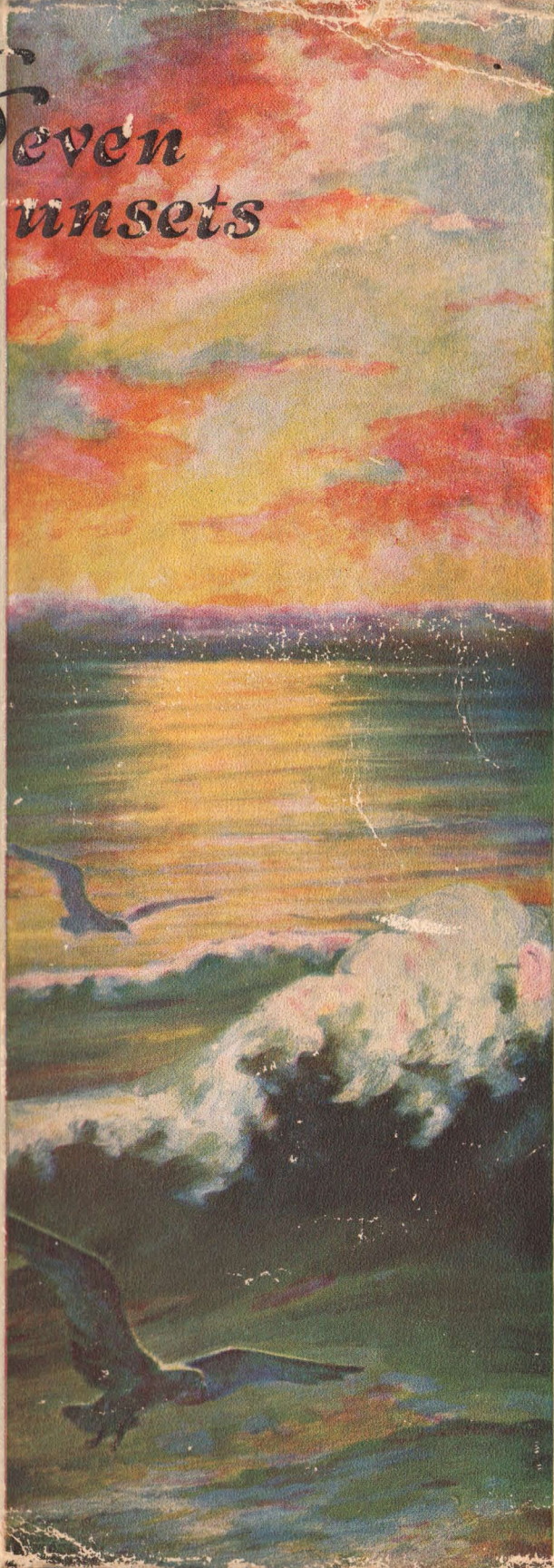


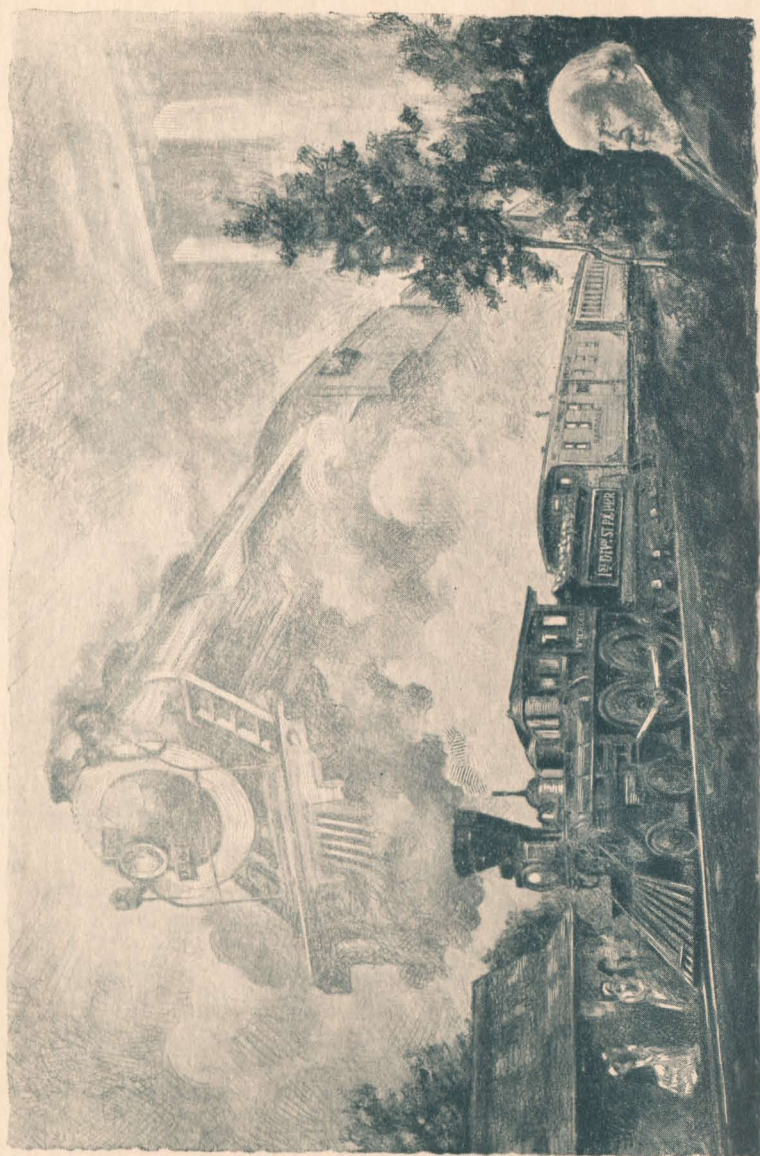
Seven sunsets



-By-
GRACE
FLANDRAU

1890
MAY 26





THE ORIENTAL LIMITED - A VISION REALISED

SEVEN SUNSETS

BY GRACE FLANDRAU



SEVEN SUNSETS

BY GRACE FLANDRAU

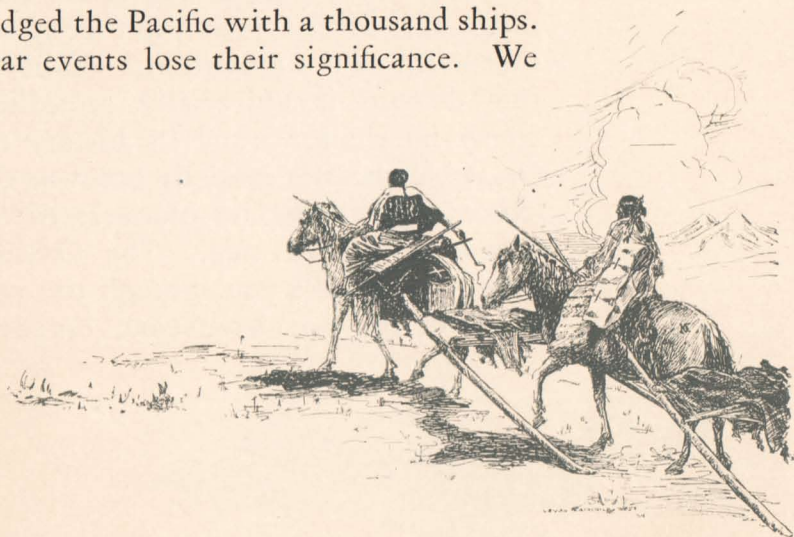
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YOU HAVE read history, do you want to see it being made—the essential history of your time and country? To witness a march of events unequalled in its rapidity and scope in the history of the world? To see, too, standing shadowy beside these triumphs of modern achievement, the vestiges of a romantic past, soon to vanish entirely? And to read on the face of what exists the forecast of a future whose possibilities can only dimly be conceived?

