

WAY THROUGH THE CANYON

Difficult Task Undertaken by One Who Determined to Construct a "Jacob's Ladder" Down Rocky Walls of Nature's Great Gorges—Lowering Explorer by Means of Rope Over Deep Chasm—How Pathway Was Constructed

By William Atherton Du Puy.

BECAUSE a young easterner put up a 15 year fight against the forces of nature in opening up the Grand canyon of the Colorado in Arizona to the tourists of the world and because he later whipped a great railroad company to a frazzle to maintain his rights there, he has been elected to congress. This is the story of Ralph Cameron, delegate from Arizona, and the remarkable trail that leads from the rim of the greatest of the world's wonders to the water's edge seven miles below, is the monument to his accomplishment.

Today when tourists, crossing the continent by the great Santa Fe route reach Williams, Ariz., the popular thing is to stop at the hotel and look into the canyon, there to change to the back of a mule and get the most of a sight for which people travel half around the world. Were it not for Ralph Cameron it would take days to make the trip by wagon and there is a question as to whether any but the hardiest would ever be able to go down into the great abyss—by means of his trail.

The manner in which the chiseling of a trail around the front of 5000 foot cliffs or blasting it through overhanging points enters into western politics is interesting and, in the case of Cameron, instructive. It all began some 22 years ago when the present delegates must have been in his salad days for he still appears but just come into the prime of manhood. There were no salad days for the boys in Arizona. In the eighteen prehaps, for certain it is that in '87 Cameron with a party of kindred spirits had found his way over and around the great precipices that go to make up the 20 mile wide gash that the Colorado river has cut into the otherwise table land of northwestern Arizona. They had let themselves down bench by bench until in the end they had descended the perpendicular mile and a half and reached the river itself.

All along the route they had prospected for gold. They had started out with the idea that the bowels of the mountains were laid open and that the treasure was awaiting to be gathered in refined purity. They knew for sure that certain Mormons had run a pack trail from the canyon 500 miles to Santa Fe and had profited by conveying the rich ore that great distance. They were looking for the Eldorado until they found what looked like the makings of a copper mine something like those around Butte, Mont., and the Lake Superior shores, but they did not care for copper mines. Further down they found a ledge of rock 60 feet across and they ground the pure gold out of it. An assay sample of this was sent out and \$240 in actual gold was gotten from it. They felt themselves already millionaires. But they were so disagreeably isolated from the rest of the world and upon this fact grew the idea of making a trail into the canyon down which a pack mule could bring supplies and up which could again carry the bags of shimmering gold.

The members of the party owing their mine lode to jointly build the trail. They set to work and continued their labor for some five years. At the end of this period some of the original members of the party had become weary with the strenuous life and others, in accordance with the way of the west, had drifted off in one way or another, mostly "greasers and Indians." Ralph Cameron, however, was still at work and he had a lone companion. But in the end all these became weary of the tedious and costly task of clearing the trail and the future statesman bought their shares and continued the work.

Not long after this Cameron got his roadway in working order and brought out some bags of ore. Incidentally he sold the displaced men and matters were good round sum and matters were good.

ing well on the ranch he had established nearby. In Williams, the nearest town to his holdings, he had established headquarters and was becoming a man of affairs in the mountain hamlet. But all the time the work was going on on the trail, which was gradually being made better and better.

Trail building is a scientific operation and to successfully carry it out the chief matter of knowledge is the practical workings of a donkey. It is important that the engineer of the trail should know exactly how near this beast of burden can be stood on his head without tipping over and rolling seven miles down the hill. With this knowledge the grade of the trail is made such that the hind end of the mule will just clear the edge of the cliff.

When the actual grade on the hillside is more than this then it may be decreased by tacking back and forth as the descent is made. One of these trails may wander down a canyon until a

cutting bluff pushes it off and there is a look straight down of 3000 feet. There is no way around this bluff so a trail must be picked out or blasted out of the face of the cliff with sufficient care that the mule's pack will not push it over the cliff and sufficient protection that the man with the bug can see the mule's head or the mule's head can see the man with the bug.

