



AUNT DAISY

brings you the

WEEKLY CHEER BUDGET

FAIRYLAND OF WATER BEAUTY AT FAMOUS GLASGOW EXHIBITION

I TRIED last week to give you a mental impression of the cascades and the staircases at the Glasgow Exhibition. I wish I could make it real enough for you to see as clearly as I can, that beautiful scene at night-time—the two wide white glittering staircases, leading down from the Bellahouston Hill; and between them, flanked on either side by ribbons of growing flowers, the swiftly-flowing water coursing downwards—not as a waterfall (as the name “cascades” may imply)—but gently, over the shallow, curved, glass weirs, which looked really like a staircase for fairies, in line with those for the “humans” on either side.

The Water Paused

In three places on its way down, the water paused a little—in the wide pools, where charming water nymphs (of gleaming marble) seemed to be playing with each other in the softly-coloured water. Every evening, as the long twilight grew dim, people used to gather in thousands in front of the cascades, waiting for the moment when the illuminations would be switched on, and the whole picture

changed into fairyland, as the falling water merged from rose pink into azure blue, and so on through all the loveliest pastel shades.

SPECIAL floodlighting brought out the green grass and the darker trees of the hill in the background; while the Royal fountain in the foreground played through its repertoire of the “Maltese Cross,” the “Prince of Wales’s Feathers,” the “Organ Pipes,” the “Tiaras” and the rest, also in changing colours; thus completing a most delightful sight.

I thought the clusters of coloured flowers which formed what might be called the “stair-roads” in the cascades, were just the finishing touch, because these flowers would change into colours contrasting with the water flowing over them; so that when the cascade ran pastel blue, the stair-rod might be of alternate crimson, gold, and pale pink roses; changing again as the cascade changed.

It took about a quarter of an hour for the colours of the cascades to complete their full cycle;

and even longer for the royal fountain to go through its programme of different formations and colours.

At The Lake

THEN there was the great lake! I used sometimes to think that I admired this most of all. It formed the “centre-piece” of the Dominion and Colonial section, and occupied 20,000 square feet, so you can just imagine what a big sheet of water it was. It was separated from the surrounding avenues by narrow grass plots.

I saw it first in the bright sunlight on a scorching hot afternoon, just after lunch, and you know what a tired and sleepy time that is! Our little party stood looking gratefully at the clear water, and at the two big flower-shaped fountains which were spaced down the middle of the lake; and at the series of little fountains which gushed up from the lake itself in graceful curves—six of them on each side down its length—and thinking how cool and sweet it was, and what a contrast to the hot, white avenues and the crowded pavilions.

But the best was yet to come. At one end of the lake, and raised a little above it, was a circular pool about 30 feet in diameter, with a white marble centrepiece of a dancing childish figure; and behind it, a high white, sculptured wall, at each end of which was placed a gleaming white pylon, 50 feet high.

As we stood admiring the whole effect of this, there suddenly gushed forth, horizontally, from the side of the pool near the wall, a number of very powerful jets of water which curved, in graceful parabolas, over the marble child, and showered right down to the end of the long lake below.

The effect was marvellous, those archways of water curving gracefully over the lake with its own fourteen fountains all softly playing, and gleaming and sparkling in the sunshine.

Sparkling White

Special nozzles were used to aerate the water and give it a sparkling white appearance; and the mechanism controlling the parabolic jets was hidden in the sculptured wall. Beautiful as it was in the sunshine, it was even more so at night, when every fountain and parabola was illuminated in changing colours!

There were plenty of seats and chairs all round, on which one could rest while feasting one's eyes on these unique water-displays; the crowds of people talked very softly, or not at all; and seductive waltzes played by the band of the Coldstream Guards not far away, mingled with the plashing of the fountains and completed one's contentment.

THE very wonderful and entirely modern structure of the Empire Tower dominated the whole exhibition. It was three hundred feet high, and built on the crest of the wooded and grassy slopes of Bellahouston Hill, so that it seemed much higher. It was beautiful—but, to me, extraordinary and queer, and quite different from the mental picture suggested by the word “tower.”

