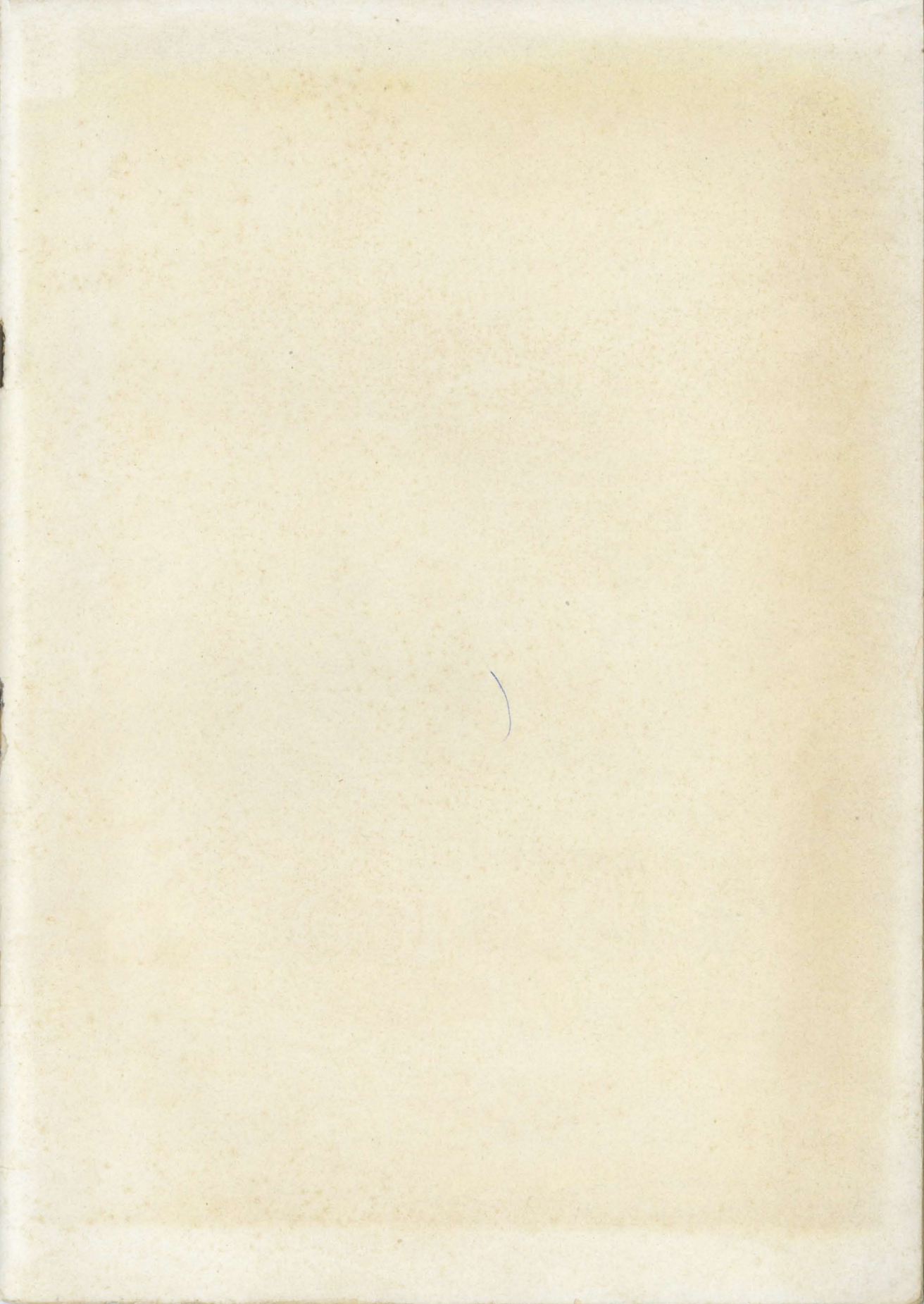
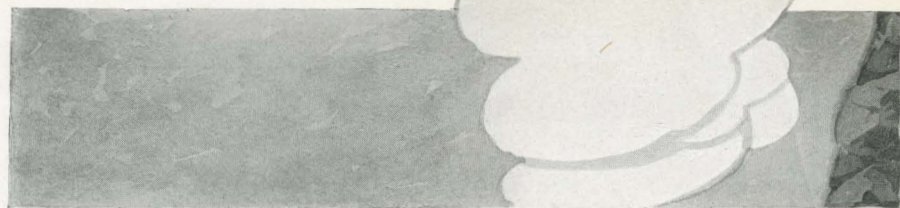




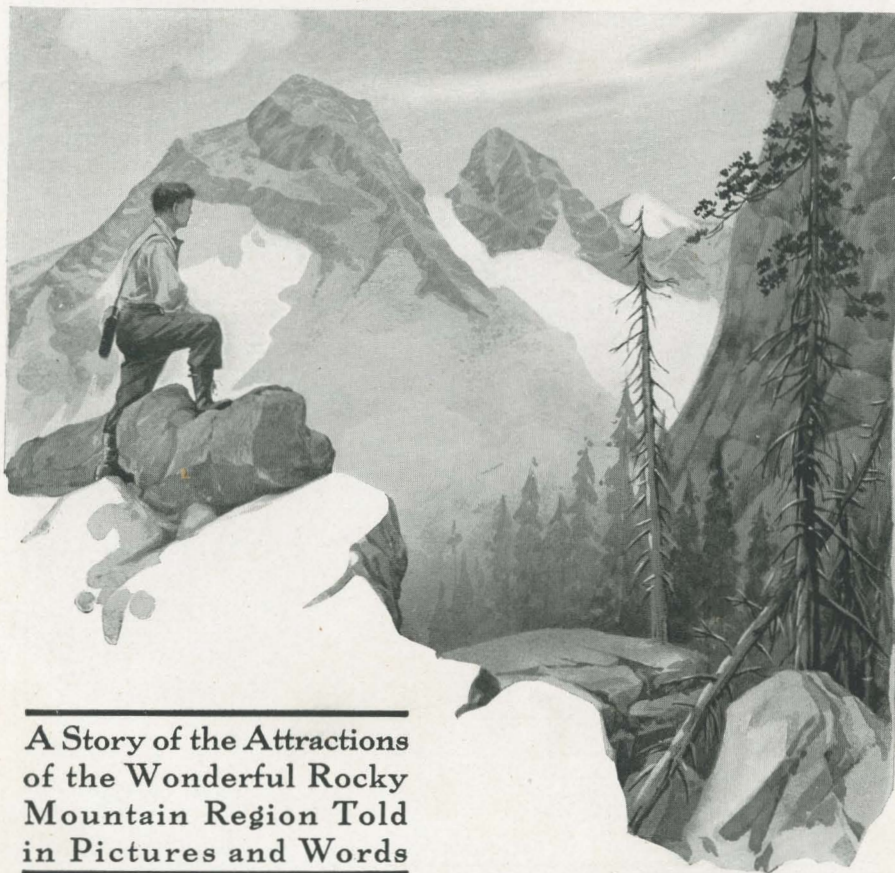
PICTURESQUE
COLORADO

CONCORD
RECORDS





PICTURESQUE COLORADO

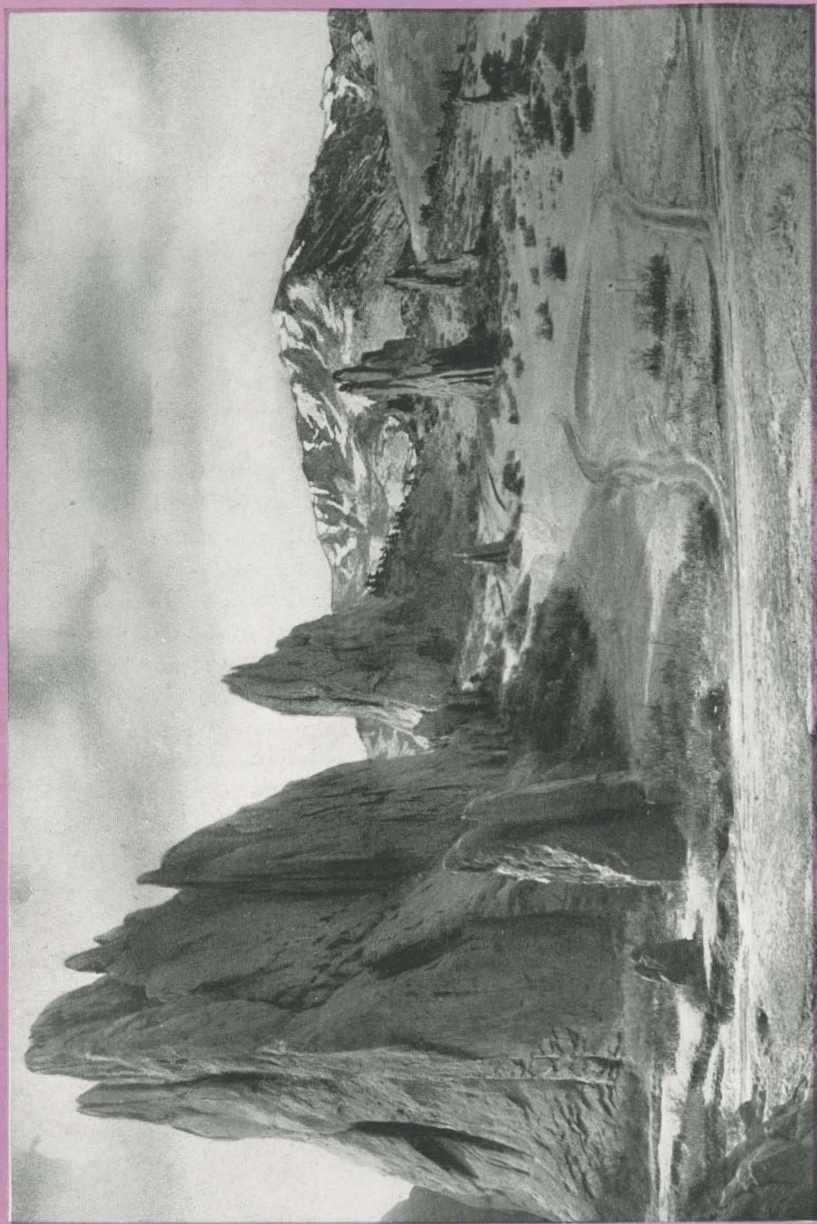


**A Story of the Attractions
of the Wonderful Rocky
Mountain Region Told
in Pictures and Words**

EDITION of 1913

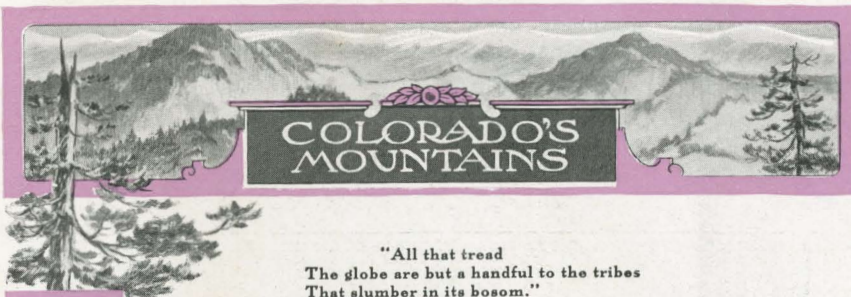
COMPLIMENTS OF THE COLORADO & SOUTHERN RAILWAY
T. E. FISHER, GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT, DENVER, COLORADO

