

The Prudishness of the Great and Only Pike.

Special Correspondence.

ST. LOUIS, July 8.—One of the striking features of this fair, in contrast to other great expositions that have gone before, is the prudishness of the Pike.

It was commonly said, before the fair opened, that so-called world's fairs had degenerated into an enlarged Midway, a place where people could see improper and immoral exhibitions that they would never dare visit at home, or where they were known.

People said the Pike would be the wildest street the world had ever seen; that the well remembered Chicago Midway would pale before it like the moon's last quarter before the rising sun.

The Pike is finally completed; the last nail has been driven, the paint has dried, the scaffolding has been torn down and carried away. Two months later, but better late than waste a dollar getting ready on time.

The dancing mile of print, proper, precise, prudish Pike is ready to receive the world's wonder. Its splendid length seems the limits of a common sense, but makes its mile of length seem less than half the distance it actually covers.

A line of electric light poles, heavy with brilliant globes, runs straight down the center and makes night a glowing day. The white structures on either side, brave with gigantic statues and ornaments of staff, shining with lights, glow with the glow of which the Pike, to find himself one in a sea of heads, and cannot tell the route by which he came.

It is a street to itself, a street that starts powder and leads powder, shut off by a line of one end and Galveston at the other. The visitor drifts into the Pike, to find himself one in a sea of heads, and cannot tell the route by which he came.

It is a street to itself, a street that starts powder and leads powder, shut off by a line of one end and Galveston at the other. The visitor drifts into the Pike, to find himself one in a sea of heads, and cannot tell the route by which he came.

It is a street to itself, a street that starts powder and leads powder, shut off by a line of one end and Galveston at the other. The visitor drifts into the Pike, to find himself one in a sea of heads, and cannot tell the route by which he came.

It is a street to itself, a street that starts powder and leads powder, shut off by a line of one end and Galveston at the other. The visitor drifts into the Pike, to find himself one in a sea of heads, and cannot tell the route by which he came.

It is a street to itself, a street that starts powder and leads powder, shut off by a line of one end and Galveston at the other. The visitor drifts into the Pike, to find himself one in a sea of heads, and cannot tell the route by which he came.

It is a street to itself, a street that starts powder and leads powder, shut off by a line of one end and Galveston at the other. The visitor drifts into the Pike, to find himself one in a sea of heads, and cannot tell the route by which he came.

It is a street to itself, a street that starts powder and leads powder, shut off by a line of one end and Galveston at the other. The visitor drifts into the Pike, to find himself one in a sea of heads, and cannot tell the route by which he came.

It is a street to itself, a street that starts powder and leads powder, shut off by a line of one end and Galveston at the other. The visitor drifts into the Pike, to find himself one in a sea of heads, and cannot tell the route by which he came.

It is a street to itself, a street that starts powder and leads powder, shut off by a line of one end and Galveston at the other. The visitor drifts into the Pike, to find himself one in a sea of heads, and cannot tell the route by which he came.

It is a street to itself, a street that starts powder and leads powder, shut off by a line of one end and Galveston at the other. The visitor drifts into the Pike, to find himself one in a sea of heads, and cannot tell the route by which he came.

It is a street to itself, a street that starts powder and leads powder, shut off by a line of one end and Galveston at the other. The visitor drifts into the Pike, to find himself one in a sea of heads, and cannot tell the route by which he came.

It is a street to itself, a street that starts powder and leads powder, shut off by a line of one end and Galveston at the other. The visitor drifts into the Pike, to find himself one in a sea of heads, and cannot tell the route by which he came.

It is a street to itself, a street that starts powder and leads powder, shut off by a line of one end and Galveston at the other. The visitor drifts into the Pike, to find himself one in a sea of heads, and cannot tell the route by which he came.

It is a street to itself, a street that starts powder and leads powder, shut off by a line of one end and Galveston at the other. The visitor drifts into the Pike, to find himself one in a sea of heads, and cannot tell the route by which he came.

It is a street to itself, a street that starts powder and leads powder, shut off by a line of one end and Galveston at the other. The visitor drifts into the Pike, to find himself one in a sea of heads, and cannot tell the route by which he came.

