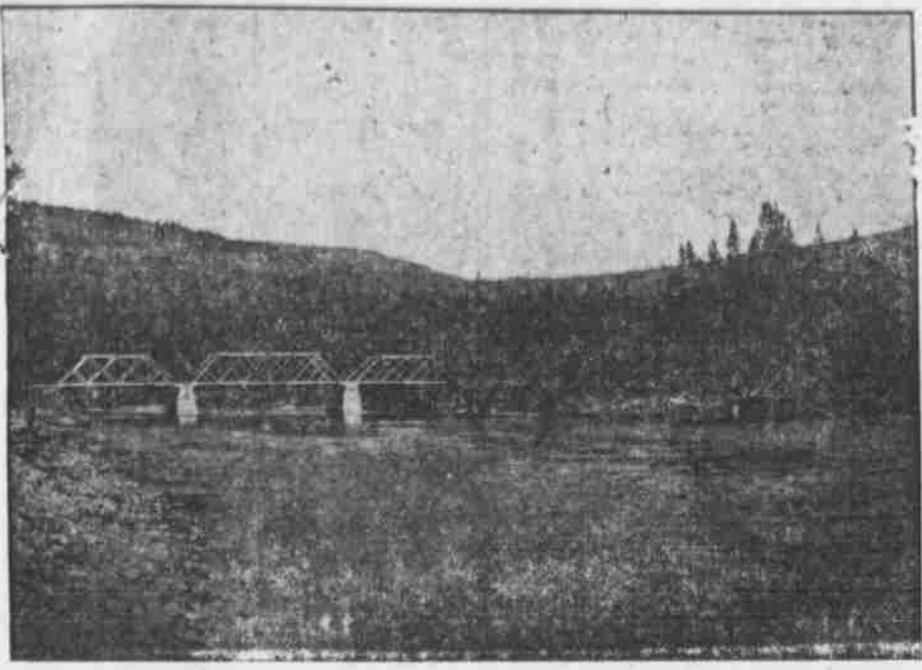


Beauty to Which Nature Calls the Weary Dweller in Heated Cities



WHERE THE BIG RAINBOWS? BURLINGTON.

WHERE to go is quite as much of a question as when to go. Why has been long ago settled. It is not good for a man to work all the time, and summer affords the best of excuses for getting away from office or business cares for a short time. Fortunately for the man who starts from Omaha or anywhere in the region contiguous to Omaha, he is offered at the very outset opportunities of visiting the most alluring of summer resorts by the railroads that center here. His only trouble is in picking out which place he will go to. From the nearby lakes of Iowa and Minnesota to the far away mountains of the east, or from the wonderful array of fishing and hunting lodges in the mountains of Wyoming and Dakota, to the stupendous panoramas of Yellowstone, he has such a variety of places from which to select that his most perplexing task arises at the very outset. If he is wise he will visit the railroad offices some days in advance of the time he makes up his mind to go, and take the passenger agents into his confidence. These men will take pleasure giving him information enough to fill an encyclopedia and all of it valuable. He may learn the whereabouts and location of every boarding house in the Rocky mountains, or anywhere else; the cost of board, and of saddle horse hire, or any other item he may wish to be informed concerning, even to the cost of bait. When possessed of this information, he may digest it at his leisure, and having finally come to which of the many desirable spots he will turn his way for his rest time, he may be sure that the railroad will do its part with neatness and dispatch, and that he will find things at the resort very much as represented in the prospectus.

