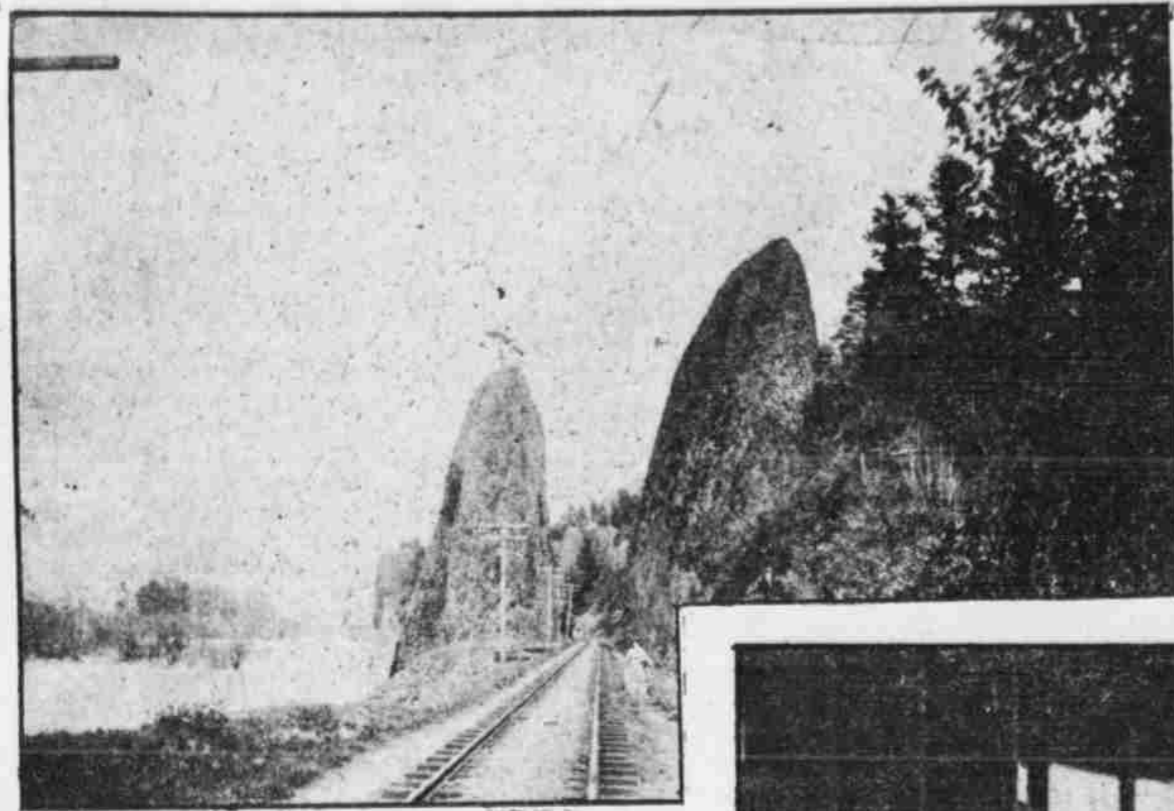


Where Will You Spend a Vacation in the Good Old Summer Time?



PILLARS OF HERCULES, COLUMBIA RIVER VALLEY.

Some Helpful Hints and Suggestions that Should Assist You in Answering This Annually Recurring and Most Perplexing of Domestic Questions



ROAD TO YELLOWSTONE CANYON.

Vacation Song

I have closed my books and hidden my slate,
And thrown my satchel across the gate.
My school is out for a season of rest,
And now for the school room I love the best.
My school room lies on the meadow wide,
Where under the cover the sunbuds hide,
Where the long vines cling to the mossy bars,
And the daisies twinkle like fallen stars.
Where clusters of buttercups gild the scene,
Like showers of gold dust thrown over the green,
And the wind's flying footsteps are traced as they pass,
By the dance of the sorrel and the dip of the grass.
My lessons are written in clouds and trees,
And no one whispers except the breeze,
Who sometimes blows, from a secret place,
A stray, sweet blossom against my face.
My school bell rings in the rippling stream
Which hides itself, like a school boy's dream,
Under the shadow and out of sight,
But laughing still for its own delight.
My schoolmates there are the birds and bees,
And the saucy squirrel, more dull than these,
For he only learns in all the weeks,
How many chestnuts will fill his cheeks.
O come! O come! or we shall be late,
And autumn will fasten the golden gate.
Of all the school rooms in east or west
The school room of Nature I love the best.



STARTING FOR THE SUMMER TRIP.

