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Nicollet Avenue.

Someone who signs himself "Citizen" wants to know if The Journal doesn't think it about time "to jar the city street maintenance department on the condition of Nicollet avenue." Perhaps the best way to do that would be to compel the people who compose the department to ride over the street. There has been about as much jarring of the other kind as would seem to be worth while.

The difficulty, as already pointed out in The Journal, is not that the members of the council do not realize the necessity of improving Nicollet avenue, but that they do not know how to go about it. They do not want to lay asphalt again, because of the difficulty of getting good asphalt, and because it it not supposed to be a pavement especially adapted to this climate. They cannot surface with brick or blocks because the concrete bed is laid with reference to an asphalt surface. The use of brick or wooden blocks would mean raising the street so as to practically destroy the curb. The curb is low enough now in the case of very heavy rains.

Some solution, however, of the Nicollet avenue paving problem must be found and if nothing better can be done a new coat of asphalt should be laid. It ought to be possible to obtain some guaranty from an asphalt company sufficient to justify undertaking that kind of pavement again. Good asphalt paving has been laid in this latitude.

By the way, has Mr. Cortelyou been subpenaed yet?

How the Portland Exposition Helped.

The Portland fair has been a success in more senses than one. Financially, it has come out on the right side of the final statement, and in point of attendance it has drawn a great many more people than was anticipated by the most sanguine of its projectors. The total attendance is said to have exceeded 2,250,000.

The attendance has been a surprise to more people than those immediately connected with the exposition. It has probably surprised the railroads more than anybody else. Not anticipating much extra travel on account of the exposition, the railroads made exceedingly low rates for the round trip, but the holding of numerous conventions in Portland in addition to the attractiveness of the cheap rate and the desire to see the extreme northwest, sent tens of thousands to the coast, where only a few thousand were expected as extra travel.

The conditions provided for in the tickets have been very liberal. Stopover privileges have been granted freely, wide circuits have been included in the round trips, and the people who have made the Pacific coast trip this year, barring some of the inconveniences from overcrowded trains, have traveled to an extent and under conditions never before enjoyed for the price.

The class of travel, too, has been remarkable. Large numbers of young people have availed themselves of this opportunity to see the far west and many of them have been so attracted by it that probably nothing has ever happened better calculated to draw population of the best kind westward and locate it all the way from the Mississippi river to the Pacific coast.

While the people of Minneapolis who are expected to look after such things failed to appreciate all that was to be gained for this city by this heavy movement of travel, thousands have visited this city during the past summer who have become impressed by its beauty, its attractiveness as a place of residence and its advantages as a place of business, and we have every reason to expect large acquisitions to our population from this source. The great pity is that more attention was not paid to the possibilities for profitable advertising in arranging for the return of more of these people by way of Minneapolis with stopover privileges here. Minneapolis is so prosperous and so beautiful that strangers who visit her in the summer are almost sure to yield to her attractiveness as a place of residence, if they are not permanently located.

It should be the business of the Commercial club to secure for this city all the advantages possible from this constant tide of travel which flows back and forth thru this city. More effort to bring the attention of travelers to Minneapolis and to secure their attention to this city and its advantages cannot fail to produce profitable results.

The Goulds batted Ramsey all over the lot; score, 460,000 to 33,000.

Nothing Mysterious.

A Journal reader in Valley City, N. D., writes with regard to the opposition of grainhandlers to the Wisconsin state system of inspection at West Superior. He thinks it strange that the graindealers and shippers should object to the Wisconsin inspection unless it be that the Wisconsin inspection is more rigorous.

The trouble, as we understand it, with the Wisconsin inspection is that the graindealers generally do not know what it means. It is a new thing comparatively, and dealers in Atlantic ports and in foreign countries do not know what they are getting when they are offered wheat sold under Wisconsin inspection. They do know what they are getting under Minnesota inspection, because it has been in effect a long time and has come to be known in eastern markets. As long as the dealers cannot sell under Wisconsin inspection as readily as under Minnesota, there doesn't seem to be any special mystery about the opposition of the grainhandlers to the efforts of the Wisconsin authorities to enforce their system at West Superior.

