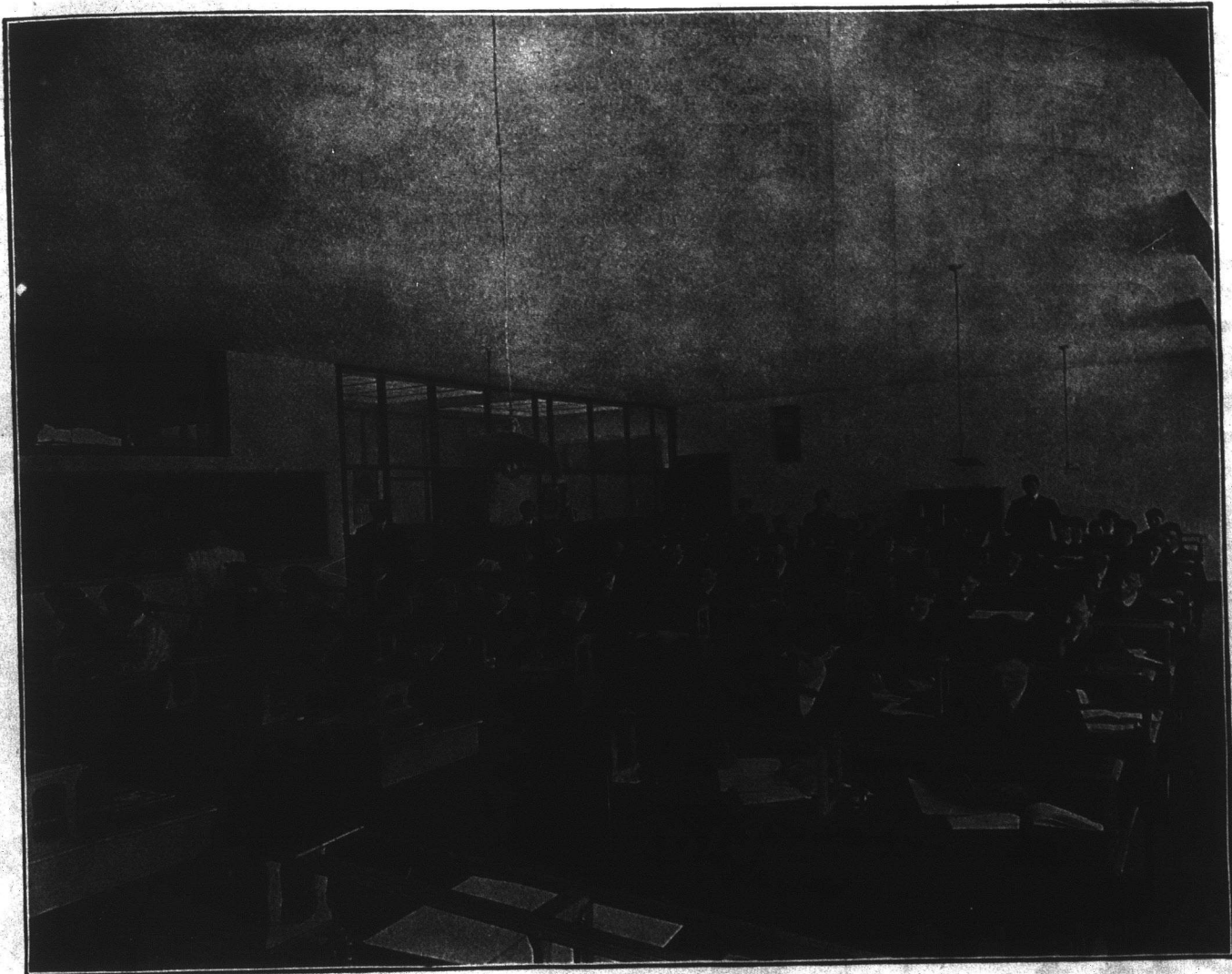




One of the Commercial Class Rooms

Wheat City Business College

J. B. BEVERIDGE, Principal.

J. E. WERRY, Vice-Principal.

ABOUT THE COLLEGE

The Wheat City Business College

is located in the Commercial Building, 10th street, south of Rosser Avenue. The rooms are large and beautifully finished in panelled oak. They are planned especially for business college work.

The principals are active business men, having had years of office experience and being in constant touch with the best business men of the west. They keep the college fresh with modern ideas. They are assisted by a staff of four competent teachers.

Practical Bookkeeping for the Practical Farmer.

Besides teaching broad courses in Shorthand, Typewriting, Business English, Bookkeeping, Business Mathematics, etc., the College provides a special senior course in farm accounting. This is not a fad, but the most practical course ever offered to farmers. It is heartily endorsed by Mr. S. A. Bedford, Ex-Superintendent of the Experimental Farm, Brandon, and other prominent farmers.

