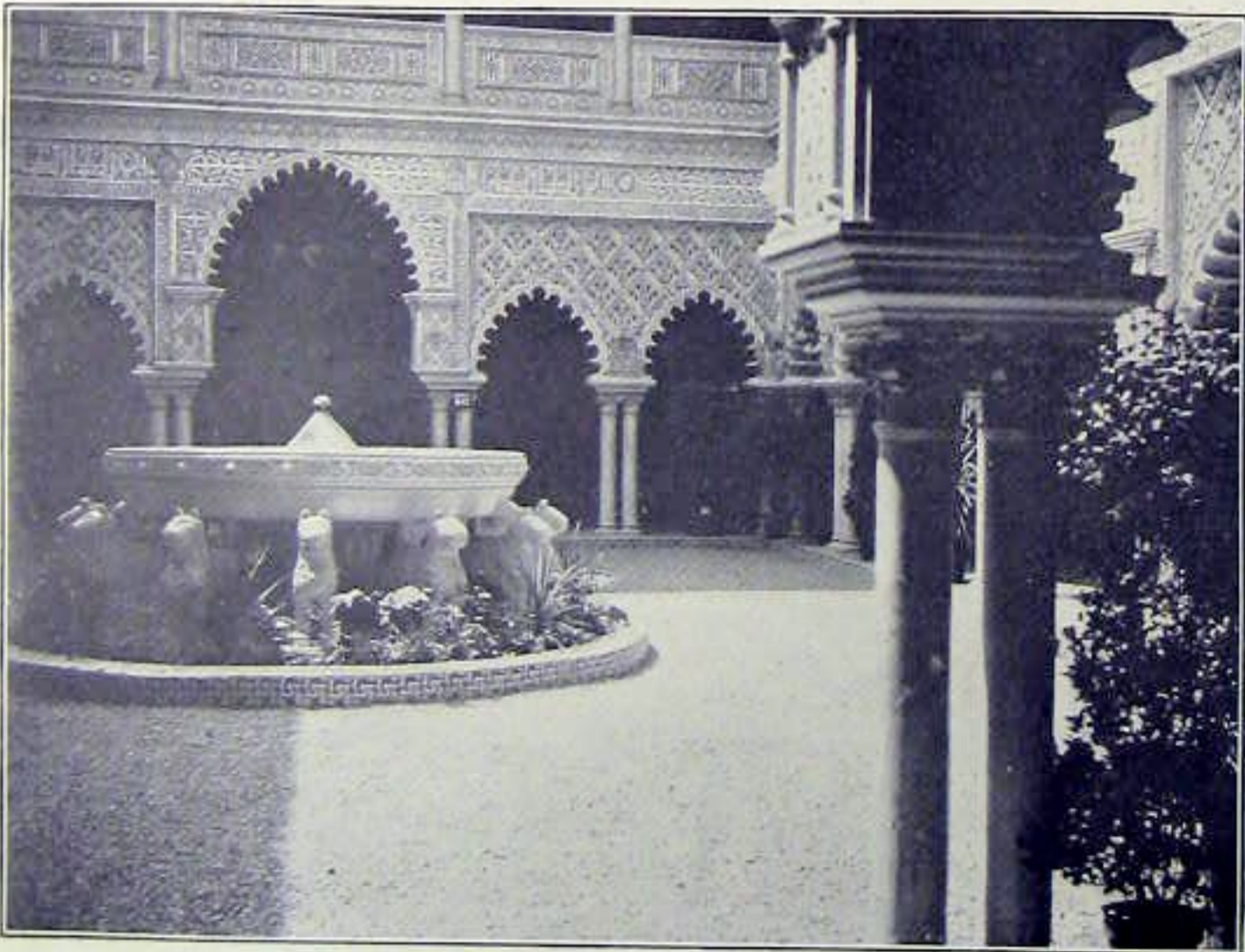


FRENCH INDIES



ANDALUSIA IN THE TIME OF THE MOORS

omit a visit to this remote and interesting valley. William Tell's Chapel, in replica, stands on the shore of a tiny lake



THE LIONS OF THE ALHAMBRA



From photograph, copyright 1900, by Wm. H. Rau, Phila.

KING BOABDIL'S CAVALIERS

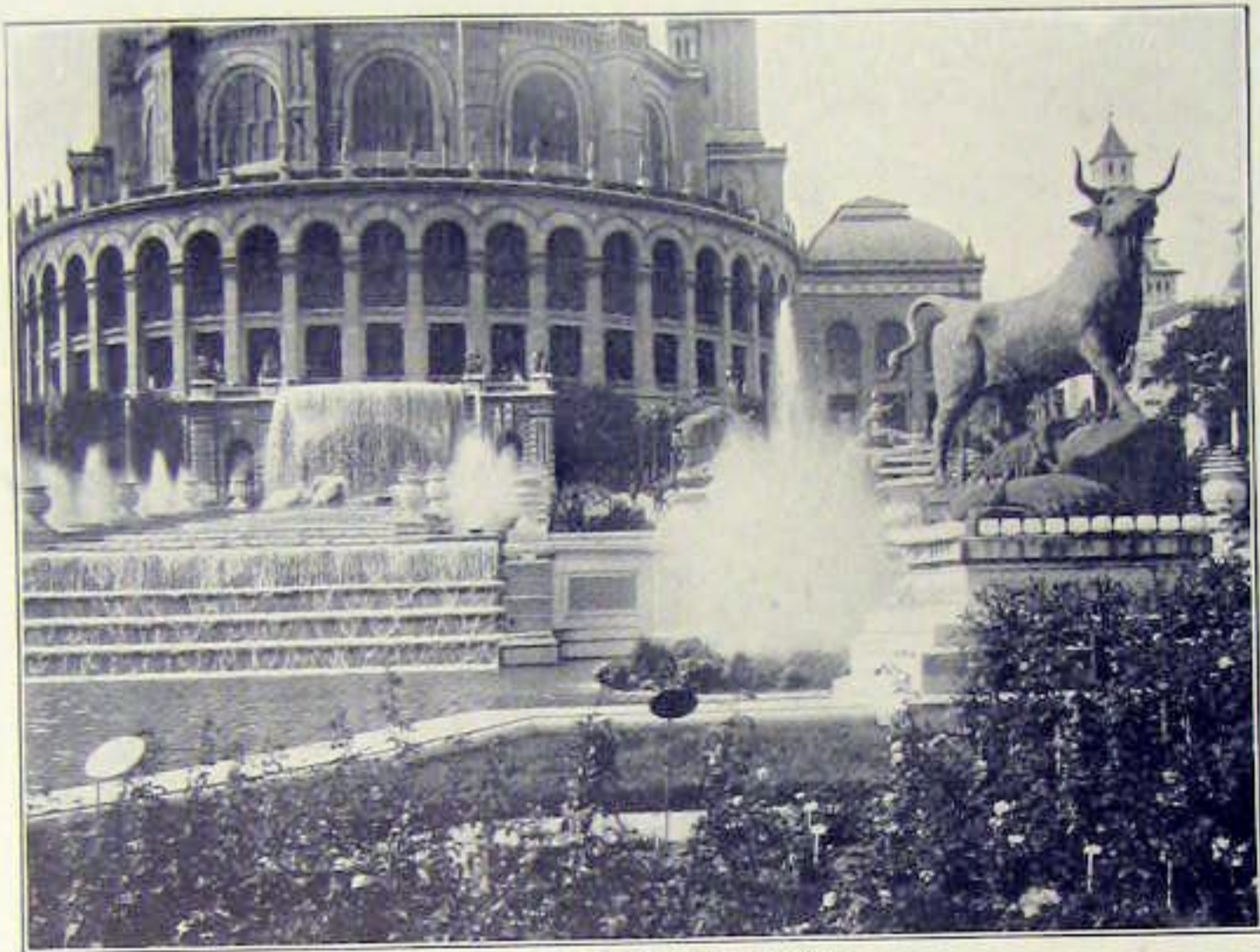


THE GIRALDA

Lucerne, which mirrors dizzy cliffs of artificial rock. Steep mountain-trails wind up to châteaux perched on the verge of awful precipices, and lovely pastoral valleys nestle in the embrace of hills and ridges so deceptively realistic that we cannot believe that just beyond them lies, not another peaceful vale, but a wilderness of tenements and factories. Es-



WHERE CASTANETS RESOUND

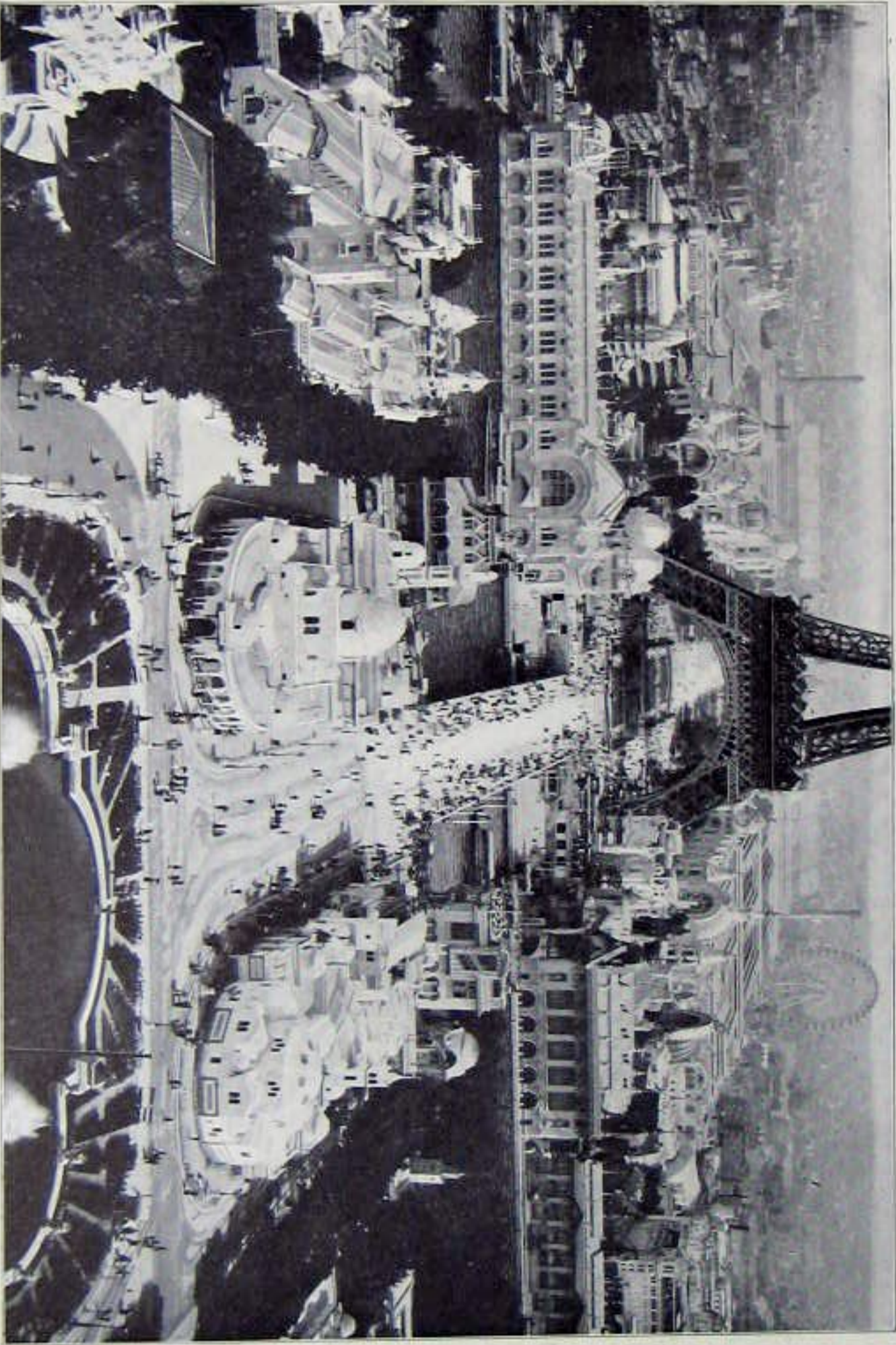


CASCADES OF THE TROCADÉRO

caping the watchful eye of the policeman, we climb the fence and wander up this tempting valley, and then, turning,