So far as the property holders in Superior are concerned, however, it does seem strange that they will insist upon forcing upon the grain men a system of inspection which is calculated to drive that business out of their town. It is the not infrequent remark of elevator men on the Wisconsin side that they regret very much being located there, and they will not erect storage for another bushel of grain on the Wisconsin side until this annoyance from the Wisconsin inspection bureau is abolished. Doubtless the storage for grain at the head of the lakes will increase, but doubtless it will not increase on the Wisconsin side until the foolish jealousy of Duluth, which inspires this inspection movement in Superior, is overcome and graindealers on that side of the line are allowed to avail themselves of a system of inspection which is known and accepted in the markets of the world. It will be very much to the interest of Superior as a business center when that time arrives.

Let us all remember that just before Christmas we must all "be just as good as we can be."

Our Declining Birth Rate.

The census bulletin upon the proportion of children under five years of age to the number of women between 15 and 49 years of age, shows a decreasing ratio, with some few exceptions, for every decade since the beginning of the last century. This decrease has included the negroes in the south as well as the whites in the north.

Whether the decrease shows an actual fall in the birthrate is something the sociologists are unable to determine because the vital statistics of the country are too incomplete to admit of a conclusion.

The opinion of General Francis Walker, superintendent of the census of 1870 and 1880, is quoted in this bulletin with the suggestion that it is supported by statistical evidence. General Walker thought that foreign immigration from the time it assumed large proportions amounted not to a reinforcement of our population, but to a replacement of native with foreign stock; that if the foreigners had not come the native element would long ago have filled the places the foreigners have taken.

Whether this opinion contains the truth about the assumed decrease in the birthrate is not easily decided owing to the fragmentary character of our statistics, but it is worthy of note that Australia, which has had no torrent of foreign immigration, has suffered such a severe decline in the birthrate as to lead to the appointment of a commission in New South Wales to investigate it.

For comparison with the opinion of General Walker, the arguments of Dr. John Shaw Billings are worthy of consideration. Dr. Billings' article was written twelve years ago, and his observations since have strengthened his belief in their accuracy. Dr. Billings' opinion is that while the decreased birthrate may be traced to changes in the mode of life of the people, the gathering toward the cities, the so-called emancipation of women, etc., the main cause is the deliberate avoidance of child-bearing on the part of a steadily increasing number of married people.

He concludes, that, if this view of the case be the correct one, the relative birthrate will continue to decrease and decrease faster.

Dr. Billings does not share the alarmist views on the subject, but rather takes the Malthusian end of the argument, declaring that if the increase of population had not been checked, the world would now be overcrowded. He declines to view the lowered birthrate as in itself an evil, nor does he believe it will be worth while to attempt to increase it merely to maintain a constant increase in population.

Dr. Billings may perhaps be excused for taking an optimistic view of the subject here because the birthrate in the United States, while decreasing, is still respectable, but when we get to the point where France is today with a birthrate which is farcical, for an empire striving to perpetuate itself, its traditions and language, it may be that we shall take a more serious view of the problem.

Bishop Fallows is not particular whether money is tainted or not. He says take any money that may be offered for religious, educational or charitable purposes. The proper use of it will purify it. The bishop says "take what is offered," but does the bishop propose to solicit money believed to have been obtained thru methods of extortion and oppression? Does not the solicitor run the risk of condoning the methods by which the money was accumulated when, seeing an extortioner glutted with ill-gotten gains, he chases around after some of it? That, as we understand it, is the objection to the use of Mr. Rockefeller's money by the missionary board—not merely that it came from Mr. Rockefeller's pocket, but that the board went after it and begged him to give it.

Dr. Charles Eastman of the Sioux tribe, now of Amherst, Mass., told a Detroit audience that the Sioux tribe undoubtedly were descended from the Japanese. The names of many of the Japanese battleships are, he said, practically Sioux names so little changed as readily to be recognized. This is a highly interesting theory and carries out the idea advanced in Bancroft's history that the American Indians are descendants of Mongolian Tartars who came wandering down via Alaska.

Mr. Gilllan, the president of the humorists' association, which visited Rockefeller, says:

"We who were there know him as a pleasant, young-old gentleman with a pleasing voice of gentle, benevolent intonation, with unbounded courtesy, with a boy's enthusiasm and enough energy to carry him thru many more phenomenally eventful years."

This is a pleasanter picture than the magazine photographers have given us.

"Assisted by J. J. Hill, E. H. Harriman and the Moore brothers, who represent practically all the railroads west of the Mississippi river," says a Washington dispatch, "the republican senators members of the interstate commerce committee who disagreed with the president as to the kind of rate regulation measure the senate ought to pass, will prepare a bill on the subject." How thoughtful of them.

