



# OVER THE TRAILS OF GLACIER NATIONAL PARK



*B* TOM DILLON



F5012

1914

D579

*The* EDITH *and* LORNE PIERCE  
COLLECTION *of* CANADIANA



*Queen's University at Kingston*

Q S 2456.

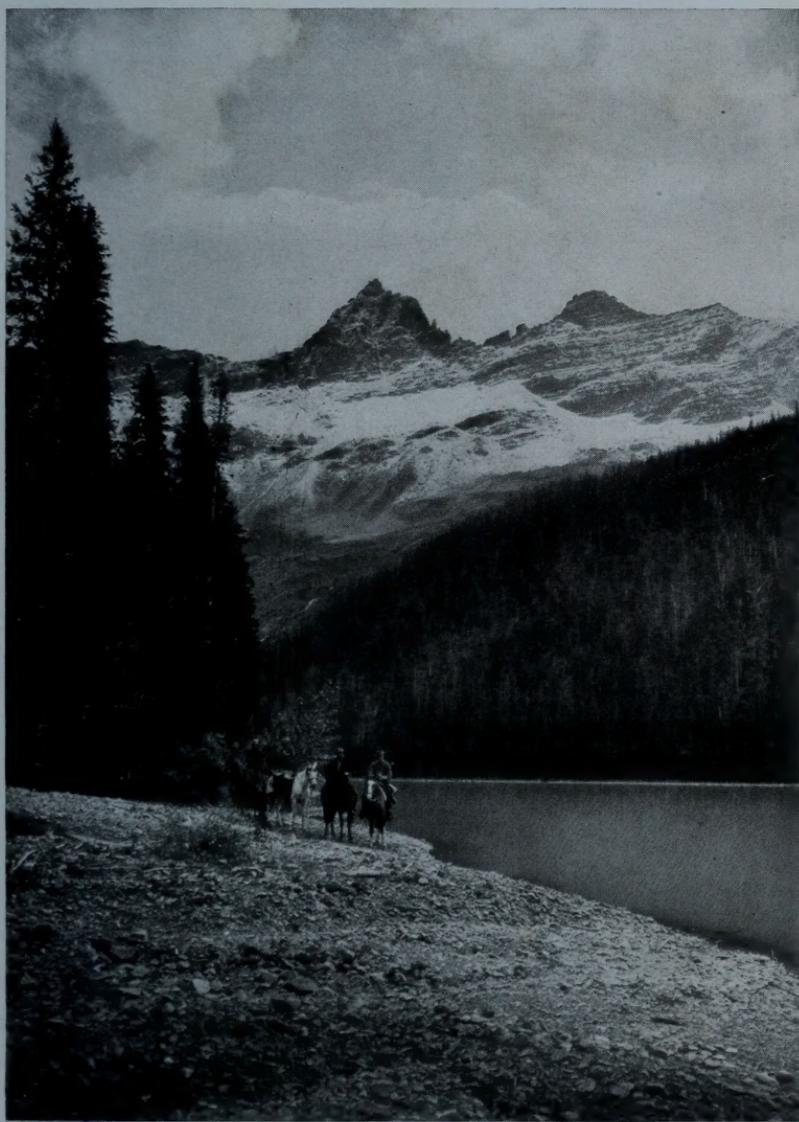
BC

W 346

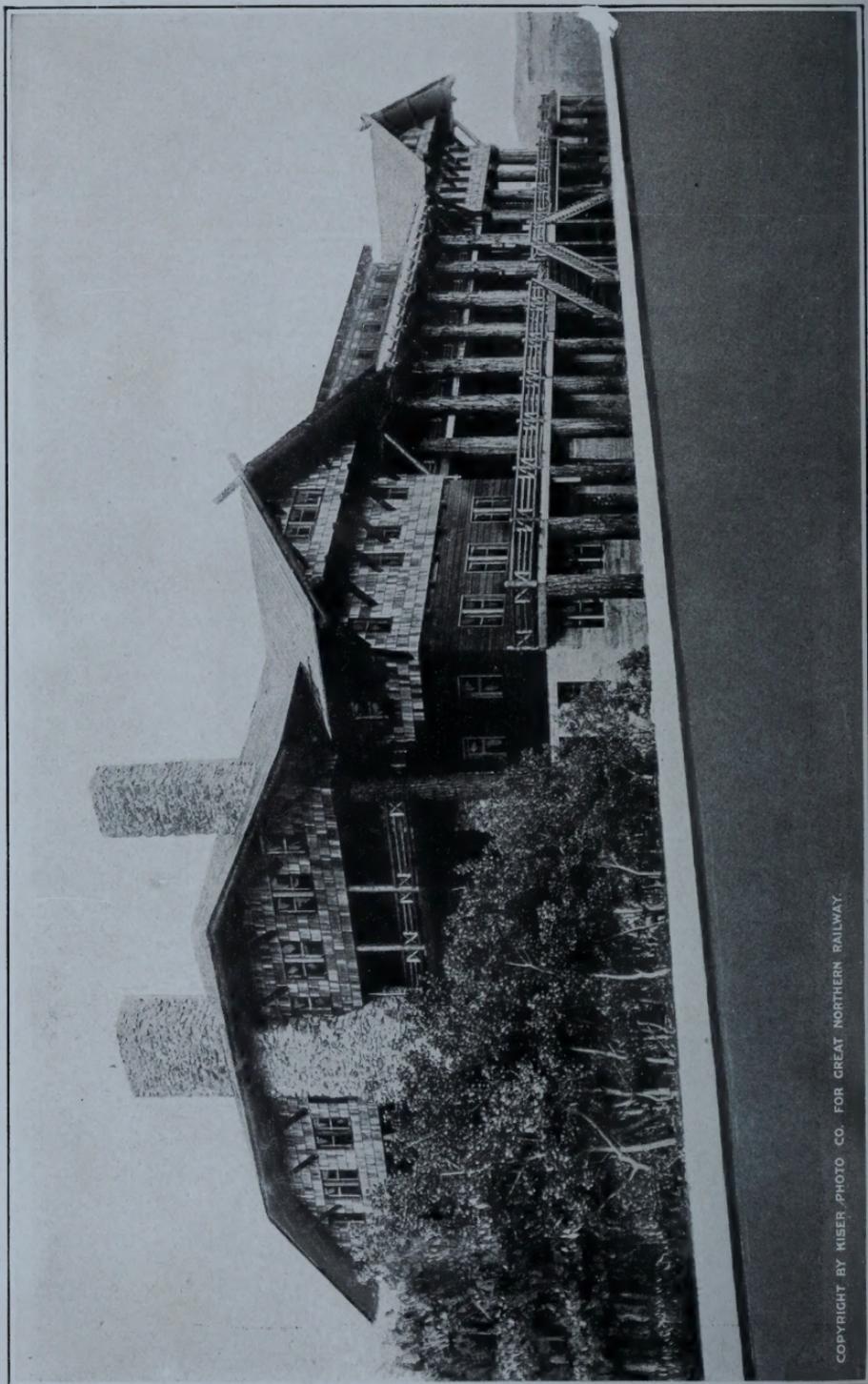
5-

Over the Trails of  
GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

By TOM DILLON



Along the Shores of Avalanche Lake, Glacier National Park



COPYRIGHT BY KISER PHOTO CO. FOR GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

New \$100,000 hotel at Glacier Park Station. Accommodations for 200 people. Open season, 1913



THE AUTOMOBILE DIDN'T APPEAL TO FOLKS WHO DODGED THEM EVERY DAY ON HIGH STREET, SO WE CHOSE THE "PRAIRIE YACHTS" - STURDY, FAITHFUL, SURE-FOOTED LITTLE INDIAN PONIES THAT COULD TAKE YOU ANYWHERE



LACIER NATIONAL PARK covers an area of over 1,500 square miles, and is a little larger than the state of Rhode Island. It contains over 250 deep blue lakes of glacial origin, as well as innumerable mountain streams that find their source in the sixty living glaciers and snow-capped peaks which are found within the borders of the park. Some idea of the height of these mountains may be gained by comparing them with the world's greatest skyscraper, the Woolworth Building, New York city. This building contains 55 stories, and is 750 feet high. Mt. Jackson, one of the most beautiful snow-clad peaks in the park, is 10,023 feet high or about fourteen times as high as the Woolworth Building. There are a large number of mountains in the park over 9,000 feet high, among which may be mentioned Going-to-the-Sun Mountain 9,594 feet, Blackfeet Mountain 9,597 feet.

Shortly after the park was set aside by Congress for a national playground, the wide-awake newspapers of the country made haste to investigate its right to attention on the part of the American traveler. A party of the brightest newspaper men in Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Seattle was organized for the purpose of appraising the beauties of this section of the Rocky Mountains.

Tom Dillon, of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, was a member of this expedition. His point of view will be an interesting one to every individual





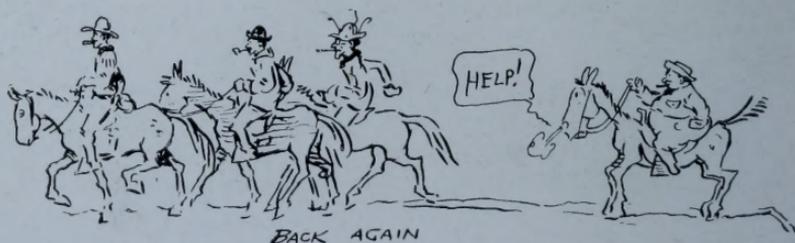
who contemplates a tour of Glacier National Park. The story of his experiences and a description of the things he saw are printed in this booklet.

The party entered the park at Belton, Montana, but since that time the Great Northern Railway has constructed a magnificent new \$100,000 hotel at Glacier Park Station, the eastern entrance, and a \$75,000 automobile road connecting Glacier Park Station with St. Mary Camp, a distance of 35 miles. Daily automobile stage service is maintained between these points. In addition Glacier Park Station and Two Medicine Camp are connected by horse stage, making daily trips during the season. Because of its facilities for handling the tourist and its geographical location, Glacier Park Station is now the logical starting point for a trip through the park.

Reading this tale may suggest to you a new and novel way of spending your vacation the coming summer.

The Great Northern Railway has a number of splendid hotel camps located at the most beautiful and convenient points in the park, where you can secure first-class accommodations while making a tour at a cost of \$3.00 per day for meals and lodging. After reading this booklet, if you desire to secure detailed information regarding cost of trip and necessary arrangements, write any representative named in this book.

The cartoons used in this book were drawn by W. A. Ireland of the Columbus Dispatch, Columbus, Ohio, who toured Glacier National Park last year.



## CHAPTER I

## Glacier National Park

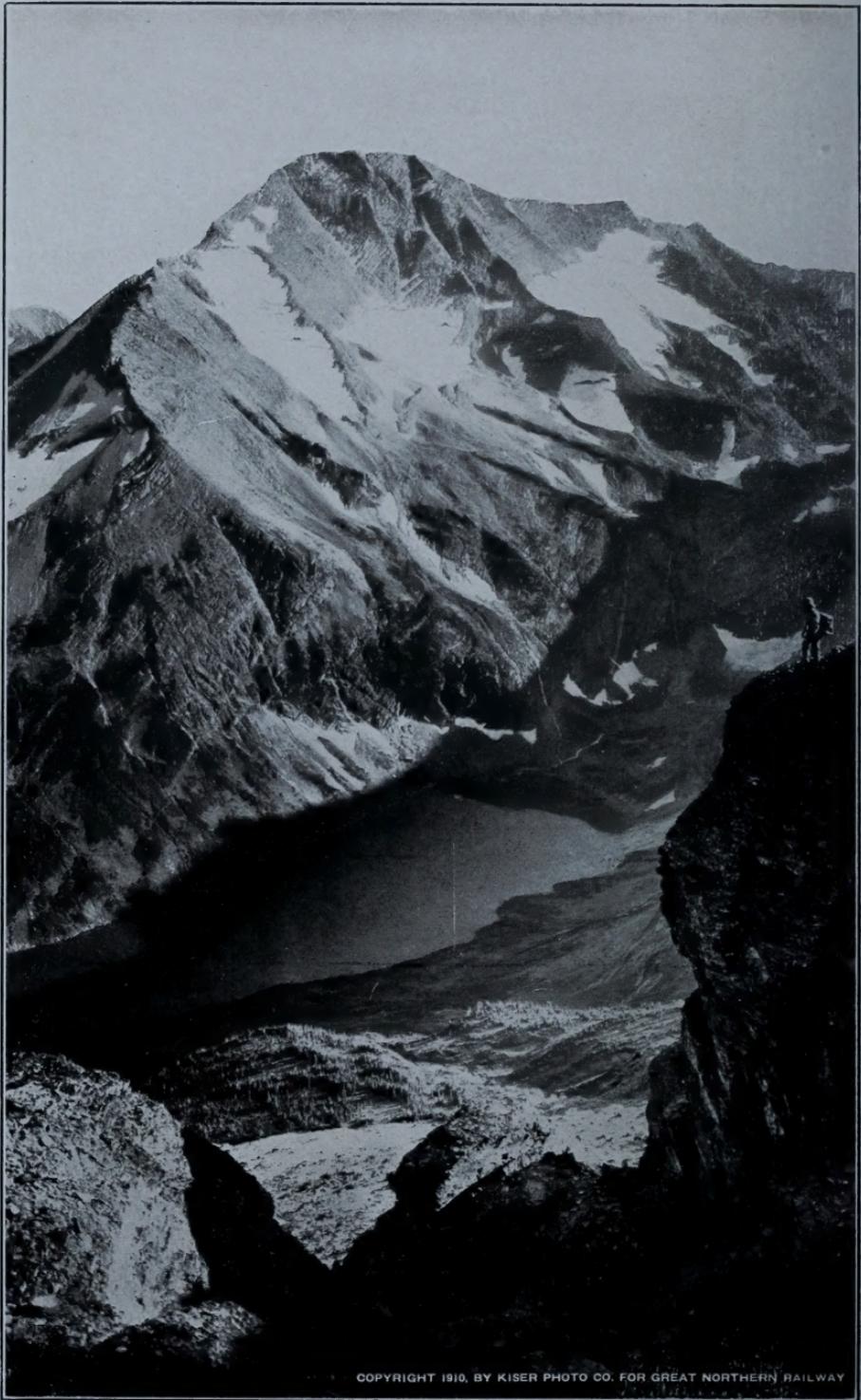


“HERE is where God sat when he made America.” A Glacier Park packer, bone-weary with fifteen hours of toil in the everlasting jumble of mountains, delivered himself of this conviction on the shores of Lake McDonald, as the deep purple of the mountains flowed softly down to the dark blue stretch of water. Like many unliterary men of the wilderness, the packer had a rare gift of concise symbolism. This park of 1,400 square miles of mountains, glaciers, lakes, rivers and waterfalls, might well, indeed, be considered the material pile out of which the Western continent was built. The symbolic thought, bred of weariness in the soul of the packer, was that the Great Builder had left the odds and ends of his world-making here in one disordered heap.

