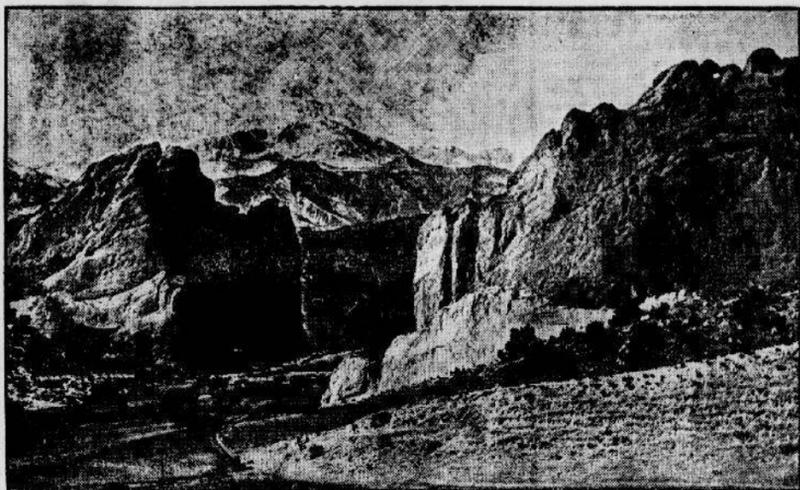


WONDER OF SCENIC AMERICA IS THE GARDEN OF THE GODS

Tract of Fantastic and Picturesque Rock Formations Is One of the Most Beautiful Show Places of Continent--Former Property of Railroad Now Owned by Colorado Springs



GATEWAY TO THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

One of the scenic wonders of the American continent is the Garden of the Gods, that tract of fantastic and wonderful rock formations, which has just become, by gift from the children of the late Charles E. Perkins, the property of the city of Colorado Springs, Colo. Once the worshipping place of the Indian, who heard in the echoing caves the voice of the great spirit, the Garden of the Gods has now become a point of pilgrimage for the white man. It is visited annually by thousands from all over the world.

The Garden of the Gods is located four miles northwest of Colorado Springs and may be reached by carriage. It is a natural garden of several hundred acres, in which are tumbled huge rocks of grotesque and of marvelous shape. Chief of all groups is "The Gateway." The two immense slabs of red sandstone tower

to a height of more than 300 feet and look down on the beholder with the memories of countless years of geological transformation. Between the two large rocks stands a smaller, a sentinel to guard the passageway. Through the gateway appears the majestic, snow-clad summit of Pike's Peak. The highest point in the rocks is the hump of the "Kissing Camels," which is 330 feet high and may be reached by a perilously steep ascent. Passing through the gigantic rock portals, one enters a region where Titanic forces have been at play. Strange, weird figures, dressed in garish array, surround him on all sides. Among the famous formations are "Cathedral Spire," "Three Graces," "Seal and Bear," "Siamese Twins," "Balanced Rock."

The Garden of the Gods was purchased in 1879 by Charles Elliott Perkins, who, until his death a year ago, was president of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad. He always maintained it free to the public, and several times refused large sums of money for the tract. In his will he made no disposal of it, but left a note written on the back of an old envelope, saying: "It is my wish that my children give the Garden of the Gods to the city of Colorado Springs for park purposes." In accordance with this wish, legal steps were recently taken by which the tract of 480 acres is placed in the hands of three prominent citizens of Colorado Springs who are to act as trustees until plans can be formulated for its transfer, prior to January 1, 1911. The children of Mr. Perkins making the gift are: Robert E. Perkins, Farmington, Miss.; Alice Perkins Hooper, Boston; Edith Perkins Cunningham and Margaret Perkins Rice, both of Westwood, Mass.; and Mary Russell Perkins and Charles E. Perkins, Jr., both of Burlington, Iowa.

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ASKS FOR REHEARING OF CASES

WATERS-PIERCE OIL COMPANY WOULD HAVE NEW TRIAL IN TEXAS COURTS.