The advance of civilization has always been westward. Countless centuries ago the emigration of peoples began in the heart of Asia moving toward the sunset. After unrecorded ages it has, during the past century, reached around the globe to the last coast of the western world and bridged the Pacific with a thousand ships. Near events lose their significance. We



do not often stop to realize that it is our own times which have seen this fabulous journey really completed and the circle closed.

In the last stages of the long march a new empire was created, the vast young



empire of the Pacific Northwest. The Great Northern system was planned by a genius who felt as none other has, the pulse and heart beat of American life and the direction its expanding forces must take. It is to that genius, to that system that much of the growth and vitality of this domain is universally accredited. So by its character and its history the Great Northern is specially fitted to disclose to you this last conquest of the advancing human tide. The Oriental Limited will take you through the very quick of the northwestern empire,



State Capitol—St. Paul

through its cities, farms and forests, over its mountain passes and across its plains,—into its past, its present and its future.

The Oriental Limited is not a train, it is a fleet of trains, a complete system within the greater system of the road, and every twenty-four hours it makes a journey as a fleet of over five thousand miles. Seven trains are constantly in motion, three others are always at the terminals preparatory to their departure, and in addition the equivalent of two complete trains are provided for temporary increases in travel.

Now to the traditional Great Northern supremacy in the fundamentals of sound

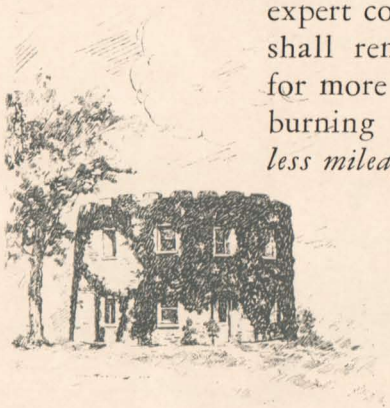




University Campus—Minneapolis

railroading has been added a culminating expression of perfect luxury—the new equipment of the Oriental Limited.

This serious, plain living, high thinking figure among railroads is bringing out, as it were, a *débutante* daughter. Has dressed her in garments of palest jade green; painted her inner walls the color of beech groves in early spring; decorated them with jewel-like designs in black and gold, vermilion and old blue; supplied her with maids and valets, with lounging rooms and baths, with unusual space and privacy, with the best foodstuffs and most expert cooks. And so that her trousseau shall remain immaculate, provided her for more than a thousand miles with oil burning locomotives—the *longest cinderless mileage of any railroad in the Northwest*



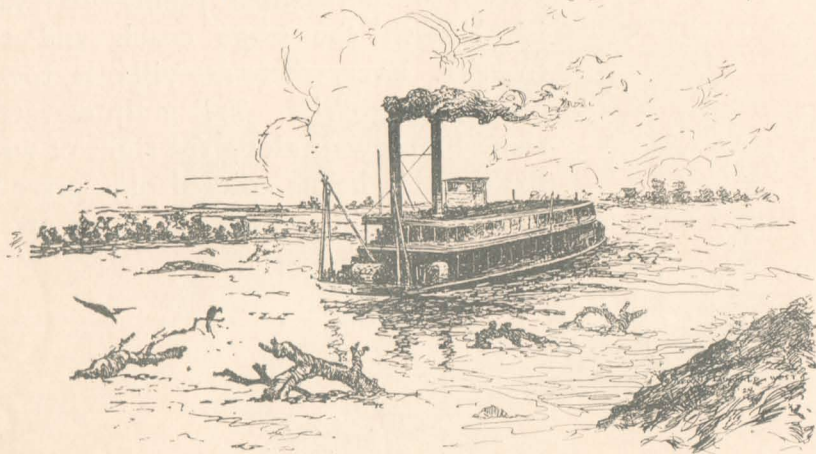
—an improvement made practicable by the recent discoveries of oil in Montana.

Let us see where each one of the units of this Oriental fleet is at a given time. It is, we shall say, the sunset hour along the Great Northern.

I

ALL day it has been Minnesota. This morning Saint Paul and Minneapolis, the dual gateways of this great state, were left behind.

The evolution of these two cities has been in a sense unique. Although they have grown side by side with borders that overlap, they nevertheless have developed and retained highly individual and differing characteristics, resembling each other chiefly in the natural beauty of their surroundings, in the richness of their commercial interests among which railroading, flour milling, manufacturing, packing, wholesale and retail activities are the most conspicuous.





The day's journey has been through a region of almost perfect rural beauty—a scene which, although you are seeing it for the first time, you have always felt, always known. Farms, farms, farms; rolling hills under the faint sweet blue of a spring sky, under the misty gold of a spring sun; budding groves of oak and maple; bright carpets of winter wheat acidly green; feathery sprouts of corn in endless even rows; the flame of leafless willow hedge like prairie fire along the fields.

The prairie—if the sweet, empty sound of the word signifies, as it seems to, grassy sweeps of untenanted plains—has vanished with the stage coach and the frontier. Everywhere are villages, towns and thriving cities. Tall grain elevators stand like towers along the right of way. Fashionable henna colored pigs graze in highly becoming pastures of spring green.



Cattle, with their usual display of nervous energy, stare over the landscape like the oil painted cows in our grandmothers' parlors. The sunset light is rosy on the white faces of churches and handsome schools. Only when the eye follows the distances which continually beckon, does a sense of what is gone return.

And now as evening approaches, we are about to cross the famous Red River of the North, a river which, incidentally, possesses the charming eccentricity of being one of the only two large rivers in the United States to flow north.

No one with pioneer blood in his veins, or any knowledge of pioneer tradition, can hear its name quite unmoved. Up its pathless valley from Canada and then eastward across the strip of prairie to Saint Paul—the head of navigation, and it might be said of transportation, at that time—came the long creaking trains of Red River carts drawn by oxen with

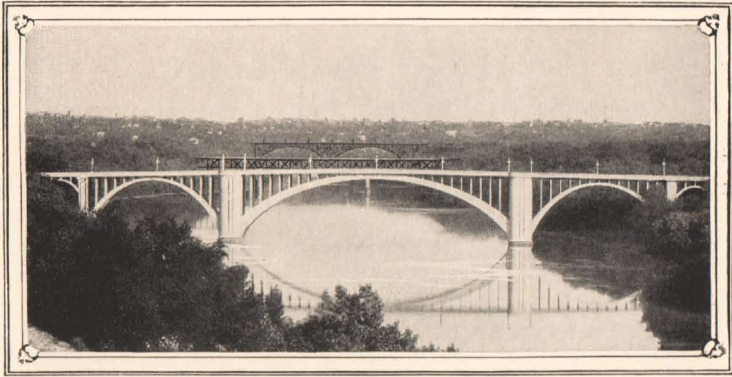


their half breed drivers in fringed suits of beaded deer skins. Carts piled high with furs to be shipped from Saint Paul to the Atlantic seaboard and thence across the water to the courts and capitals of Europe. How many of the great ladies who nestled in their silky embrace dreamed of the dark forests, the bartering savages, the strange journeys they had made from unmapped wildernesses!

Later down the waters of the Red River carrying the necessities of life to settlers on the northern frontiers, floated the steamboats which were the first link in the chain of modern transportation between the United States and Canada.

