

G. R. & I.

Chicago Service.

	Solid Train	Night Train
	Ex. Sunday.	Daily.
Leave Grand Rapids	8:00 a. m.	11:20 p. m.
Arrive Chicago	1:25 p. m.	6:50 a. m.

Buffet parlor car on 8:00 a. m. train, which runs solid Grand Rapids to Chicago.

Sleeping car and coach on 11:20 p. m. train.

FROM CHICAGO.

	Solid Train	Night Train
	Ex. Sunday.	Daily.
Leave Chicago	4:15 p. m.	9:50 p. m.
Arrive Grand Rapids	9:40 p. m.	6:50 a. m.

Parlor cars on 4:15 p. m. train, which runs solid Chicago to Grand Rapids. Dining car attached Chicago to Kalamazoo. Sleeping car and through coach on 9:50 p. m. train.

CALL TELEPHONE 606.

G. R. & I.

To Northern Resorts.

TRAIN NO. 5.

Leaves Grand Rapids 7:20 a. m. daily, arrives Traverse City 1:25 p. m., Petoskey and Bay View 3 p. m., Mackinac Island 5:10 p. m. Buffet parlor and sleeping car attached. Does not run to Traverse City on Sundays.

TRAIN NO. 7.

Six hours only to Petoskey. Leaves Grand Rapids 1:20 p. m., except Sunday, arrives Traverse City 6:20 p. m., Petoskey 7:20, Mackinac Island 9:45 p. m. Parlor cars attached.

TRAIN NO. 3.

Leaves Grand Rapids 10:30 p. m., except Sunday, arrives Petoskey 5:35 a. m., Mackinac Island 8:15 a. m. Sleeping cars Grand Rapids to Petoskey and Grand Rapids to Mackinac City.

TRAIN NO. 1.

Leaves Grand Rapids 4:15 p. m., arrives Cadillac 9:10 p. m.

CALL TELEPHONE 606.

AT THE WHITE CITY

Some of its Matchless Beauties
Prettily Described.

WONDERS OF THE ART GALLERY

Surprise and Delight on Every View
—Tongues—The Christ in the
Gory of a Norway peasant.

Women's Fair, June 23. I am located here now, and for what I know will remain from 9 to 6 until the fair closes, for I do not see how I can leave this beautiful world of pleasurable sights, by my last, I had skimmed over through the manufacturers' building, and that brought me to the government building, a massive, ornate and beautiful specimen of architecture, built, as every one our Uncle Sam's does, in the highest style of art. It cost \$25,000, which is quite a sum these days. I was, however, they had left the chestnut, shone off, and had it correspond more closely with the general architectural ground.

In the central rotunda is a section of one of the big railroad trams from California, large enough to have a staircase in the interior and to hold a goodly number of persons.

Money and Stamps.
The Smithsonian institute makes a large display, and the treasury department shows all kinds of money and various postage stamps, besides having a machine similar to the one used in the mint for making coins. The interior department is represented by a display from the patent office, and the United States fish commission, has a fine exhibit of stuffed fish and specimens in coats, setting just as if they were taking. Specimens of all kinds are exhibited here, excepting the usual fishermen's haul, distilled from a pocket flask, which is supposed to attract broad trout and grayling, and to prevent the suffer from taking mold. Like every thing else on the grounds there was too much to remember, and besides, my inclination led me to go as soon as possible to the exhibit made by the war department, and here I engaged.

Beautiful Models.

Besides the machinery for gun making, all such contrivances are exhibited on these corners ready for action. The most interesting feature, to me, however, was the display of officers and soldiers dressed in the different uniforms worn since the organization of the army, and my idea of it is that since the beginning to 1861, and throughout the war, the uniforms changed, and since that time it has become less and less distinctive. The model of the Alaskan expedition was also very fine. The army weapons and horses were not in full force.

Part of this exhibit, located between the manufacturers' and government buildings is a United States hospital. The main building, built in the harbor, is a part of the government exhibit as well as the life-saving station, to this is added a weather bureau station, and a double-entrance hall of what I saw there, would be far beyond the

scope of this article, so I leave this building unwillingly and proceed northward to the fisheries building.

With the Fish.

