RAILROADS that are BUILT TO PROVIDE as NEW THRILL."

Mountain Peak in the Rockie are Utilized to Provide Excitement for the Tourist .--Zig-Zag Railroad 14,000 Feet a- bove Sea-Level .-John Brisben Walkers Mile-Long-Cable, Lifting One High Above the Plains.

HOSE 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

Recognizing the appeal of daring en gineering feats to the average 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 sensution of won-

The modern engineer who is constructing a "thriller" in the mountains lays where only the lonely prospects has been with his burro, or where the mountain sheep has leaped from crag to Or perhaps he swings a cable seeker is swung back and forth across a yawning guich and has the delightful sensation that comes from speculating on the possibilities if the steel wire that

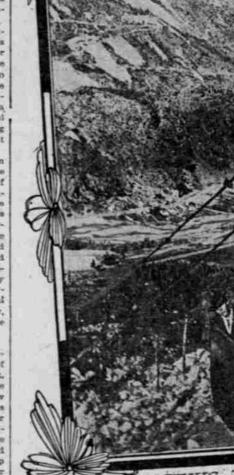
holds him in his bucket should part. Amusement purveyors of this sort even have their eyes fixed gloatingly on the far-famed Royal Gorge, in the canyon of the Arkaneus. A trolley line from Canyon City, Colo., to the top of this gorge is planned. A bridge will span this cleft in the rocks, which is almost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

The man who started the work of turn ing the Rocky Mountains into a Copey Island is the Rev. E. J. Wilcox, who stopped from the ministry to mine promoting and from mining to a new orm of railroading. Mr. Wilcox was interested in a mine not far from Silver Plume, Colo. A tlny narrow-gauge rallroad 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 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 ulder of Grays Peak, and which is only 200 or 300 feet lower than that mighty Railroad experts shook their 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 opa higher line in South America, which is not used for 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

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 girantic 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 an-



still further. From Mount McClellan | to other mine owners on Mount Mcit is intended to extend the line along the rocky ridge extending to Gray's Peak trams. One of these concerns, whose itself. Grays Peak is one of the highest mountains in the Rocky Mountain range. station by the United States Government. The peak is considerably higher than Pike's Peak, in fact there are two dozen peaks in Colorade higher than the state's | man freight than from his ore. Now he cost celebrated mountain-and commands an unsurpassed view of mountain scenery. It is believed that trains can be run to Grays 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 rathroad begins at Silver Plume, where one of the great railroad engineering feats of a generation ago was accomplished. It is at Silver Plume that tourists have been whisked around the 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 oldtime engineers left off their work.

Clellan who transported their ore in steel cable stretched a mile or more up the steep side of Mount McClellan, began carrying passengers up in the ore vengeance, and the mine owner soon began reaping more profits from hudoes a big business all Summer long, swinging people up and down the mountain side, in huge, heavy ore

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 in stalled 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

PAIL BOAD AT VUMMIT OF MT. 14000 FFF famous Red Rocks-strange forma- | certs are given to vast throngs of peo

tions not unlike those that have given ple. Mount Morrison rises high above the Garden of the Gods its fame. Mr. Walker has created a park among these rocks, and has found a natural lowered again with their human ampitheater, nestled among the larg-

the park and amphitheater, and only a man of Mr. Walker's daring would have thought of building a railroad up so

It is estimated by engineers that

Utilisation of the mine railroad for freight. The ascent is made from the est formations, where open-air conother, however, by extending this line passenger traffic suggested an idea O. HENRY'S BEST STORIES

While the Auto Waits

corner of that quiet, small park | would prefer to talk." the girl in gray. She sat upon a bench and read a book, for there was set to by her side with complaisance.

be accomplished. plain enough to mask its impeccancy quite the stunningest girl I have seen of style and fit. A large-meshed veil in a long time. I had my eye on you imprisoned her turban hat and a face yesterday. Didn't know somebody was unconscious beauty. She had come yours did you, honeysuckle? there at the same hour on the day "Whoever you are," said the

and there was one who knew it. bounded from the bench a full yard drawn."

er with that air that seems to flourish respect for the policeman on the beat, course, you don't know, but-" In a pleasant voice, he risked an inand stood poised for a moment, await- are they going? Why do they hurry

The girl looked over him leisurely; at his ordinary, neat dress and his fealar in the way of expression.

