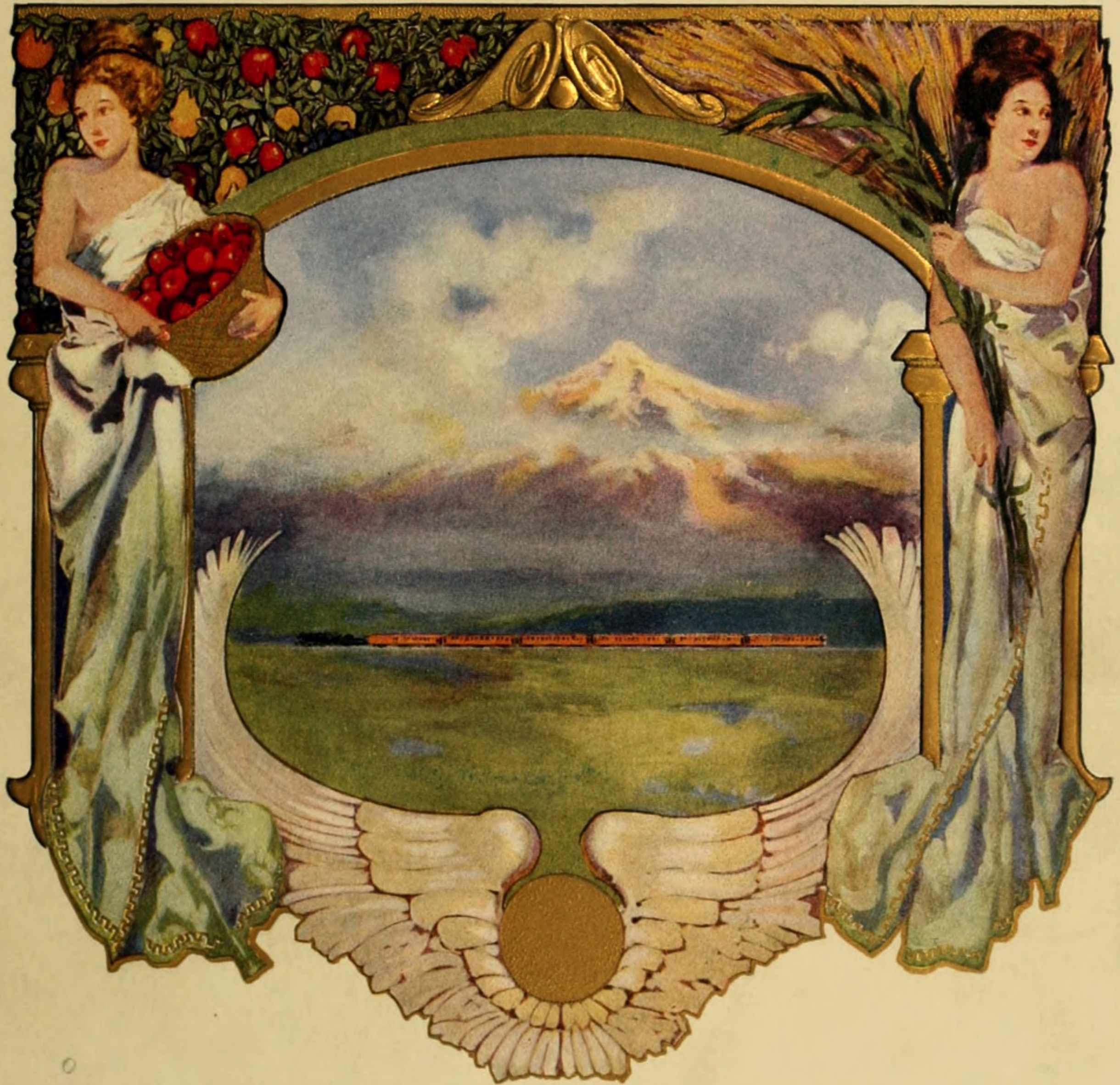
ACROSS THE CONTINENT



CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE AND PUGET SOUND RAILWAY

Across the Continent

ACROSS THE CONTINENT

written by
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CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & PUGET SOUND RAILWAY

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SEATTLE, WASH.

*"Doubtless God could have made a better place to fish,
but doubtless God never did."*

THE Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound Railway, the Pacific Coast extension of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, in the few years since its actual construction was commenced, has opened to settlement a vast new country, a region embracing the far west Dakotas, the plains and uplands of Montana, and the mountains, where still unknown stores of minerals are hidden away. It has crossed the Missouri and the Columbia rivers, the most famous streams of this continent, and penetrated to the heart of the great riches of Idaho and Washington, to their wonderful fruit-producing valleys, to the hills, which carry on their rugged slopes unbroken phalanxes of giant timber, sufficient to supply the Western Hemisphere for hundreds of years to come.

From the Missouri River to Puget Sound the new Northwest is vibrant with life and responding to the activities of busy communities. This railroad has created new markets for eastern manufactures, and this empire of the new West is producing in boundless quantity all that makes for the wealth of the nation. Practically from the laying of the first steel on the Puget Sound road the development has progressed by leaps and bounds, and with the final completion and the inauguration of fast passenger service this railroad is able to introduce its patrons to a widespread prospect of highly cultivated country, to young cities of phenomenal growth, to industries that would do credit to old communities, and to all the operations and busy life incident to commercial prosperity.

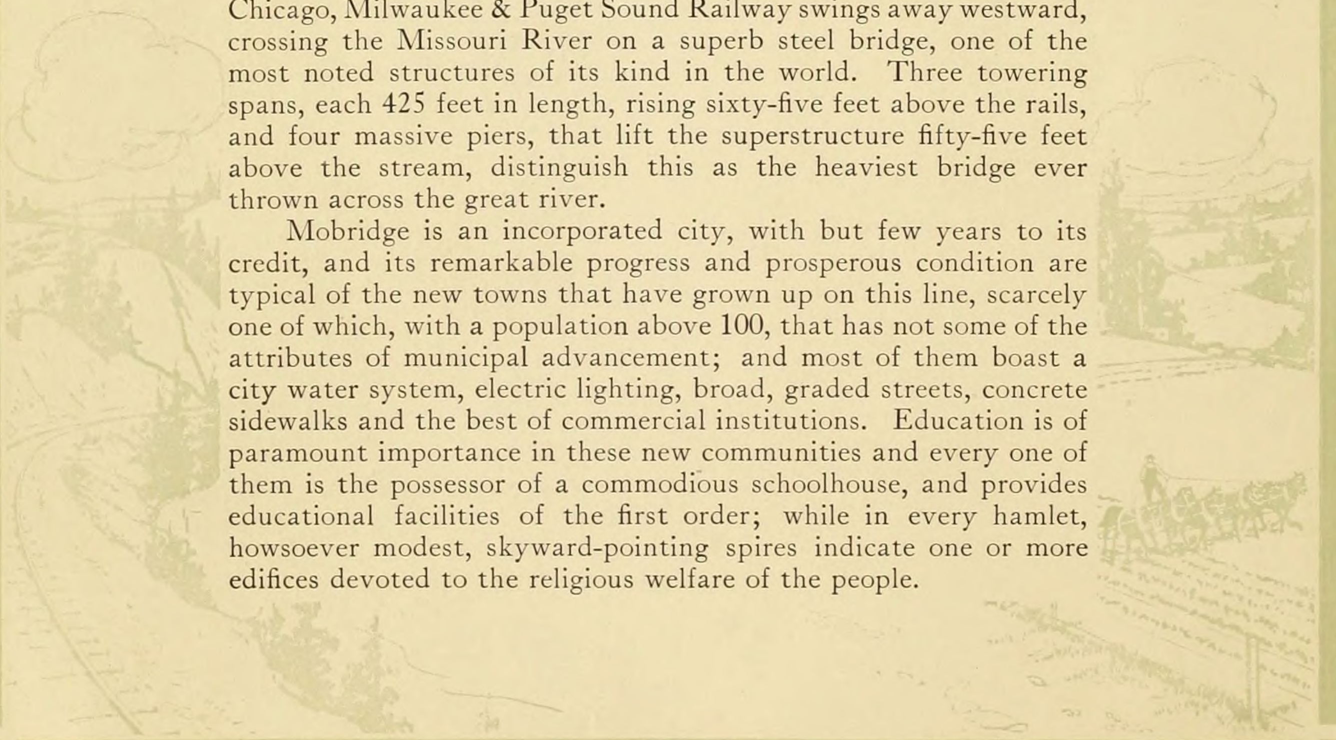
Chicago is the eastern terminus of the new through train service and the route, via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul

Railway, to the Twin Cities of Minnesota lies through the garden of the Middle West, traversing the rolling Illinois prairies, Wisconsin's hills and dales, passing along the banks of the Mississippi in Minnesota, every mile of which reveals a picture of compelling charm. Along the way are beautiful cities and thriving towns, chief of which is Milwaukee, Wisconsin's metropolis, situated on an arm of Lake Michigan, whose sweeping shore line and deep blue waters rival the famous Bay of Naples.

From St. Paul and Minneapolis to Mobridge, S. D., the St. Paul Railway traverses some of the choicest portions of the peerless golden grain belt of the Northwest, a territory which not longer than a quarter of a century ago lay under the open sky—vast, treeless and windswept, but now teeming with life and energy. Magnificent fields of grain ripen under the harvest sun; busy towns dot the plains, and on every side, far and near, are tree-embowered homesteads which have grown into their present beauty since the first railway locomotive poked its exploring head-light into the prairie countries. This portion of Minnesota and the Dakotas is a part of the greatest agricultural section of the United States and stands as a promise of the wonderful resources in the territory of the newer West. Western cities are renowned for rapid growth and their reputation is not discredited throughout this region.