But as its name is so closely linked with pioneer history, so, fittingly as it were, its navigability went out with the passing of those adventurous and significant times it served so ably; a doom definitely pronounced when the government engineers authorized that the bridges to



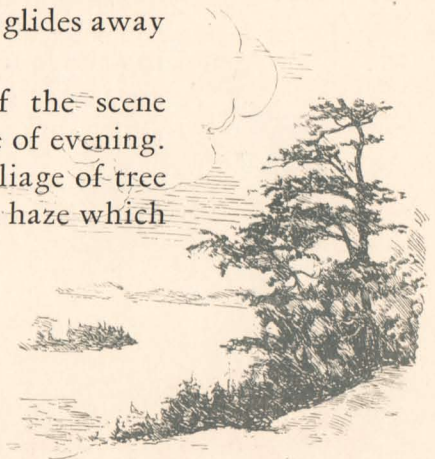


*The Mississippi Between Saint Paul
and Minneapolis*

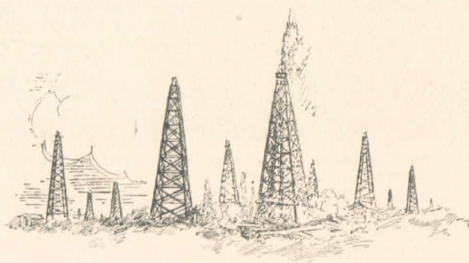
be built across it by the railroad should henceforth be stationary and not draw-bridges. A dam even is to be constructed at Grand Forks when the elaborate park improvements being carried on by that progressive city are completed.

As the Mississippi river divides the overlapping borders of the Twin Cities of Saint Paul and Minneapolis left behind that morning, so the Red River of the North separates the smaller twins, Moorhead and Fargo. The train lingers just long enough at their stations to give you an idea of the metropolitan activities and size of these communities and glides away to open country once more.

The vast circumference of the scene melts ocean-like into the blue of evening. It is broken by the massed foliage of tree claims, blurred now in a faint haze which



seems to lift and float them above the far blue line not sky, not land, of the limitless horizon.



II

GLANCE ahead now, not out of the window of your observation car but with this radio vision over eight or nine hundred intervening miles, across North Dakota and two-thirds of the way across the great state of Montana. Here, rushing smoothly toward the remote, purple mass of the Rockies, diminished to a thin green streak by the vastness of plains and sky, is a second unit of the Oriental Limited fleet. All day she has sped through the serene immensities of the Montana vista, mounting the long inclined plateau that rises by an ascent so gradual as to be imperceptible, toward the Continental Divide.

It is a scene which, when you come to know it, possesses a charm no other land-



scape can have—a crystal clearness, a wide peace that reaches to deep memories of primeval freedom.

Since before noon the low fringe of the Bear Paw mountains has been rising on the southern horizon striped still with snow, their scarred sides dappled with exquisite patterns of sunlight and shadow. And as it is passed and sinks once more into the wilderness of grassy plain, the two beautiful outcropping masses of the Sweet Grass hills loom to the north.

In every direction stretch the plains cut in deep furrows by some prehistoric deluge, and across which move the shadows of clouds and of sailing birds. An optimistic coyote matches his speed for a time with the train, then slips, a grey phantom, into a coulée. The grazing cattle are dwarfed, too, by the surround-



ing vastness to the size of wooden toys. A farmer moves slowly along his furrow with a collie dog running before the plough; new born families of wild ducks rock in little squadrons on the surface of casual waters left behind by the melting snows.

And wherever the line is broken by the straight plum colored rise of the foothills the heart aches for the saddle, the spirit of adventure calls to the unknown that forever lies beyond, just beyond the farthest ridge.

It is hard to realize that not far away, south of these rainbow colored, rather empty plains, lie some of the richest mining communities in the world; that vast irrigation and industrial activities are being carried on, that in every direction just out of sight, fertile valleys, intensively farmed, produce luxuriant and diversified crops. One such valley—that of the Milk River, which is now in process of transformation—was traversed earlier in the day.

In the seat beside me a small boy repeats over and over again: "When do the cowboys begin? When do the cowboys begin?" For to this country belonged





those glamorous figures, dearer than all others to the youth of the world. And still belong, for although agriculture has invaded Montana, it has not yet completely con-

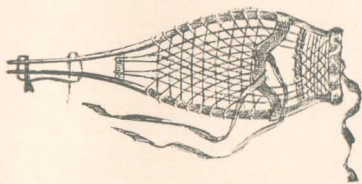
quered it. There are cattle ranches still, and bronco busters with high heeled boots and silver spurs, and even six shooters—although it is considered effeminate to use them.

Then at last the cowboys do begin. A solitary figure in traditional accoutrement lopes lazily behind a bunch of cow ponies. He is engaged in the very peculiar and special occupation of "wrangling."

Anyone who has visited a Montana ranch knows that whenever there is wood to be chopped, a garden to be weeded, water to be hauled, any cowboy who happens to be about, remembers at once that he must wrangle the horses. Fenced pastures are not done in this part of the West and every night horses are turned loose to provide good grazing for themselves and this precious alibi for their masters.

The Sweet Grass hills lag behind the forward sweep of the express and disappear. The world is one illimitable plain stained and dyed, as the sunset hour approaches, with every delicately gorgeous color in his repertory. It is as if





nature made up for the more obvious decorations she has denied this landscape by bestowing upon her this rainbow pageantry of exquisite and changing light.

The train leaves Cut Bank. An Indian woman muffled in a bright shawl crosses the track holding by the hand a little girl. As the rose and gold and purple fade from the plain the lights of the Black-foot Indian settlement at Browning appear in the north, while blocking the horizon to the south and west rises the forbidding barricade of the Rocky Mountains.

In a few hours we shall cross the Continental Divide over the Marias pass—famous in railroad and engineering history—the best, lowest and most elusive natural pass in the United States.

For a long time the existence of such a pass was among the tales—half fabulous, half true—told to explorers by the Indians. In 1805 Lewis and Clark heard of it and in 1806 sent a party to explore. Many years later government and railroad engineers looked for and, like the earlier expedition, failed to find it, or finding, strayed away from it, following false



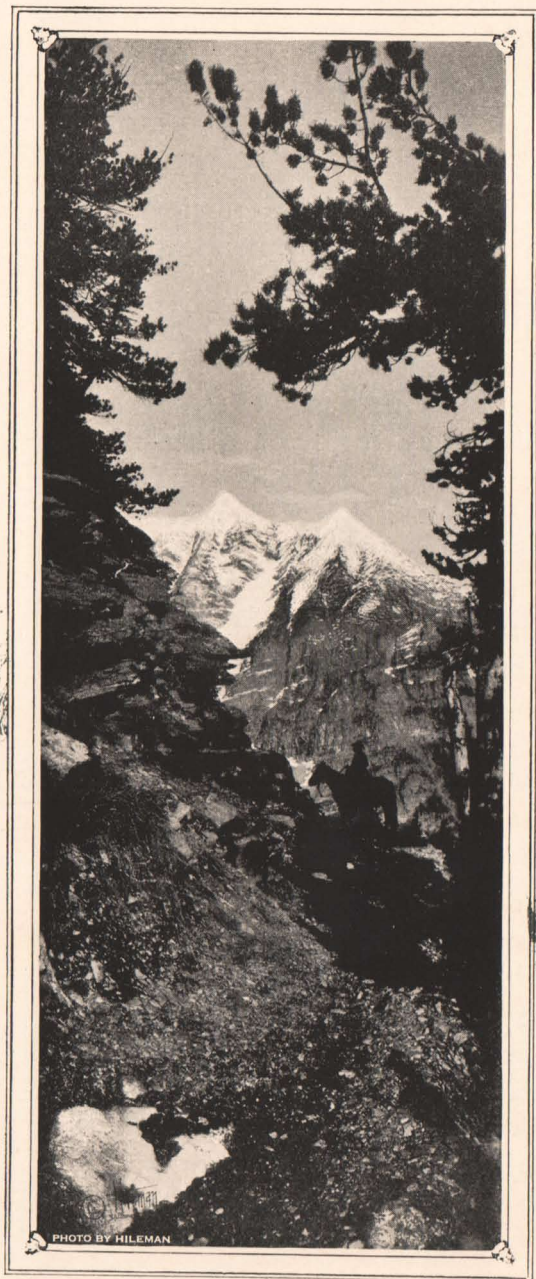



PHOTO BY HILEMAN

leads. At last, in 1889, it was discovered by the engineers of the Great Northern road.

