

# RAILROADS that are BUILT TO PROVIDE a NEW "THRILL."

Mountain Peaks in the Rockies are Utilized to Provide Excitement for the Tourist-- Zig-Zag Railroad 14,000 Feet above Sea Level-- John Brisben Walker's Mile-Long Cable, Lifting One High Above the Plains.

THOSE enterprising individuals who have devised so many mechanical devices, whereby the public is given thrills at Summer amusement parks, seem to have been outdone by Western railroad men.

Recognizing the appeal of daring engineering feats to the average mind, these railroad men are taking advantage of the natural opportunities afforded by the Rocky Mountains and are endeavoring to outdo each other in the construction of railroads and trams that will give the tourist a mingled sensation of wonder and fear.

The modern engineer who is constructing a "thriller" in the mountains lays rails where only the lonely prospector has been with his burro, or where the mountain sheep has leaped from crag to crag. Or perhaps he swings a cable across a mighty abyss, and the thrill-seeker is swung back and forth across a yawning gulch and has the delightful sensation that comes from speculating on the possibilities if the steel wire that holds him in his bucket should part.

Amusement purveyors of this sort even have their eyes fixed glancingly on the far-famed Royal Gorge, in the canyon of the Arkansas. A trolley line from Canon City, Colo., to the top of this gorge is planned. A bridge will span this chasm in the rocks, which is almost as narrow at the top as at the bottom, where the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad could not find room to build its track on solid footing and had to suspend a bridge between granite walls. When the trolley cars spin across the chasm and the tourist looks down on the trans-continental trains crawling hundreds of feet below, a new sensation will be provided for the tireless American thrill-hunter.

The man who started the work of turning the Rocky Mountains into a sort of Coney Island is the Rev. E. J. Wilcox, who stepped from the ministry to mine promoting and from mining to a new form of railroading. Mr. Wilcox was interested in a mine not far from Silver Plume, Colo. A tiny narrow-gauge railroad had been built from Silver Plume to the mine. Mr. Wilcox was enchanted with the view unfolded on his first trip over the line, which was used solely for the transportation of ore.

The railroad to the mine ended before timber line was reached, however, and Mr. Wilcox realized at once the advantage of extending the rails on to the very crest of Mount McClellan, which is a shoulder of Gray's Peak, and which is only 200 or 300 feet lower than that mighty mountain. Railroad experts shook their heads, but the enthusiastic promoter raised the money for extending the line, in a series of switchbacks, to the altitude of 14,000 feet. Today the line ends on the very summit of Mount McClellan. It is the highest regularly equipped and operated railroad in the world. There is no passenger service and which is not operated regularly, but this Colorado line to the top of a mountain peak is used for mail as well as passenger service and is in every respect a genuine railroad.

The engines used in negotiating the tremendous grades to the top of Mount McClellan are of the Shay mountain-climbing type, but are not equipped with cogs. The steeper portions of the climb are negotiated by switchbacks, which rise not unlike a series of steps in a gigantic ladder. By alternately backing and going ahead on these switchbacks, the final altitude of 14,000 feet is reached.

It is intended to pile one thrill on another, however, by extending this line



still further. From Mount McClellan it is intended to extend the line along the rocky ridge extending to Gray's Peak itself. Gray's Peak is one of the highest mountains in the Rocky Mountain range, and, years ago, was used as a weather station by the United States Government. The peak is considerably higher than Pike's Peak, in fact there are two dozen peaks in Colorado higher than the state's most celebrated mountain—and commands an unsurpassed view of mountain scenery. It is believed that trains can be run to the very base of the final pinnacle of Gray's Peak and that the last 200 feet can be negotiated by means of an elevator. A hotel and observatory will be built on top of the peak and astronomical observations will be taken in the remarkably clear atmosphere.

It is a significant fact that this railroad begins at Silver Plume, where one of the great railroad engineering feats of a generation ago was accomplished. It is at Silver Plume that famed Georgetown Loop. The loop does not suffice now, for nearly all the tourists from Denver take in the newer wonders that begin where the old-time engineers left off their work.

