

DENVER CHIEF TOURIST TARGET OF THE NATION

Sightseers Flock to Colorado
Capital, Gateway to Park
System.

WORSE THAN GOLD RUSH

By FREDERIC J. HASKIN.
DENVER, Sept. 8.—First a mining town, then a health resort, Denver has now become the chief tourist target of the nation.

Hundreds of thousands of tourists aim for this point every year, many of them to settle down for the entire summer and others to make the city their temporary headquarters while they tour the surrounding national parks and mountains.

For Denver is the gateway to our great national park system, the natural entrance to that vast western region which the government has set aside for the preservation of trees and the recreation of the public.

This season has brought an unusually heavy rush of sightseers, so that the hotels, boarding houses and camps are crowded to their utmost capacity; the postal card and curio stands are doing an unprecedented business, and the tourist supply stores are getting their hands in their pockets.

The streets are filled with strangers from Oklahoma, Texas, Missouri, Alabama, Georgia, New York and Pennsylvania.

Some of them wear their state penitents' hats, while others are easily placed by their native inflections.

Parties with fishing tackle and tennis rackets, while along nearly every corner are parked sightseeing automobiles, gradually filling up with passengers.

The other evening an old man with a white beard and bent shoulders stood on a downtown street corner surveying the crowd while waving his hat.

Two cars, laden with tourists, had already passed without stopping, and as the writer approached, another car stopped.

"Worse than gold rush," he said.

The old man looked helplessly about, and then removing a broad-brimmed hat, wiped the perspiration from his wrinkled brow.

"My God," he muttered hoarsely, "the gold rush was never like this."

Denver, situated on an overwhelming popularity this year to the earthquake occurring at Los Angeles, which, it believes, have frightened many tourists away from California and sent them to Colorado.

But inasmuch as the cloudbursts occurring in Colorado have wrought a good deal more damage so far than the gentle rains experienced here, tourists are inclined to think that the tourist tide has turned in favor of Denver, not because it is timid, but because Denver makes things so pleasant for it.

In the first place one of the best automobile camps in the west is located here in Denver, which was the first city to recognize the needs of the automobile tourist and to provide a municipal campground for his comfort and convenience.

A sixty-acre tract beside Rocky Mountain lake at the edge of the city has been laid out and equipped for the free use of motorists who wish to pitch their tents by the wayside.

There, under a protecting grove of trees, you can park your car and make your camp without worrying about water and fuel, usually the most important and irritating considerations in choosing a camp site, as these are supplied by the city.

In addition, there are electric cooking ranges, show-baths, a laundry and soft drink stand, while groceries are delivered to the site, so that the traveling motorist is able to rough it with the same degree of ease that he enjoys in dwelling in a city apartment.

The only nuisances are the noise of the motor and a department store.

CAMP IS GREAT DRAWING CARD.

This camp de luxe is naturally a great drawing card to vacationists touring the country in their motor cars.

Last year, it is estimated, a total of 4,750 cars were parked on the grounds, and more than 15,000 persons took advantage of its facilities.

This year, according to the authorities, it is accommodated almost twice as many.

Another convenience maintained by the city for the benefit of visitors is a tourists' free information bureau, which tells you all about the places you should see and how to get there, and otherwise acts as a sort of combined Baedeker and Cook service.

As there are fourteen one-day trips into the mountains and thirty-eight short scenic, rail, trolley and auto trips to points of interest, the bewildered tourist is desperately in need of such assistance.

Denver itself possesses many special features of interest to the sightseer, but with the Continental Drive dominating the horizon of the city, the average tourist usually gives one look and then exclaims, "Lead me to the mountains."

All the tallest Colorado peaks are there in full view, with the exception of Pikes peak, which is concealed from the average eye by distance and mist, but is always discernible to the natives.

On a clear day, some of the mountains appear so near that you can almost count the spruce trees on their purple sides, but in unsettled weather they look like a long, scalloped gray cloud barely visible against the darker gray of the sky.

PLACES TO GO.

As a matter of fact, the nearest ones are fifteen miles away, and one of the shortest auto trips from Denver to the mountains covers seventy-five miles and takes half a day.

This is the trip through the Denver Municipal Mountain Park system, the most popular of all the fourteen mountain journeys, leading first to the city of Golden, the old capital of Colorado, and the home of the State School of Mines, and thence up Lookout mountain.

Not until you reach Golden, which lies at the foot of the mountains, do you realize how high they are and how apparently tortuous the trail which your automobile is going to ascend.