Practically all the trail is out more or less into the mountain side and everywhere the footing is made secure. There are rest places and water stations on the way down. There are various views of the canyon and points where the tourist tells the mule

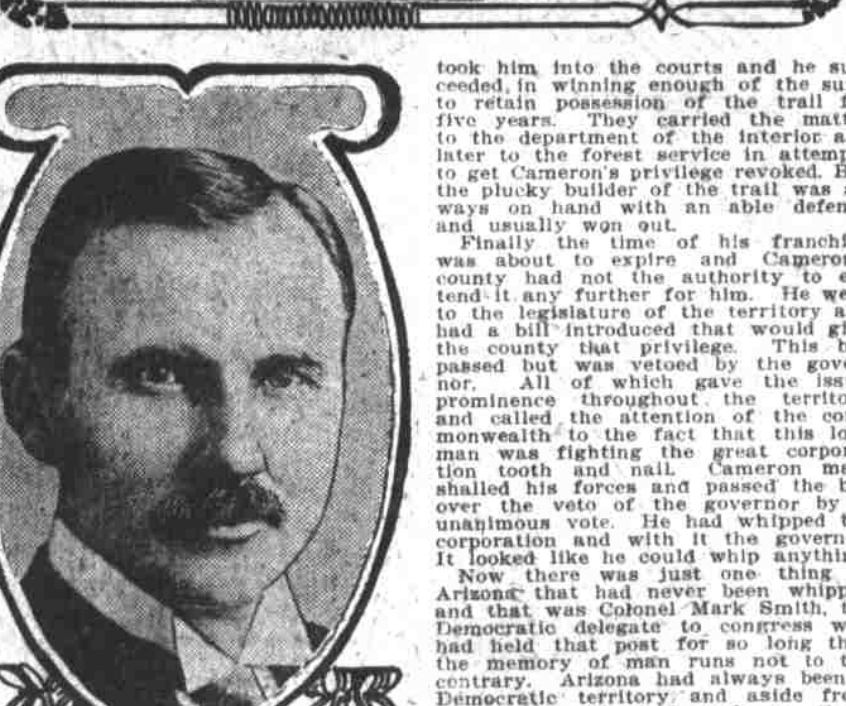
to whom. Withal it is comfortable but 15 years have been consumed in making it so and the hardships of those 15 years are lost to the sight of the tourist.

When the trail was completed and Ralph Cameron had become a man of affairs in his community he aroused more or less local pride and business ambition in the village of Williams and a bonus of \$20,000 was subscribed towards the building of a railroad out to the rim of the canyon. Eventually some one was found who would undertake the task and the work began.

The Santa Fe furnished for this construction second hand rails that had been taken off the main line and took a mortgage on the new road for the charge for them. The builders became embarrassed and the Santa Fe took over the line.

When this great trunk line found it had a line to the very edge of the Grand canyon its directors were

overjoyed and began to look around for methods of improving the property. The first discovery was that they were hauling tourists by the hundreds to the canyon rim and that there all these aforesaid tourists were paying a fee to a private individual. Ralph Cameron, for the real journey, that in the depths of the great chasm. This trail as a tourist traffic proposition seemed to be worth as much as their railroad and they thought it would work better if they owned both. They first attempted to have the franchise of the builders revoked but Cameron not himself elected county supervisor and extended his own franchise. They



Ralph Cameron, delegate from Arizona to congress, and two pictures showing canyon and photographers taking pictures under difficulties.

knew he was a fighter and that manner of performance is as popular in New York. Further than this Cameron was absolutely representative of the people. He could turn a slap jack over the camp fire, he could throw a square hatch on a pack drive four to a stage, talk books to those he met in his travels abroad and good Indian to the man of the reservations or the Indians themselves. He was an all round utility man among others of his kind. He was a man who did things and wanted to represent a constituency. He was the same sort of men. The man who built a trail in the west creates a new world and the man who builds in Washington they are asking him about land and forests and Indians and the answers he is giving them ring true. It is possible he has more first hand information on these subjects than any man who ever went to the congress.