III

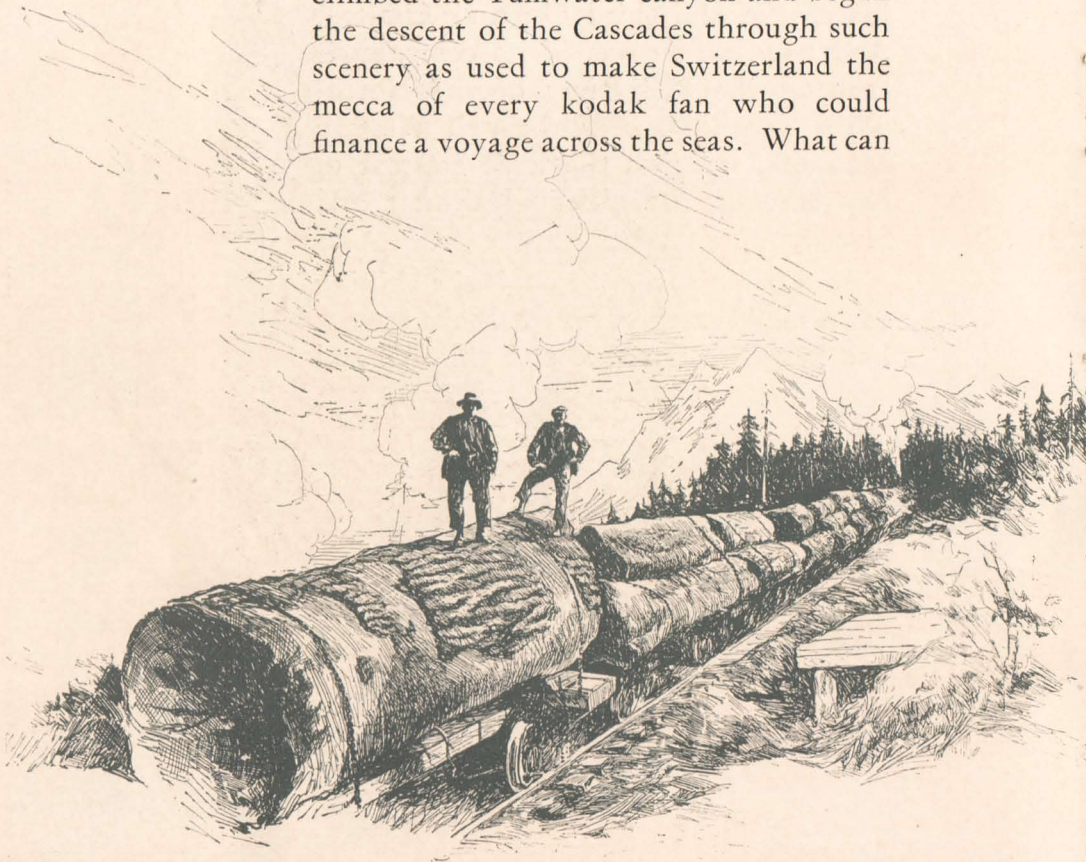


A ROLLER coaster built for the gods! Down the west slope of the Rockies, up through the passes of the Cascades, down once more through pine clad canyons, among snowy peaks, along foaming mountain torrents to the green garden of the Pacific Coast—such has been the day's journey of the third Oriental Limited. And now, while one of its company is crossing the Red River of the North, while another speeds through Western Montana, it skirts the wide crescent of bay between the cities of Everett and Seattle.

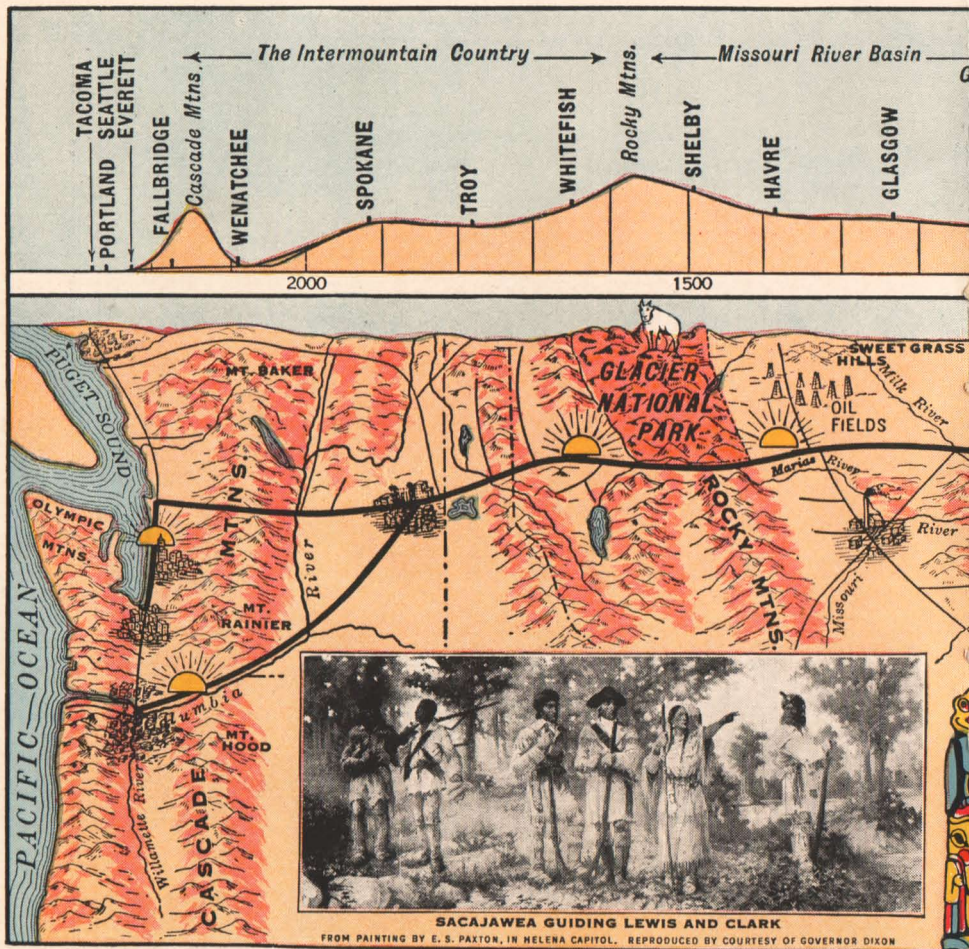
At noon it passed through the shining town of Wenatchee, which looks as if it had just been scrubbed and polished and



which, at this season, is wreathed and garlanded and smothered in the pink apple blossoms of its famous orchards—miles of them along the valley—an endless canopy of flowering branches between the blue and white of sky and clouds and hazy hills, and the blue and white reflected below in the Wenatchee river. Scene and industry seem well assorted. It is just such an ingenuous and wholesome place as you would expect a community devoted to apple raising to be. Since noon the Oriental Limited has climbed the Tumwater canyon and begun the descent of the Cascades through such scenery as used to make Switzerland the mecca of every kodak fan who could finance a voyage across the seas. What can