SUNDAY AFTERNOON



THE TROCADERO GARDENS AND THE CHAMP DE MARS



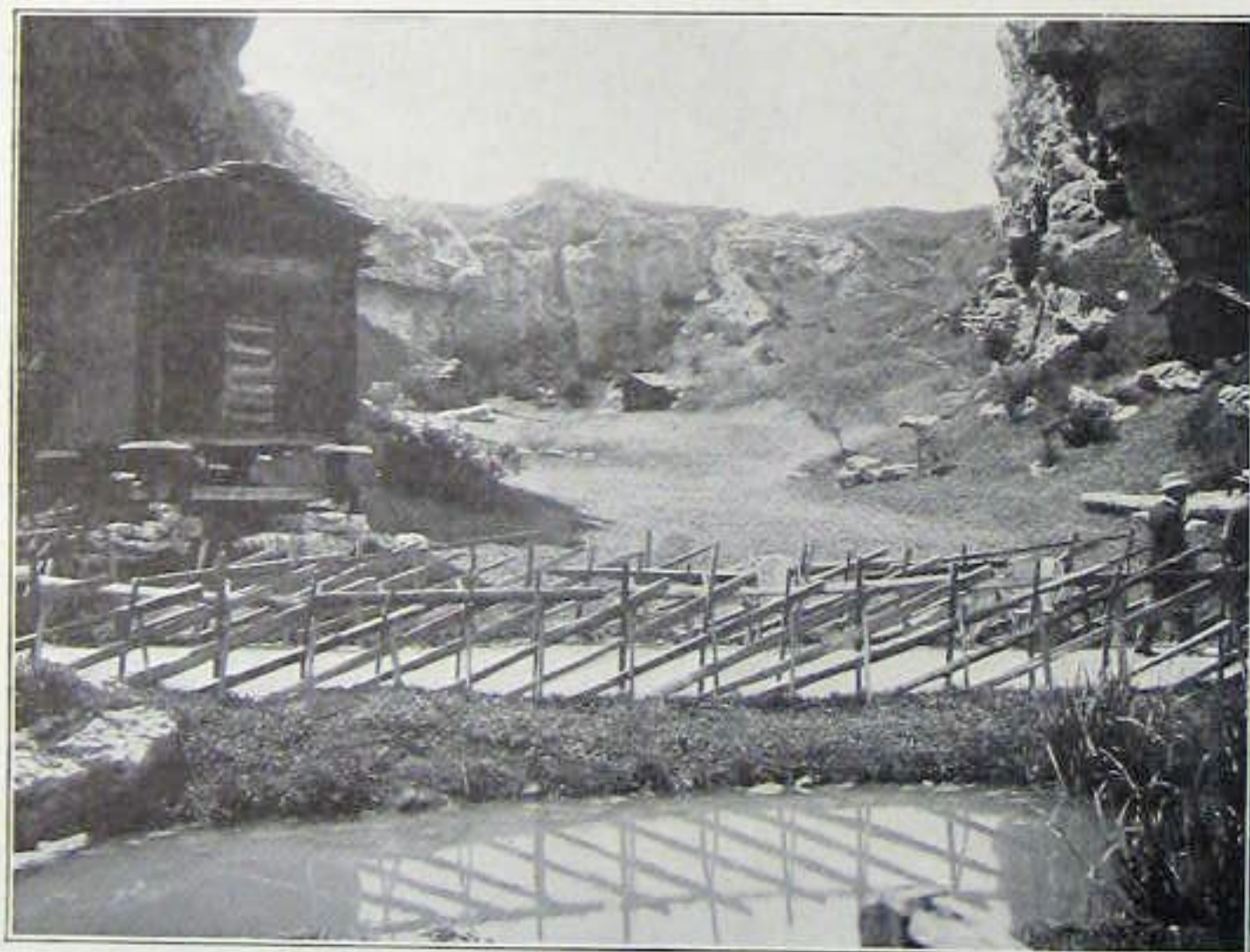
THE BIG WHEEL OF PARIS

we gaze up at the beetling crags, only to find beyond an Alpine range, a startlingly substantial "rainbow" formed by the periphery of the Big Wheel. After listening to the yodler, who is answered by a Swiss horn from the hills, let us go soaring away above the peaks of Switzerland in one of the swinging cars of the *Grande Roue de Paris*, a brother to the Ferris Wheel that once loomed above Chicago.



IN THE SWISS VILLAGE

Returning to the Exposition proper, we find the Bridge of Jéna thronged by the Sunday crowds; for Sunday was the



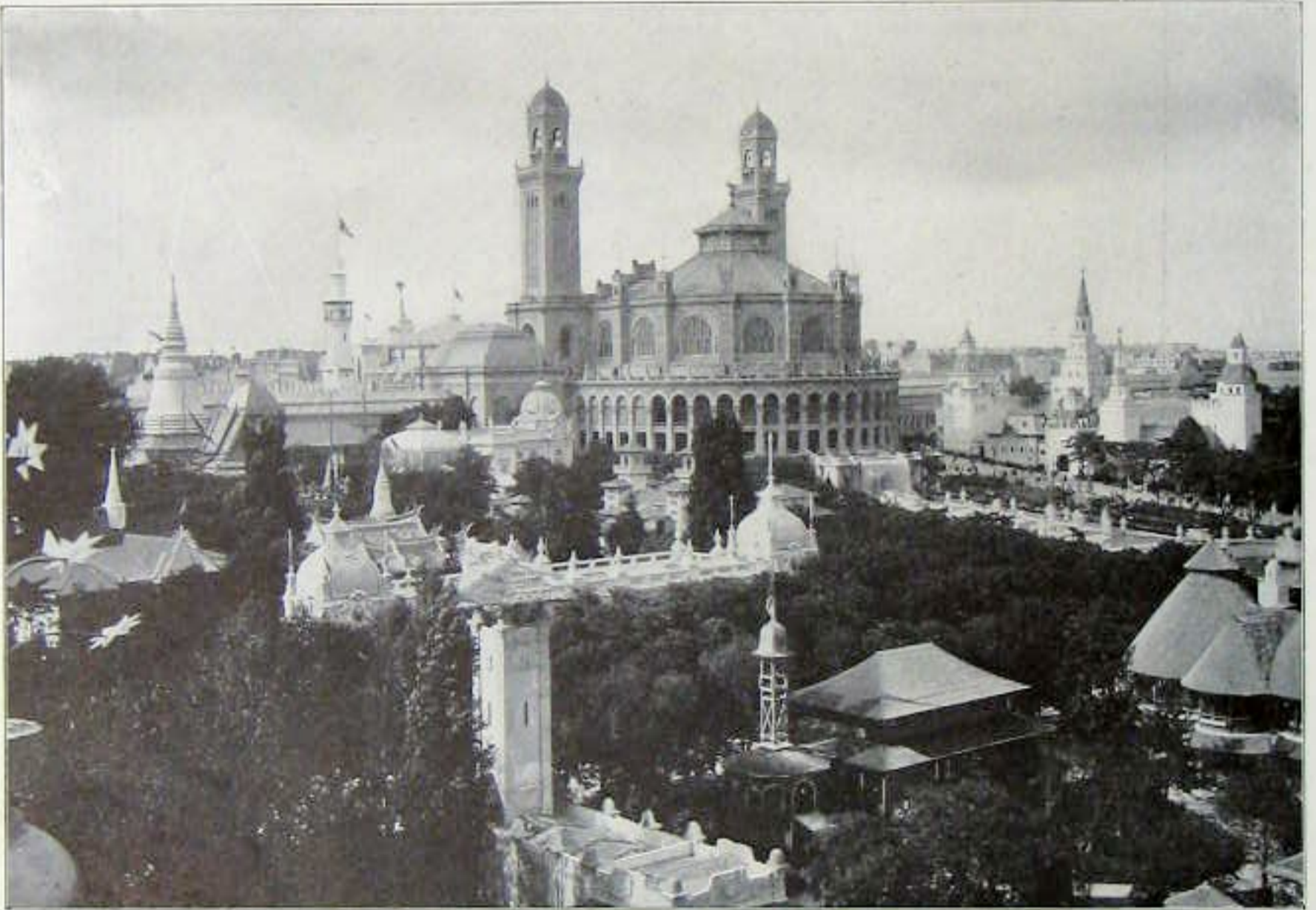
PEACEFUL VALES

great day for the Paris populace. During the week the average attendance was about 150,000 a day ; on Sundays half a million people usually passed the gates, and spent the day in elbowing their way along the esplanades, squeezing through the congested aisles in all the buildings, and finally closed their restful outing with a long, frantic struggle to get aboard an omnibus-boat on the Seine. At six in the afternoon, the



WILLIAM TELL'S CHAPEL

crowded pontoons were black with impatient, tired, sight-seers. But on Sundays there was always room in all the places where admission-fees were charged, for the Sunday public was not lavish with its money. The frugal folk even hesitate to sit down on the yellow chairs set temptingly about, for they who sit, be it but for a second, are liable to a tax of two cents, which is collected promptly by seedy



THE TROCADÉRO

old women in black. These women would make wonderful detectives ; they seem to know by instinct when any one sits down within a radius of half a block. On the back of every chair is the name of the firm controlling the concession. It is "*Allez Frères*," surely an unfortunate title for a firm whose only desire is that people should stop going and sit down, for *Allez Frères*, translated literally, is a fraternal command to move on : "Go, Brothers !"



