

to the picturesque appearance of the exhibition. This system will connect the small lakes already in Jackson Park, which forms the site, with Lake Michigan, and over this waterway, which will be a circuit of three miles in length, many bridges will be thrown. It will flow around a wooded island twenty or thirty acres in size, and down to its edges will slope broad grassy terraces leading from the principal buildings. The canals will connect with Lake Michigan at two points. At the southern point of the site, where the great main building is to stand, upon a jutting strip of land which runs 1200 feet into the lake, piers will be constructed, at which passengers can be landed from the steamers. Within the lines of these piers will be formed a wide harbor in which pleasure-boats of all descriptions and nationalities, used for carrying passengers about in the canals from one building to another, can lie.

There will be no fewer than twelve great buildings, all designed by American architects of high rank, and exceeding in beauty as well as in extent anything of the kind ever seen in this country. The estimated cost of these, with their names, is given in the following table :

Administration	\$450,000
Manufactures	1,000,000
Agriculture	540,000
Machinery Hall	1,200,000
Electricity	375,000
Mines and Mining	260,000
Transportation	280,000
Horticulture	300,000
Fish and Fisheries	200,000
Woman's Building	120,000
Casino and Pier	150,000
Art Palace	500,000

Work on these buildings is already well under way, and by the time the new year arrives several of them will be under roof. The prevailing style of architecture is Italian Renaissance. In addition to wood, iron, and glass, there will be used in the construction of some of the buildings a kind of cement, or concrete, which will give an appearance of solidity, as well as a beauty of outline and color, quite unprecedented in structures of this kind.

Every effort will be made to secure in all departments of the exhibition the best expert service and the most complete displays possible. Especially it is believed that the electrical, art, and woman's departments will surpass all previous manifestations. All these will have magnificent buildings, and their displays will be in charge of people who have the highest qualifications for their work.

The time has more than come when all parts of the country should join hands to help the managers of the Fair, who have shown such energy and intelligence in its organization, to carry the enterprise to the full success which it merits. Those States, including New York, which have been backward in making their appropriations for exhibits, should not delay a moment after their legislatures meet in January to take action in the matter.

Chicago has shown that she possesses the public spirit necessary to give the Fair the widest international character and dignity, and we are confident that other parts of the country will not be found lacking in the same patriotic quality.

OPEN LETTERS.

John Boyle O'Reilly as a Poet of Humanity.

WHILE it is an excellent thing to apply our most exacting standards even to those writers, painters, architects, or sculptors of our time who are accomplishing what we believe to be the best work of their period or place, we ought to be quite as careful to perceive their special merit clearly and to give it cordial praise. On the same principle, when we find a strong, uncommon mind expressing itself perhaps with many imperfections, yet with singular force and sincerity, and with bursts of something akin to inspiration, it is wise to hold severe technical judgment in abeyance for a moment, in order to extract by sympathetic appreciation the largest measure of sterling value. In the first case, admitting a genius of commanding power and skill which easily makes malleable gold of its material, we may perhaps demand that he should have wrought it into still better form. In the second case we are examining the rough quartz, and our main business then is to appraise at its full worth the precious metal, only traces of which glitter in sight. John Boyle O'Reilly, regarded as a poet, must perhaps come under the quartz category, for much of his verse was written in haste and with a partial crudity due to the conditions. But there were occasions when, by the assay of strong emotion,

combined with his fine intellectual energy and the glow of a shaping imagination, he was able to separate the more valuable substance from its rock-bed in abundant purity.

As an artist in verse he too often fell short; yet the very marked increase of dexterity and delicacy in some of his later pieces demonstrated how well fitted he was by nature to rise to the higher plane of expression. His influence as a writer and as a man was very wide, not only among classes usually little affected by artistic literature, but also among many cultivated, refined, and sensitive minds. Yet his following was largely personal; and there is some danger that his influence, on this account, may pass quickly, or never be felt by those who did not know what he was. It is not of the artist in him, nor of his personality, that I wish here to speak particularly. It is rather the great, human, altruistic principle and sentiment for which he stood,—his impassioned conviction of human brotherhood, his desire to spread generous, unselfish maxims and ideals of manly, magnanimous thought and conduct,—which ought to be emphasized. For although there was not the slightest obscurity in what he wrote, literary people and the general public seem to be somewhat impervious to the fine, warm, noble spirit to which he so eloquently gave voice, often in such ringing music.

Quite early, in his first volume, he admitted that :

From soul to soul the shortest line
At best will bended be :
The ship that holds the straightest course
Still sails the convex sea.

But he persisted in enforcing the principle that if, at best, men find it hard in the nature of things to deal directly, and to understand each other fully, all the more reason is there for maintaining the highest standards, fostering the most humane, the tenderest, and most patient sympathies.

Steer straight as the wind will allow ; but be ready
To veer just a point to let travelers pass :
Each sees his own star — a stiff course is too steady
When this one to meeting goes, that one to mass.

