

Marx Hardy Machiavelli Joyce Austen  
Defoe Abbot Melville Montaigne Cooper Emerson Hugo  
Stoker Wilde Christie Maupassant Haggard Chesterton Molière Eliot Grimm  
Garnett Engels Byron Schiller  
Goethe Hawthorne Smith Kafka  
Cotton Dostoyevsky Hall  
Baum Henry Kipling Doyle Willis  
Leslie Dumas Flaubert Nietzsche Turgenev Balzac  
Stockton Vatsyayana Crane  
Burroughs Verne  
Curtis Tocqueville Gogol Busch  
Homer Tolstoy Whitman  
Darwin Thoreau Twain  
Potter Zola Lawrence Dickens Plato Scott  
Kant Freud Jowett Stevenson Andersen Burton Harte  
London Descartes Cervantes Wells Hesse  
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# **Elsie at the World's Fair**

Martha Finley

# Imprint

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## ELSIE AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

### CHAPTER I.

Hugh Lilburn was very urgent with his betrothed for a speedy marriage, pleading that as her brother had robbed him and his father of their expected housekeeper—his cousin Marian—he could not long do without the wife who was to supply her place. Her sisters, Isadore and Virginia, who had come up from the far South to be present at the ceremony, joined with him in his plea for haste. They wanted to see her in her own home, they said, and that without remaining too long away from theirs. Ella finally yielded to their wishes so far as to complete her preparations within a month after the home-coming from the North.

The wedding was a really brilliant affair, and followed up by parties given by the different members of the family connection; but no bridal trip was taken, neither bride nor groom caring for it, and Hugh's business requiring his presence at home.

A few weeks later Calhoun Conly went North for his bride. Some festivities followed his return; then all settled down for the winter, Harold and Herbert Travilla taking up their medical studies with Dr. Conly, and Captain Raymond's pupils resuming such of their lessons as had been dropped for the time, though the wedding festivities had been allowed to interfere but little with them, as—with the exception of Marian, now Mrs. Conly—they were considered too young to attend the parties. A matter of regret to none of them except Rosie Travilla and Lucilla Raymond, and even they, though they would have been glad to be permitted to go, made no remonstrance or complaint, but submitted cheerfully to the decision of their elders.

A busy, happy winter and spring followed, bringing no unusual event to any branch of the family.

Max was frequently heard from, his father continuing to send him daily letters, several of which would be replied to together by one from the lad—always frank, candid, and affectionate, sometimes expressing a great longing for a sight of home and the dear ones there.

After receiving such a letter the captain was very apt to pay a flying visit to the Academy, in case there were no special reasons for remaining closely at home, sometimes going alone, at others taking one or more members of the family with him; his wife, if she could make it convenient to go, or one or more of his daughters, by whom the little trip and the sight of their brother were esteemed a great reward for good conduct and perfect recitations.

Both they and the lad himself looked forward with ardent desire and joyous anticipation to the June commencement, after which would begin the one long holiday Max would have during the six years of his course at the Academy.

The holidays for the home pupils began a day or two earlier, and a merry party, including, besides the captain and his immediate family, the rest of his pupils, with Grandma Elsie, her father and his wife, boarded the *Dolphin* and set sail for Annapolis to attend the commencement at the Naval Academy.

The weather was delightful, and all greatly enjoyed the little trip. On their arrival they found Max well and in fine spirits. The reports of both his studies and conduct were all that could be desired, and the home friends—his father in especial—regarded him with both pride and affection, and expressed much pleasure in the fact that he was to accompany them on the return trip.

Max dearly loved his home, and during the nearly two years of his absence from it had had occasional fits of excessive homesickness; more, however, for the dear ones dwelling there than for the place. So that he was full of joy on learning that every one of the family was on board the *Dolphin*.

No one cared to tarry long at Annapolis, and they set out on the return trip as soon as Max was free to go with them.

The lovely weather continued, there was nothing to mar the pleasure of the short voyage, the drive and ride that succeeded it—for the carriages and Max's pony, Rex, which he hailed with almost a shout of delight and hastened to mount, were found awaiting them at the wharf—or the arrival at their homes, Ion and Woodburn, which seemed to the young cadet to be looking even more beautiful than ever before.