LOOKING EASTWARD FROM THE TROCADERO



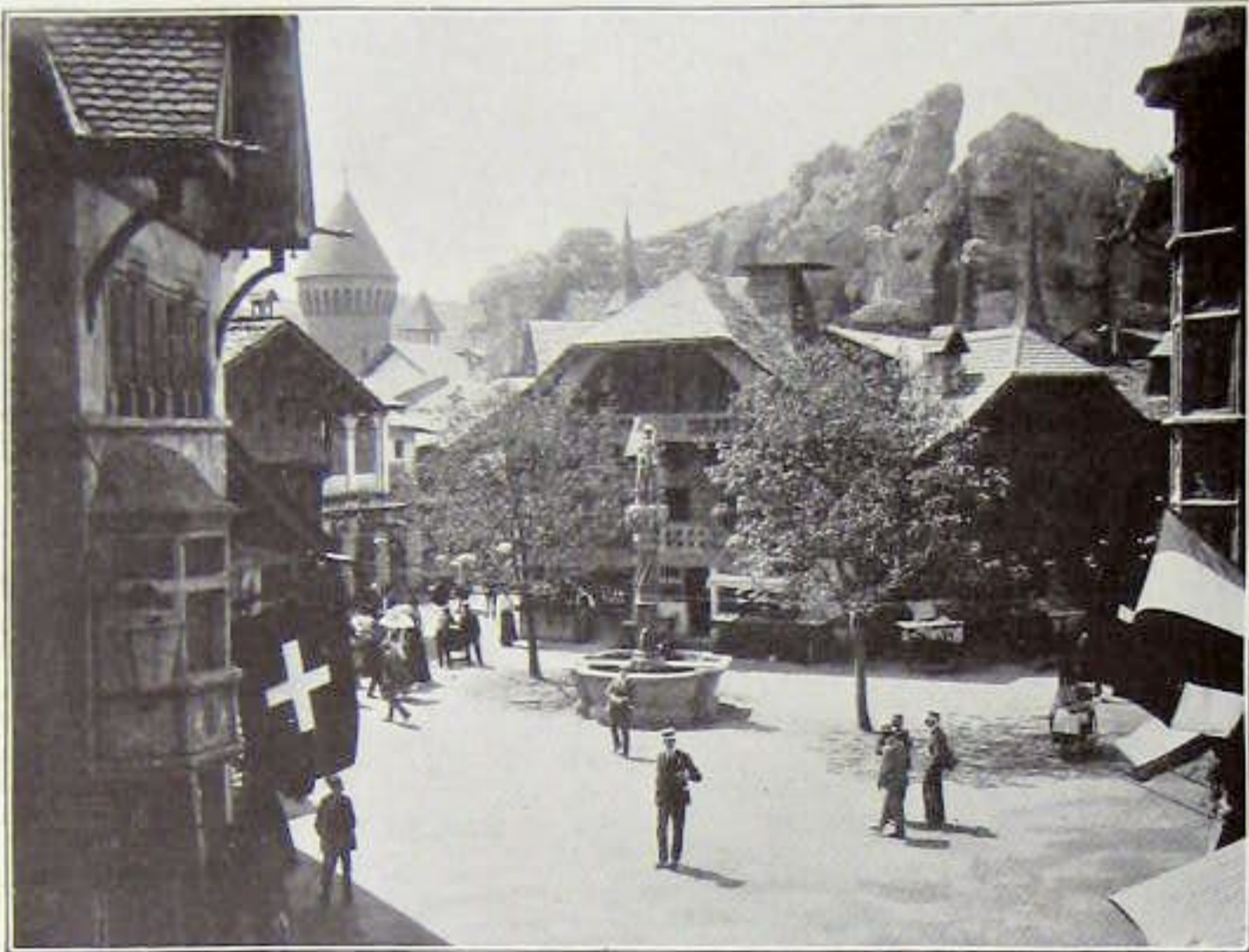
THE RIGHT ARM OF THE TROCADÉRO

We stop a moment to observe the *Palais de la Femme*. It is daintily feminine in style, but not in intent or scope a duplication of the Woman's Building at Chicago. It is a sideshow to which we pay admission, instead of a serious expression of the progress of the modern woman. Another dainty structure close at hand is a tiny domed pavilion of the

"Société Générale," a banking enterprise which assumed the complex responsibilities of handling the gate receipts, not only of the Exposition, but also of the minor shows and attractions. Its uniformed officials collect the cash at every turnstile. It is the financial heart of the Exposition, the organ which keeps the golden blood in circulation. Next door, the castle of the tiniest

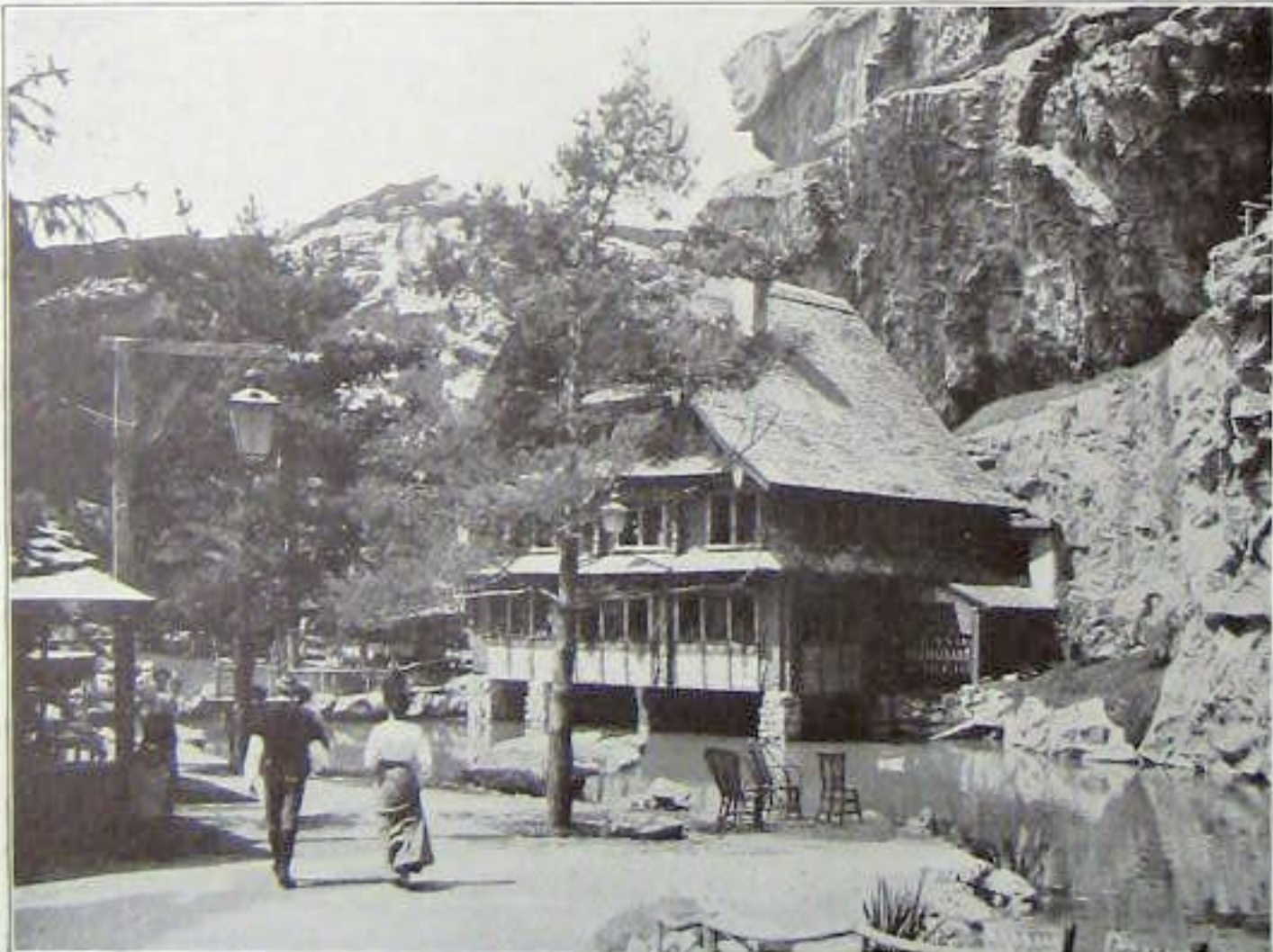


FROM THE TOP OF THE TROCADÉRO



SHUT IN BY TOWERING CRAGS

republic in the world rears its proud battlements; for the independent state of San Marino, a free state in the heart of



A CLIFF OF STAFF

monarchic Italy, thus reminds the world of its existence. There are so many curious attractions assembled in the shadow of the Eiffel Tower that when beneath that great spire we scarcely know which way to turn. Towers and pinnacles and domes of the most varied and fantastic shapes rise in this exotic garden of architectural growths. There are the pointed red and yellow spires of the Siamese palace, the curious façade and the dull-red Japanese pagoda of the attraction called the *Tour du Monde*. Particularly pleasing to the traveler is this panorama of the Tour Around the World. The exterior of the elaborate structure suggests the joys of Oriental travel. The pagoda and the entrance-gate carved in Japan bear the stamp of genuineness. It remained for this money-making enterprise to introduce into Paris the only worthy examples of the architecture of Japan. Within the building we find a huge elliptical panorama, where from a single point of view the traveler sees a series of the most charming views that greet him as

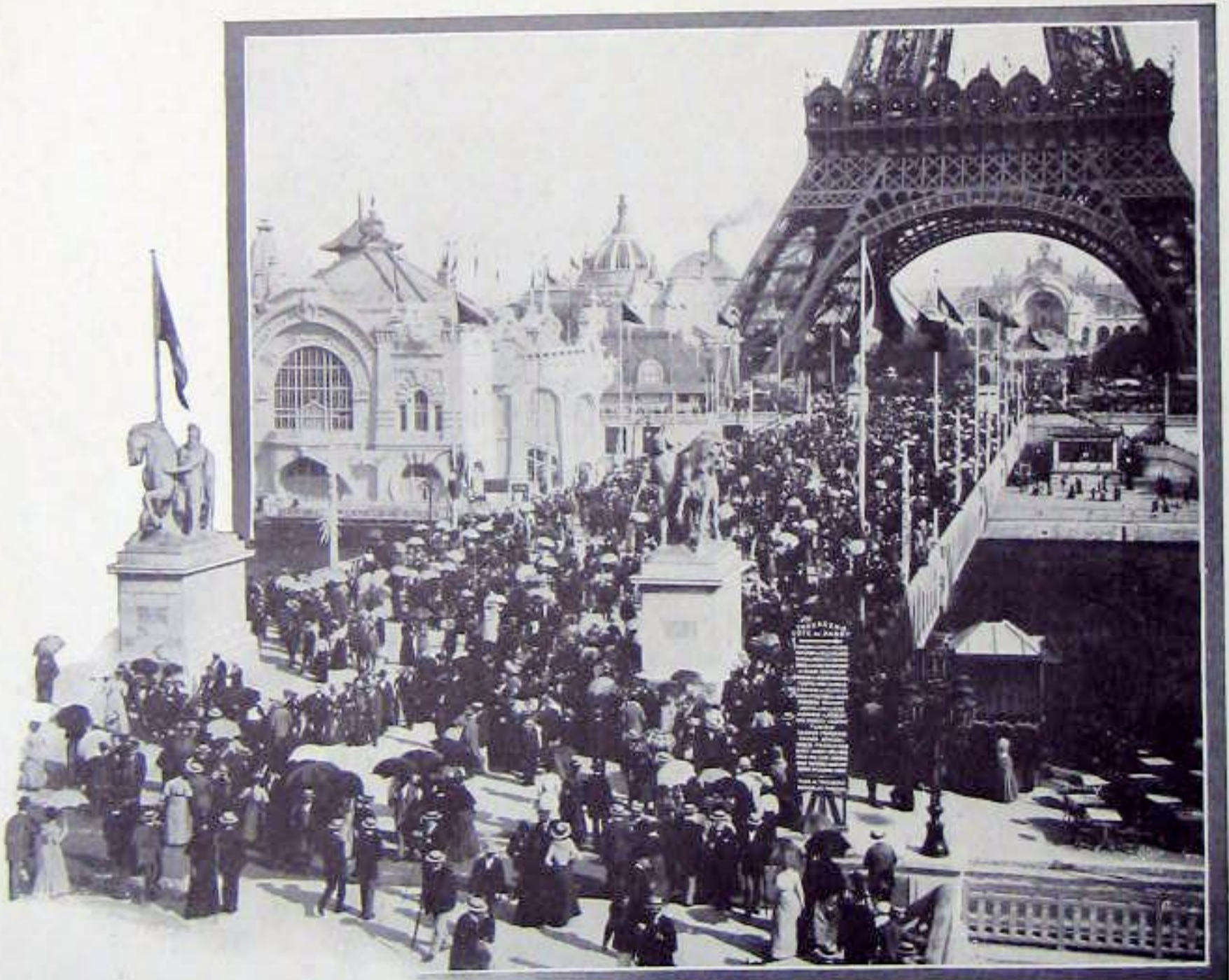


ARTIFICIAL ALPS



ON THE BRIDGE OF JENA

he goes around the world: From the Acropolis the eye wanders to Constantinople, thence passes by Jerusalem to



