

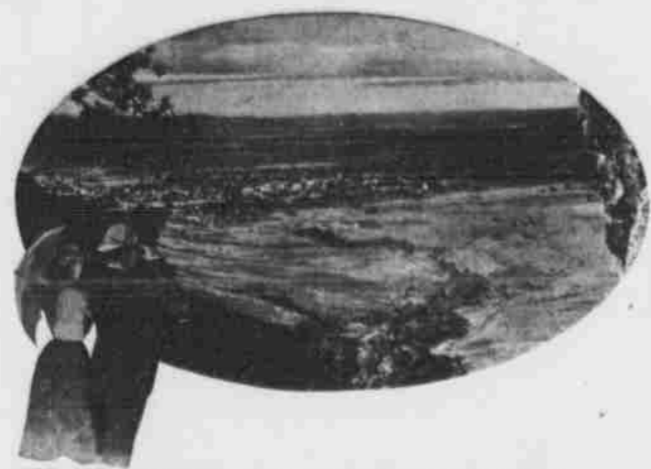
Where to Go for a Delightful Vacation Trip

WHERE shall we go? Literally, the burning question, and echo answers, to Colorado and Utah. In a brief resume it is impossible to do more than briefly indicate a few of the wonders of this entrancingly beautiful part of the country.

The scenes, incidents and adventures of tourist travel in Colorado have furnished writers with material for many of the most entertaining descriptive letters ever published in America. These letters found their more eager and more numerous readers years ago, when there were no railroads and when the journey by wagon, on horse and on foot, over the mountain trail, or through perilous passes, was fraught with difficulties, dangers and wild adventures. Then the Indian was to be found on every pathway, ready to take the scalp of a white man if he were in the humor to do so, while hungry bears and ferocious mountain lions lurked in the way. Such perils as these added greatly to the charm of the narrative as it appeared in print, and made a hero of the tourist, but made pleasure-seeking somewhat of a hardship. But such embarrassments as these must have taken much of the romance out of the trip and marred one's perception of the grand and beautiful in the glorious mountain scenery and delicious air of Colorado.

With the new era of railroads there is a change that brings many new charms and affords the tourist a more delightful journey through the Rockies. With easy and rapid transit along the valleys, or plunging wildly through the canyons, or whirling around and over the dizzy summits, the tourist of today may sit at the window of his luxurious palace car, charmed with wonder and admiration as the grand panorama of mountain peaks roll by as if upon a scroll, with here and there a charming vista of glens, peaks and valleys, with their sparkling waters, their verdure and their flowers—an ever-changing vision of all that is grotesque and beautiful in this rugged configuration in the face of Mother Earth.

Assuming that the searcher after rest



CITY OF BOULDER, Colo.—FROM CHAUTAUQUA HEIGHTS, ON THE UNION PACIFIC.



TROUT LAKE, Colo.—REACHED VIA THE UNION PACIFIC.



PIKE'S PEAK—FROM BRIARHURST, MANITOU, REACHED VIA THE UNION PACIFIC.

amidst nature's richest treasures goes from St. Louis to Denver, he will assuredly seek out the Colorado parks. To fully understand the Colorado parks they must be seen. No description can do them justice, and neither the skill of a Bierstadt nor a Moran could picture their pure atmosphere—so like the breath from Paradise—nor reproduce their beautiful colors and forms.

The Great Parks of Colorado.

The five great natural parks of Colorado bear an important relation to the state in all her diversified interests. They constitute one of her chief glories. They are not, as many suppose, small areas of level ground closely hemmed in by neighboring hills, and beautiful with evergreens and flowers, but they are vast territories of country, large enough for a principality, larger than two or three counties in many states, and almost as large as some of the states themselves. They contain fields and forests and great stretches of arid plains, where the herds of the cattlemen have succeeded the herds of buffalo; they are watered by creeks and rivers and contain villages and farm houses; they have springs and lakes, where hotels and other places

of entertainment have been built for settlers, for tourists, hunters, campers and others seeking remote places of resort in the heart of the Rocky mountains. These prominent sections are North Park, Middle Park, Estes Park, South Park and San Luis Park.

The parks, in their general features, form irregular plateaus or basins, their surface diversified with gently rolling hills and long, level bottoms. The valleys are clothed with luxuriant grasses and flowering plants and the hills are covered with heavy timber, so that the natural beauties of hill and valley, forest and plain, are combined. Possessing all these advantages, the parks will become commonwealths to the farmer, the herdsman and the hunter, while the clear, cool, bracing and refreshing atmosphere is exhilarating and invigorating. These parks have many attractions that invite people within their borders for health and recreation.