On the day we made a trip as a member of a tourist party organized at our hotel, our hotel guide, usually a morose, disappointed looking person, was for some reason in an exceedingly jubilant mood.

He had a humorously fancy name for every tree or rock that we passed, and when we reached Golden he stopped the car and began a satirical account of the hazards we were about to face on the climb up Lookout mountain.

Unfortunately, however, the back seat of the car was occupied by a couple of ladies who took his harangue quite literally and who became so frightened at the prospect of driving over the so-called Lariat trail that they insisted upon getting out of the machine.

"But I can't make the trip for any less," objected the disappointed guide. "He was referring to fares."

"Oh, we will pay for our share just the same," declared one of the ladies magnanimously, "but I simply can't go up that mountain."

"I had no idea it would be like that," I'm from New Orleans where we're at sea level, or barely above it, and I know the altitude would make me sick."

"And just look the way that road curves around you there without a hint of hold on to."

At this point, one of the natives of

He's for Suffrage



Gov. Roberts of Tennessee, who has submitted ratification of the suffrage amendment to Secretary of State Coby, the anti-suffrage action was illegal.

Golden approached the car to see what had happened and between his sturdy eloquence and the impressive assurance of the guide, the ladies were at last induced to resume their seats.

JOURNEY IS REALLY SAFE.

"I was only joking," repeated the guide, as we continued the trip. "Why driving over Lookout mountain's about as dangerous as driving over the plains of Kansas."

As we steadily ascended, it became apparent that the guide's statement was only too true.

No nerve-racking thrills were encountered, much to the disappointment of the little boy who was with the party, but much scenery of the type which turns a traveler into a Colorado enthusiast.

At the top of the first ascent from Golden the car stopped and everybody climbed out on a rocky ledge, the timid southern ladies included, to get a super view of the broad valley below.

From this point also the guide pointed to the giant cravie at our feet where the first Colorado gold mine is said to have been located, commenting upon the better-known features of the early gold rush.

Then, while we were still in an historical frame of mind, we were ordered back in the car and hurried up and around another curve to the spot where "Buffalo Bill" is supposed to be buried.

We say supposed, because while the grave, marked by a tall, rough-stone monument is ostensibly there, we were later informed by Denver residents that the famous Cody actually is buried some fourteen miles away.

However, the grave adds to the atmosphere of the trip, and affords tourists a chance to exercise their cameras and legs, as well as to buy postal cards and soft drinks at a nearby log pavilion.

The rest of the trip consists of a gradual descent through lovely green stretches of park and then through Bear Creek canyon, the road bordering a gurgling trout stream between steep, snow-covered cliffs.

Here Colorado's extreme solitude for the tourist is also apparent.

Everything has been carefully labelled for his benefit. In the fear that mere scenery would not be enough.

Thus a rock with a hole in it is called "The Doughnut," and a boulder of irregular outline "The Hippopotamus."

In a few more years the wildest western canyons and the most inaccessible peaks will be filled with rocky managers and bakeries for the diversion of the summer trade.

PLAN TO COMBAT DISEASE SPREAD.

Plans for combatting contagious diseases among school children during the school year just opened were outlined at conferences yesterday of medical inspectors and public school nurses with Dr. Herman G. Morgan, secretary of the board of public health.

The work of the nurses and medical inspectors' corps is to be made broader this year through the establishment of a number of tuberculosis clinics in various localities.

Funds for the providing of glasses and dental work for poor children are again available.

Particular attention was given to the discussion of means to prevent diphtheria, which nearly always breaks out at the beginning of school.

Dr. Morgan announced the assignment of medical inspectors as follows:

Dr. Carrie L. Reid—Shortridge high school and elementary schools Nos. 1, 2, 4, 6, 16 and 30.

Dr. C. V. Dunbar—Schools Nos. 41, 43, 45, 60, 68 and 70.

Dr. G. J. Martz—Manual Training High school and schools Nos. 22, 31, 35, 46, 47, 48 and 49.

Dr. A. W. Miller—Schools Nos. 7, 8, 13, 20, 21, 28, 34, 39, 61 and St. Catherine and Sacred Heart.

Dr. W. Hickman—Technical High school and schools Nos. 3, 9, 14, 15, 33, 54, 58, 57, 59 and 62.

Dr. C. N. Harris—Schools Nos. 17, 19, 23, 24, 26, 37, 40, 42, 63, 64, 65 and 68.