"Oh, was there ever a lovelier place!" was his delighted exclamation as the carriage, closely followed by Rex, turned in at the great gates giving admission to the Woodburn driveway. "I thought that of it before I left, but it is vastly improved; almost an earthly paradise."

"So I think," said Violet. "It does credit to your father's taste."

"And yours," added her husband, with a pleased smile; "for have I not always consulted with my wife before making any alteration or adding what I thought would be an improvement? And has not the first suggestion come from her more than once?"

"Quite true," she returned, giving him a look of loving appreciation; "in fact, my dear, you are so ready to humor and indulge me in every possible way that I am half afraid to make a suggestion."

"Lest I should have too much pleasure in carrying it out?" he queried, with playful look and tone.

"Oh, certainly!" she replied with a musical laugh; "it would be a sad pity to spoil so good a husband."

"Father, may I ride over the grounds before alighting?" asked Max's voice in eager tones, just at that moment.

"If you wish, my son," the captain answered pleasantly. "But suppose you delay a little and let some of us accompany you?"

"Yes, sir; that will be better," was the prompt, cheerful rejoinder, and in another minute Max had dismounted at the door of the mansion, and stood ready to assist the occupants of the carriage to alight.

"Ah, I see you have been making some changes and improvements here, father," he said, glancing about as he entered the hall door.

"Yes, and in other parts of the house," said Violet. "Perhaps you might as well go over it before visiting the grounds."

"I am at liberty to go everywhere, as of old?" he returned, half in assertion, half enquiringly and turning from her to his father.

"Certainly, my son; it is as truly your father's house, therefore open in every part to you, as it was before you left its shelter for

Uncle Sam's Naval Academy," replied the captain, regarding the lad with mingled fatherly affection, pride, and amusement.

"Thank you, sir," returned Max heartily. "Ah, Christine!" as the housekeeper, whom something had detained in another part of the house at the moment of their arrival, now appeared among them, "I'm pleased to see you again; looking so well, too. I really don't think you have changed in the least in all the time I have been away," shaking her hand warmly as he spoke.

"Ah, Master Max, sir, I can't say the same of you," she returned with a pleasant smile into the bright young face. "You are growing up fast and looking more than ever like your father."

"Thank you," laughed Max, his eyes shining, "you couldn't possibly give me a higher compliment than that, Christine."

"Ah, who shall say that I am not the complimented one, Max?" laughed the captain.

"I, papa," cried Lulu. "O Maxie, come upstairs and see the improvements there. You can look at the downstairs rooms and grounds afterward."

"Yes, run along, children," said their father, "and make yourselves ready for the tea table before you come down again."

"Yes, sir," they answered in cheerful tones, Max catching up little Ned as he spoke, and setting him on his shoulder. "Hold on tight, laddie, and your big brother will carry you up," he said, and one chubby arm instantly went round his neck, a gleeful laugh accompanying it as Max began the ascent, his sisters following, Violet and the captain presently bringing up the rear.

"Into our rooms first, Max," said Violet. "You, too, Lulu and Gracie, that you may hear what he has to say about things there."

"Thank you, Mamma Vi," returned Max. "I want to visit every room in the house and have all the family go with me if they like."

"You will find a few additions here and there to the furnishings, but no great changes anywhere, Max," said his father.

"I should hope not, sir, as things seemed to me pretty nearly perfect before I went away," returned Max in a lively tone, "I only wish

every one of my mates had as sweet a home to spend his long vacation in, and as kind a father and friends to help him enjoy it."

"Ah, we may well pity the lad who lacks the blessings of a good home and affectionate parents," said the captain. "I can never forget how much they were to me in my boyhood."

"I think you must have forgotten how long I have been away, papa," laughed Max as they finished the circuit of the rooms on that floor, "for I have come upon a good many new things."

"Ah! well, they have been added so gradually that I did not realize how numerous they were," returned his father, adding, "Now you may as well go on to the upper rooms and tarry long enough in your own to make yourself neat for the tea table."

"Yes, sir;" and the lad hurried up the stairs, the captain, Lulu, and Grace following.