In writing of the clash of two Irish brigades — one Federal, the other Confederate — " At Fredericksburg," he announced, praising both equally :

Who loveth the flag is a man and a brother,
No matter what birth or what race or what creed.

And, in " Resurgite," he said :

Earth for the people — their laws their own —
An equal race for all :
Though shattered and few, who to this are true
Shall flourish, the more they fall.

One of the most striking of his earlier pieces was " The Trial of the Gods," based on the episode of the Roman Senate voting to dethrone Jupiter in favor of Christ ; and after describing that episode, he applied the moral to present times, when, although we still give victims to Mars, and sacrifice to Venus, and honor Mercury, and Bacchus is not dead, still

We know the Truth ; but falsehood
With our lives is so inwove —
Our Senates vote down Jesus
As old Rome degraded Jove !

Such plain speaking as this is by no means always welcome. But if the reproaches, the appeals, and the warnings constantly uttered from our pulpits to counteract the evils of existing civilization be justified ; if the efforts of thinkers, scholars, humanitarians to evolve higher and more unselfish forms of social action be warranted — then O'Reilly's earnest sarcasms and trenchant condemnations may be not merely pardoned, but also heeded. To him Christ was real, and should be realized to-day by the complete embodiment in society and law of those great and tender principles which, nominally accepted, have not been truly carried out. Later, he returned to this theme in " Prometheus — Christ," exclaiming :

O dumb Darkness, why
Have always men, with loving hearts themselves,
Made devils of their gods ?

And then he says :

Christ walks with us to hourly crucifixion.

Justice ? The selfish only can succeed :
Success means power — did Christ mean it so ?

Mercy ? Behold it in the reeking slums
That grow like cancers from the palace wall.

But he finds hope in the truth that between us and the Darkness stand two forms, each " crowned eternally." One, wearing flowers and tender leaves, is Nature, smiling benignly :

and the other One,
With sadly pitying eyes, is crowned with thorns.
O Nature, and O Christ, for men to love
And seek and live by — Thine the dual reign,
The health and hope and happiness of men !

Him we must follow to the great Commune,
Reading his book of nature, growing wise
As planet-men, who own the earth, and pass.
Him we must follow till foul cant and caste
Die like disease, and Mankind, freed at last,
Tramples the complex life and laws and limits
That stand between all living things and Freedom !

There is a touch here of Shelley's enthusiasm for actual universal freedom ; but it is a Shelley devout, religious, well balanced. Doubtless it was very shocking to some readers that O'Reilly should cry out, in his powerful poem, " The City Streets," —

Take heed of your Progress ! Its feet have trod on the souls it
slew with its own pollutions ;
Submission is good ; but the order of God may flame the torch of
the revolutions !
Take heed, for your Juggernaut pushes hard : God holds the doom
that its day completes :
It will dawn like a fire, when the track is barred by a barricade in
the city streets.

And it could be no less painful to them to hear his arraignment of existing social wrongs and errors in " From the Earth, a Cry," where he wound up with,

God purifies slowly by peace, but urgently by fire.

But it should be remembered that when O'Reilly speaks of the " order of God " flaming revolution, he means the underlying harmony, the abiding and far-reaching law, which adjust things often by sudden and violent force.

I know well, from my talks with him, that no man deprecated more than he did riotous disturbance and upheaval for the correcting of wrongs. Others know as well that in a certain Irish convention at Philadelphia he more than any other was the active factor in fettering and crushing the " dynamite " party. And in " The Word and the Deed," he expressed his philosophy thus :

The Word is great, and no Deed is greater,
When both are of God, to follow or lead ;
But, alas, for the truth when the Word comes later,
With questioned steps, to sustain the Deed.
Not the noblest acts can be true solutions ;
The soul must be sated before the eye,
Else the passionate glory of revolutions
Shall pass like the flames that flash and die.
But forever the gain when the heart's convictions,
Rooted in nature, the masses lead :
The cries of rebellion are benedictions
When the Word has flowered in a perfect Deed.

Elsewhere he wrote :

Sorrow, next joy, is what we ought to pray for,
And, next to peace, we profit most from pain.

So, too, in " The Statues in the Block " (a remarkable piece of strong and polished blank verse, handled with fine skill, yet alive with deep reflection and exquisite feeling), he presented in another way the theory of unselfishness :

True love shall trust, and selfish love must die,
For trust is peace, and self is full of pain.
Arise, and heal thy brother's grief ; his tears
Shall wash thy love, and it will live again.

The moral which he instilled into the individual he prescribed also for the whole race. His teaching was that every one must be gentle, just, generous.

Hunger goes sleeplessly
Thinking of food ;
Evil lies painfully
Yearning for good.
Life is a confluence :
Nature must move,
Like the heart of a poet,
Toward beauty and love.