Washington, April 3.—In behalf of the Waters-Pierce Oil company, former United States Senator John C. Spooner has filed in the supreme court of the United States a petition for a rehearing of the various cases brought by the state of Texas against that company which recently were decided against it. These include the cases involving the appointment of a receiver for the company and the one imposing a fine of \$1,544,000 for violations of the Texas anti-trust laws.

Much stress is laid upon the fact that a large portion of the fine was based upon the law of 1899 imposing a penalty of \$1,500 a day after that law had been repealed.

"We therefore submit," says the petition, "that it is little short of confiscation for the state to have neglected to enforce the act of 1899 for seven years and after that act had been repealed and the amounts of penalty reduced to \$50 a day, to insist upon a verdict for \$1,500 per day for 1,033 days."

MUCH LAND RESTORED.

Washington, April 3.—Approximately 200,000 acres of land have been restored to the public domain for power purposes in the Salmon river country in Idaho by Secretary of the Interior Ballinger. These lands now become subject to settlement and entry.

A FAMOUS NOVELIST IN PAUPERS' ASYLUM

New York, April 3.—Olive Logan, once famous in this country as an author, actress and lecturer, is a pauper in an asylum at Bansted, England, according to the World Today. The news came out through Lady Cook (Tennessee Claffin) who sailed for London Saturday after spending some time in this country. After her return to this country Olive Logan went abroad assisted by Lady Cook and it was supposed she was leading a quiet, retired life. What her real predicament was, however, is described by Lady Cook who is quoted as saying before she sailed:

"I was notified two months ago that she had become violently insane and that the authorities had removed her to Bansted. I returned to London and hastened to Bansted, where the physicians told me that Mrs. Logan was suffering from a severe form of senile dementia. They said she must be detained in the asylum unless I arranged to furnish bonds and otherwise guarantee that she would not harm others or herself. It was impossible for me to undertake such a responsibility and I decided it was best that she remain under treatment."

the better of her, so she made "Billiken" and set him up for a mascot. Miss Pretz christened "Billiken" and called him the "god of things as they ought to be," and her girl friends all agreed that he was the cunningest thing they ever saw. One of these girl friends went to Chicago, taking a duplicate of "Billiken" with her, and she had such astounding luck that she began to believe the little Japanese image really had something to do with it. She showed the little image about the city and nearly everyone wanted one.

Becomes a Fad.

"Billiken" became a fad. He was not only irresistibly funny, but people who were lucky enough to get the few originals were ready to declare that he was really a mascot and brought good luck. The two girls, for Miss Pretz had to have an assistant in her studio, had no business ideas, but "Billiken" advertised himself. A newspaper saw one and wrote a story about him using a cut of the little image. His fame leaped. He was manufactured in quantities and began spreading out over the country.

He grinned from shop windows, turned up his toes in theaters and hotel lobbies, worried stenographers set up on their desks to beguile a smile from the boss in the morning. He found his way into the boudoirs of society girls and into the murky hall bedrooms. He was the "god of things as they ought to be" and continued smiling his prettiest at every soul that stood before him.

Girl a Mystery.

Miss Pretz herself is a mystery to all psychologists. She is pure Holland Dutch on both sides, and the unbroken line of her ancestors runs clear back to the middle ages. Yet she is an orientalist, and has the Japanese way of looking at things. When a mere child, it is stated, she would make sketches and drawings after the pure Japanese style in spite of remonstrance of her tutors and teachers. At any rate "Billiken" has made his originator both famous and rich. His fad by some is declared to border on idolatry and an occasional minister has condemned the "Billiken" practice by pointing out the passage concerning the danger of setting up graven images—but "Billiken" smiles on serene at all fame for him, and the people smile with him.

