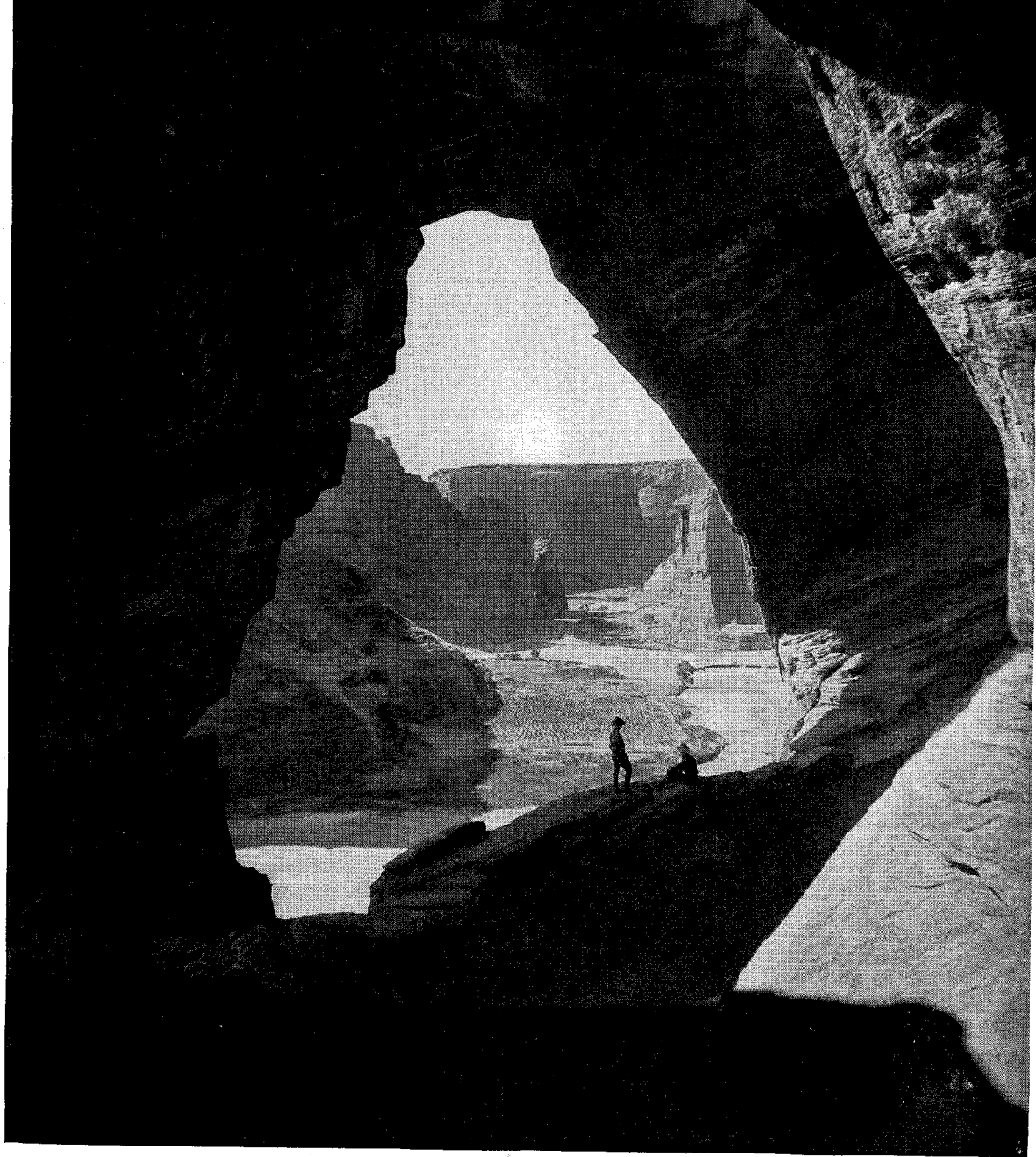


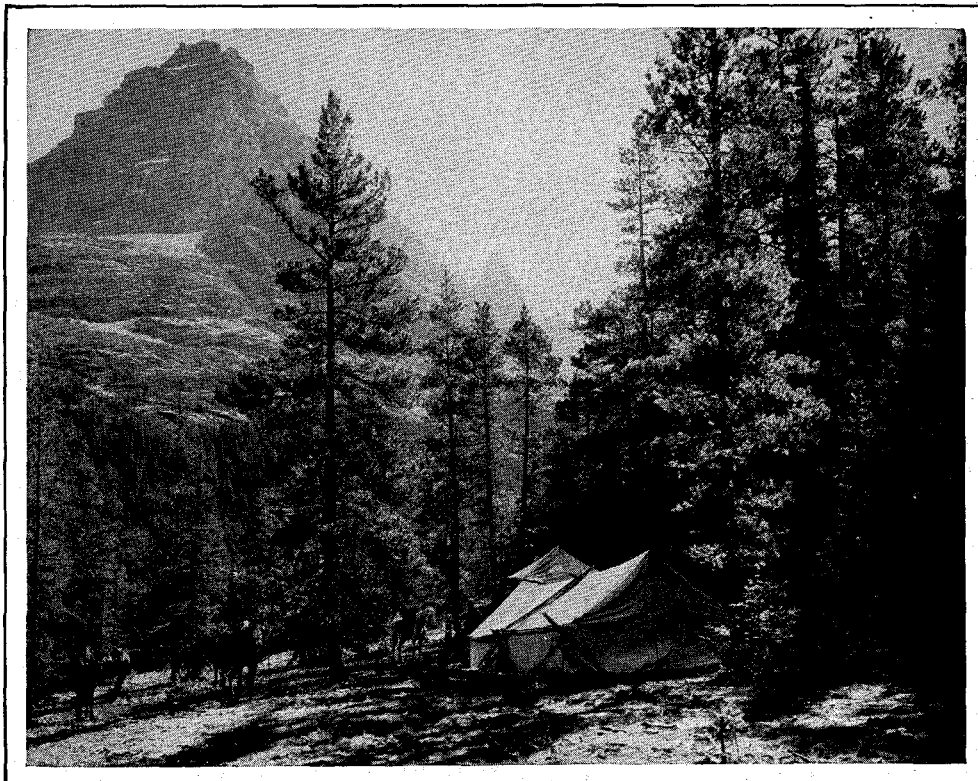
AMERICA FROM COAST TO COAST



Courtesy of Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railway Co.

ARCH IN ROCK-CANYON DE CHELLY, NAVAJO INDIAN RESERVATION, ARIZONA

