

by habits of long duration, and comparatively untouched by his surroundings. The writer recalls a little boy four years old, in one of the kindergartens, who used so many "swear words" that for the good of the other children he had to sit by himself. He was perfectly willing to use other words, but until he came to the kindergarten he did not know there were any just as good. His mother kept a boarding-house for mechanics, and his home surroundings were of the coarsest and roughest kind. The kindergarten was the opening of a new world to him; he was very much interested in everything that happened, and seemed particularly fond of the flowers which were often brought to the kindergartner by friends. The morning after Decoration Day he came with a bunch of faded clover, which he gave to the kindergartner. She asked him where he found it, and the answer brought to light a touching little story. He had been thinking of one of the kindergarten songs, and the thought of dewy meadows, with white daisies and clover-tops really growing there, had touched his imagination; so after kindergarten was over he found some older boy to go with him, and they started on the elevated road to find the country. Just where they went no one knows, but he found some clover, and brought a large bunch back with him. On his way home he stopped at the kindergarten, but as it was late in the afternoon, and there was no one there, he went home, still holding tightly the beloved bunch of flowers, which he kept all the next day, while the kindergarten was closed. The following morning he started bright and early, and brought Miss B—the clover, which by this time had all withered. He told her he had tried to bring some buttercups too, but "they all broke." It is no small thing to secure the heart and imagination of these neglected children. A wise man has said, "To fill the imagination with beautiful images is the best thing that can be done to educate little children." The mind imagines what the heart loves. At the end of the year this little boy's mother sent Miss B—an envelop. When it was opened it was found to contain, as an expression of her gratitude for all that had been done for her little boy, two hard-earned dollars.

Mary Katharine Young.

The Eye and the Ear at Chicago.

A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION FOR NEXT MAY.

THE great assembly gathered on the opening day in the largest of the noble buildings appropriated to the Columbian Exposition in Chicago learned a lesson that was not set down upon the program. The lesson was this: that the ear is not as receptive as the eye; or, to use the terms Lord Kelvin applied to the senses, that the ear-gate to the mind is narrower than the eye-gate. And this is the way that the lesson was learned.

Never before in modern times, except in dreamland, has there been such an array of grand, varied, harmonious, well-proportioned, well-decorated structures as those that are standing on the shores of the lake, the lagoon, the canal, and the water-court of Jackson Park. The eye was delighted with their beauty and fitness. The most cultivated observers, and those who

were uneducated, were alike enthusiastic in their admiration. For the first time, on a great scale, they saw the fine arts enlisted in the service of the useful and the liberal arts. Architecture, sculpture, painting, and landscape-gardening had been employed in preparing homes for manufactures, transportation, agriculture, horticulture, machinery, electricity, as well as for science, literature, education, charity, and for the pictorial and plastic arts. The mind instantly received a vivid and enduring impression from the sight of these examples of the master-builder's skill. The hospitable eye welcomed many new ideas.

All this was in remarkable contrast to that which followed. Within a vast assembly hall, perhaps one hundred thousand people—some say one hundred and fifty thousand—were gathered on October 21. There was here no effort to gratify the sight. Arrays of black coats and plain dresses grow less interesting as they increase in number. Over the platform hung a few flags, and a few plants stood upon the staging. That was all the decoration. But everything that could interest the ear was provided in profusion. The military bands played while the cannon roared. An orchestra and chorus, said to number five thousand musicians, performed a new composition; but the notes of it were only faintly heard on the speakers' stand half-way across the building. A Methodist bishop and a Catholic cardinal, not unused to vast assemblies, offered up prayers, which we may hope were heard in heaven, but were not heard by most of the audience. The penetrating voice of a lady accustomed to public reading carried a musical note to a distance, but it was only a note and not a word. The Vice-President of the United States read an address, but his hearers might have been deaf for all the pleasure they received. Two orators of distinction spoke in succession,—men who are wont to appear upon the hustings,—but in the gallery directly opposite the platform their eloquence was that of the dumb appealing by gesture and attitude. The ear-gate was closed to those inspiring influences which the eye-gate received so freely.

Is it worth while to offer a suggestion for the next vast assembly in Chicago—that of May, for example? Is it worth while to set the American people thinking about the difference between what appeals to the eye, and what to the ear? If it be, let the value of a pageant be considered. Let us imagine a vast room, or a great space in the open air, with a dais, on which the colors should be effective and harmonious. Let there be standards and floral decorations in abundance, arranged by some artistic hand. When the few chief dignities have been received, let other representative people be brought forward in groups bearing emblems or symbols which indicate their claims to consideration. Let delegations of the various professions and arts, in their appropriate robes, uniforms, or traditional dresses, be introduced. Let the workmen in every craft—the workers in wood, iron, brick, stone, the architects, sculptors, painters, decorators, manufacturers, engineers, carriers,—all who have been concerned in making the Exposition a success,—send their representatives to participate in the opening ceremony. A simple act, the bestowal of medals, wreaths, flags, would give point to the assembly. A sentence from the mouth of some high official, a collect, and a doxology would express all that language need say on such an occasion.