THE BIRTH OF BILLIKEN

Of all the modern mascots, from rabbits' feet to swastikas, the queerest is "Billiken," a grinning joyful little Japanese image, who has become the craze of the nation. "Billiken" made his bow in this city a month ago as a little plaster image. He "took" at once. Simultaneously he "took" in several thousand other cities of the country—so great was the demand for the little heathenish freak that he died at once, because the diminutive plant then making the little gods was literally swamped. Since then a new factory has been equipped and "Billiken" has come forth again and is in the jeweler's stores in every conceivable style. Little statues, silver fobs, scarf pins, cuff links, belt buckles, belt pins and a hundred and one other articles bear the grinning image.

As interesting as his smile is inexplicable, is the story of "Billiken's" birth.

Girl is Originator.

Originally "Billiken" was the whim of a Kansas City school girl, Miss Florence Pretz, who had an unaccountable and fantastic desire to draw Japanese sketches. Little Florence wanted to go to Chicago and be a famous artist and while she was dreaming of this she was busy with her pencil and now and then modeled in clay. She had seen a few of the "smile" placards—"Keep smiling," "Wear a smile," "Smile, you lobster, smile"—and one day she decided to imprison the very spirit of the smile in clay. Her original impulse got

Best Stomach Remedy Free

It is an old saying that if the stomach is sound the whole body is safe, because so much depends upon the proper working of the stomach. Many persons find themselves with a disorder of the stomach which produces dyspepsia or a peculiar state of biliousness.

If you suffer from both stomach trouble and constipation you are on the way to a very serious disease. From such conditions come appendicitis, rheumatism, skin diseases and similar disorders, because the waste matter that should have been expelled from the system through the bowels has found its way into the blood and vitiated it. What is needed at this point is not simply a violent cathartic tablet or salt, which usually does more harm than good, but a gentle laxative tonic like Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which people have been using for those ailments for nearly a quarter of a century. It cured J. C. Leatham, of Warrensburg, Mo., of stomach trouble of long standing, also William Voll, of 903 Ellis-st., Louisville, Ky., who had the trouble for fifteen years.

However, if you have stomach trouble you want to know from personal experience what Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin will do for you. If so, send your name to the doctor and a free trial bottle will be sent you. You are urged to send for the free bottle, as the results from it will be the best recommendation of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Then you will do as over two million people did last year—go to your druggist and buy a regular bottle at 50 cents or \$1, according to the size you prefer. We could mention hundreds and hundreds of families who are never without it. You can never tell when some member of the family will need a laxative, and then no time should be lost taking Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin.

If there is anything about your ailment that you don't understand or if you want any medical advice, write to the doctor, and he will answer you fully. There is no charge for this service. The address is Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 617 Caldwell Bldg., Monticello, Ill.

For sale by Garden City Drug Co.

PREMIER CLOTHES

"TIME was when I did not consider myself fashionably attired, or even well dressed, unless my clothes bore the label of a high-priced, exclusive merchant tailor," said a prominent Missoulian to us recently. "One day I concluded to give Premier Clothes a chance to 'make good' the claims you make for them," he continued, "and the result is, I've been wearing Premier Clothes ever since."

Prejudice, deep-seated is hard to shake off. PREMIER CLOTHES are today the finest manufactured in America—fact. YOU, who still have the merchant tailor way, sooner or later must do as hundreds of your fellows have done, namely: give Premier Clothes "the fighting chance" which is all they ask, or require to "make good."

Unlike other ready-to-wear garments, PREMIER Clothes are made just as the merchant tailor makes his finest suits. They are cut out by hand, singly, with all the cutter's best skill directed to the one operation, and not in batches or by cutting machines.

The men who design them are the recognized style authorities of the country. Even their good work would count for little were not their ideas carried out in suitable fabrics by men who are past masters in the art of tailoring. Its the result of honest materials and painstaking labor that enables us to guarantee every PREMIER garment to retain its shape until worn out.

Another thing that makes PREMIER Clothes so good is the fact that they are of our creation. They are made expressly for us, to conform to our standard of what we consider good clothes should be. No other store on earth has them. It is a matter of personal pride with us that PREMIER Clothes are the finest that can be made.