Glacier National Park is the latest of the national playgrounds. It lies in the western section of Montana, between the Great Northern Railway and the Canadian boundary line, twenty-four hours, almost to the minute, from Seattle, and about 1608 miles from Chicago. Here the Rocky Mountains tumble and froth like a wind-whipped tide as they careen off to the northwest of Canada and Alaska. Here is the backbone of the continent and the little and big beginning of things; here, huddled close together, are tiny streams, the span of a hand in width, that, leagues away to the north, the south and the west, flow mighty rivers into Hudson's Bay, the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific Ocean; here peak after peak, named and unnamed, rear their saw-tooth edges to the clouds; three-score glaciers within its borders are slowly and silently grinding away at their epochal task; three hundred lakes in valley and in



“Here the Rocky Mountains tumble and froth like a wind-whipped tide”



COPYRIGHT 1910, BY KISER PHOTO CO. FOR GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

Gunsight Lake and Mount Jackson



COPYRIGHT 1910, BY KISER PHOTO CO. FOR GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

"Here is the backbone of the continent and the little and big beginnings of things."

Coney Island attractions; it has no geysers; there are other canyons as deep; other mountains as high; but those who have roamed the world with open eyes say earnestly that there is no spot where Nature has so condensed her wonders and run riot with such utter abandon; where she has carved and hewn with such unrestrained fancy and scattered her jewels with so reckless a hand.

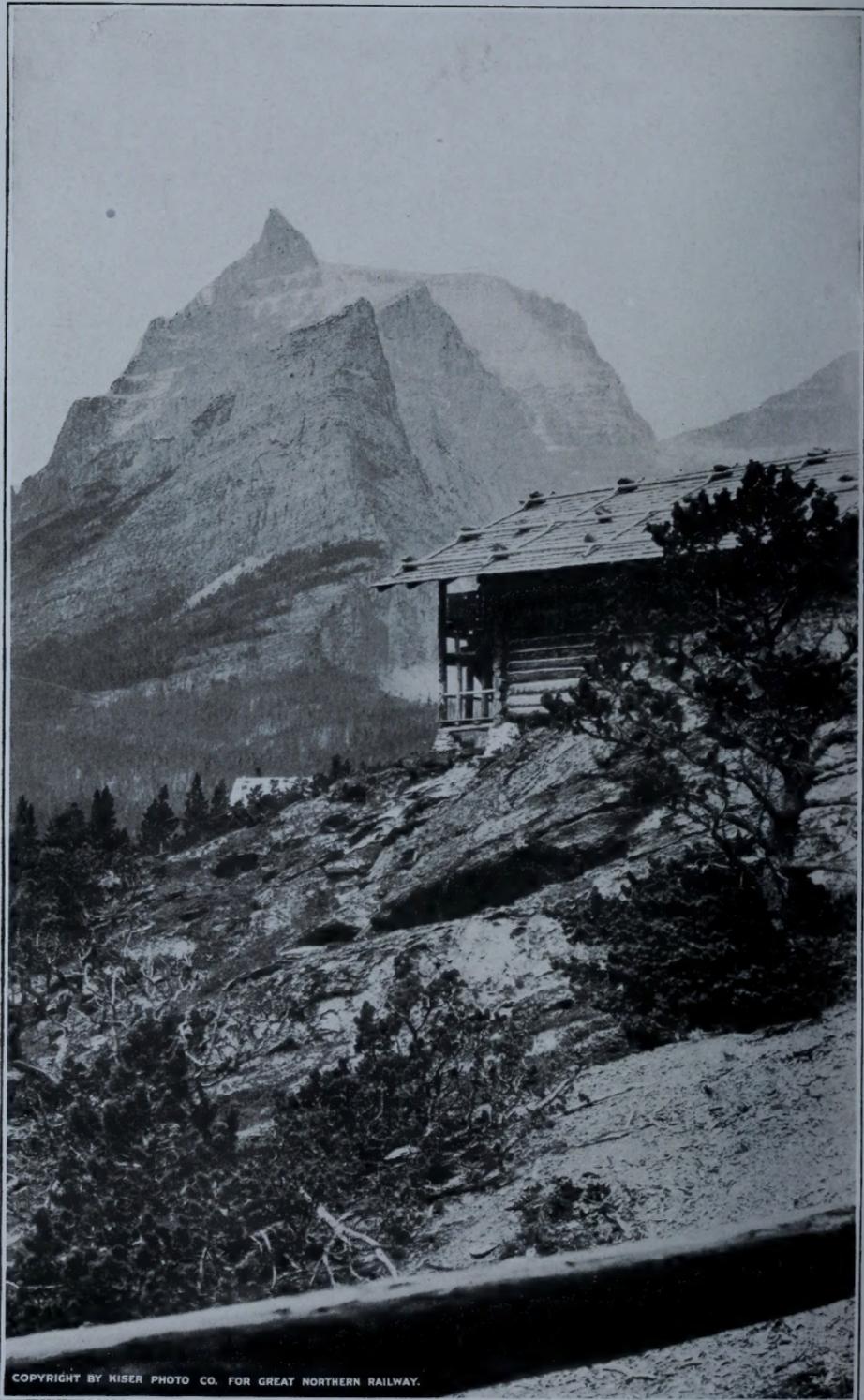
The park, as a whole, will never be a place for a coach-and-four or the honking automobile. An automobile road has been built along the level stretches east of the mountains. It is a beautiful trip, but the inner recesses will ever be for the saddle and the sturdy pedestrian. When the aeroplane is a household attachment the mountain ponies will still be footing the Whiskey trail as they did two hundred years ago; and from their backs men and women will talk of that mysterious highway of a dim, distant past, which can be still traced to the jungle of Central America. There was a trail there for man and beast when the Romans were building roads to Britain. It was there when the first Hudson Bay fur-hunters peered through the passes, and since then many a hard-pressed man has raced with death over it.

As the Great Northern Railway forms an irregular southern boundary of this park, it has adopted it as its own, and not entirely for

mountain pocket give back to the sky its blue, gray or green; half a thousand waterfalls cascade from everlasting snow in misty torrents or milk-white trceries; rainbows flicker and vanish in the everchanging play waters, while the clear Montana sun does tricks of light and shade on pine and rock. High up on some gale-swept crag the shy goat pauses for a moment and plunges from view; lower down the big horn sheep treads his sure-footed way; the clownish black bear shuffles to his huckleberry patch; far up in the blue, between mountain and sun, the bald eagle sails his rounded periods peering down for the timid creature beneath the leaves and the shadows of the rocks. And all is as it was when the world's first day was done, save for some man tracks here and there on the winding slopes.

Glacier National Park has no side-shows for garrulous trippers; it has no





COPYRIGHT BY KISER PHOTO CO. FOR GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

"The Great Northern Railway has installed a string of Swiss chalet camps along a scenic route for a distance of 150 miles"

business reasons. Louis W. Hill, president of that great system, is one of those who has fallen under the spell. To him it is more than a traffic stimulus—it is a hobby—a part of his "See America First" obsession. As often as he can get away from St. Paul he comes to the park, so that all the guides know him.

At his suggestion, a squad of Eastern newspaper men and a representative of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer made a trip through this beauty-land. The Great Northern has installed a string of Swiss chalet camps along a scenic route for a distance of 150 miles. They fall far short of being profitable, for everything has to be packed in on horseback. In these camps is real comfort and abundance of mountain-climbing food at ordinary hotel prices.



"And all is as it was when the world's first day was done, save for some man tracks here and there on the winding slopes."

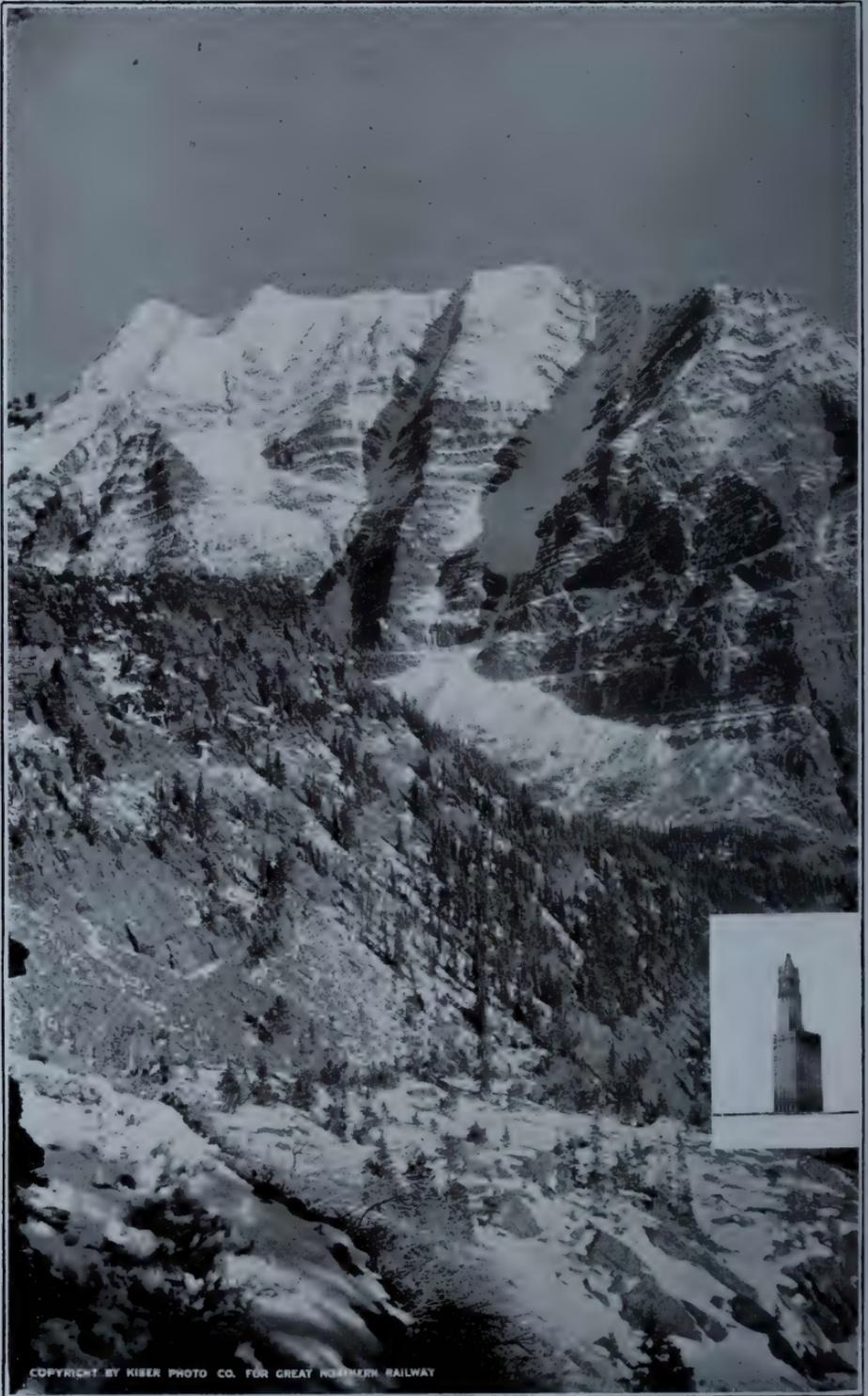
## CHAPTER II

### The Beginning of Our Trip; Seeing Avalanche Lake

The little hamlet of Belton is the western gateway, and Glacier Park Station on the eastern side opens the other way in. In Belton the railway has built charming Swiss chalets. From here it is three miles over a government road to the foot of Lake McDonald.

Lake McDonald has a fame of its own. Many men, and more women, have tried their pens in describing its beauties, but the written word has failed; color artists have essayed to transfer its charms to canvas, but with indifferent success. The superlative, after all, is only the superlative, and it tells little or nothing of the twelve-mile sweep of Prussian blue, indigo, lavender, verditer and cobalt, of the pine-shrouded slopes and the vista of towering mountains as the scene spreads out before the eye. The world-traveler





COPYRIGHT BY KISER PHOTO CO. FOR GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

Picture shows comparative height of the Woolworth Building, New York City, 750 feet, and Mt. Jackson 10,023 feet.

gasps and says nothing; the young tourist breaks into an incoherent rhapsody that falls flat, and silence soon becomes the sign of his appreciation.

A launch, with a grizzled old mountaineer incongruously at the wheel, is waiting at the wharf to take us to Glacier Hotel. Straight toward half a dozen castellated peaks the little craft heads, and for an hour the city-bred passengers marveled at the blue of the depths, the green of the banks, and the fang-like mountain tops, whose reflections fell all about us.

Glacier Hotel was the real starting-point of our journey through the park. It is the outpost of the white shirt, the stiff hat and the hobble-gown. They are seen here fraternizing with the blue flannel, the sombrero and the divided skirt. The telephone stops here, and the newspapers venture no further. World affairs become trivial alongside of the selection of a saddle-horse; and the corrals, stocked with mountain ponies, are a busy center, the human interest of which is heightened by the activities of the packers and guides.

