

THE WHOLE WORLD IN 424 ACRES and a Whole Century in One Day!



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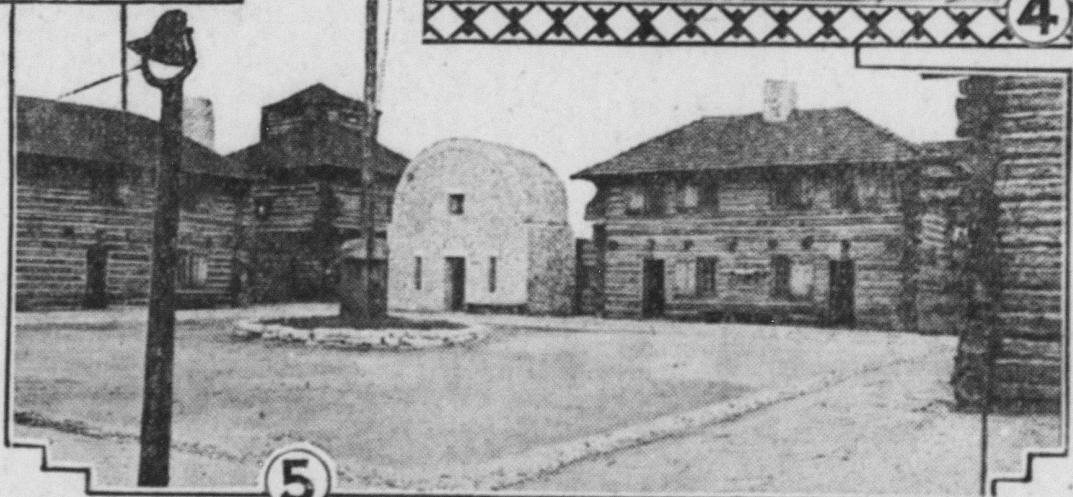
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By ELMO SCOTT WATSON
THE gates are thrown open and through them pour the thousands. They surge down a broad thoroughfare—"the Avenue of Flags," where hundreds of banners of every color, hung from "modernistic" flag-staffs of a kind you've never seen before, stream in the wind that blows from off Lake Michigan. And then the buildings and streets and avenues and terraces and gardens and courts and lagoons that are Chicago's A Century of Progress swallow them up and their places are taken by other thousands who follow close behind.

They are off upon a tour of the world—the whole world spread out before their eyes within the space of 424 acres. Which foreign land will you visit first, Mr. and Mrs. American and Young America? Shall it be Argentina or Algeria, Mexico or Morocco, Guatemala or Czechoslovakia? From the hushed solemnity of the Golden Temple of Jehol, the Chinese Lama temple where the Manchu emperors worshiped Buddha and the other gods two centuries ago, it is but a step to a lively sidewalk cafe in the Montmartre section of Paris. Would you prefer to be amused by dancing girls, wrestlers, jugglers and sword fighters in a typical Oriental street, or to watch the nimble fingers of the handicraft artisans in a Belgian village made up of transplanted portions of Ghent, Bruges and Malines? The world is "your oyster." Mr. and Mrs. American and Young America. All you have to do is open it!

No thrill in visiting foreign lands, you say? And you never liked geography in school, anyway? Then a trip "Farthest South" by stepping down into the hold of the ship which Admiral Byrd sailed into the Antarctic may not thrill you. But how about stepping into the bathysphere in which Dr. William Beebe descended 2,200 feet beneath the waters of the sea, or into this featherweight aluminum globe in which Dr. August Piccard ascended 54,000 feet into the stratosphere? Certainly you can't say "Oh, everybody goes THERE!"

If A Century of Progress were "just another world's fair," the foregoing might be representative of "the whole world" which it offers. But there is another "world" which the visitor discovers here—the world of science and invention, the new world that has been created by the ingenuity of mankind during his progress of the past century. And this is the world which offers the thrills, for unlike expositions of the past with the customary static rows of still "exhibits," A Century of Progress is a show in motion.

Movement . . . action . . . things in the process of making or being . . . Life! That is the world that is unfolded before your eyes. One of the most important things in making this possible is the diorama, a small stage with a realistically painted background and three-dimensional actors built in perspective in the foreground. Dioramas have been used for years in museums, but here machines and chemical reagents take the place of stuffed animals. Molecules and ions perform for you. You "see" a radio wave bringing you your favorite music or the voice of your favorite comedian. You stand in front of one case and push a lever or two and under your hand an earthquake is produced, geysers spout boiling water and volcanoes belch forth lava and gas. For a moment you are a god on Mount Olympus!

You stand before "The Transparent Man," a model of the human body heroic in size. Your eye possesses the penetrating power of X-rays and you see the nervous, respiratory, circulatory, digestive and muscular systems in action. You gaze upon a cross-section of a twig (enlarged many times) and you see the cells in it growing. You are looking at Life!