The smallest dog in the world weighs twenty-three ounces and stands easily on the palm of the hand. Ordinary dogs when they see him exhibit not only surprise, but some terror. If all dogs were reduced to their lowest common denominator, it would be ruinous to the tomale trade.

The new Grecian bend "poise" adopted by English leaders is said to resemble an interrogation point. Punch sings of it thus:

This fashion will no doubt amuse
The streetboy, ever cheery;
And madame, when he airs his views,
Will feel more queer than ?

Representative Hull says "deficits are not likely if we make our expenditures come within our income." Representative Hull will, if he is not careful, get in the running with the gentleman who said a surplus is easier to handle than a deficit.

Where are the flowers of yesterday? And incidentally where are Burton, Machen, Beavers, Miller, Chadwick? Where is the radium man? Where, oh, where is Alexieff? Are Dowie and Wilhelm the only perennials in the garden?

The investigating committee has not yet brought out whether the McCalls and the McCurdys carried any insurance. Possibly they had policies in the Royal Arcanum.

Mayor Jones has ruled that saloons must, before serving thirst assuagers, have the license on the wall. The breweries will have to open the safe, then.

Thirty years ago the James brothers were arrested, Hell Gate was blown up, wheat sold at $1.13. See what it is to have a good memory.

Football is said to cure hay fever. A hay fever squad in the east took up the game and played it so violently that the germ had to quit.

Smoker (disgustedly)—This here cigar smells like brown paper.

Joker—What did you expect for 5 cents, writin' paper?

The imposing funeral of General Kontrachenko doubtless reminded Stoessel of the difference between a live purp and a dead lion.

A New York judge says in a decision, "The husband rules the home." Now we know why Justice is pictured as blindfolded.

The president's attempt to put football on a peace footing has won him the well-merited contempt of the violent ward.

We trust there is no leak in the report from Secretary Wilson that the cost of living is to be lower.

Don't sing "Everybody Works but Father" when he is putting on the storm sash. It grates.

SOME HEALTHY INSTINCTS LEFT

Louisville Courier-Journal.

First Society Girl—So glad to see you, love. Here's a cigaret, and I'll make you a cocktail at once.

Second Society Girl—Why, dear, since we're quite alone, I don't mind admitting that I don't really care to either drink or smoke.

First Society Girl—To tell you the truth, I don't either. Let's go down to the kitchen and make fudge.

THEY HAVE IT IN STOCK ALL RIGHT

New York Mail.

About four years ago one of the big insurance companies issued to its agents a volume entitled: "How to Sell Assurance." Some of the agents of our acquaintance are clamoring for a few more chapters to bring the book up to date.

PEEK-A-BOO

"Peek-a-boo!" say little Olaf,
"Yu can't find me. Ay ban hid."
Den Ay used to look all ovtr
For my little blue-eyed kid
Op in attic, dawn in cellar,
Back of chairs on parlor floor;
Den he used to laugh, and tal me,
"Ay ban back of kitchen door."

"Peek-a-boo!" he used to tal me,
Shut yure eyes, and don't you peek!"
Den Ay feel his arms around me
And his kisses on my cheek.
"Now Ay'm hiding, dad," he tal me!
"Maybe, ef you look some more,
Yu skol find yure little Olaf,
Ay ban back of kitchen door!"

"Peek-a-boo!" Ay hear him calling,
Lak he called long time ago.
Var ban little Olaf hiding.
Maybe anyel fallers know.
Thousand times Ay look to find him
Hiding back of kitchen door.
But Ay only see some shawods;
Ay can't find him any more.

—William F. Kirk.

THE OPEN BOOK

THE SHIFTING OF ANCIENT MORAL AND SOCIAL LANDMARKS.—In a story of tragic setting Elizabeth Cherry Waltz has shown how our ancient moral and social landmarks are being moved about. The story bears the title **The Ancient Landmark.** Its scene is Kentucky, so often called a land of chivalry, mentioned by one of the characters of the book in hand as "woman's kingdom," a land where "people will have your spiritual pedigree." Obviously the scene, for the purpose, is the best that America affords, for, from the above happy characterization of the fair state, it may be seen that certain moral, spiritual and social landmarks, which have been thrown down and destroyed elsewhere, are still to be seen there, clearly marking off right from wrong in the relations of men. But even there there is a shifting of the landmarks, and the story of the author is the story of one of these shiftings.