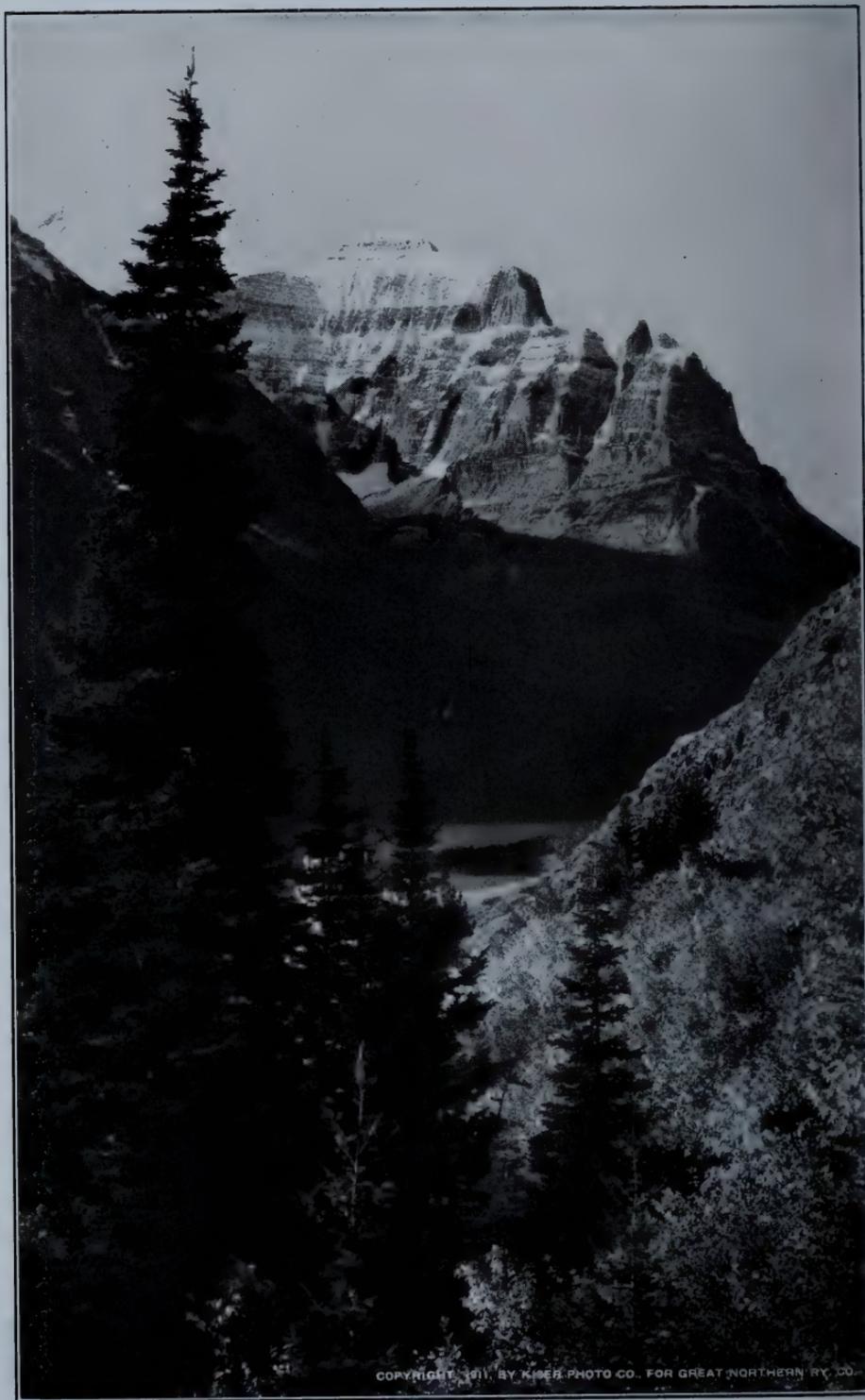
Avalanche Lake is the prelude for the trip through the park. It lies ten miles from Glacier Hotel over a dirt trail that winds in and out and up and down through a forest of rare beauty, all well down in the timber line, where mountain growths flourish.

The trip to Avalanche in the early morning hours, with the tang of the dew still in the air, is one of keenest delight. The trail winds its serpentine way through one long, tortuous aisle of pine and fir, spruce and cedar, each twist disclosing new delights. The smells of the forest, moist and fragrant, stir strange, misty memories, and all the while the pine trees rustle overhead. The way bends to the north at an easy grade, the ponies stepping at a road gait, only pausing to drink at the sparkling little streams that are met with at every turn.



COPYRIGHT 1916, BY KISSA PHOTO CO. FOR GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

"Lake McDonald—the dark blue stretch of water."



COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY KEEB PHOTO CO., FOR GREAT NORTHERN RY. CO.

Red Eagle Mountain, Glacier National Park

Gradually one becomes conscious of a deeper note that drowns the chordless harmonies in the tree-tops. Quickly it grows on the ear, as the guide tells us that the Royal Gorge is but a few yards away. The trail turns sharply to the left, pitches down for a little canyon; the ponies hunch their backs as they climb the opposite bank, and the first sight of the Royal Gorge is there in front. A dozen little rainbows are dervish-dancing in the mist that floats up from the crashing torrent. The gorge is perhaps a quarter of a mile long—a rugged, twisted stairway, down which the waters roar, frothy white, tumbling, twisting, swirling, booming, snarling, whining. Timidly the edge is approached, although the footing is solid rock.

Five miles up is the glacier prison of these waters, where for ages they have been held. Loosened by the sun, they leaped two thousand feet in joy to the bosom of Avalanche Lake, and now each drop is panic-stricken to get back to the Pacific. The mystery and might of running-water is here. The dull red rocks glisten with a million pearls, and the marvel grows as the eye falls on the barrel-like cavities carved by the fretting current.

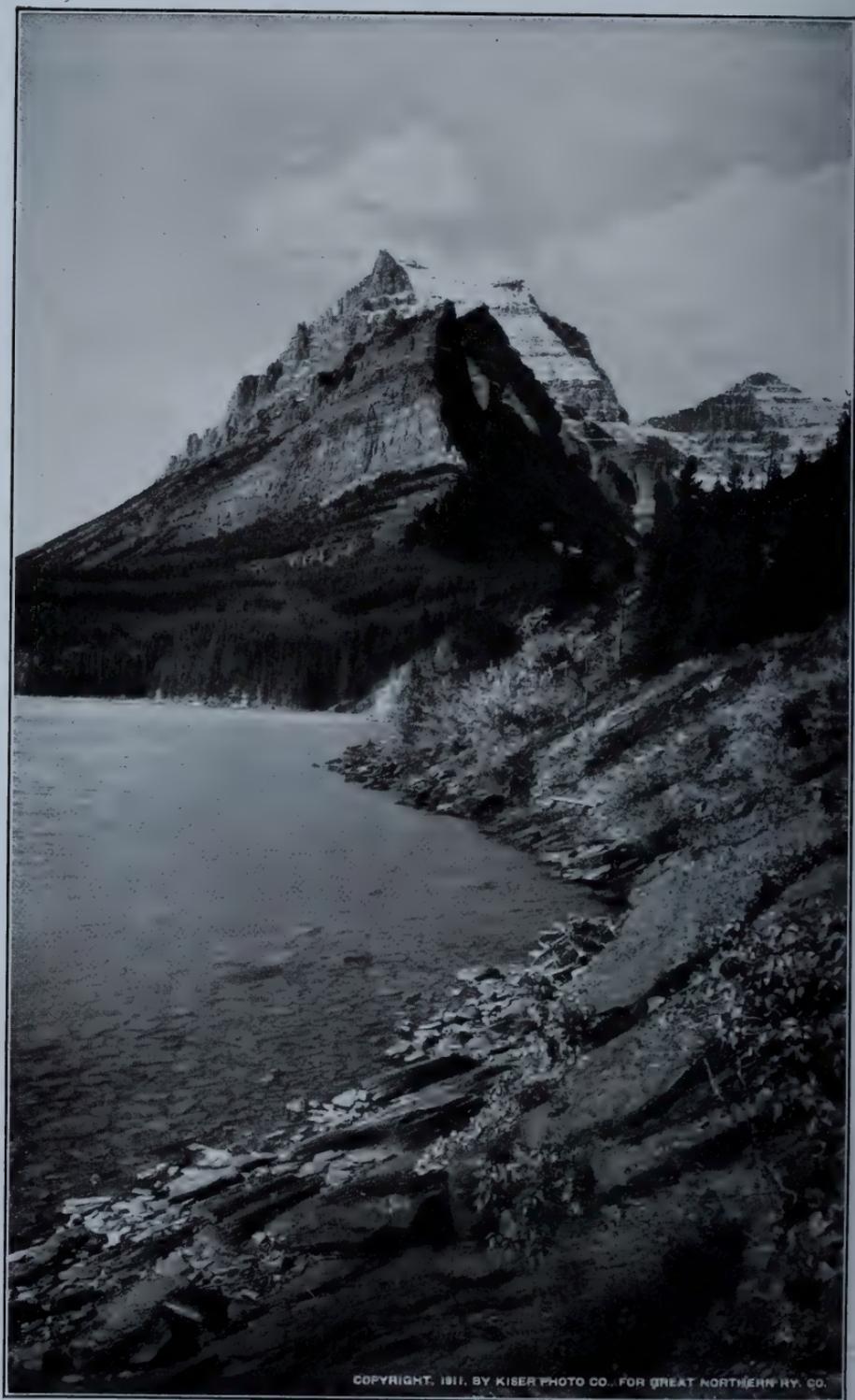
"The fish go up here every spring," says the grandeur-inured guide. You doubt it audibly.

"How else could they get to Avalanche Lake?" he inquires, and one pays a silent tribute to the fish.

From the Royal Gorge the climb is stiff, as the horses pick their way around the shoulder of the mountain that guards the lake. Without notice the trail ends on the lake shore at right angles—to its beauty. Here, in an amphitheater built by Thor, lies the little gem of agate-gray water. The pines crowd down to the water's edge and stretch up to the bare rock. They seem to lie like a green-black fur, smooth and soft. To the eastward is a rocky wall, on which appear a half dozen broad white ribbons fluttering in the wind. They are the waterfalls,



Looking up St. Mary Lake near Going-to-the-Sun Camp



COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY KISER PHOTO CO., FOR GREAT NORTHERN RY. CO.

Going-to-the-Sun Mountain, North Shore Lake St. Mary, Near Going-to-the-Sun Camp, Glacier National Park

too far away to be heard as they drop almost straight for a third of a mile. Through the field-glasses they look like torrents of marble-dust as they weave in and out until lost in the green bank of pines. The lake is almost white where they come trickling in with their burden of foam.

The fishermen start for the little hard-fleshed trout while the guides prepare luncheon. The fish are small, but obstinate beyond their size, and sufficiently numerous to joy the angler's heart.

Suddenly there is a commotion in the brush; an open-mouthed fisherman, hatless, breaks in on the luncheon, breathless with the information that he has seen a bear.

"There's a fine huckleberry-bush back there," is all the comment the guide deigns, as he spreads the sandwiches around a tarpaulin.

As the sun drops down the mountain tops the start is made back to Glacier Hotel, with the promise of another stop at the Royal Gorge.

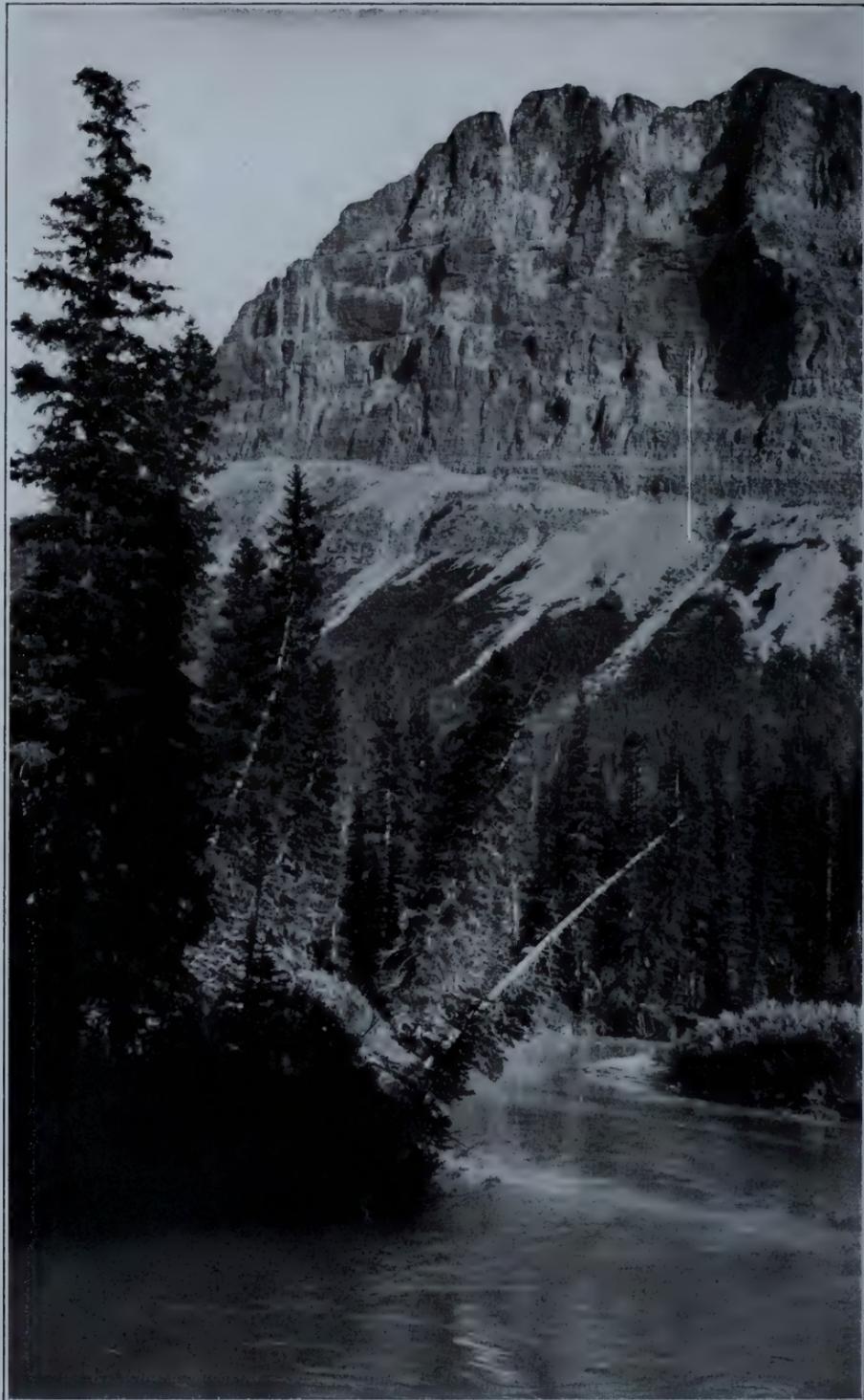
"You'll see this lake again tomorrow," says the guide, "but you'll travel twenty-five miles to do it."