For game, these parks have no equal in the world, for numerous streams running through them are the homes of myriads of fish, while there are plenty of deer, elk, antelope, bear, mountain sheep, grouse and quail, squirrels and rabbits. Often the foliage is so dense that the

sun's rays can scarcely penetrate it, and the silence as the traveler wends his way by narrow paths between the trees, though oppressive, inspires the tourist to moods of meditation and flights of fancy without the chance of interruption, unless, peradventure, a bear or mountain lion should spring across his pathway, for these animals, in company with deer and elk, the bison, the mountain sheep and the smaller game, are now the only residents of this region. Emerging from these dense forests into the open sunlight, the tourist sometimes finds himself upon the highest point of the mountain, in the midst of a grassy lawn, dotted with tiny flowers, and in the center of this lawn lies a beautiful lake, circular in form and nearly a mile wide, its crystal waters glistening in the sun, reflecting as in a mirror every object on its banks. From this point there is a sublime vision of forest below and of dark ridges and lofty mountain peaks, and even glimpses of the Laramie Plains and the Black Hills in the dim distance beyond. To enable persons to reach these favored

localities without unnecessary expenditure of time or money the Union Pacific has put in effect very low rates and splendid train service, three trains leaving Missouri River daily for Denver, one of which is "The Colorado Special," the finest and fastest train in the west. Accommodations are provided for all classes of passengers on these trains, the equipment including free reclining chair cars, dining cars, buffet, smoking cars, drawing room sleepers and day coaches, etc.

Millions Which Grew from One Idea

THE great fortune of Mrs. Alfred Corning Clark, whom Bishop Potter of New York is to marry, was one of the many founded with a little steel shuttle that genius set flying under Elias Howe's eye-pointed needle, placing the Yankee sewing machines among the world's last wonders.

To begin at the beginning—with the story of Edward Clark, the founder of the Clark millions and the father of Alfred Corning Clark, Mrs. Clark's late husband. He was a promising young attorney in Hudson, near Poughkeepsie, relates the New York Herald, and had the good fortune to marry the daughter of Ambrose L. Jordan, a distinguished lawyer of the place. Having ideas beyond the limitations of a Hudson river village, young Clark went to New York to practice law. He took up his residence in East Fourteenth street, then a fashionable part of the city.

Among his neighbors were Rufus Choate, Hamilton Fish, Mr. Gunther, who became mayor, and many other distinguished New Yorkers of that period, famous for great events—the completion of the Croton aqueduct, street cars to Central park, the Crystal palace and peace following the Mexican war.

Mr. Clark displayed ability as a lawyer and won important cases. Among his clients was a struggling young machinist, one Isaac M. Singer, in litigation with Elias Howe, Jr., the sewing machine inventor, particularly of the needle with its eye at the point.

Mr. Singer, born in 1811 in Oswego, N. Y., with a taste for machinery, had ventured as far west as the village of Chicago. There he invented a patent drill and a machine to carve type. He was poor and life was a struggle. Hearing of Elias Howe's sewing machine, he came east, saw him and suggested improvements. The result was the invention of a Singer single thread lock stitch machine; next, the double shuttle, the Singer stitch and a sort of working alliance with Howe, and, later, litigation.

The Howe company sued Singer, alleging infringements on their patent, and Mr. Clark, a young lawyer, was retained to defend the suit. He was not only successful, but made important business suggestions. He was so impressed with Mr. Singer's ability and the prospective value of his invention, and particularly with his business sagacity, that he advanced him money to build a factory in New York and then became a partner in the business.

That was the beginning of many fortunes. As the Howe company grew in wealth their suits against Mr. Singer multiplied, Mr. Clark defending them. Instead of receiving cash for his legal services he took stock, and soon became a power in the rapidly growing concern.

Business expanded to enormous proportions under Mr. Clark's wise management, and he finally became president of the corporation.

Mr. Singer soon began to amass wealth. He gave his wife \$10 a day for household expenses, moved from Fourth avenue to 14 Fifth avenue, kept six carriages and ten horses and lived in luxury. Finally he went abroad, leaving Mr. Clark at the head of the business.

Mr. Clark's foresight in taking stock for

his services in winning the suits against the Howe company increased his interests until they nearly equaled Mr. Singer's.

