is aspiration. The architectural expression of this aspiration is an obelisk, shaft or spire 1500 feet high, carrying at its apex a brilliant beacon light.

It is not necessary to inquire whether such a light would serve a practical purpose, nor even whether the shaft would be constructed, supposing it to be worth while. It would first be necessary to define our terms. The design itself suggests the possibility of skeleton construction enveloped in stone or concrete. The questions of usefulness, construction and expense need not concern us in the least. It is sufficient to consider the design as such, to study the embodiment of so much study, to analyze the complexity of its simplicity, to realize the means by which the effect of immense size is obtained while retaining the utmost severity of outline.

The general view exhibits the central shaft flanked by a dozen minor obelisks, each one a giant but serving merely as a buttress to the great central mass. The view in detail showing the approaches and the foot of the shaft is a masterpiece of design and presentation—a work of Titans, a fragment of a cliff or precipice, but nevertheless a human structure enriched with sculptured symbolism. Although this is no temple, it may well be called a Pantheon of the makers of the nation and to those of devout mind it is a church and spire in one, a spire that may rightly typify this upward-looking Christian people. With extraordinary skill the artist has given to the plan of this monument an importance corresponding to its vertical trend. It is like the trunk of a mighty tree whose branches are lost in the clouds, but whose roots spread widely on all sides, uplifting the earth. The beacon of progress is firmly planted. Upon the broad terraces at its base multitudes may wander overlooking the city and the lake. The face of the monument towards Lake Michigan is dignified by an attendant obelisk of greater height than the others, and against this obelisk is an effigy of the Spirit of Progress, the goddess of the twentieth century, and a slab, or rather a wall space bearing the inscription, "To the glory of the American People." The approach upon this side is guarded by serried ranks of colossal lions like the avenues of sphinxes leading to Egyptian temples, and the adjoining portion of the lake itself is enclosed as a basin—a reminiscence of the Court of Honor, a watery Piazza San Marco—where the people of the neighboring city in every imaginable kind of craft may foreground and celebrate their festivals.

Further description and analysis are unnecessary. The drawings when published or