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY T. E. FISHER



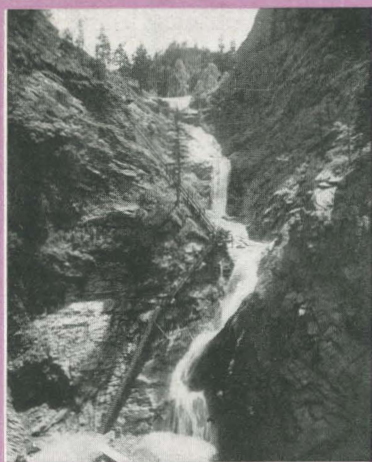
Garden of the Gods





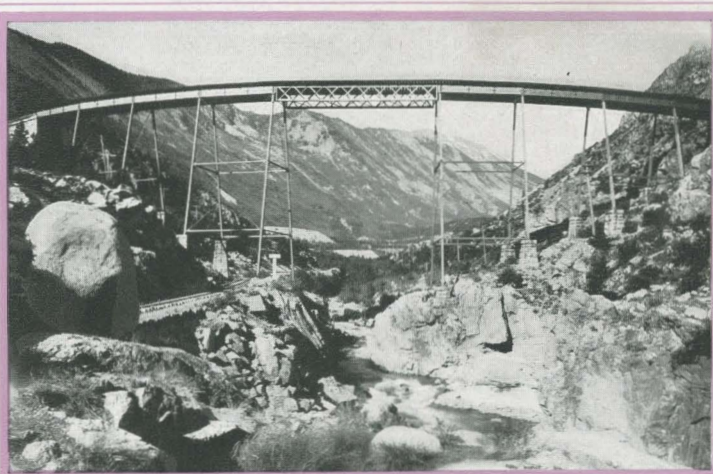
HOW long ago these towering mountains were lifted from the sea, the wisest philosopher of the world cannot tell. At what time those marvelous canons were chiseled, how many eons may have passed since the beautiful mountain parks lay spread out before the enraptured gaze of primeval man, no mortal can say. Even the profoundest scientist, backed by all the research of modern inquiry, cannot designate the time when the rude aborigine first set eyes upon the snow-capped summits which appear to hang like blue clouds over the western horizon. Perhaps in those romantic vales which are within an hour's ride of the most populous city of Colorado, have lived and suffered and died nations of men whose history is lost even to legend. But the majestic peaks stand silent sentinels, the dancing streams fed from eternal snows ripple and sing on rocky beds between echoing cliffs, the wild flower sends forth to grateful nostrils its delicate perfume, and the mountain lion woos its mate just as in long ages past.

Oh, the unspeakable charm of the mountains! The sense of freedom, the buoyancy of spirit, the relief from care, which are found in communion with this bounteous gift of Providence to man. As long as the world stands men will turn to the mountains for inspiration in all that



Seven Falls, Cheyenne Canon,
Colorado Springs

is good and true. The man or woman who has not bathed in the life-inspiring sunlight and atmosphere of the Rockies has missed one of the most enduring charms of existence. It is the province of the following pages to describe a few of the striking scenes which may be visited without inconvenience, and to inspire, if possible, in the reader, a desire to commune with the wonderland of the continent.



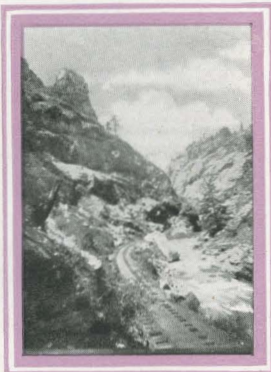
High Bridge—Loop Trip

THE FAR-FAMED GEORGETOWN LOOP

The hills interpret heavenly mysteries,
The mysteries of Light,—an open book
Of Revelation; see, its leaves unfold
With crimson borderings, and lines of gold!
Where the rapt reader, though soul-deep his look,
Dreams of a glory deeper than he sees.

—Lucy Larcom.

Three hours by rail from the limitless plain into the heart of the majestic mountains; from the dead level of the horizon as smooth as that of the ocean, to rugged scenes which rival in beauty and grandeur the most interesting panoramas ever greeted by the eye of man. Three hours of surprise mingled with delight and awe. Through misty canons whose adamant walls seem



The Roadmaster—
Loop Trip

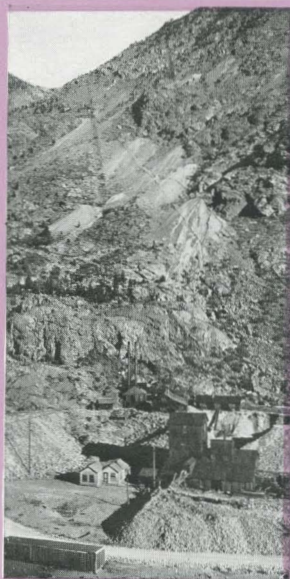


The Three Brothers—Clear Creek Canon

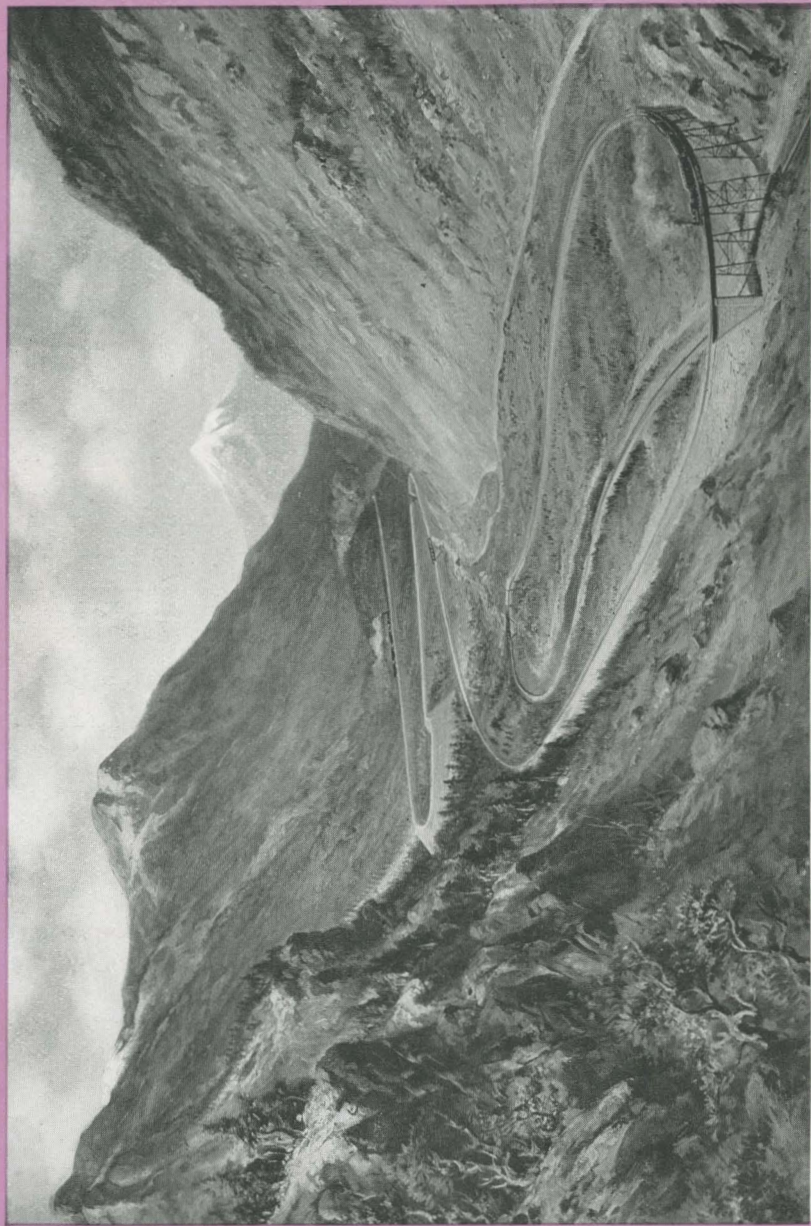
to reach to
the zenith,
past mining
camps where
the hum of
industry
reckons not
of day and
night, along-
side foaming
streams
whose wa-
ters, fed from
melting
snows, en-

gage in a mad rush toward the ocean. The three hours' journey is one long climb. At the terminus, away up near the center of the Rocky Mountain system, in a cradle close to the apex of the Continental Divide, the traveler finds that he is 10,000 feet above the sea. He has been lifted nearly a mile since morning, when he started on the journey.

Leaving Denver the railway leads toward the mountains, whose pine-covered gorges invite the interested traveler. First the "hog-backs" or low-lying foot-hills, ensconced in which is the town of Golden, formerly the capital of the State and the home of the Colorado State School of Mines, one of the most noted institutions of the kind on the continent. Leaving the town the train approaches great masses of granite, and suddenly the little narrow-gauge engine plunges into a rift in the mountain and the train is bowling along in the canon. On one side, the perpendicular wall is so close that it can almost be touched with the hand from the car window. On the other side madly rushes the stream, dashing against mighty blocks of rock which



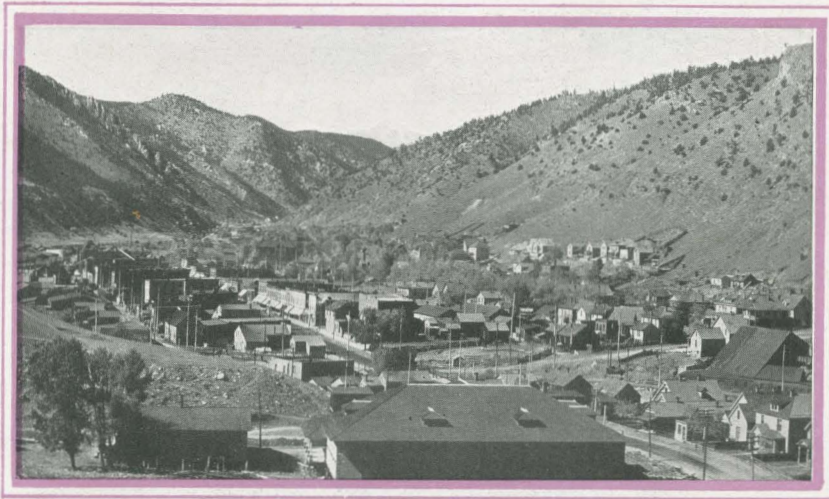
One of the Mines
at Silver Plume—
Loop Trip



The Far-Famed Georgetown Loop



have fallen from the towering cliffs, or dancing merrily over beds of sand and gravel, the debris of ages. At times both ends of the train are visible from the car window, so sharp are the curves, and passengers in the observation car at the rear exchange salutations with the engineer. Again the train plunges through a gloomy region of the canon where the cheering sunlight never enters. The train doubles and twists, and Forks Creek is reached. Here a branch of the railway leads to Black