A WESTERN WINDOW CARVED FROM LIVING ROCK



(C) Fred H. Kiser. Courtesy of Great Northern Railway

CAMP NEAR MOUNT MERRITT, GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

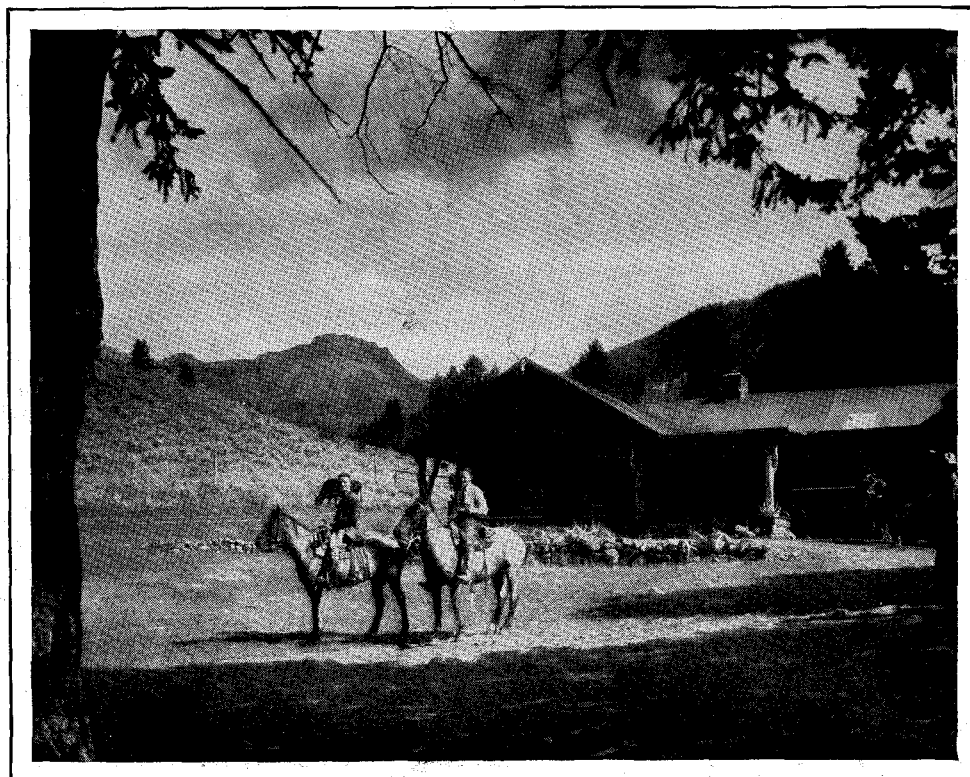
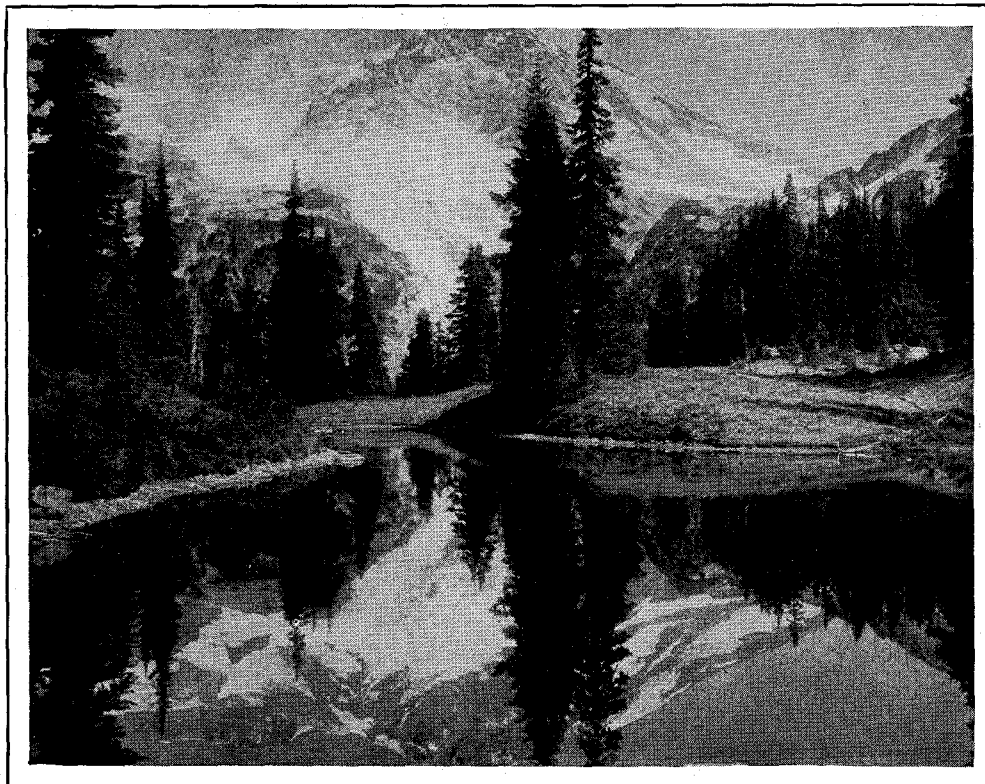