The railroad from Williams to the canyon is working industriously these summer days. It is across a great plateau 8000 feet above the sea, studied with ascending pine and oak and meadowed with the eternal snows of San Francisco peaks looking down upon it. That the railroad hauls these people, Arizans, there are no clouds in the world like these. Certainly they are the tamest clouds of them all for

one of them will lie in the roadway and one may drive into it and through it and out of it again and it will never move.

When these people have finished their journey on the train they are at the rim. Mostly they stand dumb here for a few minutes, for half an hour, for half a day. There is a great out before them in the greatest panorama that the eyes of man have ever gazed upon in all this wide world. It is 16 miles to the opposite rim and seven to the piece of ribbon below that is said to be a great river. The body of the picture is a great chasm where the waters of centuries have played havoc with the body of the earth and have carved what fantastic figures might be left behind. There are mile high castles, the stones of which are as great as the towers of the crusaders and the colorings are its native pigments. There are varicolored palaces of granite and marble and vast as they are. There is everywhere distance, magnificence, grandeur. And out of it all in it all a riot of unequalled color.

This is what the tourists brought by the railroad see and the intimacies of it are what are revealed by Cameron. His genuine work for this builder and he smiles at his protests and collects his tolls—for he saw it first.

BATHS FOR SENATORS

THESE are halcyon times for United States senators, says an exchange. Indeed, so carefully does the government, which the senators have the honor in part to be, look after the comfort and welfare of latter day solons that there may well exist grave doubt whether they are not in danger of being made badly off.

The contingent fund procures many little luxuries which make the annual report of the secretary of the senate read like the order book of a general store apothecized. Not the least of the items, and not in least esteem among the senators' surroundings, is the unlimited supply of lemonade which abounds in the senate chamber. There are lemons and the best mineral water procurable, and carefully sweetened and iced. It is ample amends for that rule of the capitol that no spirituous or malt liquors shall be sold within its confines. But now is heralded from Washington the completion, in the new \$4,000,000 senate office building, of the senate baths, which seem to have been calculated for the specific purpose of eclipsing those far famed establishments wherein the Athenian and the Roman reined both cleanliness and philosophy. Hear the faithful scribe's account of them:

A large room has been set apart upon the first floor of the building, marble-

floored and wainscoted with the plaster of white stone into sections. This room have been fitted with showers, Turkish baths, needle baths and other facilities for cleanliness which invite and entice.

Marble hotrooms, bound round with gilded steam pipes, beckon while the senatorial wainscots and modest rockers are hung upon solid metal hooks driven into marble walls. In the rubbing room are two great marble slabs supported upon handsome pillars. The slabs are wide enough to accommodate the ample form of Senator Heyburn of Idaho. The slabs are bound round with a forbidding ridge which will keep from accidental falls the small and rotund forms of Chamberlain of Oregon.

It is not to be charged because the elaborate bathing facilities are provided that senators have not bathed before. Two plain tubs, off from the room where senators are shaved and trimmed at the expense of the government are available for senators or the guests they may desire to so entertain. But it is affirmed that these tubs are little used.

Who would not be a senator? What ambition looms before the possessor of such baths, even though only the possessor in part? He can well afford carelessness of the ultimate consequences who for six untroubled years may disport himself in those marble halls of that virtue which is next to godliness.

"SANCIL" DIAMOND

By Franklin Clarklin in August Every-

body's.

OF the "Sancil" diamond that is being worn by Mrs. Waldorf Astor—a gift from her father-in-law, half what has been said is mere myth. It couldn't, have been worn by Charles the Bold and "taken from the frozen finger of his corpse."

For that gem was the "Pierced Heart," owned by the emperor of Austria. Elizabeth of England purchased it when De Sancil, extravagant and splendid, was low in purse.