Dulcie De Witt is the wife of Dr. De Witt, a degenerate thru the use of drink and drugs. For years she bears the burden of life with the man, undergoing physical violence and that far worse thing—daily association with a loathsome human too weak even to make an effort to throw off the tyranny of disgusting habits. Then comes a distant relative, who seeks to rescue her from the hell of her position. The only way, apparently, is thru the divorce court. But in "woman's kingdom" divorce is a last resort, a thing leaving a stain upon the innocent as well as the guilty. The friends of Dulcie cry out against such a course. They would prefer to have her return again and again to her misery, "because misery is her duty," than to bring disgrace upon herself by the final appeal of outraged wifehood. It is the old protest, "Remove not the ancient landmark which thy fathers have set," only the landmark in this case was set by the mothers and is moral and spiritual, rather than material. But the distant relative comes from among the "moderns." As one of Dulcie's friends says:

He seems utterly cut loose from all the old ideas. * * * He thinks life is all for pleasure and happiness. He is absolutely indifferent to anything we think or feel whenever it goes against his desires. He does not look upon a woman as we do. I've seen him with the Hartopps and the Greathouse girls. He treats them much as I do my helpers if they're decent at all—like sort of good fellows whom he'd help in any way he could. I think he feels much in the same way toward Dulcie.

This relative moves the landmark. With what result is for the reader to discover in the book. The story is a strong one, holding the reader closely thruout, tho in the end he may wonder why Dulcie had not appealed for relief from her husband to the probate court, or such other court as passes upon insanity cases in Kentucky.

McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

MRS. ATHERTON'S NEW NOVEL.—**The Traveling Thirds,** a new novel by Gertrude Atherton, is just from the Harpers' presses. Mrs. Atherton obtained the material for this story during a recent visit to Spain, and the land of brigands and matadors is made to furnish a romantic background for a comedy full of action. The story narrates the adventures which befall a party of Americans who have been induced by a madcap California cousin, Catalina, to travel third-class thru Spain. The story is said to have an unusual swing and dramatic interest. Mrs. Atherton, who is just recovering from a serious illness, is still in Munich.

WITH SPURS OF GOLD, by Frances N. Greene and Dolly Williams Kirk, with illustrations, is a book of stories of famous knights, including the tales of the deeds of Roland and Oliver, the Cid, Godfrey de Bouillon, Richard Coeur de Lion, the Chevalier Bayard, and Sir Philip Sidney. While in a way these are historical studies they are full of life, action and entertainment, as well as instructive information.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50.

APPROXIMATE.—In speaking of the New England "spinster problem," says **Harper's Weekly,** Mrs. Mary Wilkins Freeman told a rather pathetic little story of an aged maiden lady who once said that she had never received an actual proposal of marriage, "but," and here she blushed faintly, "a gentleman once asked me to walk with him in the garden by moonlight, and we all know what that means, my dear."

"DAVID HARUM" PAYS AUTHOR'S ESTATE $125,000.—"David Harum," the novel written by the late Edward Noyes Westcott of Syracuse, N. Y., netted the author's estate about $125,000, according to a statement made in surrogate's court yesterday, when the final accounting of the executrix of the estate was filed. Mr. Westcott, who was a banker, died several years ago, and the estate was held open to derive the benefits from the sale of the novel.

THE MAGAZINES

"Death Will Solve Negro Problem."—The point I make is this, says John P. Heap in the **National Magazine** for October, as the negroes are crowded together, either by flocking to the cities or the rural districts and small towns, thru the working together of the influences alluded to in this article, the birth rate will decrease and the death rate increase, so that there will come a time, and that not very far distant, when the latter will exceed the former, and the race will rapidly decrease, the race problem cease to be a problem, and then will come extinction. This will as certainly occur as it has occurred to the North American Indian and the natives of the Sandwich islands, the negro not being able to stand civilization any better than the Indian or the islander. The magazine's October issue is one of wide and varied interest.

Japan and Christianity.—A missionary who had worked long in Japan tells of his conversation with a Japanese scholar about the prospects of Christianity in his country, says **Harper's Weekly** for Sept. 30. The Japanese said that Japan as a nation was not likely to accept Christianity as it was offered by the emissaries of any of the Christian nations—not Protestant nor Roman nor Russian Christianity. But what she might and not improbably would do was to take the facts and documents of Christianity as they are offered and make her own interpretation of them.