Photo by Frank M. Hallenbeck. Courtesy of Burlington Route, Chicago, Ill.

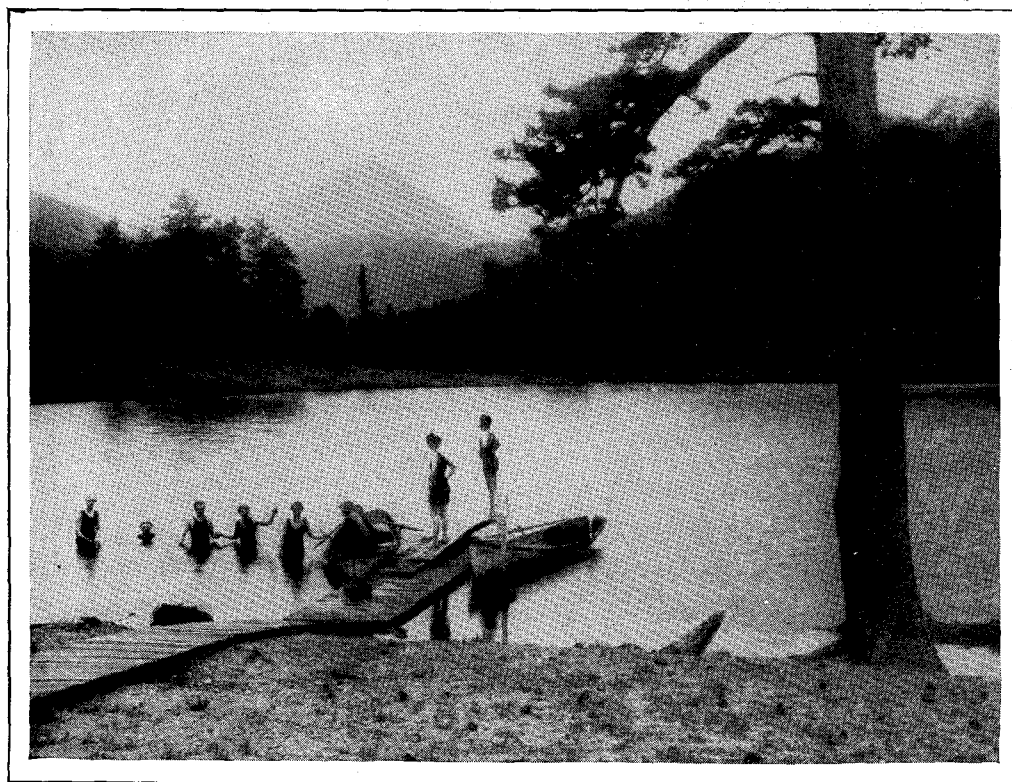
HOLM LODGE, ONE OF THE FAVORITE MOUNTAIN LODGES OF THE
WEST—CODY ROAD TO YELLOWSTONE PARK