The building with its wings where the aquaria is not majestic, but it is very, very pretty and delicate, with its arcades joining the main building to the wings. The display of fish is simply wonderful, including a monster collection of fresh water fish, as well as many of the denizens of the salt seas. I regret to state, however, that in one of the aquaria, in the collection of black bass, there was one who had a very dispirited look, and acted as if he had been out all night with the boys. In the center of the tank was a pile of stone, and he would swim behind that apparently to make his toilet, and then swimming around to the front, he would deliberately wink at the girls, winking his right fin as if asking them to take a walk. He is the first fish I ever met who would deliberately look at a person and turn his eyes around as if in recognition.

Among the Pictures.

Up to this time I had purposely kept away from the spot I so longed to visit, but now, although there were so many attractions to detain me, I started for the art building. If a person gazes in admiration at the administration building and its gorgeous surroundings; if with wonder at the manufacturers' building, with its catholicity of display; if with pride at the government building and its majesty of proportion; if with pleasure at the fisheries and its delicate details and universal contribution when you reach the art building and enter it, combine all these emotions and add that of delight, for here, from the galleries of royal palaces and houses; from the ateliers of the gifted sculptors and painters of the world are displayed in endless and bewildering profusion, the choicest products of the chisel and brush. I shall not attempt to describe it, for words would fail. All I will do is to mention some pictures that especially claimed my attention.

Some Pretty Individuals.

"A Banchanal," by Macopaky (No. 68) is a fine lot of color painting. In Austria "The Horse Market in Hungary," by Julius Von Blaes (No. 23) is a spirited conception. "A Duke in the Country," by Josef Kuenel (No. 65) portrays the terrible excitement of a fashionably dressed city swell has created among a lot of peasants at a country inn. The sentiment is carried to a point where the duke himself is beginning to feel uncomfortable. "The Five Senses," by Hans Makart (Nos. 71, 72, 73, 74) are five lovely panel pictures descriptive of the senses of smelling, tasting, seeing, feeling and hearing. Female figures are used to delineate these, and the pictures will claim attention at once.

In the Canadian exhibit "The Foreclosure of the Mortgage," by G. A. Reid (No. 36) attracted a great deal of attention by its vividness and the sad lesson portrayed. The painting of the royal Danish family in the Lenmark section is a piece of portraiture seldom seen in one's life time. It consists of portraits of the king and queen, their children, their children-in-law and the grand children. They have certainly absorbed the biblical injunction, to multiply and replenish the face of the earth.

In the French section.

France contributes a fine work of art in "The Death of Eurypides," by Levy (No. 596), also in "Fishes and 2' again," by Rosset Granger, No. 673. "The Death of Archimedes," by Edouard Viguet (No. 714) is not only instructive but startling.

I had intended to have given an elaborate description of the French section, but a little episode which occurred sadly interfered.

I refer to No. 439. Portrait of Mlle. B. I was passing along with my catalogue in my hand, looking at the wealth of paintings, when I came to Marie Moisselle B., or rather her picture. She is a blonde and has one of the sweetest, prettiest faces I have ever seen. She was dressed in some sort of pink goods, that was quite thin, and her hair was fluff.

She Smiled on Him.

It was a pleasing picture, and I stopped to look at it more attentively, and as the pleasure it gave me must have radiated from my mobile countenance, I suppose I must have smiled, and to my intense astonishment the picture seemed to smile, too. It was too much. I sank back on a divan and exclaimed: "Has my youthful fascination so come to me, with advancing years that even an oil painting is maddening to me?" Just then an old lady dressed in black bombazine or words to that effect, with a bucket of diamonds scattered promiscuously around her person, asked me if that picture had smiled on me. I told her it had. She said it had done the same way with her, and that she was going back home. Though somewhat disenchanted I paid several more visits to Mlle. B. It is a wonderful and mysterious piece of portraiture, and when you hunt it out look at her pleasantly and see the effect.

Holland Vigor.

In the Holland section all the paintings of Hubert Vos are noted for vigorous treatment of his subject, while his coloring is high, still his contrasts are painted with the hand of a master who is not afraid of the final effect.