You may sit down, if you like," she to play. said, in a full, deliberate contralto.

the formula with which park chairmen To repeat: Her dress was gray, and open their meetings, "that you are ful.

previous, and on the day before that; ley tones, "you must remember that I me with an incog. You should have am a lady. I will excuse the remark The young man who knew it hovered you have just made because the mistake near, relying upon burnt sacrifices to was, doubtless, not an unnatural onethe great joss, Luck. His plety was re- in your circle. I asked you to sit down; the holy of holles, and mine, by the Waldorf. It will soon give way to some warded, for, in turning a page, her if the invitation must constitute me book slipped from her fingers and your honeysuckle, consider it with- spoke to you, Mr. Stackenpot-"

"I earnestly beg your pardon," plead-The young man pounced upon it with ed the young man. His expression of instant avidity, returning it to its own- satisfaction had changed to one of penitence and humility. "It was my in parks and public places—a compound fault. You know—I mean, there are gloss of wealth and supposed social inner circle do not become familiar to gallantry and hope, tempered with girls in parks, you know-that is, of

"Abandon the subject, if you please. consequent remark upon the weather - Of course I know. Now, tell me about that introductory topic responsible for these people passing and crowding, so much of the world's unhappiness- each way, along these paths. Where

The young man had promptly abandened his air of coquetry. His cue was tures distinguished by nothing particu- now for a waiting part; he could not guess the role he would be expected

going to supper and some to-erhistories are."

"I do not," said the girl; "I am not DROMPTLY at the beginning of twi- Really, I would like to have you do cause here, only, can I be near the light, came again to that quiet so. The light is too bad for reading. I great, common, throbbing heart of humanity. My part in life is cast where The vassal of Luck slid upon the seat its beats are never felt. Can you

surmise why I spoke to you. Mr. -"Parkenstacker," supplied the young man. Then he looked eager and hope-

slender finger, and smiling slightly. "You would recognize it immediately. that shone through it with a calm and bowled over by those pretty lamps of It is impossible to keep one's name out Or even one's portrait. This of print. "Whoever you are," said the girl, in vell and this hat of my maid furnishes seen the chauffeur stare at it when he thought I did not see. Candidly, there are five or six names that belong in accident of birth, is one of them. I

man, modestly.

"-Mr. Parkenstacker, because I wanted to talk, for once, with a natural man-one unspoiled by the despicable superiority. Oh! you do not know how weary I am of it-money, money, money! And of the men who surround nowledging his confession of error by a me, dancing like little marionettes all slight bow, "I have thought that if I cut by the same pattern. I am sick of ever should love a man it would be one pleasure, of jewels, of travel, of society, of lowly station. One who is a worker

of luxuries of all kinds." "I always had an idea," ventured the young man, hesitatingly, "that money must be a pretty good thing."

"A competence is to be desired. But "It is interesting to watch them." he with a gesture of despair, "It is the

the wonderful drama of life. Some are palls. Drives, theaters, balls, suppers, prefer the diabolism of the duke. with the gilding of superfluous wealth other places. One wonders what their over it all. Sometimes the very tinkle of the ice in my champagne glass near-

COPYRIGHT 1910 BY FI NEISON

ly drives me mad." Mr. Packenstacker looked ingenuously

"I have always loved," he said, "to read and hear about the ways of wealthy and fashionable folks. I suppose I am a bit of a snob. But I like to have my information accurate. Now, I had formed the opinion that champagne is sooled in the bottle, and not by placing ice in the glass."

The girl gave a musical laugh of gen-

"You should know," she explained, in an indulgent tone, "that we of the nonuseful class depend for our amusement upon departure from precedent. Jus now it is a fad to put ice in champagne. The idea originated with a visiting prince of Tartary while dining at the other whim. Just as at a dinner party this week on Madison avenue a green "Parkenstacker," corrected the young kid glove was laid by the plate of each guest to be put on and used while eating

"I see," admitted the young man, humbly. "These special diversions of the

the common public." "Sometimes," continued the girl, ackand not a drone. But, doubtless, the claims of caste and wealth will prove stronger than my inclination. Just now I am besieged by two. One is a grand duke of a German principality. I think when you have so many millions he has, or has had, a wife, somewhere, that—" She concluded the sentence driven mad by his intemperance and driven mad by his intemperance and acualty. The other is an English mar-

refilled, postulating her mood. "It is | monotony of it," she continued, "that | quis, so cold and mercenary that I ever is it that impels me to tell you these things, Mr. Packenstarker?"

"Packenstacker," breathed the young man. "Indeed, you cannot know how much I appreciate your confidences." The girl contemplated him with the impersonal regard that befitted the difference in their stations,

"What is your line of business, Mr. Parkenstacker?" she asked. "A very humble one. But I hope to rise in the world. Were you really in

earnest when you said that you could love a man of lowly position?" 'Indeed I was. But I said 'might.' There is the grand duke and the marquis, you know. Yes; no calling could

be too humble were the man what I would wish him to be." "I work," declared Mr. Parkenstacker, "in a restaurant."