Dr. William Wise—Emmanuel Lutheran, St. Peter and Paul, German Evangelical and Nos. 6, 12 and 25.

Dr. J. L. Conley—Holy Trinity, St. Anthony, St. Philip, St. Mary's, St. Agnes, St. Peter and Paul, Holy Rosary, School of Assumption, St. Francis, Holy Angels, Our Lady of Lourdes, St. Ann, St. Bridget, St. John, St. Patrick, St. Joseph and St. Rita.

Assignment of school nurses is as follows:

Miss Myrtle Mock, Nos. 6 and 22; Miss Isabel Walker, 46 and 48; Miss Johanna Reinken, 52 and 53; Miss Alma Green, 50 and 56; Miss Mabel Baker, 23 and 41; Miss Amanda Rogers, 24 and 40; Miss Margaret Yeager, 47 and 48; Miss Mary Pike, 9 and 1; Miss Maud Hamilton, 30; Miss Mamie Young, 29 and 37; Mrs. Alice Jones, 4 and 5; Mrs. Eva Goodman, 14 and 15; Mrs. Ida Crane, 12, and Miss Mary Martin, 16.

Eli Lilly Co. Plans Building Warehouse.

A building permit has been issued to Eli Lilly & Co., 522 to 903 South Alabama street, for the erection of a one-story fireproof warehouse, 64x120 feet, estimated to cost \$44,000.

Schlegel & Roehm have the contract for the work.

Is Recovering From Carbolic Acid Swig.

Allen Campbell, 23, of 439 North Pennsylvania street, today is recovering from carbolic acid-drunk Monday night at his home.

The police sent Campbell to the City hospital, but were unable to learn his reason for getting sick.

THOUSANDS MORE ROOMS NEEDED.

G. A. R. Encampment Not Two Weeks Off.

With the national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic less than two weeks away, every effort will be made by the housing committee to obtain thousands of rooms in private homes for the large number of visitors expected.

Before the end of this week it is hoped that the estimated required number of rooms will have been obtained.

Voracious Burglar

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The church women's committee will continue this campaign up until the opening day of the encampment.

Indianapolis Boy Scouts also will continue all active campaigns.

Up to date accommodations have been obtained for the housing of between 15,000 and 20,000 visitors, according to Scott R. Brewer, chairman of the housing committee.

With an estimated attendance of 100,000 at the encampment, many thousand additional rooms must be obtained.

Every hotel in Indianapolis already has been booked to capacity for the week of the encampment.

Further plans for obtaining rooms were discussed at a meeting of the housing committee held at noon today at the chamber of commerce.

Edward A. Kalin, chairman of the executive committee, announced that a meeting of the chairman of all committees will be held at noon today at the chamber of commerce to discuss further general plans for the encampment.

Herman P. Lieber, chairman of the committee on decorations for the encampment, today sent letters to the managers of all buildings in the business district, urging them to decorate with the national colors during the encampment.

Every resident of the city also is urged to display the American flag on his home during the week of the encampment.

Newcastle Realtor Dies From Weak Heart.

Special to The Times.

NEWCASTLE, Ind., Sept. 8.—Charles D. Ratcliffe, 33, a prominent real estate dealer, is dead at his home here of heart disease.

He was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ratcliffe of North Capitol avenue, Indianapolis.

Mr. Ratcliffe had lived here for the last thirteen years and is survived by his widow and one child.

Nell Brinkley Weds N. Y. Newspaper Man.

NEW YORK, Sept. 8.—Mollie Nell Brinkley, famous artist, and Bruce McKee, Jr., a newspaper man and son of Bruce McKee, well-known actor, were married on last Saturday evening at New Rochelle, N. Y., it was learned here yesterday.

Women of All Ages and Times

For fifty years Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for weak women has been the feminine tonic that has stood the greatest test. Ask your mother, aunt, grandmother, they will tell you of folks they have known who were cured of the many distressing, painful diseases, which occur in most women's lives, by taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Worry, sleepless nights, headaches, pains, disorders, irregularities and weaknesses in a short time bring the dull eye, the "crow's feet," the haggard look, drooping shoulders and the faltering step. To retain the appearance of youth, a woman must retain health. Instead of lotions, powders and paints ask your druggist for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This is the woman's temperance tonic and nerve tonic which has had the approval of thousands of women for fifty years. It comes in liquid or tablet form, or send ten one-cent stamps to the Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for trial package of the tablets. Listen to what these women say:

Trout Lake, Mich.—"I doctored with several doctors and they all told me I would have to have an operation. Then I heard of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription so I took six bottles of it and I have never been bothered with the same trouble since."