It was neither round nor square, had neither battlements nor embrasures—no turrets, no loopholes, no windows! It shone like silver, and looked something like a collection of those flat, long, narrow boxes used in New York for packing the long-stemmed American beauty roses—arranged on end, one above another, and irregularly—some parts higher than others, without apparent plan, and almost as narrow at the bottom as at the top.

A flagpole surmounted all, and the whip of the large flag in the wind was one of the many problems which had to be reckoned with by the designer in making the Tower stand fast and firm. It looked as if it couldn't stand a puff of wind, and yet that Hill is one of the most exposed sites in Glasgow, and a tremendous gale tried its best to upset things as soon as the Tower was completed.

But it stood the strain nobly, and was in every respect a complete triumph for Mr. Thomas S. Tait—who, you will remember, had also the chief hand in the designing of the Sydney Bridge.

To prevent the Tower from overturning in a high wind, it was embedded in a mass of concrete weighing 3200 tons—which was mixed and poured into position in twelve days!

View de Luxe

ON one side of the Tower only, and very high up, were three shallow balconies, twelve feet above each other, from each of which 200 people were able to view the surrounding country, and to get a bird's-eye view of the whole park and the lay-out of the exhibition. On a clear day you could see the Highlands—and for about 80 miles.

But great reverberating claps of thunder began to make us uneasy; and the idea of seeing a spectacular Scottish thunderstorm from those balconies not being to our taste, we joined the general rush towards the elevators, which were at that moment taking far more people down than up.

AT the base of the Tower was the Tree Top restaurant, a fine affair built on stilts, so that the tops of the trees on the hill were growing through the floor! Thus we dined in the treetops—as some people credit our ancestors with doing! There were, of course, ever so many more cafes and res-

taurants, about half of them licensed to sell beer.

Like A Ship

Some were first-class and “de luxe,” others were just plain and ordinary; while some were “snack-bars” and “milk-bars.” There were sixteen or seventeen altogether.

The “Atlantio” was the most picturesque—it was away up on a hill, and built to look exactly like a ship, with deck, and bridge, and everything. It was one of the expensive ones.

The “Garden Club” was the most luxurious. It was, however, private, for members only—I think the subscription was five guineas for the season—and the food was expensive, excellent and well-served. The lounges were delightful, and made a great resting-place. I was lucky enough to be taken there for lunch.

I suppose the Glachan, or Highland village, captured the imagination and the affection of people from all over the world more than any other part of the exhibition; and so I will describe that to you next week.

7 INCHES OFF HIS WAISTLINE

26 Pounds Of Fat
Gone, Too

Reducing at 80 Years of Age

Apparently one is never too old to reduce. Here writes a man of 80 who has just rid himself of 1st. 12lb. of unwanted fat:—

“You may be interested to hear that after taking Kruschen Salts daily, and following, but only to a certain extent, advice about suitable food, I have reduced my weight from 14 st. 3lb. to 12st. 5lb., and my waist from 44 inches to 37 inches. Not only that, but I have the very satisfactory feeling of being well and fit, which at my age (80 years) is something to be thankful and grateful for. You are at liberty to publish this, but only if you put my initials.”—G.B.E.

Overweight arises frequently because the system is loaded with unexpelled waste, like a furnace choked with ashes and soot. Allowed to accumulate, this waste matter is turned into layer after layer of fat.

The six salts in Kruschen assist the internal organs to throw off each day the wastage and poisons that encumber the system. Then, little by little, that ugly fat goes—slowly, yes—but surely.

Kruschen does not aim to reduce by rushing food through the body; its action is not confined to a single part of the system. It has a tonic influence upon every organ of elimination, every gland, every nerve, every vein. Gently, but surely, it rids the system of all fat-forming food refuse, of all poisons and harmful acids which give rise to rheumatism, digestive disorders and many other ills.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable at all Chemists and Stores at 2/3 per bottle.



★ GLASGOW'S FAIRYLAND.—Where the Tower rose as a striking background to the South Cascade at the famous exhibition.