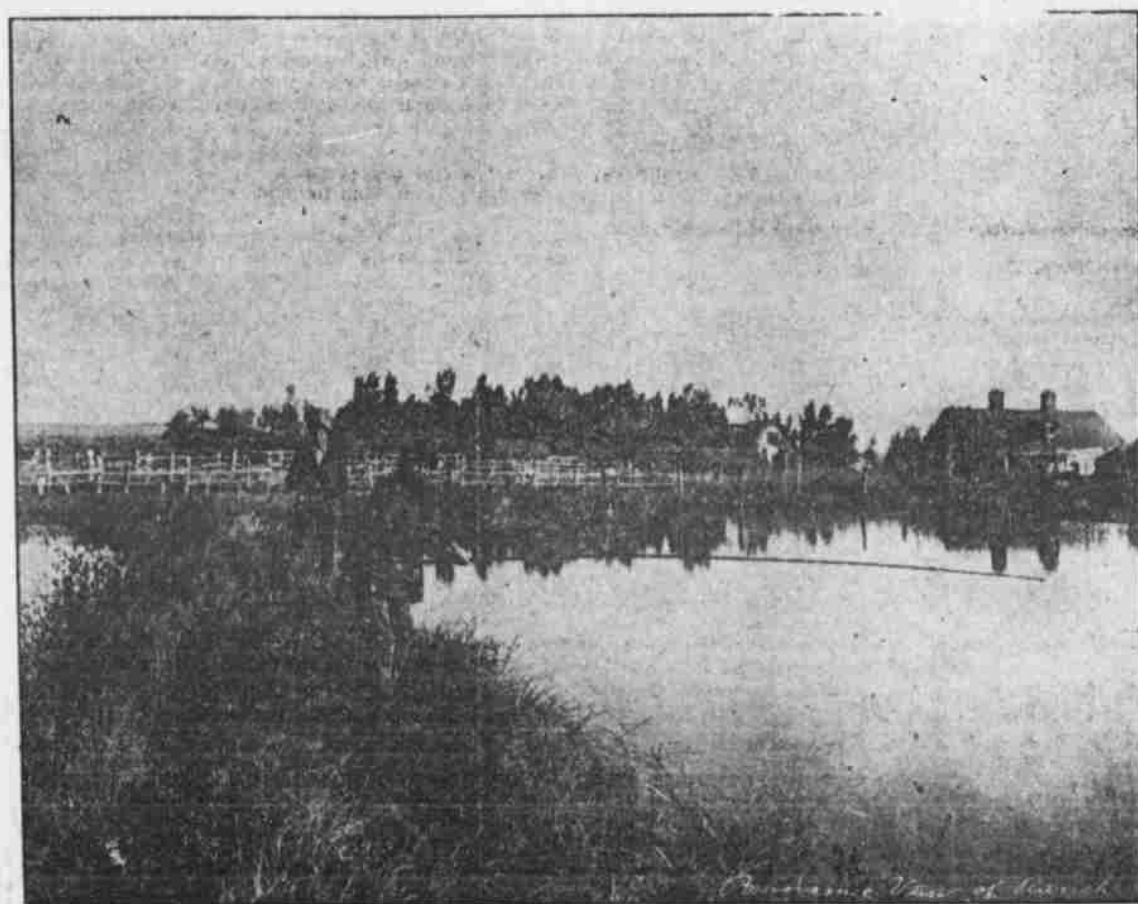
Railroads All Interested.
Each of the railroads takes a more or less personal interest in the man or woman who is hunting for a place to spend a few weeks or days in rest. This is simply a business proposition with them, for they know that once they have gotten the tired mortal to accept the service and accommodation offered, they have made a friend for life, and so are willing to take great pains with the person in search of a place to spend a vacation. The Union Pacific and Burlington are offering to the public this season the choice of some practically unexploited fishing grounds, some trout streams that are almost virgin to the angler, and in which the fish are numerous and game. These spots are in Wyoming, the pictures here giving a good idea of what may be expected. An Omaha man had a letter from his son, who is up in Wyoming, during the week, telling of an eight and one-half pound rainbow trout being exposed in a butcher shop for sale. That is enough to take the whole colony of fishermen to Wyoming in itself. Both these lines take pleasure seekers to Yellowstone park, and to the great mountain retreats of the Rockies.

The Milwaukee and Northwestern offer the lakes of Minnesota and Wisconsin to the fisherman and promisc much in the way of boating and bathing to all. The Wabasha is boosting for its trip over the great lakes, its Niagara Falls scenery, and its St. Lawrence river and eastern coast connections. Each of the other lines reaches some point that is attractive, and all are ready to aid the prospective loafer in every possible way.