Municipal Ownership Not Abandoned by Mayor Dunne.—The mayor of Chicago, in the **Municipal Journal** for October, denies that his views as to municipal ownership have been abandoned. He says that "if any better scheme" than he is following "can be devised, which will produce more immediate results," he will adopt it. In the meantime he will not be bullied into a change.

Other articles in the same magazine are "Asphalt Paving," by Andrew Rosewater; "The Toronto Street Railway Agreement," by Francis S. Spence; "The Smoke Nuisance," by R. P. King; "Municipal Finance and Accounting," by Louis Betz, and "Municipal Water Supplies," by L. H. Chappell.

AMUSEMENTS

Foyer Chat.

One of the prettiest scenes ever seen on the stage is the midnight scene in the second part of "San Toy," which comes to the Metropolitan tonight. This scene is laid on the banks of Lake Pinka Pong, China. The effect is so natural that the blue waters are seen rippling. The moon slowly rises and throws its somber light over the gayly dressed subjects who have gathered to celebrate by partaking of the moon-cake.

Helen Lowell, the spinster expert, who is the Mis' Hazy of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," is an expert horsewoman. She follows the hounds whenever opportunity offers, and at her Long Island home keeps a stable of crack harness horses.

In the company which will assist Francis Wilson during his engagement at the Metropolitan the latter part of next week in "Cousin Billy" and "The Little Father of the Wilderness" are May Robson, Edith Barker, William Lewers, George S. Spencer and Rosa Cooke. Mr. Wilson has been playing to the capacity of Powers theater, Chicago, and this promises to be one of the most important dramatic events of the season here.

Packed houses are the rule at the Lyceum since the big bookings of the International Theatrical company became available. This week the Nambas, imperial Japanese acrobats; Sherman brothers, "bike" riders and bag punchers, and Miss Walton in patriotic dances are the stellar hits.

The Unique is presenting a most interesting novelty this week in the song, "Good-bye Soldier Boy," sung by Harold Beckrow. Instead of the usual shifting scenes of illustrated songs, this song is given before a striking set of moving pictures depicting martial scenes.

The Czibulas, altho they are first on the bill at the Orpheum this week, are making a very favorable impression by their rendition of Scharwenka's "Polish Dance," Wieniawski's "Mazurka," Hanser's "The Flower," D'Ardlot's "Mignon," Nevin's "My Rosary," "The Last Rose of Summer" and "Annie Laurie."

One of the best entertainments of the season is to be seen at the Bijou this week in "The Belle of the West," the musical comedy headed by the charming and popular comedienne, Florence Bindley.

Joe Welch in his successful play, "The Peddler," commences an engagement of one week at the Bijou Sunday afternoon. As an impersonator of a certain type of Hebrew character, Mr. Welch is unrivaled in a form of comic effort very popular with playgoers.

CIVIC ACTIVITIES

Fergus Falls, Minn., voted strongly for municipal ownership at a special election.

Webster City, Iowa, is without a city council, as the result of a fight over municipal ownership. At the last election five "ownership" aldermen were elected. The five holdover aldermen are opposed. When the council met it was a tie. Now the new aldermen will attend none but regular meetings, where the subject of ownership can come up, and the holdover none but special meetings, where it cannot. There has been no council meeting for a month, city employees are without their pay and the city has no tax levy for the next year. The situation is considered to be unique, as Webster City is the only municipality in the land which has no local taxes.

For the first time in fifty-five years the town of Clinton, Mass., had a town meeting on Sept. 29. The meeting was called at the instance of fifteen voters by petition. Over 1,400 voters were in attendance, and after discussing for two hours the matters presented to them they refused to take any action, referring everything back to the selectmen.

The Canadian minister of railways admits that the Intercolonial railway has been run at a loss of $2,000,000 in the past year, and he sees no hope of reducing the deficit, which will have to be made up by taxation. He attributes the failure of government ownership to the high wages, the fact that government railway employees cannot be laid off in times of depression without creating an uproar, and to the fact that rates are not adjustable under government ownership as they would be were the railways privately owned.

Clerk Campbell of the Suffolk superior court refuses to patronize the Boston printing plant because its prices are about one-third higher than those of private plants.

PROBABLY BORROWED FROM LE SUEUR

New York Tribune.

The night editor of the Tribune received the following query from a correspondent in Indianapolis last night:

"Cry of aged wife restores husband to life after he had been dead several hours. Want 200 words."