Aberdeen, the metropolis of this section, assumes the pseudonym, "Chicago of the Northwest," and with reason, since its commercial activity, the busy life of its streets, its substantial appearance and general physical robustness are salient features of its great prototype.

At Mobridge, ninety-eight miles west of Aberdeen, the Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound Railway swings away westward, crossing the Missouri River on a superb steel bridge, one of the most noted structures of its kind in the world. Three towering spans, each 425 feet in length, rising sixty-five feet above the rails, and four massive piers, that lift the superstructure fifty-five feet above the stream, distinguish this as the heaviest bridge ever thrown across the great river.



Mobridge is an incorporated city, with but few years to its credit, and its remarkable progress and prosperous condition are typical of the new towns that have grown up on this line, scarcely one of which, with a population above 100, that has not some of the attributes of municipal advancement; and most of them boast a city water system, electric lighting, broad, graded streets, concrete sidewalks and the best of commercial institutions. Education is of paramount importance in these new communities and every one of them is the possessor of a commodious schoolhouse, and provides educational facilities of the first order; while in every hamlet, howsoever modest, skyward-pointing spires indicate one or more edifices devoted to the religious welfare of the people.

The Missouri River Bridge

Just west of the river is the Standing Rock Reservation, the home of the famous fighting Sioux Indians. A portion of this reserve has recently been thrown open to settlement, but the Indians still occupy the choicest sections toward the east. They are, for the most part, industrious and educated. At Wakpala, their principal town, there are three denominational schools, and in this place live the only surviving descendants of Sitting Bull, the untamed old "Medicine Chief." The old warrior's last resting place is at Fort Yates, the Standing Rock Agency, north of this line. He died the death of the Unconquered, but he lies now beneath the long grasses, with "none so poor to do him reverence." Rain-in-the-Face, his unwavering ally and unfailing companion is buried beside him; and fitting it is that these two, united during most of their stormy lives, should not in death be separated. McLaughlin, the railway distributing point for the Agency, is the nearest station on this line to the graves of this notable pair. It is claimed that Sitting Bull was the most famous Indian since Tecumseh; that he planned and gained the greatest victories ever achieved by the red men over his white foes. "Nor will any warrior of the future ever surpass Sitting Bull, for the last great battle between the two races has been fought."

That portion of the reservation now open is high rolling prairie land, watered by innumerable streams that flow over the Grand River water-shed. The country is filling up fast and rapidly swinging into the advancing line of the great western farming district. Nature has contributed everything to this northwestern section of South Dakota—a soil of remarkable productivity, a

plentiful water supply, good and cheap fuel and a delightful climate; and the new railroad, in building up the towns and establishing unsurpassed service, is the principal factor in bringing this development to a high degree of efficiency. The Cheyenne River Indian Reservation adjoins the Standing Rock on the south, comprising two great plateaus lying between the Grand, Moreau and Cheyenne Rivers. The Moreau River and Cheyenne River lines, sixty and one hundred miles respectively, occupy this section, connecting with the main line at Moreau Junction, immediately west of the Missouri River. At McLaughlin the Standing Rock line leads to the north and west, 130 miles, penetrating the fertile valley of the Cannonball River, to the rejuvenated town of New England, N. D. Ninety-eight miles west of the Missouri River, at Lemmon, one of the most substantial and enterprising of the new towns, the railway enters southwest North Dakota, running thence for nearly 100 miles through the same boundless reaches of prairie and upland, incomparably attractive in their brilliant display of growing crops and golden sunshine. In this day, with so much being said of the decadence of the farm and the desertion of the farmer lads to the cities, it is an inspiring commentary that steam plows, many in number, can hardly break out land fast enough to meet the demands of immigration.

To the westward the upland sweep becomes more apparent. Here and there a crested butte or a rugged bluff lifts itself above the plains, Nature's guide-boards to the distant mountains. In Adams County, through which the railroad passes, rich coal fields underlie the entire district, providing an excellent quality of lignite

coal. Two mines are already in operation at the town of Scranton, and preparations are being made to open others. Climatic conditions in this locality are favorable to diversified farming on a large scale; it is within the region of the warm chinook winds, spring opens early and destructive winters are unknown. The average rainfall is 16½ inches, and the water supply is pure and abundant.

Near Marmarth, at the crossing of the Little Missouri River and the North Dakota-Montana State boundary, the line for a short distance skirts the "Bad Lands," weird formations of sun-baked clay, which, from a distance, or seen by the sunset light, seem almost enchanted. Rising sheer from the plains, they take on shapes of battlements, fortresses, turrets, towers,

> "*Temples, palaces and piles stupendous,*
> *Of which the very ruins are tremendous.*"

Marvelous color effects appear in the layers of rock and ridges of clay—deep wine reds, that fade to faintest pink; purples, paling to lavender; delicate greens, and tones and half tones of all, glow in the noon-day sun or melt into gorgeous rose hues at the setting.

If no good came to the Indians from out those rugged wastes, certainly the wonderful studies in tint and blend, in atmosphere, in color motif, in all that delights the artist eye, gives to this region an interest all its own. The Bad Lands, moreover, in proof that all things work together for good, furnish excellent shelter for the immense herds of cattle that range throughout this vicinity.

In the "Bad Lands"

Entering Montana, in Custer County, the railway passes through the valley of O'Fallon's Creek to the Yellowstone River, a locality famous in Indian history. In the melancholy days of the Custer campaigns, Sioux and soldiers marched and countermarched in the Yellowstone Valley from O'Fallon's to the Rosebud, and sixty miles southwest from the mouth of the latter stream occurred the tragedy of the Little Big Horn. Custer County, in the vicinity of O'Fallon Valley, and toward the Yellowstone, is one of the garden spots of the great eastern Montana plateau, which in the old days was considered arid and waste, and its riches comprise a long list. Irrigation and dry-farming have worked the change—the valleys are green and glorious, and the benchlands, that sweep up from the lower levels, produce immense crops of grain under the Campbell system. The biennial yield in Custer County equals and frequently exceeds two annual crops in other localities. On the high lands of this county, the homestead entries include 320 acres instead of the usual 160.

Entering Yellowstone Valley the railway dips to the southwest, passing through a wide and fertile basin, further enriched by an underlay of good lignite coal. Cattle and sheep throng the hills for many miles, and the towns along the way are all heavy stock and wool shipping points. All this surrounding territory presents a lovely landscape picture of bottom-lands dotted with groves, gently elevating, well-grassed benches, which reach clear to the foothills, and extend to Miles City, situated at the junction of the Tongue with the Yellowstone River, and the metropolis of eastern Montana. Miles is an old town for Montana, having been founded

in 1878, after the establishment of Fort Keogh on the Tongue River. The evolution of this city from a "post town" has carried it through an exciting career as a "cow-town," when the surrounding country was all free range, to its present pretension of being the greatest wool-shipping center of eastern Montana and the largest range horse market in the world. Outwardly it is beautiful, set in a wealth of verdure and embellished with the best that money and good taste can suggest. Fort Keogh has been abandoned as a military post and is now a "Cavalry Remount Station," while the fertile country surrounding it is under irrigation and highly cultivated. In following the course of the Yellowstone down to its confluence with the Missouri, Captain Clarke of the Lewis and Clarke Expedition, in 1807, made the following note: "Encamped on the left, opposite to the entrance of a stream called by the Indians Lazeka or Tongue River. It has a very wide bed and a channel of water 150 yards wide; but the water is a light brown colour, very muddy and nearly milk warm." This warm water, flowing over the soil from the present irrigating canals, produces fruit and vegetables of extraordinary quality and quantity.

West of Miles City the line crosses to the north bank of the Yellowstone, following that river closely for a number of miles. Opposite the mouth of the Rosebud, which empties into the Yellowstone from the south, there now stands the new town of Cartersville, near the site of an old American Fur Company fort or trading post. During the Sitting Bull campaigns all this plateau waked to the call of "Boots and Saddles," and waited in vain for the return of those who marched away from the Rosebud to

the battlefield of the Little Big Horn. Much of Montana, in the parlance of today, is "new country," and yet, her plains and her hills, her valleys and mountains are historic ground, and her rivers are avenues of discovery in the unfolding of that "immense, unbounded world" included in the Louisiana Purchase.

At Forsyth the rails again point northwestward into the heart of the great Montana sheep range, where, for miles in every direction, as far as eye can see, the panorama is a moving sea of gray woolly backs intermingled with the delicate green of the sage, while on the distant ridge a white speck indicates the herder's wagon, with perhaps the dark form of the herder and his dogs moving on the edge of the flocks. The valleys and the range itself are gradually slipping from control of the stock men, and under the beneficent influences of various new irrigation schemes are becoming valuable agricultural lands. Throughout the range country the railway makes an imperceptible but steady ascent of the Home Creek Divide, and at the summit, in the clear Montana atmosphere, the far-distant Snowy Mountains may be seen at the northwest. Descending thence to the Big Bend of the Musselshell River, the line enters Fergus County and pursues its way up the valley of the Musselshell for many miles, through wide and fertile bottom-lands, nearly all of which, since the construction of the railroad, have been taken up and are under cultivation. The Musselshell is a mountain-fed stream, which in the summer-time flows softly,

"With a noise like the sound of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,"

Two Tunnels and a Bridge, Montana Canyon

within its tree-lined banks, that wind in sinuous length from side to side of the valley, with broad fields and green meadows beside its course. The river received its name from fossilized remains of the mussel-fish found in the rocks and hills at the edge of the valley.

