

From Maine to Texas on Foot in Two Hours

VERY few persons have been privileged to visit all the states and territories of the United States. A traveler who has been in twenty-five states during the course of his life is rare. There are some actors, it is said, who have played in every state and territory, and there may be a few public lecturers who have talked to audiences in nearly all of the states. At a west end home in St. Louis on New Year's day a party of young people discussed this very topic, and no one could name any person who has seen all the states.

"Really, it would be a great feat to visit all our states and territories," remarked a youth. "I'd like to set out and do it—if someone would pay the expenses."

"Why, it's easy enough," said Uncle John, a visitor from Texas, who had just entered the drawing room. "If you young folks will come with me I'll take you for a New Year's call on all the states, except two, this afternoon, and it won't cost us but 30 cents apiece. I'll pay the bill, too."

"Now, you are joking again, Uncle John," said one of the girls.

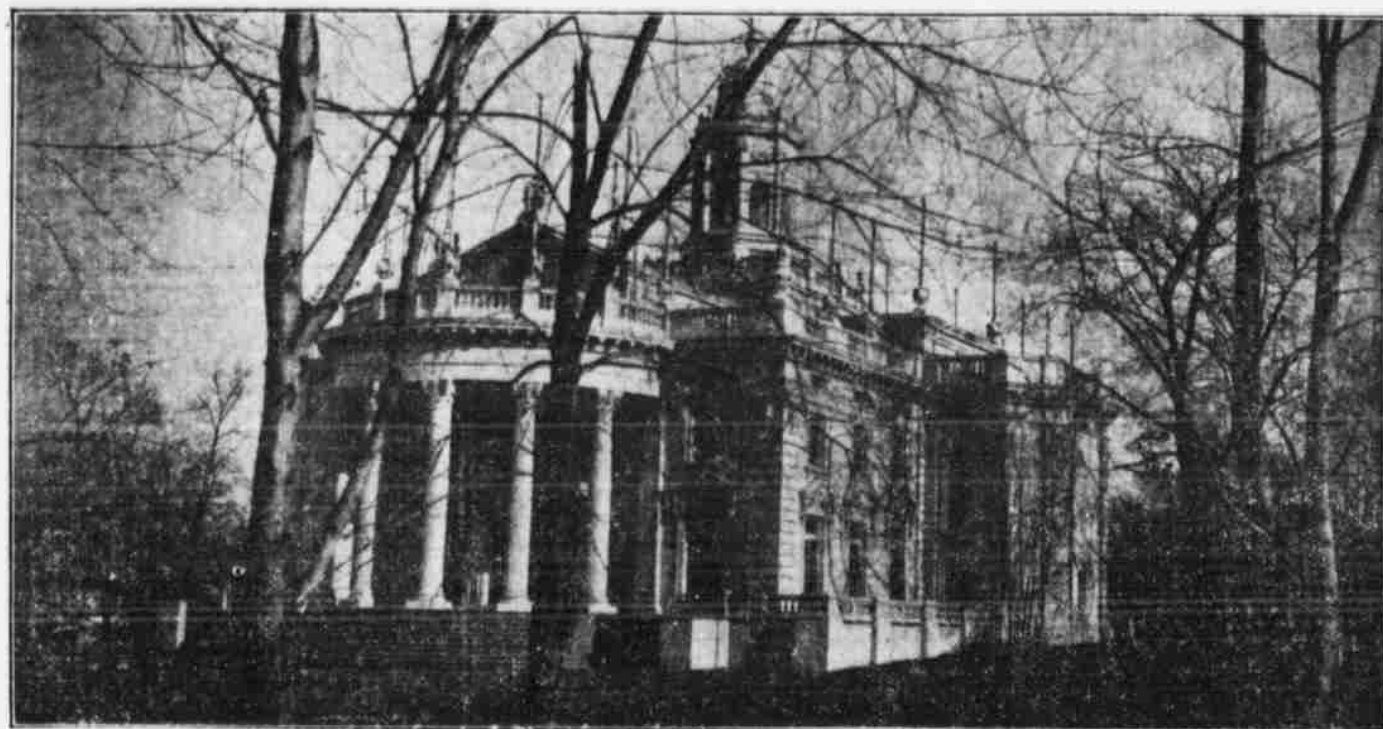
"Not at all, my dear; just come with me and I'll show you. I made the trip myself this morning. All I ask is that you place yourselves in my care and don't ask questions until I tell you when to begin."

The party left the house and boarded a street car. Uncle John paid the fares, remarking that the transportation bill was all settled.

