

The Land Of The Fee And Home Of The Rave

Life's Little Comedies Staged Where-ever Nature Is Wonderful in the U. S. A.



F. C. Stack and Henry Beard on Mount Steamboat Rock, Isle Royal, Lake Superior



Picking flowers and throwing snowballs in Colorado mountains. Mr. and Mrs. A. Johnson and Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Muehllich.



Hiking in New Hampshire hills Harry O. Palmer



Trout fry for dinner Mrs. Conrad Young in Colorado



(left) Omaha youngsters enjoying one summer day at Lake Madison, Wisconsin



Florence Stack looking over a flock of Lake-Superior birds at Isle Royal



(right) In the wildwood Charles Pickett at Epitaph, Wisconsin

By JACK LEE. Omaha's merry vacationers are home now; the fishing tackle and swimming suit are packed in the attic or cellar (if there's room), and it is now possible to determine "the nicest little place in the country" by starting one of the m. v.'s (most of them are self-starters).

most vivid experiences was a climb into the mountains, on which trip they picked flowers and threw snowballs at the same time. Ephraim, Wis., where the E. F. Foidas have a magnificent island place, "Englemar," drew a number of Omahans. Charles H. Pickett and his daughter, Mrs. Kenneth Paterson's family, Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Keogh with Frank, Jr., and Alice, and James I. Woodard were there.

Aha! The Land of the Rave! Now the scene is the summit of Steamboat Rock, Garden of the Gods. The guide has just explained several of the natural wonders of the place, among them Balanced Rock, which a fat man from Iowa attempted to push over, just to see that there was no fake connected with it. He has finished his usual line of stories, recounted for the benefit of the summer tourists regarding the wonders of the garden.

"Kissing Camels." "Now look through this telescope," the guide invites as he points to another telescope. "This glass is focused on 'The Kissing Camels.' Notice how they show up." A young man from Nebraska, somewhat of a skeptic, looks and steps away disgustedly. "I can't see no kissing camels," he says. A buxom woman from Texas hurries to the assistance of the nonplussed guide with, "Oh, you can, too; they're just as plain."

"Lady, I know I can't see no camels. I don't see nothin' but a bunch of rock. I guess my imagination isn't as highly trained as yours." The woman from Texas glares at the feminine companion of the Nebraska man to look worried, but oil is poured on the troubled waters.

"Butchers" or news vendors, who collect fat fees after they have finished the subject for the rave. On the way to Colorado Springs our butcher remains in the background, marshaling his forces and colored glasses and armful of picture books for the onslaught which he is to make on the dear traveling public at the opportune time.

"coloring" a valuable asset to make acquaintances and filling up conversational gaps. People out there make conversation over "coloring" just as Iowans do over weather and corn. "Fine weather we're having," the Iowan says when conversation lags in the Hawkeye state.

ly place the glasses on the seat beside them and gaze intent out the window. To them the butcher does not exist. Then the Fee. Then the butcher comes along to collect his fees. He collects here and there from the first-timers. The new travelers continue to rave in different keys. "Oh, look! that! Look! this! Oh, isn't that splendid!" and so on, "oh," paving the way for the rave. There is peace for awhile after the butcher has collected on his glasses, until he enters again.

name on the station that "this is Palmer Lake—feet above sea level. The remarkable feature of this lake is that it flows outward on both sides." There is always a "remarkable feature" of all the interesting "things." "How Unusual." "How unusual," a sweet young graduate remarks. "They usually flow out only on one side, don't they?"

Four Colorado. Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Jensen of Omaha and Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Muehllich of Schuyler, Neb., made one of the most enjoyable trips, 2,200 miles, by automobile through Colorado, camping out all of the time. One of their

Here a sweet young thing from Wisconsin, a school teacher out for a summer frolic and higher education, ventures the suggestion that "No wonder General Pike discovered it. It's big enough. How could he miss it?"

The guide turns up his nose at this sacrilege and continues with his line, "Look through the telescope and see how clearly everything shows up."

The members of the party take their turns looking through the

And, by the way, this is only the introduction of "coloring." Hereafter all during the trip west you will find

The passengers adjust their glasses, have a look at Castle Rock—that is, the passengers who are taking their first trip. The old-timers mere-

All is serene again until the train reaches Palmer lake. For some reason quicker and more direct action. A tourist is quicker on the draw, with his money, than the westerner

There are still mute evidences of a former city, water plugs, brick ruins, sidewalks gone to pot. When the

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