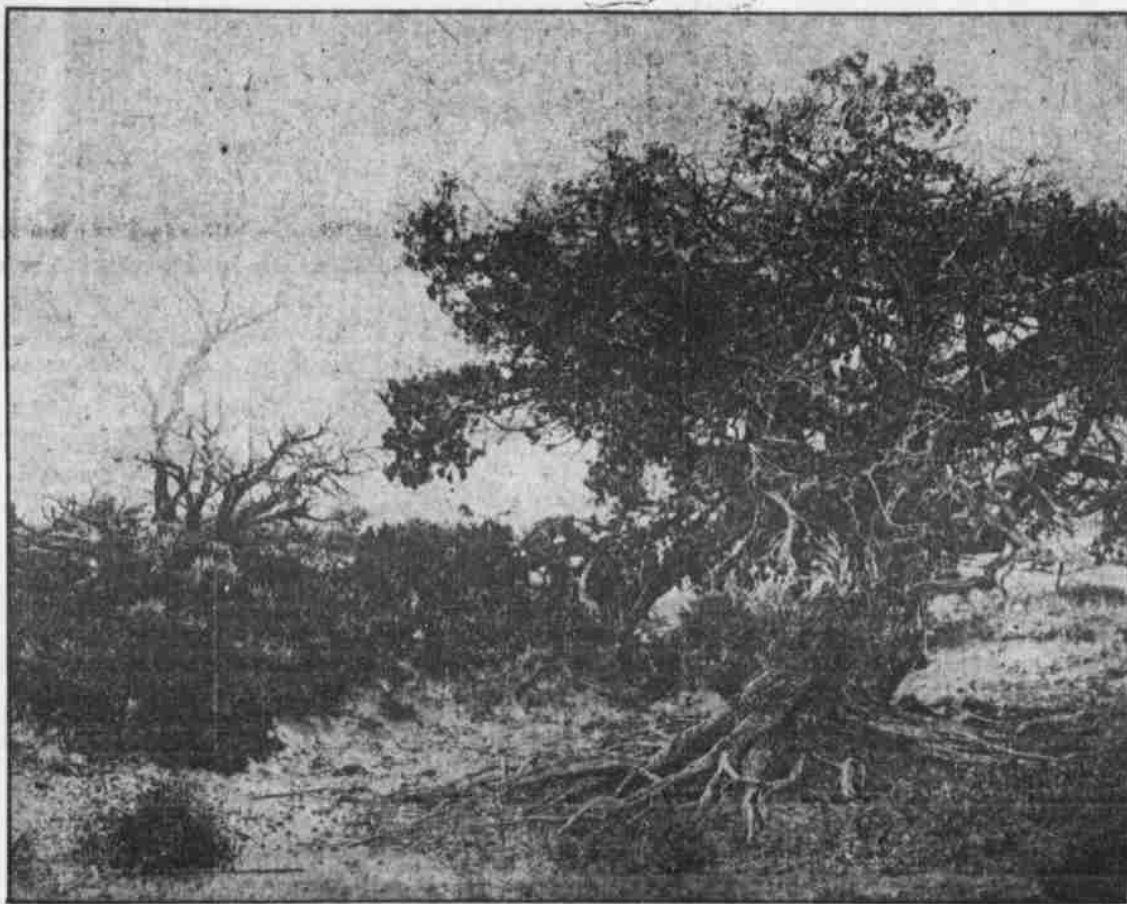
Northwest Canada is beckoning the man who has seen all the mountains of the east and is yearning for something new



IN THE DELLS OF THE WISCONSIN ON LINE OF THE MILWAUKEE.



FISHING IN DALE CREEK REGION, ON LINE OF UNION PACIFIC.



SCENE ON DALE CREEK, WYOMING, ON LINE OF UNION PACIFIC.



TROUT STREAM IN THE BIG HORN REGION ON LINE OF THE BURLINGTON.

Into a vast burst of foam and fall no less than 1,100 feet—over a fifth of a mile—without again touching the precipice.

The Wapta glacier, part of the great Waputek ice field, guarded by Mount Gordon, Mount Balfour and the broken crags of the Trollinger (the Elfin's Crown), is another of the splendid sights, while the descent of the western Rockies unrolls another vast panorama that surprises and delights even those who have seen all the other great mountains of the world.

