

### Pedestrian Trip Through Canyons, Contiguous to Salt Lake City.

CLIMBING mountain canyons is the diversion of not a few enthusiasts and venturesome persons during the pleasant weather of summer. The wild, rugged scenery—often of the most majestic character, the vast extent of territory comprehended in the view from the higher peaks, the exhilarating experiences of climbing, the clear and bracing atmosphere, the complete and often restful change from the commonplace and humdrum of ordinary life, the excitement of fishing and hunting, sleeping out in the woods, the genial campfire—with due precaution against its spreading into the woods, the absolute freedom of the mountain life—all tend to charm and attract.

A Salt Laker took his vacation recently in this fashion—tramping through the mountains, through Farmington City Creek, Hardscrabble, Mill creek, Bountiful and Provo canyons. The tramps were long and arduous, and there were dangers, particularly in traveling alone, but the change was so grateful from the ordinary occupation of life that physical exhaustion was not considered of serious moment. It is not necessary to travel fast; there is plenty of time, and the proverb, "Make haste slowly," fits well here in practical application. As gear is not necessary to travel fast, there is plenty of time, and the proverb, "Make haste slowly," fits well here in practical application. As gear is not necessary to travel fast, there is plenty of time, and the proverb, "Make haste slowly," fits well here in practical application.

**PLENTY OF WATER.**  
The p'larins found the mountain streams running quite full for this time of year, furnishing plenty of water for irrigation in the foothills below. The amount of brush is steadily increasing all along the depressions and water courses, particularly where sheep are not allowed to graze. And not only here, but along the sides of the mountains, the thickets are steadily approximating jungles, with trails disappearing. The climb up Farmington canyon was made from Lagoon. The road is open to the forks, eight miles up where the right hand road leads to the lakes, and the left hand goes up a very precipitous and rocky ascent perhaps 1,000 feet, to the high table lands in the mountain tops. This canyon is regarded by many as the steep-

est in the state, and it is as rocky and hard to travel in as it is steep. An ankle can be easily sprained here. The scenery is wild and wild—awe-inspiring in places, and half the way up, one may look back and see the southern part of the great lake with the wide expanse of alkali flats once covered by the waters, but now dry. The mountains beyond make a pleasant picture. There are a number of prospects on the sides of the upper hills, but the most interesting is being done there—for want of capital. To make the ascent requires four hours of steady, hard walking, and as the climber reaches the crest of the divide, he is ready to declare that the man who believes the Union Pacific road will ever try to make the much talked of cut-off to Salt Lake via Farmington canyon is ready to believe anything. Such a thing is an absolute impossibility. It would take a cogwheel road to make the climb. The view to the north is impressive, with the beautiful valley of the Weber, Round valley, and the East Canyon valley lying out before the eyes. At the base of the high hills is a background, Morgan, Porterville, and adjoining towns are plainly in sight, 10 or 15 miles away, nestled in groups of trees. The general view includes "magnificent distances," extending away into Uintah county and into Wyoming. There is a trail leading down the range to the Weber valley. The return was accomplished in two hours, with a big dinner at Lagoon to replenish the wasted and overworked inner man. The tramp through City Creek continued over the Hardscrabble divide down that canyon, and on to Porterville and Morgan City. To the north of City Creek is just seven miles, accomplished in this instance in one hour and forty-five minutes. To where the stream runs off to the right it is three and one-half miles further, and to the top of City Creek divide it is 14 miles. This last was accomplished in five hours from the City Creek divide. A passable wagon road to the cabin at the left after dropping over the first small divide, a poor wagon road to the trail turning sharply to the left further on to ascend the steep hill there, while beyond there is only a horse trail most to the divide, and a poor horse trail at that.

**SHEEP ON THE RANGE.**  
There are 15,000 sheep scattered along the range, guarded by a dozen camps of herders. These have fairly well cleaned out the brush there, and if they could only be turned down the canyons, they would do a much-to-be-desired work. For three miles in Hardscrabble there is no continuous trail; it is thick, almost impenetrable brush—just the place for the lairs of wild animals, so that every few hundred feet prospecting for any sort of a trail is necessary. However, a wagon trail is met with further down, and from there on the walking is good clear into the Weber valley.