TWO LITTLE PLAY HOMES IN THE WEST



Courtesy of Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railway

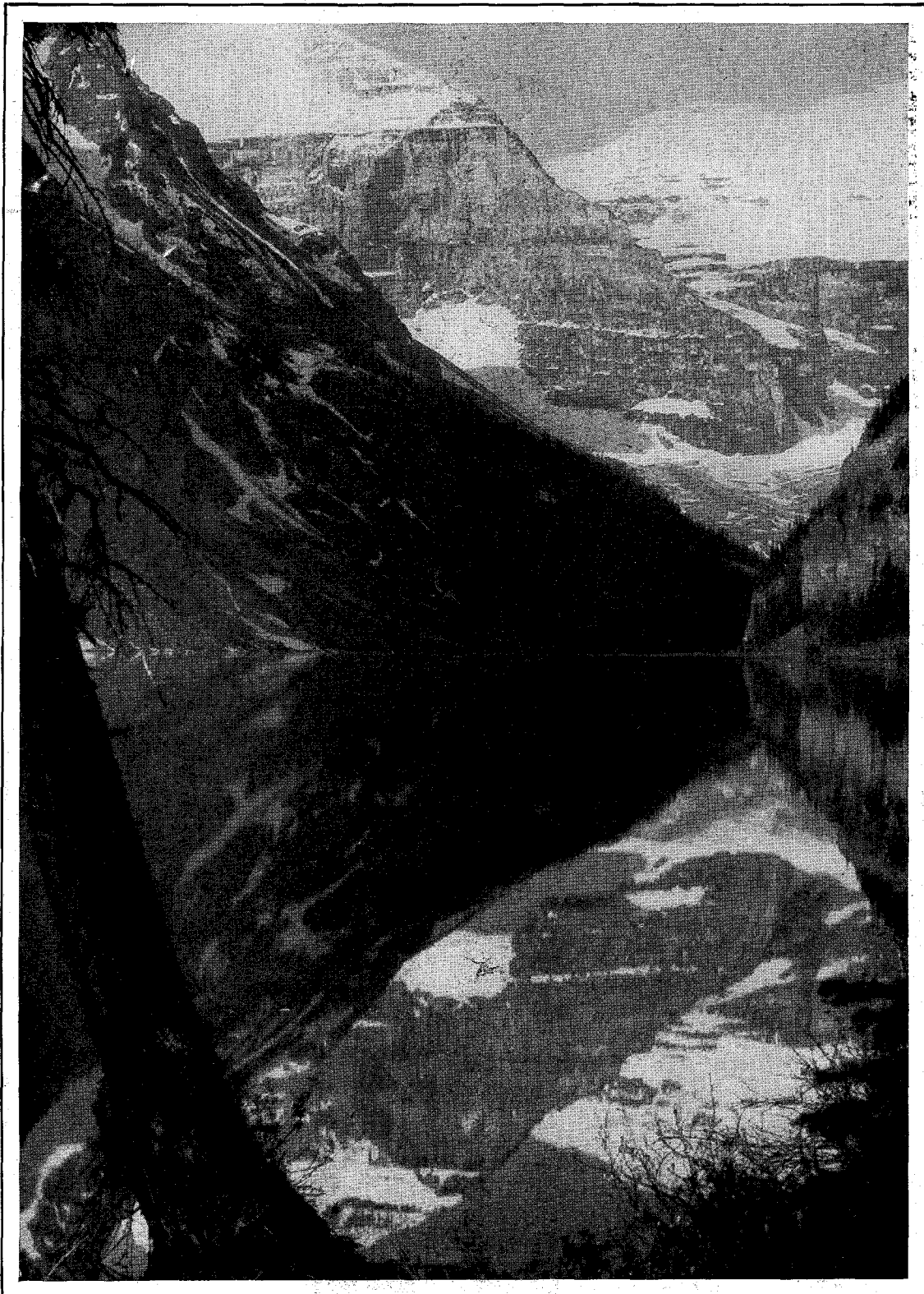
MIRROR LAKE IN WASHINGTON, WITH MOUNT RAINIER IN THE BACKGROUND



Courtesy of Rock Island Lines

ROCKY MOUNTAIN BATHTUB, COPELAND LAKE

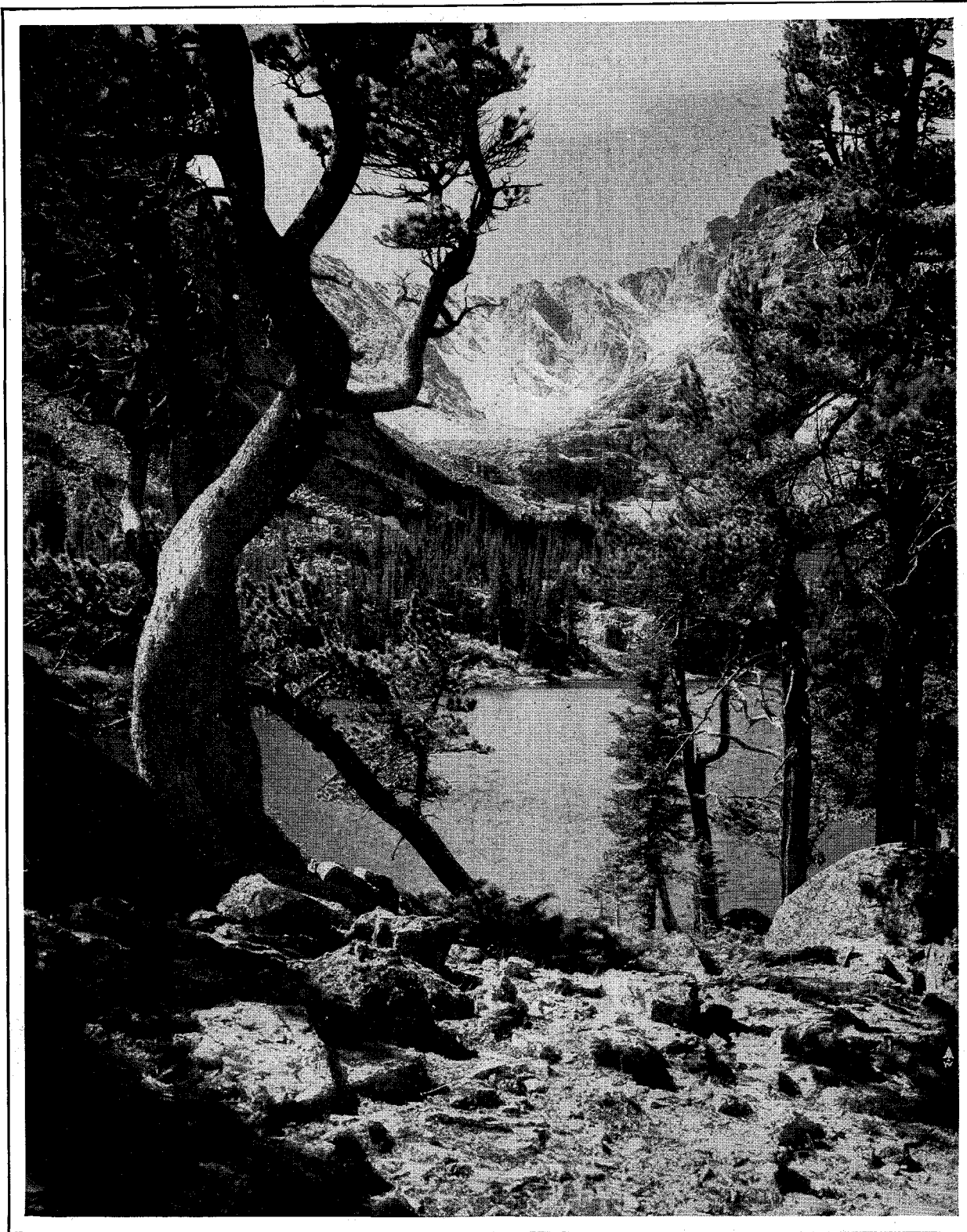
FRIENDLY LAKES AND PINES



Courtesy of Canadian Pacific Railway

AFTERNOON REFLECTIONS OF MOUNT VICTORIA AND MOUNT LEFROY
IN LAKE LOUISE

WHERE LOFTY MOUNTAINS
IN THE SLEEPING



Courtesy of Union Pacific System

LOOKING ACROSS ONE OF THE LAKES OF LOCH VALE TOWARD THE HEIGHTS OF TAYLOR GLACIER,
ROCKY MOUNTAIN NATIONAL PARK, COLORADO