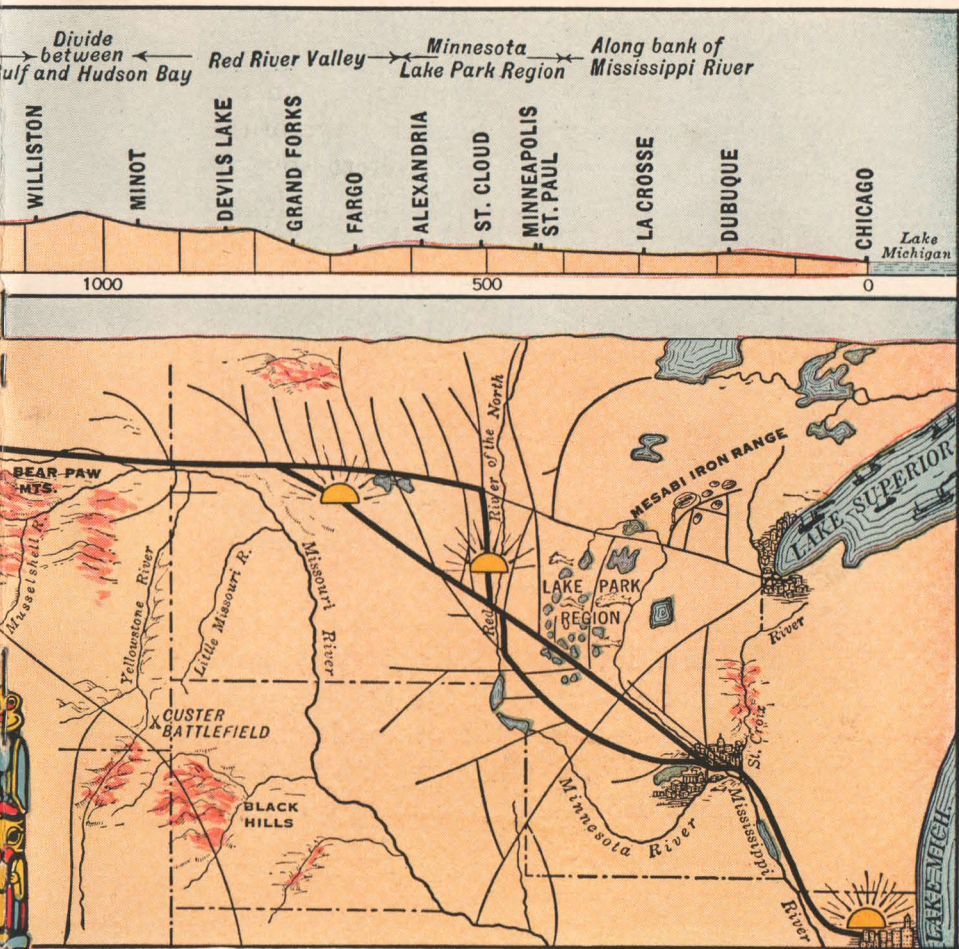






The route of the Oriental Limited is indicated by the heavy lines above.

be said of such beauty? Take the most unrestrained picture postcard of white mountain, blue sky and tall dark firs clinging by sheer faith to perpendicular cliffs, add to them the freshness of moun-



The conventional sunsets show where the various trains are at sundown.

tain air, the roar of rapids and murmur of pines, the liquid call of birds and sparkle of sunshine, and you can reconstruct feebly the scenic splendor of this last lap of the Oriental's race across the continent.

And then Puget Sound at last in the full glory of the setting sun! Back of the train the young city of Everett—one of those miracle cities of the West, almost fiercely industrial, engaged in friendly rivalry with Bellingham, its sister city to the north—nestles in the curve of shore line bathed in rosy light. Beyond it the lofty white cone of Mount Baker floats in gold mist high above the cloudlike outline of the Cascades. On one side the train clings to the curve of a richly wooded bluff, and on the other lie the inland waters of the Pacific.

It is misty and the sun is a rose red ball of flame, leaving a stain of fiery gold across the waters of the Sound. The nearby islands and the peninsula to the south, with its white capped crest of Olympic mountains, are almost blotted



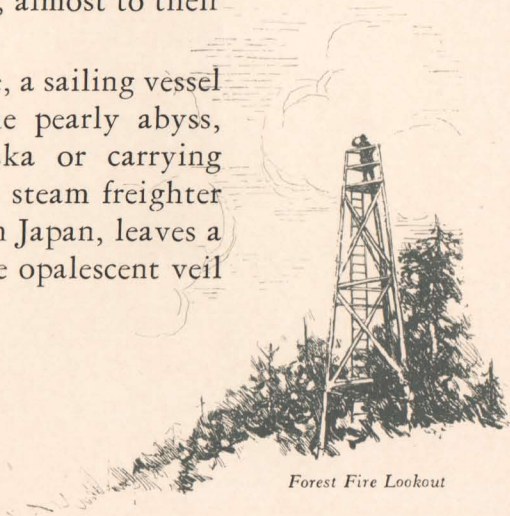


A Puget Sound Harbor

out. There is mystery in this gleaming greyness stretching illimitably westward across the waters which unite the youngest with the most ancient seat of empire, as there is mystery in the future that is to arise from this return of the west moving races, after countless ages, almost to their cradle in the East.

As we draw near Seattle, a sailing vessel in tow slips through the pearly abyss, bringing fish from Alaska or carrying lumber to Hong Kong; a steam freighter laden with raw silks from Japan, leaves a long black smudge on the opalescent veil

[27]



Forest Fire Lookout

the Sound has so coquettishly put on. We see, perhaps, passenger ships bound for Alaska or the Orient, or coastwise to California or destined for Atlantic ports via the Panama canal—the merest hint, so far, of the almost incalculable commerce of this northwestern coast.

Lumber, lumber and yet lumber! Wheat, fish, fruit, dairy products and the products of canneries, factories and mines! All up and down the Sound and all along the Great Northern line from Vancouver, British Columbia, to Portland, up the Columbia River, across the rich hinterland to Spokane, the endless production and movement of these amazing resources are to be seen.

Here, too, are handled the exotic cargoes of the Far East, the flavor of antique names—Yokohama, Kobe, Canton, Shanghai, englamours these water fronts. Is it any wonder that these amazing cities of the Northwest—Seattle, Tacoma, Spokane, Portland and Vancouver—came to



be; that they grew as if by magic; that wildernesses are reclaimed; that a new empire is building?

Faced with the rapidity and size of this development, you try to perceive its distant goal. Perhaps, standing on the shores of Puget Sound, the three Fates themselves—Past, Present and Future—ask each other, in the engaging language of our epoch: “Where do we go from here?”

IV

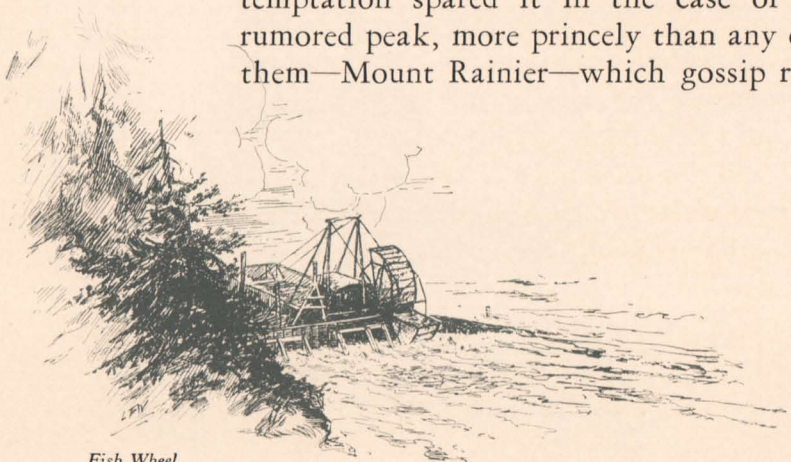
THE story of the Oriental's westward journey is not quite complete. Its Portland section, at this hour of sundown, is speeding along the deep gorge of the Columbia river toward the great inland seaport of Oregon, whose exports of wheat and wool are the largest on the Pacific Coast.



We are in the bottom of a huge gash cut nearly to sea level through the heart of the Cascade range. Fold on fold rise the pinacles and palisades of the bluffs, thickly wooded, rich in the glow of evening with the soft colors of old tapestry. The salmon wheels turn slowly in the broad, blue, tranquil river—bluffs and river merging, as they recede behind the flying train, into a gleaming mirage of rose and blue.

The shadows are long in the young green prune orchards—the daintiest, neatest, most Parisian of all orchards, with their rows of slender trees like exquisite little ladies in garden hats.