It is a street to itself, a street that starts powder and leads powder, shut off by a line of one end and Galveston at the other. The visitor drifts into the Pike, to find himself one in a sea of heads, and cannot tell the route by which he came.

It is a street to itself, a street that starts powder and leads powder, shut off by a line of one end and Galveston at the other. The visitor drifts into the Pike, to find himself one in a sea of heads, and cannot tell the route by which he came.

It is a street to itself, a street that starts powder and leads powder, shut off by a line of one end and Galveston at the other. The visitor drifts into the Pike, to find himself one in a sea of heads, and cannot tell the route by which he came.

It is a street to itself, a street that starts powder and leads powder, shut off by a line of one end and Galveston at the other. The visitor drifts into the Pike, to find himself one in a sea of heads, and cannot tell the route by which he came.

It is a street to itself, a street that starts powder and leads powder, shut off by a line of one end and Galveston at the other. The visitor drifts into the Pike, to find himself one in a sea of heads, and cannot tell the route by which he came.

It is a street to itself, a street that starts powder and leads powder, shut off by a line of one end and Galveston at the other. The visitor drifts into the Pike, to find himself one in a sea of heads, and cannot tell the route by which he came.

It is a street to itself, a street that starts powder and leads powder, shut off by a line of one end and Galveston at the other. The visitor drifts into the Pike, to find himself one in a sea of heads, and cannot tell the route by which he came.

It is a street to itself, a street that starts powder and leads powder, shut off by a line of one end and Galveston at the other. The visitor drifts into the Pike, to find himself one in a sea of heads, and cannot tell the route by which he came.

It is a street to itself, a street that starts powder and leads powder, shut off by a line of one end and Galveston at the other. The visitor drifts into the Pike, to find himself one in a sea of heads, and cannot tell the route by which he came.

It is a street to itself, a street that starts powder and leads powder, shut off by a line of one end and Galveston at the other. The visitor drifts into the Pike, to find himself one in a sea of heads, and cannot tell the route by which he came.

It is a street to itself, a street that starts powder and leads powder, shut off by a line of one end and Galveston at the other. The visitor drifts into the Pike, to find himself one in a sea of heads, and cannot tell the route by which he came.

It is a street to itself, a street that starts powder and leads powder, shut off by a line of one end and Galveston at the other. The visitor drifts into the Pike, to find himself one in a sea of heads, and cannot tell the route by which he came.

It is a street to itself, a street that starts powder and leads powder, shut off by a line of one end and Galveston at the other. The visitor drifts into the Pike, to find himself one in a sea of heads, and cannot tell the route by which he came.

It is a street to itself, a street that starts powder and leads powder, shut off by a line of one end and Galveston at the other. The visitor drifts into the Pike, to find himself one in a sea of heads, and cannot tell the route by which he came.

It is a street to itself, a street that starts powder and leads powder, shut off by a line of one end and Galveston at the other. The visitor drifts into the Pike, to find himself one in a sea of heads, and cannot tell the route by which he came.

It is a street to itself, a street that starts powder and leads powder, shut off by a line of one end and Galveston at the other. The visitor drifts into the Pike, to find himself one in a sea of heads, and cannot tell the route by which he came.

It is a street to itself, a street that starts powder and leads powder, shut off by a line of one end and Galveston at the other. The visitor drifts into the Pike, to find himself one in a sea of heads, and cannot tell the route by which he came.

It is a street to itself, a street that starts powder and leads powder, shut off by a line of one end and Galveston at the other. The visitor drifts into the Pike, to find himself one in a sea of heads, and cannot tell the route by which he came.

It is a street to itself, a street that starts powder and leads powder, shut off by a line of one end and Galveston at the other. The visitor drifts into the Pike, to find himself one in a sea of heads, and cannot tell the route by which he came.

It is a street to itself, a street that starts powder and leads powder, shut off by a line of one end and Galveston at the other. The visitor drifts into the Pike, to find himself one in a sea of heads, and cannot tell the route by which he came.

It is a street to itself, a street that starts powder and leads powder, shut off by a line of one end and Galveston at the other. The visitor drifts into the Pike, to find himself one in a sea of heads, and cannot tell the route by which he came.

It is a street to itself, a street that starts powder and leads powder, shut off by a line of one end and Galveston at the other. The visitor drifts into the Pike, to find himself one in a sea of heads, and cannot tell the route by which he came.