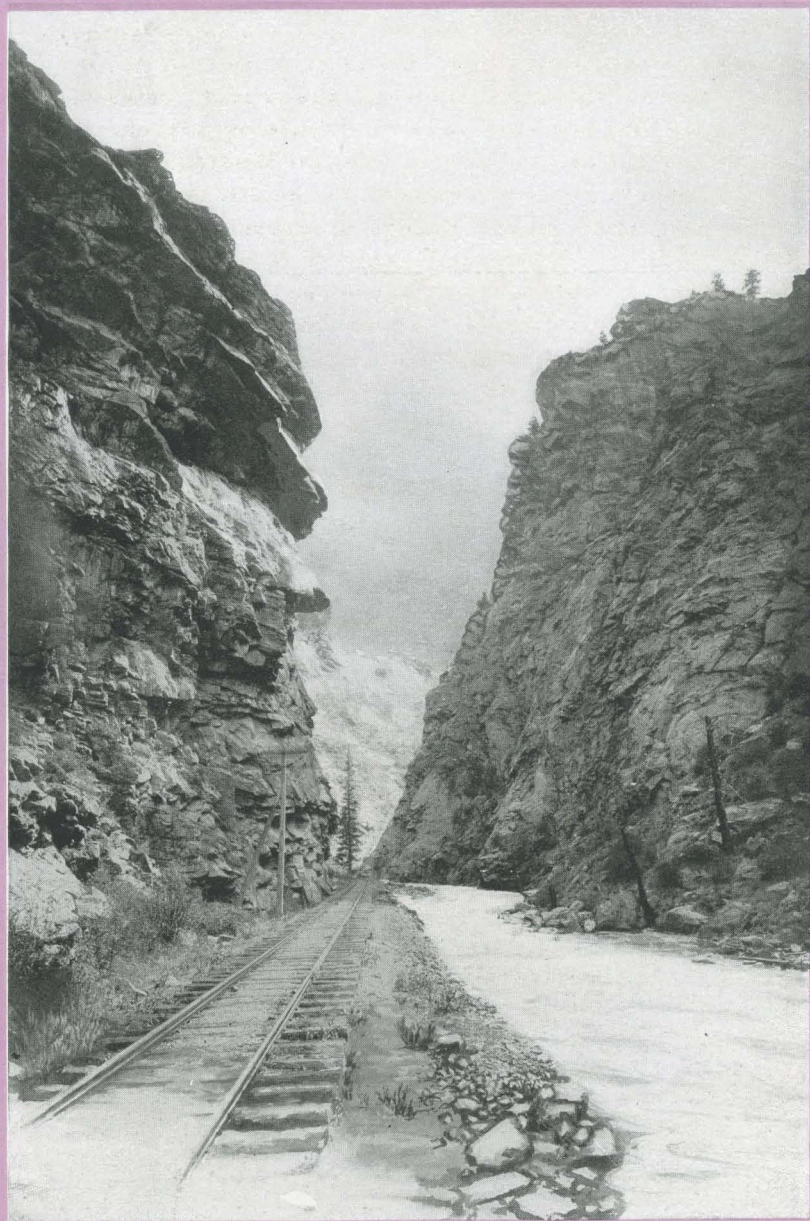
Idaho Springs—En Route Over the Loop

Hawk and Central City, names which are known in all the mining camps of the world. A trip to Central City, eleven miles up the gulch over the renowned switchback, which is a marvel of railway construction, would well repay any person who desires to visit a typical mining camp of the early days of Colorado.

Among the points of interest passed in the canon are Hanging Rock, Mother Grundy and Inspiration Point.

Turning to the left, the main line continues on the route toward the base of Gray's Peak. At different places on the way the old placer workings are seen, and small parties of men are noted, with shovel and sluice, once more working the gravel, washed for its golden treasures forty years ago. It is estimated that the bed of Clear Creek has yielded \$10,000,000, and, since lode mining commenced in this district the hills in the region have given up ten times as great a fortune.

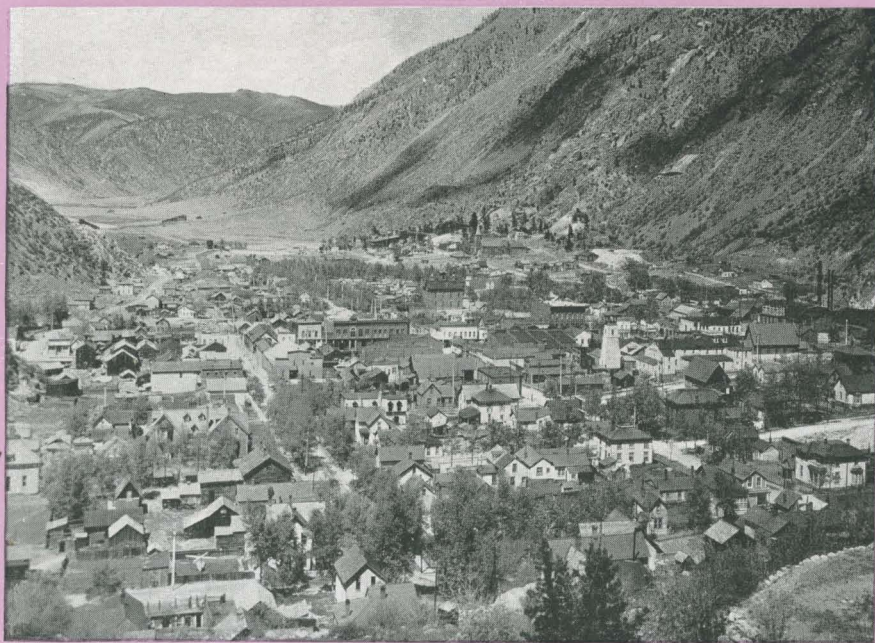
Clear Creek Canon—Loop Trip



Idaho Springs is the first town of importance reached on the Loop excursion. It is one of the most attractive mining towns of the State. No health resort of the world possesses a finer climate, and the presence of soda springs, whose chemical constituents are similar to those of the Carlsbad Springs, has made the town widely known as a resort for health seekers.

The ride from Idaho Springs to Georgetown, a distance of fourteen miles, is in marked contrast to the trip through the lower portion of the canon. The banks widen, and for an hour as the train steadily climbs, the traveler passes through a beautiful valley whose sides slope back for miles on either hand. Like a slender thread along the side of the mountain may be traced the wagon road over which supplies are conveyed to the mines and the ores are sent out.

Georgetown nestles in a basin of the mountains with a narrow exit down the canon and an equally narrow inlet from above, Green Lake, one of the loveliest bodies of water in the Rockies, being within short distance. Four miles from Green Lake is Highland Park, a favorite summer camping ground. The waters

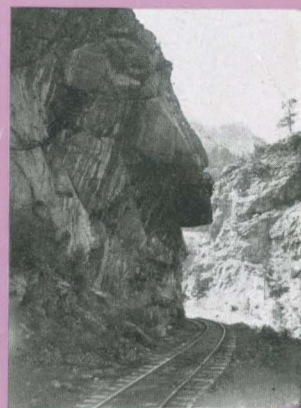


Georgetown—Loop Trip

Inspiration Point—Loop Trip



of the lake are literally alive with trout, and deer, elk, bear, grouse and other game abound in the region. A thriving community of 2,000 people living entirely upon the mines, Georgetown is replete with novelty to the inquirer. Winding around and around, the road climbs hundreds of feet above the town, and the train soon gives up the attempt to disentangle the puzzle which has been pronounced the greatest marvel in hill climbing to be met with on the globe. The road passes along the base of the mountain side, at the left, crossing the stream and returning on the opposite side of the narrow valley toward Georgetown in a grand sweep, which opens a vista of mountain peaks surrounding the busy mining city. Gradually rising, the road again crosses Clear Creek on the high bridge, seventy-five feet above the tracks below. From the bridge a magnificent panorama may be seen in either direction along the valley. The view embraces Georgetown and its environs and numberless mines on the sloping mountain sides. The road continues to ascend, crosses the upper portion of the valley on the "big fill", and leading in its upward course reaches the town of Silver Plume. Here the traveler is surrounded by mountains whose summits are capped with perpetual snow, and the tourist finds himself within easy access of some of the most noted mines of Colorado.



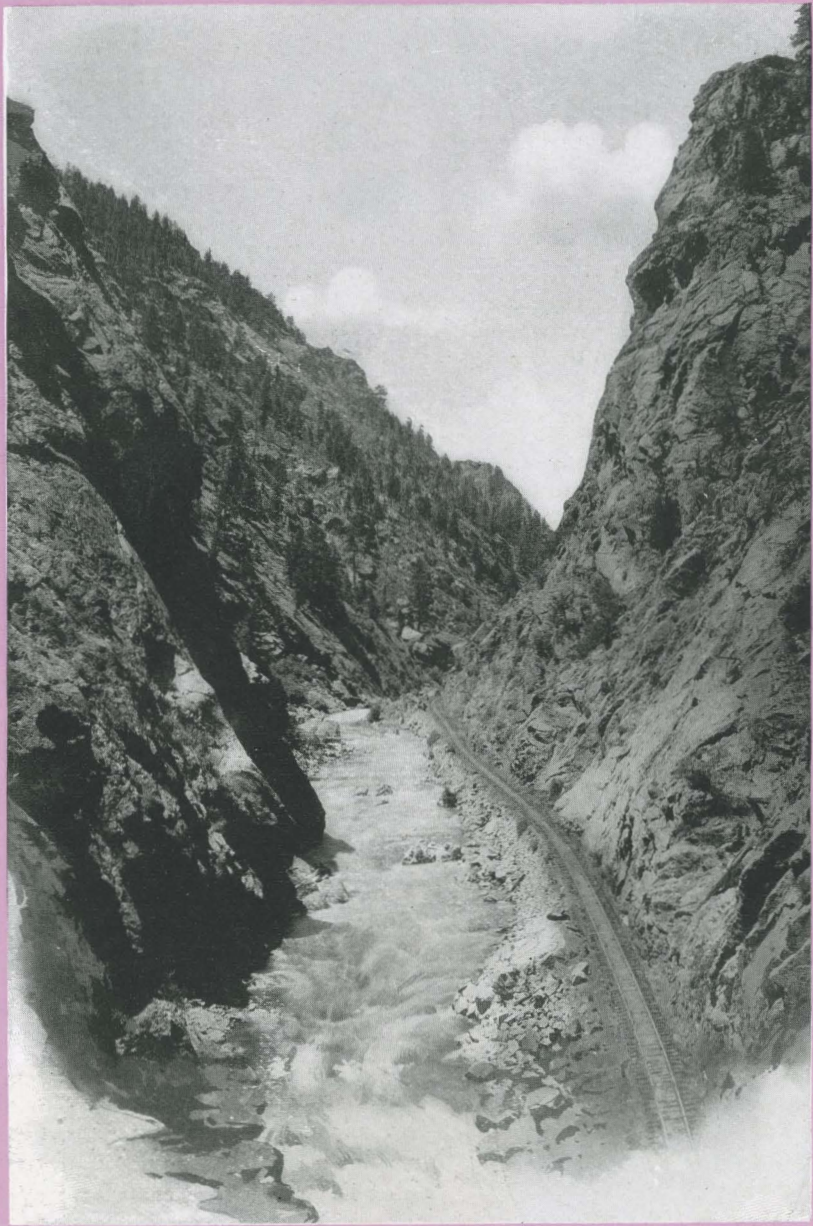
Hanging Rock—Loop Trip



Mother
Grundy—
Loop Trip

The terminus of the railway is the starting point of tourists who make the ascent of Gray's Peak. This beacon of the range towers serene, 14,441 feet above the level of the sea, or higher than Pike's Peak. No language can describe the beauty of a sunrise as witnessed from this monarch of the mountains, or the impressive grandeur of a sunset scene from the top of the mighty mass of granite.

Platte Canon



FORTY MILES THROUGH A RIFT IN THE ROCKS

Sacred to Cybele, the whispering pine
Loves the wild grottoes where the white cliffs shine.
Here towers the spruce tree, preacher to the wise;
Lessening from earth her spiral honors rise,
Till, as a spear-point reared, the topmost spray
Points to the Eden of eternal day.

—Camœns.