Homeward-bound the ponies break into a trot at every "level" stretch of trail, and soon the rumblings of the gorge come up through the trees. The sunlight is gone; the little rainbows have retired to rest, and the waters are fiercer in their sullen gray. It was beautiful and awe-inspiring in sunlight. It is grim and menacing as the purple veil of night comes down, but the guide grows eloquent as he tells of it by moonlight.

Dinner is waiting when the saddle-stiffened legs reach the dining-room carrying appetites with new and vast proportions. Sperry Glacier is the next



"World affairs become trivial alongside of the selection of a saddle-horse, and the corral, stocked with mountain ponies, is a busy center."



Little Chief Mountain and St. Mary Creek, Glacier National Park

day's trip, and the lakeside loungers, who go not farther than the hotel, talk glibly of our coming experience.

And so to bed.

### CHAPTER III Sperry Glacier

"Hit the floor," roars Ernie, the guide.

You have been asleep but a few moments, yet it is broad daylight. "Hit the floor" is mountain metaphor for "get up." The ice-cold water has an electric tingling effect and the squeaking muscles limber on the way to the dining-room. The horses are waiting at the door, and the Sperry Glacier climb begins.

The rising sun has gilded the western peaks across Lake McDonald, while the lake still lies darkly blue. There are reds and greens and browns in the effulgence of the rocks; there are shades of orange, violet and madder, sienna and cardinal, such as are only written in the color dictionaries. As you vainly try to find words to tell yourself about them, the guide turns into the forest to the east. It is go up and come down, but always the up is a little

higher than the down until Crystal Ford is reached, and the tenderfoot crosses his first swift-running mountain stream that churns over a boulder-strewn bed.

There is white water and water of a hungry green, through which the pony splashes with unconcern. Experiences are to come rapidly today, and the first one is at hand-climbing up from one stream in the bed of another. A smaller torrent crashes down at right angles to Crystal Ford, and it is up this that the traveler must make his way. Two hundred feet, and the pony passes on a dry trail. It has been a rather breathless experience, and you feel like showing your appreciation to your pony, only there is no way. The best you can do is to assert your conviction that the pony can carry you safely anywhere you want to go.

The climb is steady, with frequent pauses to let the horses get their breath. As the trail gets steeper the



"The fishermen start for the little hard-fleshed trout while the guides prepare luncheon."



guide dismounts, and the tenderfoot, with a few perpendicular experiences behind, is willing to follow his example.

The pitch is steep and sea-level lungs seem utterly unable to compass enough mountain air.

"Grab hold of his tail and let him pull you up," suggests the guide. Only complete weariness would drive you to inflicting this indignity on your nice little pony.

"Go ahead; he's used to it," encourages the guide, and with a firm conviction that you are going to be kicked a mile down the mountain side, you take his advice. The short, quick spurts are comparatively easy with a couple of twists of the pony's tail in hand.

"That horse of yours 'll have to wear a switch before 'the season is over," ventures the guide, with a placidity of countenance that suggests that it is by no means the first time he made the remark.

To the right the mountain slopes quickly down to the bottom of a steep, wooded canyon. The trail is from two to two and a half feet wide, cleft out of the rocky slope by patient pickaxes. Occasional gaps in the trees show the white crest of a mountain torrent too far down to be heard. On every side mountain tops obstruct the vision.

"A man with good eyes can see a mile in this country," remarks the guide as he leads the party up a zigzag course. Soon the twenty horses are, one directly below the other, moving alternately, north and south, as they climb to the higher reaches to find the comparatively-level trail on the rim-rock. The trees become smaller and grow in contorted gnome-like shapes. Long since we had bidden good-bye to the mountain flowers. In half an hour we were on bare rocks of gloomy brown spotted with verdigris. A few stray clouds roll over the tree-tops



COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY KISER PHOTO CO., FOR GREAT NORTHERN RY. CO.

"The trail winds its serpentine way through one long, tortuous aisle of pine and fir, spruce and cedar, each twist disclosing new delights."

below, lifting to show the green and black little lakes that mark the course of the canyon. A waterfall, whose beauties could easily occupy hours of sightseeing, is passed with comment expressed in the comparative degree. All waterfalls are beautiful, and the human capacity for expression and appreciation is limited.

When the vanguard reaches the rim-rock the pack-horses can be seen a third of a mile below, carefully edging their burdens around the sharp turns made by trees and boulders. A mile or so on the rim-rock, and the trail begins to drop and the saddles are frequently emptied, as the effort to keep from sliding over the horse's head is greater than that of walking.

The sun was almost directly overhead when a shout from the lead guide proclaimed Sperry camp in a little circular valley below. The thin wisp of smoke that rose straight up from the cook-chalet stirred appetites long repressed by the excess of scenic marvels. It took a discouragingly-long time to come down the last mile, but all trails come to an end, and soon the cavalcade was splashing through the little river that separated the trail from the camp.

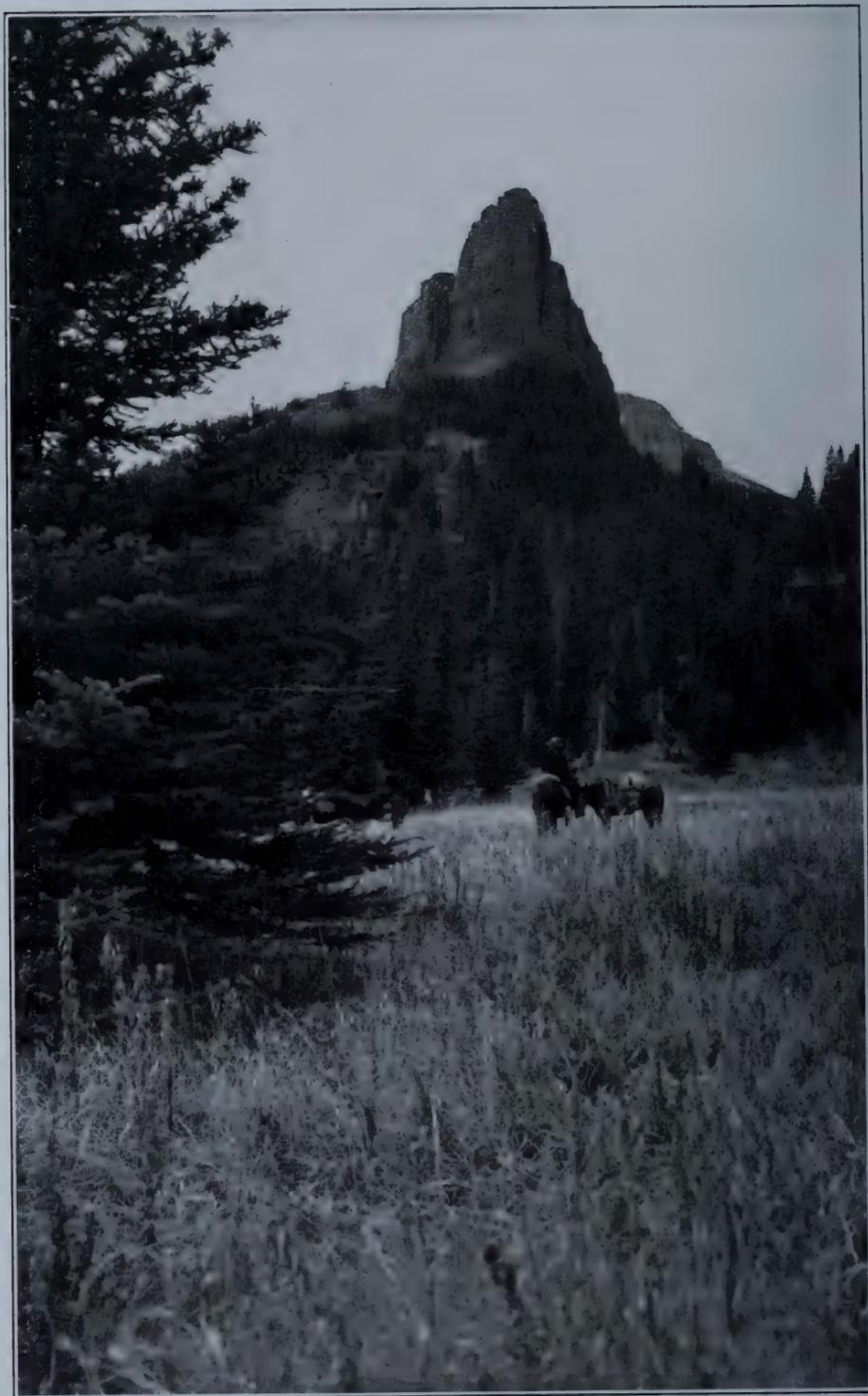
The chalets of Sperry camp are pitched in a glacial cirque, where by all the rules of Glacier Park there should have been a lake. Lacking a retaining wall, the waters from the glaciers behind the peaks pass hurriedly on to Lake McDonald, twelve crooked miles away.

Sperry camp lies within half a mile of Sperry Glacier, but the half mile is one of those measurements based on crow flight. The information concerning distance "as the crow flies" may be valuable to a crow, but it means nothing to pedestrians.

A hurried dinner was eaten, for every one was glacier-keen, and the fact that the trip was to be made on foot appealed strongly to several who were beginning to have a seated distaste for saddles.



"The lakes are long, narrow strips of blue that stretch from southwest to northeast."



Pinnacle Peak, Glacier National Park

"The glacier lies just behind that rim-rock," said Faldie, as he packed the moving-picture outfit on his broad shoulders. It looked like a matter of ten minutes' climb. It took over an hour and a half.

The trail is hewn from the solid rock in a series of "z's" that appear to be endless. Just when the breathless troop would get to a satisfactory elevation, the trail would shoot down a canyon, and the whole climb had to be made over again. The footing occupied all eyes. When the dull red splinters of rock began to grow monotonous, the way leads out to a little mountain meadow of damp, sweet-smelling grass, in the center of which was an exquisite little toy lake—Lake Peary. On the lake's edge was a toy glacier, and little toy icebergs floated in its cobalt-blue waters. A turn around a wall of rock showed Lake Nansen, as tiny and as blue as Peary, and between them was their own private little torrent with its miniature waterfall.

A few feet ahead a wall of rock rose almost perpendicular behind an intervening stretch of snow. It was a bright August day, and the snowballing was fine. Hands and feet were used in the last three hundred feet. Faldie, with the moving-picture machine on his back, hopped along like a Rocky Mountain goat. He disappeared in a cleft in the rock and was lost to view for a few seconds. Next he appeared sharply silhouetted against the sky, with a long coiled rope in his hands. Those to whom mountains were not a novelty spurned the rope. The others were hauled up ignominiously, puffing and gasping like red-faced fish.

Sperry Glacier was spread out before us in its somber white, a great ridge-like mass of ice covered with a thin crust of snow. From its rock-encrusted lips came little rivers, trickling softly to the edge of rim-rock we had just scaled, there to fall straight down.

The glacier comes to an end a mile from the rim-rock that the party gazed at when on the shores of Avalanche Lake the day before. The intervening mile is



"—the tenderfoot crosses his first swift running mountain stream that churns over a boulder-strewn bed."

one of geological wonders, riven rocks the size of a bungalow that look as if they were split by a mighty wedge. Great hollows sculpted by the ice of ages show twisted strata in whorls and spirals and sharp angles. Here one may read of some vast convulsion when the world was young, ere it froze solid in its horror. Reds, greens and yellow are splashed with pink, violet and gold on the jagged pinnacles, around which cower pitiful little pines as still fearful of the lash of winter winds. Some of them lie abject on the rocks like creeping things, all distorted and awry. On every side the waters squirm their way to the rim-rock that overhangs Avalanche Lake, and a half-hour's stumbling brings the sightseer to that point to gaze downward in silenced awe at a scene of beauty beyond all words and retrospect. He is 9,000 feet above sea-level.

There lies the lake on whose shores we stood the day before. Yesterday it was agate gray; today it is milk white, in a setting of dark green pines that from the height look like a soft, lustrous fur. To the right and left the water is leaping down, as white as the lake, with a roar that drowns out words. All around are the sharp, jagged crags, clothed in many colors, grim sentinels of the gem over which they ever stand jealous guard. It is far from the world of men and cities, of tilled fields and twentieth-century activities. The setting is all of another age—before man took dominion over the earth. The throaty whistle of the wind is a dirge, and a chill falls on body and spirit as the clouds mass in front of the sun and the white fire dies out in the lake below. The green carpet of pines turns to funeral black, and a longing springs up for the association of one's fellowman, with horses or any of the homely commonplace living things.

The scramble back over the rock to the glacier begins. All along its face are thin-lipped caverns that look like hungry, yawning mouths, so much so that one does not venture inside them. They have a cruel, snarling twist, as if they would ask nothing better than to crush flesh and bone. And they end a



COPYRIGHT 1910, BY KISER PHOTO CO. FOR GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

"To the right the mountain slopes quickly down to the bottom of a steep wooded canyon."



"The glacier lies just behind that rim-rock," said Faldie.

fuls and spur him upward and onward. At last the summit is reached, and the slide down the other side begins.

Then the scramble down to camp. Faldie, with the moving-picture burden, decided to show the tenderfeet some real mountain travel, and, flouting the trail, he started down the mountain sides pell-mell for destruction. We watched him with the idea of marking the place where he was killed, so that we could tell his friends where to come to look for his body, but he bounded along like a loosened boulder, always squarely on his feet, and beat us into camp by half an hour.

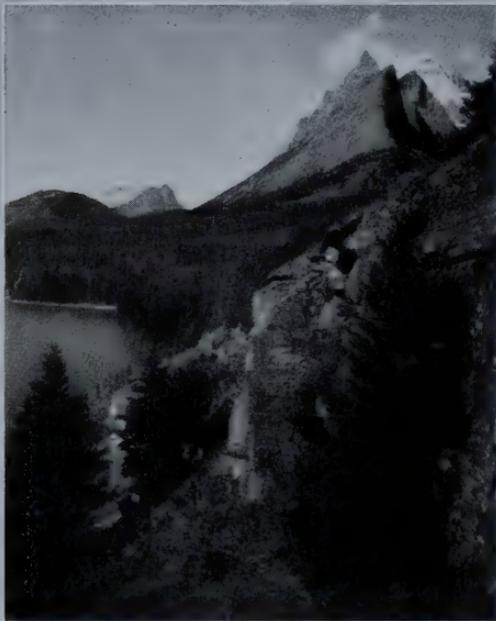
That night, while we all lay stretched out on tarpaulins about the saddle pile, too tired to think, he offered to bet another guide two dollars he could climb another nearby peak and get back before dark. His endurance was unhuman.