MIRROR THEIR WHITE TOWERS
WATERS OF BLUE LAKES

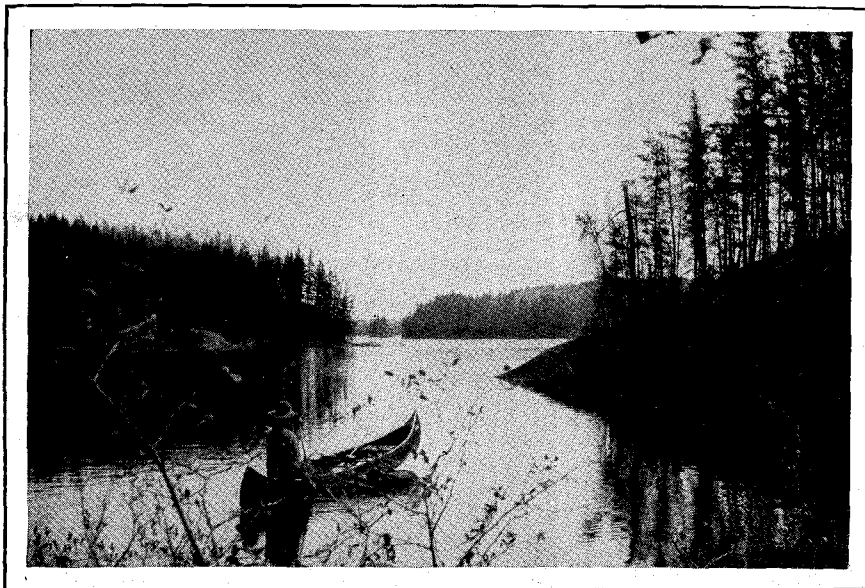


Photo by U. S. Forest Service

CHANNEL ON LAKE INSULA, SUPERIOR NATIONAL
FOREST, MINNESOTA

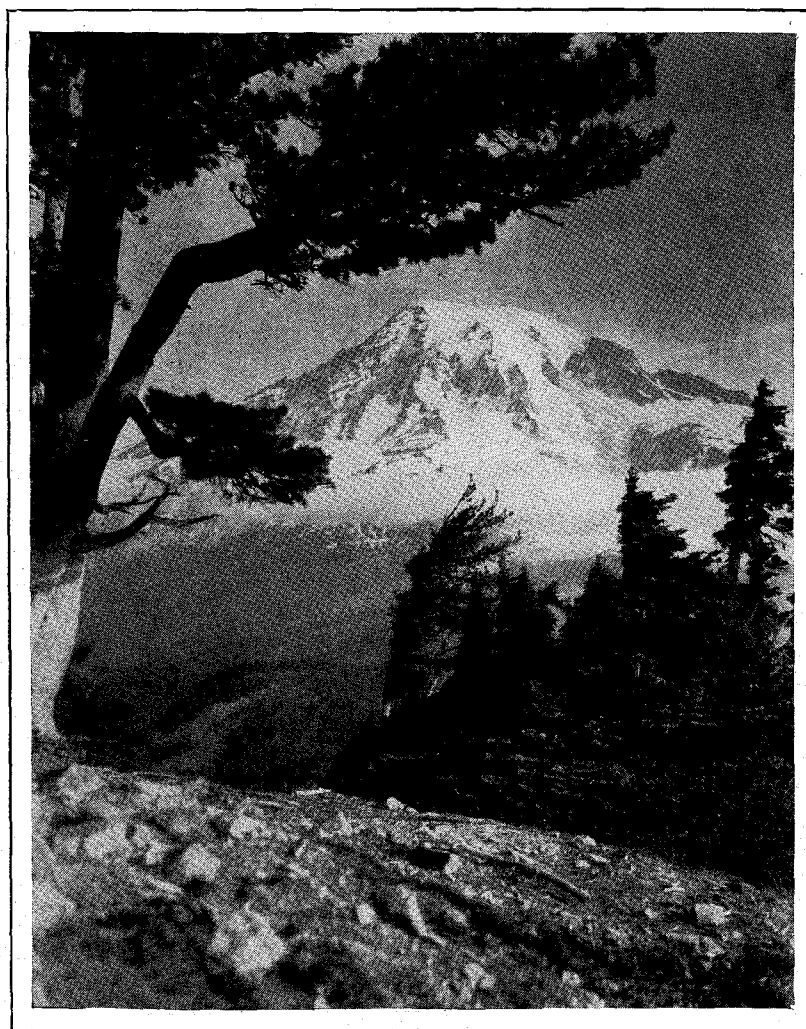
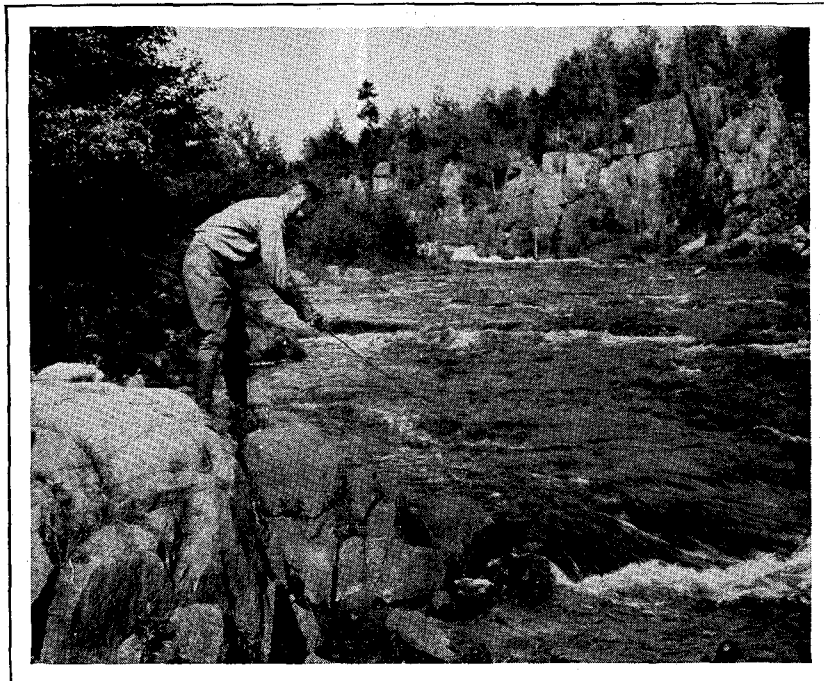


