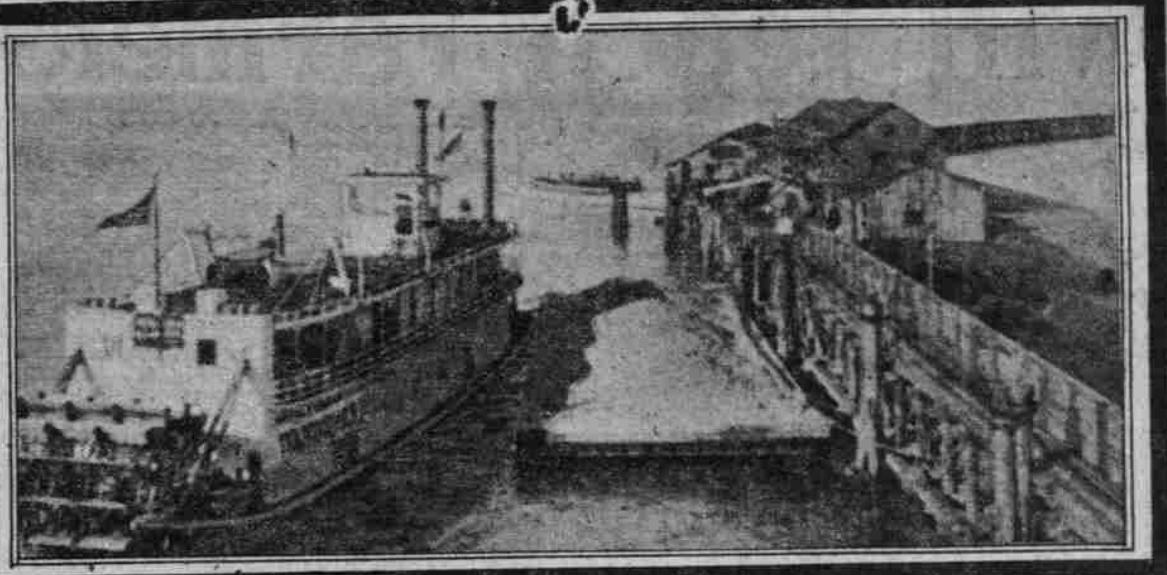


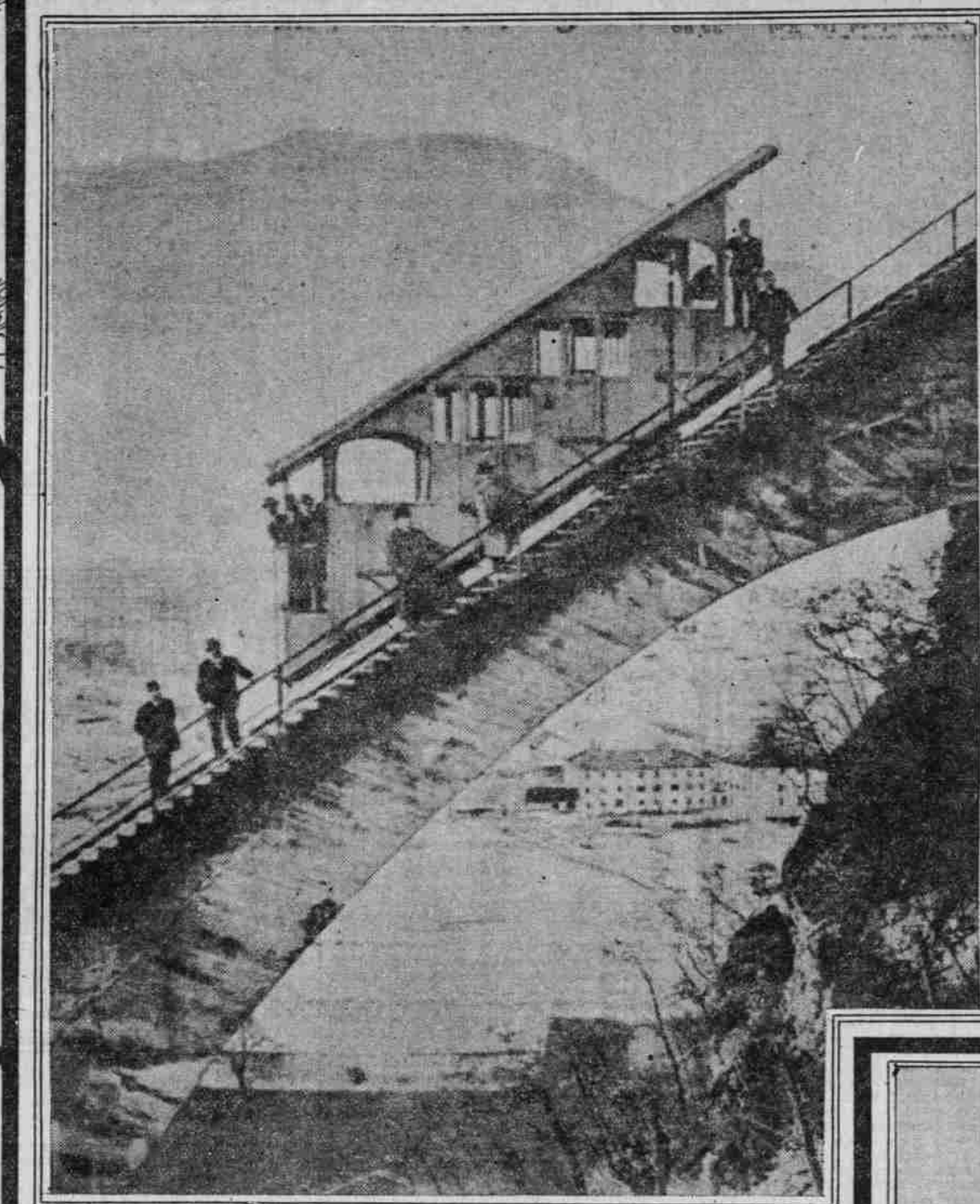
RAILROADS THAT MOUNT CLOUDS AND GO TO SEA