The Musselshell Valley, from Melstone westward, and tributary to this railroad, is an area of extraordinary beauty and fertility. The wide valley, watered by the winding stream and rimmed by the gradually rising bench, is ideal for all agricultural pursuits. The climate is mild, with ample rainfall, and the soil is the deep volcanic ash so universally found throughout Montana. Extensive coal deposits are present here, and at Roundup four large mines are in active operation. Roundup is one of the wonders of the new West; the first spade was struck for its foundation in 1908, and its population in 1911 is 3,000. Its designation, the "Miracle of the Musselshell," is befitting its rapid development, and, withal, its remarkably attractive features. It is eminently a modern city, having every comfort and convenience to be found in towns many times its size and age, while its beautiful situation, on the hills which slope gently to the deeply wooded river banks, make it a delightful and a healthful place. The surrounding country and the numerous coal mines give it rank as a commercial center of the first importance, insuring also its permanent progress. The old stage road, which was originally a buffalo trail leading from the grazing pastures at the south to the Missouri River, far north, crosses the railroad near here, and the old stage station that first bore the name of Roundup still stands under the alders on the river banks.

While the overland trains thunder by, the old Concord coach stands in the deserted sheds, dismantled and dust-covered, and the moldering bones of the buffalo lie half-buried by the roadside, each a crumbling relic of days that are past.

Toward the western border of Fergus County the mountains loom in the distance, gradually rising in all their majesty across the western horizon. Snowy peaks and snow-clad slopes move slowly into view, at once overtopped by more majestic heights, which steal gracefully into the perspective, the great picture, a changeful panorama, as the railroad, pushing on, brings them into closer range. Broadview, a large experimental farm located south of the railroad in this vicinity, has demonstrated by the quantity and quality of its production the adaptability of the soil to any desired crops and the remarkable success of the dry-farming system on semi-arid land. At Harlowton the mountains come suddenly forward in full, impressive splendor. At the southwest are the snow-ribbed Crazy Range, the Big Belts rise at the west, swinging into the Big Snowys toward the north and settling into the Judith hills at the northeast.

The Lewistown line, leaving the main line at Harlowton, begins an immediate ascent northeastward toward the Judith Basin, which lies within walls of lofty mountain ranges, one of the most beautiful and richest agricultural regions in the whole world. A marked depression in the mountains is the Judith Gap, where the railway gains entrance to the magnificent amphitheatre that contains over 2,000 square miles, sweeping in galleries of bench-land down to the broad expanse of level valley. Numberless

streams carry their waters through field and meadow, joining the swift little Judith River, which flows into the Missouri, sixty-five miles away. Many prosperous little towns dot the great basin, which is practically one immense grain field, while in the far-away, hazy hills and the nearer, darkly wooded ridges are enormous stores of mineral wealth. On a steady decline, in long loops and curves, the road negotiates the descent, and with a final all-embracing "horse-shoe," that fairly encircles the city, the rails come to an end in beautiful Lewistown, the commercial center of the Basin. Lewistown is a charming city of 5,000, and, like all progressive western municipalities, it is provided with the best of everything that makes for the joy of living and for business prosperity. The locality recommends itself as a place of residence by reason of its equable climate, its exceptional educational opportunities and social advantages. It has a very large mercantile trade, furnishing supplies for the mining industries located in the surrounding mountains, and the great farming country that is naturally tributary to Lewistown.

The scenic beauties of the region are many, combining peaceful rural vistas, towering heights, sparkling streams that dance gleefully between deep, green overhanging banks, and magnificent distances that melt into mystic, hazy, cloud-hung mountain ranges. In the near-by mountains are innumerable interesting resorts for fishing and hunting, notably the Lake of the Snowys, reached by wagon or automobile, where the fishing and hunting equal the most famous haunts in the West.

In the Moccasin Mountains are the cyanide gold mines, that brought this region into prominence many years ago, the famous Kendall mine, still in operation, being within a two hours' drive of Lewistown, with a daily stage between the two places, and a branch of the railroad projected thither in the near future. The Yogo sapphire mines, unique in this country, are in the Big Snowy Mountains, where the towering, snow crown of Yogo Baldy Mountain glitters in the bright light, forty miles away.

The mountain drives throughout this region are beautiful, with a wild picturesqueness that combines heavy climbing, down-hill dashes, wide, parklike reaches and narrow, walled-in canyons, where wheel and stream contest the right-of-way.

The Judith Basin is the home of legend and the scene of stirring historical events. In this place the Indian tribes foregathered, the Sioux, Crows, Blackfeet and Flatheads, to hold their powwows, their war dances and their calumets; on Black Butte, a grim headland north of the valley, warning fires blazed forth, and council beacons smouldered. It is related that the pious Father de Smet, the fearless Jesuit of the far western mountains, attended a great peace council of the tribes in the Judith Basin in 1844. The basin itself takes its name from the little river which carries the waters of many creeks to the great river of the north, and it

received its christening from a member of the Lewis and Clarke Expedition, in honor of a fair-faced Virginian "Miss Judy," whose haunting beauty was a pleasant picture in his memory. There were cowboy days in this valley, too, and their exploits become picturesque as time lends the distance of enchantment. This gentry were always the self-appointed exterminators of hostile red-skins, and a letter preserved in the annals of the Judith Country is written by Cowboy "Froggy" to "Bill," his partner, who has been called from home. It is essentially illustrative, and a model news-conveyancer. It reads:

> "*Dear Bill:*—
>
> A feller's passin' by, and I got a chanst to send you a letter. Everythin's been goin' fine since you left. There was a Indian here yesterday. He was a chief. I shot him. He's dead. Potatoes lookin' fine. Expect to make some more whisky tomorrow.
>
> Yours, FROGGY."

The main line of the Puget Sound Railway extends west from Harlowton, up the Musselshell water course, through the remnant of Montana's once all-pervading grazing empire. The ascent into the mountain country begins at Harlowton, and as the valley gradually recedes the slopes become more marked; the mountains "clad like Bedouins in fleecy white" march out in long file on every side and swing into line grandly; the softly beautiful Crazy peaks and the ragged Bridger Range lift their snowy sides on the southwest; the embattlemented Castle Hills rise sheer and frowning on the north, and the long line of the Big Belts loom

darkly across the western sky. Toward the summit of the Castle Hills Pass, the whole mighty battalion is in full review, massed in front and flank and closing the retreat. Immediately west of the summit, extending northward, is the valley of Smith River, one of Montana's many wide and fertile agricultural parks lying within, and protected by lofty mountain barriers. Eighteen miles north of the station of Ringling, and in the heart of the Smith River Valley, is White Sulphur Springs, the county seat of Meagher County, a town approaching its thirtieth year, the possessor of a group of hot sulphur springs that rival the world's famous spas. The town is equipped with all the modern luxuries and surrounded by scenic wonders of great attraction, yet the remarkable thing is that this little city has never until the present heard the sound of a locomotive whistle, but the completion of the White Sulphur Springs & Yellowstone Park Railway brings the steel trail into this Paradise. A magnificent new hotel, to be erected, will complete the rejuvenation of White Sulphur Springs and create a resort which will have no superior in the world.

The Smith River Valley is one of the choicest agricultural districts in the State, where irrigation and dry-farming succeed equally well in producing some of the largest of the Montana crops. The scenic beauty of this valley is rarely lovely—a wide and level basin surrounded by lofty mountains, with peaks of eternal snow maintaining guard above the crest line. On the west are the Big Belts and at the east the palisades, pulpits and turrets of the Castle Hills, while far away, in the south, the Bridger Mountains look over the intervening uplands.

Gradually descending, the railway follows a sparkling stream toward a gap in the mountains which leads into the wild and surpassingly beautiful Montana Canyon. The rollicking brook is the famous Sixteen Mile Creek, one of the most noted trout-fishing streams in the State. Its cold, clear, leaping waters and its deep, quiet pools are fairly alive with mountain trout. It requires no imagination to properly produce a fish story after a day in this canyon and the full creel proves, at sight, that in Sixteen Mile Creek truth is something more than fiction.

Winding into the narrow gorge, the towering, densely wooded eminence that seems to bar the way is Wall Mountain, pierced by a tunnel, which may properly be called the eastern gateway of the Montana Canyon. This canyon, which early acquired fame as "The Sixteen Mile," offers one of the most exquisitely beautiful scenic pictures in the Rocky Mountain regions, embracing within its narrow barriers and short distance all the majestic features of mountain scenery, done in wonder-worked detail. Crags and pinnacles, intermingled with jagged ridges, thrust boldly from out the steep slopes; beetling heights and fearsome depths are grouped in magnificent confusion. The gorge, which Nature opened only for the impetuous stream, carries on its precipitous walls a railway that is a marvel of scientific calculation, demonstrating the most advanced ideas in railroad construction—deep cuts, heavy embankments, bridges that seem hung in the air, span deep ravines, and tunnels intervene when heights become prohibitive. So sharply do the canyon walls advance and as quickly retreat, that vistas which seem to open in the distance are suddenly crowded back

where a massive promontory leaps out to close the perspective. Curving gently, the rails steadily negotiate a direct course, while the old Montana Railroad, the predecessor of this line through the Big Belt Mountains, and the early pathfinder in this canyon, followed closely the bank of the stream, far below. Traces of the old railroad grade are yet standing, following a wayward trail, careless alike of "angles, curves or sinuosities." Over all the rugged grandeur of this narrow chasm a matchless color display is emblazoned on the granite walls. Creamy whites blend with softest rose and palest lavender and brilliant reds mingle with the green and gray and blue, and all is softened and shadowed by every shade of green from the dense darkness of the looming forests to the silvery sheen of the birches overhanging the brink of the precipices, and nodding to the deep blue waters lashing to foamy white in the depths of the chasm. This canyon, in old Indian days, was a hiding place for the hostiles. Ambush and sortie were practiced to perfection in this mountain fastness, and a number of hidden caverns have been discovered containing heaps of moldering bones, as if the redmen had plunged into these retreats, but found no sanctuary at the last.

About midway the canyon widens, opening for a number of miles into a broad and smiling valley, whose meadows are rich with growing grain. The dark wall of Big Blackfoot Mountain looms on the west of these meadows and the snow-covered crown of Ross Peak towers above it. As the canyon walls come sharply in again, the grandeur increases, with the gorgeous coloring more vivid and splendid than before. Gradually descending, the rails issue from the deep gorge at the Missouri River and cross that stream 623 miles west of Mobridge, or 1,000 miles as the river flows. The beauty of this spot is wild and impressive.