THE PONT D' JENA

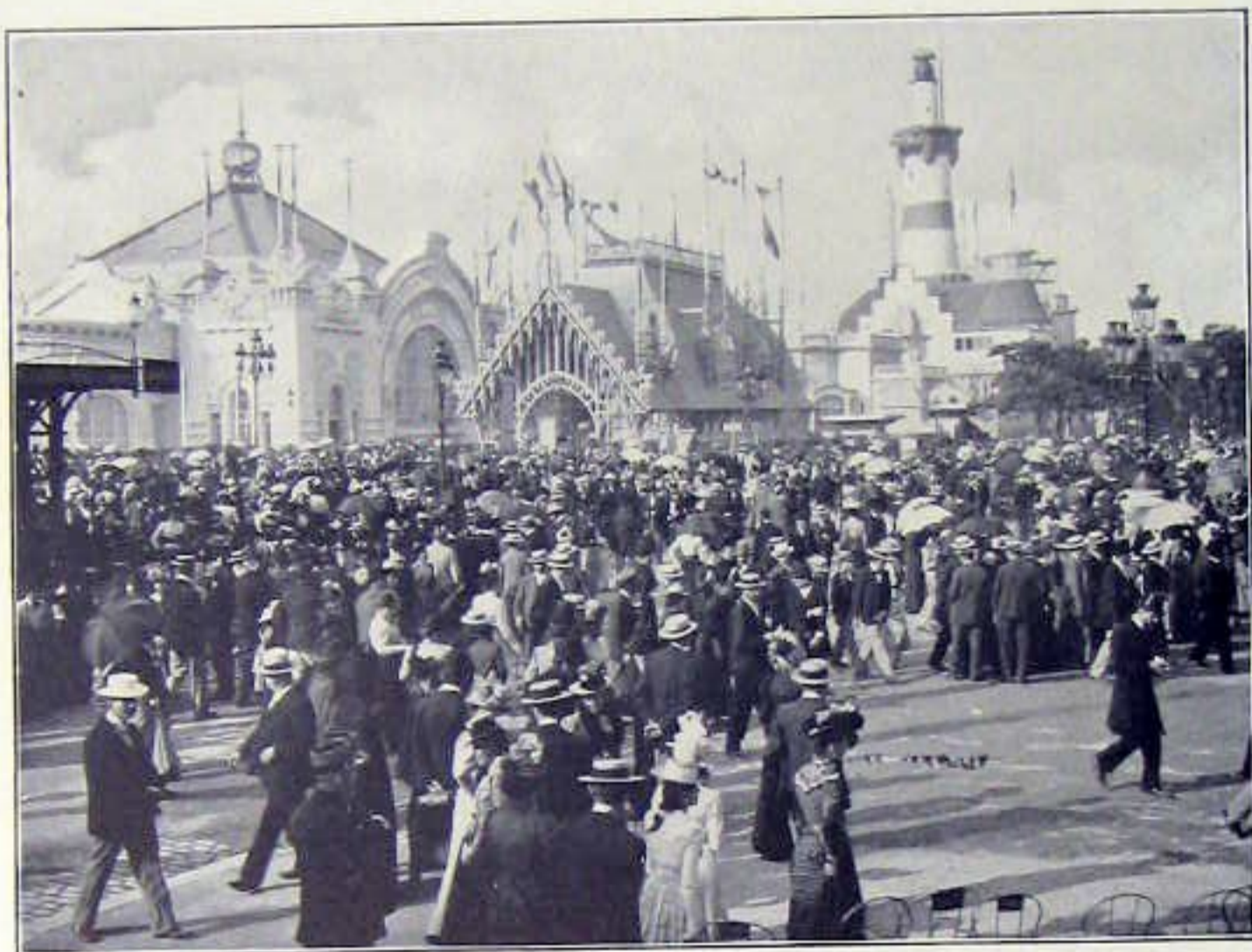


A PONTON AT FIVE O'CLOCK

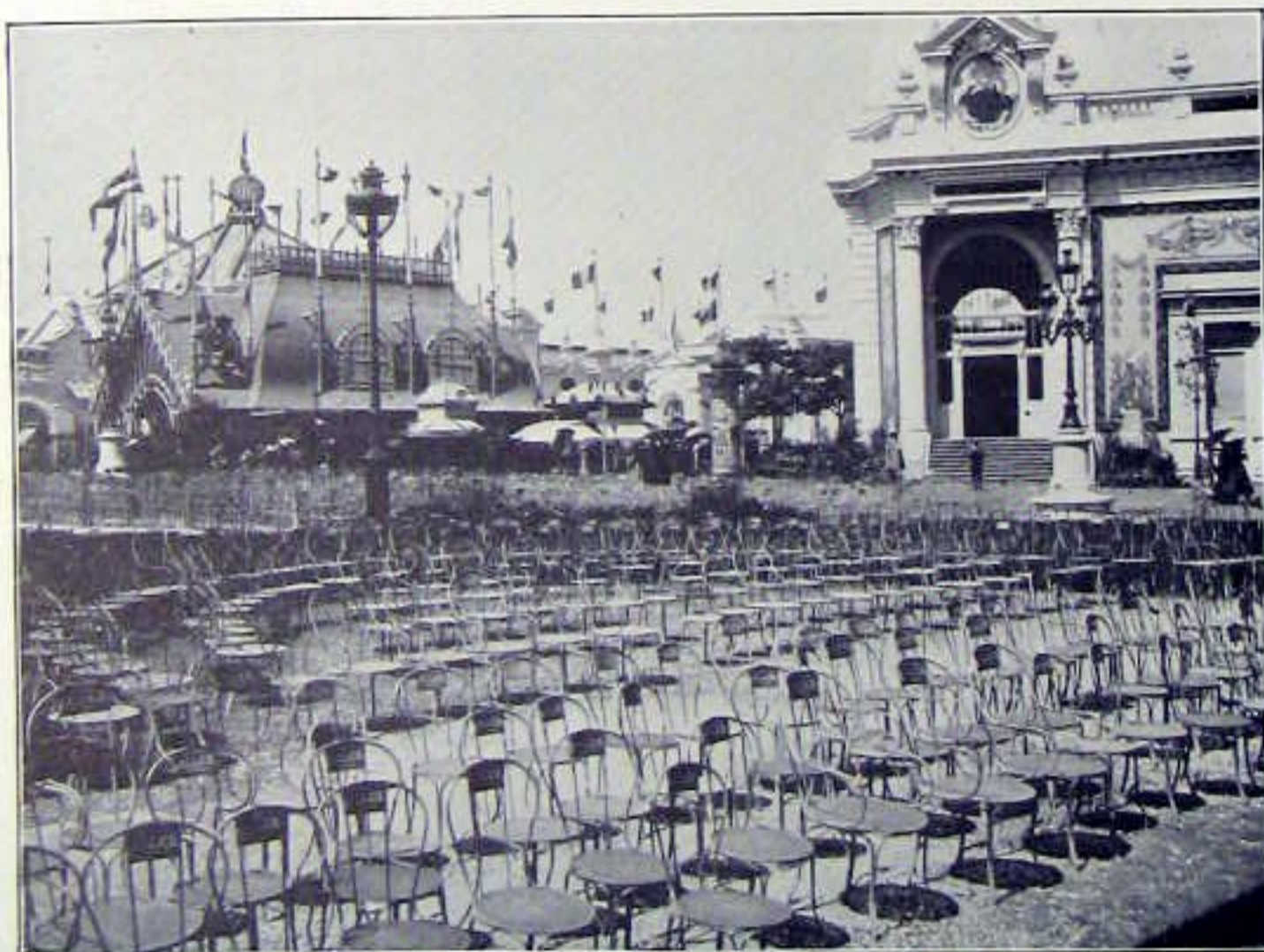
the Suez Canal, and so on to the farthest east, the eye being led from land to land without a shock. The vistas merge into one another as naturally as do the real objects in the foreground merge into the painted scene behind. A novel feature is the introduction of living people in the foreground. For example, between us and the section of the



A PONTON AT SIX O'CLOCK



SUNDAY CROWDS



THE CHAIRS OF ALLEZ FRÈRES



"THE PALACE OF THE WOMAN"

painting where Fujiyama rises, there is a Japanese tea-house as real as it is dainty, peopled by a dozen geishas from Tokio, dressed in the fabrics of Japan. The very atmosphere of Dai Nippon is there — the house, the garden, the people, and the distant view are purely Japanese. There is nothing in the composition that is not truthful and satisfying to the lover of Japan.

Another fragment of a land I love was found in the Moorish section; a gate and



TURRETS AND TOWERS



SAN MARINO

minaret from old Tangier, a narrow street of tiny shops, a

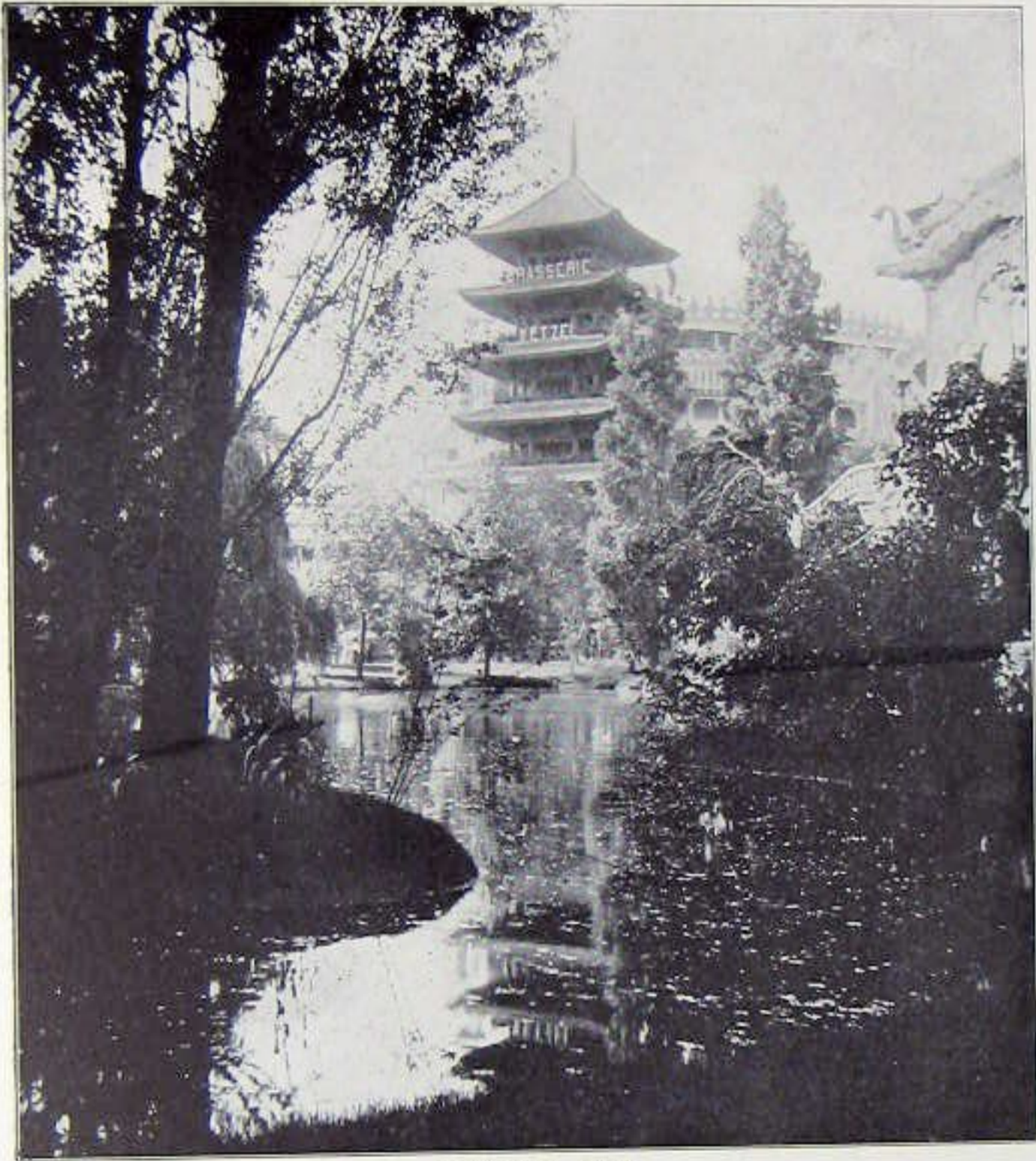


EXOTIC ARCHITECTURAL GROWTHS

bench where Moorish coffee may be drunk amid the babel of loud cries in Arabic, and in the bazaar a cool place of rest, where we discover two fine old Moorish merchants. We cannot refrain from telling them that we are among the few who have traveled into Morocco, who know the gardens and the streets of their sacred city, Fez. Then follows a long conversation, in the course of



FROM MANY LANDS



A PEACEFUL VISTA

which we learn the most unwelcome news, that our old guide, the irrepressible and loyal friend of our Moorish wanderings, Haj Abd-er-Rahman Salama, will never lead another caravan across the roadless plains, for last year he set out on his eternal pilgrimage.