Latest Triumphs in Man's Struggle to Reach the Earth's Inaccessible Places



KNIGHTS' KEY DOCK, TEMPORARY TERMINAL OF THE SEA-GOING RAILROAD



NEW AUSTRIAN MOUNTAIN RAILWAY AT BOZEN IN TYROL

it be needed for the passenger to quit his car from the time he gets on in New York till he alights in Havana.

The problem of building the road of marvels was complicated by the thought of the terrific hurricanes that have their breeding place in the West Indies. The force of these gales is repeatedly shown in the terrific havoc not only on the Florida coast, but as far along the Gulf of Mexico as Mobile.

A railroad that would withstand these typhoons must be stoutly built. The great storm of a year ago, which ravaged Jamaica, did serious damage to all the work which was in the course of building and had not yet been made secure.

All except some of the structural stone had to be carried to the scene of operations, and the money outlay in doing the work has been of a kind to stagger those not used to dealing with figures in large amounts.

In some parts of the trip the passenger is entirely out of sight of land, and has the novel experience of seeming to be as completely at sea as if taking a ride on an ocean liner.

In the course of the many projects to overcome the inaccessible are many novel and wonderful constructions, but none that appeal more impressively to the imagination than this amphibious railroad.

Various forms of the incline railway have been found valuable aids in bringing the inaccessible closer to earth. Johnstown, Pa., scene of the terrible flood of a couple of decades ago, has one that opened up a whole new section on the heights overlooking the town, and gave an aristocratic residence section on a site that had formerly been a barren mountain waste.

Up a Mountain Side.

An inclined railway, of somewhat similar type, but far greater dimensions, has just been completed at Bozen, in the Tyrol.

The mountain of Wirtelwarte has always been famed for the beautiful view it afforded of the town of Bozen and the surrounding country. But the ascent was of such a difficult nature that only a small percentage of tourists were ever able to get up to the height from which the prospect could be enjoyed.

This fact suggested the building of the new road. Now it is possible to go straight up the mountain, all the way to the top in speed, comfort and safety.

The work involved serious engineering difficulties, for the grade is a very sharp one, and it was necessary to take

extraordinary precautions to make sure that the cars could not leave the track. Each car carries 36 passengers, and international effort to remove the barriers which nature has erected against the world's free intercourse.

Suggested by the Suez Canal, which has perhaps been the greatest time and money saver of any engineering device of a century, a waterway between the Atlantic and Pacific has been the dream of half a dozen nations. French financiers sank fortunes in their attempt to make a cut between the two towns of Colon and Panama, located on either side of the 40-mile strip of country, which has for centuries compelled the long trip either around Cape Horn or through the Strait of Magellan.

New Transcontinental Lines.

Now for the first time the project is being pushed, with completion a certainty of the next decade.

Other countries in the Pan-American district are feeling the new life which has taken possession of the country since the beginning of the century.