"I shall always recommend Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription to every one I can."

"It has been over twenty years since I took this medicine."—MRS. GEORGE PALMANTEER, Box 43.

Indianapolis, Ind.—"I used five bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. When I was very nervous and had severe feminine trouble I tried many remedies but did not get help. A retired doctor of Decatur, Ill., recommended the 'Favorite Prescription' to me. I used it and got the help I needed and finally I became entirely relieved. It cured me to stay cured for I have had no return of the trouble."—MRS. W. M. WOESSNER, 968 Elm St.

Jackson, Mich.—"I have used Dr. Pierce's medicines for about thirty years. I have recommended their use when doctors have given the patients up, and had the very best results. I could tell of many cures effected by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Pellets."—MRS. CORA STEPHAN (Nurse), 202 Harris St.

The Proof of Value in a Player Piano Is Its Performance

You know the TRANSPOSING PLAYER PIANO is right the minute you play it—you feel it respond to your every wish.

The young folks will undoubtedly like to dance snappy one-steps, foxtrots, or a waltz—mother may prefer the songs of the past that bring back to her those most endearing memories—while Dad probably likes the songs of good fellowship, or the stirring march or latest popular.

No matter what style of musical entertainment you like, the TRANSPOSING PLAYER will supply you—right in your own home. The song rolls when played by the TRANSPOSING PLAYER can be transposed to suit your voice—whether low or high—then you can enjoy home singing to the fullest.

Music expresses the hopes—the prayers—the spirit of us all everywhere. We turn to music as a child turns to mother, for comfort and solace—to vanquish cares and vexations.

Price and terms very moderate, giving a full dollar's value. Fully guaranteed \$595

If in the city it will be to your interest to call and see this magnificent player.

If at a distance mail the coupon for full particulars.

Other pianos taken in exchange.

Steinway & Sons,

40 North Pennsylvania Street.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

COUNTY.....

STATE.....

SEND THIS COUPON.

Please send catalogue and new Selling Plans of the \$595 Transposing Player Piano.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

COUNTY.....

STATE.....

Don't Shoot AT BUZZARDS, IT'S ALL WRONG

They're Stomachs Are Death to Germs—Not Disease Spreaders.

LIVING CEMETERIES

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 8.—With several state health departments threatening to make war on the turkey buzzard, the ground that he spreads anthrax and hog cholera, the biological survey here has charged to the rescue.

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In Dr. W. L. McAtee, who seems to be special counsel for the turkey buzzard, the learned government naturalists, the slender bird has an able and experienced corps of attorneys.

These gentlemen are as skillful at applying the whitewash as a political press agent.

"This is a loathsome and ferocious beast indeed, which they cannot prove to be a friend of man."

They have been at work for years teaching natural history through newspaper columns, with the prime object of saving the lives of countless birds, beasts and reptiles, which man has long been in the habit of killing on general principles.

Take the case of the hawk. At the sight of a hawk of any kind it used to be the invariable rule to run for a shotgun.

But by making martyrs of a few hundred hawks and analyzing their stomachs the biological survey proved conclusively that, with a few exceptions, the hawks are friends of man. At killing mice and rats they beat the average cat.

A really well-posted farmer never shoots at a hawk any more without first ascertaining whether it is a friendly philanthropic hawk or a poultry-killing hawk.

SAVING THE OWLS

The owls were likewise defended. Dr. L. K. Fisher, a man of considerable bulk, climbed every day for many months into a high tower of the Smithsonian building to examine the leavings from the feast of a pair of owls up there, with the result that he proved them innocent of barnyard depredations and responsible for the death of many a mouse and rat.

These fables were mailed, wired and called to all parts of the civilized world, so that henceforward it is your duty before shooting an owl to ascertain whether he is Bubo Philanthropicus, the rat-killer, or Bubo Terrificus, who dines on games and poultry.

Even the snakes have not been rejected as clients by these biological pleaders. Owing to his unfortunate share in the scandal of the garden of Eden, the serpent has been in bad odor ever since the rise of Christianity.

But, as a matter of fact, only some snakes deserve to be murdered.

Little or nothing can be said in favor of poisonous snakes, but the great majority of snakes in this country are not poisonous. Thus the little garter snake we are taught to love. He kills mice and gophers and does us no harm.