With Professor Loeb and Mr. Burbank in mind, and being a man open to the conviction that miracles are believable if verified by stop watches and conducted under purely amateur rules, the night editor ordered the correspondent to send seventy-five words.

The correspondent did. This is what he sent:

"Indianapolis, Sept. 25.—William Krieder of Logansport, 84 years of age, died at noon yesterday and when his wife entered the room four hours afterward, the sight of her dead husband overcame her and she screamed at the top of her voice. The old man opened his eyes, looked about the room, and asked in a feeble voice what was the matter. He was so much better early this morning that it is thought he will recover."

ERA OF GOOD FEELING

Lisbon, N. D., Free Press.

On the 15th of September Theodore Roosevelt completed four years of service in the presidency, and that he has more than fulfilled expectations is generally realized. Both the majority and minority parties credit him with ability, honesty and courage and the present period of our history is more nearly likened to that of James Monroe, where party differences were hardly perceptible. Sectional issues have nearly disappeared and outside of the tariff arguments it is hard to distinguish a republican from a democrat.

WHEN THE VOICE CHANGES

I'm worried doggone near to death,
They's somethin' wrong with me;
'Most ev'ry time I try to talk
My voice runs up to "Z;"
I start out just as natural
As anyone could speak.
But 'fore I say a dozen words
I, somehow, start to squeak.

It used to be I sang right good,
Jist coon songs an' the like.
But now my voice gits cracked so much
I'm 'fraid a note to strike.
Today while talkin' to a girl
My voice began to buck.
She smiled an' sez: "You talk jist like
A turkey," dern the luck!

My voice is high an' then it's low—
Oh, jist 'bout half an' half.
I'm 'shamed to use it 'cause it makes
'Most ev'rybody laugh.
Ma sez it's changin', an' that soon
I'll talk 'long diff'rent lines,
I better er, doggone it all!
I'll start a-makin' signs.

—Bide Dudley, in Kansas City Star.

"CRIPPLE'S" WONDERFUL SHORT LIFE DESCRIBED

Engineers' Feat in the Mountain Fastnesses of Colorado—Railroading in the Gold Country—The Cripple Creek Short Line 10,000 Feet Above Sea Level—Scenic Beauties of the Route.

Cripple Creek, Col.—One of the most marvelous of engineering feats whose fame has spread to all parts of the country is the so-called "Short Line" or Colorado & Cripple Creek District railroad. Primarily built to carry gold from the famous Cripple Creek region to the smelters, it affords a ride which is one continuous panorama of nature, so sublime in its attractions that it seems as if the glories of the world lay unfolded at one's feet.

It is morning when one leaves Colorado Springs for this ride and it is late in the afternoon when one returns, but the marvels of mountain, canyon and dale that are constantly changing make all sense of time flee. From Colorado Springs the road has a run over a level tract of six miles before it begins its mighty climb. At starting many were in the observation car or on the side of the train from which a view of the depths below could be obtained, but, later, the precipitous heights caused some timid ones to change to the other side of the car, which at first was almost deserted, and to view the magnificent scenery at a distance.

We start at an altitude of 6,000 feet. In the distance Pike's Peak looms up proudly and as we gradually ascend the foothills the nearby towns seem like a panorama before us. Across the canyon, and the train begins the ascent with a gradual unfolding of beautiful scenery that baffles description. Down in the valley below, hemmed in by foothills, the summer resort, Broadmoor, with its crescent-shaped lake, is disclosed to view. A twist in the road and we are 7,200 feet above sea level, gazing down on a panorama of plains, dotted by trees and diversified by lakes, an outlook so limitless that measurements seem meaningless. There is a breathless "Ah" from all on board, quickly checked, for the ever-shifting panorama changes again and another scene presents itself. The engine turns and twists on its sinuous way. We see it ahead going over trestles, we pass thru tunnels that bewilder and we look down Cheyenne canyon into the winding trail below and the winding ribbon of water by its side. Slowly we wind, ever wind, around the rims and over the tops of the famous Colorado mountains, affording long-distance views of bewildering grandeur. Majestic peaks are not alone above but below.

A Revelation of Engineering.

