



FROM THE SUMMIT OF PIKE'S PEAK

Colorado Springs, Colo., Aug. 21.—Fortunately for the gentleman who advised us to walk up Pike's Peak he was called home before we returned from the summit. He told us that the only real way to ascend the Peak was to start up in the evening, go as far as possible, stay out over night, and then finish the trip up in time to see the sunrise. We cheerfully admit that the sunrise is all that one could ask. But the walk up is another matter.

The architect of this department is no lightweight. His sedentary habits have made him shortwinded and tenderfooted. When a fellow is half-way up Pike's Peak he is about 7,000 feet above sea level, and the atmosphere at that elevation is about as thin as the average trust magnate's idea of charity. And it beats all how full of feet a fellow's shoes can get.

Colonel Zebulon Pike did not discover this peak. It was discovered several thousand years before Colonel Pike was born, but it so happened that it served as a guide to lead him out of the wilderness. Hence his name was given to the huge mountain. It is not recorded that Colonel Pike was so foolish as to foot his way to the top. We know a man who wouldn't do it again if the name was to be changed from Pike to his own. At Manitou they tell you it is about 7,000 feet to the top, but we know better. It is a thousand miles.

Nature is very fond of a joke now and then. That's what makes nature so enjoyable. In the Garden of the Gods nature has had many a joke, and that is what makes the trip through the garden so enjoyable. By a great stretch of the imagination one is able to see images of birds and beasts in the outlines of the rocks when the guide calls your attention to them—but you have to stretch the imagination. The humorous part of it all is the seriousness with which the guide points the things out, and the exclamations of delight from the tourists who think they see what the guide tells them they see.

"On the right is Cathedral Rock," says the guide. "Note the wonderful likeness to the towering spires of some great cathedral."

And the tourists squeal with delight and exclaim:

"Oh, isn't it just too lovely; just like some great cathedral's spires!"

And it's dollars to doughnuts not a tourist in the party ever saw anything nearer a cathedral spire than the steeple on the local Methodist church at home. Then it is that Mother Nature laughs.

But there are wonderful sights in the Garden of the Gods. Nature has carved out curiosities that man can never imitate. Balanced Rock is a wonder. A huge rock is perched upon a smaller rock, and the point of contact is so small that it seems as if a child could push it over. Yet it has stood for untold ages. It happened to be harder than the rock around it, and when the waters by erosion wore the soft rock away it left this silent old reminder of a former age standing there. You pause to look at the wonder, and a nasal-voiced photographer who has a shack

near by begins pestering you to death to have your picture taken.

"Take home a picture of yourself leaning against this wonder of nature," he pleads.

About seven out of every ten succumb to the temptation. Since watching that photographer, the architect has been debating whether he would rather have his job or a block of Standard Oil stock.

"Toadstool Park" is a part of the Garden of the Gods. Hundreds of rocks, many of them twenty or twenty-five feet high and exactly the shape of toadstools, stand up from the level plain inside the garden walls. They look the part too. The tourist has to look closely to make sure they are not real fungi.

The Garden itself covers many acres, and it is worth going hundreds of miles to see. And it is the result of the action of water upon red and white limestone through untold millions of ages.

The Garden of the Gods is, I believe, the property of a great western railroad corporation, and is kept open free for the use of the public. The only thing one has to do to see the sights is to go there and look. But if you want to you can spend a lot of money. You can hire a guide, ride a burro and have your picture taken as often as you please. And just about the time you have paused long enough to get interested in some magnificent bit of scenery, a hungry-eyed man will hop out of the bushes and insist on selling you a souvenir. After you have been in the garden for a half hour or so you expect to see a souvenir fiend appear from behind every stump, rock and clump of grass. And they have most persuasive ways, too.

Cheyenne canyon is another great scenic attraction. It is a rift in the mountain side, worn there by a dashing creek that has been racing down the mountain side for ages—long before Adam weakly succumbed to the blandishments of Eve. The tourist follows it in and out, here and there, and ever upward for miles, and every ten or fifteen yards has to dodge a seller of souvenirs. The seven falls are wonderful. The architect would give a whole lot to see a collection of souvenir sellers trying to shoot the seven falls in a canoe.

But, after all, the grim old peak standing like a sentinel on the edge of the wide plain is the greatest attraction of all. It has a peculiar fascination for the visitor. You just can't rest contented until you have been to the top. And he who once sees the sunrise from the vantage point of the peak will never forget it. Colors that mortal painters have died vainly trying to catch. Flashing lights that no artist can ever hope to catch. And out of the great stillness that broods over all one seems to catch a whisper of the infinite. It really seems as if one stands a little closer to the Almighty when one looks outward and upward from one of these great mountains.

Pike's Peak isn't as high by several hundred feet as Gray's Peak, near

Denver, but Pike has had the best press agent, and the result is that the mountain climbers come here.

By the way, the street railway company here has a fine thing. You get on the car in Colorado Springs and before you are settled in your seat the conductor makes you dig up a nickel. Before you go any distance at all he comes back and says "fare."

"But I paid you a moment ago," you say.

"That was for Colorado Springs," he replies. "We are now in Colorado City."