Utilization of the mine railroad for passenger traffic suggested an idea

to other mine owners on Mount McClellan who transported their ore in trams. One of these concerns, whose steel cable stretched a mile or more up the steep side of Mount McClellan, began carrying passengers up in the ore buckets. Here was a new thrill with a vengeance, and the mine owner soon began reaping more profits from human freight than from his ore. Now he does a big business all Summer long, swinging people up and down the mountain side, in huge, heavy ore buckets.

John Brisben Walker, who is never content unless he is mapping out some startling enterprise, is responsible for a mile-long railroad near Denver that has more thrills per foot than any other line in the world. Mr. Walker conceived the idea of hauling passengers to the top of the front range of the Rocky Mountains, overlooking the plains that stretch eastward toward the Missouri. He installed a power plant on the summit of Mount Morrison, that towers over the foothills west of Denver. By means of steel cables, two heavy cars are hauled to the top of this mountain, and are lowered again with their human freight. The ascent is made from the

famous Red Rocks—strange formations not unlike those that have given the Garden of the Gods its fame. Mr. Walker has created a park among these rocks, and has found a natural amphitheater, nestled among the largest formations, where open-air concerts are given to vast throngs of people. Mount Morrison rises high above the park and amphitheater, and only a man of Mr. Walker's daring would have thought of building a railroad up so steep an ascent. It is estimated by engineers that

the Mount Morrison railway illustrates the ultimate in cable construction. To construct a line with a longer cable haul is an impossibility, yet this line is considered so safe that Mr. Walker carries no insurance whatever, as he considers an accident an impossibility. An operator ascends and descends with each car, and is in constant means of communication with the engineer on the mountain peak by means of a telephone. At the middle of the slope the cars meet and pass each other. The upper half of the ascent is much the steeper, and at some points the car seems literally swinging in the air. The strain on the cable seems tremen-

dous but in reality it is only a fractional part of what the steel wire will bear, even with a car loaded to its utmost. From the top of the mountain, after the ascent has been completed, one gets an inspiring view of the high plains and the front battlement of the Rockies. Such scenic roads demonstrate how the engineer's skill is tested to meet the public's constant demand for something startling. How far such devices will be carried can only be guessed, but with the Rocky Mountains as a field for exploitation, there is going to be no lack of room for tourist "thrillers."

## THE POOR MAN'S HYMN

BY JOHN GILL  
(Reprinted from The Oregonian, December 25, 1910.)  
We are all poor men's children. Generations Have tolled in tears and sorrow since our sire,  
Drove from his home in helpless lamentations,  
Saw Eden girl with angel swords of fire.  
Yet we are children of a gracious Father,  
Nearer his blessed table than our kind Who lived and died in hope, content to gather  
The falling crumbs, with glad and thankful mind.  
Today, through every nation,  
To souls in every station,  
Christ gives us invitation—  
Rich gifts for all mankind.  
Some thought his eye forgot our lost condition,  
And cried in anguish, "Lord, how long? how long?"  
But prophets saw in beatific vision  
The mourning of all people changed to song.  
They saw the waste and solitary places  
In days to come would blossom as the rose,  
The wilderness rejoice, and heavenly graces  
Bloom in the households of their heaven foes.  
The night of death was flying;  
War's voice, through ages crying,  
Was hushed, in echoes dying;  
The red sword sought repose.  
Even as a root out of dry ground appearing,  
No promise of his matchless beauty shown;  
Despised and rejected, meekly bearing  
Our griefs and sorrows, even as his own,  
The prophet saw the Son of Man in meekness,  
Born of a lowly maid of David's line;  
The Lord of Angels, robed in human weakness,  
Come to our aid in love and light divine.  
From Judah's house descended,  
Among outcasts, scorned, unfriended;  
His days began and ended—  
The poor man's friend benign.  
There came a wearied man and patient woman,