"Hurrah!" he cried joyously as he reached the open door of his own room, "why, this is lovely! prettier than ever, and it was like a room in a palace before compared to the one I share with Hunt at the Academy."

"Suppose you walk in and take a nearer view," said his father, and Max obeyed with alacrity, the others following.

"Mamma and papa said there was nothing too good for you, and so we all thought, Maxie," said Grace, Lulu adding, "Indeed we do all think so."

"Indeed, I'm afraid it is," returned Max, gazing admiringly at the beautiful carpet, the lace curtains looped back with wreaths of flowers, the fine engravings on the walls, the easy chairs, tasteful mantel ornaments, and the many other articles of adornment and convenience.

"Your mamma and I have made some changes, improvements, as we thought," the captain said in gratified and affectionate tones, "hoping you would be pleased with them; and I rather think you are."

"Pleased, papa? I'm delighted!" cried Max. "The only drawback to my pleasure is the thought of the very short time I can stay to enjoy all this beauty and luxury."

"Yet I am sure my boy does not want to settle down here to a life of inglorious ease," remarked the captain in a tone of mingled assertion and enquiry. "I rejoice in the firm conviction that his great desire is to serve God and his country to the best of his ability."

"Yes, father, it is," said Max earnestly. "But," he added with a smile, "if you don't want me to love to be with you in this sweet home you should not make it so attractive and be so very kind and affectionate to me."

"My boy," the captain said with emotion and laying a hand affectionately on his son's shoulder, "there is never a day when I do not thank my heavenly Father for his gift to me of so good and dutiful a son."

"I don't know how any fellow could help being dutiful and affectionate to such a father as mine, sir," returned Max, his eyes shining.

By his own desire Max's vacation was spent at home and in its vicinity, with the occasional variety of a short voyage in his father's yacht, the *Dolphin*, which gave the lad opportunities for the display of the seafaring knowledge gained in the past two years, and adding to it from his father's store of the same, under that father's instruction.

They were generally accompanied by the whole Woodburn family, always by Lulu and Grace, Grandma Elsie, Rose, Walter, and Evelyn Leland.

Thus the weeks flew by very enjoyably and on swift wings, and the time came for Max's return to Annapolis. So the *Dolphin* was headed for that port and presently steamed away again, leaving the lad behind with a rather sad heart at the thought that years must pass before he could again spend even a brief season under his father's roof.

## CHAPTER II.

It is summer again, the summer of 1893, for two years have passed away since the occurrence of the events related in our former chapter. There have been few changes among our friends at Ion, Woodburn, and the other plantations belonging to the family connection, except such as time brings to all. The elder ones seem

scarcely any older, but the younger ones are growing up. Elsie's sons, Harold and Herbert, are now practising physicians, still making their home at Ion, but having an office in a neighboring village; Rosie has attained her twentieth year and entered society; but Walter is still one of Captain Raymond's pupils, as are Lulu and Grace, now blooming girls of fifteen and seventeen, their father's joy and pride and as devotedly attached to him as ever.

Max is still a cadet in the Naval Academy, pursuing his course there in a manner altogether satisfactory to his father and friends. The captain thinks no man ever had a brighter, better son than his first-born, or one more likely to do good service to his country in his chosen profession. It seems hard at times, a sad thing to have to do without his boy, yet he never really regrets that Max has made choice of the naval service as his life work. He did, however, regret that Max would not be able to go to Chicago to visit the World's Fair, in which they were all much interested.

Some of the connection had attended the dedication ceremonies of the previous autumn, and nearly all talked of going to the formal opening, appointed for the first of May; among them Grandma Elsie, her father and his wife, Captain Raymond and his wife and family. The captain's plan was to go by water—in his yacht—up along the coast to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, through that up the river of the same name, through the Welland Canal and round Michigan by the great lakes to Chicago, and he invited as many as his vessel could well accommodate—including, of course, his wife's mother and grandparents—to be his guests for the trip.

The younger gentlemen and their wives all preferred going by rail as the speedier way, but Mr. Dinsmore, having no longer any business to attend to, and both he and his wife being fond of the sea and desirous of keeping with his eldest daughter, accepted the invitation promptly and with pleasure.

