

DO EXPOSITIONS PAY?

Figures Prove the Profits to Culture and Industry.

"Have exhibitions outlived themselves; is it, in fact, true that it does not pay to arrange expositions, as is frequently claimed?" This question has been answered by the Austrian commissioner general at a meeting of representatives of the Vienna newspapers called for that purpose, says the Chicago Times-Herald. The commissioner general gives the following figures:

Of the expositions last year that of Berlin had 6,750,000 admissions; the millennium exposition in Buda-Pest, 3,500,000; Nuremberg, 2,000,000; Dresden, 1,000,000, and the expositions in Stuttgart, Geneva and elsewhere were also well attended. The total admissions to all the expositions of 1896 footed up 16,000,000. Are there any other arrangements by which such gigantic crowds of people can be collected upon a limited territory? The commercial successes of expositions are also frequently underestimated, but only because they have heretofore not been investigated. The directorate of last year's expositions in Nuremberg was the first to make an attempt in this regard. The exhibitors consented to have their books examined, and it was found that in the exposition buildings during the fair, 9,000 sales, with a total of \$450,000, were made, and 8,700 orders, with a total of \$375,000. These are surprising figures if it is considered that the Nuremberg exposition was limited to Bavarian exhibitors only.

Figures which are just as instructive are shown by the statistics of American imports before and after the world's fair in Chicago. In this import in 1880 England participated with 31 per cent, France with 10 per cent, and Germany with 7 per cent; in 1896 England with 21, France with 8 and Germany with 12 per cent. German industry was represented at the Chicago exposition in an imposing manner, and the figures given show the results.

But expositions should not be treated lightly from other points of view. Since when does Japanese and Chinese art exercise so great an influence upon industrial art? Since the Vienna exposition, the first which introduced eastern Asia to the public. To what fact does the South Kensington museum in London, this mother institution of all industrial museums in the world, owe its origin? To the London exposition of 1851. And thus it can be shown by nearly every great exposition that it marked progress upon the field of culture and industry.

What the next international exposition in Paris, in which all 54 nations of the earth will participate, will achieve in persecuting me with his attentions. He's dreadfully stupid, and as poor as a church mouse, mamma says.

April 5—Dick Rashleigh was here again last night. I wonder why he persists in persecuting me with his attentions. He's dreadfully stupid, and as poor as a church mouse, mamma says.

April 5—Dick Rashleigh called, and though I didn't want to see him, the least bit, I went down. He attempted to make love to me, and I sat on him good and hard. As if I would look at him. Why, mamma says I'm sure to make a brilliant match, and if Dick thinks—pshaw! how stupid he is!

April 8—Dick tried to kiss me last night, and I threatened to tell mamma if he ever attempted to do such a thing again. I never was so indignant in my life. I could have boxed his ears. I never saw the like of his impudence. I just hate him, and I wish I would never see him again.

April 10—Dick proposed to me last night, and I rejected him with scorn. I told him that dear mamma would never, never consent to our marriage, and that, anyway, I detested him, and would not marry him if he were the last man on earth. He said I was cruel, and was breaking his heart, and I said I didn't care that it was a silly presumption on his part to think for one minute that I could care for him when mamma objected to him. I told him to never dare to speak to me of love again.

II. What Was Really Happening. "It's all right. Mamma's upstairs reading my diary, as usual, and now we can enjoy ourselves. You dear old boy! I'd be content to sit here on your lap forever, with your arm around me, and my head on your shoulder. Oh, Dick, how I love you! And isn't that diary scheme great?"—N.Y. Journal.

THE THREE GOATS.

A Quaint Fable That is Told to Little Norwegian Children.

There was once a boy who had three Goats. All day they leaped and pranced and skipped and climbed up on the rocky hill, but at night the boy drove them home. One night when he went to meet them the frisky things leaped into a turnip field and he could not get them out. Then the boy sat down on the hillside and cried.

As he sat there a Hare came along. "Why do you cry?" asked the Hare.

"I cry because I can't get the Goats out of the field," answered the boy.

"I'll do it," said the Hare. So he tried, but the Goats would not come. Then the Hare, too, sat down, and cried.

Along came Fox. "Why do you cry?" asked the Fox.

"I am crying because the boy cries," said the Hare; "and the boy is crying because he cannot get the Goats out of the turnip field."

"I'll do it," said the Fox.

The Fox tried, but the Goats would not come. Then the Fox also sat down and cried.

Soon after a Wolf came along. "Why do you cry?" asked the Wolf.

"I am crying because the Hare cries," said the Fox; "and the Hare cries because he cannot get the Goats out of the turnip field."

"I'll do it," said the Wolf. He tried, but the Goats would not leave the field. So he sat down beside the others and began to cry, too.

After a little Bee flew over the hill and saw them all sitting there crying. "Why do you cry?" said the Bee.

"I am crying because the Fox cries; and the Fox cries because the Hare cries; and the Hare cries because the Boy cries; and the Boy cries because he can't get the Goats out of the turnip field."

"I'll do it," said the Bee. Then the big Animals and the boy stopped crying for a moment to laugh at the tiny Bee. He did it, indeed, when they could not! But the tiny Bee flew away into the turnip field and lit upon one of the Goats and said:

"Buz-z-z-z!"

And out ran the Goats, every one!—Translated from the Norwegian of Emilie Poulsen.

HER DIARY.

A Soul-Fetching One if Not Read Between the Lines.

I. Events as Recorded by Her.

April 1—That tiresome Dick Rashleigh was here last night. I thought he never would go. I was awfully bored.

April 3—Dick Rashleigh was here again last night. I wonder why he persists in persecuting me with his attentions. He's dreadfully stupid, and as poor as a church mouse, mamma says.

April 5—Dick Rashleigh called, and though I didn't want to see him, the least bit, I went down. He attempted to make love to me, and I sat on him good and hard. As if I would look at him. Why, mamma says I'm sure to make a brilliant match, and if Dick thinks—pshaw! how stupid he is!

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A Man of Distinction.

"Yes, sir," repeated a man much given to talking, "I played with Irving for several years."

"Why?" said his friend, "I didn't know you were ever on the stage."

"I wasn't," rejoined the gossip. "I played marbles with him when we were boys at school!"—Golden Penny.

Misunderstood.

"What did you mean by calling me a successful highwayman?" growled the capitalist to the editor.

"I meant, sir, that you own an elevated railroad!"—Detroit Free Press.

The mercantile and armed navies of the world have 1,600,000 men.

—Atchison Globe.

Embarrassing Position.

When a man becomes so ill it is feared he will die, lots of people say nice things about him, which embarrasses them greatly when he recovers.

—Atchison Globe.

Tulips are much cultivated in Constantinople, and there is a tulip festival there once a year, in spring. Every palace room, gallery and garden is decorated with tulips of every kind. At night they are lighted by colored lamps and Bengal fires, and the sultan sits in their midst while women sing around him and his odalisques dance before him.

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