The cliffs tower to great heights and their ragged ledges are as if they had been decorated from "paint pots" which Madame Nature might have taken out of her stores over in Yellowstone Park, not sixty miles away, so gorgeous and yet so soft are the hues that shine through the lacy green of the trees and offer their contrast to the nodding flowers which look out from between crags and shelving rocks. The bridge at Lombard is the first one across the Missouri River below its headwaters, and, westward, the line lies close to the waterside where the river breaks through lofty granite walls and glittering, white limestone cliffs. These cliffs are the finest lime of commerce and will become a source of great wealth to this locality. The country is wild and mountainous, alternating with smiling valleys, through which the bright river flows.

On the right, well up to the headwaters, are high headlands recorded by Lewis and Clarke as being those ascended by their party, and from which they first beheld the long-expected Three Forks, the historic place of the waters' meet, where three swiftly

Near the Headwaters of the Missouri

flowing streams sweep in from east, from south and from west, and, coming together, form Missouri's mighty flood. The Three Forks Plain is the country of Lewis and Clarke. The atmosphere is heavy with historic association and romantic legend. To reach this place the fearless explorers had bent all their energies, breasting the swift current, portaging where rapids and falls obstructed the river way, and patiently threading the dark, silent mountain gorges where the waters raced madly, or sullenly opposed the invaders of their ancient domain. Guided by the unerring intuition of Sacajawea, the Indian woman who had told them of the meeting of three great rivers, they at length rested on that "level, handsome plain, surrounded on every side with distant and lofty mountains" where her tribesmen had been accustomed to hunt the buffalo in the days of her childhood.

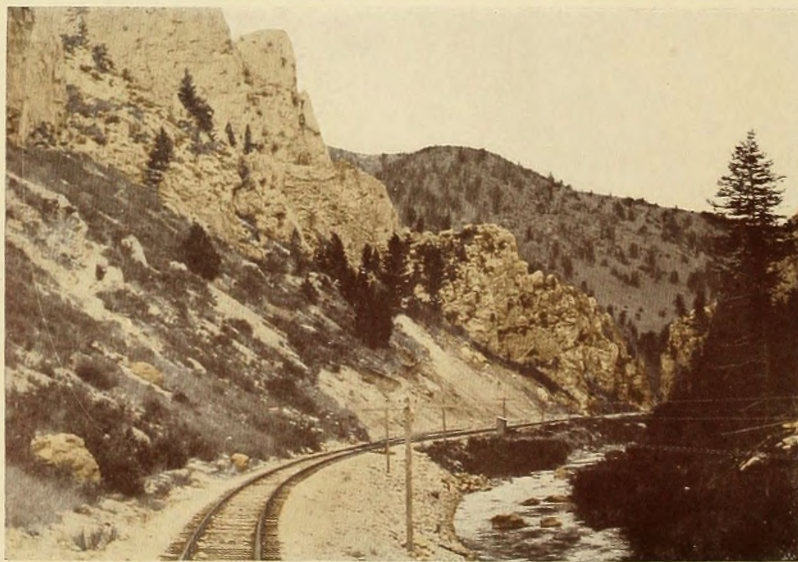
Railroads now edge this plain and a thriving city has grown up in its midst. The city of Three Forks is, in a way, "an infant prodigy." Less than two years old, it has become a metropolitan center, a division point of this railway and a junction with the new Gallatin Valley Railway. Thus the rich tributary country which has already so mightily stimulated the growth of a town on the Three Forks Plain, will continue to pour its wealth into this center, adding year by year to the substantial character of this place.

The rivers which come together here were named by the Government Expedition; the one coming from the southeast was called the Gallatin, in honor of the Secretary of the Treasury; that from the south was named for James Madison, the Secretary of

State, and the southwestern branch perpetuated the name of Thomas Jefferson, the President of the United States. The last stream bore a closer resemblance in most of its features to the great river itself, and it was this stream which the navigators finally chose for their route beyond the mountains to the Columbia and the North Pacific Ocean. The valley of the Jefferson is also the chosen route for this railway, which, after crossing a noted fishing stream called Willow Creek (but which according to the Lewis and Clarke records was christened Philosophy River), passes through a fine open valley stretching away to the base of the snow-topped Tobacco Root Range on the south, and to the foot of the Continental Divide at the west and north. On the approach to the mountains the line swings in long and easy curvature into the Grand Canyon of the Jefferson River, the rapid current flowing closely for many miles.

The grade follows the contour of the canyon walls, which press forward in majestic, deeply cut ridges clear to the river brink. In this canyon, too, color and light run riot—dark red sandstone cliffs alternate with purest white limestone walls that stand forth in dazzling contrast to the wealth of deep forest green that clothes the hillsides. West of the canyon the valley widens and broad acres of fertile bottoms lie along the river. On the southern horizon the Tobacco Root Mountains suddenly advance their snowy peaks, receding as the line swings away from the river across the rolling foothills toward the Continental Divide, the backbone of the real Rocky Mountains. At Piedmont the mountain grade begins and the line shoots away directly toward the foothills, rising

gradually above the wondrously lovely Pipestone Valley, that is like a mighty park, with broad avenues and bright water-courses sparkling through it. In this valley is a collection of curative springs of widespread fame for their beneficial effects in the treatment of rheumatic and stomach troubles. From this ascent, on clear days, off to the south imagination may draw the outline of "The Old Man of the Mountain" lying at ease on the ridge of the tallest of the Tobacco Root peaks. From the base of the Rockies a long series of easy curves, steadily lifting, carry the rails into the heart of a stern splendor, typical of the Great Divide. From the heights, the magnificent panorama of valley, hill and towering mountains is an inspiring picture. Entering Fish Creek Canyon the railway passes through deep cuts hewn from the solid rock, emerging thence to fleeting views of the dark canyon bed — a vanishing picture of cloud-capped summits and glimpses of gloomy chasms and rock-riven gorges, where the foaming waters leap, scattering veils of mist, and smiling through rainbow colors at the sunshine which glances but hastily into these depths. On a steady rise the Divide is reached and the western slope is gained through Pipestone Pass tunnel, at an elevation of 6,350 feet above sea-level, the highest point on this railway. This tunnel, though nearly one-half mile in length, is as straight as an arrow, and looking from either entrance, the far-away exit is to be seen, a tiny spot of light out of the darkness. The waters of the mountains divide on this rugged crest line, those flowing to the east finding their way through Missouri water to the Atlantic Ocean, and those on the western slope seek the North Pacific by Columbia's devious course.



The Crest of the Continent

From the Continental Divide to Butte, the line slips easily along the mountain-side, with Silver Bow valley spread in magnificent perspective, below, while the towers and stacks of the world-famous Butte mines rise on the skyline, with the city's crescent outline in the foreground. Swinging completely around the picturesque valley, the railway enters Butte, the most remarkable city in the world. The largest city in Montana, it numbers 60,000 people, and is thoroughly progressive and eminently modern. Its buildings, its merchandise stocks, its crowded thoroughfares and its population are reproductions of the eastern idea, with enough of the breezy western impetus to place it far above any city of the same size in the East. It, of course, owes its existence to the wonderful copper hill upon which it is built. Its copper mines penetrate the mountain in every direction, the galleries extending far under the city streets. Before the improved methods for reducing ores, Butte was the blackness of desolation, owing to the sulphur fumes which pervaded the atmosphere and killed all vegetation, but since the erection of the immense smelter stacks at Anaconda and Great Falls the fumes are dissipated far above the hills and away from the town, so that the verdure has returned, flowers and grass thrive and trees and birds are reappearing. Butte, the unique, is becoming a city beautiful.

West from Butte, the Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound Railway runs through the lovely Silver Bow Canyon, where the rugged, rock-bound walls are pictures painted in the most delicate and brilliant colorings. Strange formations out-thrust from the sheer mountain sides are decorated in fantastic color schemes,

and deep ravines blend their dark shadows with the blazonry on granite and sandstone. Toward the west the canyon widens into Deer Lodge Valley, a wide sweep of fertile agricultural country, surrounded by huge mountains and watered by many sparkling mountain streams. South of Deer Lodge Valley are the noted Beaver Head and Big Hole regions of Montana, with the city of Anaconda, their metropolis. Anaconda, like Butte, is a product of Marcus Daly's discoveries, and the city grew out of the establishment there of the Washoe smelter, the largest reduction works in the world. It is a model city and a delightful place. It boasts the finest hotel in the State, standing exactly one mile above the sea-level. It is the county seat, has a fine school system, a splendid memorial library, substantial business blocks and sumptuous homes.

At the farther end of the valley is the city of Deer Lodge, one of the oldest and most attractive towns in Montana. It is a place of much wealth; its wide streets are lined with over-arching trees and its palatial homes are owned by many of Montana's pioneers. There are many large institutions, public and private, located here, among which is the State Penitentiary. Many of the earliest gold mines of this section of Montana were on Silver Bow Creek and Deer Lodge River, between Anaconda and Deer Lodge, and the oldest stamp mill is still standing at the little town of Silver Bow.

West of Deer Lodge the line traverses a broad plain of rich, alluvial soil, cultivated clear to the base of the mountains. Immense hay fields stretch its entire length, with Deer Lodge River

contributing to their fertility. The transverse valleys throughout this section are singularly well adapted to grazing and dairy industries. As the valley narrows into Hell Gate Canyon, there is a certain romantic interest gathered here, by reason of it being the scene of the first gold excitement in Montana. Gold Creek, flowing into the Deer Lodge, brought in golden sands from the hills at the south, and in 1850, near its confluence with the larger stream, François Benetsee, a half-breed prospector and trapper, first discovered the yellow particles and panned a fortune there.