Ages long since, 'mid Winter's twilight pale,  
Obedient to the mandate of the Roman,  
Seeking their city in a Syrian vale,  
Lights gleamed from Bethlehem, to guide them thither—  
Their early home, the place so loved of yore!  
But now in sore distress, they knew not whither  
Their steps might turn, to find an open door.  
Oh, men of David's city,  
How monstrous was your shame,  
To close the ear of pity  
'Gainst folk of David's name!  
But in those hills where David's flock had nestled,  
A thousand years before, that wintry night  
Were shepherds, who with cold and darkness  
To guard their flocks; and lo! a wondrous light  
Shone round about them, and a host from heaven,  
Cried, "Glory to God on high  
And peace on earth! To man this day is given  
A Saviour, Christ the Lord!" filled earth and sky.  
These simple hearts, believing,  
That word from heaven receiving,  
Followed, their sheepfolds leaving,  
His gleaming star on high.  
In lowly crib, where mild-eyed cattle,  
Loving,  
Gazed on the Child of Poverty, they found  
The newborn Prince; their rustic knees  
bowed low,  
His earliest mortal homage; but the crowned  
And mighty of the earth, in glad devotion,  
Bring him today their loveliest, dearest, best,  
Who bid all weary souls on earth and  
"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."  
Thou hast with thee forever,  
The poor, Oh Lord, and never  
Our faith from thee shall sever,  
Who made thyself our Guest.

# O. HENRY'S BEST STORIES

COPYRIGHT 1910 BY F. L. NELSON

## While the Auto Waits

PROMPTLY at the beginning of twilight, came again to that quiet corner of that quiet, small park the girl in gray. She sat upon a bench and read a book, for there was yet to come a half hour in which print could be accomplished.

To repeat: Her dress was gray, and plain enough to mask its impecuniousness of style and fit. A large-meshed veil imprisoned her turban hat and a face that shone through it with a calm and unconscious beauty. She had come there at the same hour on the day previous, and on the day before that, and there was one who knew it.

"Really, I would like to have you do so. The light is too bad for reading. I would prefer to talk." The vassal of Luck slid upon the seat by her side with complaisance.

"I earnestly beg your pardon," pleaded the young man. His expression of satisfaction had changed to one of penitence and humility. "It was my fault. You know—I mean, there are girls in parks, you know—that is, of course, you don't know, but—"

"I do not," said the girl. "I am not so inquisitive. I come here to sit because here, only, can I be near the great, common, throbbing heart of humanity. My part in life is cast where its beats are never felt. Can you surmise why I spoke to you, Mr.—?"

"I see," admitted the young man, humbly. "These special diversions of the inner circle do not become familiar to the common public."

"You should know," she explained, in an indulgent tone, "that we of the non-useful class depend for our amusement upon departure from precedent. Just now it is a fad to put ice in champagne. The idea originated with a visiting prince of Tartary while dining at the Waldorf. It will soon give way to some other whim. Just as at a dinner party this week on Madison Avenue a green kid glove was laid by the plate of each guest to be put on and used while eating olives."

"I am not a waiter. I am cashier in"—on the street they faced that bounded the opposite side of the park was the brilliant electric sign "Restaurant."

"I am cashier in that restaurant?" "I am cashier in that restaurant?" "I am cashier in that restaurant?"

"I am on the night turn," said the young man; "it is yet an hour before my period begins. May I not hope to see you again?"

whim may not seize me again. I must go quickly now. There is a dinner, and a box at the play—and, oh! the same old round. Perhaps you noticed an automobile at the upper corner of the park as you came. One with a white body."

"And red running gear?" asked the young man, knitting his brows reflectively.

car, and then passed it, continuing on across the street. Sheltered behind a convenient standing cab, the young man followed her movements closely with his eyes. Pasting down the sidewalk of the street opposite the park, she entered the restaurant with the blazing sign. The place was one of those frankly glaring establishments, all white paint and glass, where one may dine cheaply and conspicuously.

The cashier's desk was well to the front. A red-headed girl on the stool climbed down, glancing pointedly at the clock as she did so. The girl in gray mounted in her place.

A Modern Maud Muller. Judge. Maud Muller, on a pleasant day, walked in the meadow, sweet with hay. Her gait was clumsy, awkward, slow. For she wore a hobble skirt, you know.