In June

Ah, but life is good in June,
With roses in each hedge,
And ferns that droop, a green festoon,
Along the water's edge.
And now she builds, the speckled loon,
Her nest amidst the sedge.
Ah, but life is rare, I know,
When water lilies bud,
But hide their petals, white as snow,
Beneath the masking mud,
For soon their crowns of white will glow
Upon the silvery flood.
Ah, but life is sweet and fair
When all the world is green,
When all the fields of upper air
Are cloudless and serene,
And all the rose trees lift and bear
Their cups to love, the queen.
Ah, but life is full of wine
And filled with deep desire,
When every tree and bud and vine
Is touched with summer fire,
When living things through sheen and shine
Toward the skies aspire.
Ah, but life is good in June,
When all the thrushes sing,
When all the world becomes in tune
And hope is one the wing,
With full fruition coming soon
Of all the promise of the spring.



SCENE ON THE BEACH AT LAKE OKOBOJI.

brush, greasewood, scrub pine, majestic firs, brooks in whose cool waters lurk the finest of trout, rivers that roar and foam among their rocks, now leaping over sheer descents, now filling the canyon from wall to wall, so that the railroad must dart through a tunnel to find a path; farms and flocks, thrifty hamlets and bustling cities, and over all the bluest sky and the clearest, purest air known to man, all combine to make a succession of pictures the like of which is not known anywhere else in the world.

Yellowstone Park

If you have Yellowstone park in mind, you change cars at Pocatello, Idaho, and ride 130 miles to Monda, where, at the very crest of the Rockies, you take a stage for the ride through the great wonderland of the world. This stage trip takes the visitor to all the points of interest in this place, where nature seems to have left an unfinished spot and where even the solid rocks seem to be in but a transitory state. All the many wonders of this place are within easy access to the visitor now, and the stage trip does away with all the discomforts formerly experienced by visitors.

After leaving the park a ride along the wonderful valley of the Snake river affords some magnificent scenery, including the great American falls, which are almost directly under the bridge on which the road crosses the Snake river. Shoshone is another station at which the traveler is assured an awe inspiring spectacle, for it is from here the great Shoshone falls, the Niagara of the west, exceeding in grandeur and magnificence the famed falls of the Niagara river, are reached. The Snake river is followed for many miles, and is crossed and recrossed by the track, which runs now in Oregon, now in Idaho. Finally, at Huntington, the road starts across the state of Oregon. Dodging through a pass in the Blue mountains, where the eye is delighted by the blending of the dark pines with the green of the valley, the valley of the Grand Ronde river is attained, and another long stretch of beautiful meadow hedged in by rugged mountains. Another climb over the summit and the road runs into the most spectacular of western river valleys, the Columbia.

From Umatilla to Portland, nearly 200 miles, the road runs directly alongside the river, through a continually shifting change of incomparable scenery. The majestic river on the one side and the equally impressive mountains on the other, the broken and jagged rocks, the stately firs, the larch and the birch, all are settings of a picture of wondrous beauty. The far-famed Dalles of the Columbia are encountered soon after leaving Umatilla, and here the great spectacle of a mighty river tearing its way through a great wall of basalt rock, over huge boulders and among the fragments left by the wreck of ages, is spread to view. Below the Dalles the course of the great river is more placid, as becomes its tremendous strength, and to one who has been accustomed to the rivers that drain the great alluvial plains of the central basin of the United States it has a peculiar beauty.

Relics of Lewis and Clark

Many points of historical interest are noted along the line, due to the visit of Lewis and Clark on their famous exploring trip, and the incidents that have become associated with them. Indeed, the story of the Columbia is a literature itself. Not the least interesting of sights are the great peaks of the Cascade range, Hood, Adams, Ranier and Snaasta. All these add their majesty to the landscape and serve to keep the mind of the beholder for the first time in a continual state of wonderment and debate. After Portland the vacation spender has his choice of routes to San Francisco, either rail or water, and once

there, the glorious empire of the Golden state is open to him.

It is not worth while to here decant on the manifold attractions offered by California to the tourist. Like the valley of the Columbia, California is in a class by itself, and always has something new to offer.