It was Montana's first call of the gold and the stampede began then and there, which resulted in Pioneer, in Virginia City and in the lawless days of the territory. Hell Gate Canyon became a wild and terrifying district, and the road agent was master, until his standing in society was finally and definitely fixed by the vigilantes, who cleared Montana's escutcheon and opened the way for a law-respecting citizenship. There is still some placer mining near Pioneer, but the richest veins have long since "pinched out," and whatever hidden treasure there now is, remains locked in unknown rifts in the rock-ribbed giants which enclose the valley, awaiting some fortune hunter of the future.

Hell Gate Canyon is also linked with many other thrilling events in Montana's history. As early as 1840 the Jesuit missionaries, whom the Indians named "The Black-Robes" followed this trail into the Bitter Root Valley, where they established, at St. Mary's, the first Christian church in the territory. Fearless and careless of personal danger, the zealous Fathers sought the Indians

The Home of the Rainbow Trout

and taught them the gentle arts of peace. They introduced intensive farming in the West and brought seeds into Montana from the Columbia River country, where their thrift had already made the desert bloom.

The railroad follows the old trail through the canyon, and as its western portal opens, a great mountain panorama is unrolled, with the city of Missoula in the foreground. Just as the valley widens, the Big Blackfoot River comes in from the north and joining the Hell Gate, the stream then becomes the Missoula. Missoula is the French trapper's shortening of the old Indian Missouleti-cou, meaning "at the waters of ambush," and just where the river emerges from the mountains are three tall peaks on one side and a curious elephant-shaped hill nearly closing the gap on the opposite, making ideal ambuscade. From Sentinel Peaks went forth the signals which brought the Indians to the shadow of Jumbo Butte, to lie in ambush for the enemy. Missoula is well named "The Garden City." Its shaded avenues, its gorgeous floral display and the luxurious lawns which surround the homes of rich and poor alike, present a perfect garden picture. It has large and complete commercial facilities, giving it first rank in the business world. Every comfort and convenience of modern life is afforded — fine schools, elegant churches, several libraries for the use of the public, one of the largest mercantile establishments in Montana, many manufacturing plants and unlimited opportunities for every branch of trade. The State University is located at Missoula and there is also a large Catholic seminary here. The river furnishes inexhaustible water power for the city

use. The tributary country is enormous and adapted to any branch of agricultural pursuits. Intensive farming is ideal; fruit matures perfectly and is free from pest of any kind. Missoula is the metropolis of the famous Bitter Root Valley and the home of the McIntosh red apple. The Bitter Root River joins the Missoula within the city limits; lofty mountains look down on every side; the Continental Divide bars the eastern horizon; the dark green ridges of the Bitter Root Range are at the south and west, and the vague, icy summits of the Mission Mountains loom in the north.

This is historic ground connected with every period of western Montana growth. Here again the railway crosses the route of the Lewis and Clarke expedition, which passed through the Bitter Root Valley and over the Bitter Root Mountains; and west of the city they gave the Missoula River the name of Clarke's Fork of the Columbia. On the river banks and in the foothills live many of the descendants of the French explorers who followed Father de Smet into the wilderness and founded their homes in the shelter of the protecting heights. Notable, also, in the annals of the warfare between white men and Indians is the retreat of Chief Joseph and his warriors who, stealing away across Nez Perces Pass, avoided the trap laid for them at Hell Gate and escaped on a hidden trail into the Big Hole country to the south, whence they continued their flight down the Jefferson Valley, through the Musselshell country and, rounding the hills at the Big Bend of the Musselshell River, eluded their pursuers and sought sanctuary beyond the Missouri.

In the Heart of the

"Across the Continent"—Map of the Chicago, Milv

Root Mountains

ee & Puget Sound Railway and Connections

For many miles west of Missoula the railway leads through Grass Valley, among the richest of Montana hay lands, skirting the foothills and crossing the Missoula River several times on its way toward the Bitter Root Mountains. The Missoula Valley and the adjacent hills are beautiful to look at and good to live in. The snow peak at the south—and seen at every turn towering above its companions—is Mount LoLo. In this valley the universal spirit of progress is apparent; the meadows and uplands produce any crop desired and everything desirable. Hay, grain and alfalfa have been the principal yield until recent experimental work in intensive farming has demonstrated that the soil and climate are especially favorable to fruit and garden stuff. In the transverse valleys where land is being cleared, dairy farming is ideal. Following down the Missoula, which frequently is lost between deep, rock-riven walls, where the waters dash in mad confusion against hidden reefs—at St. Regis the rails swing into St. Regis Canyon and point directly toward the dark ever-green mountains that rear their lofty heights on Montana's western boundary. The Bitter Root Range is one of the grandest of the Rocky Mountain group. Rising steeply from the valley, their slopes are covered with an almost unbroken growth of timber, presenting an imposing spectacle of row upon row, tier upon tier, of brilliant green, that extends from the deep valley to the very tip of the tallest peak. The railway makes a gradual ascent of this range, the line swinging from hill to hill, curving gracefully and pushing steadily upward. In a deep and beautiful ravine, where Dominion Creek leaps down to join the river, a narrow loop

brings the rails closely together, but on opposing walls and differing elevations. For eleven miles the line rises continuously until the hamlets in the St. Regis Valley seem only vanishing views in a moving-picture panorama.

St. Paul Pass, an elevation of 4,170 feet, terminates the ascent and the rails pierce the rugged mountain, 1,000 feet below its summit. The tunnel here is one of the notable engineering feats of the Bitter Root construction, and is but little less than two miles long. Within the deep passage the rails cross the Montana-Idaho State line, and emerging at the west portal, the downward stretch of twenty-two miles commands some of the grandest panoramic views in the world. The roadway, supported on a shelf of rock cut in the steep slopes, sweeps around the hills, crossing deep ravines and sparkling water-courses on magnificent viaducts of steel; solving the problems of distance and obstruction by a score of tunnels and numberless rocky cuts, the walls of which stand like watch towers above the grade. From the high line, near the summit, the long and winding way may be seen for many miles, lower and lower, until it is lost in the maze of hills that hems in the entire perspective.

It is a matchless mountain view, with the dazzling glory of the North Fork River glistening like a silver thread in the shady depths. The forest—

"On the hills, like green-vested choirs, ten million strong,
Sough to their Maker, an endless Thanksgiving Song;
While in the valley, the soft-toned organ at the bend,
Joins in the vesper-hymn, praising God, world without end."

Clear Creek Viaduct—Bitter Root Mountains

One thousand feet above the valley level, the line turns into East Fork Loop, where a deep "fill" is followed by a long tunnel, another heavy embankment, a second curving tunnel and a bridge, all describing a half circle, with the rails resting, one side on the dizzy height of one mountain, the other appreciably lower on the opposing wall of another hill, yet not a quarter of a mile apart. On these slopes is a paradise of great game—bear, deer, elk and moose—while the call of the mountain lion disturbs the deep silence of the wood.

At the foot of the western slope the rails lie close to the St. Joe River, which for a long distance is a swiftly flowing stream, but at the town of St. Joe it parts with its title, "The Swiftwater," and becomes "The Shadowy St. Joe." The line runs within sight of this lovely stream for thirty miles, tall mountains walling in the valley the entire distance. The Northern Idaho district is in the front rank in the development work. It has already demonstrated its value in mineral wealth and its timber resources are apparent at sight. The wonderful St. Joe Valley, including the richest portions of the newly opened Cœur d'Alene Reservation, is the most attractive and most desirable of this "Idaho Pan Handle," possessing all the natural advantages which make for ideal location.

The timber industries of the St. Joe country are unsurpassed, one of the largest sawmills in the Pacific Northwest being located at St. Joe, the head of navigation. Steamers ply between St. Joe and the ports on Cœur d'Alene Lake. The territory tributary to the railroad in this valley possesses varied wealth. Its value as

farming country can hardly be estimated. The river bottoms are rich alluvial soil and the cleared land on the mountains is unsurpassed for cultivation of all fruits and vegetables. One hillside garden at St. Joe is a marvel. The mountain slope is almost prohibitive, and certainly a spade is a more valuable implement here than a plow, yet the owner has ten acres under high cultivation raising vegetables and fruits (berries and apples), from which he realizes enormous profits at the Spokane and near-by markets. A stairway is cut in the hillside through the center of this garden, certainly a unique feature in market gardening.

At St. Maries, one of the most promising and beautifully situated towns on this line, the St. Maries River flows into the St. Joe, and the Elk River line leads from this place up the St. Maries Valley into the largest remaining section of standing white pine timber in the world. The St. Maries Valley extends southward toward the noted Clearwater country of Idaho and contains a large area of unsurpassed agricultural and fruit land. Just west of St. Maries the main line enters the Cœur d'Alene Reservation, recently opened, and ascends gradually above beautiful Lake Chatcolet, a water sheet of which the followers of the faith of Sir Izaak may say with their high priest, "Doubtless God could have made a better place to fish, but doubtless God never did." The line rises perceptibly through the reservation and enters Washington, in Whitman County, one of the banner wheat-raising counties of the State. The wide stretch of upland, the rolling, round-head hills, as far as eye reaches, are the famed Palouse wheat fields. Immediately west of the Idaho-Montana State boundary, the

proposed Spokane "cut-off" will bring the main line into the splendid city of the Inland Empire. The railway passes through the richest portion of the Palouse country, a section of eastern Washington settled upon many years ago and producing immense crops of wheat yearly, beside fruit that equals in quality any of the famous fruit-growing valleys of the West.