The girl shrank slightly,

"Not as a waiter?" she said, a little imploringly. "Labor is noble, but-personal attendance, you know-valets "I am not a watter. 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 you see there." The girl consulted a tiny watch set

in a bracelet of rich design upon her left wrist, and rose hurriedly. She thrust her book into a glittering retisuspended from her waist, for which, however, the book was large.

"Why are you not at work?" asked.

"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?" "I do not know. Perhaps-but the turned her head to glance at the motor

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 or the mountain peak by means of a telephone. At the middle of the slope the cars meet and pass each other. 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-

the Mount Morrison railway illustrates | 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 scenie 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

THE POOR MAN'S HYMN

RAILROAD "TERULE D"

BY JOHN GILL. (Reprinted from The Oregonian, December 25, 1884). We are all poor men's children. Genera-

Driven from his home in helpless lament Saw Eden girt with angel swords of

Yet we are children of a gracious Father, Nearer his blessed table than our kind Who lived and died in hope, content to

The falling crumbs, with glad and thankful mind

Today, through every nation, To souls in every station, Rich gifts for all mankind.

Some thought his eye forgot our lost condition, And cried in anguish, "Lord, how long?

But prophets saw in beatific vision The mourning of all people changed to

They saw the waste and solitary places In days to come would blossom as the

The wilderness rejoice, and heavenly graces in the households of their

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 ap-

pearing.

No promise of his matchless beauty shown;

Despised and rejected, meekly bearing Our griefs and corrows, even as

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, 'Mong outcasts, scorned, unfriended; His days began and ended— The poor man's friend benign.

There came a wearled man and patient

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

But now in sore distress, they knew not Their steps might turn, to find an open

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

A thousand years before, that wintry Were shephords, who with cold and darkness nestled, To guard their flocks; and lo! a

wondrous light Shone round about them, and a host from

Crying aloud, "Glory to God on high And peace on earth! To man this day is given A Saviour, Christ the Lordt" filled earth

and sky. Those simple hearts, believing, That word from heaven receiving, Followed, their sheepfolds leaving,

His gleaming star on high, In lowly crib, where mild-eyed cattle,

lowing. Gazed on the Child of Poverty, they

The new-born Prince; their rustic knees bestowing His earliest mortal homage; but the

And mighty of the earth, in glad devo-Bring him today their lovliest, dearest,

Who bids all weary souls on earth and ocean, "Come unto me, and I will give you

Thou hast with thee forever, The poor, Oh Lord, and never Our faith from thee shall sever, Who made thyself our Guest.

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. Pernaps you noticed man followed her movements closely an automobile at the upper corner of the park as you came. One with a white body."

young man, knitting his brows reflectively.

"Yes. I slways come in that. Pierre waits for me there. He supposes me to be shopping in the department store across the square. Conceive of the bondage of the life wherein we must deceive even our chauffeurs. Good-

"But it is dark now," said Mr. Parkenstacker, "and the park is full of rude men. May I not walk-"

"If you have the slightest regard for my wishes," said the girl, firmly, "you will remain at this bench for 10 minutes after I have left. I do not mean to accuse you, but you are probably aware that autos generally bear the monogram of their ewner. Again, good night."

Swift and stately she moved away through the dusk. The young man watched her graceful form as she reached the pavement at the park's edge, and turned up along it toward the corner where stood the automobile. Then he treacherously and unhesitatingly began to dodge and skim among the park trees and shrubbery in a course parallel to her route, keeping her well in sight.

When she reached the corner she

car, and then passed it, continuing on across the street. Sheltered behind a convenient standing cab, the young with his eyes: Passing down the sidewalk of the street opposite the park, she entered the restaurant with the "And red running gear?" asked 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 girl penetrated the restaurant to some retreat at its rear, whence she quickly emerged without her hat and vell.

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. The young man thrust his hands into his pockets and walked slowly back along the sidewalk. At the corner his foot struck a small, paper-covered volume lying there, sending it sliding to the edge of the turf. By its picturesque cover he recognized it as the book the girl had been reading. He picked it up carelessly, and saw that its title was "New Arabian Nights," the author being of the name of Stevenson. He dropped it again upon the grass, and lounged, irresolute, for a minute, reclined upon the cushions, and

sald two words to the chauffeur:

A Modern Maud Muller.

Judge.

Maud Muller, on a pleasant day.

Walked in the meadow, sweet with hay.
Her gait was clumny, awkward, slow,
For she were a hobble skirt, you know,