"Oh, we're going to the World's fair grounds!" exclaimed one of the girls, as the car turned toward a grand vista of ivory white palaces, glistening in the sunshine.

The tourists alighted from the car at one of the entrances to the grounds and Uncle John bought tickets of admission, 25 cents for each person.

"The entire expenses of the tour are now paid," he said, as they passed through the turnstile gate. The others wondered, but



IOWA'S HANDSOME BUILDING.

the tourists retraced their steps and went to Michigan, which, on the World's fair map, is a near neighbor to Montana, with a big restaurant between. The graceful columned portico of Michigan called forth exclamations.

Not far from Michigan they saw a house of peculiar construction. Immense timbers rose from the ground at a slant, coming nearly together a hundred feet in the air. They appeared to be the outside framework of the five-story building, resembling a pagoda, which they enclosed.

"That is the state of Washington," said the guide. "These tall timbers are brought

Across the broad avenue three handsome structures were seen. The party's escort explained that they represented Ohio, Massachusetts and Minnesota. Back across the avenue again Kansas appeared, its state building roofed with red tiles. Some of the girls wanted to stay in Kansas and gather big yellow sunflowers, but Uncle John insisted that they go on, for just beyond was a large and splendid building at a point where Commonwealth avenue forked, one branch running on each side of the building.

"That is Iowa," said the pilot. "Now let us walk to the right and we'll find

we are. They are United States citizens now and will vote for president when their territory is made a state. Right across the way here is Arizona territory, close to the southeastern entrance to the exposition grounds."

"And what is that old-fashioned but cozy looking building, with the stone fireplace chimneys at each end and the wide porches?" asked the youngest girl.

"That," replied the pilot, "is a historic house. It is the headquarters of General George Washington at Morristown, N. J. You are now in New Jersey, on soil made sacred by the martyrs to American independence. But step southward and you find Utah, the land of the Mormons. The building is painted yellow—but it isn't sensational. Let us now turn down this other broad avenue that runs west. It is called Colonial avenue, probably because there are so many state buildings of the colonial architecture along it. On our left is Indiana and on our right is Arkansas. Oh, yes; Indiana and Arkansas get along very well as neighbors across the street. And next to Arkansas is Connecticut. The old Nutmeg state has reproduced the house in Hartford where the once famous poetess, Mrs. Lydia Huntley Sigourney, lived. It is said to be the finest specimen of the pure Colonial architecture now standing in New England."

"Oh, I do so love poetry and poets!" exclaimed one of the gushing misses. "Let me go inside and see the room where Mrs. Sigourney wrote her poems."

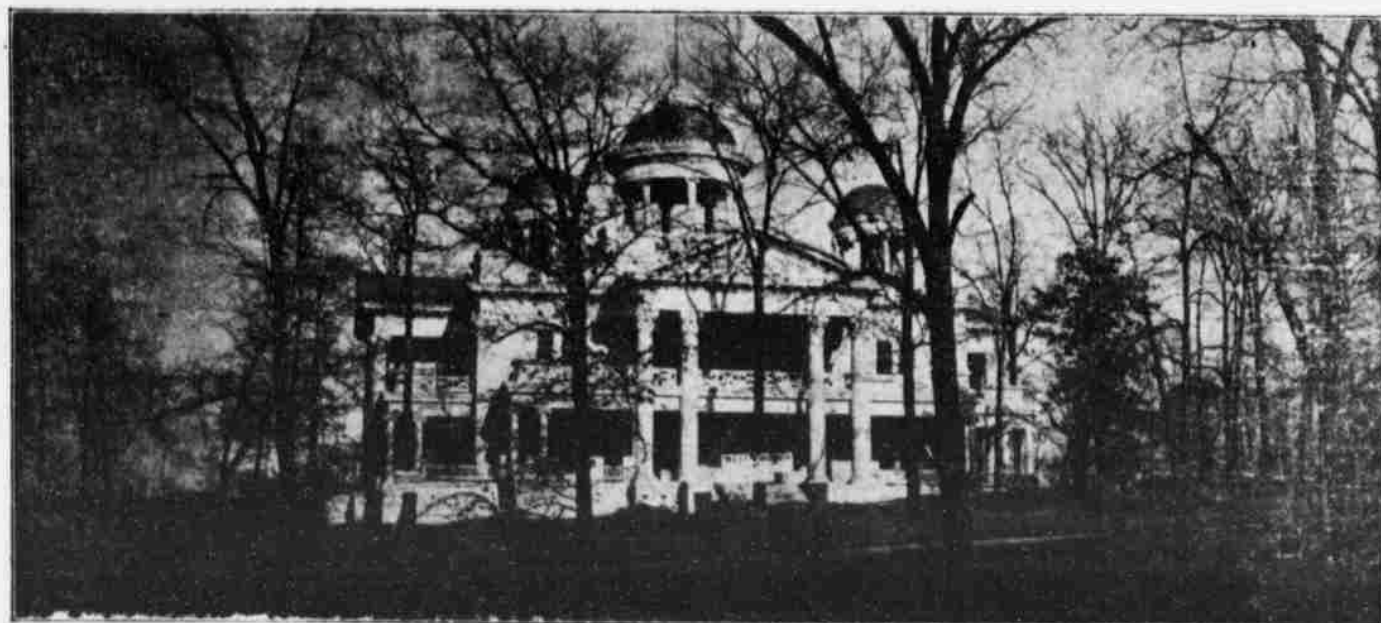
But as there was a sign on the door reading "Keep Out," owing to the fact that workmen were painting and decorating the interior, the worshipper of poets could only stand on the curved portico and glance through the glass door panel.