It is a street to itself, a street that starts powder and leads powder, shut off by a line of one end and Galveston at the other. The visitor drifts into the Pike, to find himself one in a sea of heads, and cannot tell the route by which he came.

It is a street to itself, a street that starts powder and leads powder, shut off by a line of one end and Galveston at the other. The visitor drifts into the Pike, to find himself one in a sea of heads, and cannot tell the route by which he came.

The managers say that this fair is going to be unique in its morality. If December 1st finds their determination a matter of history, the world will take off its hat to the managers.

The poor "barkers." They are putting on a brave front and doing their best to convince the public that their girls have lost none of their Egyptian mannerisms. These "barkers" have grown gray and grizzled in ingenious methods of inveigling the public into viewing indecent exhibitions. To change the tactics and ignore the traditions of a life time spent at fairs and expositions is too much to expect from them.

DANCE OF HISTORY.

After the first admission to the "Oriental streets of Something or Other" has been paid, the visitor finds himself one of a crowd, which is being harangued by a street preacher looking individual, standing on a platform before the gaudy entrance of a theater, who entices them to, "Come in and see the dance of history, the dance you have all heard about, the dance that is like the soft waves beating against the boat as the moon rises over the distant shore, the dance of love, of night, and lotus flowers, and dreamy music, the dance of passion, the dance that cost a great Bible character his head, the dance that will make you—"

His voice gradually dies away to a soft and inviting whisper. Ladies begin drawing out to the edge of the crowd.

The Barker draws himself suddenly erect. His voice loses its confidential tones and becomes brisk and business-like.

"Don't go, ladies. This show is for ladies as well as gentlemen! It possesses a great educational value. You can't afford to miss it. It is not fair to condemn what you haven't seen."

The ladies remain.

"That's right, ladies, be liberal and broadminded. We keep the dance separate because we don't want people to say, 'I wouldn't have come in if I had known I was to see that.' We don't want to intrude it on anybody. We want you to know just what you are going to see before you go in, for you are going to see the—"

Of course our girls don't know how to dance steps as you know dancing, but—"

The hoppers and jumpings of these girls, who know no dance, but that of propriety and are not allowed to practice that, can best be described in the language of a seasoned New Yorker, who came down to do the Pike because he heard it was going to be worse than the Chicago Midway ever dared to be!

"Oh! Pooh! I could see wuss nor that on Coney Island any day."

A UTAH SCHOOLTEACHER.

A dainty little schoolteacher from far-off Utah sat on the edge of a loggia and looked longingly towards the Pike!

"I really would like to, but you know, they do say, ladies shouldn't. I expect it's awful."

She was persuaded to venture. She emerged from the Pike gasping:

"That's right, ladies, be liberal and broadminded. We keep the dance separate because we don't want people to say, 'I wouldn't have come in if I had known I was to see that.' We don't want to intrude it on anybody. We want you to know just what you are going to see before you go in, for you are going to see the—"

Of course our girls don't know how to dance steps as you know dancing, but—"

The hoppers and jumpings of these girls, who know no dance, but that of propriety and are not allowed to practice that, can best be described in the language of a seasoned New Yorker, who came down to do the Pike because he heard it was going to be worse than the Chicago Midway ever dared to be!

"Oh! Pooh! I could see wuss nor that on Coney Island any day."

A UTAH SCHOOLTEACHER.

A dainty little schoolteacher from far-off Utah sat on the edge of a loggia and looked longingly towards the Pike!

"I really would like to, but you know, they do say, ladies shouldn't. I expect it's awful."

She was persuaded to venture. She emerged from the Pike gasping:

"That's right, ladies, be liberal and broadminded. We keep the dance separate because we don't want people to say, 'I wouldn't have come in if I had known I was to see that.' We don't want to intrude it on anybody. We want you to know just what you are going to see before you go in, for you are going to see the—"

Of course our girls don't know how to dance steps as you know dancing, but—"

The hoppers and jumpings of these girls, who know no dance, but that of propriety and are not allowed to practice that, can best be described in the language of a seasoned New Yorker, who came down to do the Pike because he heard it was going to be worse than the Chicago Midway ever dared to be!

"Oh! Pooh! I could see wuss nor that on Coney Island any day."