If one should choose the Burlington for a western tour the route would be in a sense reversed, and Colorado, with its majestic mountains, its wondrous gorges and its unsurpassed scenery, would be first experienced. Over this line the traveler gets the ride through the granary of the world, the Platte and Republican valleys of Nebraska, and then the most stupendous of mountain scenery. At Denver a sweep of 200 miles of the great range of the Rockies is offered, from Long's peak on the north to Pike's peak on the south, with the Snowy range and Gray's peak in the middle distance. This superb panorama shifts as the train runs along the base of the mountains, with the ever-changing vista of the fertile plains on the one hand and the cloud-capped summits of the everlasting hills on the other. The line of travel runs through the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas river, over the hanging bridge, one of the greatest feats accomplished by man in the way of overcoming the obstacles offered by nature. "Onward and upward" is the motto here, until finally the crest is passed, and from Malta, within reach of the headwaters of both the Arkansas and the Grand. Thence the direction is down, through the canyon of the Grand, past Glenwood Springs and on through the famed Grand river fruit country, amid some of the most striking scenery on the continent. Crossing into Utah, the canyon scenery is continued along the Green river; then the Utah desert is crossed, and the climb up the Wasatch mountains begins. This is one of the most attractive of rides.

Pretty Puget Sound

After Portland comes the Puget sound country, Tacoma, Seattle, Bellingham, a continual succession of new experiences for the visitor, and then back over the Cascades through the wonderful forests of Washington, down the valley of the Yakima, one of the most seductive pastoral streams that ever charmed the eye, through the wheat region, past Lake Pen d'Oreille; Spokane, with its water power; across Idaho and back into Montana. Every mile of this ride is fraught with its individual interest, and the climb over the Rockies from Butte to Livingston is without an equal as to scenery. The winding of the railroad along the beetling crags and the towering cliffs, skirting giddy precipices and diving through tunnels at the very crest of the backbone of the continent, is one that will never fade from the mind, standing clear and distinct apart from all others. Then Yellowstone Park comes again, with its array of indescribable beauties and wonders. Along this ride through the mountains of Montana one sees the union of the Jefferson, the Madison and the Gallatin, to form the Missouri, and may watch the Big Muddy in its infant glee, tossing in crystal purity over boulders that have defied it for ages. It doesn't look much like the turbid, turbid stream that runs past Omaha. After finishing Yellowstone park, the road is along the Yellowstone river to Billings, and then through the eastern part of Wyoming, with a view of the Custer battlefield, back to Nebraska and Omaha.

If one is not minded for this great ride of 6,000 miles amid the sublimest and most attractive scenery nature has to offer, the list of vacation jaunts is almost innumerable, and the railroads will be glad to take one to any of them. The Black Hills offers a wealth of varied scenery, the Rocky mountains in miniature; the Hot Springs, the trout fishing and the invigorating atmosphere that would put life into a



MORNING START AT LAKE WASHINGTON.

mummy. One of its new favorites in Wyoming is the wonderland that lies just beyond Cody, where the best fishing and hunting to be found on the continent is to be had. Two fine log cabin inns have been built, one at Wapiti, thirty-eight miles from Cody, and one, the Pahaska Tepee, sixty-four miles from Cody. These are easily reached over good roads, and the opportunities for rest and recreation far from business cares and surrounded by nature at its best, is unsurpassed. It is not a new road to the park, but if one wants to, the Pahaska Tepee is but thirty-two miles from Lake hotel, Yellowstone park.

When You Prefer the East

Estes Park, Colo., is another of the favorite nearby resorts, an ideal place to spend a few days in loafing and fishing. The Loop trip out of Denver, up the Clear Creek canyon to Silver Plume, is a one-day jaunt that should not be missed by any sight-seer. All of Colorado's mountain resorts are easily reached over this line. These offer fishing, hunting, boating, bathing, sight-seeing and genuine rest, with an appetite and refreshing sleep.

Of course, a lot of people have the eastern resorts in view whenever they have a vacation trip to take. For these the great lakes, the Mackinac resorts, the New England mountains and the seashore have special attractions. They are to be reached by any of the railroads leading eastward out of Omaha. The vacation tour in Europe seems also to be becoming more and more popular, and Omaha's contribution to the exodus of European tourists this year is said to be greater than in any previous year.

If the time is short, then the lakes of Iowa and Minnesota afford the opportunity for fishing, boating and the like. Lake Okoboji and Spirit Lake in Iowa, reached over the Milwaukee, are among the resorts most affected by Omaha people. A little Omaha colony is usually at found at Okoboji during the season, many residents here maintaining summer homes there. These can be reached Saturday night by the head of the family, who can spend the Sabbath quietly amid the most restful of surroundings, and reach his business again on Monday morning. The Northwestern and the Milwaukee offer a fine list of lake attractions, their lines reaching the heart of the lake country of that state. Minnesota and Wisconsin. Lake Washington, Minn., is another favorite place for Omaha folks to go for fish and the rest that comes with a day or two away from business. In fact, so many places may be reached in a night's ride from the city that the list would confuse if printed at length here.

If you are going on a vacation this summer the best thing to do is to see your railroad agent before making up your mind. If he can't tempt you this year with a feast of attractions that is almost irresistible, nothing will.