Among the startling novelties at the Exposition, perhaps the most ambitious was the *Palais Lumineux*, a fantastic palace, made of opalescent glass, within which the arts of diamond-cutting and glass-blowing were practiced. By day



THE ARCH OF THE TOWER

the palace seemed to drink in light through its translucent, tinted walls, until at nightfall, saturated with luminous rays, it gave them forth again to make the darkness beautiful. It then appeared like an enchanted castle of the King of Fireflies. The brilliant incandescent marvel mirrors itself in a



CARVED IN JAPAN

small lake upon the other shore of which is the very delightful restaurant of the *Pavilion Bleu*, with terraces and balconies, which at night are bathed in a golden glare. Beyond, framed by the arch of the great Tower, is the much-advertised Optical Palace. Very fortunately, the word "optical" suggests the word "delusion" and relieves me from the necessity of



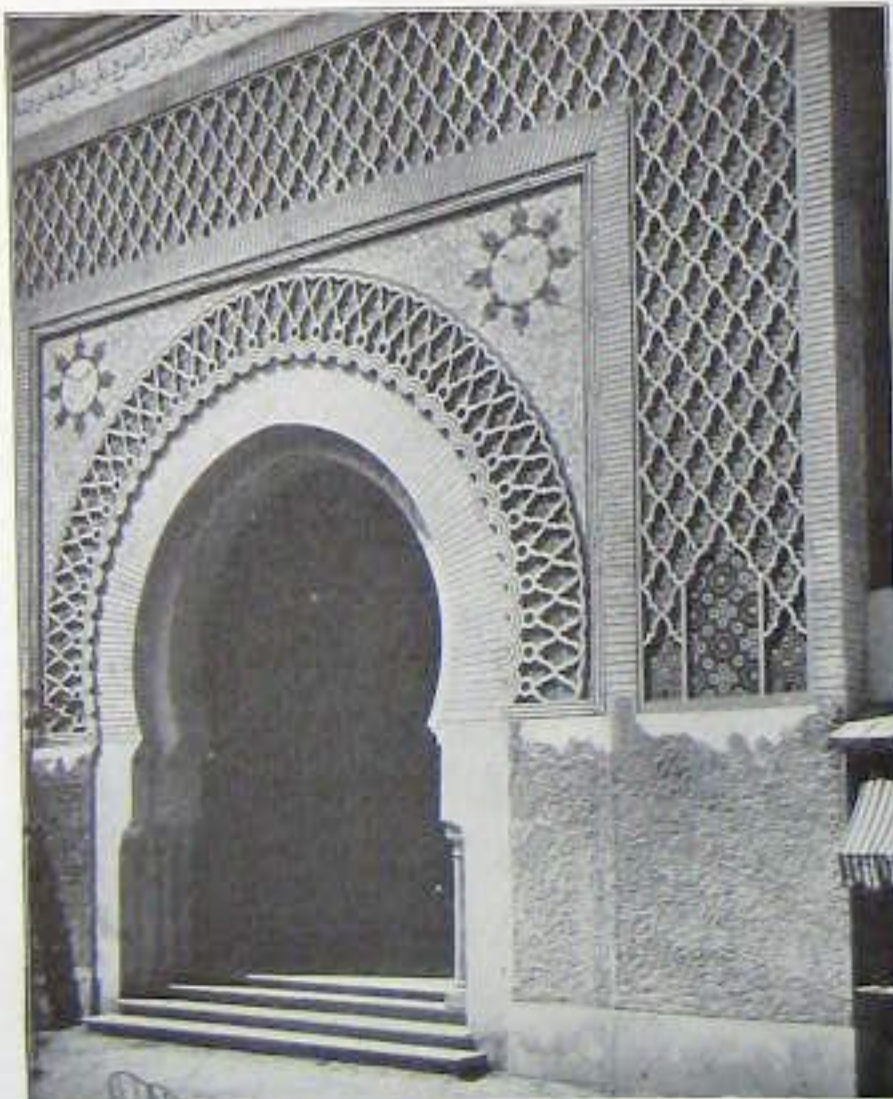
LUMINOUS PALACE

using it. Externally it was rich in promises of interesting scientific revelations, but nothing seemed to work—from the largest telescope in the world, which was not in operation, down to the luminous tubes, which failed to glow. The one success of the establishment was a long gallery lined with a score of curved mirrors, in which spectators saw themselves distorted in a score of laugh-provoking ways. Whenever we felt blue, we had but to take a turn with the roaring crowd up and down that merry gallery, and there indulge in comical reflections. As an economy of time, we will survey this section from the Eiffel Tower. We see below the long gallery that shelters the great telescope, so large



MOROCCO

that it cannot be pointed toward the heavens, but lies prostrate like a cannon



FROM OLD TANGIER

of mammoth proportions, a huge mirror being used to throw the reflections of the moon and stars into the horizontal tube. Across the Avenue Suffren we see the tracks of the Terminal Stations, to the left the Cairo Street, to the right the Celestial Globe. On the right, just below the globe, is the success-



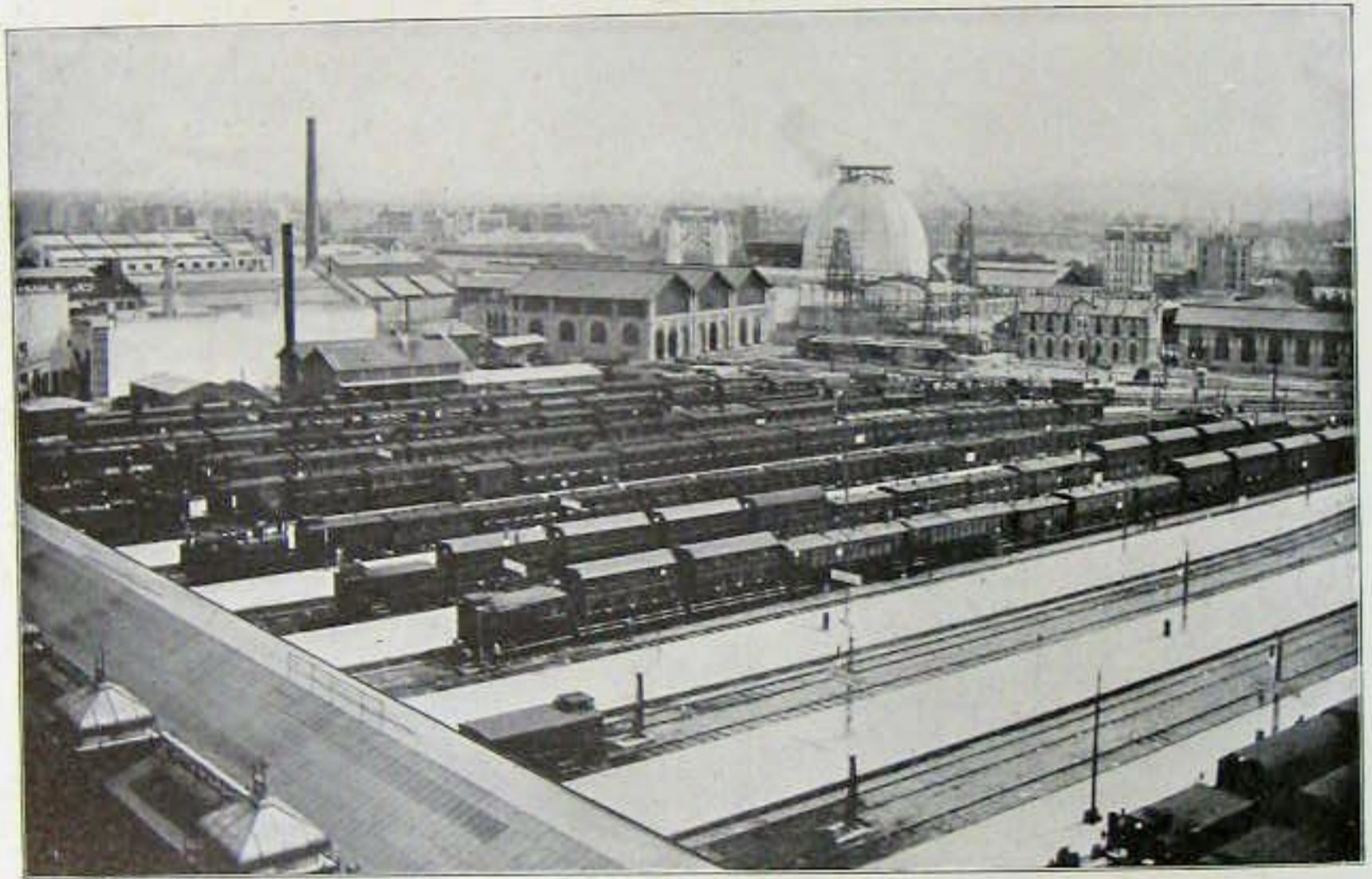
ECUADOR

ful Mareorama, where we experience the illusion of a trip by sea from Villefranche to Constantinople; next to it on the left is a panorama of Algiers, and still farther to the left a tiny reproduction of Venice, a rash attempt to crowd into narrow space everything of interest in Venice from St. Mark's Cathedral to the Grand Canal. Let us drop into this mimic "City of the Doges." Marvelously deceptive at first glance



THE PALACE OF OPTICS

is the mass of reproduced detail ; we recognize a corner of the Ducal Palace, the mosaics, and the bronze horses of San Marco. It is only when we descend to the Piazzetta, and, standing by the column of the winged lion, gaze toward the island of St. George painted on a canvas, twenty feet away, that we realize the complete absurdity of this attempt to apply tight-lacing to the Queen of the Adriatic.



THE EXPOSITION TERMINAL STATION

Once more let us employ the Eiffel Tower as our photographic tripod. We find it convenient ; for although cameras are admitted free, there is a tax of five dollars daily for the use of tripods in the grounds. A curious photographic map of the section round the base of the tower was made by pointing the camera directly toward the center of the earth. The vista of the Champ de Mars from the summit, about 1,000 feet above the earth, is curious, if not inspiring. A long expanse of grass and gravel stretches between the two extensive lateral palaces, and terminates at the monumental

Château d' Eau or the Water Castle, beyond which we see the roof of a tremendous building left over from the Exposition of 1889. The Military School beyond looks like a barrack for toy-soldiers.