All this region is watered by numerous creeks flowing into the Palouse River, which flows southward into the Snake River; or water-courses that carry their streams by way of the Spokane River northward to the Columbia. The Spokane country is famous in Indian history, for almost every inch of its possession has been disputed "knife to the hilt" by the red men who fought for their hereditary rights with a fierce persistence. The Cœur d'Alenes, the Spokanes, the Nez Perces, and all the tribes to the west and north, showed neither mercy nor friendliness to the invaders who came to rob them of their ancestral valleys and hills. The battlefields of the Modoc wars spread through these plains and the tribes engaged were native here. Today the scene is the reverse of warlike. A pastoral quiet pervades the region, with thriving cities to vary the picture.

West of Pine City, one of the oldest towns of Eastern Washington — and a hamlet that is like a bit of New England transferred to the far West — the line swings up to the bluffs that overlook Rock Lake, and for nine miles it lies along the high palisades of this mysterious body of water which has no known source nor has its depth ever been ascertained. Its undercurrent is like the quicksands, and no white man has ever been able to

The "Lake of Mystery"—Rock Lake

swim across. The Indians, however, cherish a tradition of a royal chief who defied the evil spirit that presides in the murky depths, and safely breasted the sullen waters. This tradition accounted to them for a natural arch above the palisades, raised by the Great Spirit in commemoration of the bold deed. The banks are sheer walls of rock, of deep reddish hue, jagged and serrated, alternating with flat ramparts above precipitous heights. Strange formations appear in the surfaces, often uncanny and always picturesque. At the head of the lake a miniature cascade falls over the ledges in a bridal veil, the clear stream soon losing its identity in the clouded waters. South of this lake of mystery, the country spreads away in magnificent perspective, watered by Rock Creek, on the winding, tree-hung banks of which many of the old settlers still reside, their beautiful ranch homes presenting the ideal of country life.

Westward through Adams County the soil becomes lighter and dry-farming is practiced exclusively. The plan of summer-fallowing is paramount and the Campbell system here attains its highest ideal. Meandering streams, their banks lined with verdure, relieve the monotony of the immense grain fields that rise over the hills to the horizon line. Fine wagon roads lead in from all directions and the location of this railway is fortunate in that the wagon trains of wheat have—to use the local vernacular—"the down-hill pull."

The Cœur d'Alene Mountains, that have bordered the northern skyline, now gradually sink from sight and the Cascade Range appears in the distant West, shadowy and snow-capped, and at

certain seasons of the year the clear atmosphere reveals the glittering mantle of Mount Rainier's towering dome, from Warden, 180 miles away. Mystic, hazy and cloud-like, the master of the Cascades lifts its great height into the blue empyrean, marking the way to the western seas. Warden is the junction of the Marcellus line which leads northward into the heart of one of the rich wheat raising districts of Washington.

Westward, in Grant County, almost due south of the point where the Columbia makes its great bend, a wide valley opens away at the north of the railroad, wild land, almost exclusively, but at varying intervals a small stream meanders fitfully through the bottoms, and wherever the water-course appears the verdure along its banks and the spreading green meadows indicate the wealth of the soil under the influence of moisture. This stream is the Crab Creek Sink, which flows long distances in a subterranean bed, coming to the surface for a space, then disappearing, perhaps to reappear at the far side of the valley. Along its southern boundary are the brown and barren cliffs of the Saddle Mountains, while away at the north, beyond the foothills, are the noted Frenchman Hill and Big Bend wheat countries. The Crab Creek Basin is said to be the ancient bed of the Columbia River, which in ages long gone had taken this more direct course, until by some convulsion of Nature it was turned away at the Big Bend, making a wide detour before it again sought its old accustomed channel. Crab Creek Sink empties into the Columbia at a gap in the Saddle Mountains, where it would seem that the great cataclysm which tore the river from its course had riven the solid wall of rock

to permit the passing of the flood. A number of irrigation schemes are projected in the Crab Creek district, and when their ditches reach its deep volcanic soil, the development will be miraculous, adding an enormous acreage to Washington's productive territory.

At Beverly, near the mouth of Crab Creek, the railway crosses the peerless river of the Far West on a magnificent steel bridge, nearly a mile in length, and lifted above the water sufficiently to permit the passage of boats beneath its "through span." West of the Columbia the rails rise over the Saddle Mountains, and descending thence, enter the magnificent Kittitas Valley. The overwhelming beauty of the prospect, spreading out in great distances, surrounded by mountain ranges that rise in the northwest to the snow line, with the overmastering height of Mount Rainier visible at the southwest, is an inspiring sight and one to remain forever in the memory. The Kittitas is one of the banner fruit districts of Washington, and not only fruit, but everything that grows in the temperate zones comes to perfection in this region. The Yakima River flows through the western part of the valley, providing an inexhaustible water supply for irrigation. Kittitas County is the geographical center of Washington and the valley contains about 6,000 square miles, with every acre of its soil capable of producing everything necessary for the subsistence of the human race. In the midst of this garden spot is the city of Ellensburg, the county seat and metropolis of the valley. It is one of the thriving and most attractive towns in Washington. It has every advantage, social and commercial,

The Columbia River Bridge

to render it a most delightful place of residence, and the beauty of its surroundings completes the desirability in this respect.

History lurks in the background of the sunlit Kittitas Valley. The early settlers, moving eastward from the coast and Puget Sound countries, fought its possession foot by foot with the Indians, who resented their coming. Theirs was the right of eminent domain, and they had no wish to share their privileges with their pale-faced brethren. The Yakima tribes foregathered there with their allies from all sides, and previous to the treaty of Walla Walla it is said that 30,000 Indians were encamped at the eastern end of the Kittitas, while their chiefs and medicine-men held council with the envoys of the United States Government.

West of Ellensburg the line continues up the Yakima River under a long palisade of "painted rocks," whose gorgeous hues seem to reflect all the colors of the spectrum. The mountains, rising on all sides, are heavily timbered, while coal and mineral are hidden beneath their rock-ribbed surfaces. The Cascades are a forbidding barrier, their tall, jagged peaks piercing the sky, while eternal snows lie on their deeply cleft slopes and glisten from out their shadowy canyons. Within deep, green vales are cloudland lakes that rival in beauty and magnificence the blue waters of Alpine heights. A short distance from the station of Easton, where "mountain grade" begins, are the two Lakes Kachess, the most dazzlingly lovely water sheets on this continent. Towering, pine-clad mountains sweep grandly up from the water-side, and at either end eternal snows look down from lofty summits that close the encircling chain. The trout fishing in these lakes is renowned

throughout the Pacific country, the rainbow beauties sporting in countless thousands in their clear, cold waters. At the upper end of Little Kachess are the half-ruined buildings of an old Hudson Bay Fur Company's post, and the trails of the trappers are still in use through the dense forests.

Another mountain lake, which lies for twelve miles close to the railway, at an elevation of 2,485 feet, slightly above Kachess, is Keechelus, suspended in a deep basin whose forest banks rise a thousand feet in steep slope above the water. Here, too, is Fishermen's Paradise. A legend of Lake Keechelus is that the late Gen. George B. McClellan, before he had won his spurs, was in the Cascade Mountains fighting the hostiles; when, in full retreat over Snoqualmie Pass, he found his artillery in the way of a masterly leave-taking. He, therefore, concluded to drop his guns into the waters of Keechelus, near the eastern shore. The spot was carefully marked and the guns were lowered. The depth of Keechelus is unknown, and when later, an effort was made to recover the lost pieces, never a trace of them could be found. McClellan, before he left the West, became a noted Indian fighter, and a lofty crag, crowning a bold headland on the western slope of these mountains, was named in his honor—McClellan's Butte. Still ascending through the deep forests that come close in to the tracks, the mountains gather in terrifying numbers and grandeur, and the way seems completely blocked by the tremendous barriers. The line reaches the summit at Snoqualmie Pass, 3,010 feet high. The old Snoqualmie trail, famous in Indian fight and foray, crosses the rails immediately east of Laconia, the summit station. On

the right of the pass is McCall's Peak, a massive pillar of rugged granite that rises, seemingly, out of the right-of-way, and as the line swings away on the downward slope, the sharply serrated outline of cloud-wreathed, snow-mantled, "fearsome" heights crowds in, and the great Cascade Range is risen in its mighty glory full on the view. Leaving the pass, the rails follow the canyon of the east fork of the Snoqualmie River, amid some of the most bewildering scenic splendor of the western world. The compelling power of Nature in her magnificent moods is displayed in the panorama that unfolds to westward, reaching from the white-mantled peaks on the north to kingly Rainier, at the south. Rugged, rock-ribbed hills stretch far away into the hazy atmosphere, and tower high above the clouds. From the railroad, that lies high on a shelf of rock, the river is lost to view and the rails seem to rest on the tops of the tall fir trees which stand in unbroken columns on the mountain sides. As the grade swings lower, the valley falls abruptly away, the prospect widens and the silvery waters of the Snoqualmie River are visible in winding course for a long distance.

The passage of the Cascade Mountains concludes the long series of engineering triumphs included in the construction of this railroad, and when the grade reaches the level it enters Cedar River Valley, pursuing its course along the brink of the pure and sparkling stream which supplies the public service of Seattle. As the valley spreads out, the rugged splendor softens into the genial loveliness of an agricultural landscape, which stretches westward to the shores of Puget Sound. The country of the North Pacific

In the Cascade Mountains

is famed for its great fertility, its beauty and its wonderful climate. Everything grows in this region with almost tropical luxuriance, helped by favoring winds, gentle rains and "golden days of sunshine."