**WHY NOT A WAGON ROAD?**  
There is no reason why there should not be a good wagon road between Salt Lake and Morgan. In 1892, the Morgan county commissioners offered to build to the divide if Salt Lake would fix up the City Creek end of the route. Councilmen E. E. Rich, C. E. Wantland and Judge Loofbourow made a strong fight for the improvement, showing that the Morgan county people were anxious to drive into Salt Lake with their market products and to do their trading here

rather than go to Ogden. But the majority wouldn't have it, and the opportunity passed by. It would not cost much to open such communication, and hope has been expressed that the Salt city council will yet take favorable action. Porterville is just 27 miles from Salt Lake. It is a thriving settlement of 64 houses and 500 inhabitants. It is well kept, and the meetinghouse has a bran new look, though the appearance of the roof would be more presentable if the painter who upset a pot of paint there would clean up his job. A turnpike to Park City runs through Porterville. Morgan is five miles down the valley, and was reached at 6 p. m., the start having been made at 5:30 a. m., and two hours given to rests, one of which witnessed the consumption of three bowls of bread and milk at the hospitable farm house of George Carter. It is needless to remark that the return to Salt Lake was by rail.

**BREAKING TRAIL.**  
The trip down Mill Creek canyon was exhausting. The canyon is 12 miles long, and it was light brush for nearly half of that distance, after a hard climb over two divides, one of which was steep and long. But presently a wagon trail was met, and then it was plain sailing. Once a year is full often enough to make this trip. It is enough to use any one up. Where the sheep are, away up the canyon there is a good trail; but at the rate with which the middle canyons are being allowed to grow up with brush, they will become impassable in a few years.

**VALE BRIDAL VEIL FALLS.**  
The feature of Provo canyon this season is the disappearance of the celebrated Bridal Veil falls, whose water the power company has ruthlessly filed on and appropriated while the people of Provo slept. Of course, when it was found out what had happened, there was a great outcry; but Mr. Nunn merely smiled and observed, "You ought to have noted what was going on when the application was filed with the state engineers." Recollections of this most lovely sheet of water have inspired the following:

Surpasses them all, this Bridal Veil fall!  
With its cascades of silver sheen,  
As they glitter and dash with a ringing splash,  
Past the tops of the evergreens.

A marvel all is this Bridal Veil fall,  
Leaping the crests in play,  
And bounding down with a rushing sound  
On the rockribbed mountain gray.

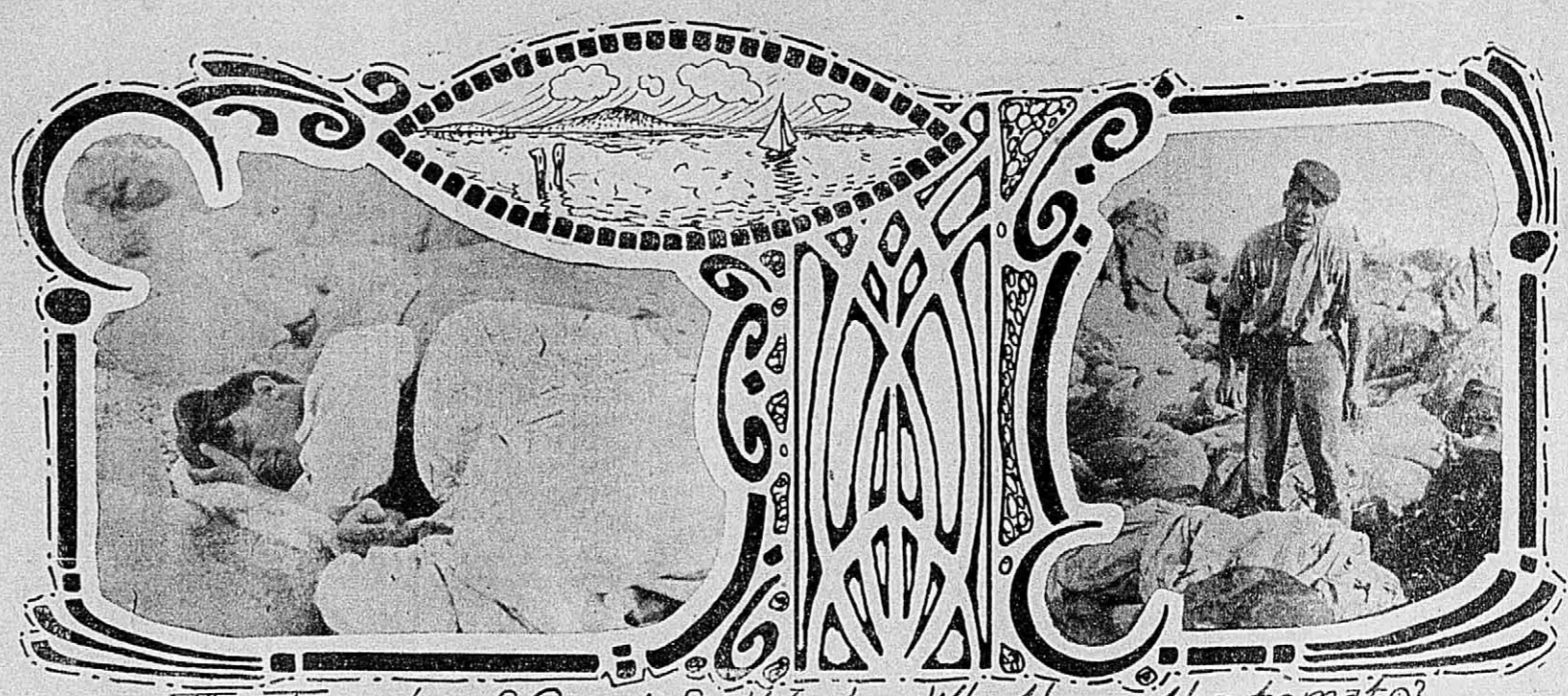
It sparkles bright in the golden light  
Of the sunbeams' glinting rays,  
New forms it takes as the water breaks  
Into iridescent sprays.