In another place, at another hour, let there be oratory, poetry, song, addressed to audiences who will enjoy listening if they can only hope to hear.

Daniel C. Gilman.

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY, BALTIMORE, MD.

American Artists Series.

ALICE D. KELLOGG.

MISS ALICE D. KELLOGG has been fortunate in her instructors. Going abroad in 1887, she came successively under the influence of Boulanger and Lefebvre at the Académie Julian, Courtois and Rixen at the Carlorossa School, Dagnan-Bouveret, and that very successful American teacher in Paris, Charles Lasar. Before leaving her native city she had proved her ability by winning, during her first year of study at what was then the Academy of Fine Arts,—now that noble monument to the growth of art taste in the West, the Chi-

cago Art Institute,—a scholarship, and one year later was appointed an assistant teacher.

During her residence abroad she was twice an exhibitor in the Salon, and in the American section of the Paris International Exhibition a portrait of her sister, painted by her, was given a good place. The picture which forms the frontispiece of this number of the magazine was painted during her last year in France. Since her return to America she has produced many portraits, among others that of John C. Coonley, for the Union League of Chicago.

It is perhaps a pity that so large a proportion of Miss Kellogg's time is given over to teaching, for she draws well, possesses sentiment, and is a fair colorist; and though her works are unfortunately few, it is possible that as an enthusiastic and successful teacher, a charter member of the Bohemian, and president of the Palette Club, she may exert a strong influence on the art of Chicago.

W. Lewis Fraser.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

An Unconscious Diplomat.

MRS. PIPER stood near the gate, waiting for the westward-bound stage. It was a cold November day, and she was enveloped in a comfortable gray woolen shawl and numerous smaller wrappings. The stage came through from Cherryfield, and was due in Skillings Village at about half-past two. It was now two o'clock, and although the driver had been spoken to the day before on his way east, and was to be again cautioned at the post-office not to forget to call for Mrs. Piper, the old lady felt it was best to be on the safe side, and was waiting patiently.

Mrs. Stone, her nearest neighbor, had come over to bid Mrs. Piper good-by, and stood beside her under the large willow-tree which shaded the gate.

"You don't mean to tell me, Mrs. Piper, that you're goin' to Ellsworth with only one shawl? Land! you'll freeze to death a-crossin' that ferry. I never could bring myself to go 'cross that ferry, nowadays. The current sets master strong there jest above the falls. Seems if that ferry was a sort of temptin' Providence," and Mrs. Stone shivered apprehensively.

"Well, I dunno; 't ain't ever worried me none to speak of," responded Mrs. Piper. "I always try to occupy my mind someways jest before we get to it. Though when the wind 's fresh, and Mr. Atkins gets up a sail, I own to it I don't feel as if I had much purchase on life."

"Now don't you worry 'bout Mr. Piper one mite. You jest have a good visit; I'll kinder keep an eye on him," said Mrs. Stone, amiably. "I often wish 't was so I was free to go as you be, but I seem to be tied hand an' foot, one way an' another."

The stage was now in sight, and in a short time the mud-bespattered wagon, drawn by two raw-boned horses, came to a gradual pause before the gate, and the substantial figure of Mrs. Piper was hoisted into the back seat. The driver arranged the worn buffalo-ropes, and started his horses into a mild and dispirited trot.

"Terrible rough goin'," ventured Mr. Hall, looking

over his shoulder toward his passenger. "Yesterday, jest as I was a-comin' down that rough place by the ferry, one of the fore wheels give way; let the whole fore part of the wagon right down. I fixed it up 's well as I could, but this cart 's seen its best days. 'T ain't what I call safe."

"Well, Mr. Hall, travelin' is always more or less risky. I've always said stage-drivin' must be dreadful tryin'. Still, I s'pose you find a good deal to divert you," responded Mrs. Piper.

"Yes, 'm; I see considerable, but it gets tiresome. I was a-thinkin' of that willer-tree of yours as I come along to-day," continued Mr. Hall, after a brief pause. "It makes such a shady spot in summer that I always sort of slow up the horses 'long there."

"I set a good deal by that tree," replied Mrs. Piper, briefly. "This wagon ain't over comfortable," she continued; "I declare to it, I thought I should go out over backward when you was a-goin' up that steep hill."

"Goin' to stop long in Ellsworth?" questioned Mr. Hall, ignoring his passenger's complaint.

"I 'm a-calculatin' on stoppin' a week; I've been a-thinkin' of goin' fer some time, an' gettin' it off my mind before winter set in. I expected William would object to my goin'; but he seemed real pleased; said he guessed the change would do me good."

Mr. Hall received these remarks in ruminative silence.

MR. PIPER had finished the chores, and cleared away the remains of his lonely supper. He now took down a candlestick from the high mantelpiece in the kitchen.

"I sha'n't fool round with no kerosene-lamps," he muttered. "They ain't safe, an' I ain't goin' to begin at my time of life experimentin' with 'em."

He lighted the candle carefully, and put it on a small pine table which he drew near the fire, and, after rubbing his glasses, unfolded the "Eastern Argus," and tried to read. But the feeble, flickering light made reading too hard a task, and Mr. Piper put the paper away.