With lavish hand Colorado deals out scenery to every observer in every part of her rich and attractive domain, but it is indeed doubtful if one can find a more truly delightful ride than that which is presented through Platte Canon. The mouth of the canon is twenty miles from the city of Denver. The railway passes through the suburbs of the city, along the bank of the river, reaching the spot where the river rushes from the canon, and the journey between vast masses of rock begins. The dashing of the river against innumerable stones in the channel reminds one of Helen Hunt Jackson's description of a mountain stream: "It foams and shines and twinkles and glistens, and if there is any other thing which water at its swiftest and sunniest can do, that it does also."

From the moment of entering the gateway of the Platte the eye rests in reposeful glance on the harmony of foliage, rocks and natural magnificence that is so conducive to eternal quietude. Here is the tonic that will restore the nerves and satisfy the body by contributing sleep, appetite and recreation.

For one who desires to study nature in her most diversified aspect, Platte Canon presents opportunities that should not be overlooked. First is Strontia Springs, where, nestling in an invitingly cool gulch, there is a living spring that pours out life-giving libations the whole year around. Troutng in this vicinity is reckoned of the best, and the hotel records tell of many famous captures of eight and nine-pound gamy fellows that test the ability of the angler to land his quarry after it is hooked.

South Platte railway station marks the junction of the river and affords the fisherman a chance to try his luck on two streams. South Platte is the center of a little conger of camps that dot the surrounding hills and



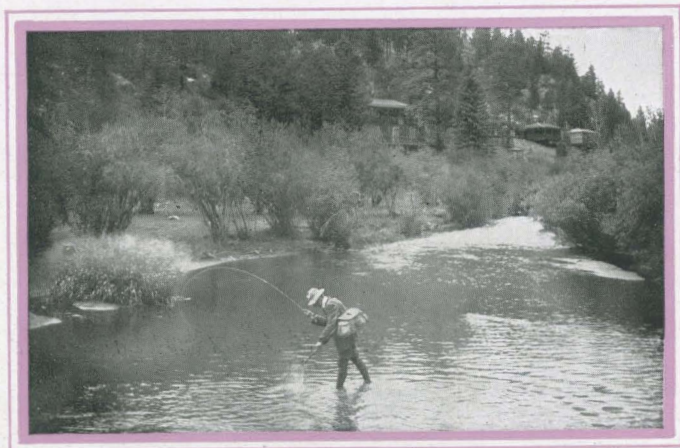
Kiowa Lodge—
Platte Canon

find their outlet to the world through this station. Ten miles up the fork are Decker's mineral springs, with a score of cottages radiating from the fountain that is sought by hundreds annually who find relief in its medicinal qualities. A stage drive from the railroad to the springs can be counted upon with certainty for many delicious revelations in the matter of scenery and excitement.

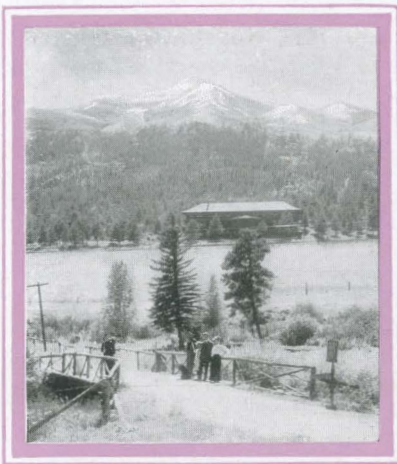
Longview is one of the newest resort places in the Canon. There are a dozen artistic cottages here for rent during the summer months.

Swinging through the mazes of the canon, resting placidly in the cushioned easy tourist cars of the Colorado & Southern Railway, the attention is reawakened from its surfeit of scenic riches by the appearance of Dome Rock, that towers above the roadway and seems to sway with the motion of the train as though about to precipitate itself upon the wayfayer; but it is anchored so securely to the mountain that it has defied the storms of ages which have fruitlessly essayed its destruction. Those terrific throes that tossed the mountains out of the bowels of chaos threw this embodiment of geometrical perfection into the world, and there it has remained as a monument for the admiration of the pilgrim who seeks contentment under its very sides.

Dawson's and Foxton, higher up the canon, are familiar to the man in search of trout. At the latter place are many artistic cottages, all newly constructed during the past two years, for lease during the season. Ferndale, a gem of artistic conception, is suspended from the side of the canon like a colony of wasps, the ensemble from the tracks presenting the appearance of a mid-air collection of cottages.



Fishing in Platte Canon

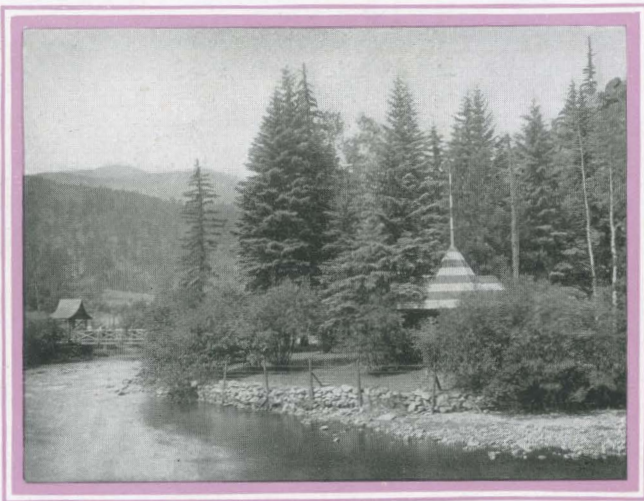


Shawnee Lodge, Platte Canon

accommodate families who seek to go deeper into the mountains. The lake is one of the best stocked bodies of water in the State, and as it is maintained in excellent preservation, there is less hazard to the fisherman who tries his luck in that direction. Near by is Mount Wellington resort, where a hotel and cottages afford accommodations for a number of guests.

Bryn Mawr is an attractive spot occupied by pretty little cottages.

Pine Grove gives one a glimpse of the actual life of the mountaineers, for it is the trading point for lumber camps. It is the initial point for stage trips to Elk Canon, that elfin forest-embowered wilderness where the waters leap in gladsome freedom, bounding and tossing foam against the rock-ribbed sides of the canon and occasionally punctuating their progress with falls that go fifty feet at a jump. Six miles up this canon from Pine Grove is Glen Elk, a beautiful spot where a summer colony of prominent Denverites have a group of attractive cottages.

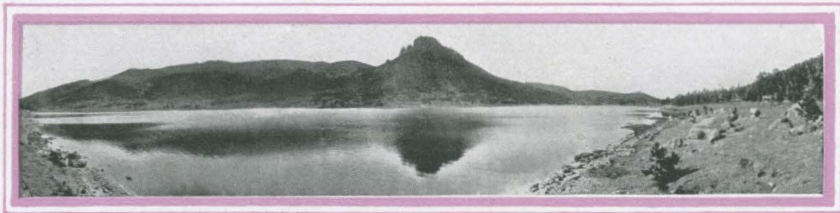


A Summer Home in Platte Canon

Riverview, three-quarters of a mile east of Buffalo, has always been popular with fishermen.

Approaching Buffalo Park, the next station of importance, the transient is quickly made aware of its popularity by the bustle and excitement among the passengers, for the Park is the metropolis of the canon, numbering a summer population of eight hundred to a thousand souls. The hotel in the Park affords good and inexpensive accommodations. There are also a number of romantic little cottages for rent.

Wellington Lake, not far distant, boasts of a hotel that can



Wellington Lake

Less than a mile further on is Crystal Lake, a charming little sheet of water in a harmonious setting, where picnickers frequently enjoy a day's outing.

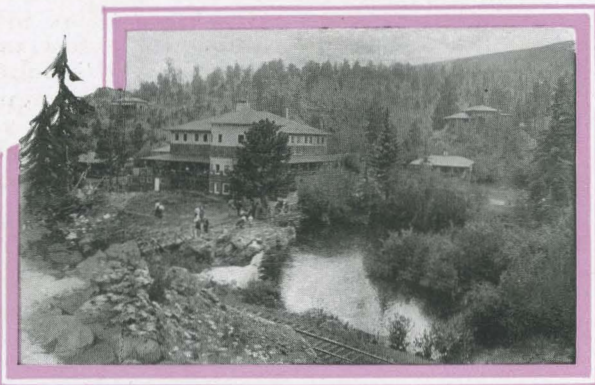
Cliff is a popular place with fishermen and affords very good hotel accommodations.

Estabrook stands out in the life of the canon as one of the most desirable spots. It is the home of a distinguished social set, the members of which have acquired land rights to some of the most attractive holdings in the vicinity.

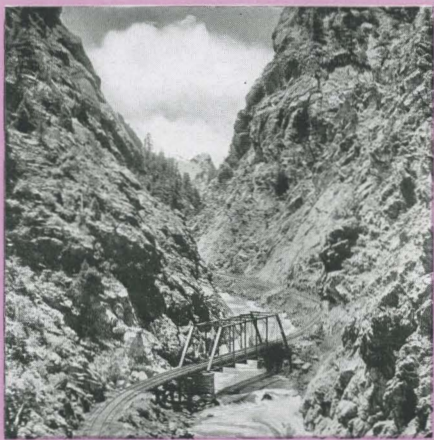
Insmont is a most delightful retreat. There is a commodious hotel where tourists are accommodated, and many artistic rustic cottages.

But Bailey's! That is a name to conjure with. Its very mention makes the mouth water in anticipation of the glory of an outing, fetching up at night in a modern hotel, where there is a chef, of more than local fame, to cater to the wants of the inner man. For it must be confessed that, despite the giant-like appetites engendered by wooing nature in her wildest moods, there are moments in the life of the sybarite when he wants to have a taste of the spiced condiments of the highest form of city life. He may sleep like a tramp and eat his host out of house and hearth and be well pleased at his own prodigies of gastronomy, but away down in his innermost self he will at times sigh for just one mouthful of delicious rarebit, or a bird and bottle, or the cut glass and napery of his own choice rendezvous in the city. For one suggestion of this life translated to the mountains he would make almost any concession. He longs to sacrifice the glories of Pan to the shrine of Epicurus.

At Bailey's there is a model mountain hotel, finished to fit



Glenisle—Platte Canon



Bridge Above Strontia Springs—Platte Canon

the scenery and not to be a monstrous intrusion on the sacred grandeur of the environment. Kiowa Lodge is a low, pavilion-like structure, with broad verandas and hospitable windows, through which the breezes may sweep with the freedom of the hills, marking the picturesque facade which overlooks a broad level tract of lawn that slopes down to the purling river. A grand view of the canon is obtainable from the hotel.

Glenisle contests with the older resorts the distinction of occupying the most picturesque site. A large hotel of pleasing architecture, with commodious and almost sumptuously furnished rooms, offers a most hospitable welcome to the traveler. The many rustic cottages which dot the silver spruce covered hills surrounding are used in connection with the hotel.

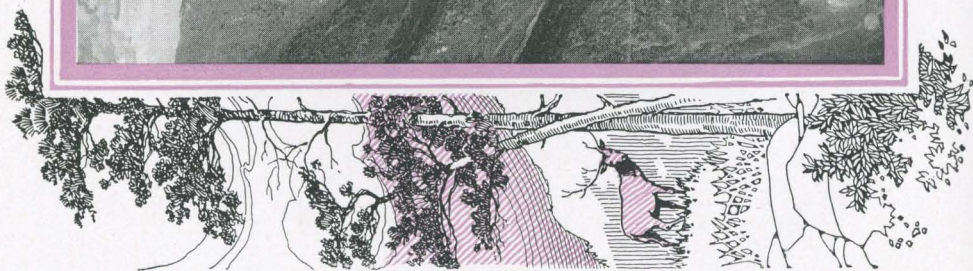
At Grousemont and Altruria, many Denverites make their summer homes. Very good and home-like accommodations may be had reasonably and splendid camping grounds are close at hand.