Note the rainbow hues in the curling foam,  
Of violet, red and green,  
Of yellow and blue, rich colors true  
To the bow in the heavens seen.

Down 900 feet drops the lustrous sheet  
Like the veil of a giant bride;  
To be so worn, as of Persian lawn,  
The source of mountain pride.

From the rocks below whence the waters flow  
To the canyon's rustling stream,  
The mists disclose two resplendent bows  
In varicolored gleam.

### Comic Incident of a Storm Bound Camp on Island Caught By Camera Man.



Tragedy of Great Salt Lake—Who threw the tomato?

THAT Great Salt Lake is a body of water upon whose bosom restive storms create tragedies of insular maroonings is an opinion often given prominence through the activity of landsmen reporters when once a stupidly built boat, manned by landlubbers of the most inexperienced sort, faces the problem of running through a spell of wind.

To prove that the lake has also its comedies a correspondent has forwarded the pictures shown within this article. They were taken of a storm-bound party on Antelope island, one before a tomato was thrown, and another immediately after.

The psychologists among the "News" readers will, of course, recognize which picture was taken "before" and which "after." When the party which brought about this bit of salt water comedy went out upon the lake, it sailed a small yacht, carried water for a week, provender for a cruise, an anchor for a storm, and a yachtsman for the helm, with oars and a row boat to use in case of any snapping of the boom or blowing away of the jib, or tearing loose of the rudder, or shivering of the timber, which are things that happen, according to Hazle, if wind and wave combine in too angry a movement of opposition.

Knowing that storms blow past, just as they blow up, instead of getting terrified when a big breeze stiffened into a gale sweeping down from Bear River bay, to Stansbury, and east across the open water to Saltair, this particular party headed for shelter. Shelter in this case meant anywhere along the lee shore of Antelope island, and it was in running the craft across the storm's path—for it was hugging Stansbury when things became serious—that the original of the first picture shown became tired. Once in quiet water, he hauled in his sail, and after anchoring to let the storm have its way, went quietly to sleep on the beach.

Others in the party, however, who were not tired, did not feel like sleep, and they determined to have as much of a jinks as the storm was having. So they ate a good lunch, viewed the landscape, and finally discovered that their companions was altogether too comfortable with the sail pulled over him for cover.

There was nothing in camp but a ripe tomato, or that might not have been a ripe tomato, used. What kind of a storm broke on the leeward shore of Antelope is the theme, delicately developed it is true, in the second illustration.