Photo by Asahel Curtis, Seattle. Courtesy of Northern Pacific Railway

MOUNT RAINIER FROM THE SLOPES OF PINNACLE PEAK
IN THE TATOOSH RANGE

NORTHWEST AND FAR WEST

FROM THE CASCADE MOUNTAINS
AMERICAN SCENERY



Courtesy of Chicago and North Western Railway

A NORTHERN WISCONSIN TROUT STREAM

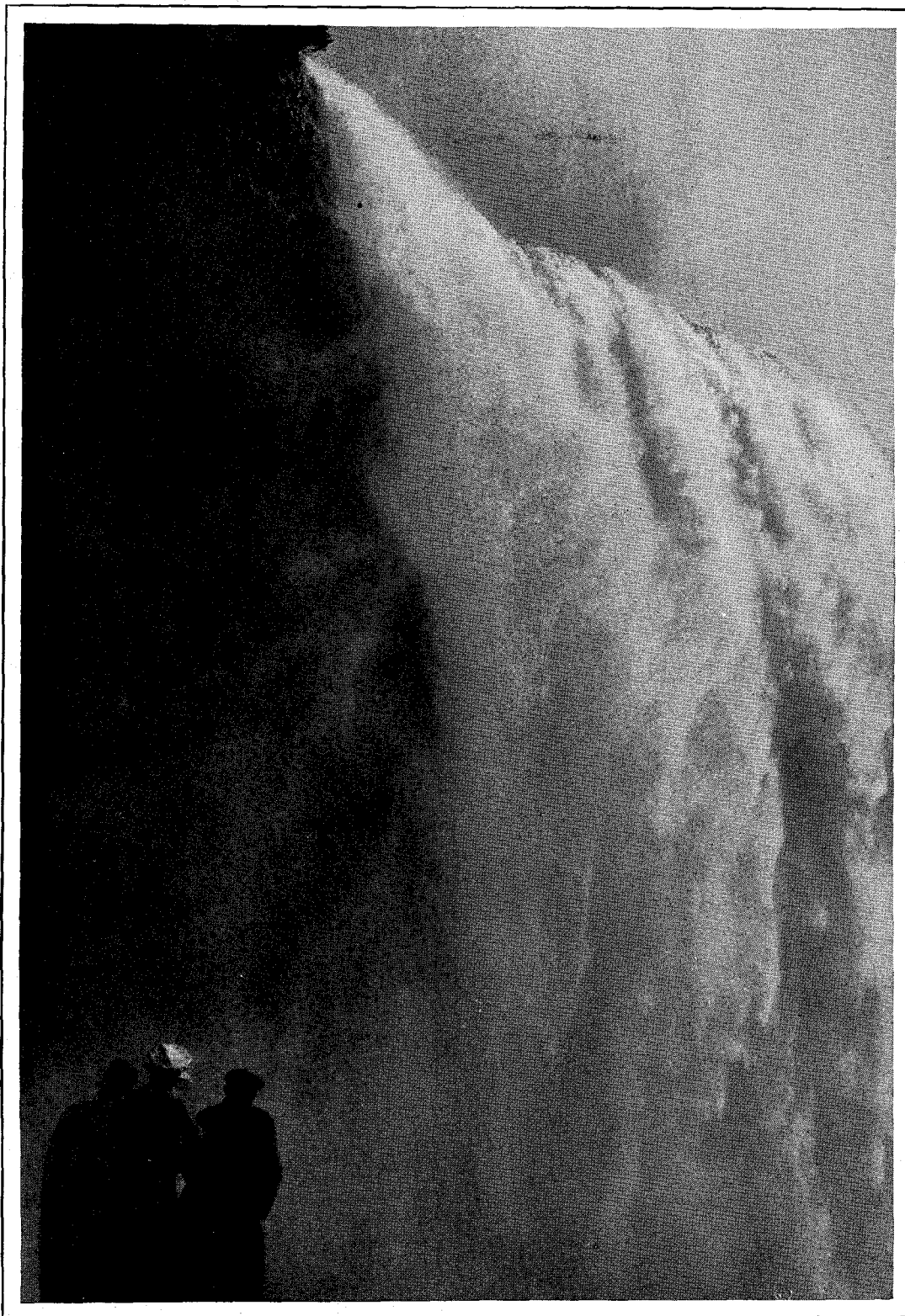


Courtesy of Boston and Maine Railroad

PULPIT ROCK, NAHANT, MASSACHUSETTS

SWEET WATERS AND SALT

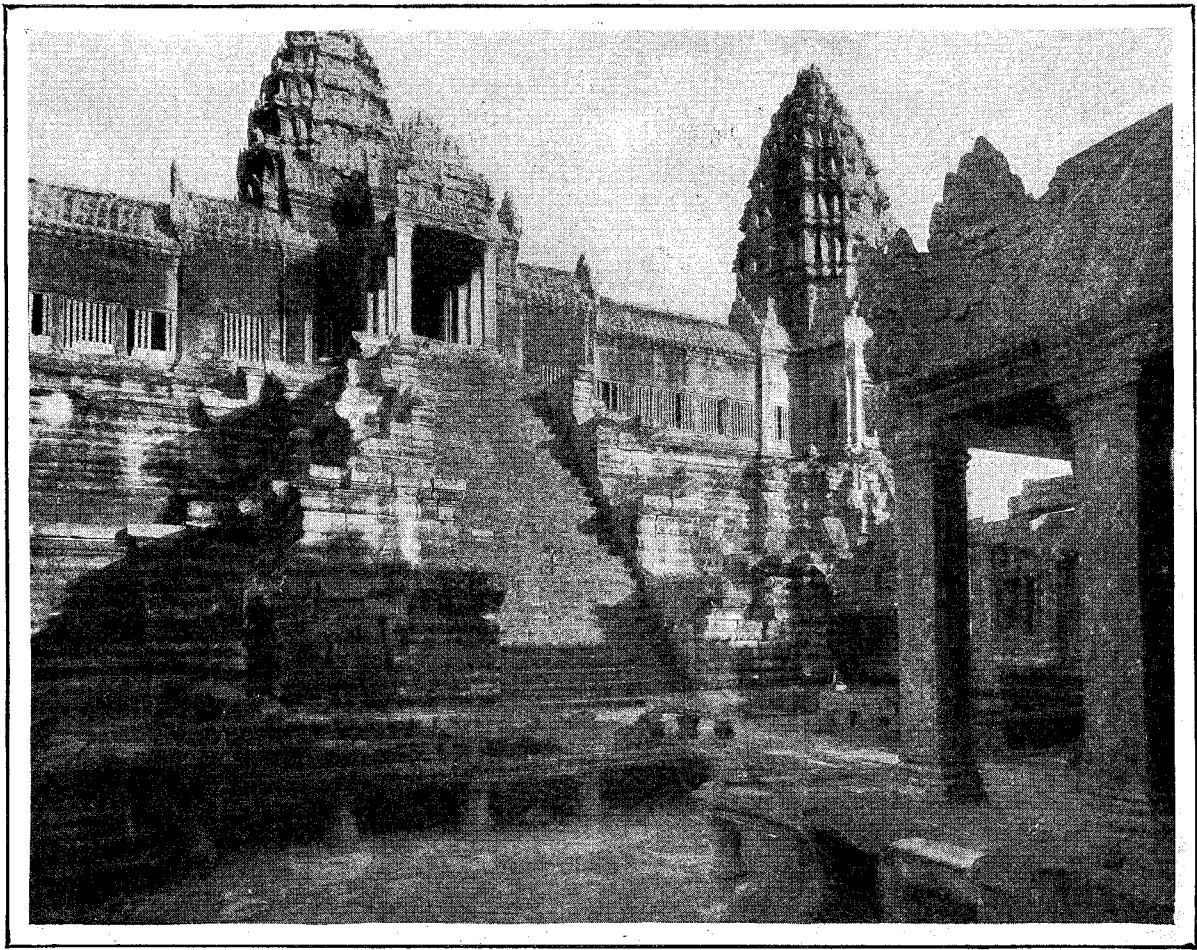
TO THE CASCADING ATLANTIC—
FROM COAST TO COAST



(C) Photo by Edwin Levick. Courtesy of New York Central Railroad

NIAGARA FALLS

THE MOST FAMILIAR WONDER IN AMERICA'S SCENIC GALLERY



ANGKOR VAT, ONE OF THE MIGHTIEST STRUCTURES EVER BUILT UPON THE EARTH

NEW PÉLERINS D'ANGKOR

BY LOUIS V. LEDOUX

"... *des vrais cochons; Nom de Dieu!*" THAT is the end of what our Breton captain said about his deck passengers—Chinese, Annamite, Cambodian—before we left the harbor of Saigon on what appeared to be a wild attempt to reach, in the off season, those mighty ruins of Angkor—four hundred miles to the north—which lay lost through the centuries in the forests of Siam and have been taken over recently by the French. There were four in our party—*"des Américains vraiment fous,"* as we happened to overhear; and our troubles had commenced some days earlier when we had been careless enough to arrive in the torrid capital of Cochinchina at an hour when the Chinese *concierge* of the hotel was taking his siesta and left us, by consequence, to land with our baggage in the midst of a mob of natives in loin cloths who were fluent enough in their own language and totally ignorant of any other.

But when, at last the *concierge* arose, rotund and smiling, from his slumbers to tell us that the service to Angkor had been suddenly suspended three days before and would not be resumed until after the next season's rains, gloom enwrapped us. We decided, *faute de*

mieux, to push on as far as Phnom-Penh, the capital of Cambodia, which could be reached easily by steamer up the lower Mekhong, and make further inquiries there.