Among Mr. Clark's sons was Alfred Corning Clark, a thoughtful, studious young man, fond of music, literature and art, which in those days did not count for much with business men. His brothers cared more for the world and went abroad to see life and enjoy themselves, but they soon died.

In 1860 Edward Lorraine Clark died in Rome of Roman fever. His distinguished father died in the following year and his brother Ambrose died later, leaving Alfred Corning Clark sole heir to a vast estate.

Mr. Singer had also died at Torquay, England, leaving several families to contest for his millions and leaving the Clarks masters of the business. Alfred Corning Clark was a most lovable young man of manners and noble courtesy. His thoughts being on books and art, and finding himself at the head of a colossal enterprise, he looked around for a manager.

Strange as it may seem, his fancy fell on a clerk in the Mercantile library, whom he had known at the library in his literary researches.

Thus it was that Mr. Frederick Gilbert Bourne, a clerk in the library, receiving, it is said, less than \$1,000 a year, was engaged by Mr. Clark as his confidential agent. Although devoted to intellectual pursuits, young Clark had the sagacity of his father, and, as a stepping stone to higher things, offered the library clerk a salary to look after the estate. Mr. Bourne accepted.

Mr. Clark had been greatly impressed with the young man's industry and unflinching courtesy at the library. He noted that he attended strictly to business. Mr. Clark was a close student of men, as well as of books, and from the first he had taken a strong liking to the young man.

His judgment was vindicated. Mr. Bourne soon displayed extraordinary capacity for business. His financial management was a success, and under his advice Mr. Clark's real estate transactions proved immensely profitable. But the young man was equally valuable as an adviser in the management of the sewing machine business, and was finally made president, to succeed Mr. Clark.

That gentleman, now relieved from business cares, with millions at his command, again found himself a free man, with leisure for music and books. Music was his greatest passion. His fine mind and lofty imaginative nature could now take wings and soar to the skies.

He made frequent trips to Europe, visiting places of renown, noted galleries and famous churches. His favorite haunts were among the cathedrals and ancient castles of England. It was while on one of these trips through the country, visiting friends at one of the old country seats, that he met the most charming woman he had ever seen.

She was a typical English girl, gifted, a clergyman's daughter, of wondrous fascination and presence. In addition to her exquisite charm she had a fine intellectual head, with eyes of transfixing loveliness and a manner sincere, simple, enchanting.

The man of books, music and poetry,

under those English skies and wide spreading trees, was in love. In her haunting eyes he read the answer to his life's desires. When he proposed she said yes.

On bringing the bride to New York there was a change in the quiet atmosphere of the Clark household. Boxes were bought at the opera and there were musicales and grand parties and sociability and entertainment became a feature of daily life. In America it was called a marriage of a thousand—a singularly happy one—and four sons brought life and joy into the Clark family.

Edward Clark had bought a fine estate on Otsego lake, where he built a great house which he called Fernleigh hall and which was one of the best country mansions in America. He also had bought the old Fenimore Cooper homestead, where "Deerslayer," "The Pathfinder," "The Last of the Mohicans" and other famous Indian romances by Cooper were written.

And it was to this ideal American home, surrounded by the loveliest of American scenery, that Alfred Corning Clark took his English bride to spend the summer months. She was even more fascinated by the charm of the region and has always made it her summer residence. Since the death of her husband she has still further improved it, made parks, erected monuments, established a large observatory, commanding the lake and the surrounding country for miles, and set apart a fund for keeping it in repair. When she finds worthy men out of work she puts them on a living salary and gives them employment.

When Alfred Corning Clark's father died his fortune was estimated at from \$35,000,000 to \$40,000,000, but today, through Mr. Bourne's sagacious management, it is said to reach at least \$60,000,000.

Mrs. Clark's four sons are all millionaires and among the richest young men in the country.

As an example of Mr. Alfred Corning Clark's generosity this story is told: A teacher and tenor singer, Mr. Severini, who had come from Europe to find an opening in his profession, so completely won Mr. Clark's heart that the millionaire became his lifelong friend, and he not only gave him an income for life, but gave him two houses to live in free of rent, with servants and all appointments thrown in. He was his frequent visitor, often spending whole evenings taking part in the music and singing. When Mr. Severini died, about twelve years ago, Mr. Clark personally took his body to Europe and superintended its interment in his native town, paying all expenses.