Shawnee has a hotel of the same general style and character as the Lodge at Bailey's, but occupying a position which affords even a more extended view of the canon. The hotel at this point is called Shawnee Lodge. Both houses were built by the same architect, and appointed with the same regard for perfection of detail. The house is patterned after the best in the Adirondacks, attention having been given to a garniture that would appeal to the lovers of outdoor life. The exterior finish is rustic, the gables and angles giving great opportunity for the application of forest ideas by utilizing the native limbs, trunks and branches in the cornices, porches and approaches. There are thirty guest chambers, with kitchen and dining room accommodations to comply with the requests of cottagers who want to be relieved of the cares of housekeeping.

Continuing up the canon, the pilgrim readily realizes that his trip must soon cease or balloons be called into requisition to carry him out of the narrow gorge he has been threading since his start in the morning from Denver. The domineering peaks begin to crowd the train, which disputes the right of way with the converging stream. Cassells, one of the time-honored houses, noted for its good fare, stands at an altitude of 8,000 feet above sea level in a grand grove of pines that has not been despoiled by



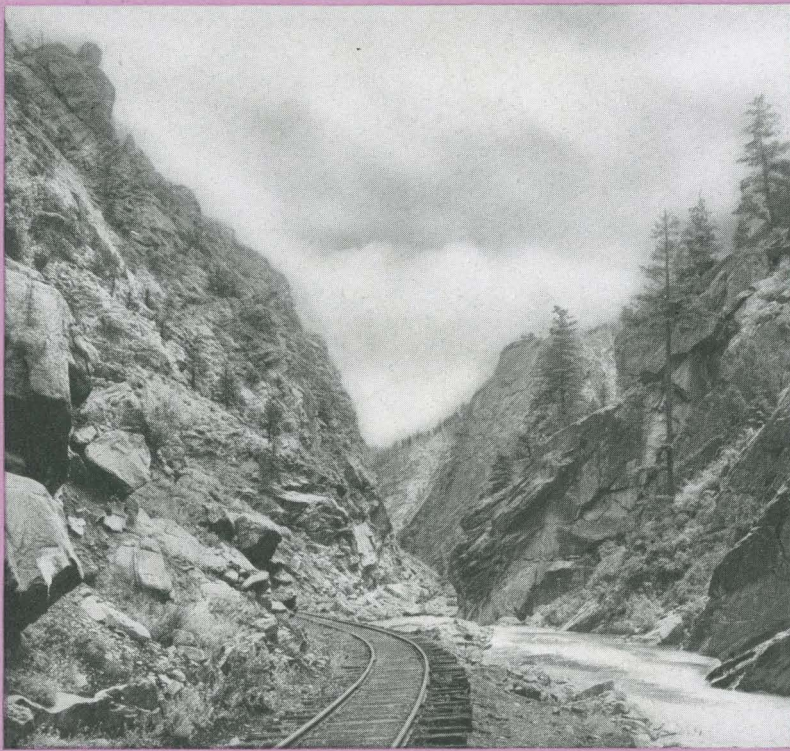
Looking Down from Sunrise Peak



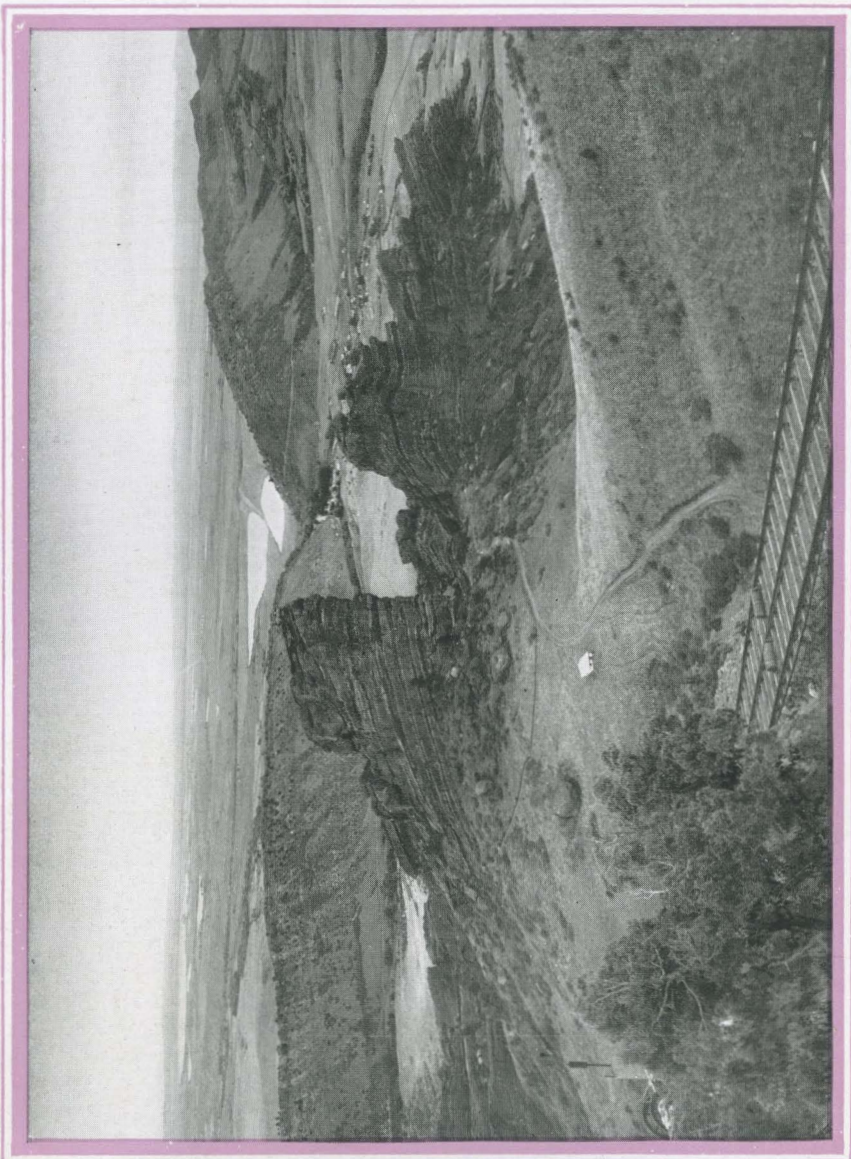
the savage vandalism of the lumberman. From Cassells hunting and fishing parties are made up to go over to Geneva Park, just across the hog-back, and the proprietor is never at a loss to devise amusement for his guests.

Two miles further on is Grant Station, at the upper extremity of the canon.

From this point the through train renews the journey; the engineer soon solves the problem that has been bothering the brain of the traveler. Before him rises Kenosha Hill in apparently insurmountable altitude, but there is no halt. The engineer keeps up his pace, resolved to dash through the sides of the acclivity. To the man seated back in the coaches the mystery deepens when he passes what to him was the ultimathule of all engineering hopes. He opens his eyes again and finds that the ascent has been encompassed. The route then leads down through South Park and on to Como.



In Platte Canon



Gateway and Park, Mount Morrison, from Incline Railway

MOUNT MORRISON

THE REGION OF PEAKS, PARKS AND CANONS

Nor these alone, but every landscape fair
As fit for every mood of mind
Or gay or grave, or sweet or stern—was there
Not less than truth designed. —Tennyson.

What is destined to become a favorite playground for a nation is embraced within a narrow area, half a dozen miles square, lying almost at the doors of Denver. Easily and inexpensively reached—it is but ten miles from the city limits—nowhere may one find a wider variety of interest within a territory at once so small and so accessible. These are some of its attractions:

The famous Park of the Red Rocks and Caves of the Titans.
Bear Creek Canyon at the foot of Mount Morrison.

Turkey Creek Canyon, three miles south of Mount Morrison.

Mount Vernon Canyon, three miles north of Mount Morrison.

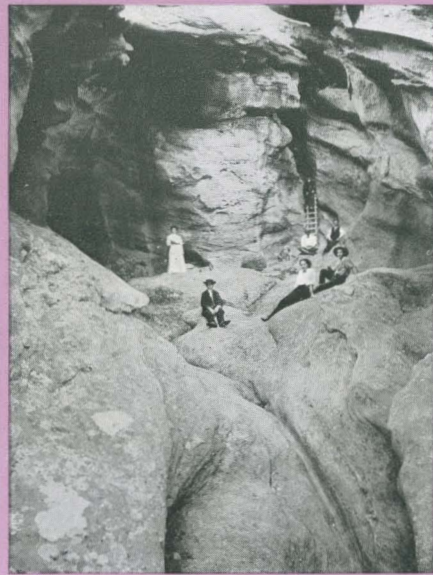
The Railway to the summit of Mount Morrison.

The Mount Falcon "High Line" Scenic Driveway.

The dozen beautiful drives radiating from the town of Morrison.

The summit of Mount Morrison commands an extraordinary expanse of territory. Because of this it was chosen by the government surveys as the central point from which to triangulate the state. A heavy copper rod, sunk in the granite at the top, marks this point.

Nearly two years were required for the construction of the little railway up the steep cliffs of this mountain. At the first survey, a trestle work 500 feet long and 75 feet high appeared in the profile. As completed there is not a foot of trestle on the line. Instead there are granite walls eighteen feet in width and if the Rocky Mountains shall be free from earthquakes, as science supposes, these walls should be in place a thousand years from now. In many places the road was cut through almost perpendicular granite cliffs. The maximum grade is seventy per



Cave of the Seven Ladders—
Mount Morrison



In the Park of the Red Rocks

cent. and the climb is one to preserve the most vivid recollections of its grandeur and beauty.

Starting from beneath Creation Rock, the views constantly grow in interest as the car ascends. First, the great plains come in sight as the car rises above the Great Dyke; then Denver; then the Mount Morrison Valley to the south. When the car finally stops at the summit, the view covers a range of more than two hundred miles of scenery so wonderful that the eye never tires. Yet the summit is but 8,000 feet above sea-level—not enough to give any uncomfortable appreciation of altitude to even the most sensitive.

It is believed that this is the most substantially constructed and equipped railway of its kind in the world. The gauge is 5 feet, 4 inches—this unusual width to permit handling cars capable of carrying a hundred passengers at a trip. Three rails are used so that there may be no automatic switches where the cars pass at the center—sixty pound rails below; forty pound above. The road is granite ballasted; the engines and boilers have many times the power required of them in ordinary operation. The cables have a breaking strain of nearly twenty times the load put upon them when hoisting a hundred passengers—four times as safe as the average hotel elevator. The sheaves, over which the great cables pass at the top of the mountain, are eleven in number. Six of these are nearly eleven feet in diameter and the six weigh 21,000 pounds. The other five are somewhat

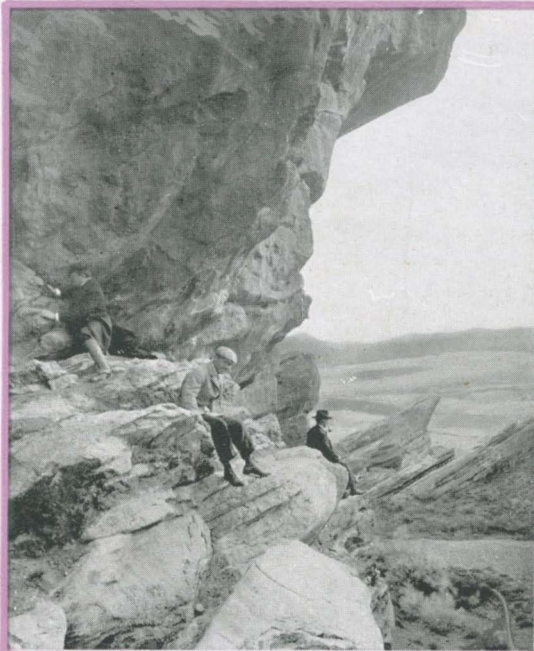
smaller. Probably the most interesting single feature of the Park is "Creation Rock." Rising more than 400 feet from its base, its summit is reached, first by a zigzag roadway; then the Cave of Saturn is entered and the climb continued by wooden stairs leading first in one direction, then another, until finally the climber emerges on the steep outer face of the rock more than three hundred feet from the starting point.