The descent is no slight one. Mount Field has an altitude of 4,500 feet. To the southeast the Denverfoot mountains, a splendid line of peaks, stretch away as far as the eye can reach, and between them and the Ottertail rises the huge bulk of Mount Hunter. A trip through the Canadian Rockies exhausts adjectives, but stimulates and revivifies the man who uses them.

Over the Lakes to Mackinac Island.
The straits of Mackinac are dotted all over with islands, some of them broad and rugged, others scarcely larger than your dining table, and among them are many that have attained to some degree of fame, but when one speaks of "the island," in that part of the world, he has but one island in mind, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. It is the pearl of islands, and one that requires not to be designated by the name the Indians gave it, "Michillimackinac," island of the Giant Fairies.

No railroad train reaches this lake resort. The nearest point of railway contact are St. Ignace and Mackinaw City, but the boat service is regular between these points and the island. However, the most agreeable mode of approach is the great lake steamer. The service from

Chicago and from Detroit is such that one can have a taste of real ocean travel, a view of countless resorts on the way, with Mackinac as a fitting climax.

The trip up from Detroit is glorious. If one is going to Mackinac, it is worth while to take the longer route to Toledo and Detroit, making the rest of the trip by water. There is nothing else in the world that can quite be compared with the St. Clair flats, and there is no mad de mer quite so beneficent and, for the time, terrifying, as that which falls upon the victim as his craft fights its way through a blast out of Thunder bay.

It was on one of these boats that a St. Louis couple and a couple from Toledo were making the trip up to the lovely island. As the vessel neared its destination, the Toledo lady called to the darky waiter who had served the party at table, and who happened to be passing near where she stood on the deck: "Here, waiter, is that Mack-in-nack?" "Naw!" he growled. "It's Mackinaw. Nobody ever heard tell on Mackinack till you Ohio folks commenced to come up neah. Now we nevah hears nothin' but, nack, nack, Mackinack."

Another name in that part of the world that has been corrupted from its original French pronunciation is that of Les Cheneaux, the islands a little way to the north of the Island Beautiful, which received their name because of the dense growth of pine trees. Now they are commonly spoken of as "the Snows," and so universal is the name that in a few years the old French name will have disappeared from the map and no one will understand why that particular group should be called "snow islands."

Mackinac is interesting for so many reasons that one can find something there to delight him, no matter what his taste may be. In the first place, it is so intimately connected with the early history of the country, when the French, the British and the natives were struggling for possession of the vast interior of the country. There is the spot still marked as British landing, and the guide tells how a little band of English soldiers performed wonderful feats of heroism at the inner fort, away back in the heart of the forest. Then he shows you Sugarloaf rock and Skull cave and the arch rock, and all the other famous spots, including the large fort that is right out in plain view from the landing, the picturesque old fort with its two blockhouses that were used in the disastrous hand-to-hand conflicts with the Indians. When you are through with the guide and his well learned history, you wander off into the deep forest where, every now and then, you catch glimpses of the billowy blue sea as it rolls and tosses on every side of the island.

Round About Yellowstone Park.
"Meet me in the land of the buffalo!" That is being coined into the great excursion slogan of the summer of 1906, the first summer in some years when there are no world's fairs or expositions to tap the family pocketbooks and when those afflicted with the travel microbe are casting around somewhat hopelessly for somewhere to go.

The land of the buffalo is the Yellowstone, which is likewise the land of the unchained bear and of the unpunished elk; the land likewise of geysers, boiling springs, of colored formations and of a grand canyon that is a bewildering splash of all the colors of the rainbow or prism. One passes through this great wonderland of the na-

(Continued on Page Seven.)