A UTAH SCHOOLTEACHER.

A dainty little schoolteacher from far-off Utah sat on the edge of a loggia and looked longingly towards the Pike!

"I really would like to, but you know, they do say, ladies shouldn't. I expect it's awful."

She was persuaded to venture. She emerged from the Pike gasping:

"That's right, ladies, be liberal and broadminded. We keep the dance separate because we don't want people to say, 'I wouldn't have come in if I had known I was to see that.' We don't want to intrude it on anybody. We want you to know just what you are going to see before you go in, for you are going to see the—"

Of course our girls don't know how to dance steps as you know dancing, but—"

The hoppers and jumpings of these girls, who know no dance, but that of propriety and are not allowed to practice that, can best be described in the language of a seasoned New Yorker, who came down to do the Pike because he heard it was going to be worse than the Chicago Midway ever dared to be!

"Oh! Pooh! I could see wuss nor that on Coney Island any day."

A UTAH SCHOOLTEACHER.

A dainty little schoolteacher from far-off Utah sat on the edge of a loggia and looked longingly towards the Pike!

"I really would like to, but you know, they do say, ladies shouldn't. I expect it's awful."

She was persuaded to venture. She emerged from the Pike gasping:

"That's right, ladies, be liberal and broadminded. We keep the dance separate because we don't want people to say, 'I wouldn't have come in if I had known I was to see that.' We don't want to intrude it on anybody. We want you to know just what you are going to see before you go in, for you are going to see the—"

Of course our girls don't know how to dance steps as you know dancing, but—"

The hoppers and jumpings of these girls, who know no dance, but that of propriety and are not allowed to practice that, can best be described in the language of a seasoned New Yorker, who came down to do the Pike because he heard it was going to be worse than the Chicago Midway ever dared to be!

"Oh! Pooh! I could see wuss nor that on Coney Island any day."

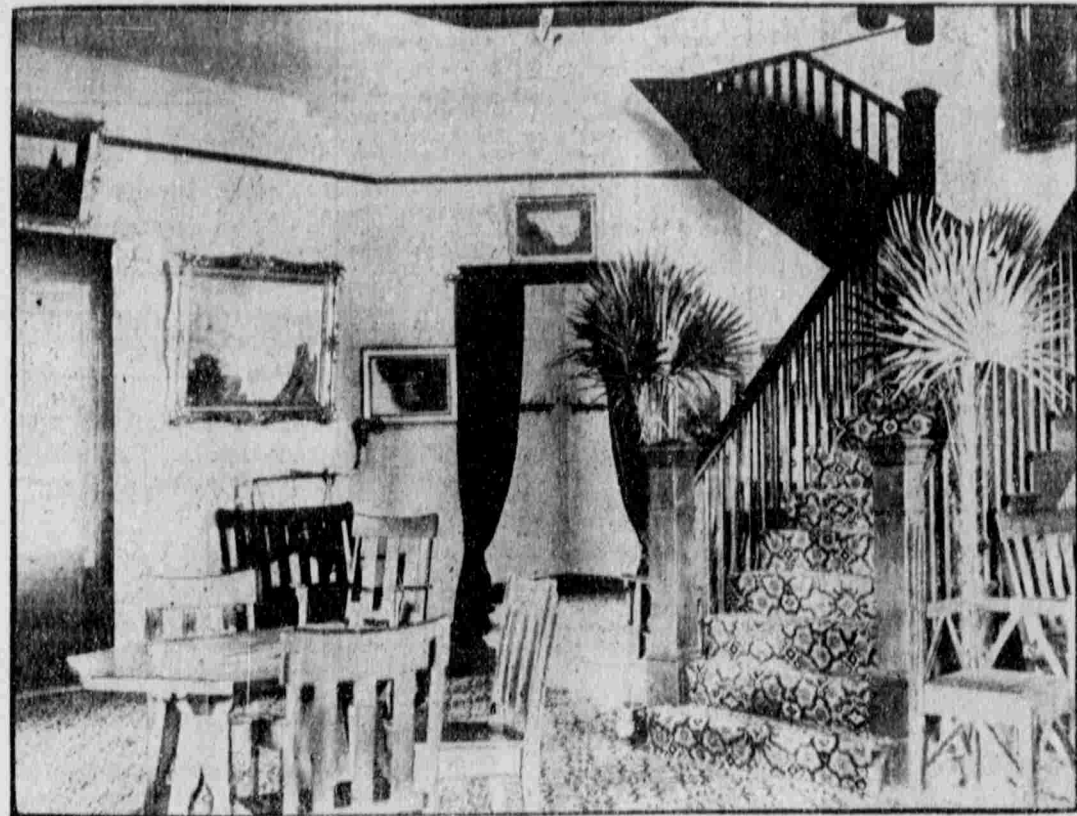
A UTAH SCHOOLTEACHER.