From here to the top of the climb is up steps cut in the solid rock with a guard-rail of rope passing through iron stanchions. The pinnacle is crowned by a broad platform upon which seventy persons may stand and take in the beauties of park and valley and plain.

During 1913 automobile trips will be made up the new Scenic High Line Drive to where the proposed Summer Home is being built for the use of the Presidents of the United States on the summit of Mount Falcon, to be the gift of the people of Colorado. From Mount Falcon there is a view of 200 miles in extent. After lunch on Mount Falcon, the automobile will follow the wonderful Eden Park Skyline Drive. On either side one may look down upon beautiful valleys, canyons and farms from 500 to 2000 feet below in panoramas of unsurpassed magnificence. Thence nine miles back to Mount Morrison, following the tumbling waters of Bear Creek Canyon, or by way of the

superb scenery of Turkey Creek Canyon.

To the south lies the great rock of Mnemosyne, more than eight hundred feet long, with its "Labyrinth of the Nine Parks," literally a labyrinth of delightful little parks concealed among its cliffs—the rock from below seemingly solid sandstone. One of these parks contains nearly an acre of grass and trees and killikinnick carpets. Another is over three hundred feet long



Looking South from Rock of Cronus

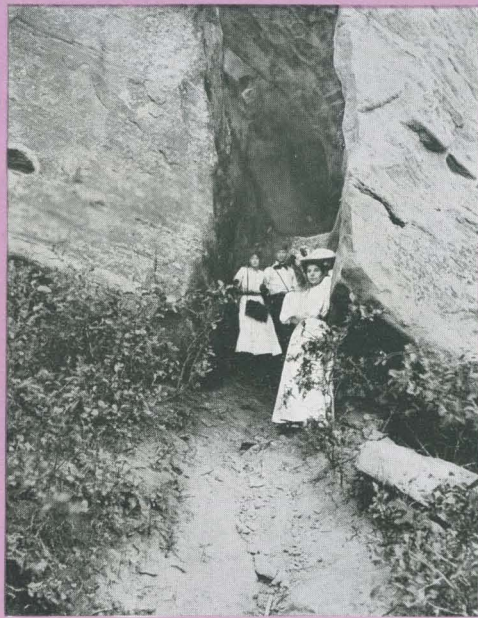
and in it grows a cedar that must be 2,000 years old. As part of the scheme of development of the Mount Morrison region, there was constructed during the past year a driveway to the summit of Mount Falcon, which rises a mile south of Mount Morrison—a High Line Driveway which probably has no superior on the continent in point of scenic attractions. Zigzagging up the mountain side—in one place making a double S—the views constantly grow in interest and grandeur until the top of the mountain is reached.

For a half mile at a time the road is cut out of the rock—near the summit it zigzags back and forth, alternately spreading before one's eyes the distant vistas of the plains, then the endless mountain ranges and valleys culminating in the snow clads on the western horizon.

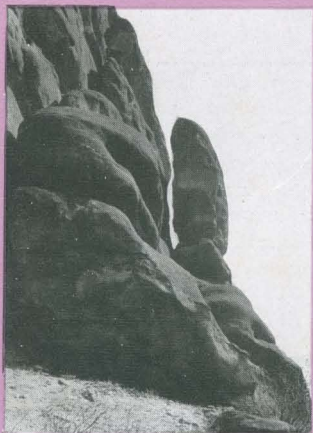
From the summit of Mount Falcon, the drive turns southwest along a narrow divide, with deep valleys on either side, until finally, after passing through Eden Park, it joins the county roads leading down into Bear Creek Canyon—and to Morrison—a drive of about sixteen miles in all; or by a somewhat shorter route along the dizzy driveway of Turkey Creek Canyon.

The famous Park of the Red Rocks, between the Great Dyke of the Mount Morrison Region and the granites of the Rocky Mountains, is a valley a half mile in width. In this valley now rise up many groups of red sandstone conglomerates which formerly rested some thousands of feet below their present position.

When the vast ocean which, once upon a time, covered the Colorado plains, receded, the expanding earth was pushed up against the immovable granites, leaving strata more than four thousand feet thick, on edge. As the centuries passed, frost and water gradually eroded the conglomerates until we have the huge rocks and fantastic forms of today. There are nineteen groups of these rocks, each quite different from its neighbor. One can spend a week explor-



Entrance to Cave of Saturn



At the Base of Creation Rock

exploration. Besides the Mount Falcon High Line there are a dozen other drives radiating from Mount Morrison. That south, in the little valley between the Great Dyke and the mountain, is one of the most fascinating.

On the high ground facing the entrance to Bear Creek Canyon are the Mount Morrison Baths and hotel. A pergola-covered swimming pool 100 feet in length is suggestive of the baths of Greece and Rome. The stone hotel, with its 240 feet of broad veranda, is a model of comfort.

As night comes on the breezes begin to blow down the canyon from the snow clads, so that the nights are cool and wraps are required even in July and August.

To lounge on the veranda of the Mount Morrison and watch in the long twilight the shadows fall over Creation Rock and the peaks of Mount Morrison and Mount Falcon—watch the wonderful ever-changing colors of sky and plains, is a memory to be carried for long years.

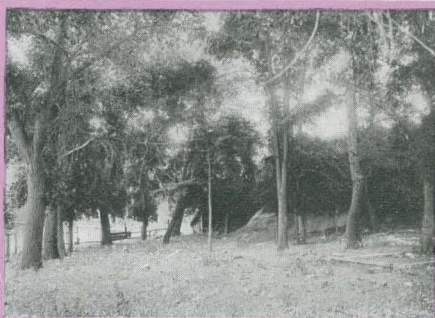
A sulphur spring on the company's property—at one time noted for its curative properties, but later on buried in the construction of the Colorado and Southern Railway—was again opened and developed during 1910.

Sure-footed mountain ponies and other livery are for hire at reasonable rates.

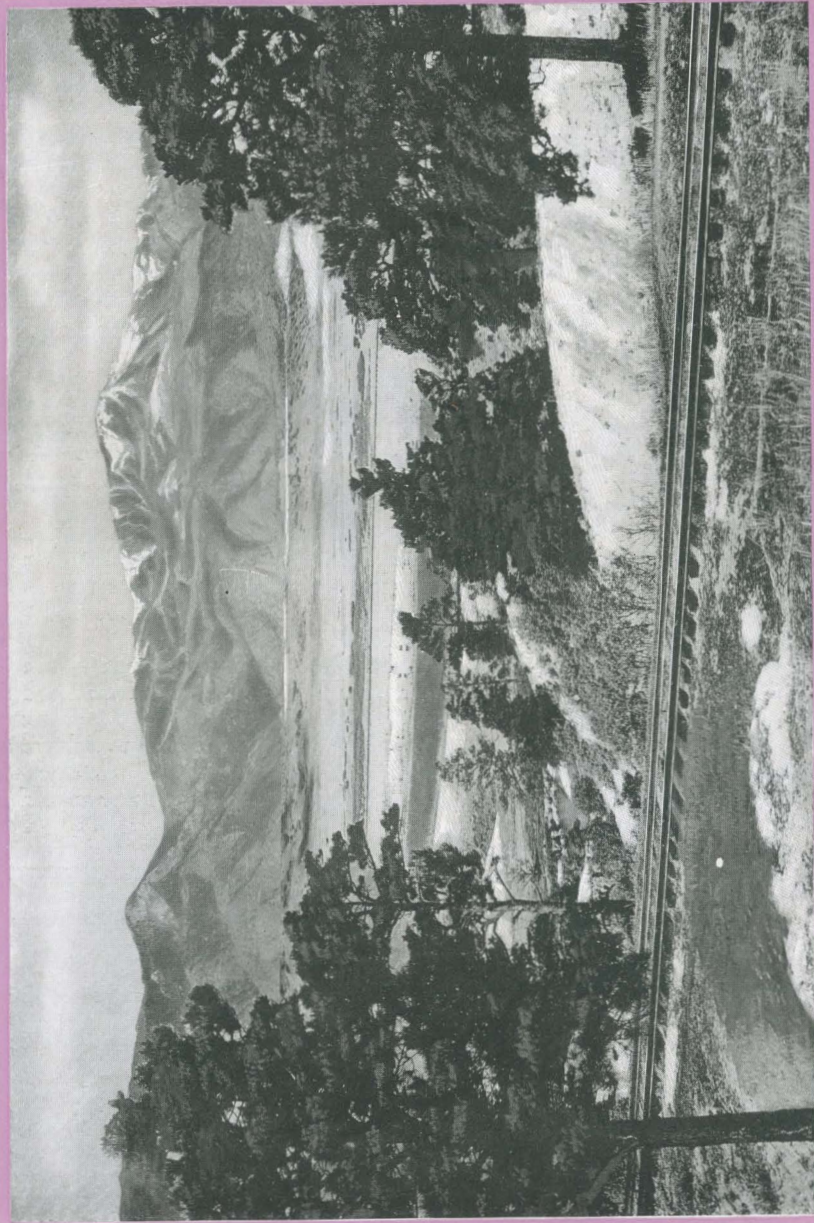
ing them. Geologically, there is no more interesting ground on the continent. In one of the many strata which come to the surface, have been found the bones of the dinosaur. In the limestone of the outer dyke the workmen find sharks' teeth and petrified oysters.

For the botanist the Park of the Red Rocks has many hundreds of varieties of wild flowers—some claim that it is the greatest single collection to be found anywhere in the Rockies.

For the tourist the Park furnishes days of delightful rambles and



Grove on Bear Creek at
Terminus of C. & S.



Pike's Peak—As Seen from Colorado and Southern Train En Route to Colorado Springs

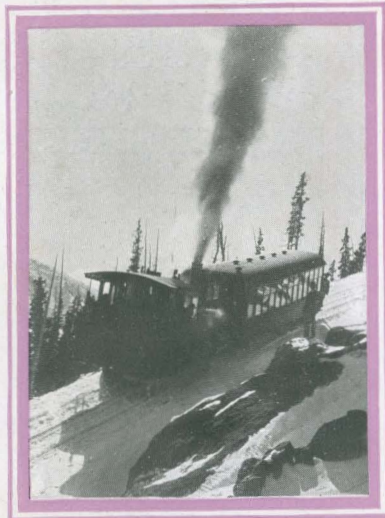
PIKE'S PEAK AND ITS ENVIRONMENTS

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou would'st forget,
If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills!—No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

—H. W. Longfellow.