Alaska's Material Development and How It is Building Up Seattle

(Copyright, 1906, by Frank G. Carjenter.)
SEATTLE, June 28.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—I write these notes in the heart of Alaska's great commercial metropolis, Seattle. I am in the Alaska club, surrounded by members from the Klondike, Cape Nome, Seward peninsula, Fairbanks, Ketchikan, Sitka and Juneau; and at my elbow is Mr. W. M. Sheffield, the secretary. Upon the walls are photographs showing all phases of life in our treasure land of the Arctic. Here is the picture of a railroad whose tracks lie nearer

the pole than any other on earth, and there is an automobile filled with Eskimos, puffing along on the edge of Cape Nome. About the room are specimens of wild hay, Alaskan-grown vegetables, and on the table are numerous nuggets of copper, silver and gold, locked up in glass cases. Before coming up I stopped in the Scandinavian bank, on the ground floor, to look at some gold which had just come in. It was brought out from the vaults by the cashier in a plain canvas bag of the same size as those which our Virginia boys use for chesnutting. It would hold, I judge, a

peck, and it was half full of dust, grains, peas and great nuggets of gold. The cashier bent over as he carried it in, and he asked me to lift it. I did so, and it doubled me up like a jack-knife.

I managed, however, to get it upon the table. We unrolled the leather draw-string and picked out three nuggets—one worth \$1,500, another \$2,500 and a third \$1,500. Each had a bit of dirt here and there clinging to it, but aside from this was nothing but metal. The nuggets were soft—and had worn somewhat in carrying. Indeed, the cashier told me that 90 cents worth of

gold is rubbed away every time the bag is handled. The dust works its way into the cloth, and the bags are eventually turned and the gold saved when the stuff is sent to the mint.

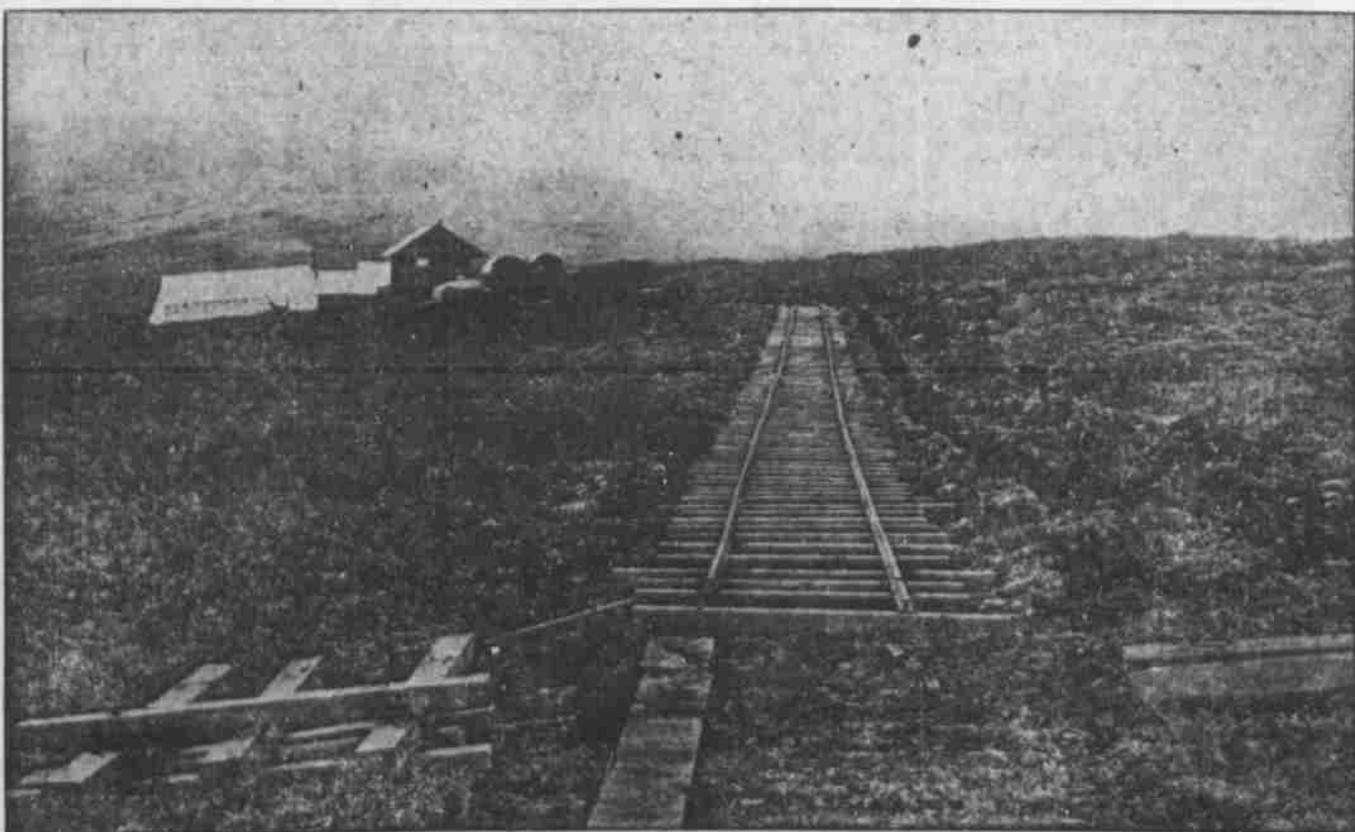
Thirty Million Dollars a Year.
I find these Alaskan enthusiasts over their mines. They talk big and their statements should be taken with a few grains of salt. They are claiming now that Alaska will eventually produce enough gold to pay our national debt, and that it will soon be turning out an annual product greater than that of Colorado. It is claimed that \$5,000,000 of \$10,000,000 worth has been mined within the past year and that the territory may at some time produce as much as three times this amount. According to the latest report of Uncle Sam's assay office here in Seattle, it had taken in up to June 30, 1905, more than \$100,000,000 worth of gold. This was the total of the receipts since the opening of the office in 1898, and it weighed altogether 28 tons avoirdupois. Think of that! Two hundred tons of solid gold! A ton is a good wagon load for a two-horse team, and it would take 200 such teams to drag that golden burden. Of the whole something like \$2,000,000 of this has come from our own part of Alaska, whereas \$7,000,000 was taken from the Yukon and the British northwest. Not long ago Mr. Roberts, the head of the mint, estimated that Alaska would be annually producing \$5,000,000 or \$10,000,000 worth of gold, and that Nome alone might yield that much in one year. Of course, a great deal of the gold goes to other mints; but it is estimated that fully 50 per cent of all mined in Alaska comes here to Seattle.