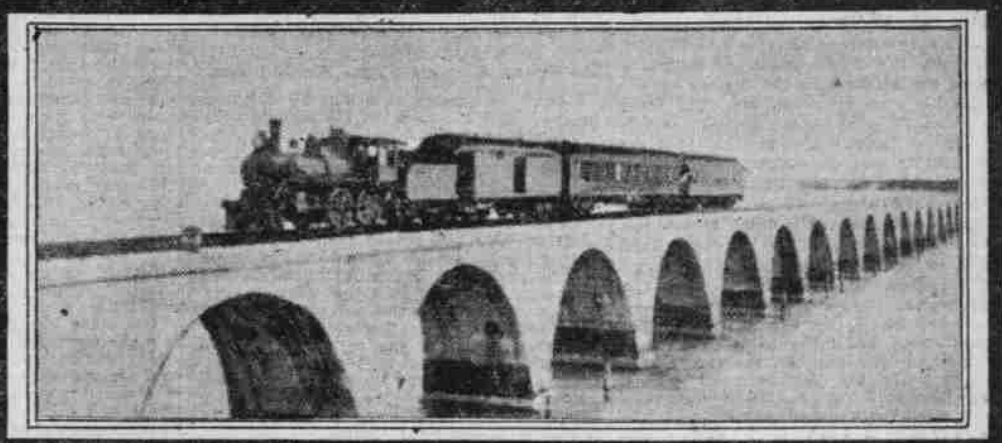
A most interesting railway connecting the Gulf of Mexico with the Pacific Ocean has just been completed. It is known as the Tehuantepec National Railway.

The railway terminus on the eastern side is Coahuaco, and on the western shore Salina Cruz. The former part is approached through the Gulf of Campeche, and the new harbor at Salina Cruz will be approached through the Gulf of Tehuantepec. Both these places are connected with various cable systems.

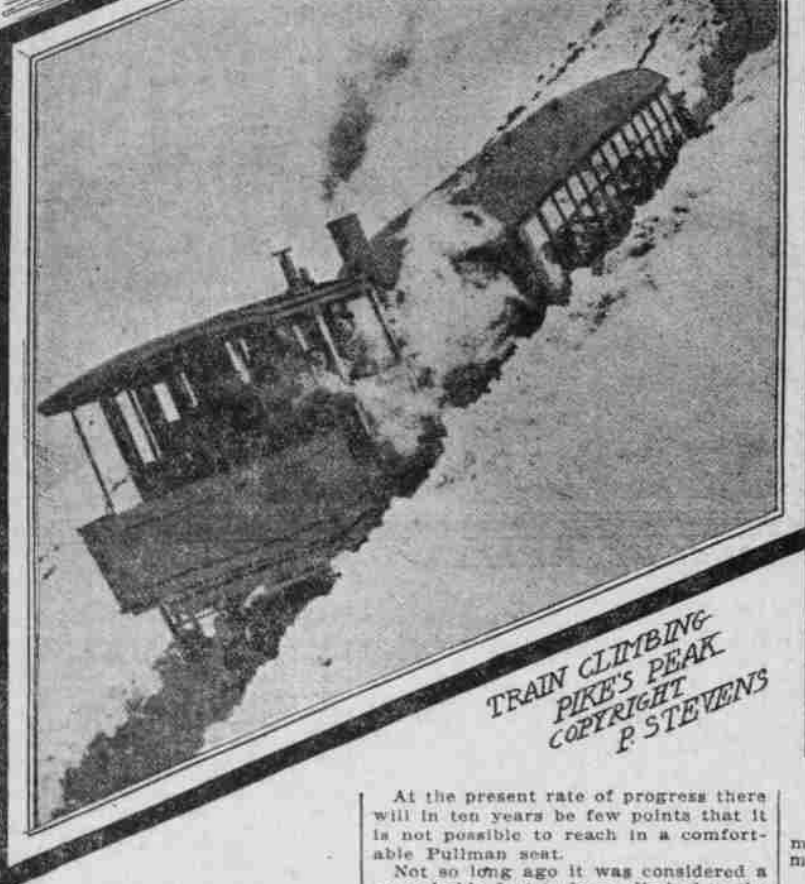
The railway, which penetrates a wild and mountainous district, is expected to take a prominent place as a connecting link between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

Building this railroad meant more than work on land. Salina Cruz had an ideal location to be the terminus of such a project. It had everything to recommend it but a harbor. Therefore the proprietors of the road, in order to provide a port for commerce, set themselves the task of building a harbor. They erected two large breakwaters and dredged to a depth of 30 feet.

