

IN THE WHITE CITY

Kath Field Writes of the Columbian Exposition.

ECONOMICAL WAY TO CHICAGO

What Niagara and the Yosemite Are to God's Handiwork This World's Fair is to Man's.

Dear People: These are times that try man's souls, especially when situated in their pockets. The dividing line is so faint as to make it hard to distinguish where one begins and the other ends. In the present state of things they are very much mixed, and how not to spend money is the conundrum of the moment. Necessity knows no fair. Who has not shakela enough to pay railroads and hotels tries to blot out of his mind the fact that the greatest wonder of any age is now on exhibition on the south shore of Lake Michigan, and has but a brief tenure of life.

soner trains daily. All roads are not equally well patronized, but it is within bounds to credit Chicago with 1,000 daily trains, representing 1,000,000 people. One-tenth of that number could readily be brought to the fair. Add this 100,000 to 100,000 urban visitors, and a daily total of 200,000 is assured. This means respectable monetary success. There's no doubt about every other kind of success. No amount of mismanagement can kill the fair now. What Niagara and Yosemite are to



THE CHICAGO FAIRWARD STREAM.

All this is solem fact; but it is also fact that thousands have been kept away from the fair from fear of extortion. Whatever may have been true on May 1 was absolutely false when I arrived in Chicago three weeks later. I immediately found the best accommodation at an excellent hotel for less money than in other large towns. I have friends who, for \$1 a day, are comfortably housed near the fair ground, thereby saving the expense of car fare, which amounts to 10 or 20 cents a day, according to whether the transportation be steam or cable. I have of good board and lodging for \$10 and \$12 a week, while persons kept on further economy can find whatever accommodations best suits their purse.

the handiwork of God, the Columbian exposition is to the handiwork of man. Come and judge for yourselves, dear people. Ask for excursion trains from the leading towns of your state. Of course there should have been a pre-concerted plan long ago; but it is never too late to mend, and great railroads are quick to respond to an unmistakable popular demand. The life of the fair is one-half spent. Three months remain in which you can obtain a liberal education by a journey round the world in Jackson park and the Midway Plaisance that would astonish even Jules Verne. The strongest reason for believing that God is on the side of the fair is that congress, two kinds of commission and several kinds of policy have failed to kill it.

When shame that anyone should be kept away from the world's fair by false reports; for this reason, dear people, I ask you to banish fear and come to such a revelation of the divinity of man as crowns the dying century with a glory all its own. "God must be very pleased to have created beings capable of such great work," exclaims a friend. As man is made in the image of God, why should he not magnify his Creator?

Like the Phoenix, it rises again and again from its own ashes and looks on serenely at the fight for its possession. Congress did have sense enough to appoint a director general, who, however, has been as much out of a job as the brilliant Kansas whose pyrotechnics no longer illumine the senate of the United States. There is no doubt that the local directory has done a great work in raising the money and employing the best brains in the nation in building a dream city, which to me is a symphony in white. Such architecture, such landscape designs never were seen since the world began. When Director James W. Ellsworth assumed the responsibility of engaging that great artist, Frederick Law Olmstead, to design the plan of the fair, he was inspired. When Daniel H. Burnham was appointed constructor of works a second inspiration overtook the directory. When Burnham called on Richard M. Hunt, McKim, Mead & White, Peabody & Stern, Van Brunt, Atwood, Post and other eminent architects to plan the buildings of the fair, he again was inspired, and further proved his greatness by summoning as chief of decoration F. D. Millet, the distinguished artist. Millet, in his turn, invoked the aid of C. C. Coleman and Carroll Beckwith, C. Y. Turner, George W. Maynard, Dodge and other painters of equal prominence. As for sculpture, it reigns supreme in the work of MacMonnies, French, St. Gaudens, Proctor, Potter, Martigny, etc., etc.