The history of the human race might be written in terms of its means of transportation. So come down to this Greek theater on the shore of the lake with its triple stage, including river, canal and deep-sea harbor front, as well as land,

1. A part of the crowd of children who throng that five-acre wonderland, the Enchanted Island, every day.
2. Replica of the Golden Temple of Jehol, seat of worship of the Manchu emperors and the finest existing example of Chinese Lama architecture.
3. "Bozo"—He lives! He breathes! He rolls! And he is one of the many devices on the Midway, "the City of a Million Lights," which provide the thrills, dizzy turns, flops and spins for amusement-seekers.
4. Robot, the Mechanical Man, who can do almost anything a real man can—after you press a button to start him!
5. Inside the log walls of Fort Dearborn. From this little palisaded fortification of a century and a quarter ago grew a modern city of more than three million people.
6. Young America's dream realized! What boy hasn't visualized himself actually "running a real train"? Here it is—something of a miniature, it is true, but "real," nevertheless.

Before you pass the pageant of travel—rumbly ox-cart, Conestoga wagons, stage-coach, post-chaise, locomotives and railway cars of every description, a Yankee clipper ship, Robert Fulton's steamboat, the first automobiles, the Wright's first airplane and the giant vehicles of land and sea and air of today. You see a whole century of history passing in review before you. (Did you, by chance, drive your own car here? Do you know how many parts make up a modern automobile and what takes place under the hood to "make it go"? In one place you see the whole process of making an automobile from the time the raw ore is converted into steel until the shiny new car comes off the assembly line. Movement . . . action . . . things in the process of making or being . . . Life!)
The whole world in 424 acres and . . . a hundred years in one day! Yes, even more than a hundred years. Over here is a building from which "the centuries look down upon you." It is the Maya Temple, the famed Nunnery at Uxmal, Yucatan, relic of a civilization that was old, old, old, when Columbus touched the shores of North America. And two minutes walk from this building with its fantastically carved walls and its brilliant colors are the houses in which we may find ourselves living during the next few years—steel houses, glass houses, houses of building material undreamed of during an era of brick, wood and stone construction, houses which are unlike any houses ever before con-

ceived by man. (Some day will a future great American be born in one of those houses, as a great American was born in that log hut which stands over there—the replica of a famous dwelling place which once stood near Hodgenville, Ky.?)

Come to the Hall of Social Sciences and look upon another type of history, social history, the history of an American family. It is a revolving stage. First the Colonial family appears. The women are spinning, weaving, drying fruits and meats, while the children play at the work of their elders.

A screen descends and the family appears in a house which is part of a village, a self-sustaining community, with church, school and a courthouse. Out of the village leads a boggy road over which a horseman struggles with a stagecoach. The stage revolves to show the family of 1933—city dwellers in an apartment house, with telephone and radio. Cans on the shelf show the nature of the food supply. Outside one glimpses amusement houses, parks, schools and factories. The boggy road has been replaced by the motor highway and railroad, while an airplane soars above.

Just a bit dizzy, Mr. and Mrs. American, from looking at the whole world compressed into this small space and watching the centuries roll past your eyes? Better give heed then to Young America's plea "I want to go over to the Enchanted Island"—he knows he will find there the stuff of which childhood's dreams are made: a magic mountain down which to slide, a sure-enough fairy castle, a miniature railroad and heroic figures of toys and story book characters. How to get there?

Why, take the Sky Ride, of course. What the Eiffel Tower was to the Paris exposition and the Ferris Wheel was to the World's Fair of '33, the Sky Ride is to A Century of Progress. They call it "the supreme thrill of A Century of Progress." But it is more than just the outstanding amusement thrill of the big show of '33. It points the way to a vehicle of transportation of the future, an aerial ferry which may make modern suspension bridges obsolete. So its 625-foot steel towers, the highest man-made structures west of New York, and its rocket cars, symbolize not only the progress of the past century but the progress of the next century to come as well.

SALT'S HIGH PLACE IN WORLD TRADE

Medium of Exchange Long Before Gold.

Less than a century ago a good buxom wife in the East Indies could be purchased for a handful of salt; many slaves which were brought to the United States from Africa were bought and paid for, not with gold, but salt, reports the Worcester Salt Institute in outlining the many interesting activities carried on by man in seeking to satisfy his need for salt, remarking that the salt standard in the history of commerce antedated the gold standard.

As a medium of exchange salt was widely used in many ancient countries. The Mogul conquerors of India made decrees thousands of years ago regulating the standard of salt that was used for money. In Asia and Africa cakes of salt were frequently employed as money. Up until comparatively recent times salt was used as a medium of exchange in the Shan markets in Indo-China. Besides being used as money, salt in days gone by was a powerful developer of commerce. Being essential to life, and unavailable to tribes remote from the sea, from which the substance was obtained by evaporation, trade routes were early developed to provide the transportation of salt. For hundreds of years a caravan route was maintained between the Palmyra and Syrian ports. Even today much of the caravan traffic in the Sahara is largely in this precious commodity. The oldest road in Italy is not the Applan way, but the "Via Salaria," the Salt road along which salt was anciently carried from the evaporating pits at Ostia to the Sabine territory.

Indeed, according to historians, the largest city in the world, London, was first founded because of the salt trade, continues the Worcester Salt Institute. During the earliest days of European history salt was sent from England to the continent. Cheshire and Worcestershire provided salt for Britain and Gaul, and the route for its transportation crossed the country in a southeasterly direction, crossing the Thames, then very shallow, at a ford where Westminster now stands. An inn was

built to accommodate salt haulers when the river was too swollen to ford. From this humble beginning as a resting place for salt traders the great city of London resulted.

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