I have before me a photograph of a thousand pounds of gold bricks which were made in the assay office of the Alaska Banking and Safe Deposit company. The Scandinavian bank had a million dollars' worth of such bricks piled up behind its plate glass show windows not long ago, as a sort of advertisement. It was considered a rather dangerous experiment, and two detectives were stationed on either side of the window to keep back the crowd, while no one was allowed close enough to break the glass and grab the gold.

The greater part of this gold is coming from Cape Nome. Of the above amount the assay office reports that almost \$5,000,000 have been sent in from that point, and I should not like to quote their claims for the future. According to the Alaska club men they are yanking the gold out of the beds of the streams as well as from all along the beach. Anvil creek has produced more than \$5,000,000 worth, and it is said that no one can predict as to its future until the benches have been sluiced down and the tailing reworked. Rich discoveries have been made along the base of Anvil mountain, and a little over a year ago a man named Brown discovered a placer at its foot, the gravel from which yielded 100 per pan. The wise-acre prophesied that that mine would turn out something like \$1,000,000 worth of gold in one year. All about Cape Nome gold is being washed from the streams. A mining expert recently said that standing on Anvil mountain one could look on more placer gold values than from any other point in the world. There is a space there about six miles wide and nine miles long which is said to be one of the richest spots in northwestern Alaska.

Gold has been mined on the shores of the sea for a distance of forty miles from Nome to the Blinn river and has been found to pay. The first successful beach digging was done about six years ago, when there was a great rush from the creeks, and in a short time 600 miners extracted \$2,000,000 worth of dust, or an average of \$4,000 per man. Much of this gold was found in layers of ruby sand, it was fine, but not scale gold. The bed rock lay from four to eight feet below the surface, and good pay dirt was usually found when it was reached. A little later

(Continued on Page Seven.)



END OF RAILROAD CONSTRUCTION IN THE UNITED STATES.—Photo by F. H. Newell; Copyright, 1905.



"AUTOMOBILE FILLED WITH ESKIMOS PUFFING ALONG ON THE EDGE OF CAPE NOME"—Photo by F. H. Newell; Copyright, 1905.