Therefore, dear people, if you have money enough to buy a round trip ticket and can put \$10 in your pockets, ride to Chicago for at least a week and visit the fair daily. Of course, you can spend as much more money as you wish. You can riot in extravagance. I address myself to the great middle class, that must think twice before

The world's fair directory have realized every expectation except the necessity of delegating their divided authority to one man. If ever an autocrat with brains was needed it is at Jackson park. What would you think, dear people, of an army without a general, a ship without a captain, a party without a leader? "Hamlet" without the melancholy Dane is no more sorry spectacle than



KATH FIELD.

spending a dollar. Men and women with a genius for economy will be able to live on \$3 a day, and perhaps less.

STOPPING FOR ONE MORE. The dream city without a head. Its directory have begotten a glorious white elephant and don't know what to do with it. They have moved mountains, evoked the impossible, overcome their enemies, but so far they have not been great enough to overcome themselves.



STOPPING FOR ONE MORE.

Don't hurry, whatever you do. Take the fair with deliberation or you will soon exhaust your legs and your nerves. Sit down in the center of this model station, designed after the baths of Caracalla, by that consummate architect, C. B. Atwood, and look about you. The vast building is open from floor to roof, and around the upper inside walls are great clocks, giving the time of towns in different parts of the world. Wide balconies surround the second story, and not a track is visible. There's not a detail of this station but harmonious with the grandeur of the fair.

In wandering up and down the fair I hear from exhibitors but one cry: "Give us a head," they plead. "Give us some one person whose authority is undisputed. Now we are at sea, and our tape drives us distracted. Give us a dictator, on whose word we can rely. Nothing slackens the soul like uncertainty. We have come to Chicago to do our part toward making a success all along the line." A head, dear people, is all the Columbian exposition needs for the fulfillment of its noble destiny, but as you are not exhibitors, your withers will remain unwrung, whether the directory are seized with an interval of common sense or whether they continue to disappoint the best friends of the fair by bidding the world contemplate a colossal exhibit of red tape. KATH FIELD.

Fancy thirty-five tracks, with admirable exits and entrances under cover thereby protecting passengers from the elements when leaving and entering trains. Fancy a main signal cabin controlling forty-nine single switches, seventy-four slip switches, seven cross-overs and seventy-seven signals, using for this work 100 levers. Then fancy another signal cabin at the south end of the yard, where seventy levers are praying to be set to work. The power employed is hydraulic and is furnished by a small steam pump, the steam of which does not rise above eighty pounds. The switchboards within these cabins furnish miniature models of the switches in the yard below, and are so constructed with them as to indicate the position of the actual switches, while the levers are so interlocked as to make it impossible for operators in these cabins to set up conflicting movements.

This wonderful mechanism represents the largest plant in the world, the second largest being at Jersey City, and the third largest at Broad street station, Philadelphia. The chief engineer, who sits up aloft in command of all these contrivances for your safety and comfort, my dear people, is Charles Hessel, of St. Louis. Mr. Superintendent Holcomb says that the fair's mechanical system of tracks can handle per hour seventy passenger trains of twelve cars, each car containing seventy passengers. By a short run in special excursions you discover that this means 8,400 passengers per hour, or 200,000 per day. Such a number pouring into this station would mean a colossal logistical success.

It will have actually lain awake nights because all of my misty eyes and women are not sharing with me the joy and instruction of the fair, who stand up in June in only 27,000 passengers had been discharged at this terminal station, because up to that date the Illinois Central had dropped its passengers outside of the gates, and only a few excursion trains had arrived from a distance.

Nature Demands a Tonic. We ought never to forget, even those of us who possess vigorous health, that we are wearing out—that the vital clock work, so to speak, must eventually run down. This, of course, we cannot prevent, because it is in the ordinary course of nature, but we may retard the too speedy arrival of decay by the use of an invigorant which takes rank of every other remedy, Huxtable's Mocha Bitters. This remedy has not witnessed a parallel in success to this famous specific, which not only sustains health by purifying the blood, but overcomes indigestion, dyspepsia, bilious and liver troubles, rheumatism and other chronic conditions of the system fostered by weakness and an impoverished condition of the blood. The tonic permeates every artery after cleansing the system and the system is made healthy from the use of this helpful and efficient tonic.