While above it all rise the higher mountains, from which snow clad peaks—but no—descriptions of snow clad peaks can be distinctly overdone. Suffice it to say there are several particularly handsome ones hereabouts—Mount Hood, Mount St. Helen's, Mount Adams—a diabolical menace to the self-control of any pen. A temptation spared it in the case of a rumored peak, more princely than any of them—Mount Rainier—which gossip re-



Fish Wheel



lates towers above Seattle and its energetic neighbor Tacoma.

As it remained in strict retirement behind an impenetrable haze the rumor in my case was never verified except by handsome photographs (one of which I submit) vouched for by loyal Washingtonians.

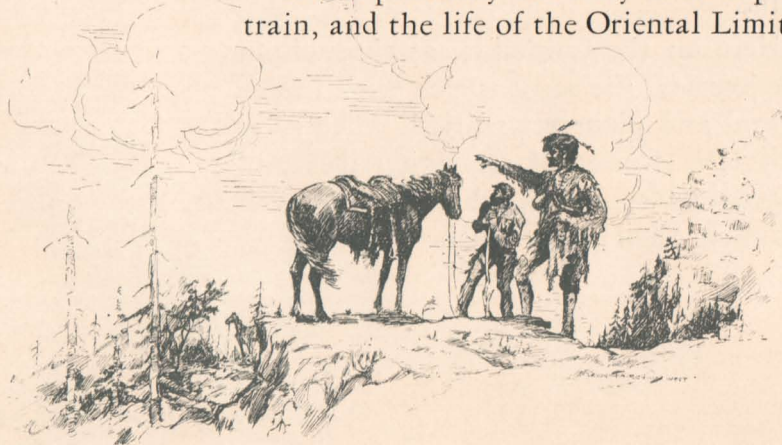
Here on the Columbia, as throughout the journey, the scene is rich with Indian legend and pioneer tradition. The river still tells stories of warring tribes and angered gods, of the clash of red race with white and their mutual faith and treachery.



Landmarks still bear names bestowed by Lewis and Clark when nearly a hundred and twenty years ago they passed this way on their epoch-making voyage of discovery, and looked on a scene absolutely unchanged, in all its savage and primeval beauty, since the dawn of this geologic era. And too, back of recorded personages and happenings, there are always shadowy traces of those daring and solitary figures, the intrepid voyageurs, unknown to history, who earlier still adventured through those wildernesses.

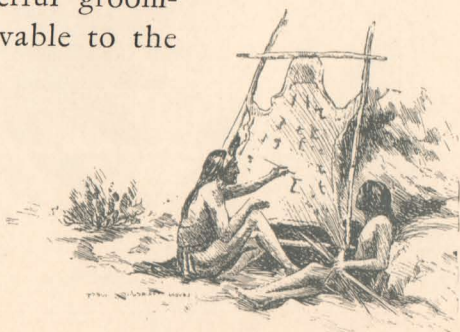
Now the river, which a hundred years ago floated only frail canoes, carries huge transoceanic vessels a hundred and ten miles down to the sea with exports of wheat, wool, lumber, and a thousand minor products of the vast, fruitful territory it drains. But we cannot linger here. We cannot offer Portland, as we could not offer Seattle or Tacoma, the injustice to touch upon it in a few words.

This is primarily the story of an express train, and the life of the Oriental Limited



comes nearer to perpetual motion than anything yet discovered. Day and night, and every day and every night, railroad machinery turns without ceasing.

In the western yards lie the trains which have just been put in readiness for the long return journey they will begin that night. Since early morning many hands have been at work making them ready. Inside and out, from head to foot, they have been scrubbed and vacuum cleaned (as they are indeed scrubbed and cleaned, only slightly less thoroughly, morning and evening every day during the journey), sterilized and polished, stocked with clean linen, their ice boxes filled with the tempting green things plentifully available all year around on the Pacific slope, with fish and chickens, meats and sweets from the company commissary in the yards—a place, by the way, which deserves a chapter to itself—and their running gears, air brakes, lubricating boxes put through what lawyers would call a searching examination. In gigantic stalls in the roundhouses the huge oil-burning locomotives are undoubtedly undergoing masterful groomings of their own, inconceivable to the lay mind.

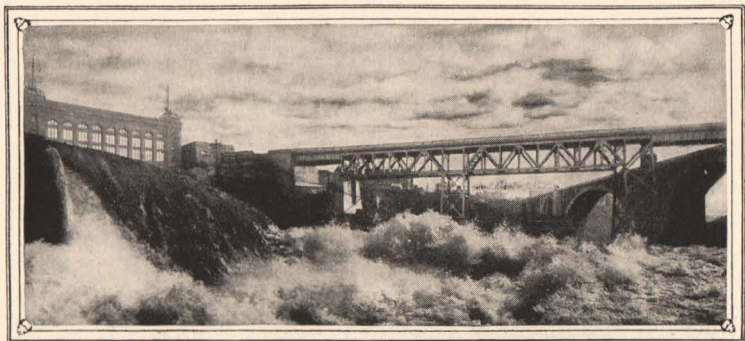


V

AND at this same hour at which we have investigated the whereabouts of the westward units of the fleet, three more Oriental Limiteds are on the road with their engines pointed to the East.

The train which left Tacoma and Seattle the night before is approaching the west slope of the Rocky Mountains. During the night and day it has crossed the Cascades, passed along hundreds of miles of water-courses, the Columbia, Spokane and Kootenai rivers and their tributaries. Early that morning the Portland and Puget Sound sections met at the important city of Spokane and proceeded eastward from there as one train. Spokane, uniquely and conveniently situated on a rushing torrent with incalculable treasures of

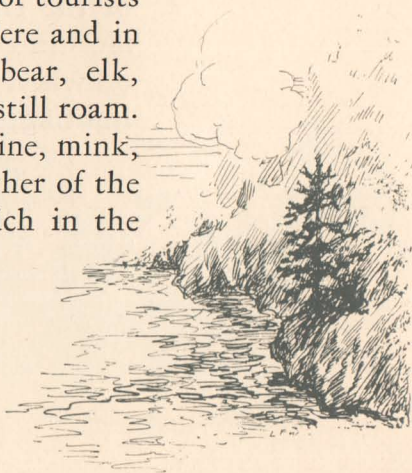




Water Power Development

water power, is the metropolis of Eastern Washington and the heart of an inland empire of enormous extent and productiveness, including not only agricultural riches but mines of gold and silver, zinc and lead.

Since leaving Spokane, the scene has gradually changed. The lush valleys, the fields and orchards have disappeared, and now, at sundown, the forest is about us. Ahead and to the north rise the spectacular mountain peaks of Glacier Park—a national park, become, because of its unrivalled climate, scenic beauty and accessibility, the summer playground for tourists from all parts of the world. Here and in the mountains to the south, bear, elk, deer, mountain sheep and goat still roam. Here too, are wolf and fox, ermine, mink, marten, beaver and countless other of the small, fur-bearing animals which in the

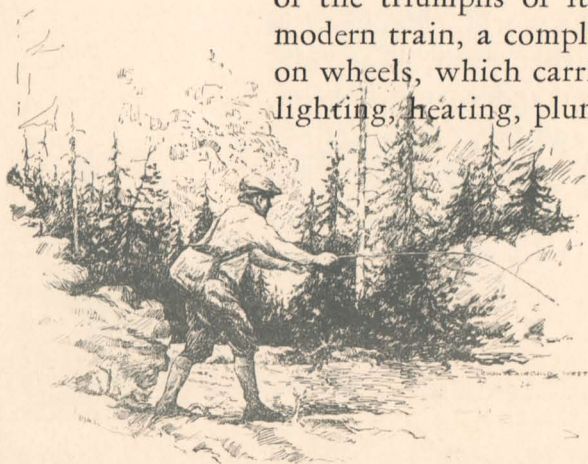




Fighting Elk

mountains outside of the park are a source of revenue to those intrepid trappers who roam these lonely vastnesses in winter.