But now and again the revolt against things which are not as they ought to be and the fierce spirit of appalled prophecy would take hold upon him and move him strongly, and at such times he launched terrible words of admonition or spoke more mildly as a dispassionate seer of

The People's strength, the deep alluring dream
Of truths that seethe below the truths that seem.

At other moments he took the sagacious, practical view, reminding us tersely that

Like a sawyer's work is life:
The present makes the flaw,
And the only field for strife
Is the inch before the saw.

In epigram, indeed, he excelled, and I wish it were possible to quote here some of his diamond-pointed sayings. But throughout all his moods, whether those of the lyrist pure and simple, caroling joyously; the prophet and philosopher; the wit; or the enthusiast for real human advancement, he upheld unflinchingly the ensign of idealism, as in "The Cry of The Dreamer."

I am tired of planning and toiling
In the crowded hives of men;
Heart-weary of building and spoiling,
And spoiling and building again.
And I long for the dear old river
Where I dreamed my youth away;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

Yet in his poem on the "Pilgrim Fathers," delivered at the dedication of the monument to the founders of New England at Plymouth, he spoke of them as

Dreamers who work — adventurers who pray!

He believed in having the dreamer work, after all. But he likewise believed that labor must be futile unless inspired by great and lofty idealism. His own life had been full of adventure, but he had learned that adventure was useless without prayer and a purpose. The breadth of Boyle O'Reilly's thought and the sincerity of his aim are evidenced in this poem. It was not one of his best, speaking technically, but it contained lines which will probably live after us. For example:

They had no model; but they left us one.

And, again, these:

No deathless pile has grown from intellect.
Immortal things have God for architect,
And men are but the granite he lays down.

O'Reilly's brighter side, his wit and fancy, his rude and stirring or picturesque presentation of Australian themes, cannot be touched upon here. But it has seemed worth while to point out the vital element of splendid humanity in many of his poems — the sterling democracy and fervor of liberty, tempered by farsighted wisdom and true gentleness, that inspired him. It is seldom that we get in our poetry, nowadays, anything so genuine, so outspoken, and, above all, so true to the supremacy of idealism.

George Parsons Lathrop.

The New England Kitchen.

IN one of the most thickly populated parts of Boston there is a corner store over the door of which one reads, "New England Kitchen." On entering the place a novel sight is found. Two long, narrow, high

tables, placed at right angles, answer for a counter over which food is sold. Within the inclosure made by these tables are placed a desk and a chair for the accommodation of the lady who has charge of the work done here. Along the walls there are shelves on which are placed glass jars and cooking-utensils. Farther down the room the lower shelves give place to tables, sink, boiler, etc. On the opposite side of the room some large windows and a door take about half the wall space. By the blank space are set two large steam-kettles for making soup, and a steamer for cooking vegetables. In the middle of the room there is a large gas-table on which boiling can be done. On one end of this table is a large flat vessel, partly filled with hot water, in which stew-pans filled with soup and chowder are placed to be kept hot. Large tables stand near the steam-kettles and the sink. At the upper end of the store, near the windows and doors, are two large Aladdin ovens. In other parts of the room are placed small cooking-apparatus, the fuel for which is either gas or oil; but these are not often used now. The whole room is flooded with light from the three windows and the two doors.

On descending a short flight of stairs there is found a basement of the same size as the upper room. Here there are three large Aladdin ovens in which beef stock is cooked, the two in the upper room being used for pressed and spiced meats, puddings, etc. All the meats are cut up in this room. The steam-boiler is placed here.

It was about eleven o'clock in the morning when I visited the kitchen. Said the young lady in charge: "The next two hours are the most interesting in the day. Will you sit here and watch the people come and go, or do you wish to ask me questions?"

As I wished to do both, we chatted while the work went on. Four persons were busily engaged in filling cans and pails with chowder and soup, wrapping them in some non-conducting material, and placing them in boxes or in fiber pails. These soups were to be delivered. The question of the economical delivery of the soups has not yet been settled, but that will come in time.

"We have to plan all sorts of ways to get the food hot to its destination," said the attendant. "You see those muff-boxes? They are for the teachers in the high and normal schools. Small cans are wrapped in non-conducting fiber and placed in these boxes. Of course the boxes wear out quickly, and have to be replaced, making their use expensive. Those large cans go to manufacturing establishments where women are employed, to some of the dry-goods stores, clubs, etc."

"Do you keep a man to deliver the food?" I asked.

"Our man does the greater part of it, but he could not do it all. There is a junkman across the way who delivers the school orders. Ah! here are my errand-girls. These two little girls take small orders from twelve to two o'clock. Some people are willing to pay five cents extra to have their lunches delivered, so the little girls take these small orders. Sometimes they have only one order, and sometimes four or five apiece. They each earn about eighty cents a week, which means a great deal to such poor children. It is wonderful how they improve in dress and general appearance when they have been doing the work for a few