A short distance and St. Peter's dome bursts into view, a huge mass of granite that seems to stand alone. The ascent is a revelation of engineering skill. The dome itself is 10,000 feet and the railroad climbs to 8,700 feet. Glory seems to succeed glory, yet the train goes steadily on, winding almost imperceptibly around until we look on tracks beneath and tracks hundreds of feet above and wonder at the marvelous engineering that can climb by serpentine ascent the frowning buttresses and mountain fastnesses. Looking down on the blue and green below as the train winds slowly to the top of peaks, the panorama is bewildering. A short distance and Silver Cascade falls descends gently, hundreds of feet above our heads. The flag, 12 by 18 feet, on the top of St. Peter's dome, looks like a speck in the distance, but grows larger as we ascend. Many stretches in this locality are clothed with pine and nearby, we are told, are forty girls camping. We stop and leave them some camp necessities.

Continuing the serpentine ascent we reach Duffields, then Summit, 10,000 feet high, whence we see Pueblo, "the Pittsburg of the west," laid out like a panorama in the distance. A stop at Rosemount and we glide down the western slope, past rocks torn by tempests, over creeks and through bewildering forests. In some places four tracks, one below the other, are disclosed to view, the higher one being visible at times. In the distance on its 11,000 feet above sea level stands Altman, the highest incorporated town in the world, and we realize we are nearing the famous gold district, the end of this marvelous journey. It has grown cooler and cooler as higher altitudes are reached. The burrow trails seem to intersect the clouds, but nothing seems to daunt the purple and white flowers that grow by the wayside and that glow with color against the red soil. Mariposa lilies vie with bluebells in beauty to attract the eye nearby, while farther away across limitless space on a clear day can be seen the snow-capped ridge of the continental divide.

City Famous in Ten Years.

As the train, in its descent, passes by the Hoosier, Moon, Anchor and Gold King mines, we see at our feet Cripple Creek, a thousand feet below us, but a distance easily covered and we are soon at the city made famous in the last ten years, the greatest gold camp on earth. To get here we have crossed over almost imperceptible mountains and enjoyed a panoramic view of heights and plains that can be had in few parts of the world, for magnificent prospects in quick succession burst upon the vision with dramatic effect.

So much for the scenic beauties of the route. As for the engineering wonders a few facts may serve to give a faint idea of this remarkable railroad which is built around the rims and over the tops of mountains. There are nine tunnels on the stretch, which represent an expenditure of four and a half million dollars, the costliest road in the west, according to mileage, for there are only forty-five miles of track. Near St. Peter's Dome, in going over the several elevations of track, one travels over three miles by rail to gain a distance of 1,600 feet and an elevation of fifty-four feet. One mile of this stupendous undertaking cost $175,000 and the average cost a mile was $90,000. While some railroads boast a horseshoe curve, this has them by the score, forming the letter S, with loops of all kinds and lengths.

This is the famous "Short Line." Cripple Creek itself and its neighbor, Victor, are wonderful towns. For many years a cattle-grazing country, Cripple Creek can boast of a population of 10,000, while Victor lays claim to 8,000. In 1891 Bob Womack, a ranchman, after annoying for years the owners of cattle by digging holes to prospect, found some good-looking ore, specimens of which he brought to Colorado Springs. He interested a few men with capital, who located the El Paso Gold King mine. A rush of fortune seekers followed the discovery of gold and new mines were opened with rapidity, until today considering its area, this is the largest gold-producing camp in the world. One mine alone furnished $2,000,000 toward the building of the famous "Short Line" and the whole region around Cripple Creek is so dotted with prospect holes that at a distance they look like prairie-dog towns.

Employed at Good Wages.

Statistics are dry reading, yet it may be of interest to know that under ordinary conditions over six thousand men are employed in the mines at $3 a day for the lowest age. There are 300 properties which produce with more or less regularity, and in and out among them, stopping at times to inspect them, runs the "low and high line," the electric railway which skirts Victor and Colorado Springs. It is a trip of absorbing interest, for it is not every day that one can past thru a region where the output in twelve years has been $141,395,089. All high-grade ore is shipped to Pueblo and Denver and the low grades go to nearby smelters. The productive area of this district is only six miles square, yet from this small patch of ground more gold is being produced than from the entire states of California, Idaho and Montana.