The terrible-looking black snake, so often killed, is also harmless and useful. He is a constrictor too small to constrict a man, and he should be encouraged to live under the porch or in the garret, as he is so fond of doing.

If he crawls into bed with you on a cold autumn night just lie still and he will not annoy you.

But to get down to the turkey buzzard. Here is a bird that faces a strong circumstantial case against him, and who has charms that appeal to the jury.

Just as it is easy to clear a pretty widow who, in a petulant moment, has branded her husband with a rolling pin, so it is easy to make out a case for a small little bird like the bob white who sits on a fence post and whistles.

But it is hard to find anything charming in a buzzard—an ugly, ill-smelling bird that lives on carrion and has a bald head as ugly as sin.

DRAGON CARBON.

Furthermore, this bird undoubtedly dines on the carrion of animals which have died of anthrax and hog cholera, and it seems reasonable, therefore, that he should be a carrier of these diseases.

In defending him against this charge, Dr. McAtee instantly seizes upon the buzzard's one strong point, which is his digestion.

Any bird that lives on meat in the last stages of decay must have a strong stomach.

The assumption is quickly proved to be correct. A scientific test shows that this phenomenal digestive system of the buzzard is death to germs.

An anthrax or hog cholera germ may go through a chicken or an opossum and come out alive, but not so the buzzard. For a germ the interior of a buzzard is a death chamber. This has been shown beyond dispute.

The only way, then, in which the buzzard could carry germs would be on his feet or on his bill. Inasmuch as he never goes near stock that is alive and well, he could not be much of a menace in this way—not as much of a menace as several carrion-eating domestic creatures, notably the chicken, and not near as much of a menace as the common fly.

Why, then, make war on the buzzard? It is utterly unreasonableness.

And the buzzard is a useful bird. Do

MURINE A Wholesome, Cleansing, Refreshing and Healing Lotion—Murine for Redness, Soreness, Granulation, Itching and Eruptions.

For Eczema, Dermatitis, Itching and Eruptions. "3 Drops" After the Eyes or Ears. "3 Drops" After the Mouth. "3 Drops" After the Nose. "3 Drops" After the Throat. "3 Drops" After the Skin. "3 Drops" After the Hair. "3 Drops" After the Feet. "3 Drops" After the Hands. "3 Drops" After the Face. "3 Drops" After the Neck. "3 Drops" After the Chest. "3 Drops" After the Back. "3 Drops" After the Arms. "3 Drops" After the Legs. "3 Drops" After the Anus. "3 Drops" After the Vagina. "3 Drops" After the Penis. "3 Drops" After the Uterus. "3 Drops" After the Ovary. "3 Drops" After the Testis. "3 Drops" After the Prostate. "3 Drops" After the Bladder. "3 Drops" After the Rectum. "3 Drops" After the Sigmoid. "3 Drops" After the Colon. "3 Drops" After the Stomach. "3 Drops" After the Duodenum. "3 Drops" After the Jejunum. "3 Drops" After the Ileum. "3 Drops" After the Cecum. "3 Drops" After the Spleen. "3 Drops" After the Liver. "3 Drops" After the Gallbladder. "3 Drops" After the Pancreas. "3 Drops" After the Kidney. "3 Drops" After the Ureter. "3 Drops" After the Utricle. "3 Drops" After the Seminal Vesicle. "3 Drops" After the Vas Deferens. "3 Drops" After the Epididymis. "3 Drops" After the Scrotum. "3 Drops" After the Penis. "3 Drops" After the Uthra. "3 Drops" After the Vagina. "3 Drops" After the Cervix. "3 Drops" After the Uterus. "3 Drops" After the Ovary. "3 Drops" After the Testis. "3 Drops" After the Prostate. "3 Drops" After the Bladder. "3 Drops" After the Rectum. "3 Drops" After the Sigmoid. "3 Drops" After the Colon. "3 Drops" After the Stomach. "3 Drops" After the Duodenum. "3 Drops" After the Jejunum. "3 Drops" After the Ileum. "3 Drops" After the Cecum. "3 Drops" After the Spleen. "3 Drops" After the Liver. "3 Drops" After the Gallbladder. "3 Drops" After the Pancreas. "3 Drops" After the Kidney. "3 Drops" After the Ureter. "3 Drops" After the Utricle. "3 Drops" After the Seminal Vesicle. "3 Drops" After the Vas Deferens. "3 Drops" After the Epididymis. "3 Drops" After the Scrotum. "3 Drops"