Although we may speak of the Palaces of Agriculture, of Mining, and of Electricity, they are in reality sections of one vast palace in the form of a gigantic letter E. Far more attractive is the



THE COLUMN OF THE WINGED LION



A FRAGMENT OF SAN MARCO

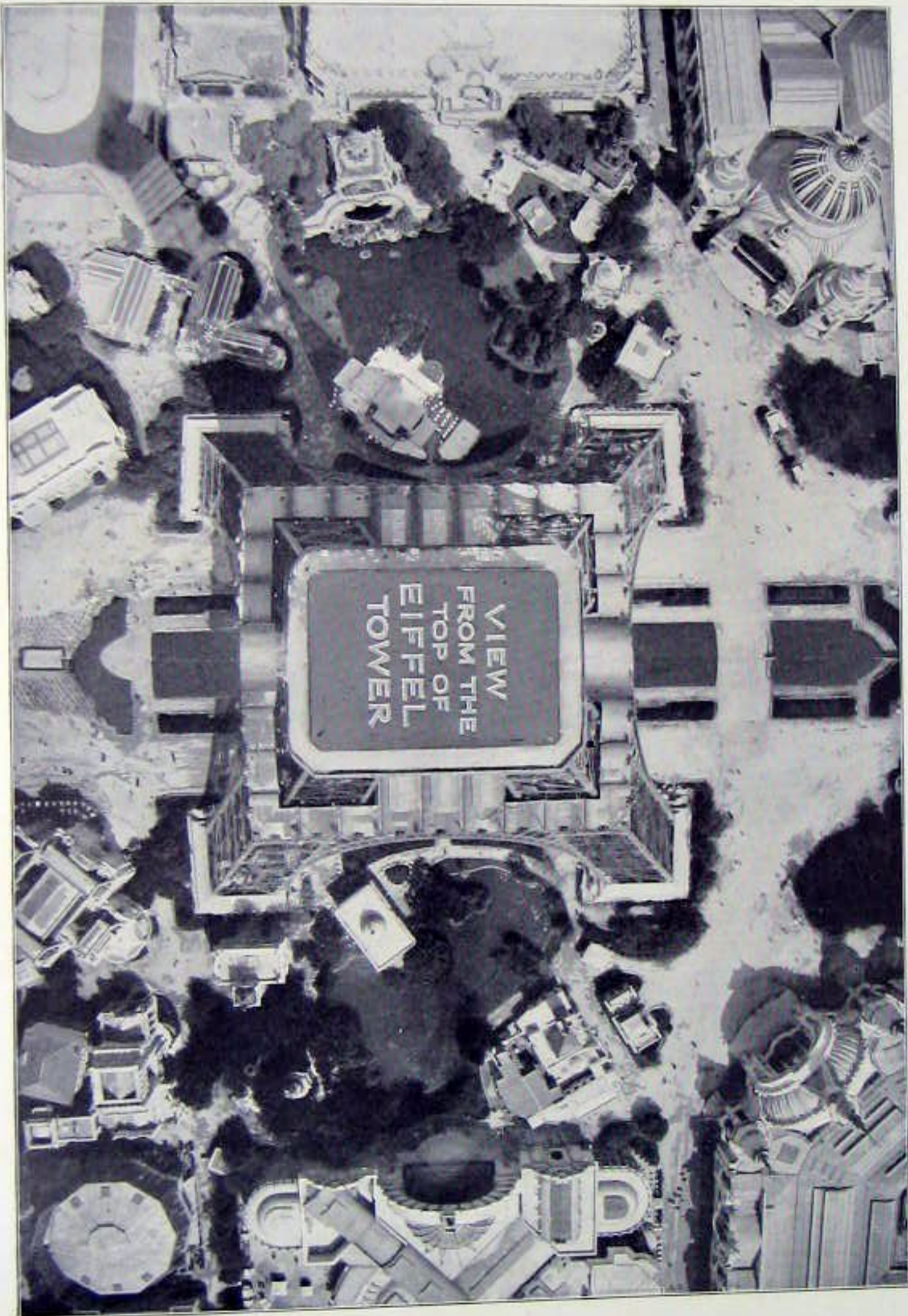
same view from a lower story of the tower. The long façades of the great buildings assume truer proportions. The fountain begins to assert its magnitude and dignity, and crowns itself with a colossal diadem of filigree upon which the star of light is balanced like a glittering gem, waiting the evening touch of electric rays; and the chimneys show their unrivaled altitude.

To study these things at closer range, let us descend to earth in one of the big elevators that glide amid the metal network of the Eiffel Tower. Near the "left hind leg" of the tower stands the entrance to the Palace of Arts, Letters, and Sciences. It illustrates the modern tendency of Gallic architects away from the dignified and beautiful toward the fussy and the frivolous. Masses of delightful detail are



UNDER THE TOWER

lavished on these portals, which are best described as bubble buildings blown for a day. The pendant to this portal is at the angle of the Palace of Mines and Metallurgy. The same seeking after queer, extravagant effects is manifested here. But although our artistic digestion is almost ruined by this overdose of architectural pastry, our palates are continually tickled by new flavors, and we continue to nibble at this pretty but unwholesome gingerbread. Another tempting bite is offered by a slice of decorated layer-cake. It is the



entrance to the Transportation Building. Appropriately the interminable balconies under the high arcades are occupied by restaurants, and on the ground floor there are miles of café tables. Behind us is the entrance to the hall of silks and gowns, in which the art of the weavers of Lyons and the art of the dress-makers of the Rue de la Paix are gloriously represented. The various gowns displayed



FUSSY AND FRIVOLOUS

are indescribably artistic, sinfully costly, and almost too



MINES AND METALLURGY



"BUBBLE BUILDINGS BLOWN FOR A DAY"

beautiful to wear, but I dare not let you enter, gowns are too absorbing to ladies—we should not be permitted to resume our promenade. Moreover, man should not attempt to talk of dresses, and mere photographs could not do justice to the



ARTS, LETTERS, AND SCIENCES

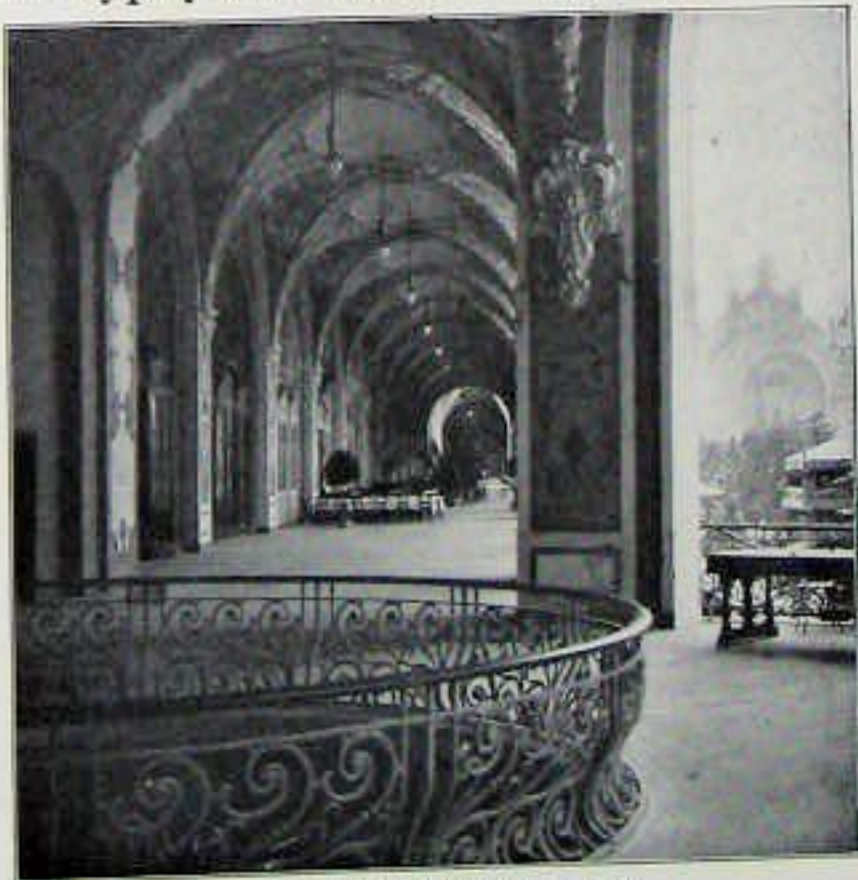
vestments of the waxen goddesses, confined in the glass cases of Félix, Worth, Paquin, and other masters of the daintiest and most ephemeral of arts.

Therefore we must drown our disappointment in the Agricultural Palace, where the Temple of Champagne offers unusual facilities for submerging sorrows in the



TRANSPORTATION

sparkling vintage of the Province of the Grape *par excellence*. It may be suspected that the architect of this hilarious pavilion subsisted on the produce of the vine while working out the details of his plan. On the main floor and balcony are grapevines and arbors and plaster figures of sturdy, hard-working peasants; these typify the cause. High above are popping corks, brimming glasses, and a plastic saturnalia, all of which illustrates with fearful vividness the inevitable effect. So, fleeing from temptation, let us embark upon a medieval caravel, a reproduction of the vessel that imported to France from the Indies the



INTERMINABLE GALLERIES



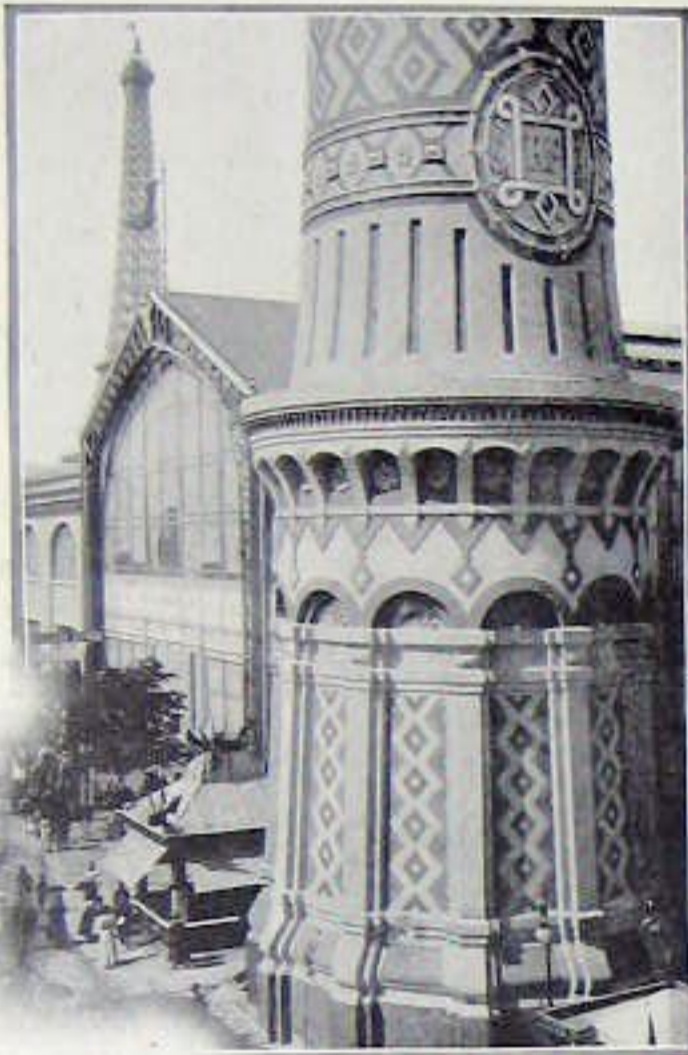
SILKS AND GOWNS

first samples of cocoa, and thus gave rise to the growing chocolate industry.