As for the towns themselves, they bear evidence of rapid growth, yet there is a substantial appearance that surprises. Cripple Creek boasts of thirty churches. By taking the circle, the ride on the electric road around the towns, a good idea is obtained of the mines and towns, before entering the train for the return journey. This is one of the most unique experiences Colorado affords. Interesting is a feeble word to express the glory of mountains and the wide stretches of plains which come to view as one ascends and descends on the train. Add to this the wonderful terra cotta hue of most of the formations, the thousand fantastic shapes the ridges and mountains assume, and every mile of the wonderful road seems a bold attack on the Rockies, a herculean effort which leads to the greatest gold camp on earth.

LIFE ON THE PEAK OF A HOT VOLCANO

Professor Matteucci, Director of the Royal Observatory at Naples, Gives a Description of the Eruption in Which He Was Badly Hurt—Caught in a Shower of Hot Rock Masses.

Public Opinion.

"Come with me and look first on the heaven of the smiling 'Campagna Felice,' backed by the magnificent range of the Apennine, and then on the savage and terrible hell of smoke and lava and desolation. What a glory of sunlit sea and plains and mountains dazzles us on one side. Far below spreads the silver bay, shut in by capes and islands, so as to appear like an immense lake. Almost all the peaks are extinct volcanoes whose dead craters are in some cases vastly larger than that of my beloved Vesuvius. Now look upon the other side, and behold a view as horrible and forbidding as the other was lovely. Here we have the great field of lava in the Atrio del Cavallo, with the driblet-cones formed during the eruptive period of 1903-04. In the background, partly hidden by great clouds of sulphurous smake, is seen the ridge of the Monte Somma. Three of these 'driblet-cones' burst out almost simultaneously on Sept. 22, 1904, and watch in hand I counted their united explosions, which amounted to no fewer than 160 a minute. The little cones whistled and screamed, while at the same time the giant crater hissed and roared; and above the hellish din rose the explosions like sharp volleys from machine guns."

The quotation, with its Italian fervor and its scientific enthusiasm, is from an article in the October Cosmopolitan, by a man who occupies a unique position among scientists. Professor R. V. Matteucci is director of the Royal observatory of the University of Naples—and his post is on the crater of Vesuvius.

"Many times," writes Professor Matteucci, "has the observatory seemed in grave danger. You see, it is not as tho the mountain were stationary and its physical configuration the same for all time. Crators come and go in a most alarming manner. One torrent of liquid fire, as we shall see presently, may entirely demolish a new crater, or another may spring up in a night like a mushroom. The tale of death of my mountain would fill a whole number of this magazine. On the wall at the entrance to the observatory are placed a couple of tablets commemorating the death of tourists and guides alike, who were overwhelmed in the awful eruption of 1872. There were many days during the years 1895-99 when I thought the observatory positively doomed to destruction, after all its years of service. A secondary crater opened up hideously, vomiting fire and ashes, lava streams and rocks, between the observatory and the foot of the cone, filling up the Piano delle Ginestre. I waited and waited, reluctant to leave while my senses were with me; and at last, to my unspeakable relief (I feared for my beloved collections rather than for myself), the great rivers of lava heaped themselves up into a hill of considerable height, which formed a kind of bulwark for the eminence of San Salvatore on which my house is built."

On May 13, 1900, the writer was observing the eruption from a point not far from the crater's edge; his account of the incident follows: "The energy of the explosions was increasing enormously; and aware that a still greater outbreak was preparing and there was not a moment to lose, I ran away from the edge of the abyss, calling loudly to my assistants, who followed me at once, knowing that the conditions foreboded a possible catastrophe. We could not run very fast, however, because the cone was covered with immense quantities of loose stone that had been ejected during the past few days; and then, moreover, we had to be constantly looking back to watch the action of the great volcano, even tho thereby we should court a fate worse than that of Lot's wife. I remember we fled westward, toward the Plain of the Fumaroli, or smoke-vents. We were hardly sixty feet away from the edge of the great crater, however, when a truly fearful explosion took place. At that moment I had no other thought than that of my scientific work, and so I stopped and turned eagerly toward the stupendous column of smoke that rose into the sky. My assistant and our guides were farther off. Instantly I found myself in the midst of a shower of hurtling stones. How I avoided them I can not say. They whistled and screamed like projectiles in battle. I did my best to avoid the larger rock masses, which always fall first. I bent as low as possible, with arms and hands trying to save my head. My camera was smashed to pieces, and while stooping to regain its lens, I lost my balance and fell into a mass of scalding-hot ashes. I believed myself lost, but a second or two later realized that the fatal moment had passed."

This particular observation put Professor Matteucci in the Naples hospital for a number of weeks.

Defective Page