Tunneling under river beds to make a roadway for railroads and trolleys has become so common that it no longer



FIRST TRAIN CROSSING THE OCEAN VIADUCT ON THE FLORIDA AND KEY WEST RAILROAD



TRAIN CLIMBING PIKE'S PEAK COPYRIGHT P. STEVENS

At the present rate of progress there will in ten years be few points that it is not possible to reach in a comfortable Pullman seat.

Not so long ago it was considered a remarkable feat to have climbed to the top of Pike's Peak. A burro was used in the earlier stages of the ascent, but the climb ended in arduous footwork, where the success of the exploit depended on courage and the guide's knowledge of the route.

That day has now passed and a railroad runs to the top of the peak, with speed and comfort for the passenger and infinite saving of time.

The Jungfrau used to be the aspiration and the despair of the mountain climber of a generation ago. The modern tourist has nothing more difficult to do than produce the price of his ticket, and get there by train.

All through the Alps tunnels are being driven, which have had the result of facilitating travel to a degree never possible while this chain of snow-clad

mountains stood in the way as a permanent barrier to progress.

Coral Insects Make a Roadbed.

So many centuries ago that the count is lost, the zoophytes on the Florida coast began working for Henry M. Flagler. They didn't know it, neither did mankind for hundreds of years, but these coral makers, so tiny as to escape the scrutiny of the naked eye, and working so slowly that years show only slight progress, were laying the foundations on which was to be built that wonderful railroad that goes to sea.

The coral strand and its accretions resulted in the formation of a chain of tiny islands, some of them only in evidence at low tide. Then came the wonder worker, Henry M. Flagler, Standard Oil magnate and virtual owner of Florida, to dream the wonderful

plan of an all-rail line that would go from New York to Havana.

His was the thought of taking the dangerous reefs which in the past were the terror of navigation and making them the foundation for the structural work of a railroad such as the world has never before seen.

Not all of the way could be taken over the reefs, for there are intervals where the floor of the ocean sinks, and is always covered with old Neptune's element. In places like this the concrete foundations had actually to be placed right on the bed of the ocean. Not less than 14 miles of the road thus far finished is built in this way.

Cuba Half a Day Nearer.

Two-thirds of the work it now accomplished, the road being finished as far as Knight's Key. Even this much of the journey brings Cuba half a day nearer to

the United States. In an other year when the remaining forty-seven miles to Key West shall have been opened, the distance between Uncle Sam and his island ward will have been still further reduced. Havana and Key West are only 90 miles apart, and it is planned to join the two by a ferry service, which will take the trains themselves straight through. Thus never for an instant will

ger excites any attention; gravity roads, gaining the motion entirely through the water, are common in every mountainous country, the Mauch Chink Switchback being the best example in the East, but railroads that run to sea or into the clouds are modern developments that show nothing but a man's maddening in his purpose to attain the inaccessible.

The Panama Canal will mark another wonderful triumph in the great in-

CLEVELAND'S INFIRMARY GROUP OF BUILDINGS.

CLEVELAND, O., Feb. 17.—(Special.)—Cleveland's new farm colony plan for grouping all its corrective, charitable and sanitary institutions is progressing rapidly. The infirmaries group, including the notable central quadrangle, is now under course of construction. The trustees' ledges for workhouse prisoners a mile and a half away now shelters 100 prisoners, and more than 100 tubercular patients are in the temporary buildings of the tubercular division nearly a mile distant in another direction, while many have been sent back to the city cured within the past year. The total area of the great farm has been increased until it now comprises three square miles, ten miles from the Cleveland Public Square.

The infirmaries division when fully completed will be the finest in the world. The service quadrangle alone covers an acre of ground, and most of it is two stories high. In the center is an open court, around which is a laundry, bakery, kitchen, power-house and other like departments. From each corner of the quadrangle the dining-rooms and separate cottages are to radiate in the manner shown in the accompanying illustration, until the whole resembles a village. People of like tastes whose company will be congenial to each other will be grouped in these cottages. There are now 1000 people in the city infirmaries departments of Cleveland awaiting the completion of these buildings at the farm which buildings are to entirely take the place of those down in the city.

During the recent cold weather when work has also been scarce, the wards of the city necessarily increased. Many prisoners are working in the stone quarries on the farm, while others are assisting in other lines of work. These prisoners do not go about their work with a

Killed Gorilla of 500 Pounds

A GORILLA six feet tall and weighing more than 500 pounds is one of the latest trophies of H. Paschen, who has for years hunted the monster species of the monkey family for pleasure and profit. He has shot and mounted scores of them, but the 500-pounder was bagged under conditions more exciting than ever before.