That night it rained—a furious mountain rain—that came and went with equal suddenness. While all the explorers were wearily sprawled out, black clouds crept softly up the valley from the Flathead and opened their batteries without a rumble of warning, scattering the loungers to their chalets.

darkness, deep and forbidding, that gives out moans and sobs. Inside, some ice-imprisoned wind is vainly beating against its chill bars, sobbing for the sunlight and the pines.

There is no poetry in the upward climb on the slippery face that was so easy of descent. The law of gravitation has no friends on the glacier side. The top seems miles away, and one wonders whether the glacier is not making as much progress under him as he is on it. Coming down, there was no time to peer into crevasses. Going up, they furnish opportune excuses for breathing spells. They are deep, sinister clefts, that lie like traps, terrifying by their sheer depth, although a man may stand astride them and could hardly fall into one. Down below, in the chill depths, the wind is hissing through icy teeth, shrill and sharp. A sort of fascinating terror holds the spectator until raindrops fall in cup-





Copyright 1911 by Alfred Stieglitz & Co., Inc.





COPYRIGHT BY KIBER PHOTO CO. FOR GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

Looking Northeast from the Garden Wall, Glacier National Park

Once within their dry shelter we expressed our contempt for all kinds of weather.

The rain beat a vicious tattoo on the roofs that was only a staccato quickstep that marched us all double-quick to slumberland. The rattle on the roof grew weaker after a time, and the moon peeped out on the camp from a ragged bank of cloud, throwing a soft, silvery radiance over the scene. Through the screens the waterfalls could be seen frisking down, ghostly white, while the pale-tipped pines murmured softly to each other. The bell mare's steady tinkle, as she grazed back and forth, ebbed and flowed in volume, waning from a harsh, brassy jangle to golden melody in the orchestral ensemble of the water, the woods and the wind, that merged into the dream vagaries that pass lightly just before sleep mounts guard.



“—to gaze downward in silenced awe—he is 9,000 feet above sea level.”

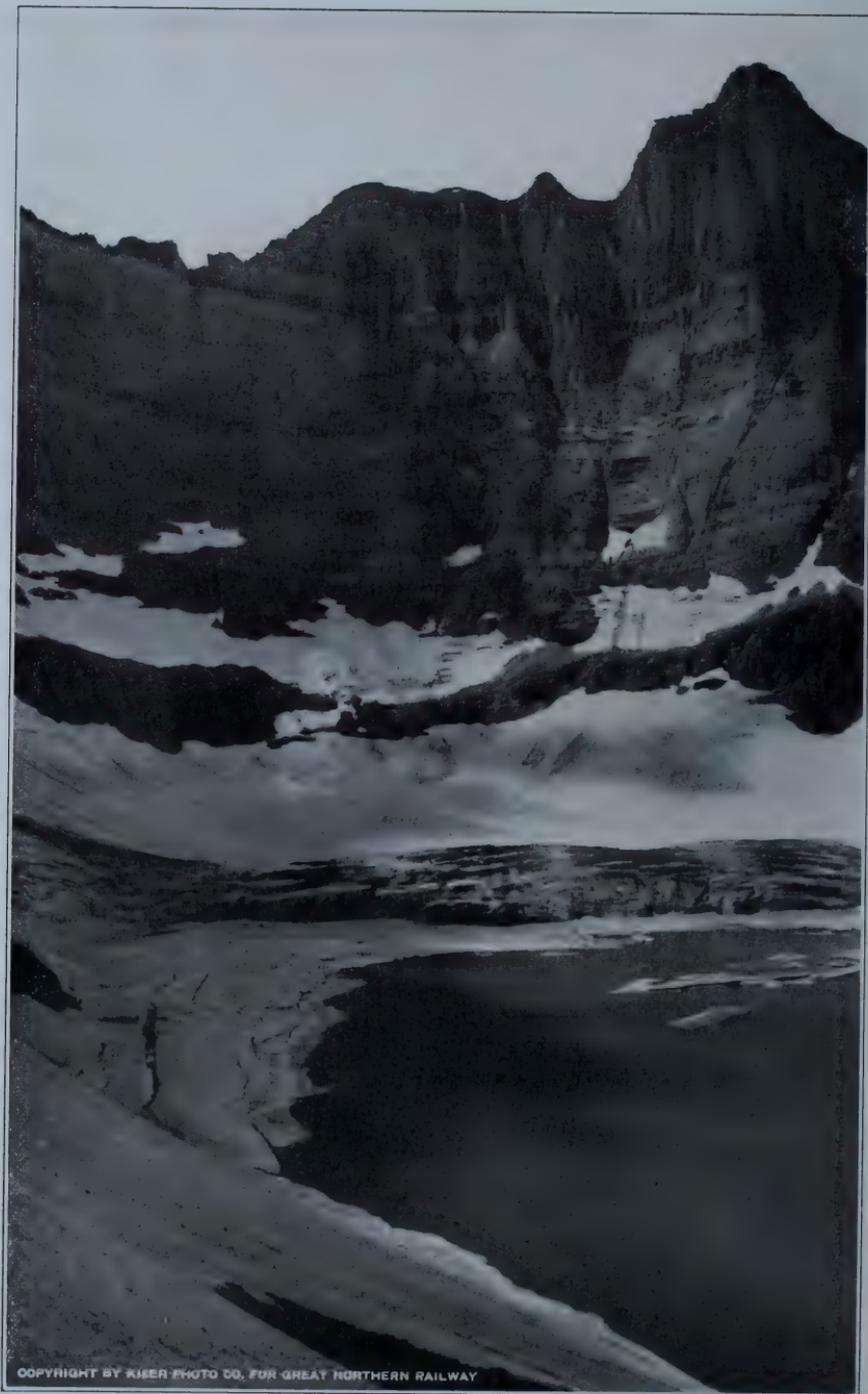
## CHAPTER IV

### Gunsight Pass

“Hit the floor!”

Another day, damply fragrant, had rolled around, with the mounting sun furbishing the western peaks in gold, orange and purple. The unpoetic scent of newly-fried bacon sifts through the trees, breaking in on esthetic musings. Breakfast over, the climb for Gunsight Pass begins. Gunsight is a matter of five miles away. A series of short, swift scrambles up a thousand feet, and the timber line is passed. There are sudden plunges down into the stunted vegetation, and breathless upward climbs. Amphitheaters, hollowed ages ago by the ice, are skirted on until one of those sudden turns brings Lake Louise, shimmering in all its shades of green, almost below the horse's feet. On its surface lie the shadows of many mountains, and every little whisp of cloud that sails the sky is photographed in its depths. Looking into it one sees a world upside down, the reflection as softly clear as the reality. Just below it is a hanging lake, its waters held by a natural dam of solid rock as trim and finished as any concrete wall. At the far end of Louise the magic of the sun





COPYRIGHT BY KIEER PHOTO CO., FOR GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

Iceberg Lake, Glacier National Park



Mountain Trout—Just a Few for Breakfast

has fashioned a gigantic opal, with ever-shifting, iridescent colors that flare and fade too fast for memory. And down the sheer wall, that must be scaled to reach Gunsight, tumbles a broad waterfall.

Hugging the mountain side on our little eave-trough of a trail, we worked our way toward the falls that bejeweled man and horse as we forded the stream, with our elbows touching the tumbling waters. The last climb is just ahead, and a quarter of an hour brings us to the V-shaped notch known to mountain men of Alaska to Mexico as Gunsight Pass. It is at the summit of the "Continental Divide," but, like most natural divisions between east and west, its views are north and south.

Below, to the south, is Lake Louise, smiling in the sun; to the north, the rocky summits are swathed in clouds.

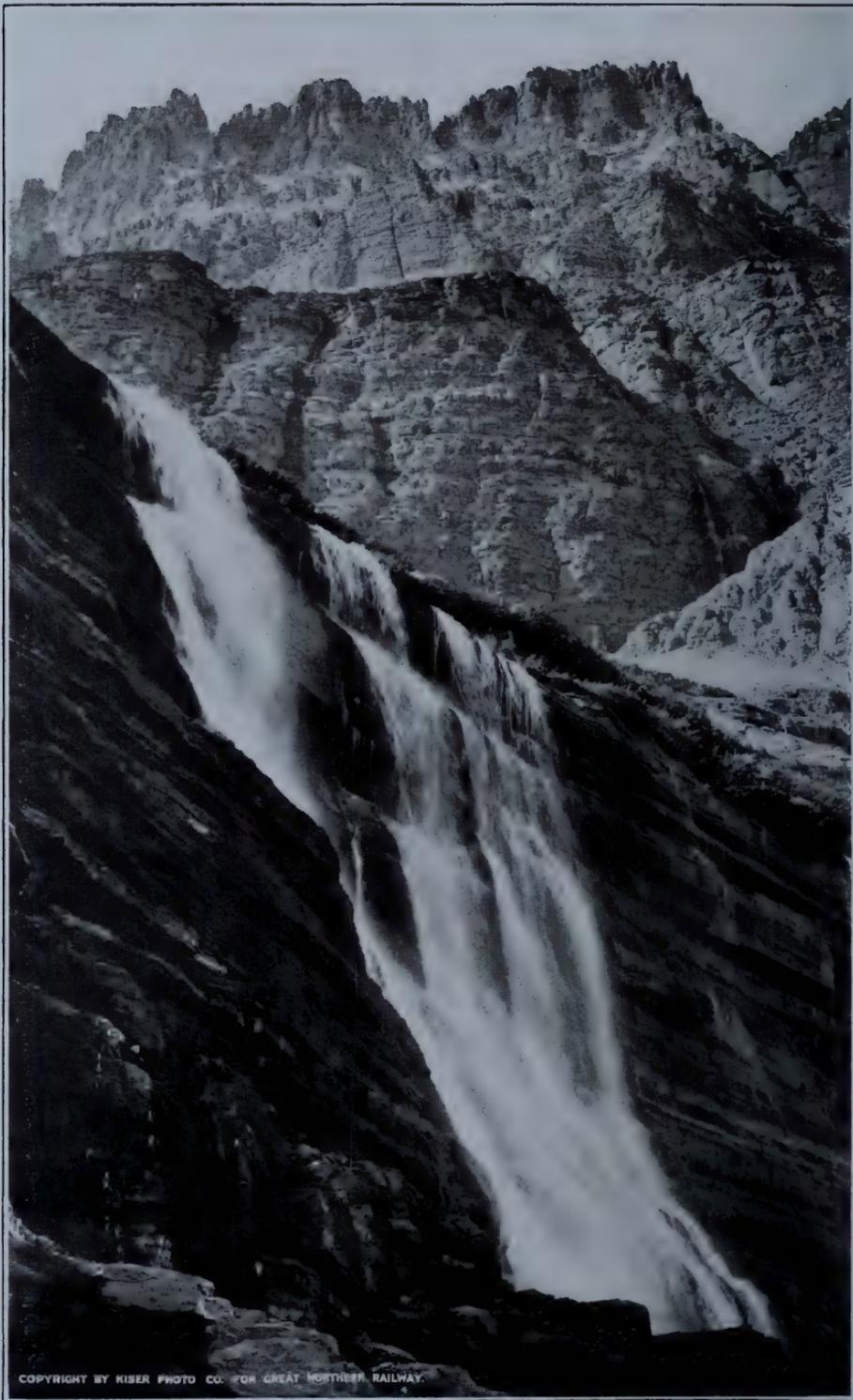
Gunsight Lake is down deep somewhere in the mist. A bubbling little spring and a flat rock make an ideal camping-place, and an acre of lush-green grass refreshes the horses.

Food generally comes before scenery in these mountains; but, luncheon finished, there is an hour of deep joy in gazing at the cloud sea below to the north. At first it was as motionless as a pond of pad lilies. Somewhere to the north the clouds came to life, and soon a cumulus mass was rolling up toward us like the bore of Fundy's tide, blotting out from view the peaks and glaciers. Then, in a moment, new wonders were disclosed as the waves beat softly up against the rocks. Armlike masses of clouds reached gently out to pinnacles of stone and smothered them in their embraces. It was a dumb ocean that rolled incessantly on, its breakers tumbling in gentle silence. And as we looked in speechless wonder the tide ebbed, found new outlets among the peaks, and the sun drove straight through to the blue of Gunsight Lake, 3,000 feet below.

A zigzag cicatrice dropped down the slope of the mountain wall. It was the trail too steep for horseback travel. The little paths are only a few paces in length, and in a few moments the train was strung up the mountains in units, one above the other. As each short section of the trail came to a turn, the horses bunched their feet and pivoted.



THESE OLD BOYS WERE THICK AND IT WAS INTERESTING TO SEE THEM SHIM UP THE SIDE OF A MOUNTAIN AS IF THEY WERE STROLLING DOWN BROAD STREET —



COPYRIGHT BY KISER PHOTO CO. FOR GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

Morning Eagle Falls, Swiftcurrent Region



"Down below in the chill depths the wind is hissing through icy teeth shrill and sharp."