Mr. Ronald Lilburn, too, having a like taste as to his mode of travel, and no business engagements to hurry him, availed himself of the opportunity to make the journey by water. The other passengers were Evelyn Leland and Rosie and Walter Travilla.

Something, however, occurred to change their plans, and it was the latter part of June when they left home for their trip to the

North. They had a pleasant voyage, making few pauses by the way, and reached their destination on Monday, the second day of July.

It was early in the evening when the *Dolphin* neared the White City; the little ones were already in bed and sweetly sleeping, but all the others had gathered on deck to catch the first glimpse of the fairy-like scene. They had passed the mouth of the Chicago River and were steaming on down the lake.

"Oh, papa, what is that?" asked Grace, pointing to a bright light in the water.

"A lighted buoy," he replied; "a spar buoy with an incandescent lamp of one hundred candle power. It is a wrought-iron cage at the end of a spar which is held in place by a heavy cast-iron anchor. You will see another presently, for there are thirteen between the river and the White City."

"To warn vessels to keep off shoals?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, and went on to explain how the electrical current was supplied, winding up with a promise to take her, and anyone else who wished to go, to the Electrical Building to gaze upon its wonders, and also for a ride in the electric launches. "But," he added, "I think there is nothing you will enjoy more than the sight of the electric lights which you will get presently in the Peristyle and the Court of Honor."

"Oh, I am very eager to see it all, papa!" she exclaimed.

"As we all are," said Lulu.

"Well, my dears, I think we can all go there at once and spend an hour or two; all but the little ones, who can be left in the care of their nurse." He turned enquiringly toward his wife and her mother as he spoke.

"Oh, yes," said Violet; "they will not be likely to wake, and Agnes will take good care of them."

"I think we are all probably ready to accept your invitation with pleasure, captain," Elsie said. "Surely none of us are fatigued—unless with lack of exercise."

"No, surely not," remarked Mr. Dinsmore, "and I, as well as Grace, am eager to see the beauties of that much talked of Court of Honor."

"I think we will find some other objects worthy of our attention before we reach even the Peristyle," remarked Captain Raymond.

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Lulu, "there is another of those lights."

"I am so glad you brought us in the yacht, captain," said Evelyn; "for we can start out at once to see the sights—not being in the least fatigued with our long journey."

"And we have already a beautiful view of water and sky," remarked Grandma Elsie; "those sunset clouds are certainly lovelier than any work of man's hands."

"Yes, mamma; and they are beautifully reflected in the water," said Violet.

"But such things can be seen at home," Rosie remarked in a sprightly tone, "and I propose to give my particular attention to such as are to be found only in this part of the world and at the present time."

"What will there be worth looking at before we reach the Peristyle?" asked Walter, apparently addressing his query to no one in particular.

It was Captain Raymond who replied, "I hope to be able to point out to you presently some exhibits worthy of your attention," he said.

"Oh, yes; the battleship *Illinois* for one, I suppose."

"Yes; she will come into sight presently and we will have an outside view of her. Some day I hope to take all of you who may desire to go on board to have a look at her internal arrangements."

"You may put my name into that list, captain," said Mr. Lilburn. "I'm a bit too auld to take part in a fight, even in a righteous cause, but not for taking an interest in the means provided for ither folk."

"And I want to see it, too, though I hardly expect to ever make one of the crew of such a vessel," said Walter.

"And we girls will want to visit her also," laughed Rosie, "though I am very sure no one of us will ever form part of such a crew."

"Well, as my father has and my brother expects to, I shall be very much interested," said Grace.

"Especially as we shall have a retired officer to explain everything to us," added Lulu with a smiling look up into her father's face.

He returned the smile, then pointing southward, "Yonder it is," he said, "still too distant for a critical survey, but a better view will be afforded us presently, as we pass it."

As he spoke all eyes turned in that direction.

"Oh, what a big vessel she is!" exclaimed Grace, as they drew near enough to obtain a good idea of her size.

"Yes," returned the captain, "she is a full sized model, above water line, of our coast line battleships *Oregon, Massachusetts, Indiana.*"

"Not a real ship, papa?"