When Charles became king and sent Buckingham to Paris to bring back his queen, Henrietta, and with his parliament, and not long afterward Crom-

well asked for his head. Henrietta gave the diamond to the Earl of Worcester. Worcester probably gave it back to the Stuarts, for whom he ruined himself for it descended to James II. James' disastrous reign cost him the crown, but he kept the "Sancil." That and other jewels which he took away with him when he fled to France. Again, this particular one was sold to Louis XIV of France for \$125,000.

Stolen with other jewels in 1792, the "Sancil" was sold to a Paris jeweler, who came by it, and Prince Demidoff purchased it for his wife. Twenty years later she gave it to her son, the late Jeweboy, a rich merchant of Bombay. It appeared at a Paris jeweler's shop, and was sold to the Maharajah of Puttala. He took it to his country. It was from a London jeweler that William Waldorf Astor bought it for his son's bride. Descent caetera.

YEAR OF TORMENT FOR MEN SUSPECTED OF LEPROSY

Joking Remark of Philippine Veteran Causes Him to Be Put in Lonely Tent Under Guard—Specialists Find That He Has Not the Dread Disease—Affliction Contracted in Pulp Mill

JOHN R. EARLY, the former United States Statesman, whom the government stigmatized as a leper and isolated on the Eastern Branch reservation for almost a year, gave to The New York World, on the roof garden of the New York Skin and Cancer hospital, in East Nineteenth street, a statement concerning his case.

Early and a fellow patient from two big wicker chairs on the roof garden. The strains of music from the band of the United States Marine band came from a violin and mandolin in the hands of the two patients.

They lifted their ban on music, you see. Early exclaimed, with a broad smile, as he lifted his six feet of well-knit form up out of the chair and stood to greet the reporter. "When I got here it was against the rules, you know," and he extended his hand with just a suggestion of timidity.

Early's hand clasp fitted the clear, smiling blue eyes and strongly featured face of the reporter. The man's skin was as clear and fine textured as any woman's and was bronzed a wholesome looking tan, the result of his 11 months of outdoor life.

Jesting Remark Started It.

"I want The World to get the first and the whole story of this case," he continued as he paced back and forth across the roof top. "To begin with I never saw a leper in my life and I wouldn't know a case of leprosy if I saw one. My joking remark to the private physician who first examined me in Washington, that maybe it was leprosy I had, was one of those fool statements that government officials in the innocence in the world and still bring down around his head more

trouble than all the meanness he ever did.

"I didn't catch any skin trouble in the Philippines and never knew what it was. I was sick for many years after I left the service. It was that pulp mill in North Carolina that got me. For the first month or so I did my work bare-handed. The fumes were frightful, but the thought that I might become afflicted as the other men were never entered my head until one Saturday just before quitting time. It was pay day and the men working beside me, a stout fellow, had been telling me it was his eldest boy's birthday and he was going to buy him a pound box of candy as soon as he got his envelope and could get to a shop.

Fellow Workman Drops Dead.

"A minute later, as he was leaning over the vat trying to pound out a big chestnut log that the chemical hadn't eaten, he drew in a deep breath with a jerk, stood bolt upright for a second and then dropped in his tracks. He was dead when I tried to pull him to his feet.

They told me afterward that I would go the same way if I didn't protect my hands and keep back from the fumes as much as possible. There were from 15 to 20 men working in that room every day, and all of them were frightful looking objects. Their hands and feet and faces were always swollen and sometimes they had to lay off a day or two to let the swelling go down enough so they could see to do their work.

"Being strong and healthy I laughed at all the talk about the danger of going bare handed until along about the middle of July, after I had been working two months, I noticed my face was beginning to swell and my hands and legs growing red and a little bit sore. I had been planning to go to Washington for a long time to prosecute two pension claims, one for deafness in my left ear and the other for a mild form of leprosy. I had been told that I had contracted in the service. I reckoned a rest from the mill wouldn't hurt me any and I had enough money saved up to pay for car fare to and from Washington, so I started north on August 15, intending to be back in a week or 10 days. I stopped with my good friend Captain Seaver of the Salvation Army in Washington, and about the first thing he said was to advise me to see a physician at once and get something to reduce the swelling of my face and hands. Two days later when the swelling of my face got so bad I could hardly see out of either eye I consented to let Captain Seaver send for a doctor.