The greater part of the agricultural section is dedicated to the bibulous god, Bacchus. Every vine-producing region has erected here a replica of some château or castle, the



A BACK-DOOR OF THE EXPOSITION

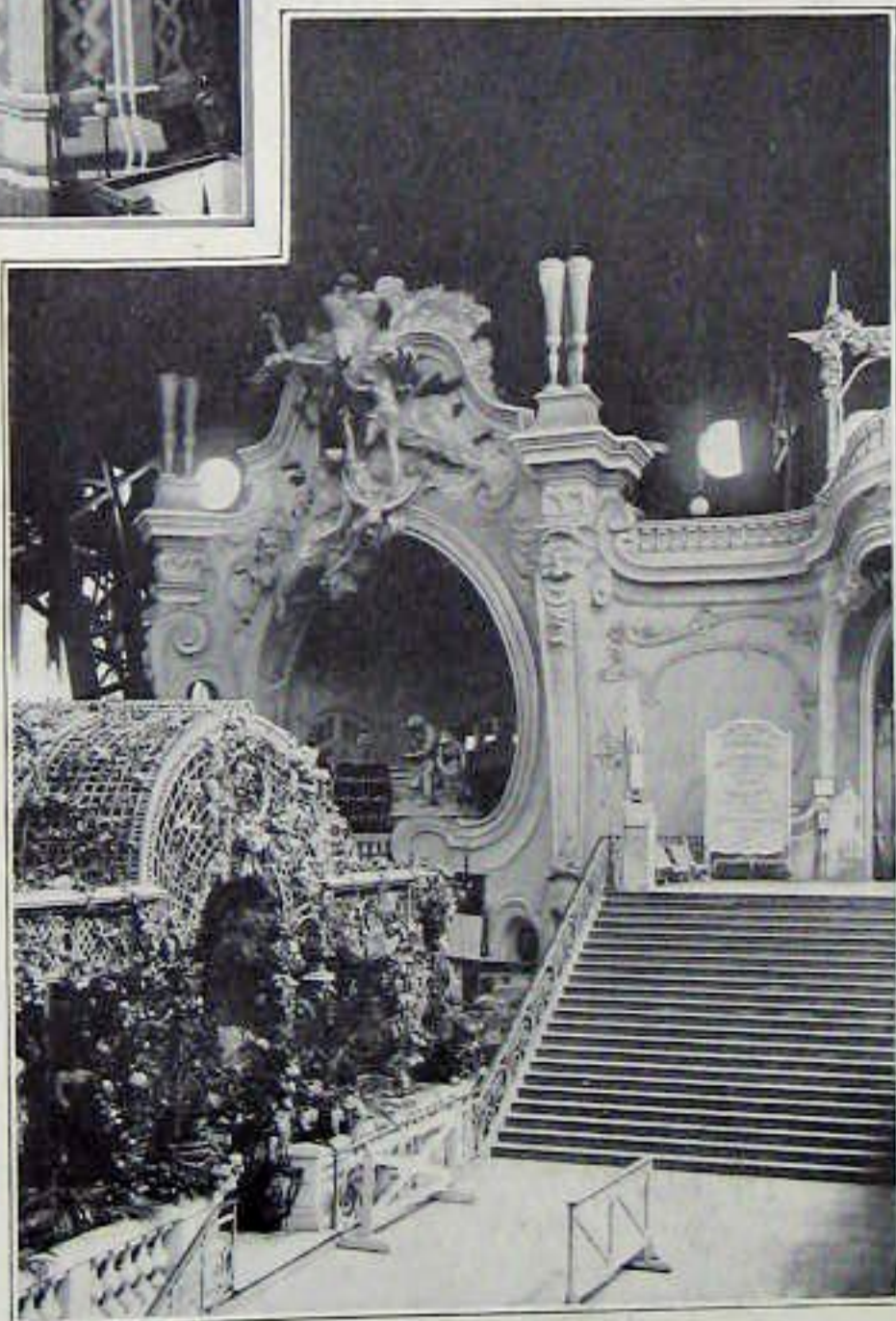


A MONUMENTAL CHIMNEY

and behind this aggregation of quaint structures, which we designate "Alcoholopolis," rise the façades of the enormous festal hall, the *Salle des Fêtes*, a marvelous triumph of the structural and decorative arts.

It is one of the marvels of the Exposition. A sky of glass hangs

name of which appears on every wine list in the world. We are at first surprised to learn that Burgundy, Bordeaux, Champagne, Médoc, Margaux, and Cognac are places, and not merely wines. We have never fully realized that there are people who actually live in Champagne, bathe in Bordeaux, and go to bed in Cognac. Beyond



CHAMPAGNE



DAIRY PRODUCE

over the wooden desert of a floor, so vast that we almost hesitate to venture out upon it. Four tribunes, broad as mountain slopes, rise in the four corners, and a stairway like a terraced glacier pours a flood of steps down through an intervening valley. The colors of the sunset and the sunrise glow in the pictured



AMERICAN AGRICULTURAL SECTION



From photograph, copyright 1900, by Wm. H. Rau, Phila.

A STRUCTURAL MARVEL.



SPANISH AGRICULTURAL SECTION

skies of high-set mural decorations, and the glare of noon falls in a shaft of brilliance from the crystal zenith. There are statues and paintings sufficient to equip a gallery of art lost in the vastness of this *Salle de Fêtes*.

Mounting the monumental stairway, the visitor enters the Hall of Electrical illusions, fit throne-room for a fairy queen. The six surrounding arches, supported by translu-

cent, opalescent columns, serve as frames for six gigantic

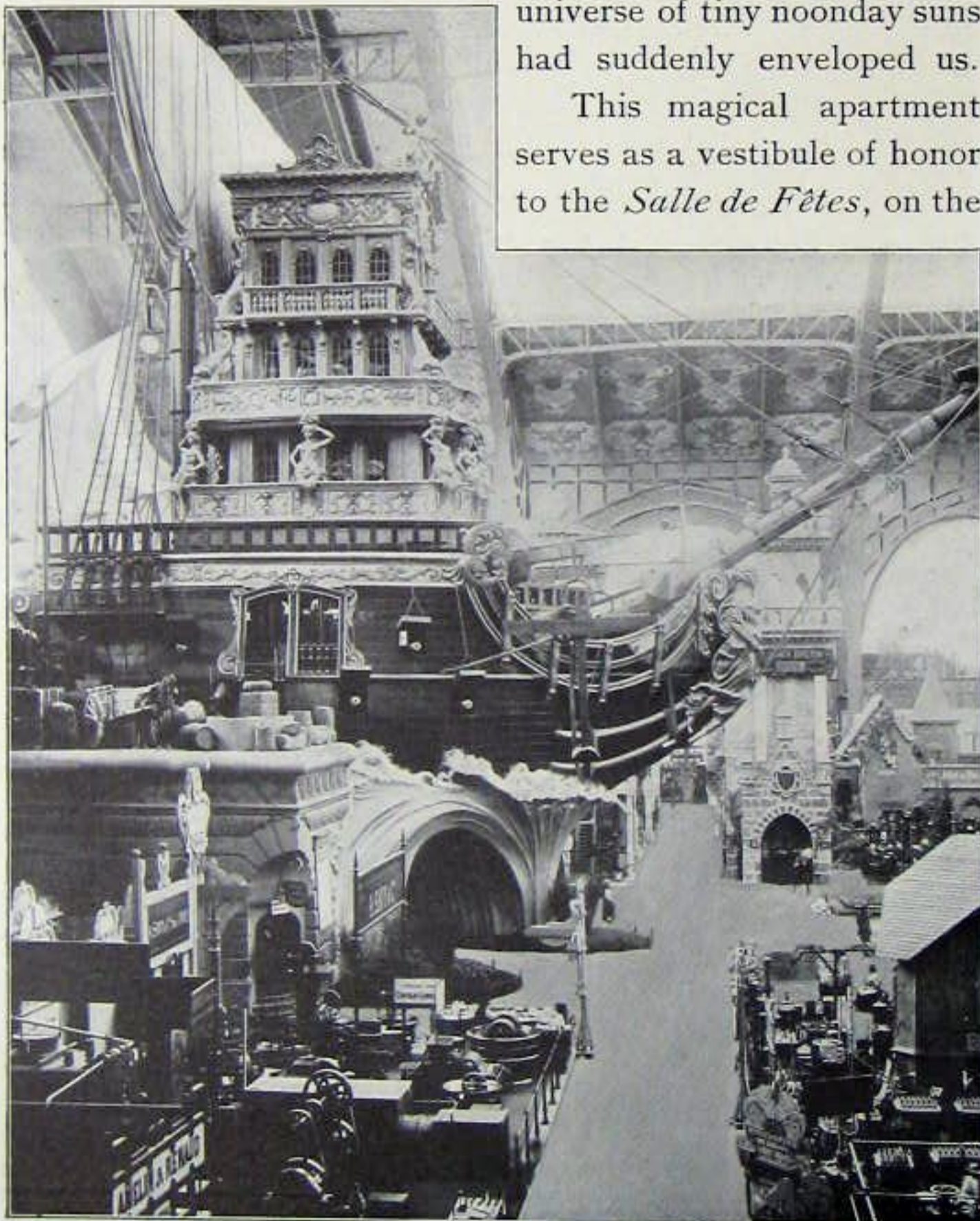


JAPANESE AGRICULTURAL SECTION

mirrors, each reflecting the reflections of the other, until the illusion of measureless vastness holds the spectator spellbound. Every second the colors change. Arches of smoldering blue flare out in fiery red ; the soft green of the columns turns to golden yellow ; or the dim silvery glimmer of the festooned pearls suddenly bursts into a dazzling glare like that of molten metal. This is the signal for an explosion of luminosity that fairly stuns our optic nerves. It is as if a

universe of tiny noonday suns had suddenly enveloped us.

This magical apartment serves as a vestibule of honor to the *Salle de Fêtes*, on the

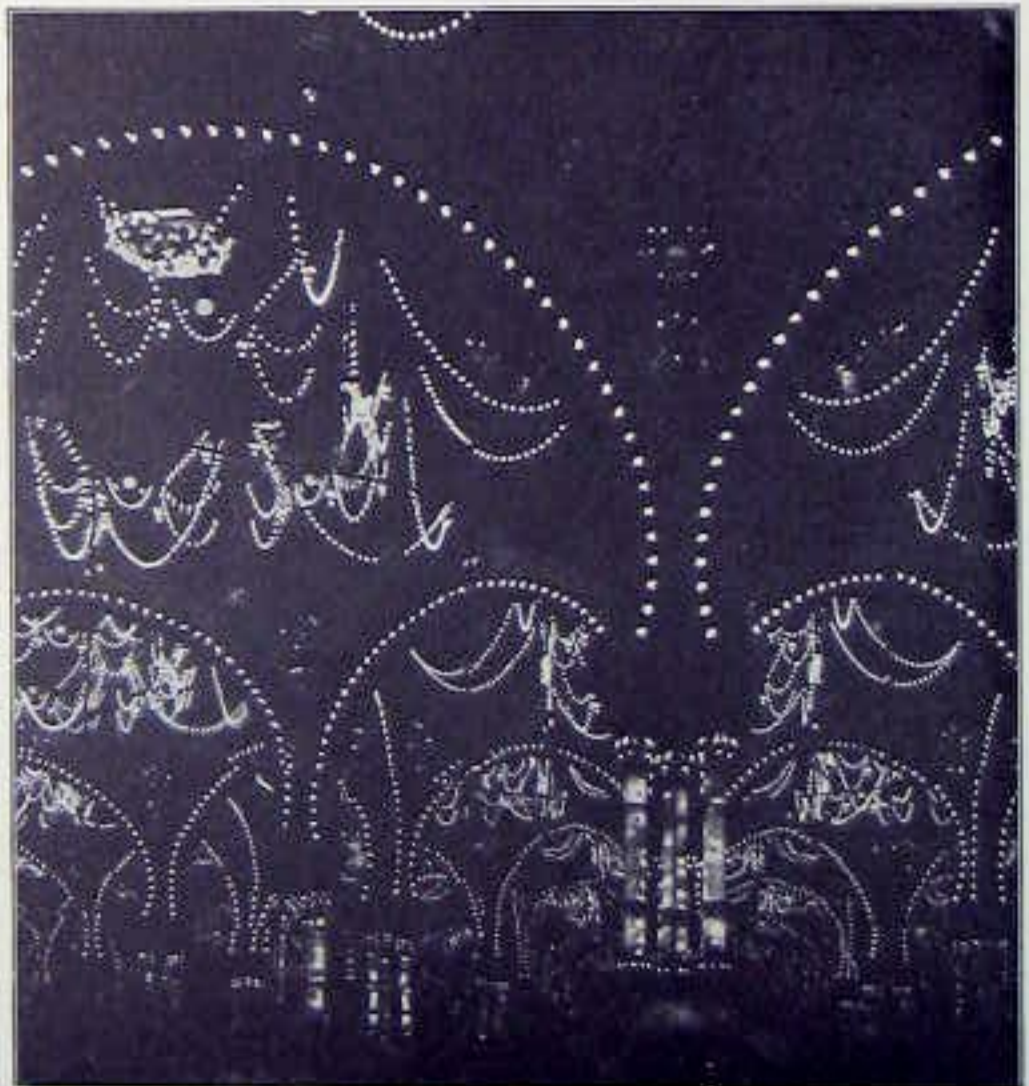


THE CHOCOLATE CARAVEL



"ALCOHOLOPOLIS"

occasion of official ceremonies, such as the Presentation of the Awards and Medals. On festal days troops line the broad avenue of the Champ de Mars, and present arms as statesmen, diplomats, princes, and presidents approach the entrance. No less than 20,000 spectators find seats within the *Salle de Fêtes* on these



THE HALL OF ILLUSIONS



AWAITING M. LOUBET

occasions ; other scores of thousands were kept at a respectful distance by a large contingent of the garrison of Paris.