The next day was passed in a fruitless quest for further information, but in the evening we were delighted to learn that a friend of the hotel proprietor's could arrange to have us motored from Phnom-Penh to the village of Kompong-Luong des Lacs, from which we could make in seven hours a diagonal of seventy-five miles across the end of the great lake in a Government motor boat which could be rented for us.

On the following evening the steamer of the Breton captain was scheduled to leave for Phnom-Penh at nine, and while the men of our party were seeing off the baggage and the two ladies finishing their after-dinner chicory, the proprietor led up to our table a Frenchwoman whom we will call for the sake of brevity simply "Madame," and explained that the lady was another particular friend of his who, having lived in Saigon for fifteen years without ever visiting Angkor, had decided to take this excellent opportunity and come with us. There was no help for it and she came.

That evening on the boat while our ladies were getting ready for bed my friend and I sat out on deck in our pajamas, while Madame, who would have been a model for Rubens, undressed in candle-light with her door open, and then paraded about us, as she did again the next morning, in transparent scarlet chiffon and curl-papers. Finally it came our turn to go to bed, but none of the four could sleep until Madame, on the other side of a thin partition, had finished explaining exhaustively to her colonial compatriots that all Americans were mad, anyway, and that she had decided to come with us only so as to spite her husband—facts that we were interested to learn.

THE tropical sunrise woke us when the Southern Cross had scarcely faded in the sky, and all that day we were going up the great river, sometimes far out in the stream and sometimes, in spite of the low water, so close to shore that we could see clearly the many-colored birds, the strange foliage, and the quaint houses. The sunset was golden behind great palm trees, and when we woke again we were at Phnom-Penh with proprietor's friend number