BICYCLES

King Richard's cry, "My kingdom for a horse!" arouses little enthusiasm in these days when not a horse, but a Safety, is the one desire of all, both young and old. It's right it should be so. What a more healthful or more delightful than a spin over a smooth road? The cool air fans one's cheek as with shout and laughter we skim along. Distance counts for nothing. Two, four, six miles we easily cover before breakfast, and with renewed health and vigorous appetites we begin a day of work or pleasure with cheerful thoughts and a clear brain because of an hour's use of our Safety.

A MOST UNPRECEDENTED OFFER



Girls' Safety.



Boys' Safety.

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LONG DISTANCE

SAFETY

FREE!

The Herald is now only Ten Cents a week, and for Sixty New Subscribers we will give one Bicycle FREE.

PARENTS MAY HELP.

If a boy or girl gets only part enough names we will accept the number that he or she does get in part payment. Here are the figures:

For Sixty Names One Bicycle Free

- For 50 Names and \$ 2.50 one Bicycle.
For 40 Names and 5.00 one Bicycle.
For 30 Names and 7.50 one Bicycle.
For 20 Names and 10.00 one Bicycle.
For 10 Names and 12.50 one Bicycle.

Our Young America Long Distance Safety is made in two styles with three sizes of each style, either boys' or girls', namely: 20, 24, or 26 inch wheels. Each machine is carefully tested before leaving the factory. One can now be seen at The Herald office. It is well made and durable.

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We are bound to get it; no matter how great the sacrifice (in a commercial way). Our immense stock is the means and the program is an unheard of slashing of prices. This slaughter shall eclipse competition, for we shall outdo all our previous efforts to convert merchandise into cash. Come tomorrow and see the grand values in

Men's Suits We Offer at \$5.00

And you will never again behold such bargains in Men's Suits as those we cut to \$10.00.

Wednesday, a Few Hundred

- Boys' Trousers, short pants.. 19 C
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Discounting competitors' brag \$1 pants.

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OF THE FAMOUS SPECIALIST

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Do you get up nights? Can you control your mind? Is there pain in your head? Do nervous prostration? Do nervous debility? Do nervous indigestion? Ever had rheumatism? Have you indigestion? Do you feel tired? Do you feel weak? Do you feel nervous? Do you feel dizzy? Do you feel faint? Do you feel sick? Do you feel hot? Do you feel cold? Do you feel thirsty? Do you feel hungry? Do you feel sleepy? Do you feel restless? Do you feel anxious? Do you feel depressed? Do you feel discouraged? Do you feel hopeless? Do you feel despairing? Do you feel dying?

Nervous debility, nervous weakness, resulting from early indiscretions and excesses of mankind, overwork of the brain, impotency, treatment of some other disease, impotency of instruments in examination and treatment of some other disease, hereditary weakness, etc., causing loss of strength, impotency, nervousness, inability to sustain ideas or remember a word during conversation; making the sufferer lose confidence in every one, even himself, causing continual worry and anxiety about trouble that never comes; sometimes causing epilepsy, often causing insanity, one form of deafness, paralysis, locomotor ataxia, and brain disease, inability to conduct business, etc.

These troubles are cured by the use of the famous Specialist's Catarrh Cured. Have you Catarrh? Call immediately.

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CATARRH CURED. HAVE YOU CATARRH? Have you Catarrh? Call immediately. Do you get up nights? Can you control your mind? Is there pain in your head? Do nervous prostration? Do nervous debility? Do nervous indigestion? Ever had rheumatism? Have you indigestion? Do you feel tired? Do you feel weak? Do you feel nervous? Do you feel dizzy? Do you feel faint? Do you feel sick? Do you feel hot? Do you feel cold? Do you feel thirsty? Do you feel hungry? Do you feel sleepy? Do you feel restless? Do you feel anxious? Do you feel depressed? Do you feel discouraged? Do you feel hopeless? Do you feel despairing? Do you feel dying?