The crowning architectural feature of the Champ de Mars is the *Château d' Eau* ; behind it rises the façade of the



LE CHÂTEAU D'EAU

Palais de l'Électricité, with its diadem of steel and glass, above which, balanced like the chief jewel of a tiara, gleams the Star of Electricity. The Palace of Electricity was the soul of the Exposition; from it went forth along the myriad, endless nerves of wire the thrills that gave it life and light and motion. Yet without water there would be no steam, no power, and no electricity. The fountain, therefore, is not wholly ornamental; the waters of the jets, cascades,



THE "WATER CASTLE"

and pools, flowing in such graceful wastefulness, will return to serve a serious utilitarian purpose in the boilers of the great machinery hall. At night multitudes gather in the Champ de Mars, awaiting the spectacle of the illumination of the "Water Palace" and the "Fire Palace." A sudden burst of brilliance and we behold the apotheosis of electricity. The terraced pools within the grotto are rimmed with lines of fire, over which flow cascades of liquid flame. The jew-

eled diadem stands out against the sky like a tiara of opals upon a background of black velvet. The Genius of Electricity, guiding her snowy horses, appears to have come rushing through the night, followed by an incandescent star, until, smitten by a shaft of white light shot from the Eiffel Tower's top, she has reined in her rearing steeds, and, with her attendant planet, alighted on the crest of this colossal



ORNATE DETAILS



From photograph, copyright 1900, by Wm. H. Rau, Phila.

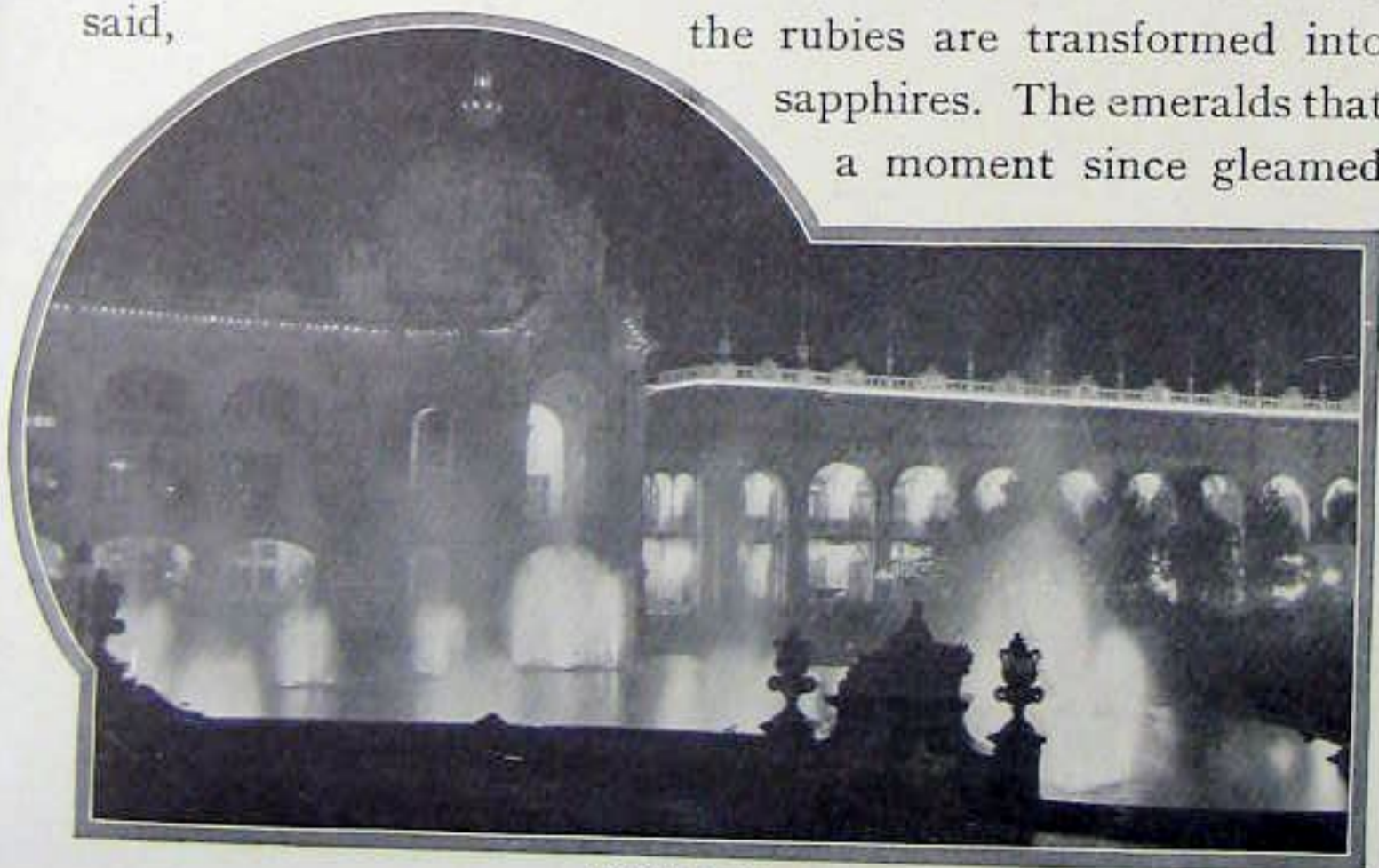
THE CROWNING FEATURE OF THE CHAMP DE MARS



CASCADES AND JETS

coronet of fire. But no words can describe these changing lights and pulsing waves of color. We say that the crown is brilliant with the glare of rubies; and, ere the words are said,

the rubies are transformed into sapphires. The emeralds that a moment since gleamed



TINTED FOUNTAINS



THE CHÂTEAU D'EAU AT NIGHT

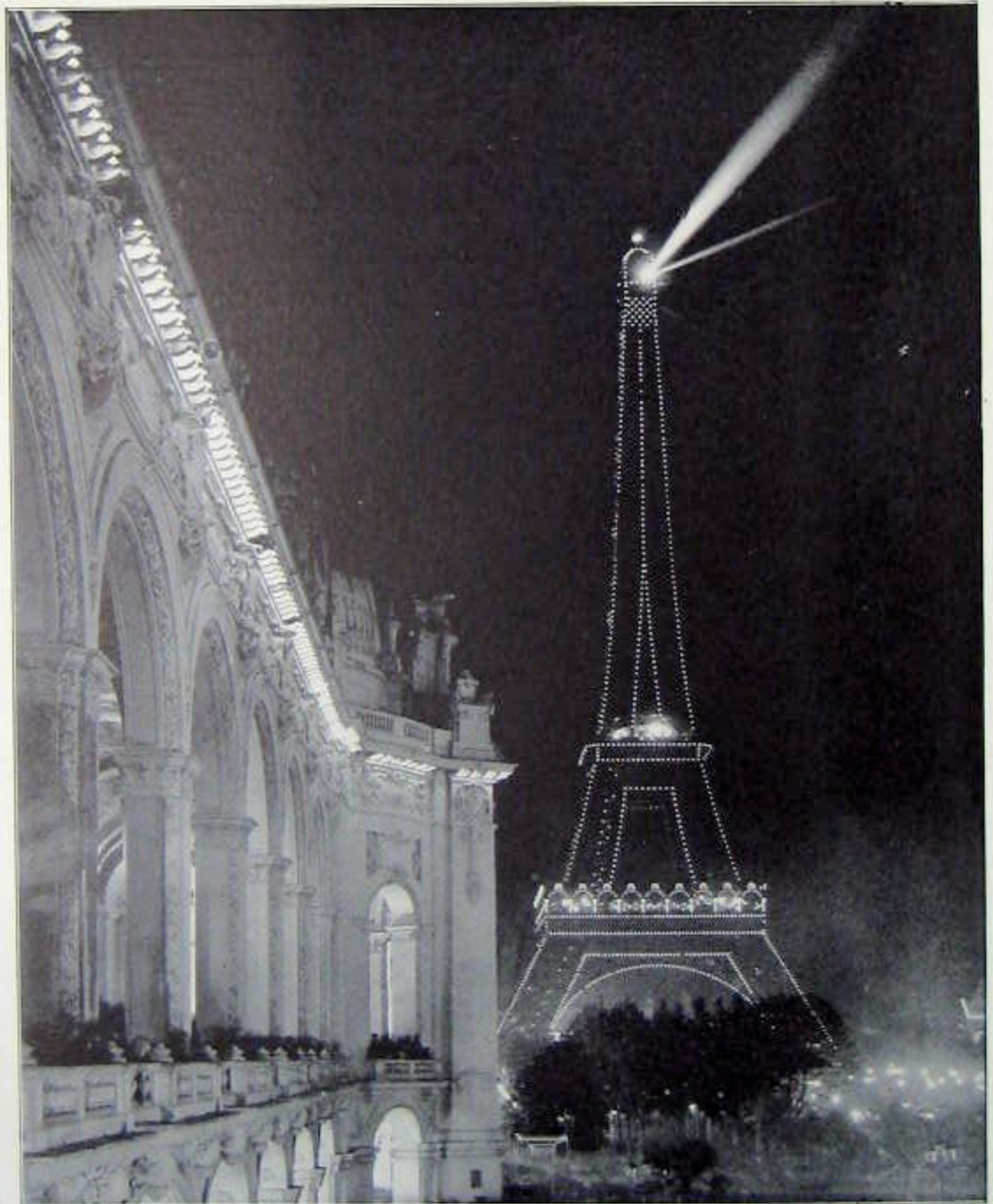
through the green-tinted waters are become yellow diamonds or pinkish pearls.

But always and unvaryingly white as marble, the Electric Spirit rules her prancing steeds and holds the beacon star, like a fixed planet high above the chaotic riot of color. Meantime the rainbows, arching in the spray, play Beethoven symphonies; in the grotto strong color masses build up Wagnerian themes; and, high above, the glowing



From photograph, copyright 1900, by Wm. H. Rau, Phila.
ARTIFICIAL GEYSERS

harps and lyres are touched by fiery fingers and give forth the dainty tripping melodies of Mozart. And the eye listens to this *color music*, finding in it a new sensation, a new pleasure, and a promise of an art for which as yet there is no name. But the art of color-music is not new, the western skies have practiced it for ages. The clouds and mists and the ether and the sunshine have played an evening color symphony at



THE EIFFEL CONSTELLATION AND A TRI-TAILED COMET

the close of every day since the old earth was born. The crowds, however, like children, prefer the artificial to the real. Spectators, who have looked unmoved upon the glories of the western skies, turn, with ecstatic admiration, to those chromatic harmonies, waked by the magical musician of the future, — Electricity !

We stand upon the threshold of the Age of Electricity — the Age of Light.

The Universal Exposition of Paris commemorates the close of the nineteenth century, the Age of Steam. And as we look by night upon the Wonder-City of 1900, we see the Eiffel Tower, ablaze with electrical incandescence, pointing like a prophetic finger toward a radiant future — a future in which the Light of Science and the Light of Knowledge shall be universal — a future which shall have no darkness upon the earth, nor shadows in the lives of men.