It is difficult to realize, from the windows of the train, where we are. The age of machinery is also the age of physical comfort. It has brought greater conveniences to the day laborer than a queen could command a few centuries ago. One of the triumphs of its ingenuity is the modern train, a complete dwelling house on wheels, which carries with it its own lighting, heating, plumbing systems, and



its own uniform climate through all varying temperatures.

Surrounded by the luxury of home, club or good hotel, you will traverse, and in a few hours leave behind, a region still substantially primeval, to cross which, a generation or two ago, men struggled for days and nights, perhaps for weeks, near death from exposure, hunger and fatigue.

Wonderful sport is to be had here for the hunter or fisherman who wishes to leave civilization far behind him. With a gun and a guide and a camp outfit he can wander and hunt for weeks in these mountains outside the government reserve, camping beside the rushing jade green trout streams, shooting elk, deer or bear along the pine clad ridges.

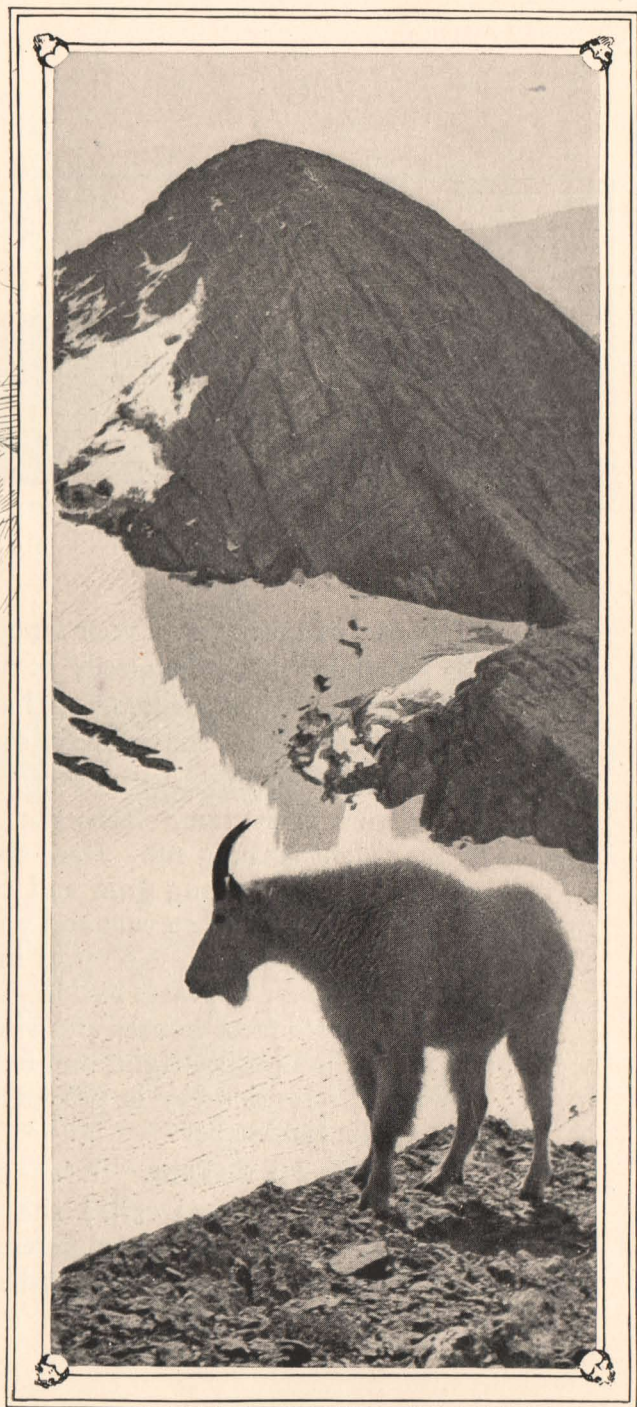
The lovely blue lake of Whitefish with the spick and span little city at its head, was left behind at six o'clock. Now we are following the Flathead river up into the heart of the mountains. Not fifty yards from the track just beyond Belton,



the western gateway of Glacier Park, a group of young deer have come down to feed in the open and raise startled, graceful heads to watch the passage of the train. The river sinks deeper and deeper



in the wooded gorge below us, dusk thickens in the grape colored ravines while high above the gloom of the valley, the sunset light still lingers on the rugged hilltops.





VI

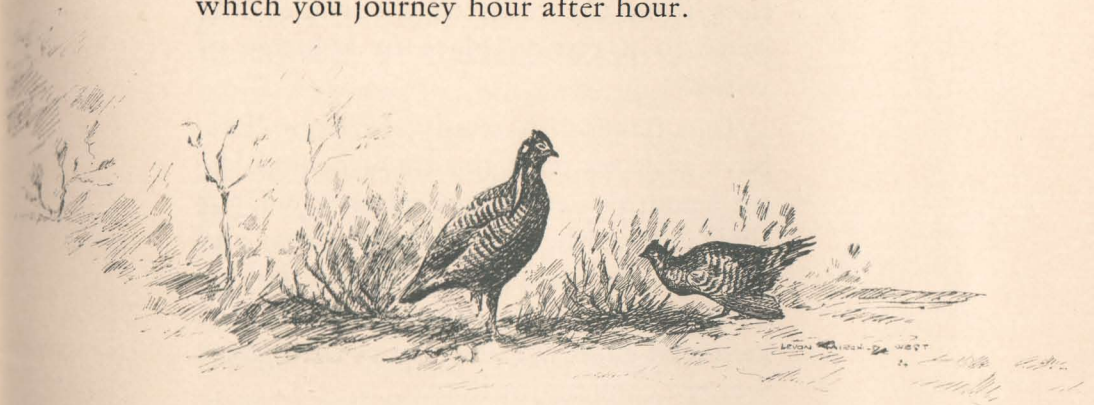
DO you care to send your fancy again along many hundreds of miles of bright steel rails, to still another ship belonging to the widely scattered Oriental squadron?

The hour is the same—twilight, wooed by an ardent sinking sun. Here there are no barriers to his long gold and crimson rays. Here is a scene as vast and wide and tranquil as an ocean. No cities in sight, few large towns, but farm buildings everywhere—white farm houses and silos rosy red in this sumptuous light, and fields and fields that stretch away in proportions as vast as the landscape.

This is North Dakota.

We are on what is called the Fargo-Minot cut-off, a slightly different route from that taken by the westbound express.

This, it would seem, must be the very colossus of the agricultural world. A man driving a four-horse team is engaged on a furrow that stretches to the horizon. Not one, but a half a dozen reaping machines cluster about a farm yard. Nothing can exceed in impressiveness this endless stretch of rich farm lands through which you journey hour after hour.



Impressive as it is now, this scene is even more so in the harvest season. Then it has become an ocean of golden stubble, broken in wave on wave by the sharp ripples of the shocked grain, while scattered everywhere are the threshing outfits, like vessels cruising a boundless sea.

There is nothing to divert the eye or the mind from the business in hand. Here you experience at its fullest a sense of America's agricultural immensity. A

whole world, it seems, could be fed from these fields of wheat and corn, oats and barley. There is live stock, too, in abundance—dairy and beef cattle, sheep and hogs. Turkey gobblers bristle their fan-like tails and shake their long red jabots in mysterious indignation at the smoothly speeding train. And a prairie chicken rises from the reeds in the coulée and soars to a resting place in a hedge of willows.

Two handsome, sturdy, barefoot little boys rush up onto the track behind the train and, throwing themselves down, put their ears to the rail to feel the roar and thunder of our passing. Farm boys—from among whom come, as a rule, the men who guide the destinies of these great western communities.



VII

THERE remain still two more trains to consider before the story of just one hour in the life of the Oriental Limited is told. For it must be remembered that all these scenes are occupied simultaneously by members of the Oriental fleet.

One of these trains is in the yards of the eastern terminal being made ready to start West. The other is within an hour or so of its destination in Chicago.