EASTER PREMIERS, \$25 to \$45

MISSOULA MERCANTILE CO.



Brother Rabbit in the Old Oaken Bucket



Easter Ship manned by Chick-tars

chicks for their soft coats, just as they love the plaster rabbits for their pink lined ears and wistful glass eyes, and no childish heart need be wrung by the knowledge that its pet had to be killed to become an Easter morning delight.

From Japan come also the gorgeous Mandarin ducks, with yellow feet and bills and rich colored plumage. These Mandarin ducks cost five to six dollars each, and only very prosperous little folk acquire them as Easter playthings.

The good old days are gone when Easter eggs were tied up in bits of cheap calico and dropped into boiling water for a transference of the calico pattern to the eggshell. Young folks of today scorn such homely devices. In fact, eggs intended merely to look at are back numbers—even the wondrous kaleidoscope affairs made of candied sugar which once entranced our youthful eyes are not accepted with enthusiasm by the youngsters of today. Twentieth century eggs must hold something worth while, and all the new Easter eggs are arranged to open like boxes. Of course, the most acceptable Easter egg will contain a \$5 gold piece; but the average small boy will think kindly of a bright new quarter, and even an eggful of candies will not be despised. Easter eggs for little girls contain small china dolls with tiny garments, all packed into the egg-shaped box.

For Easter week parties there are all manner of appropriate table decorations, and two of the newest sorts are shown today. One represents an Easter well with a delightful bucket which runs up and down on a cord over a pulley, and if a grown person superintends each time the bucket goes into the well it may come up laden with an Easter chick or bunny.

The Easter ship is another clever decoration which will arouse deep joy in the heart of the small boy. This splendid cruiser shows a gay fore-and-aft galleon rig of flags, ribbons and Easter eggs, and nothing is omitted in its seaworthy equipment from the anchor at the bow to the boats hanging from the davits. A gallant crew mans this flagship, the admiral and captain having proud positions on the gun turrets and jolly chick tars being stationed high aloft at the mastsheads. Inside, of course, the cruiser carries a plentiful supply of ammunition in the form of candies.

As soon as St. Patrick has driven the snakes off the favor countess, the Easter pretty things blossom out in glad array. And what with Easter bonnets coaxing away the dollars in the millinery section and the fascinating Easter bunnies begging what is left of the pennies, one wonders if anything will remain to drop in the Easter collection basket.

Never were so many pretty rabbits. Brown ones, gray ones, gentle-eyed white ones with lavender ribbons tied around their necks, pert Jack rabbits; toggled out in Easter array; comfortable country rabbits, with carrots in their mouths—even stylish bunnies in coats of taupe gray and berry pink, not to mention some queer-looking green fellows, which one can only believe are intended to represent ghostly Welsh rarebit dreams.

That there is going to be a home and a pair of loving arms to welcome every one of the Easter bunnies, one feels certain when beholding the wrapt childish eyes around the favor counter and peering through the candy windows, where Br'er Rabbit is now king. Dearly do the little folk love Easter bunnies, and there is

something about the gentle-eyed, alert-tongued little brothers of the field which endears them to grown folk, too.

Not everyone knows why the rabbit typifies Easter. Like Santa Claus, the Easter rabbit comes to us from Germany. The German Easter rabbit, however, is not a rabbit, but a hare—quite a different animal. To little boys and girls who have been very good all through Lent a snow-white hare is supposed to come on Easter eve with gifts of Easter eggs. The hare is emblematic of Easter by its relation to the moon. Easter is a lunar festival, and the hare, because it is the only animal born with its eyes open, was classed by the ancients with the moon, as "the open-eyed" hare are intended to represent ghostly Welsh rarebit dreams.

This year Br'er Rabbit has a formidable rival in Br'er Bill Possum. This redoubtable addition to the nursery collection of pets makes his first appearance with inauguration time, and he is going—so the good republicans say—to oust Teddy bear from long-joyed favor. Anyway, Br'er Possum is right on deck now and every youngster will soon be tying