"No; only a model: she is built of brick, on the bottom of the lake, and merely simulates a man-of-war."

"Only a model!" repeated Walter. "And how about her guns, sir? are they real?"

"Some of them are wood; but there are enough genuine machines on board to destroy almost anything of ordinary resisting power within three miles range. But I expect to go more into particulars when we pay our contemplated visit."

"I suppose she must have cost a good deal?"

"One hundred thousand dollars."

"How much this Fair is costing!" remarked Evelyn. "Do you think it will pay, captain?"

"I hope so," he returned cheerfully. "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

But they were drawing near their port, and there was much on both land and water to attract their attention. Presently they were in front of the beautiful Peristyle, gazing in awed admiration upon its grand Arch of Triumph, its noble colonnade and statuary, and

catching glimpses here and there between its pillars of the beauties beyond.

It was impetuous Lulu who broke the silence with an exclamation of delighted admiration and an eager request that they might land at once and get a nearer view of the fairy scenes that lay before them on the farther side.

The other members of their party, old and young, seemed scarcely less eager, and in a very few moments they were all pacing that grand colonnade to and fro, and gazing out delightedly now upon the blue waters of the lake and anon upon the fairy scene—the Court of Honor—on the inner side. And soon they hurried their steps thitherward.

"Oh, there," cried Lulu, "is the statue of our great republic! Is she not magnificent?"

"She is, indeed!" replied Grandma Elsie. "See in one hand she holds a pole bearing a liberty cap, in the other a globe, an eagle with outstretched wings resting upon it; that symbolizes protection, which she has ever been ready to extend to the oppressed of all the earth."

"She is a large woman," remarked Walter; "as she should be to adequately represent our great country. Grandpa, do you know her size?"

"I saw it stated the other day," replied Mr. Dinsmore. "Her face is fifteen feet long, her arms thirty feet, forefingers forty-five inches, and ten inches in diameter. Her cost was twenty-five thousand dollars; the gilding alone amounting to fourteen hundred dollars; quite an expensive dress for my lady."

"But we don't grudge it to her, papa," remarked Grandma Elsie pleasantly.

"No," he said; "nor anything else the liberty she represents has cost—in money or in life and limb."

"But what is her height, grandpa?" asked Rosie; "it should be very considerable to go with a face fifteen feet long."

"Sixty-five feet, and the pedestal on which she stands is thirty feet above water. There is a stairway inside which you can climb one of these days if you wish."

All were gazing with great admiration and interest upon the beautiful statue, though seeing it somewhat dimly through the gathering shades of evening, when suddenly the electric lights blazed out from all sides, causing an exclamation of surprise and delight from almost everyone in our party and from others who witnessed the wonderful and inspiring sight; words failed them to express their sense of the loveliness of the scene; that mighty statue of the Republic dominating the eastern end of the lagoon, that grandly beautiful Macmonie's Fountain at the other, its Goddess of Liberty seated aloft in her chair on the deck of her bark, erect and beautiful, with her eight maiden gondoliers plying the oars at the sides, while old Father Time steered the vessel, his scythe fastened to the tiller, Fame as a trumpet-herald stood on the prow with her trumpet in her hand, while in the gushing waters below sported the tritons with their plunging horses, the terraced fountain still lower with its clouds of spray showing all the colors of the rainbow, as did that of the smaller ones to the right and left.

And what a ravishing sight was that of the Administration Building with its corona of light, its dome, arches, and angles outlined with those brilliant lights, as were those of the Peristyle also, and of the grand structures between—Manufactures, Electricity, and Arts on the north side, Machinery and Agriculture on the south—and the beautiful fountains throwing spray of all the colors of the rainbow.

"What a magnificent sight!" "How lovely!" "How beautiful!" exclaimed one and another as they moved slowly onward, gazing from side to side.

"Let us go into the Administration Building," said Mr. Dinsmore.

All were willing, and they sauntered on toward it, still gazing delightedly as they went.

Reaching its doorway they paused for a few moments to look at the statue of Columbus, represented as landing with the Spanish flag in his hand, and to listen to the inspiring music of the bands;