A dainty little schoolteacher from far-off Utah sat on the edge of a loggia and looked longingly towards the Pike!

"I really would like to, but you know, they do say, ladies shouldn't. I expect it's awful."

She was persuaded to venture. She emerged from the Pike gasping:

"That's right, ladies, be liberal and broadminded. We keep the dance separate because we don't want people to say, 'I wouldn't have come in if I had known I was to see that.' We don't want to intrude it on anybody. We want you to know just what you are going to see before you go in, for you are going to see the—"



A COZY CORNER IN THE UTAH WORLD'S FAIR BUILDING.

"It was all very splendid—really, you know I—It was so bewildering—I—really, you know—I just can't remember what I did see—but, would you believe it, I surely did not see a single improper thing."

SOME MARVELOUS ILLUSIONS.

There are some of the most wonderful exhibitions and illusions on the Pike, which mentality and money can produce. There are also some of the most subtle takes that were ever paid off on a long-suffering public.

To distinguish between them, impossible, until the price of admission has been paid. There is a sort of word of mouth advertising, however, that pervades the Pike, that makes it safe to follow the biggest crowds, not the crowds that surround the "barkers" and free show at the entrance, but the crowds that actually enter.

There is a great deal of dissatisfaction over the social tendency of this fair. There are two distinct sides to fair life: those who are in the inner circle and who are invited and admitted to everything, who, being people of importance, hold passes, and represent the "pass side"; and those who pay their way, and for the privilege of standing outside the buildings while the "pass people" eat, drink, and make

money, who constitute the "paying side."

There is one continual round of social functions going on at the world's fair grounds.

THE INNER CIRCLE.

The inner circle numbers nearly 1,500 people, with their families. They are the fair officials, directors, chiefs of departments, superintendents of divisions, the foreign, national, and state commissioners, and board of lady managers. In addition, distinguished people, who happen to be in the city, and personal friends of those giving the entertainments.

It is not unreasonable that there is a universal objection to exclusive functions being given in buildings, which, it was supposed, were erected for public use.

People come here thinking that, even if seeing the fair is expensive, that everyone inside the grounds will have the same chance, if they are willing to pay the price.

Every time one of the hundreds of exhibitions are installed invitations are sent out, Jefferson guards are stationed around and the common herd are told to stay out, that a reception is being held. Not a day but a reception can be run across to interfere with systematic sight seeing.

ABOUT THE STATE BUILDINGS.

The receptions given in the state buildings are the greatest social events. The taxpayers of the states thought they were erecting their buildings in order that they could have a resting place that would open its doors to them at any time when they were weary and footsore, from sight seeing, and where they could feel at home. It was not generally understood that they were intended as private houses for the use of certain people in entertaining.

Many a horny-handed son of the soil has marched his family towards the imposing structure that bears the name of his dearly beloved state over the front door, proudly saying, "We will now go to our own building and rest. You know Mrs. So and So is hostess and they said she would make everybody welcome and feel at home."

They are run at the front door by a Jefferson guard, who says curtly: "Show your cards."

"But this is our state building. We live in that state. We want to come in and rest, and see our own building."

"Show your cards."

The farmer usually grows a little indignant.

"I tell you my taxes went to build this house. It is as much mine as anybody's. We've got a right here."

A policeman stationed near, to assist the guard in case of emergency, draws nearer.

The guard sneers, laughs, is brutal, or politely considerate, according to his individual disposition, as he answers firmly:

"There is a reception going on and my orders are to admit no one who has not cards. You will have to step back. You are obstructing the way."

TO ENFORCE ORDERS.