The best view of Pike's Peak, and one that has been immortalized by the brush of Bierstadt, is to be had from the line of the Colorado and Southern railway, between Denver and Colorado Springs. Clothed in emerald, bedecked with diamonds in crystal-cadenced streams, surrounded by lordly, ermine-tipped crags and peaks, enfolded in balmy air and drowned in free libations of eternal sunbeam, Manitou is the harbinger of new and resurrected joys. It is full to the brim of love, light and song. From the moment when the brown vales and wrinkled hilltops feel the spring sun's warm, thrilling touch, the air is laden with the nursing breath of bloom and sweetness. The brooks and creeks and rivulets, the mountain streams and awful torrents, rush and roar and babble and murmur, commingling in one grand symphony. The mountains, so infinite in their vastness, seem like great mystic etchings of ever-changing lights and shades. They present wonderful dissolving views as the sunbeams play along their summits. Their many spurs, white even in summer from winter's chilly touch, look like grim sentinels guarding the treasures of gold, bowel-hidden, waiting the daring touch of the miner's skill and courage.

It is impossible to think of Manitou without associating some of the walks and drives near it of historic interest, as well as connecting it with its twin sister, Colorado Springs. One vies with the other in its attractions, though they are both essentially unlike. Hours may be spent lingering about the numerous springs, and the shades of evening may still find one listening to the limpid flow of nearby brooks and waiting for the blaze of warm light from the hotels and the mazy dancers enjoying the graceful intricacies of the terpsichorean art. He will linger long, mayhap, for the scene is so pleasant, with its blinking lights from every hilltop, the rush of the waters of the creeks and streams,



Timberline—Pike's Peak Cog Road

the music of laughter, of instrument and song. Manitou is six miles from Colorado Springs, and is connected with it by steam and electric railways. If one has ennui in the Springs, he seeks exhilaration in the effervescent medicinal waters of Manitou.

Many points of interest may be visited. The Garden of the Gods, the Grand Caverns, Glen Eyre, Cheyenne Canon, Williams Canon, Ute Pass and a score of features which have made the region famous might be named and described at length. Writers of world-wide fame have dwelt upon the attractiveness of the Pike's Peak locality, and every reader is acquainted with the striking scenes. The trip to the summit of Pike's Peak is worth all the inconvenience and expense of a journey across the continent. The Crystal Park trip is now made in comfortable automobiles over a splendidly built and safe private roadway. The ride furnishes a panorama of magnificent views, taking in the greater portion of the grand scenery for which the Pike's Peak region is universally noted.



Three Elevations of Auto Road—Crystal Park

From Denver to Colorado Springs is a distance of seventy-five miles. The ride is accomplished in about two hours, via the Colorado and Southern Railway, and as the mountains are continually in view, the trip is one of the popular outings, attracting thousands of sight-seers in the course of a season. Half way between the points named is the "Divide." Here the waters separate, Cherry Creek flowing northward to the Platte, and Monument Creek, with its source in the foothills, moving toward the Arkansas.

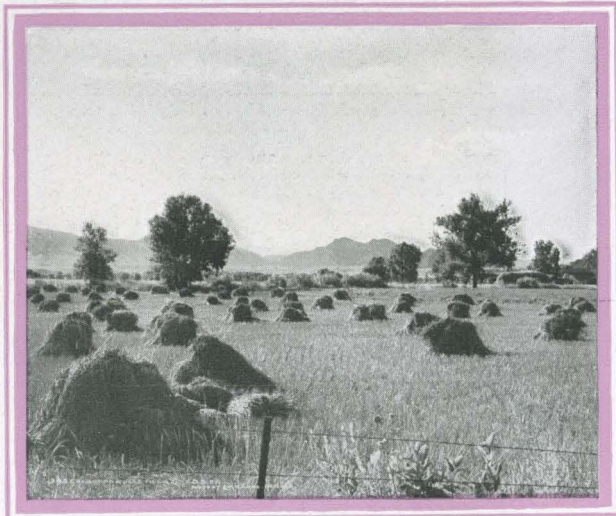
PASTORAL LIFE OF THE PLAINS

Here in full light the russet plains extend,
There, wrapt in clouds, bluish hills ascend
Even the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
That crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn
Like verdant isles the sable lands adorn.

—Pope.

North of the city of Denver is a bit of paradise. It is the ideal pastoral region of Colorado. In that favored spot may be seen agriculture, under the beneficent smile of irrigation, carried to the highest degree of perfection. In those peaceful valleys and on those fertile plains are thousands of prosperous homes and a score of thriving communities, which are each year extending their kindly influence and carrying the comforts and elegancies of civilization into a wider field of activity. Among the charms of the region are its health-giving air and the regal beauty of its landscape. No agricultural belt of the globe can excel this part of the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains in attractiveness of scenery. For a distance of a hundred miles north of Denver the great barrier looks down upon the plain, once the undisputed home of the buffalo and the Indian. Along the Front range has been the main highway of travel for centuries past, and here were the favorite hunting and camping grounds of the red men. With the advent of the trapper and hunter the game gradually disappeared, and all that now remains of the first white men who visited the valley of the Platte River are the crumbling ruins of the adobe trading posts. Fort St. Vrain and old Fort Lupton will soon exist only in history; but the civilization which has been built upon the banks of the beautiful mountain streams emptying into the Platte will continue as long as the republic stands.

Boulder, Longmont, Berthoud, Loveland, Fort Collins, Windsor and Greeley are the principal towns in the rich farming district known as the garden



A Colorado Wheat Field

spot of Colorado. A trip from Denver through this wonderful farming region is filled with interest to the traveler. Great irrigation canals, sparkling lakes, and fields of sugar beets, alfalfa, wheat, oats and potatoes greet the eye. Here may be found

that rustic quiet and content that is inseparable from a prosperous life in the cultivation of the soil. One glance at the scores of lovely homes, many of them of the most ornate character, surrounded with carefully kept lawns and beautiful with flowers, attests the advancement of the farming population of Northern Colorado. City residents come to this delightful region for their annual rest, finding recreation in the study of Nature in her loveliest moods as a counter-irritant to the stir of the city. Looking out over the fields one observes a rolling area not unlike the ocean in its moments of rest, for the green fields roll down to the horizon in softly undulating lines resembling billows as the gentle wind sways the rich green alfalfa or switches the fields of ripe grain to and fro. On the other hand the foothills, backed by the rugged mountains, retreat to the sky with their ever-changing shades of vivid verdure, sombre red or burnt umber of rocks exposed to the storm. There is probably not another



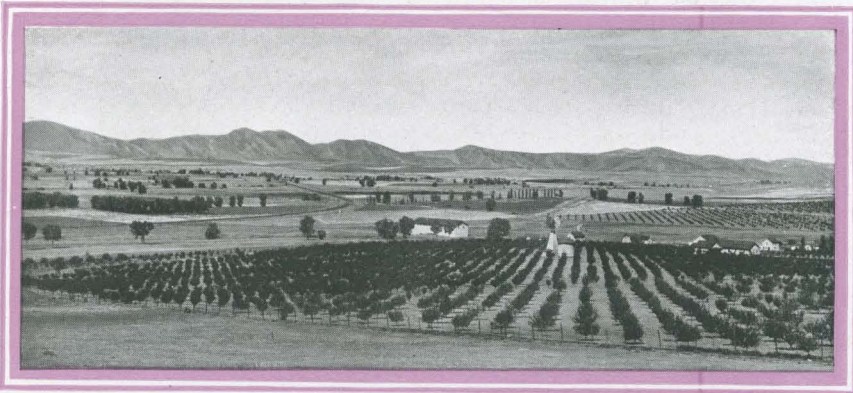
Feeding Cattle on Sugar Beet Pulp



Grand View from Greeley—Lookout Point

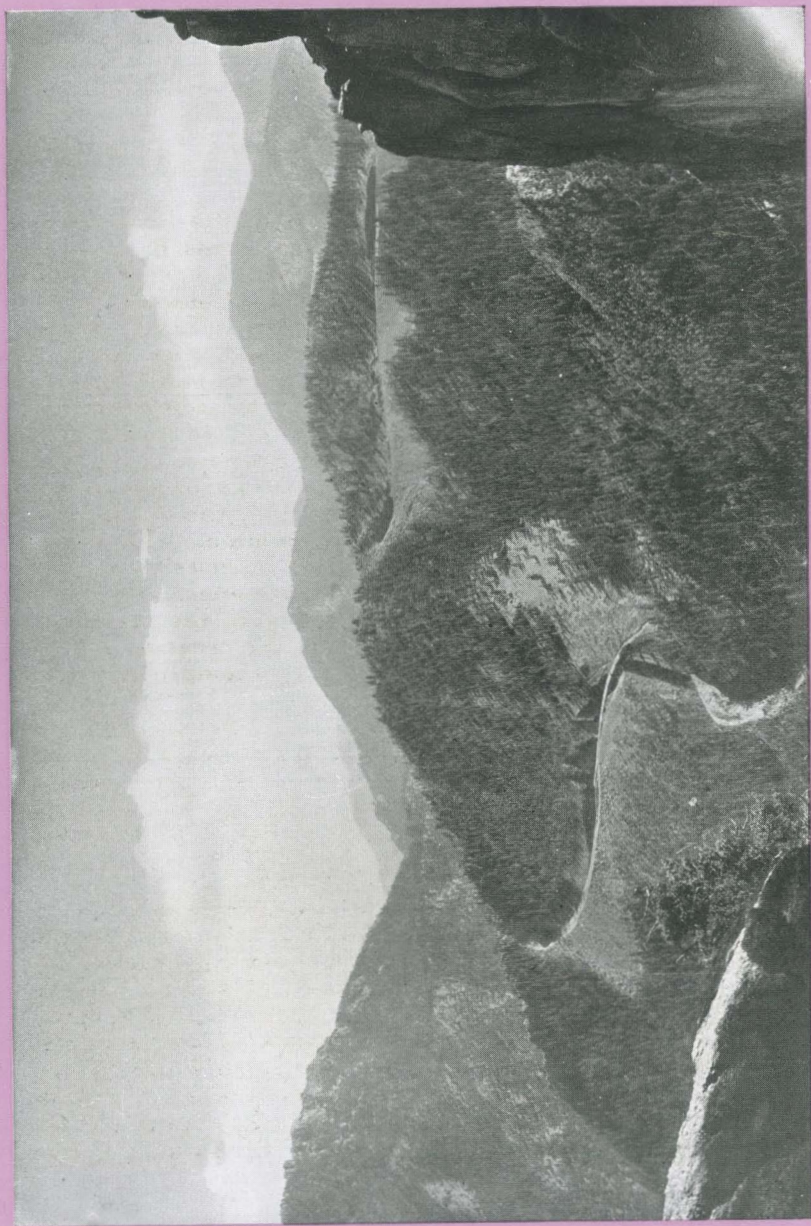
section of the state where the two forms of Nature meet and dissolve in different perspectives with such a rioting of color and acute contrast of scenery. In Northern Colorado, on account of its climate and natural advantages, are located some of the leading educational institutions of the state. The State University, State Agricultural College and State Normal School are in this part of the commonwealth. The Colorado Chautauqua is an institution whose name has become known in every part of the South and West. Its grounds are located at the edge of Boulder. The sessions of the Chautauqua open July 4th, each year, and continue for six weeks. The greatest lecturers, educators, entertainers and musicians of America appear upon the platform.