Doctor Stood at Distance.

"He came up to my room and looked at my face and hands from a distance of about six feet. I could see he had no more idea what was the matter with me than a child would have and I said jokingly: 'Don't you think it might be leprosy?'

"He took it very seriously and asked me right away if I had ever seen a leper in my army service. I told him I hadn't, but he didn't stay very long after that. He told me frankly that he couldn't do anything for me and went away.

"I had gone to bed (it must have been 1 o'clock in the morning) when another physician, whom I afterward learned was said to be a doctor, came into the room without knocking. He lit the gas and told me to get up. I am used to obeying orders and did as he ordered. All he did was to roll up the sleeve of my pajamas and see that the inflammation extended half way up to the elbow. Then he went out of the room without saying a word and locked the door for the outside.

"The next day I had come to my senses enough to know that I was in a pretty serious fix and I made up my mind I'd find out just how serious before sunset. So when the doctor came

and the doctor, who stood out in the hall, told me to get into my clothes, go down into the street and get in and to the letter was the matter with me.

"He said, and I can remember every word of it, 'I don't need tell you any thing more than that I am going to have you write your wife will never be handled by any one but me. Nothing you ever hear or see will ever be touched by any human being. Write your letter and say what you please, but let your wife understand that I am to be the doctor's secretary and I will be about as unhealthful as ever a strong, able bodied man could stand. On one side was the crematory. On another side was the smallpox hospital. On another side was the federal prison. Facing the door of my tent the widower swept back and forth each day the saws from the prison. And all this time, remember, I was taking absolutely no treatment for my skin disease.

Could Pay for Warmer Quarters.

"By December it was so cold of nights in my tent that sleep was almost out of the question. I was told that I could get warmer quarters by paying for my own living expenses out of the pension I had received since I had been pronounced a leper.

The night before I was to move I heard a 'distress' whistle blown again and again. I didn't know then that my wife, who had moved into the house about a quarter of a mile down the tidewater line, had bought a policeman's whistle to summon aid in case of an emergency. So it wasn't until the next morning that I learned that during the night, while she was alone in that little house, she had given birth to a baby. I was in vain to summon help with that whistle. The nearest neighbors heard the signal, but they thought I had moved into the house and were afraid

to come. That ought to be enough of the unpleasant side of my story.

"The doctor, who was a very reasonable thing that happened. For some reason or other the authorities feared I might not be able to make both ends meet on the pension that I was getting after we had been in the house a few weeks the doctor told me a flock of hens were going to be delivered that morning.

Sold Eggs Through Agents.

"I don't know how many dozens of eggs I sold through agents this spring. I have often laughed myself to sleep wondering how the people who were sold down to a breakfast of their own would do if they knew they were hatched from hens that 'Early the leper' fed and cared for.

"Of course I never should have done such a thing if I hadn't been absolutely positive I didn't have leprosy. And that was the case. The doctor, who was a very reasonable thing that happened. For some reason or other the authorities feared I might not be able to make both ends meet on the pension that I was getting after we had been in the house a few weeks the doctor told me a flock of hens were going to be delivered that morning.

Several Indicted Sugar Chiefs



Indicted sugar chiefs who have been released on their own recognizance. At the left is Washington B. Thomas, president of the American Sugar Refining company; next to him is Lawyer McIlvaine, and on the extreme right is Gustave E. Kissel, who negotiated the famous \$1,250,000 loan to Adolph Segal. All the indicted men pleaded "not guilty."

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Soldiers Drew a Dead Line.

"I slept all night in the ambulance, which was driven to the Eastern Branch reservation, and the next morning two soldiers pitched a tent within a few feet of the tidewater mark and told me to be mine for a while. Their orders were to establish a dead line about me which they themselves were not to overstep. The nearest man to come to me, they said, was 10 feet. They didn't know why when I asked them.

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