

they shall not be pushed and jammed and crowded after they are dead.

We Americans stand for liberty, and have wasted no end of windy rhetoric in extolling our quality and quantity of it, and then journey for our pleasure to where we are hedged about with customs and manners, limitations and restrictions, which are as absurd as they are annoying. Fortunately, the best things in life are not purchasable; they would not be best things if they were. Among them are vacations, which are sweetened and spiced with a little money, such as one can afford, but gravied by a great deal. Discontent is a good thing. It makes us go, as fuel does the locomotive; but overcharged with it, we do nothing but sizzle and smoke.

Our Atlantic mountain ranges are replete with lovely scenery and a most interesting people. Our northern frontiers and Canada are jeweled with lakes as beautiful as the sun shines on, shadowed with noble forests and laced with lovely streams. The Pacific ranges, from our southern borders to the Arctics, are made up of clusters of peaks, cascades, interlocked lakes, glaciers, and forests which have no rivals in Europe. The cañons of the Yellowstone, Colorado, and Yosemite need not be described. For uniqueness, brilliancy of colors, and grandeur, they have no rivals that are known or accessible. Nor need I speak of the astonishing beauty and strangeness of the Yellowstone National Park. To Alaska no description can do justice. It