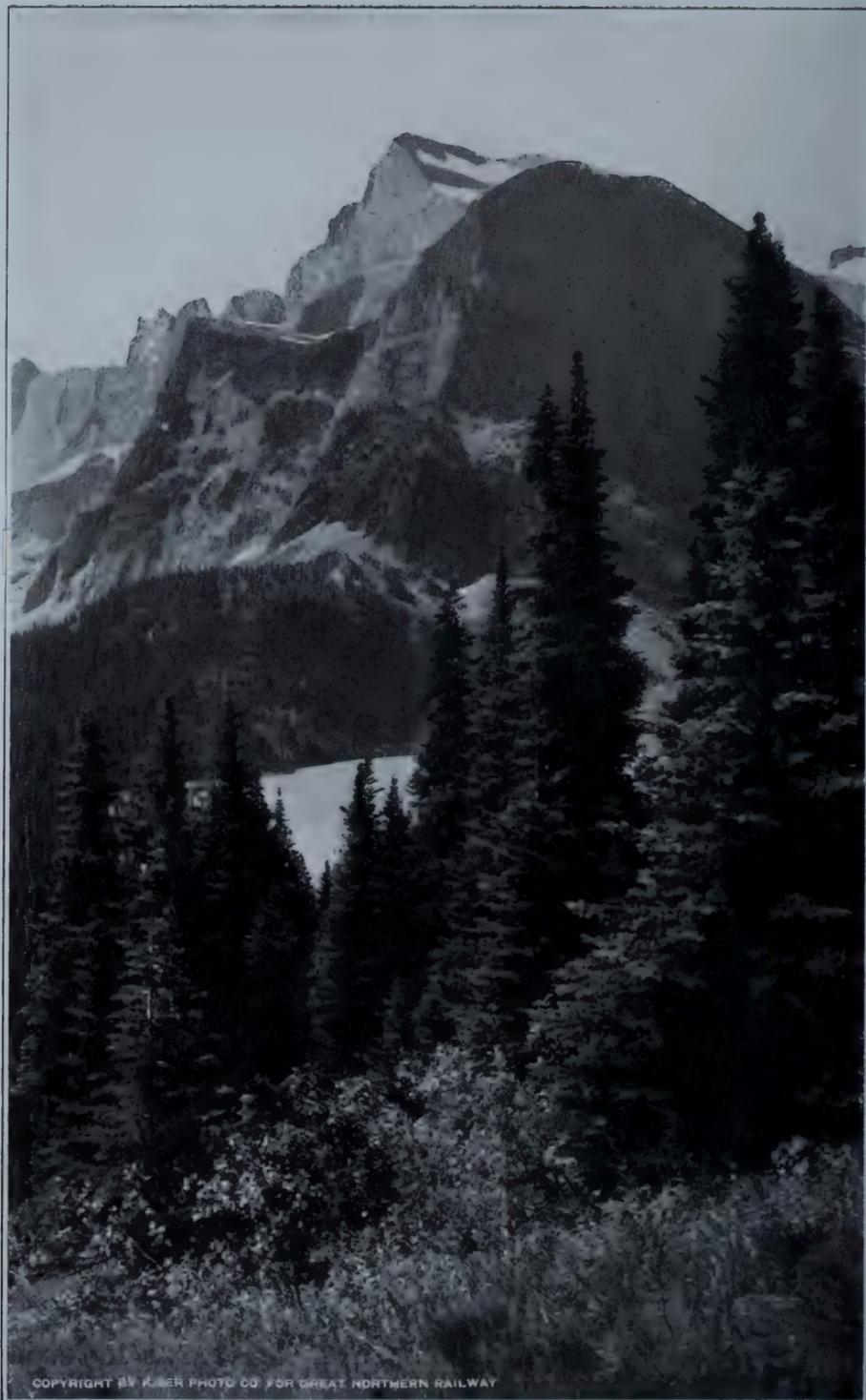
The lakes are long, narrow strips of blue that stretch from southwest to northeast. The southern walls are steep, and once more we climbed to the rim-rock, skirted bluffs, and dropped down into canyons; but after Gunsight all trails were easy, and as evening fell we reached Going-to-the-Sun Camp.

On the trip from Gunsight the cavalcade encountered ranger William Burns, a wiry, gray-eyed man, who has spent fifteen years in those mountains and knows every creek and trail in them. In some mysterious way the custodian of Glacier Park had informed him of our coming, and thereafter he became a member of the party, putting all his mountaineer wisdom at our disposal. It was he who pointed out where the big fish bite, where the bear dines on huckleberries, and where the black-tail deer snips his food ever on the alert. The fisherman crowded to him, for tomorrow he was to lead the way to Red Eagle Lake, of whose finny treasures we had heard since the beginning.

Here, in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, the curiosity grew on us as to what was happening in the world. In the lounging-tent the talk inevitably turned to newspaper "shop." Kingdoms might have fallen for all we knew, for there is no "news" in the mountains. Mountain folk have news of their own. Little do they care for the Lorimer investigation, or the tariff, or who is leading

The 3,000 feet of downward zig-zagging becomes irksome, because no progress is apparent as eyes are kept glued to the trail. No note is taken of the return to vegetation until the green bushes begin to caress the traveler. Then, in a moment, the zigzag ends.

Half an hour since we were on bare, barren rocks above the clouds, in the bright, lifeless sunshine. Now, a thousand flowers bloomed about us. The grass was knee-high. We had crossed the Rocky Mountains and left the west-flowing streams at our back. Before us the waters ran their way to the Gulf of Mexico or Hudson's Bay. We had come to the edge of the great verdant plateau that rolls in grassy crests to the north and east. The hard trails were done with, except in spots, and we jogged along through forest and meadows as we followed the course of the Gunsight River into St. Mary Lakes.



COPYRIGHT BY K. L. BER PHOTO CO. FOR GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

Gould Mountain from Grinnell Mountain, Glacier National Park

the National League. All this is without their steep, rugged world. Newspaper talk that night gradually subsided, and public interest aroused itself to discuss whether Ernie's horse, Pinto, could outwalk Frank Higgins' old cow pony. The debate was long and subtle, as experts questioned whether the Higgins cow pony was a square walker or a rack. From ponies to bear the talk wagged, and we humbly listened to Higgins, whose record of three grizzlies killed and one trapped in one forenoon was a hunter's epic. Faldie's foolhardy climbs for mountain goats were thrilling preludes to his story of being lost for four hours in the wilds of Spokane.

After sixty days of goat-hunting in the trackless mountains he ventured into the city limits, only to lose all sense of locality in general and his hotel in particular. Invitations from the Chicago contingent to come to their city were smilingly declined by the young giant. He had been lost once, and that was enough.

## CHAPTER V

### Red Eagle Lake

The next day the trail led to Red Eagle Lake, sixteen miles away, though a ferry and a little roadwork would cut the distance in two. As matters now stand it is necessary to round the northern end of St. Mary Lake and then turn south. A wagon trail reaches St. Mary from the east, and this morning the ambitious horsemen of three days' experience enjoyed their first gallop behind the hard-riding Burns. Then St. Mary River had to be forded. We had crossed many mountain torrents, not a few of them swift and intimidating, but St. Mary was the first river that was stirrup-high. The ford opened on to the flats of



COPYRIGHT 1910, BY KIBER PHOTO CO., FOR GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

"—one of those sudden turns brings Lake Louise, shimmering in all its shades of green, almost below the horses' feet."



COPYRIGHT 1916, BY KISER PHOTO CO. FOR GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

"—the sun drove straight through to the blue of Gunsight Lake, 3,000 feet below."

St. Mary, with Old Town a quarter of a mile away. There was gold excitement here years ago. All over the flats are prospect holes, piles of stones that are enduring monuments to unfilled expectations, and bleached winches giving mute testimony of unrequited toil. Old Town, once a wild, riotous placer camp, is deserted, save for three human beings. The old log houses are still there; the saloons and dance-halls, once scenes of wild revelry, now occupied by the cattle that roam the flats. A bald-faced steer looks complacently out of a structure that was the scene of a historic gun-fight, and one old prospector still lingers on, his vision of gold transformed to hope of oil.

We encountered him—a long-haired, little old man, scythe in hand, with his worn-old six-shooter strapped low on his leg. He was as bashful as a knickerbocked boy, and fell all atremble when the photographer got him in range. He

was genuinely frightened until Burns nodded assurance that everything was all right, but his relief was obvious when the ordeal was over. We left him swinging his scythe, a pitiful figure of that hope that never dies in the prospector's breast. For fifty years he had roamed the mountains after hidden treasure; now past seventy, he was as hopeful as ever, living alone, cut off from all the world, save for a chance encounter with one of his own strange kind.

Our next stop was in Mrs. Flower's cabin, where we drank deeply of her creamy milk that knows no pasteurizing or scientific treatment, but which is richly satisfying to the palate. Her husband was off guiding somewhere in the mountains—might be gone a month or two. Being alone, the only woman within miles, was the routine of her life. Her cabin was a mixture of heroic trophies of the chase and the little trinkets that women manage to possess the world over; a Winchester crumpled the edge of a doily, and a short, heavy hunting-knife hung conveniently near.

Down the grass-grown street was the cabin that ranger Burns called his home, as bare of comfort as a hermit's cell save for a pile of newspapers, his horse gear and firearms.

From Old Town to Red Eagle Lake the trail lies in the cool timber and on the flower-strewn prairie. Once a waddling porcupine ventured out on the trail. One bark from Burns' ready revolver and the porcupine was no more. The photographer snapped him in ecstasy, while Burns told of a saddle eaten years

ago by one of them. This saddle is still in his mind, and Burns wages a relentless war of revenge.

Next came a creek dammed by beavers just where the trail crossed. Burns had to wade in and break the dam before the horses could pass. Many times—in fact, as often as he passes that way—Burns breaks the dam, but the patient little builders always repair it. Each knows what to expect from the other, and there is no ill-feeling between them.

At one o'clock we jogged into a clearing shouldering against the inevitable waterfall, within a mile of Red Eagle Lake. Burns and the fishermen went on to the lake, while the rest pitched camp. Higgins, with the skill bred in countless cow camps, soon had a fire going, while Faldie's double-bitted axe piled up wood for a twenty-four-hours' stay.

At dark the fishermen rode into camp, burdened with trout, four and five-pounders, with tales of Homeric struggles. One of them had reeled a five-pound flat trout sixty feet up the side of a cliff, and babbled incoherently about it.

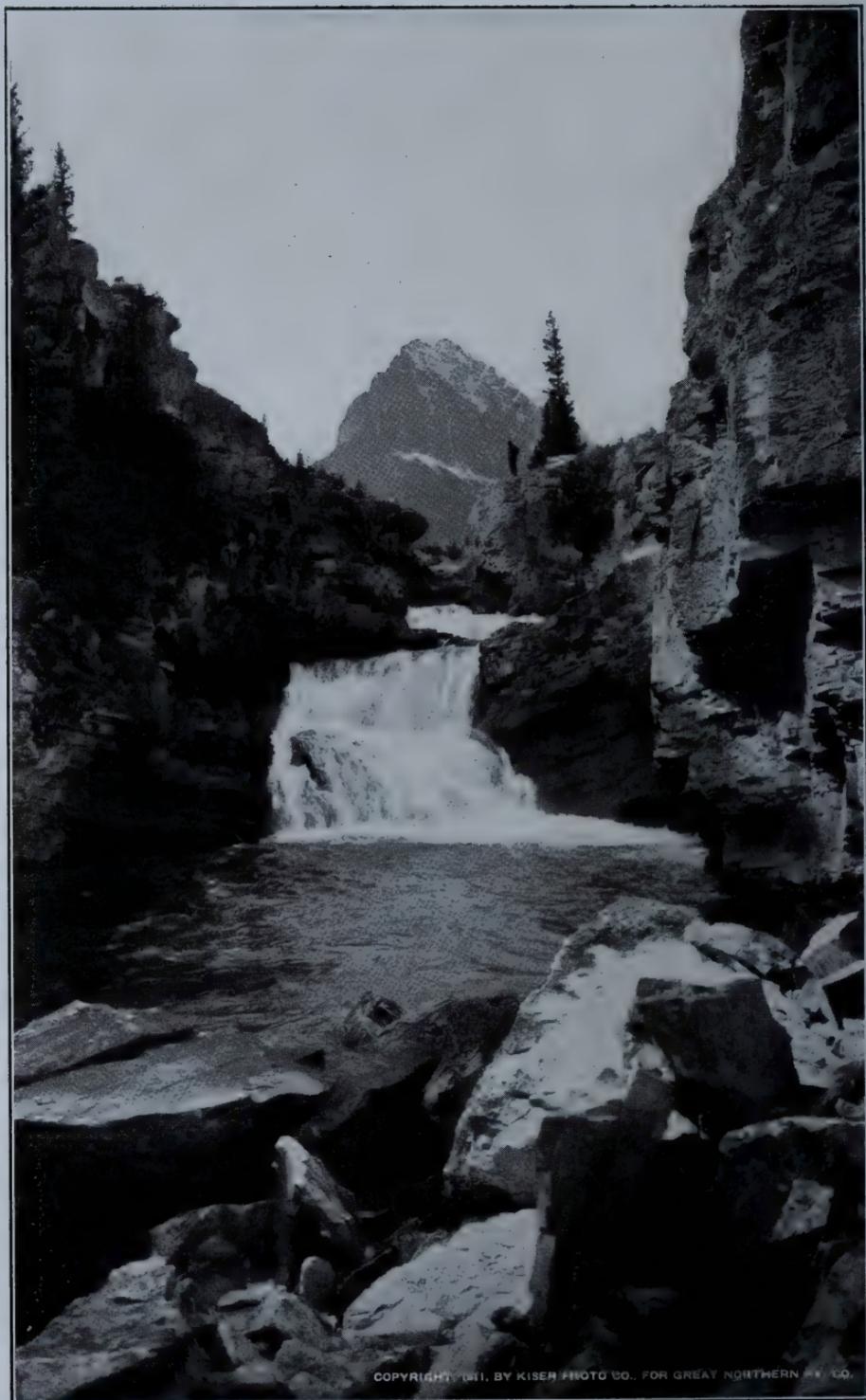
There is no permanent camp at Red Eagle, and that night blankets were spread on the ground, a novel sleeping experience for most of the party. There was general enthusiasm for the bosom of Mother Earth as a couch at night, which was entirely dissipated before morning.

An early breakfast allowed the still-feverish fishermen a good start to the fishing-ground, while the rest of us, scenic bent, followed at leisure. Red Eagle lies in a mountain cleft, and is yellow and blue. For a hundred feet from the shore line the water is no more than knee-deep, and then suddenly drops off to unsounded depths. The line of demarcation between the yellow and blue is sharp, giving the impression of a huge turquoise set in a wide band of gold. It is fed by a waterfall and emptied by one, and it marks the limit of fish-climbing. Strive as they may, the fish cannot scale Red Eagle Falls, so they cluster in



COPYRIGHT BY RISER PHOTO CO. FOR GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

"Red Eagle Lake lies in a mountain cleft"



COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY KISER PHOTO CO., FOR GREAT NORTHERN P. & CO.

McDermott Falls, Glacier National Park

baffled schools around the deep, evil-green pools at the base, waiting for the fisherman's fly. The fishermen could not be torn away from the lake, and there we left them, to join us on the trail to Cutbank on the morrow, while we returned to the camp at St. Mary.