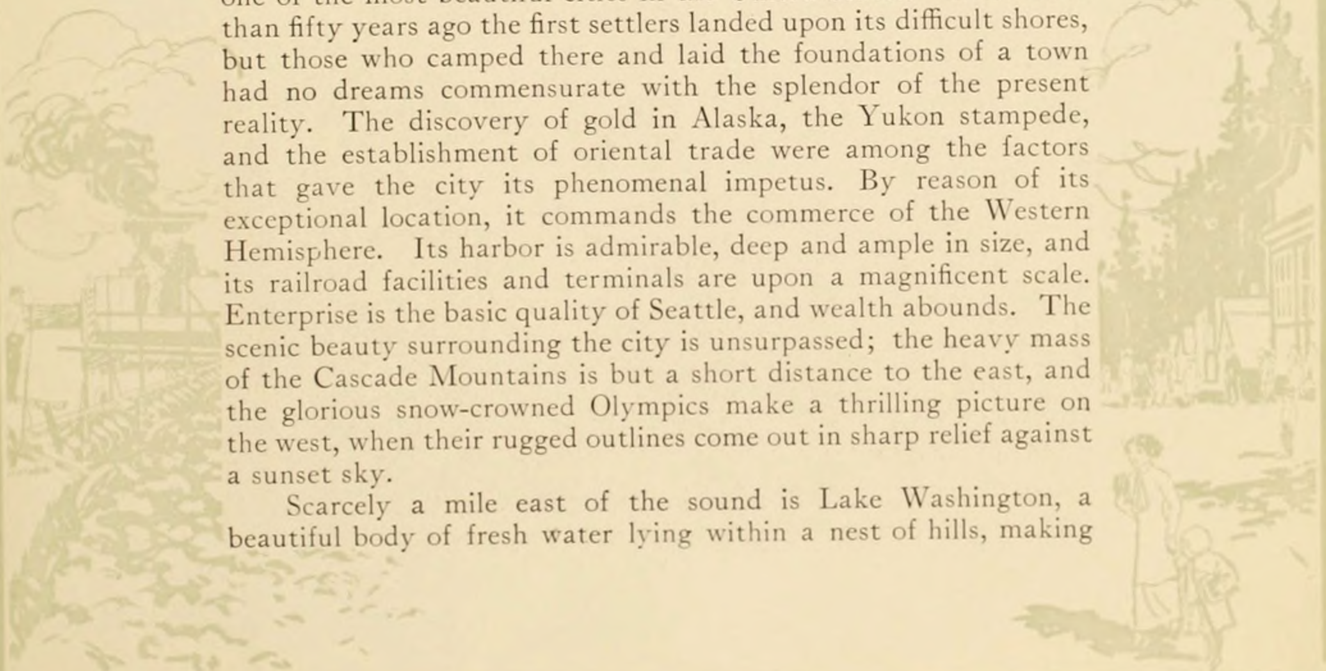
At Moncton, the foot of the mountain grade, a line extends down the Snoqualmie River to Everett, in Snohomish County, a young and thriving city, whose harbor is already third in importance on Puget Sound. Its sawmills and lumber industries rank among the largest in the world. It is called "The City of Smokestacks," from the number of its mills and factories, and it is said the hum of a saw may be heard from one end of Snohomish County to the other. The logged-off land in the vicinity is inestimably valuable for dairy farming, and milk condenseries form one of the important commercial enterprises of Everett. No city on the Sound is more beautifully located. The view from Port Gardiner Bay is an ever-to-be-remembered picture—the Cascade Mountains at the east, with a long range of named and unnamed pinnacles monopolizing the shore line; Glacier Peak, 10,000 feet high, stands farthest, and down its icy slopes slowly creep the frozen rivers that loosen their flood-gates in Lake Chelan; Mount Baker lifts its snowy cone in majestic isolation at the far north, and Mount Rainier maintains a lonely vigil on the southern horizon. The Everett Harbor, situated on Port Gardiner Bay, has in addition to its sea front a fresh-water roadstead where vessels of heaviest draft can find anchorage, and when certain new Government work is completed Everett will enjoy one of the finest salt-water harbors on the Pacific Coast and twenty miles of fresh-water wharf frontage.

The city has every advantage common to the modern up-to-date metropolis, is served by transcontinental railroads and a complete interurban electric railway.

Passing down the Cedar River Valley, in full view of the limpid stream, through fertile meadows, under high cultivation, the railway branches at Black River Junction, one arm stretching toward Seattle and the other toward Tacoma, the western termini of the Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound Railway.

Seattle is the oldest American settlement on Puget Sound and one of the most beautiful cities in the United States. Little more than fifty years ago the first settlers landed upon its difficult shores, but those who camped there and laid the foundations of a town had no dreams commensurate with the splendor of the present reality. The discovery of gold in Alaska, the Yukon stampede, and the establishment of oriental trade were among the factors that gave the city its phenomenal impetus. By reason of its exceptional location, it commands the commerce of the Western Hemisphere. Its harbor is admirable, deep and ample in size, and its railroad facilities and terminals are upon a magnificent scale. Enterprise is the basic quality of Seattle, and wealth abounds. The scenic beauty surrounding the city is unsurpassed; the heavy mass of the Cascade Mountains is but a short distance to the east, and the glorious snow-crowned Olympics make a thrilling picture on the west, when their rugged outlines come out in sharp relief against a sunset sky.

Scarcely a mile east of the sound is Lake Washington, a beautiful body of fresh water lying within a nest of hills, making



a wonderful recreation spot right at the city's door, accessible by street cars, and having Interlachen Boulevard, one of the most charming drives in the world, leading up to and around its shores. This magnificent avenue rises and dips with the contour of the hills, running a long distance through a parkway system that challenges those of the oldest cities. On either side are enchanting glimpses of water and hillside covered in dark evergreens, with palatial homes and broad avenues, flower lined, alternating in the view, and if the day is clear, the glittering, icy dome of Mount Rainier, ninety miles away, crowns the prospect. The population of Seattle numbers about 250,000, and apart from the great things the city has accomplished in growth and progress the new projects under way are legion, among which is the opening of the Duwamish River and the construction of Lake Washington Canal, designed to give the city greater shipping facilities than any other port in the world. Its substantial character is further shown in the tall skyscraper structures, magnificent public buildings, docks, depots, hotels, churches, schools, and its elegant homes, which stand embowered in flowers and foliage, one of the noted sights of the Puget Sound city.

Southward from Black River Junction lies the famous Puyallup Valley, where in its splendid bottoms the finest farms flourish, thriving towns dot the landscape and multiply as the line approaches Tacoma, the beautiful city of Commencement Bay and the second in size on Puget Sound. Its population is over 80,000 and it is one of the most desirable of all western cities, both in respect to its commercial possibilities and its advantages as

Washington Firs—Tacoma Eastern Railway

a place of residence. Its tide-flat area offers unsurpassed facilities for the development of manufactures, and its noble deep-sea harbor, with miles of shore line and acres of dockage, invites the shipping of the world. It has been said that Tacoma's water front was her greatest asset, and it already has six miles of wharves, on which are the largest warehouses in the world. Its business streets are models of substantial construction, while its public buildings display the wealth and good taste of the community. The city rises from the water level, with hillsides terraced and blossoming, where beautiful homes and lovely parks mark the line above the business center. From the wooded bluffs that crown the shore is a scene of matchless splendor. Mount Rainier rises sheer from sea-level, to the southeast,—"a Heaven-sustaining bulwark" that stands immeasurably away from and above its companions of the Cascade Range sweeping to the north and west; toward the Olympics, the most beautiful and rugged of all the western mountain ranges. Tacoma is known as "The Home City," and its gardens of roses, its endless varieties of flowering shrubs and plants and display of architectural beauty make it justly famous. As becomes a town of such wealth and refinement, the educational advantages are exceptional and the Tacoma high school enjoys a deserved reputation for beauty of design, construction and complete equipment. In connection with this high school, and its scheme of physical as well as mental training, is an enormous stadium, one of the largest and finest in this country, built to accommodate 25,000 people. Within its arena all the outdoor sports are presented, while its location, on the shores of Puget Sound,

gives spectators an opportunity to review the maneuvers of fleets and the various watercraft coming to Tacoma's roadstead for a summer meeting.

The country adjacent to Puget Sound's meandering shore line is full of interest and beauty, and many trips of unmixed enjoyment may be included in an itinerary of the Pacific Northwest's "splendid water avenue." The Seattle suburbs skirt the shore line of Elliott Bay and may be reached by electric cars or by ferry and steamer, affording delightful excursions by land or by sea. Tacoma sweeps around the long contour of Commencement Bay, and its list of resorts comprises some of the most delightful trips in this section. A trip to Bremerton and return is an enjoyable day's ride by steamer, with several hours to inspect the United States Navy Yards located there. Bremerton is beautifully situated on an arm of Puget Sound, where the entire United States Navy might ride without crowding. These yards, although of comparatively recent establishment, have a fine and complete equipment, including enormous dry-docks, where the largest battleships may be floated onto the stays direct from deep water, and there is scarcely a week passes by but that one or more of Uncle Sam's famous sea-fighters do not put in there.

A water excursion of more than usual interest is north to Port Townsend, at the head of Admiralty Inlet, the port of entry and departure for all the shipping to and from Alaska and the Orient. The voyage up the Sound is most delightful, the historic, forest-bordered water-course, with its myriad slender arms winding in every direction, having an enchanting beauty and a charm not

comparable with any other of the world's inland seas. Beyond the western shores lie the great unexplored Olympic Mountains, their whitened crowns towering into the skies and their dark, rock-ribbed sides sloping steeply toward the northern seas. On the east are the Cascades, with their snow-domed sentinels at north and south, and far in the north the Selkirk Mountains loom in shadowy outline. Port Townsend is delightfully situated, high above a magnificent harbor, through which the warm Japan Current flows, tempering the climate to absolutely ideal conditions. Although almost completely surrounded by water, the rainfall is light, and the range of temperatures make it a perfect all-the-year resort and residence. Port Townsend and the history of Washington are inseparable. It is the Government headquarters for the Puget Sound district, and within easy access, by carriage road and by waterway, are three military posts, of which Fort Worden is the largest, and the headquarters of the coast defense. The city is also a base for naval and revenue cutter service, the Puget Sound customs, and the United States public health and marine hospital service.