Mr. Paschen is widely known among the natives in the sections where he hunts, and his unerring aim has made him little short of a hero among them. They go to him whenever fear of animals stricken them. The story of how Mr. Paschen bagged the big beast is told by Harold J. Shepherson in the Scientific American.

One day, as Mr. Paschen was strolling a little way from hunting headquarters, natives confronted him and begged him to save them from attack by a "big monkey" which had suddenly appeared and frightened them.

Accompanied by about 80 natives, Mr. Paschen set out to find the "monkey." It was in a dense and swampy thicket where the natives said the animal was hidden.

After much difficulty the beast was discovered hiding in a tree, but so situated that the hunter could not get a

shot. While the natives stood cowering in the background Mr. Paschen took out his bush knife and cut a path to the tree. As he stood directly at the foot, the gorilla, whose curiosity had been aroused, thrust his head through the foliage.

Mr. Paschen was ready. A report rang out and the gorilla fell with an ugly wound in his jaw. He was not killed, however, and in falling caught the lower branches of the tree. With its peculiar cry the gorilla made ready to attack the hunter below.

The skin and bones were embalmed, shipped to Europe and mounted by a Hamburg taxidermist.



FARM WHERE CRIMINALS, SICK AND THE DEFICIENT ARE CARED FOR.

HUNTING THE CARIBOU WITH ESQUIMAUX IN ALASKA.

THE only man who navigates the Arctic Ocean in a gasoline launch is a young Rochesterian who is on his way home from the Bering Straits, says the Rochester Post Express. Alexander Allen left Rochester some years ago to seek a fortune digging for "color" in Alaska. In the rich gold fields that lie beside and behind Nome, but when a two-year's stake did not bring him a fortune he loaded a gasoline launch to the scuppers with everything from Teddy bears to harpoons and started his hyperbolic trading cruise.

When Mr. Allen arrived with a full-laden cargo of Killatruak, shortly after the hunters of the village had returned from inland points distant 500 miles, he saw them engage in games and contests after finishing their bartering.

The boys played football and the men ran races. The game consisted in kicking what looked like a baseball made out of raw seal skin and stuffed with caribou hair, and the running track was merely the round of a lake the circumference of which measured between 30 and 40 miles. These efforts to play and race while clad in the ordinary warm fur costumes seemed to fatigue neither boys nor men.

The runners acquire their remarkable power of endurance and tenacity through contending with exigencies while hunting in the Winters. After they leave the Summer camp by the ocean inlet and move a probable 400 miles inland each family is separated and located on a certain section.

But in times when food or clothing is scarce a chief hunter has to proceed an even farther stage inland, and leaves to others the trapping of smaller animals, perhaps richer game, while he hunts necessary. The mink, marten, Hudson Bay sable and black-tipped ermine are shot and caught near the family camp, and the chief hunter or best runner goes off by himself to hunt caribou

or moose, according to longitude. Some follow the same runs year after year, and of course in those cases the hunter knows beforehand fairly accurately where he will locate to hunt; but other herds, again, never return to the same feeding grounds, and then the hunter seeks them.

He pitches a leanto and starts a long and patient watch when he reaches a district he feels the caribou will graze through. During the few daylight hours he does not close an eye or cease warily to scan each recurring sign of game, and for days he will squat and smoke and watch with Indian stolidity and Roman faithfulness.

If meat be scarce and the camp apt to be starved out, and the hunter has been dispatched more to replenish the larder than to secure pelts for clothing, he no sooner spies a herd that he prepares to stalk it, indifferent whether the number be 10 or 10,000.

The hunter crouches on his snow shoes, sticks a few fish inside his parka shirt, grips his gun and precious spyglass and sets out to approach the herd and follow its trail. He hurries to leave his sheltering leanto intact and takes only the most meager portion of his already only provisions.

The sport then much resembles stalking goat in the Rockies or deer in the highlands of Scotland or chamois in the Haris Mountains of Bavaria, with the important exception that it is more strenuous.

He knows that he can run down any herd of reindeer that feeds south of Point Barrow. When he sees the herd stampede on its wild and headless race he starts off on a dog trot he can keep up longer than can the hounds in any American or British pack. He keeps running on and on, his head bent slightly forward, the weight of his rifle and shaver thrown well up on his shoulders almost onto the nape of his neck.

The hunter does not stop, for he can easily track the trail by night. He staves off hunger by munching a few bits of frozen fish, for the Esquimaux is not sensitive to myrtle berries, but eats bones, gills, tail and all.