The society of Polish artists have a fine display, among which I was especially pleased with "Milita." This woman, who owing to the fact that she lives at the bottom of the Adriatic, had no clothes on, but down there she probably did not need them. The story is that she lived in a marine palace at the bottom of the sea, and was required to be above the vulgar passion called love, but, like Eve, she fell in love, and her lover was a fisherman. The god of thunder heard of it, and he killed her lover and destroyed her palace. In the picture she stands erect amid the ruins of her palace, while behind her lies the body of her dead lover. I shall not soon forget the expression of her face, in which was blended a powerless protest at her punishment, despair at her lover's death, with fear at the lightning's work predominating over all.

Best He Saw.

I do not claim to be anything of a connoisseur in paintings, but to my idea the best painting I saw was "The Council Chamber at Lunenburg," by Otto Raach, in the German exhibit (257). It hangs in room No. 28 and is modestly surrounded by an ugly black frame. The beauty of the picture lies in the shading. It will repay a close scrutiny. Ordinarily, artists in delineating light are too apt to make the rays too pronounced in the shading of either the room or furniture. In this picture the windows are embrasures are very light, but the reflection is very deftly portrayed. The only repulsive picture I noticed was one in the French section. It is 400 in the catalogue and portrays four dead faces reposing on a stream surrounded by water lilies. Underneath is the legend "Hearts put in Two Mountains." "Happy They Who Die in the Lord." If to float down a swamp after death with your mouth full of water lilies is the artist's idea of happiness he and I differ.

A picture now attracting almost universal attention is "The Man With the Hoe," by Millet. There is nothing at all like about the picture, save to study the genius that could exhibit such an idiosyncrasy. The picture is that of an exhausted peasant leaning on his hoe. There is nothing pleasant about the face in fact, it is brutish. But the muscular development portrayed shows the strength of the lowest type of humanity, and the whole idea is to show brute strength exhausted. The picture was such a truthful delineation of epaulettes in the life of a French peasant that the Europeans accused Millet of being an anarchist, socialist, etc.

Norway's Gem.

I will close this letter with a description of a picture (101) in the Norway exhibit. I had passed it without notice (twice) three times, when a lady friend called my attention to it. The inspiration prompting the work is taken from St. Luke, where Christ blessed little children. My first impression was to laugh at the old portrait of The Christ, dressed in a common suit of every day clothing, a blue shirt, without collar, and bareheaded, but the desire to laugh all disappeared as I began studying, and in some degree understanding, the art.

In the background Christ is represented as a Norwegian peasant, with his hand resting tenderly upon the head of a little child. He is partially surrounded by a small crowd, who are eagerly looking into his face. In the foreground, to the right, is a peasant wheeling a sick woman toward the central figure, and although the back of the wheeler is turned towards the observer, the sturdy muscles of the legs are all expanded, the feet is placed firmly on the ground, the hands grasp the handles of the barrow with a nervous force. Only one emotion is portrayed—no thought save to reach The Christ. The Healer, with his precious freight. On the face of the woman is a languid listlessness showing how very sick she is.

The Exquisite Detail.

To the left of the picture is a house; in front of it, along the way, the Savior is coming; a woman has placed a common rug, a piece of faded carpet, and a better rug, barely worn. On the outer edge she has arranged some potted flowers in full bloom, and towards the house she is herself kneeling, putting in place the second part of flowers of the roadside.

The loving reception and preparation is an humble one, but has taxed her poor resources. She has simply given all that she has.

There is a quiet calm pervading the portraiture, akin to the feeling which creeps over the observer. It is a wonderful work of art. Faith, love, devotion, earnest purpose, curiosity; so many human traits portrayed on one canvas.

Then again the idea of universal adaptability comes so strongly to the mind. A Norwegian Christ! Through perhaps poor translations they had read of his wonderful being, and they take to him their hearts, only thinking of him as belonging to them; so consequently they clothe him in their homely garb. It gives double significance to the Messiahship—a Christ for all.

The Ladies.

The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use the California liquid laxative Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup company, printed near the bottom of the package.

THE BOSTON STORE.

As this issue of The Herald contains a great deal of extra interesting reading matter we will not enumerate our special offerings, but will respectfully ask all to watch for our list of Genuine Bargains in Tuesday's paper.

WAIT!

RESPECTFULLY.

TRANKLA, JAMIESON & CO.,

THE BOSTON STORE.