The policeman is there to enforce orders. Flushed and humiliated the farmer tries to lose himself in the crowd. On the street car he buys a local paper

and reads that at the reception at such a state building a number of uninvited guests attempted to gain admittance. He finds himself and wife referred to as Mr. and Mrs. Butt-in.

He is not likely to again attempt to visit his state building but finishes seeing the fair deprived of that restful feeling of home that can only be given by a place in which an individual interest is felt.

MR. AND MRS. BUTT-IN.

The St. Louis papers are waxing loquacious on the subject of the uninvited guests and the "butt-ins." Columns are devoted to the subject. They are described as the new species, the unique product of the world's fair, an evil that must be blotted out. St. Louis papers are forgetting that there is no such thing, that it is impossible that there be such a thing, as a "butt-in" in that wonderful city of a day that was built that every inhabitant of the earth's surface, who chooses to avail himself of the privilege, can come and see and learn the better way and show his brother from the antipodes the better way.

The fair was not intended for private social functions and if there is one thing, aside from the workrooms necessary to the mental and mechanical running of the fair, that cannot be open

to all alike, it is out of place, inside the fence.

There can be no such thing as butt-ins at the fair that is for the whole world, but there can be, and unfortunately are, altogether too many butt-outs.

The providence who are expected in St. Louis this summer, have not materialized. The impression that has gone abroad, that in addition to being expensive the fair is largely a social function may have something to do with this. People have gone home dissatisfied, to spread dissatisfaction among intending visitors.

As one lady said, "I couldn't get in to see what the women were doing because the board of lady managers were giving a lunch. I couldn't get into my state building because a reception was being held. I thought I would be free to go anywhere when I came, but with this foreign building only open on such a day and another foreign building only open to cards, I might as well go home as to wait for a certain time to see things."

AROUND THE CLOSED DOOR.

Humanity is so apt to overlook the hundreds of things they can see and do, that they hang around the closed door.

In the maelstrom of exclusiveness that threatens to wreck the real object of the exposition the personality of one woman stands out like a saving light. The writer has not met this woman, nor even seen her, to know her. It must be remembered that the world's fair is a city, peopled by thousands and thousands.

She is Mrs. O. T. Holt, of Houston, Texas, hostess of the Texas building, who has taken a decided stand on the subject of exclusiveness. Mrs. Holt will probably find herself famous as a leader in breaking up a pernicious custom.

A reception was given at the Texas building in honor of certain officials. It was rumored that a cordon of guards would be stationed around the doors and those dreadful "butt-ins" kept out. Mrs. Holt saw in a morning daily that no one would be admitted without cards. She hastened to declare herself on the subject:

"As long as I am hostess of the Texas building there will be no admission to public receptions by cards. The Texas building was erected by the people and is a public building. The public should be admitted to all functions held here, and for that reason, so long as I have anything to do with it, the building is open to everybody. People are at liberty to select their own guests at private functions, which they may give, but I do not think this right extends to public affairs in state buildings. There ought to be no discrimination against anybody who wishes to attend any state reception. Certainly there will be none at the Texas building while I have charge of it."

FIRST RECEPTION.

This was the first reception attended by President Francis and fair officials where cards were not demanded.

The ordinary "paying people" have been permitted to see the processions and view the favored ones going in and out of the buildings, where receptions were held, but the "real thing" has closed its doors on them. This has

tended to keep people away from the fair.

One of the peculiar demonstrations of the fair is the sightseeing. That Dixie has gained on the American public as a national air.

There are so many national airs, and of such diversified character, that none can be accepted as The Air. Where one expresses dignity, another exultation, and one joy, patriotism is the motif for another, and reckless abandon is the sole appeal of the rollicking fifth. The world appears to find in the attractive strains of Dixie the embodiment of all of these qualities in a manner that appeals directly to the heart. The tune has long since lost its local significance. Few know, or care, as to the words that once accompanied it. The world's fair public seems to find in its pure musical sentiments the qualities that appeal to patriotism.

THE NATIONAL AIRS.

The national airs are all played continually on the grounds and never fail to meet with the heartiest response and appreciation, but when Dixie is played the grounds fairly resound with the wildest enthusiasm.

It has become apparent that this is not due to any partisan feeling, but is a natural tribute to the characteristic musical qualities of the tune that make it singularly appropriate for a national air.