The object of sending the pictures to the "News" in the mind of its correspondent, was to illustrate a fact that, having over, through a storm may be the subject of humorous as well as tragic incident, and that given a crew that will not swerve when there is no cause to do so, a forced landing on an island may be a thoroughly enjoyed.

**KI-RO-PRAK-TIK!**

DON'T read any further if you still believe that Drug - Medicine and Surgery is the ONLY route to health, but if you are a BROAD-MINDED person, who believes in progression and having found out to your sorrow that the OLD and ONLY suggestion: Investigate and try this NEW DRUGLESS METHOD "CHIROPRACTIC," which is causing such widespread attention among all self-thinking people, whether you suffer from any physical or mental trouble, acute or chronic, try CHIROPRACTIC and you will find out it DOES remove THE CAUSE in 90 per cent of all diseases.

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# INVEST YOUR MONEY AT HOME By Buying Orchard Land!

**TYPICAL ORCHARD FARM ON MAPLETON-SPANISH FORK BENCH OWNED BY PROF. GILLILAN.**

260 acres, 19 1/2 acres is good hay and grain land. This amount is under cultivation, and is all irrigated.

24 1/2 acres is cattle range adjoining farm. Has three large springs, and several smaller ones. Owner pastures as many as 200 head horses and cattle until September, and there is good feed until late fall for at least 20 head.

IMPROVEMENTS—3 room frame dwelling house, spring water for culinary use, 1/2 acre bearing orchard (Elberta peaches, fine apples, and plums) also enough strawberries and raspberries for family. Cellar, granary, coops, stable, and farm all fenced.

Located 1/2 mile east of Springville corporate limits. On good roads, front street lighted with electricity.

The springs alone would be worth purchase price asked if developed and brought down to town.

Price, \$4,500. All cash.

30 acres all finest farm land. Fenced, and well watered. 5 room brick house, well cellar, 1/2 acre orchard, granary, barn, coops, and in fact everything in tip-top shape. Owner is too old to work.

On Mapleton, Spanish Fork Bench, 4 miles from Springville, 2 miles from Mapleton schools, 1 mile from railroad station. "The Orchards," \$5,000. \$2,000 cash, \$1,000 in spring 1909, \$1,100 two years at 8 per cent; remainder five years or longer if desired at 8 per cent interest.

FOR SALE IN CHESTER, SANPETE COUNTY—Farm 114 acres, in timothy, lucern, about 30 acres under cultivation, soil very rich, will raise fine crops of grain, beans, etc. 32 acres of the meadow land.

Land all fenced, the 7 room, cement cellar, fine shade and fruit trees, lawn, etc. Good barn will hold 30 tons of hay, and 15 head of horses, cows, poultry house, which is large enough for 300 chickens, granary, buggy shed, etc.

Good pig pens, 2 large flowing wells, one sulky plow, one harrow, two hand plows, one grain drill, one hay rake, half interest in new binder, 3 cows, 5 spring calves, 2 spring colts, 2 spring colts, 1 large work team, and 30 tons of hay.

Fine A1 water right. One mile from railroad. Half a mile from school.

Land valued at \$100 per acre. Only \$7,500 cash.

120-acre farm, 40 acres very best farm land, 40 acres not broken, 40 acres fine meadow, independent water right, three flowing wells, 2-room house, barns, granary, wagon and machine sheds, farm implements. Owner has harvested \$2,000 and grain per year besides other products. The owner has died and place must go at a great sacrifice. Only \$4,500. Half cash.

**Five and Ten Acre Tracts**

**On the Famous Mapleton-Spanish Fork Bench**

5 miles Southeast from Springville on the main line of R. G. W. Ry. only 2 hours ride from Salt Lake City.

**LAND FOR SALE**

**\$125.00 to \$150.00 an Acre**

Why pay from \$400.00 and up for an acre of fruit land, when you can get just as good for the above low prices?

Only one frost in 30 years is their proud boast. Fruit trees when five years old, yield from \$400.00 and up per acre, and your money will be where you can watch it grow.

**Lots**

In The New Townsite "The ORCHARDS"

Lots 50 x 142 1/2 to Alley

**\$200.00**

Easy Terms.

The above price includes cement side walk, 4 shade trees, guttered and graded streets. Streets to be 66 feet wide.

**18 Lots Have Lately Been Sold**

City will have a fine Public Park, School Building and City Hall.

**Now Is the Time to Invest**

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