

WOMAN WAGES WAR ON SENATOR HANNA.



In his local political fight against Mayor Tom L. Johnson's democratic machine, Senator Mark Hanna, of Cleveland, Ohio, finds one of his most determined opponents in Mrs. May Harrington Hanna, who is the divorced wife of Dan Hanna, the senator's son. Mrs. Hanna will take the stump throughout the local campaign and do her level best to thwart Senator Hanna's local designs.

**Wiped Off
... the Map**

Since the great railroad tunnel through Mount Sherman, Wyo., has been completed and trains now run under instead of over the giant steep, there has passed forever what has been for thirty-five years one of the most peculiar railroad stations in the world. Mount Sherman station stood on the very top of a mountain 9,000 feet high, in possibly as desolate a spot as human eye has ever gazed upon. Nowhere is there ever visible any vegetation beyond a few scraggy tufts of alkali wire grass. Even this can hardly exist in that region, where one may encounter almost any day in the summer rain, sleet, snow and hail, with a temperature that often varies from 75 degrees to 40 and back again within a few moments; where the wind never ceases to blow from twenty-five to seventy miles an hour, and where the nerves of many a tenderfoot have received terrible shocks during the passing of storms, with the clouds touching the ground and here and there hurling angry lightning bolts into the mineral rock.

Now the map no longer has a Mount Sherman station. Nothing in the way of habitation remains to denote the past existence of man on that dizzy height, and it is very probable that the weird, rockclad spot will never again be visited. If, however, in some future age science or quest of adventure shall lead some curious person over the summit, he will find standing silhouetted against the sky a massive pyramid shaped pile of chiseled granite, sixty-five feet high and sixty feet at the base, erected three years ago in honor of the Ames brothers, who made it possible to complete the Union Pacific railroad. A feeling of sentimentalism will doubtless now and then creep into minds of those who have often passed this monument, at the thought that it now stands so far out of the path of commerce, so far from the haunts of man,

deserted, to remain there almost as long as time shall endure.

Several years ago two tramp telegraph operators devised a scheme for making a few dollars without much effort. They erected a small shanty at Sherman, gathered pieces of rock of different formation, colored some of them with dyes and over others poured melted lead in spots and pounded small bits of copper into the cracks. These, when finished, were "specimens of gold and silver ores," and found a ready market. All trains stopped just in front of the shanty where the two geniuses held forth, to have the air-brakes tested and the wheels examined prior to the descent of the mountain. During these stops passengers were wont to run over to the shanty to make purchases of curios.

If there was ever a time when the wind did not blow a gale at Sherman it was a period previous to the advent of man up there, and it was this everlasting wind that oddly blew good to the tramp shopkeepers. One morning, when the overland flyer drew up at the old red depot, an aproned man stood at the door of the shanty on the opposite side of the track beating a gong with a vigor which soon attracted the attention of the passengers. Heads popped out of the windows, and in a moment people came tumbling out of the cars and made a grand rush for the supposed luncheon counter. The wind was whistling a merry tune over the summit, and in a very few seconds hats were rolling among the rocks and down into the gloom of the canyon. Of course, the recovery of the headgear was impossible.

When a lot of passengers had been "unroofed" it was the signal for the man with the gong to disappear and in his stead came another with a string of cheap hats and caps, which were easily disposed of to the unfortunates at fabulous prices.

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