It is doubtful if another exposition will ever be built on so "spreading" a scale as this one. The distances are enormous. Miles and miles have to be walked in a day's sightseeing.

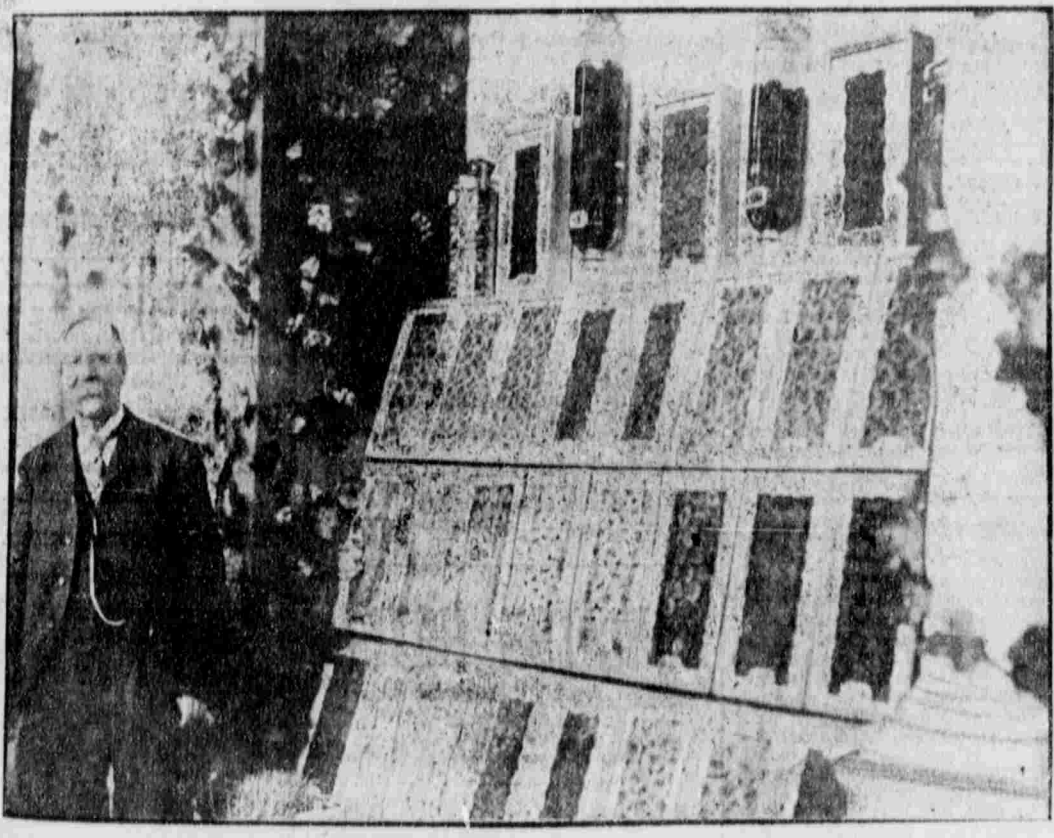
The landscape gardening is beautiful beyond description. The lagoons, with their curved bridges, are the perfection of art, but the long spaces between bridges and the winding walks that double and treble the distances between given points, while a feast for the eyes are a terror to the feet.

The magnificent stairways add much to the picture, but are very fatiguing. The wheeled chair, at fifty cents an hour, is the only escape. The Intramural railway, that promised so much in the way of transportation, has been proven a delusion. The track only circles the outside of the grounds, far from the central buildings. The stations are so far apart, and so inconveniently located, that it is usually quicker and less distance to walk to the desired point than to find a station, and walk from the alighting station to where the visitor wishes to go.

World's Fair feet have become a common complaint, the feet swelling until the shoes cannot be borne. Shoes that seem loose and comfortable at home become instruments of torture after a few days at the fair.

This exposition is a great and glorious affair, but to walk in the neighborhood of ten miles a day, with your head turned in every direction at once, and your eyes popping out of their sockets, while your mouth seems to think it produces a sufficient cavity, it can take in what your eyes and ears and tangled brain have missed, is no easy job.

The only thing to do at this fair is to allow plenty of time and money to see it properly. The time and money will never be regretted.



UT