His Opportunity Came

Chicago Tribune: A sudden gust of wind blew the hat from the head of the gray-haired passenger in the hindmost seat of the street car and carried it scurrying over the muddy road far in the rear.

He rose to grasp the bell rope, but a prosperous-looking man sitting next to him grasped him by the coat-tail.

"Don't do it," said the prosperous-looking man. "Let it go. It was a straw hat, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said the gray-haired passenger,

"but great sakes, it's all I've got! What will I—"

"My friend," interrupted the other, whipping a small bundle from a side pocket and proceeding to open it out, "try this on."

"What is it?"

"It's a \$20 Panama hat. How does it fit?"

"It fits well enough, but—"

"Then keep it, sir; keep it! Ever since my butler began to wear one like it I've been trying to give this one away, but nobody will have it. It will do to wear till you get downtown, where you can buy a decent straw hat. No, I don't want any thanks. I regard this as a providential opportunity to get rid of the thing. Does it go? All right. You have done me a great favor, sir."

And the car sped on.

Pointed Paragraphs

Chicago News: A lie is often told without saying a word.

The chief burden of a woman's life is her neighbors.

Time is money to the man who has a government contract.

When a tramp sees an axe it always gives him a splitting headache.

An epitaph on a man's tombstone never indicates that he was a bore.

After reaching a ripe old age some men

have nothing to do but sit around and nurse their frost-bitten aspirations.

A man's second love nearly always owns more property than his first one.

Perhaps, after all, babies do understand the language women talk to them—and stay awake nights to get even.

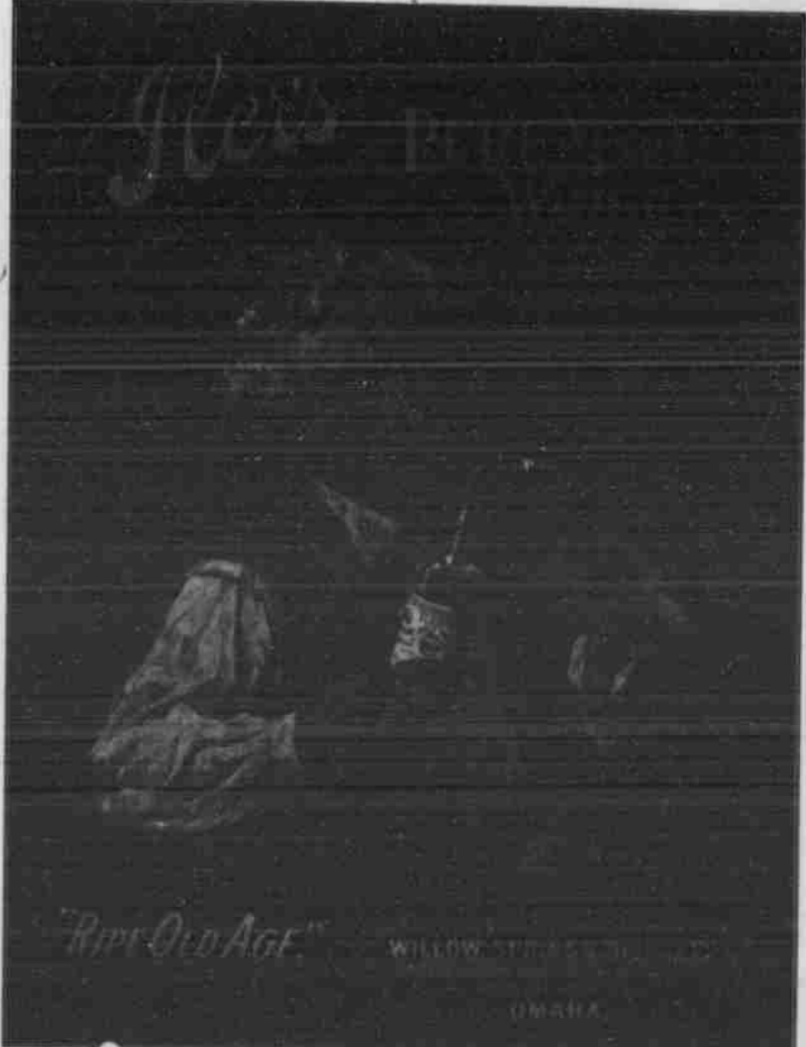
In every town and village may be had, the

Mica Axle Grease

that makes your horses glad.



Made by Standard Oil Co.



Rye Old Age