Prospective Students

are asked to write for our booklet entitled "Practical Bookkeeping for the Practical Farmer," and for our "General Courses."

Mention the Western Home Monthly.

AND ADDRESS

The Wheat City Business College.

DRAWER W

BRANDON, MAN.

the affair is, you can judge from the fact that only two yards a day in the summer season was the rate at which the line progressed. It was all tunneling, inside the mountain range, through the hardest of black granite, and there are about four miles yet to go before a point directly up and under the summit of the Jungfrau is reached. From here an elevator shaft two hundred and fifty feet long is to be constructed, out of which one will emerge from the bowels of the mountain upon the very peak of the Jungfrau, thirteen thousand seven hundred and twenty feet above the level of the sea.

It is likely that four or five more years will be required to finish the project. Costly tunneling for the entire length has been necessary. To get the required grade, the line has to run up through the Eiger and Monch Mountains before the Jungfrau itself is pierced. On the completion of the line, the round trip is to cost forty-five francs, or about nine dollars. The present run from Scheidegg to Eigerwand and return costs two dollars. To climb the Jungfrau, with guides and carriers, is a matter of two days and nearly a hundred dollars. It is also a matter of peril. The chances of your never coming back are just about as good as those that you luckily will come back.

Besides the three stations already made, others are planned at dizzy altitudes en route to the summit. In each case, a shaft will be run out to the face of the mountain at that particular spot, from which magnificently ascending views of the Alps will be possible. When next you go journeying overseas, this wonderful Jungfrau electric line will doubtless be completed, so that high up above the clouds you can make merry over your Swiss cakes and beer in places where sturdy Alpine climbers of the past have frozen to death.

In the history of "railways-on-end," the honor of being the first

belongs to that up Mount Washington, in the New Hampshire hills. It was the pioneer railroad of the sort, having been started in 1866. So successful was it, that the Swiss engineers immediately copied its principles, and began to run rails up the Rigi, the first of the Swiss mountains to have a railroad. The Mount Washington line is a rack-and-pinion affair of three miles, the strange-looking hump-backed engine and single car taking an hour and twenty minutes, snail-like, to accomplish the distance each way. The accepted thing is to go up by morning train, lunch at the very decent hotel on the summit, and then return to the base in the late afternoon. Many stay overnight on the mountain to see the beauties of the sunrise next morning, but nine times out of ten

they are disappointed, as the world below and above is apt, on the next morning, to be hidden by cloud-banks.

Tourists from May to September flock to Mount Washington from all the surrounding New England summer resorts. Something like ten thousand persons annually, for over thirty years, have been carried up and down without a single mishap. The same story, however, cannot be said of the "slide boards" which are used for rapid transit by the employees of the road when they want to go down the mountain. These affairs are just big enough to sit on—about the size of an ordinary washboard. Flanges hold them on the wide cog-rail, the thick grease on this rail allays all friction, and the force of gravity does the rest.

They can fly down the three miles of descent in three minutes, but it takes a steady nerve to handle one at that speed. Occasionally in the past, an adventurous tourist would borrow one of these "devil's shingles" and try a ride on it, but after nearly a dozen fatal accidents from this source, the boards were finally put under lock and key. A curious experience occurred a summer or two ago, when the telegraph operator on the summit, finding his wires out of order one night, started for the base on one of these slide boards. When half-way down, going at full speed, he ran into a porcupine that in the dark was eating the fat off the cog-rail. Fortunately, the operator kept his seat and continued his flight, but a quill or two gave him a taste of porcupine armor.

Out in Colorado, the old cry of the Forty-niners, "Pikes Peak or bust!" is no longer heard, as an up-to-date railroad now harnesses this mountain. It is the highest mountain-road in America, the top being fourteen thousand one hundred and forty-seven feet above the waters of Los Angeles Bay. The line was completed in 1890, after several years of perils and hardships incident to the survey and construction work. From the summit of Pikes Peak, "weather permitting," one of the grandest views in the West is to be had. To the east are to be seen Manitou, the "Garden of the Gods," and the plains that stretch undulatingly away to the horizon; and to the west rise the ragged rows of snow-mantled peaks that make the great Continental Divide.

To be able to say that they have been up a real volcano, furnishes a good and sufficient reason why a throng of tourists to Italy make the Vesuvius trip every year. Under its original promoters the cable road up to the crater was a financial failure, but some years ago it was acquired by "the man from Cook's," and is now successfully conducted. From



"Tip-Top" pushing crowded car up "Jacob's Ladder" to the summit of Mount Washington, New Hampshire.