There was a strange guide in St. Mary, who listened to our fishing tales with ill-concealed contempt. Finally, singling out one member of the party, the guide confided to him that he would show him trout in St. Mary that he couldn't lift off the bottom. The guide and the incredulous newspaperman went out on the lake in a skiff. We all had our opinion of the veracity of that guide. Of a sudden a shout went up from the lake that brought us to the shore with visions of some catastrophe. Instead, we watched a forty-minute struggle between the incredulous fisherman and a mackinaw trout which later tipped the scales at eighteen pounds and furnished a breakfast for twenty hungry men. All the skill of the guide at the oars and the fisherman with his line availed not in their efforts to get the fish into the boat, and it was finally dragged out on the shore, the very king of trout, the size of a salmon, and as strong as a colt.

The next morning we retraced our trail to Old Town, where we met the Red Eagle Lake fishermen and crushed them with the amateur catch in St. Mary. From Old Town a wagon road winds out around from the mountains onto the Blackfeet reservation and eventually comes to Cutbank camp. Ernie, the lead guide, would have none of this. He was going to blaze a new trail in our honor, and one that would be a lasting monument to us.

So we struck off to the northeast, skirting the grassy slope of the foothills. Here the winds of the world were out for a romp. It was blowing a gale, in gusts that struck man and horse with vicious force. It was as clean as the winds of the ocean, not a particle of dust. Time and time again the blasts pushed the horses down the slope, but they struggled back, heads down and manes snapping



"—the public interest aroused itself to discuss whether Ernie's horse Pinto could outwalk Frank Higgins' old cow pony."



COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY KISER PHOTO CO., FOR GREAT NORTHERN RY. CO.

Canyon Creek, Glacier National Park

like pennants. The pack animals with their burdens furnished a target for the winds, and they had to call on all their cunning to make any progress.

The Rocky Mountains rise abruptly on the eastern side, and standing on the brow of a hill we could gaze off into Canada over the waving sea of bunch grass. The rolling prairie studded with blue lakes, was a welcome variation from the massive mountains and their austere grandeur. There was something intimate and friendly in the prairie. Although as far as the eye could reach there was not a human habitation, yet, compared with the stern, awesome aspect of the mountains, it seemed to hold out the hand of hospitality to us.

"Acre upon acre of sirloin steaks," remarked a member from Chicago. The wind whipped this profanation out of his mouth and scattered his words to the north. Down in the valley we could see a little troop of black-tail deer scurrying to the cover of a clump of alder bushes that lined the bank of a hidden stream.

Blazing a trail we soon learned was not a monotonous occupation. Little by little we were forced down into a valley where the bushes locked hands to block up; alders and willows wrapped their arms around us until our ponies had to pull like truck-horses to get us through. There were steep, trailless gullies to be descended; there were jumps over brush-covered streams, without any knowledge as to where the horse was going to land; there were bogs that had waited for centuries to mire somebody, and were anxious to make the most of their present opportunity. But we got through, with the consciousness of having done something, and again took to the higher levels.

Once a grove of young pines, closely growing, blocked our progress until Faldie and his pack-train arrived with his ax. Then we were treated to an exhibition of axcraft. Faldie's reputation as an axman spreads far over the mountain country. He chopped a trail with such skill and minimum of effort that we hardly had to stop our horses. Only when we looked back were we able to appreciate his instinct for the line of least resistance. To us it appeared as if



COPYRIGHT 1910, BY KISER PHOTO CO. FOR GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

"The next day the trail led to Red Eagle Lake."



"Then St. Mary River had to be forded,"

of Cutbank Creek, and were well repaid for their labor. From Cutbank our trail led to Two Medicine Lake, back into the mountains, over a wagon trail for the greater part of the distance.

"Slicker weather," Earnie announced, as he and Faldie started off to hunt the horses before breakfast, so we headed for Two Medicine, a yellow company. Snow had fallen on the mountain during the night, and the air was chill. Mountains came into view and vanished in black fog robes; the whole world about us was dull gray and hopeless. By ten o'clock the sun triumphed, and slickers were once again lashed behind the cante, but we wore them again before noon. Two Medicine camp was reached by noon, and once more we were within speaking distance of civilization. A few miles distant, on lower Two Medicine Lake, was a portable sawmill, and nearby the uniform dwellings of the reclamation service workers. Upper Two Medicine is, however, as wildly picturesque as any of the camps farther in the park. Mountains crowd to its very edge on all sides.

This was the beginning of the end of our journey. On the morrow we started across the corner of the Blackfeet reservation for Glacier Park Station, and Glacier Park Station sits astraddle of the Great Northern tracks. It is the eastern gateway to the park, and the first, or the last, of the Great Northern camps. Three hours' ride brought its few buildings in view, tucked down in a green valley. Far off to the east we saw the "cream-colored-mail" train apparently creeping to the west, but we knew it was making nearly a mile a minute. We watched it wriggle along from curve to curve, glimpsed it as it flashed by the water-tank at Glacier Park Station, and sighed with resignation as it vanished in the mountains to the west.

we were confronted with a wall of trees, but his practiced eye saw where the trail could wind through. Two powerful strokes with his razor-edge ax were sufficient for a tree four inches in diameter, and we picked our way over the stumps to the clearing and up to the easy-going-in rim-rock.

We made camp at Cutbank just one hour better than the trip had ever been made before, although truth must tell that Burns took two members of the party by some route of his own and arrived there before the main body. Our only consolation was that they had no lunch.

## CHAPTER VI

### Two Medicine Lake, and Then Back Home

The next day was officially declared a day of rest, although the fishermen spent their time whipping the waters

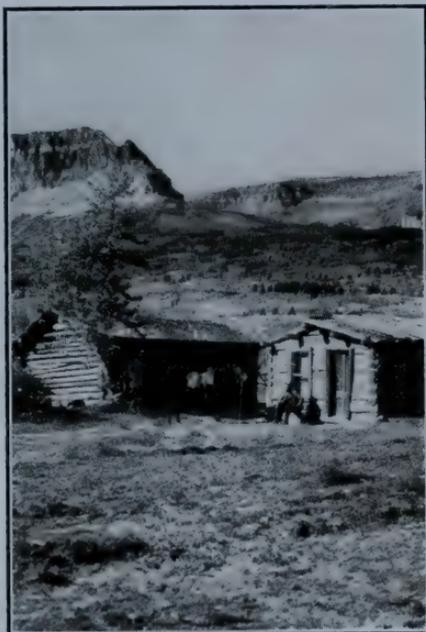
It was the first sign of the bondage of the life to which we were returning, of hurry and worry. The mountains, the valleys, the lakes and the streams took quick advantage to call us back; the pines whispered ever so softly, and the waters purred their enticements. But there was Glacier Park Station and the railroad tracks plainly in sight; there was our car on the siding waiting for us, and with a little catch of longing in our hearts we jogged forward to put on our yokes of civilized toil.

At Glacier Park Station we said good-bye to our guides, Burns, Higgins, Faldie and Ernest. Strong, big-hearted men they were, who in ten days in the mountains, had won a respect and a friendship that only years breed in the cities. A passenger train came to a roaring stop, snatched our car with a jerk and a bang, and the spell was broken.

We had spent ten days in Glacier National Park, and seen but a small fraction of its wonders. We had traveled perhaps 150 miles, describing a half circle that scarcely reached the center line. We had seen much and heard of more. Instead of days, we could have spent weeks, and yet have been unsatisfied. No one man has seen it all.

John Muir visited Glacier Park before it was a park, and wrote: "Give a month at least to this precious reserve. The time will not be taken from the sum of your life. Instead of shortening, it will indefinitely lengthen it and make you truly immortal."

John Muir was born in 1838.



"Down the grass-grown street was the cabin that Ranger Burns called his home."

## A Mountain Home In Glacier National Park

The concession of the U. S. Government in allowing individuals to lease property in Glacier National Park at a nominal figure should certainly prove an incentive to many to secure a summer mountain home. There are a number of beautiful homes on Lake McDonald at the present time, and others are to be built at different scenic points throughout the park this season. The charge for this concession is \$25.00 for one acre or less on Lake McDonald and Lake St. Mary, and \$10.00 for one acre or less at any other point in the park, per year. Why not tour the park this summer, see the natural beauty of this new national playground and, at the same time, select the spot for your new summer mountain home?



Two Medicine Camp on the shores of beautiful Two Medicine Lake

## Glacier National Park Tours

**Season: June 15th to October 1st**

Glacier National Park was created by Act of Congress in 1910. During the past three years much work has been done by the Great Northern Railway to open up this tremendous mountain region to the public. A handsome new hotel of unique architecture, which will accommodate over two hundred guests, has been constructed, at a cost of \$100,000, at Glacier Park Station, the eastern entrance to the park. Eight different hotel camps, consisting of from four to ten log chalets each, have been located at Two Medicine Lake, Cut Bank Canyon, St. Mary Lake, the Upper Narrows, Gunsight Lake, Lake McDermott, Swift Current Pass and Sperry Glacier Basin. Each building is a substantial log structure, with wide open fireplace. First-class sleeping accommodations are afforded, and the meals served are clean and wholesome. A great many tourists have been entertained at these camps during the past two seasons, and the service has been brought to a high standard.

**Great Northern Camps**

A delightful tour can now be made of the park traveling by easy stages from camp to camp. The distance between camps varies from seven to twenty-five miles. The topography of the country and the condition of the trails are such that men, women and children can make the journey between camps at any point in the park comfortably by horseback in one day. Ten days or more are enough to enable the visitor to see many of the points of interest. A month or more will open new delights constantly to those who have the time to remain, while those who can stop only for a day or two can make a short trip by automobile from Glacier Park Station, on the Great Northern Railway, to the camp on St. Mary Lake, and get a comprehensive idea of the scenic beauties that have made this new playground one of the most popular national parks in the country.

**One-Day Automobile Tours**

Brewster Brothers, Glacier Park Station (Midvale P. O.), Montana, now conduct an automobile tour from Glacier Park, on the main line of the Great Northern Railway, to St. Mary Camp on St. Mary Lake, a distance of thirty-six miles. A number of comfortable seven-passenger touring cars are now in service.

The auto leaves Glacier Park about 8:30 a. m., and travels over the new automobile highway, which the Great Northern Railway last year constructed at a cost of about \$75,000.00. This road extends along the border line of the Blackfeet Indian Reservation and Glacier National Park through the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. To the west the majestic glacier-capped peaks of the Rockies rise into the clouds. The run is made to Lake St. Mary in about two and one-half hours. If passengers desire, time will permit a trip by horseback or launch from St. Mary Camp up St. Mary Lake to Going-to-the-Sun Camp, nine miles distant. This trip reveals one of the grandest mountain views in the entire park. Lunch can be procured at the Going-to-the-Sun Camp, or St. Mary Camp, the auto returning in the afternoon to Glacier Park, arriving in time to connect with Great Northern Oriental Limited east and westbound.

All first-class tickets east or westbound, which take passengers through Glacier Park, will permit stopover at Glacier Park station to make this trip. The cost of the auto tour is as follows:

**Daily Automobile Service**

One way.....	\$4.00
Round trip.....	5.00

Round trip need not be made same day, but to avail themselves of round-trip rate passengers must purchase round-trip tickets. One piece of hand-baggage weighing not to exceed twenty pounds will be carried free. Time for one-way trip, two hours.

Passengers desiring to make this auto trip should make reservations in advance.

**One-Day Stage Trip to Two Medicine Camp**

Every day during the park season passengers east or westbound via the Great Northern Railway can stop over at Glacier Park Station and make a one-day side trip by stage to Two Medicine Camp on Two Medicine Lake. The stage will accommodate eight passengers and makes the trip each way in three

hours. Fare \$1.50 one way, \$2.25 round trip. These rates apply only when there are two or more passengers to make the trip—for a single passenger rates are double. Lunch is served at Two Medicine Camp—cost 75 cents. The Trick Falls, in the Two Medicine River, and numerous other attractive spots, may be visited, or the time before departure of stage on return trip put in boating on Two Medicine Lake.

The Peigan or "Blackfeet" Indians have made this region their gathering place for many years, and the Two Medicine country is rich in Peigan legend. To this day the Indians, whose reservation joins the park on the east, make many visits to the lakes where years ago their ancestors held a double medicine lodge ceremony. The Blackfeet are friendly Indians, and the tribe has already endeared itself to hundreds of tourists who have visited Glacier National Park.

### **Two-Day Auto and Stage Tour to Many-Glacier (Lake McDermott) Camp**

Passengers who have only two days, or little more, at their disposal in the park can see over one hundred miles of wild and rugged mountain scenery and two of the most beautiful lakes in the park by making a two-day auto and stage trip to Many-Glacier Camp on Lake McDermott, by way of Lake St. Mary.

Passengers leave early in the morning and travel via automobile over new auto road from Glacier Park to St. Mary Camp on Lake St. Mary, thence via daily four-horse stage, which will accommodate eight passengers, to Many-Glacier Camp. Lunch is served at St. Mary Camp. The twenty-two mile stage ride from St. Mary Lake to Lake McDermott takes the tourist through the picturesque old deserted mining town of St. Mary, along the southern shore of Lower St. Mary Lake to Babb, the headquarters of the U. S. Reclamation Service on the Blackfeet Indian Reservation, thence through the beautiful Swift Current Valley, past the Sherburne Lakes into the mountains surrounding Lake McDermott. The trip from St. Mary to McDermott occupies four hours, and passengers reach that picturesque camp in time for dinner.

The return trip is made the following day, tourists reaching Glacier Park Station in time to connect with Great Northern transcontinental trains east and westbound. The same rate for auto service between Glacier Park and St. Mary applies as on the one-day auto tour. The fare between St. Mary and Many-Glacier (Lake McDermott) Camps is \$2.50 one way, or \$5.00 round trip, except that if there is but one passenger to make the trip, rate will be double. Passengers may, if they desire, remain over at St. Mary or Many-Glacier Camps and make short side trips to other points of interest. Saddle-horses are available at all times at Many-Glacier Camp at rates quoted in this booklet.

### **Hotel and Transportation Rates**

Passengers holding one-way or round-trip tickets, reading via the Great Northern Railway, which permit stopovers, can, by notifying the train conductor, leave the train at either Glacier Park Station or Belton for a tour of the park.