If I may venture just once again to allude to scenery—you simply can't escape it on the Oriental Limited—I should like to say that during much of this last day's journey, the beauty of the route is unsurpassed by anything we have seen.

From St. Paul to Galena, Illinois—the frontier railroad gateway through which for many years all pioneer travel and traffic bound northwestward had to pass—the train has followed the Mississippi



river, as broad and blue and luxuriantly wooded as when Marquette and LaSalle and those other dauntless, faith-inspired old Jesuits came paddling down its waters three centuries ago. A truly patriarchal river, traversing the entire United States from the Canadian border to the Gulf of Mexico, creating a valley of amazing richness and of heroic length, cutting a continent in two.

At times we have passed so close to the water's edge that the branches of the willows seem to brush the windows of the car. The lowlands bloom with almost tropical luxuriance. The river is high and budding trees and underbrush wade ankle deep in gleaming water, sprinkled with fallen petals.

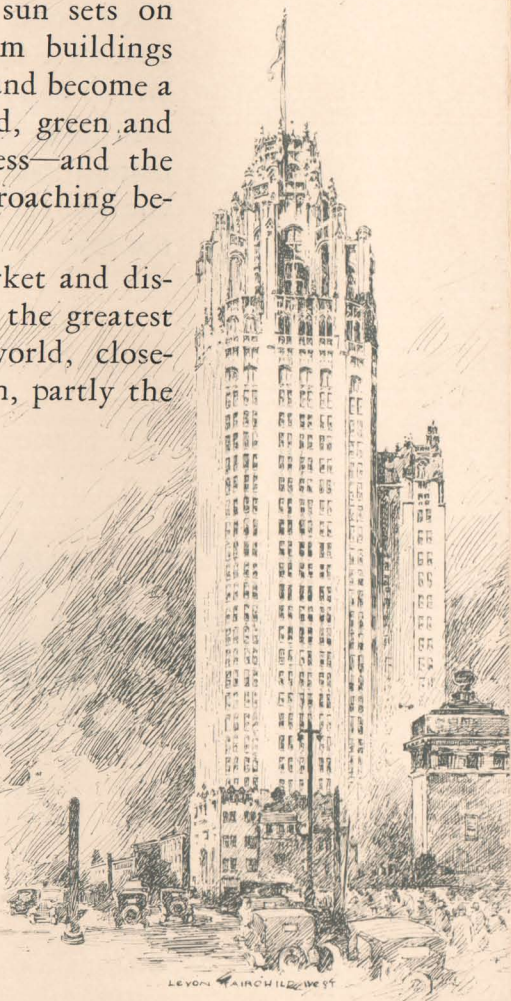
On the land side of the train, little old-time villages cling to the bluffs. There is about them a look of age and tradition. Old fashioned red brick houses nestle under huge shade trees, steep grassy



streets climb the hills and higher up, almost perpendicular cows feed with their usual sang-froid, contributing no doubt to Wisconsin's fame as the greatest milk, butter and cheese state in the Union.

In the middle of the afternoon the river is left behind. We are once more in a great agricultural district. No flavor here of the frontier but a look of long habitation, the evidences of old and well established prosperity. As the sun sets on these opulent fields and farm buildings the railway tracks multiply and become a carnival of signal lights—red, green and yellow in the shiny darkness—and the tremendous city we are approaching begins to be felt.

Chicago—the greatest market and distributing centre in America, the greatest railroad terminal in the world, close-linked with all we have seen, partly the



cause and to some extent the result of that new world! It is as typical in its concentrated vastness as those wide fields and forests of the untold wealth and unfolding power of the western empire.

The first house in Chicago was built in 1779. The first rudiments of cities sprang up in Seattle and Tacoma three fourths of a century later.

It took civilization seventy years to reach from the Great Lakes to Puget Sound—a record breaking speed too, if measured by what went before.

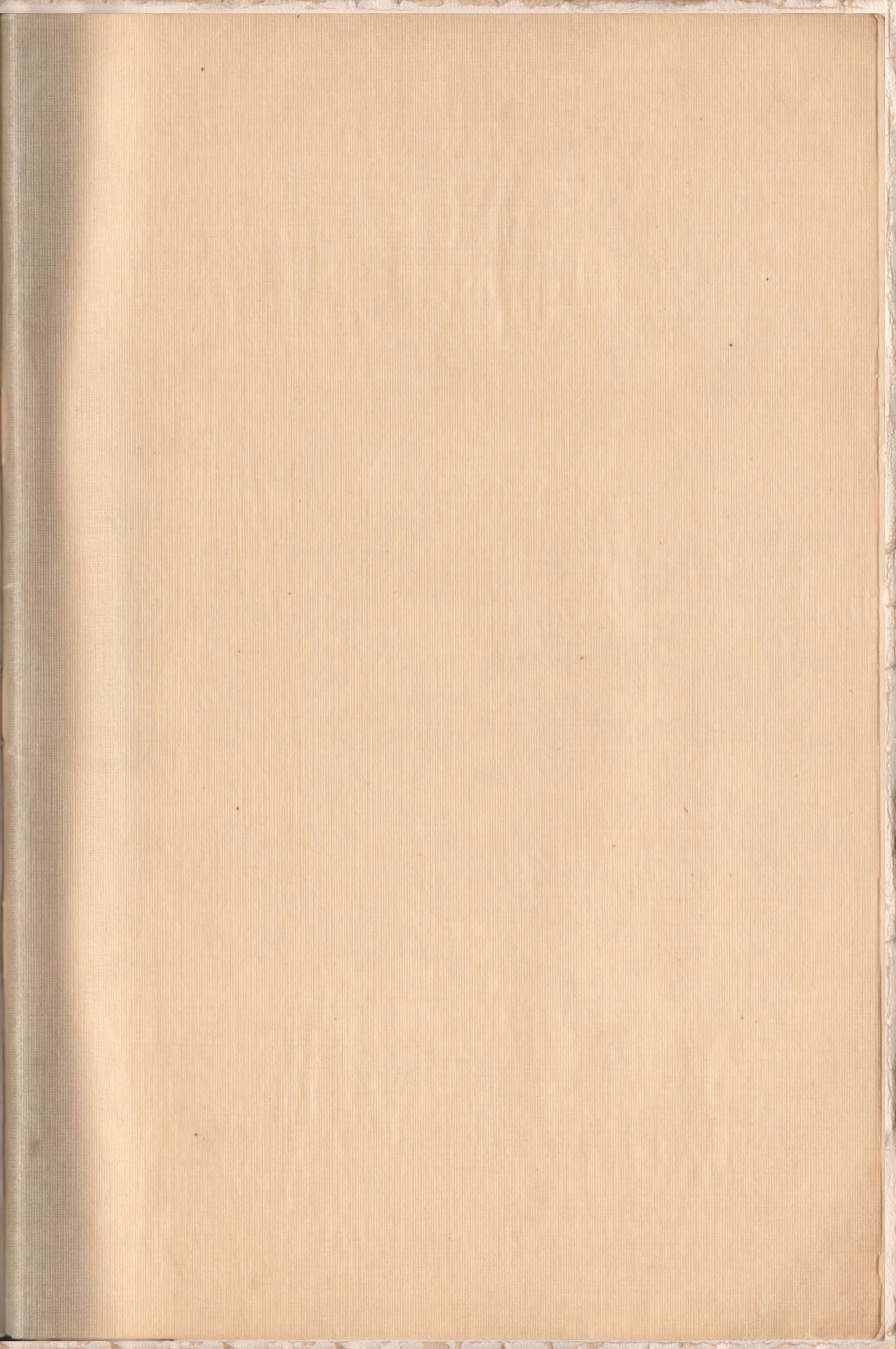
It takes the Oriental Limited seventy hours. And I think you will find them, if you can see and think and dream, almost too few.



First House Built in Chicago

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