So you dig up another nickel and then resume gazing out upon the cloud-tipped summit of the peak. Then that same conductor taps you on the shoulder again and says:

"Fare, please."

"But I just paid you a nickel," you exclaim.

"Yes, but that was for Colorado City. We are now in Manitou," says the conductor.

So you dig up for the third time, and all inside of ten minutes. If a man had a license to burglarize banks he would not have any softer snap than this street railway line.

The "lid" is always on in Colorado Springs. There are no saloons in the city. The deed for every lot specifies that if liquor is ever sold on the lot it reverts back to the original owner. The supreme court has held the reversion clause to be good, and as lots in this city are valuable the owners are not taking any chances.

A man, evidently a resident, informed the architect that he could get a thirst quencher if he wanted it.

"I'll show you where you can get it," whispered the man. "Just come with me."

Did you ever read Frank Stockton's story, "The Lady or the Tiger?"

The most numerous man in Colorado is the grizzled old fellow who "drove the first freight wagon from the Missouri river to Denver." You meet him everywhere. You see an old and somewhat gray man coming towards you, looking rather down in the mouth and somewhat "up against it," and it's an even break that he "drove the first freight wagon." If you believe it and listen to his story, you get a valuable crop of misinformation.

"You have lived here a long time, have you not?" you ask of some old gentleman.

"Say, I've been here from the first," he will say. "Why, my boy, I drove the first freight wagon that ever crossed the plains. That was in 1847. Yes, sir; the first freight wagon. Why, I remember that on that trip, while we were—"

And if you don't make your escape right then and there you are doomed. You've got to stand right there and be filled up with Colorado history that will never be written into books on this earth. But I'm thinking that the recording angel is keeping tab on a lot of it.

The only trouble about a week's visit in this section of the country is that a week contains but seven days.

No, there is another trouble about visiting here. But it can not be remedied any more than the week can. A man really ought to have a private mint of his own and run it overtime for a month or two before starting west. You don't have to spend much money, for room and board are comparatively cheap—cheaper than one might think. But the best of us succumb to the awful souvenir habit inside three or four hours, and then everything is lost save honor.

THE NEW Ingersoll DOLLAR WATCH Stem Wind Stem Set

8,000 Ingersoll Watches a day—made, regulated, sold and guaranteed; and every one stem wind and push-in stem set. The Ingersoll is true-timing, long-enduring, handsome, dependable. Sold by 50,000 reputable dealers at less than the factory cost of regulating an ordinary watch.



The Ingersoll is the only "Dollar Watch" but there are all sorts of make-shift imitations. Be sure you say "Ingersoll," and look for that name on the dial. Then you'll put your dollar into a real time-keeper, backed up by a guarantee that means something. Other Ingersoll watches—The "Eclipse," \$1.50—The "Triumph," \$1.75, and the new "Midget" Watch for ladies, \$1.50. Booklet free.

Ingersoll Dollar Chains—12 patterns, and guaranteed to assay more gold than any \$2 chain. Circular free.

Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro.
119 Jewellers Court, N. Y.

PATENTS that PROTECT
Our 3 books for inventors mailed on receipt of 6 cts. stamps
R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1855.

STARK TREES ARE FAMOUS
wherever planted; are planted everywhere trees are grown. Free Catalog of superb fruits—Black Ben, King David, Delicious, etc.—Start Ben's, Louisiana, La.

Make Money
Men or women of any age can make big money. We teach you free. Old established house. Work honorable, easy and light; at home. Make \$3 to \$10 per day sure. Write to-day.
ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO. Box 2205 Detroit, Mich.

SHORTHAND Typewriting, Bookkeeping, Penmanship, etc. 30 teachers, 1400 students, cheap board, and \$100,000 School Building. Graduates readily secure situations. Beautiful illustrated catalog FREE. Write for it today.
D. L. MUSSELMAN, Pres.
Box 223, Gen. City Business College, Quincy, Ill.

American Conservatory

Kimball Hall
239 to 253
Wabash Ave.
Chicago, Ill.
The Leading School of Music and Dramatic Art.
TWENTY-FIRST SEASON. Sixty-five eminent instructors. Unsurpassed course of study. Teachers' Training Department. Diplomas and Teacher's Certificates. Unrivaled Free Advantages. Thirty free scholarships awarded annually to talented students of limited means. Fall term begins Sept. 10, 1906. Catalogue mailed free.
JOHN J. HATTSTAEDT, President.

UNION PACIFIC OVERLAND Low One-way Rates

To many points in
California, Oregon, Washington

From Lincoln via
Union Pacific

Every day from Sept. 15 to Oct. 31, 1906
\$20.00 to Ogden and Salt Lake City, to Butte, Anaconda and Helena.
\$22.50 to Pendleton and Walls Walls, to Spokane & Wenatchee, Wash. to San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego and many other California points.
\$25.00 to Everett, Fairhaven, Whatcom, Vancouver, Victoria and Astoria, to Ashland, Roseburg, Eugene, Albany and Salem via Portland, to Portland, or to Tacoma and Seattle.

And to many other points. Inquire of
E. B. SLOSSON, Gen'l Agent