### All Expense—Camping Tour Rates

Outfitters are prepared to furnish complete camp outfits for parties desiring to tour the park independent of the Great Northern hotels and camps, at the following rates:

	Rate, per day
1 person.....	\$16.50
2 persons.....	Per capita 9.50
3 persons.....	Per capita 7.15
4 persons.....	Per capita 7.05
5 persons.....	Per capita 6.25
6 persons.....	Per capita 5.70
7 persons.....	Per capita 5.30
8 persons.....	Per capita 5.00
Each additional person.....	Per capita 5.00

The above rates are for a trip of ten days or more only, and include tents, guides, horses, cooks, helpers, provisions, cooking utensils, and everything necessary for the trip except blankets. Tourists are advised to bring their own blankets with them, or they can purchase them at Glacier Park for \$4.00 per pair with privilege of returning same in good condition and securing rebate of \$3.00 per pair.

### Guides and Horses, Stage and Launch Rates

In addition to the rates named above, the following rates have been authorized by the Department of the Interior for other accommodations in Glacier National Park:

Guides in charge, including board and horse, per day.....	\$5.00
Cook for independent camping tour, per day.....	3.00
Saddle and pack horses, for one or two days, per day.....	2.00
Saddle and pack horses, more than two days, per day.....	1.00
Stage ride, Belton to foot of Lake McDonald, one way.....	.50
Boat trip to head of Lake McDonald, one way.....	.75
Round trip.....	1.25

Boat trip St. Mary Camp to Going-to-the-Sun Camp—one way 75c, round trip \$1.50.

### American Rockies Alpine Club

The American Rockies Alpine Club was organized last year in Glacier National Park and adopted the following degrees to be passed through before the tourists can "reach the heights" in marvel-land and secure the most coveted of the service honor buttons of the new order:

Any tourist entering Glacier National Park will be eligible to membership in the American Rockies Alpine Club on registering his or her name and address and paying twenty-five cents for a membership button which has a significant GREEN band. Thus the tourist is qualified.

Those that cross the Continental Divide will be entitled to a RED BUTTON, and this can be had in exchange for the button that showed previous grade of standing in the order.

Three crossings of the Continental Divide or climbing any three peaks will entitle the member to a BLUE BUTTON. Five such achievements, in climbing any three peaks, will entitle the member to a WHITE BUTTON; that is, three named peaks and two summits or any combination of peaks and summits numbering five; or five annual visits to the park will entitle the tourist to such a button. The buttons will be on sale at Glacier National Park this season.

### Round-Trip Fares to Glacier Park and Belton

The following round-trip fares have been put into effect by the Great Northern Railway from principal points to Glacier Park and Belton. Tickets are on sale daily from June 1 to September 30 inclusive, with a final return limit of October 31.

FROM	To Glacier Park and Belton	FROM	To Glacier Park and Belton
Chicago .....	\$47.50	Spokane .....	\$13.35
St. Paul .....	35.00	Seattle .....	26.95
Minneapolis .....	35.00	Tacoma .....	26.95
Duluth .....	35.00	Everett .....	25.60
Superior .....	35.00	Bellingham .....	28.15
Kansas City .....	37.50	Portland .....	28.30
St. Louis .....	45.00	Vancouver, B. C. ....	30.80

### Cost of Horseback Tours

Horseback tours are the popular method of touring the interior of the Park where roads are not constructed. The following table shows cost per day for such tours for parties of two or more people, including all expenses at hotels or camps and guide and horse hire:—

	Total cost per day	Cost per person per day
1 person .....	\$10.00	\$10.00
2 persons in party .....	14.00	7.00
3 persons in party .....	18.00	6.00
4 persons in party .....	22.00	5.50
5 persons in party .....	26.00	5.20
6 persons in party .....	30.00	5.00
7 persons in party .....	Note X 38.50	5.50
8 persons in party .....	42.50	5.30
9 persons in party .....	46.50	5.15
10 persons in party .....	50.00	5.15
11 persons in party .....	54.50	5.05
12 persons in party .....	58.50	5.00

Note X—Helper added.

The preceding table is based on the services of one guide for the first six people, one guide and one helper for seven to twelve people and one packhorse. This includes guest's board, guest's horse, guide's horse and board and helper's horse and board, practically all expenses. Additional guides, helpers or horses would, if required, be furnished at regular rates.

### Hotel Rates in Glacier National Park

Glacier Park Hotel.	
American plan, per day .....	\$3.00
With bath, per day .....	\$4.00 and 5.00
At all of the camps the rates are uniformly, per day .....	3.00
National Park Cabin Resort, E. E. Dow, Proprietor, lower end Lake McDonald. Rates, per day .....	3.00
Geduhn's, F. D. Geduhn, Proprietor, north shore Lake McDonald. Rates, per day .....	3.00
Glacier Hotel, J. E. Lewis, Proprietor, north shore Lake McDonald. Rates, per day .....	3.00

## Great Northern Representatives

- BELLINGHAM, WASH., 137-139 W. Holly St. . . . . C. D. Thompson, *General Agent*.  
 BOSTON, MASS., 264 Washington St. . . . . W. A. Seward, *General Agent*.  
 BREMERTON, WASH., 226 Front St. . . . R. C. Michkils, *City Passenger and Freight Agent*.  
 BUFFALO, N. Y., 299 Main St. . . . . Geo. Eighmy, Jr., *Traveling Passenger Agent*.  
 BUTTE, MONT., 102 North Main St. . . . . M. C. Ives, *City Passenger and Ticket Agent*.  
 CHICAGO, ILL., 210 South Clark St.—C. W. Pitts, *General Agent, Passenger Dept.*; E. H. Moot, *District Passenger Agt.*; W. S. Weber, *Trav. Pass. and Imm. Agt.*; C. C. Morrison, *Trav. Pass. and Imm. Agt.*.  
 CINCINNATI, OHIO, 411 Traction Bldg. . . . . W. E. Hunt, *General Agent*.  
 DES MOINES, IOWA, 315 Seventh St.—W. M. Romine, *District Passenger Agent*; V. E. Jones, *Traveling Passenger and Freight Agent*.  
 DETROIT, MICH., 710 Majestic Bldg. . . . . E. B. Clark, *General Agent*.  
 DULUTH, MINN., 432 W. Superior St. . . . . A. E. Hathaway, *District Passenger Agent*.  
 EVERETT, WASH., 1521 Hewitt Ave. . . . . H. E. Stephens, *Ticket Agent*.  
 FARGO, N. D., 55 Broadway . . . . . J. L. Rohnan, *City Ticket Agent*.  
 GRAND FORKS, N. D. . . . . C. S. Taylor, *Ticket Agent*.  
 HELENA, MONT., 58 N. Main St.—J. T. McGaughey, *Asst. Gen. Freight and Passenger Agent*; D. E. Wilder, *City Pass. and Ticket Agent*.  
 KANSAS, CITY, MO., 823 Main St. . . . . F. T. Holmes, *Traveling Passenger Agent*.  
 LEWISTOWN, MONT. . . . . J. B. Cook, *Traveling Freight and Passenger Agent*.  
 LOS ANGELES, CAL., 606 So. Spring St.—J. W. Phalon, *Traveling Freight and Passenger Agent*.  
 LONDON, ENGLAND, S. W. 64 Haymarket, E. C.—H. G. McMicken, *European Traffic Agent*.  
 MILWAUKEE, WIS., 110 Wisconsin St. . . . . P. E. Meany, *General Agent*.  
 MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., 313 Nicollet Ave.—V. D. Jones, *City Passenger and Ticket Agent*.  
 MINOT, N. D. . . . . W. C. McHugh, *General Agent*.  
 MONTREAL, QUE., 22 St. John St.—W. T. Hetherington, *District Freight and Passenger Agent*.  
 NELSON, B. C. . . . . R. J. Smith, *District Freight and Passenger Agent*.  
 NEW YORK, 1184 Broadway, Centurian Bldg.—Stephen Lounsbey, *Gen'l Agent. Pass. Dept.*  
 PHILADELPHIA, PA., 836 Chestnut St. . . . . M. M. Hubbert, *District Passenger Agent*.  
 PITTSBURGH, PA., 307 Henry W. Oliver Bldg.—L. D. Kitchell, *District Passenger Agent*.  
 PORTLAND, ORE., 122 Third St. . . . . H. Dickson, *City Passenger and Ticket Agent*.  
 SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 655 Market St. . . . . Geo. W. Colby, *General Agent*.  
 SEATTLE, WASH., King Street Station—C. W. Meldrum, *Asst. General Pass. Agent, Cor. 2nd Ave. and Columbia St.*; T. J. Moore, *City Passenger and Ticket Agent*; F. W. Graham, *Western Industrial and Immigration Agent*.  
 SIOUX CITY, IOWA, 510 Fourth St. . . . . F. W. Seibert, *City Passenger and Ticket Agent*.  
 SIOUX FALLS, S. D. . . . . Thos. Simpson, *General Agent*.  
 SPOKANE, WASH., Cor. Sprague Ave. and Howard St. . . . . D. G. Black, *General Agent*.  
 ST. LOUIS, MO., 217 North Eighth St.—R. K. Pretty, *General Agent*; W. C. Thorn, *Traveling Passenger Agent*.  
 ST. PAUL, MINN., 330 Robert St., Cor. 4th—W. J. Dutch, *District Passenger and Ticket Agent*; L. L. La Rue, *Traveling Passenger Agent*; W. S. Chadwick, *Traveling Passenger Agent, Cor. Third and Broadway*.  
 SUPERIOR, WIS., 917 Tower Ave. . . . . R. F. Willcuts, *City Pass. and Ticket Agent*.  
 TACOMA, WASH., Bankers' Trust Building . . . . . E. J. Healy, *General Agent*.  
 TORONTO, ONT., 56 King St. East . . . . . H. E. Watkins, *General Eastern Canadian Agent*.  
 VANCOUVER, B. C., 314 Hastings St. . . . . A. Whitnall, *City Passenger and Ticket Agent*.  
 VANCOUVER, WASH., 115 W. Sixth St.—C. N. Christopherson, *City Freight and Pass. Agent*.  
 VICTORIA, B. C., 1200 Douglas St. . . . . W. R. Dale, *General Agent*.  
 WINNIPEG, MAN., 226 Portage Ave.—A. Brostedt, *District Freight and Passenger Agent*.

H. A. NOBLE,  
 General Passenger Agent,  
 St. Paul, Minn.

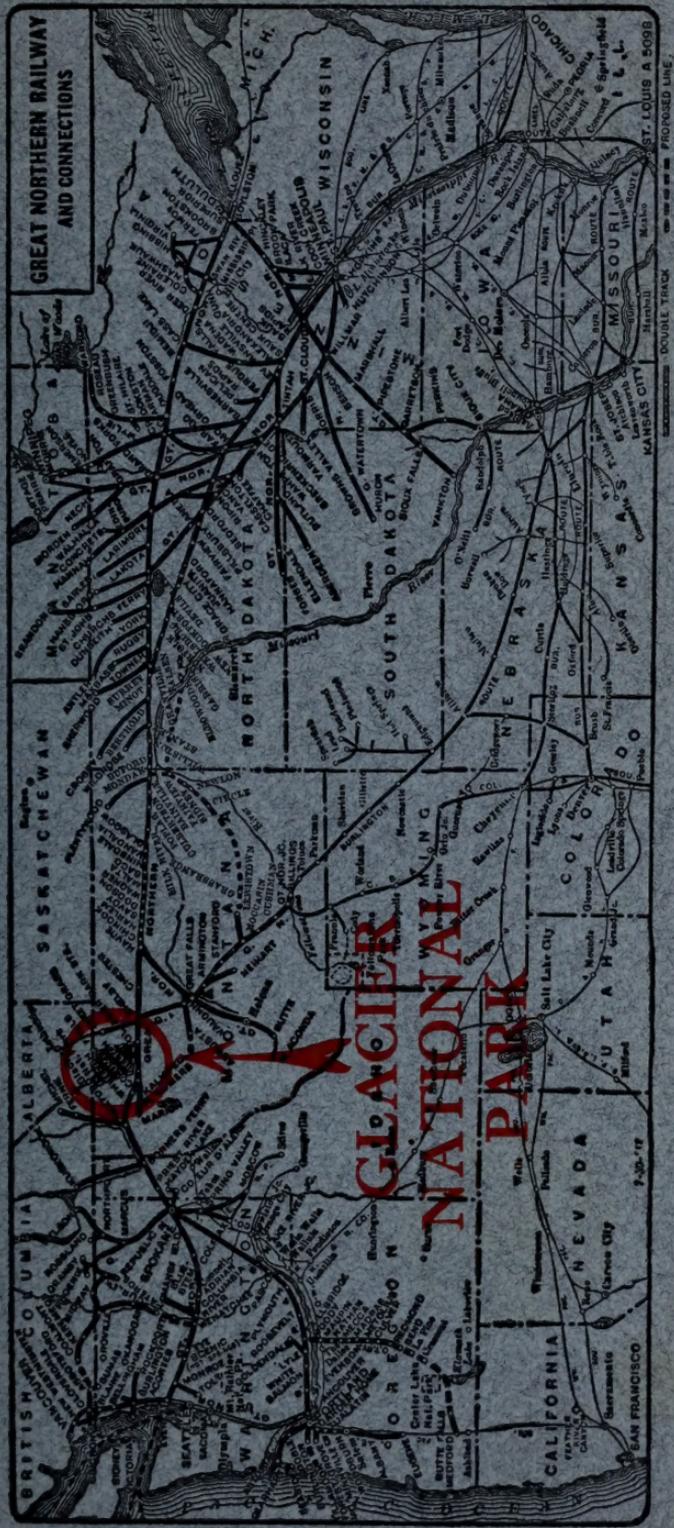
# Forest Fires

EVERY traveler or resident in forest regions is urged to take precautions against the escape of forest fires.

A match tossed thoughtlessly away, a camp-fire left smouldering, a spark from a carelessly burned brush-heap, may cause injury and distress beyond calculation.

Besides the danger to lives, homes and property of settlers, every acre of forest burned means labor turned away empty-handed, reduced market for our crops, heavier taxation on other property, stream-flow disturbed, and higher lumber prices.

This attack on the safety and prosperity of our citizens is as unnecessary as it is serious. *Precautions with small fires will prevent big ones. All that is required is exercise of the same care with fire in forest regions that one takes without question in his own home or in a city.* Will you not do this if business or pleasure takes you to the woods in the dry season? The law requires it.



Condensed Outline Map of the Great Northern Railway and Connections