"Right across the avenue," the pilot resumed, "is Rhode Island. For once we have two states on the World's fair map in their proper position with relation to each other. Next to Little Rhody, however, we find Nevada, a far western state."

"But what is this immense building adjoining Connecticut, on the same side of the street?" inquired a young man.

"That is Pennsylvania. The famous liberty bell, which proclaimed the birth of independence 128 years ago, will swing in the dome of that building throughout the World's fair. Now let us take a walk down this side of the great mining gulch and visit some more states. Here's Maine, with a flavor of the pine woods. Her building is a hunter's lodge, built of logs from Maine, but very elaborately finished. Now we'll cross the gulch, not stopping to see

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PAVILION OF WEST VIRGINIA.

obediently refrained from asking questions.

"What's the joke, I wonder?" whispered one of the girls to the young man at her side.

Uncle John led the party past the foreground of the great exhibit buildings, past the domed structure of the United States government and up the hill to another large building crowned with a graceful dome.

"This is Missouri," said Uncle John.

"Why, it's the Missouri state building!" cried the girls in chorus.

"Of course; now make your official call on Missouri and then we'll visit another state."

The girls laughed merrily, beginning to see through the joke. They climbed the broad steps and stood within the massive portico of Missouri. The building is 365 by 160 feet in ground measurement and cost \$105,480.

"But come along; let's go and see Louisiana."

"How about Arkansas, Uncle John?" asked one of the boys. "That state is between Missouri and Louisiana on the map."

"Yes, but not on the World's fair grounds. Louisiana is right next to Missouri here. Missouri is the World's fair state and Louisiana is the namesake of the Louisiana purchase territory and the seat of its earliest settlement and government. So it is appropriate that Louisiana be placed next to Missouri. We'll just step across Commonwealth avenue and see the old Cabildo, the building in which the transfer of the territory to the United States was made. Louisiana has reproduced that old house for her building at the exposition."

All were deeply interested in inspecting the Cabildo, but their guide urged them to go ahead, as they had just begun their tour. Wisconsin was next, represented by a quaint structure that looked like a roomy mansion for a rich family or a select club. It was but a few steps to Ohio, a massive pile looking like a state capitol, and then

from her virgin forests. There is an observatory at the top from which to view the exposition."

The Virginia building was an interesting object, being a reproduction of "Monticello," the home of Thomas Jefferson, and peculiarly appropriate for the exposition that celebrates Jefferson's purchase of the vast Louisiana territory.

West Virginia, Colorado, Nebraska, Oklahoma and New York were visited next. New York's building is 300 feet long. Oklahoma, the 15-year-old territory, was much admired for its pluck and enterprise.

"She ought to be a state," said Uncle John, "with her nearly half a million population."

Mississippi—pretty far from Iowa, on the map of the United States, but that doesn't count here. The Mississippi building, as you see, is quite unlike any of the others. It is one of the several reproductions of famous homes. This is a replica of the home of Jefferson Davis, president of the southern confederacy. He owned and lived in that house, at Beauvoir, Miss., for many years, and it was there that he wrote "The Lost Cause." Notice the wide galleries. This next building is Indian Territory's contribution.

"Where are the Indians?" one of the girls inquired.

"Don't be afraid; the Indians of Indian Territory are about as highly civilized as



Connecticut.

ARKANSAS. IOWA.
LOOKING EAST ALONG COLONIAL AVENUE.