The Tacoma Eastern Railway, running southeasterly from Tacoma, leads into the heart of Washington's big timber, and on to that "Wonderland of the Cascades," the Rainier National Park, with Mount Rainier, the silent sentinel of Puget Sound, in its midst. The section adjacent to the railroad, for some distance south of Tacoma, has been cut over and the cleared land is under high cultivation, producing garden stuffs, fruits, poultry and dairy necessities for the Puget Sound cities and a wide area of country.

Notwithstanding this, lumber maintains supremacy in the locality, and the hum of the saw is heard in all the outlying towns. The rails skirt the edge of beautiful valleys and charming lakes that are the haunts of lovers of the rod and line. Kapowsin and Ohop are the largest of these, and they find their outlets in swiftly running brooks, where the speckled and rainbow beauties throng. The route discloses at frequent intervals marvelous views of Mount Rainier, its snow-enveloped slopes reaching down to the tree-tops of the valley. Circling above a wide, grassy basin, the line enters the canyon of the Nisqually River, following its winding course, with the mad stream dashing between tremendous rocky walls, hundreds of feet below.

Eatonville and Elbe, enterprising lumber centers, are noteworthy as being old stage relay stations in the days before the railroad. The vine-covered porch of the old Snow Tavern, at the former place, looks out on the beautiful mountain that hangs cloud-enwreathed in the blue heavens, thirty miles away

At Electron, near Kapowsin, the Puyallup River is harnessed to the immense plant of the Puget Sound Power Company, that supplies Tacoma and Seattle with electric current. The city of Tacoma is constructing another plant which will receive its power from the Nisqually River at this point. This river will be turned from its beautiful canyon gorge into a tunnel 10,000 feet long, which will carry it to the power-house on the river below. These rivers are both glacial streams from the summit of the great mountain, and thus "The mountain that was God" to the Indian, obeys the call of the white man "to do his high behest."

Connecting with the Tacoma Eastern at McKenna, about thirty miles from Tacoma, the Gray's Harbor line extends westward to Gray's Harbor on the Pacific Coast, tapping rich timber districts and running many miles through forests of immense cedar, some of the largest in the State. This line reaches wide-awake new cities that have come into existence within the last few years, each one a type of the phenomenal development throughout the North Pacific territory. Cosmopolis, Aberdeen and Hoquiam are the prominent cities on Gray's Harbor that have tales of remarkable progress to publish in connection with their advantageous location and the limitless resources of the surrounding territory.

Gray's Harbor is one of the best on the Pacific Coast. Trans-Pacific steamships sail between its principal cities and the ports of Asia, Australia and the South Sea Islands, and statistics prove that more lumber is shipped from Gray's Harbor to foreign markets than from any other port in the world.

Timber and lumber industries are, of course, paramount now in this district, some of these ranking among the largest in the world; but the wonderful productivity of the soil, the equable climate and the growing demand of nearby markets are turning this into a great agricultural country. Diversified farming, dairying and poultry-raising are ideal pursuits here.

At Park Junction the Tacoma Eastern branches, one branch extending to Ashford, the other penetrating the noted Big Bottom Lands of the Cowlitz River, a country of remarkable fertility. This latter route, running through "Big Trees," passes Mineral Lake, a charming little water sheet cradled among mountains, with

Rainier looking over a gap in the hills to catch sight of a perfect reflection in the still, deep waters of the lake. This is one of the noted fishing resorts, where the biggest and gamest of the tribes are found. There is a delightful little hotel in the town of Mineral, built of logs and vine-embowered, adding its mite to the picturesque surroundings.

Ashford is the station for the Rainier National Park, and auto-stages leave from this place for the incomparable trip up the mountain. Leaving the little forest hamlet the State road begins the ascent, leading through long aisles of stately evergreens and passing many attractive mountain resorts built "in the clearing." Toward National Park gateway the silent forests loom in their primeval majesty, with an undergrowth so dense that bright day-light is unknown, yet the wealth of brilliant green and the wonderful carpeting of ferns and flowers is almost beyond belief. In brief openings of the woodlands, where a brawling stream leaps over a steep and rocky bed, are rare and beautiful glimpses of the great mountain, with passing views of mighty peaks which constitute the monarch's guard of honor. An almost perpendicular cliff seen through the timber, with the towering pinnacle that crowns it, the Indians called Tum Tum. Others of the guard which are named are Arrow Head, Goat Mountain, Bald Eagle and Pyramid peaks, all belonging to the jagged Tatoosh group, which may be seen far and wide throughout the Puget Sound country.

The drive by auto-bus to Longmire Springs, where the National Park Inn is located, is up an easy grade, requiring one hour and a quarter of time; and as the road curves into the spacious

driveway at the Inn the full impressive splendor of Mount Rainier, "on a throne of rock, in a robe of clouds and a diadem of snow," leaps with magnificent challenge into the foreground. The huge dome sweeps up and up, its "snows that are older than history" glistening white and pearly, glowing from pink to rose or glittering blue and icy, with the changing light and shadow, while the encircling chain of cloud-reaching summits that are robed in green, in brown, and flecked and tipped with white closes in—an austere assembly before an imperial throne. Longmire Springs is one of the noted natural resorts of the Northwest. The springs, of which there are many, are destined to grow in fame by reason of their strong medicinal qualities and their curative efficiency. The waters are delightfully effervescent and are pronounced equal to those of the most celebrated spas of the world.

National Park Inn is the starting point for the numerous drives and excursions into the surrounding mountains and valleys and up Mount Rainier, even to the brink of the craters and "Columbia's Crest." The government road extends above the Inn, past the terminal walls of the huge Nisqually Glacier, ascending by easy gradient and numerous switch-backs, passing over the head of a mad, dashing cataract which, with a wild leap, plunges into a deep abyss, and still ascending reaches Paradise Park, where flowers carpet the earth that touches the base of Rainier's snow line and raise their beautiful blossoms beside the icy glacier itself. Stages make this drive daily, creeping slowly up the wide and wonderful road, the depths becoming more profound as the valley sinks from sight. The vistas opening through the forest display a wild

The Silent Sentinel of Puget Sound

confusion of jagged peaks tossed in bewildering mass against the sky line, and with every turn of the winding road there comes nearer, more solemnly glorious views of "The Mountain;" and it is these returning glimpses, keeping expectation alert, that casts the final spell. Thereafter its lure is ever present. Wherever one may be, howsoever wide his travels, that call of the snow-crowned monarch is overmastering; its insistence must be recognized.

As the ascent from the Inn progresses the road appears far back in the valley at a prodigious depth, and at dizzy heights above, creeping carefully around the edge of the projecting cliffs. Occasional glimpses are caught of the wild Nisqually River, brawling over its rock-strewn bed, until the bleak and frowning front of its glacier appears, with the river pouring in rippling stream from the ice cave beneath the ponderous terminal wall. Above the glacier the road ascends on a sharper gradient, clinging to the cliffs that rise sheer above the valley, and when the summit is reached the scene which unrolls on every side, and in the awesome depths, defies description. The stern, uncompromising grandeur is fairly terrifying. The valley is lost, 1,000 feet below, and the pinnacles tower 1,000 feet above, while the road seems to hover in midair, and seems projected into space at the point of the jutting cliff.

Rounding this observation point, the road continues onward to Paradise Valley, crossing above Narada Falls, one of the most beautiful mountain cataracts in the world. Paradise Valley is like a wide and rolling park, covered with a confusion of beautiful bloom. An annex to National Park Inn is located on Alta Vista, the most attractive spot in Paradise Valley, which provides thoroughly first-class accommodation for all who wish to remain and commune with the majesty of Nature. The mountain looms right at hand and one may cross to its snow fields and look down upon mammoth glaciers. Cataracts that leap in foaming whiteness over the somber precipices mingle in the splendor of the scene, and air as soft as the breath of summer roses gives no hint that this is the boundary of eternal snows and rivers of ice.

Mount Rainier has a larger glacial system than the entire Swiss Alps and these immense ice fields are of never-failing interest. The climb to the summit of Mount Rainier is made from Paradise Valley, and for those who are less ambitious there are many other very dignified heights to scale.

Another famous trip from the Inn is by pony and mountain trail to Indian Henry's Hunting Grounds, where mirrored lakes and marvelous vistas, with the king of the Cascades in overwhelming glory, add to the compelling power of this, one of the grandest of Nature's wonders.

Mount Rainier's glaciers are steadily wearing their way into the great peak, and it is estimated that they will eventually level the mountain with the plain. In prehistoric ages this was a volcanic

peak, its three craters are distinct and visible, while the massive, truncated cones indicate the force of their eruptions. Its burnt-out craters are now filled with snow, above which towers the great snow mound that is called Columbia's Crest, being the highest point in the United States outside of Alaska. Twelve great glacial rivers grind their way down the mountain, besides numberless secondary or "interglaciers." The great glaciers are named White, the largest of all, Cowlitz, Ingraham, Winthrop, Carbon, North and South Mowich, Puyallup, North and South Tahoma, Kautz and Nisqually. The most important of the secondary glaciers are Interglacier, Paradise, Stevens, Frying Pan and Van Trump.

Such, briefly, is the story of the new railroad, of the new land it traverses and something of the scenic beauties along its way. If the panorama here attempted would seem at times to have been overdrawn, and again, possibly, not altogether adequate, let it be remembered that the new conditions in the northwest country's development produce results that would have been considered nothing less than miraculous a few years ago; that, although it reads like the Arabian Nights, it is reality. Let it also be borne in mind that Nature in her varying aspects may never be perfectly portrayed by pen or pencil. Art and the works of men fall within the power of language, but in the harmonies of the Infinite there are no discords, and their final appeal may not be altogether interpreted through the medium of words. To have seen the wonders of the Western World is to believe in their possibilities and to know that "those who paint them truest praise them most."

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