The location of the Chautauqua is unsurpassed for beauty and healthfulness. Imagine a table land covering 300 acres on

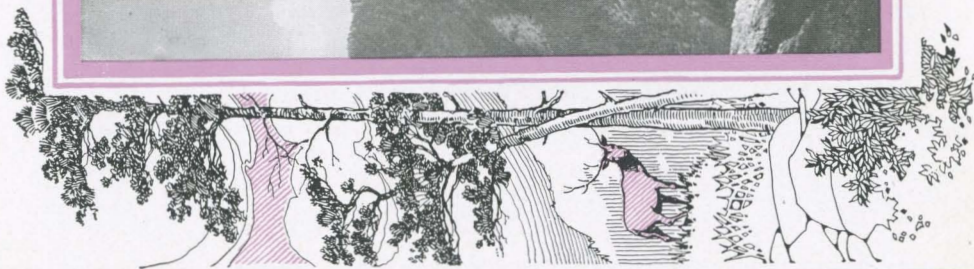
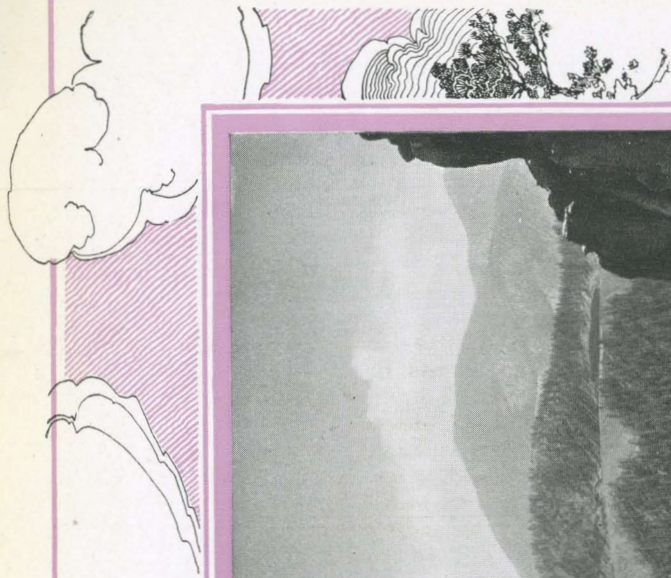


Grand View from Westminster Hill, Near Denver

the eastern side of a vast mountain chain, whose summits are tipped with everlasting snow. On the right Nature has formed a mighty chasm, whose recesses are lost in the dome of the continent. On the left, a mile away and 500 feet below, nestles the loveliest little city of America. In front is spread out a mighty plain extending away toward the boundless prairies. At the foot of the level mesa on which the surprised and delighted beholder stands, is an enchanting valley, whose carpet of emerald extends as far as the eye can reach to the north, and from which arise the sounds of the farm, the gentle lowing of cattle, the faint bark of the dog, or the distant rumble of a train of cars, slowly threading its way toward the limitless horizon. The scene is one of entrancing beauty. It lulls to restful meditation, and as the eye drinks in the infinite softness of mountain and plain, and the physical senses absorb the balmy sweetness of the atmosphere, the spirit is involuntarily lifted in adoration of the mighty power which created the surprising vision.



On the Short Line to Cripple Creek



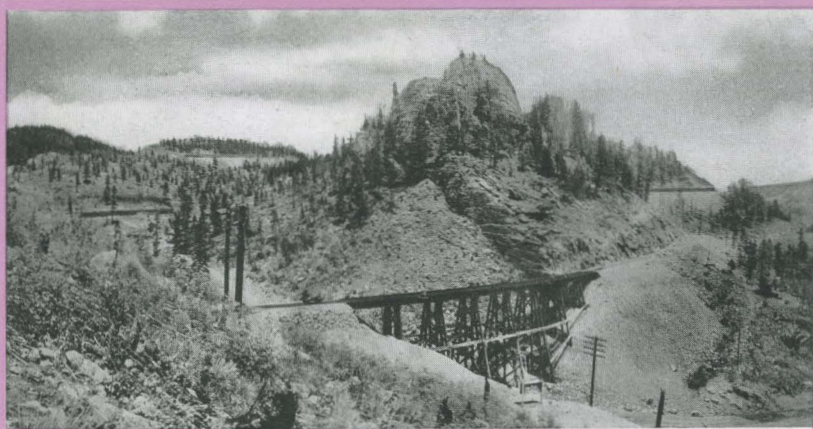
TO THE GREATEST GOLD CAMP IN THE WORLD

As in at the gate we rode, behold!
A tower that is called the Tower of Gold!
For there the Caliph had hidden his wealth,
Heaped and hoarded and piled on high,
Like sacks of wheat in a granary;
And thither the miser crept by stealth
To feel of the gold that gave him health.

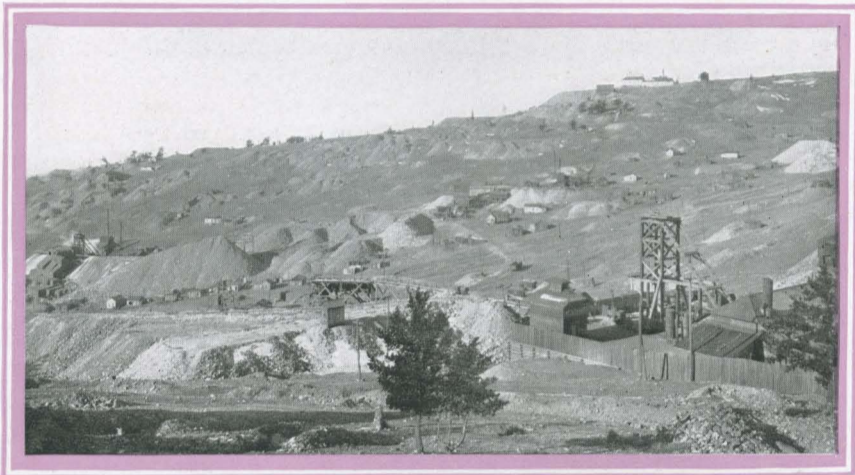
—Longfellow.

Could anything be more appropriate than the little couplet for the tourist's dream? The poet himself seems to have had a divination of what was to follow in the palmy days of Cripple Creek. The Midas touch was given when the Colorado Springs and Cripple Creek District Railway, "The Short Line," entered the portals of the camp. A standard gauge road, with the finest of equipment, was conceived, brought into being, and presto, the silvery, sinuous steel, like a winding bracelet, terracing the slopes of Pike's Peak, became the harbinger of joy to miners, the redemption of what was but as dross in the presence of obstacles, which were too difficult to eliminate till the advent of this railroad.

At the outset it is well to understand that the roadbed is a perfect phenomenon of engineering perfection. There is a succession of broad sweeping curves, varied by massive masonry. The route is filled to repletion with picturesqueness, and it is the desire to give as much of this as is possible to the traveler, as well as to hold the excellent skill shown in the creation of such a railway, that the result in engineering is exemplified in this



Rock Creek Loop—Cripple Creek Trip



Bull Hill—Cripple Creek District

manner. Surprises are rampant. Here no abutments accentuate steel spanned torrents, leaping across gorges and gurgling their tones into their foreign depths. Then from the superb observation car, which is an innovation, so that either side of the road may come into dress parade, in an instant you are plunged from the unclouded intensity of Colorado sunshine into the cimmerician shades of pine clad forests, from the extreme of radiance to the cool vaporous breath of the canon. The storm-splintered crest of Pike's Peak is constantly visible and the lavish stateliness and grandeur of mountains is ever paramount.

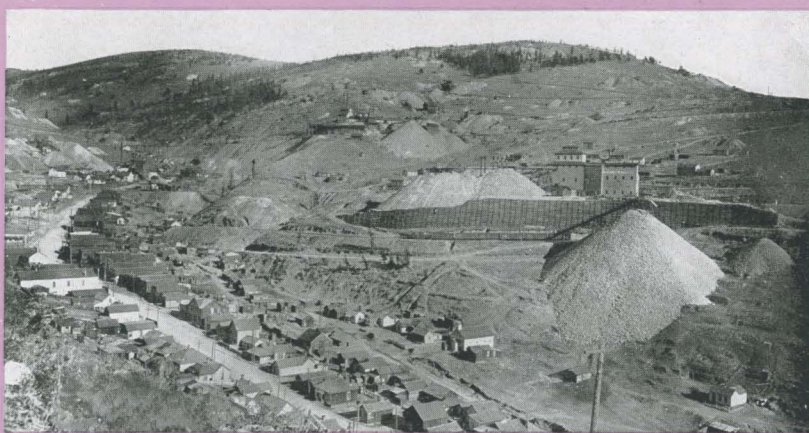
In the early days of this gold district, a visit to the camp was an arduous undertaking. It was a slow one also. Now, through the enterprise of this management, a mine manager often lives at Colorado Springs and is able to go up to Cripple Creek and return on the same day in time for a late dinner.

Leaving the Springs, the road ascends by a series of plateaus, until, reaching the desired elevation, the train dashes across a dizzy trestle, into the shades of Bear Creek Canon. Then with a bound into a land of light and Nature's songs. The aspen with its quivering, quaking leaves of gold in autumn and its wonderful vernal look in spring clothe the foothills and afford shelter for hundreds of twittering birds. The wild flowers mottle and scatter the mountains from base to dome with their prolific coloring. They abound in crevices, they peer from bleakest rocks, start up into being on moss clad hills, and lend a riot of color in cactus bloom and sporting gilia. In perfect diapason all Nature's notes ring as the train puffs, and hisses, and spumes its

smoke, gyrating, bending, as if on a debauch, around the precipitous hills, till you notice the first approach to the cavernous gold district of Cripple Creek.

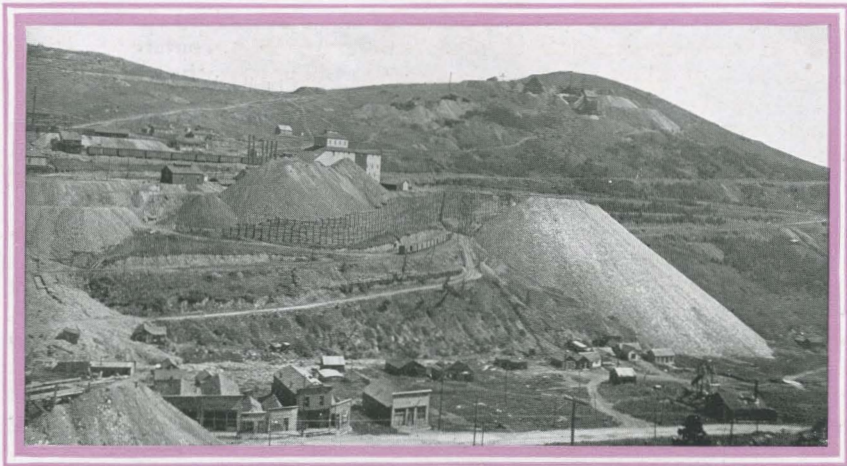
Spurned by even the poorest prospector, this narrow basin, accouched in the throes of '92, has added more than two hundred millions to the world's treasure. Yet, that wanton fortune denied the discoverers the fruits of their labors. The men who wormed the golden secret from the granitic sides of Mt. Pisgah left the harvest of their industry to be garnered by the gold seekers of later years. So little were some of these argonauts impressed by the field of limitless wealth, that Bob Womack, who was the first successful gold hunter, bartered over two hundred acres for a bottle of whiskey.

The reconnoissance of the camp does not suggest the presence of a Golconda. The landscape is singularly free from activity. Indeed it is a city of brown little hills, upturned by the work of man; or, rather, it might be likened to an exaggerated gopher city, for as far as the eye can detect, no work is carried on above ground. The idea is to get below the surface as quickly as possible



Anaconda Mine—Cripple Creek District

and keep going. In this way it is readily seen that the activities are all under ground. Underground Russia has its tales of horrors. Underground Cripple Creek unfolds a more attractive volume. From five hundred to one thousand feet underground there are chambers, galleries, vaults, stopes, tunnels, radiating from a central shaft with its swiftly moving elevators.



Mary McKinney Mine—Cripple Creek District

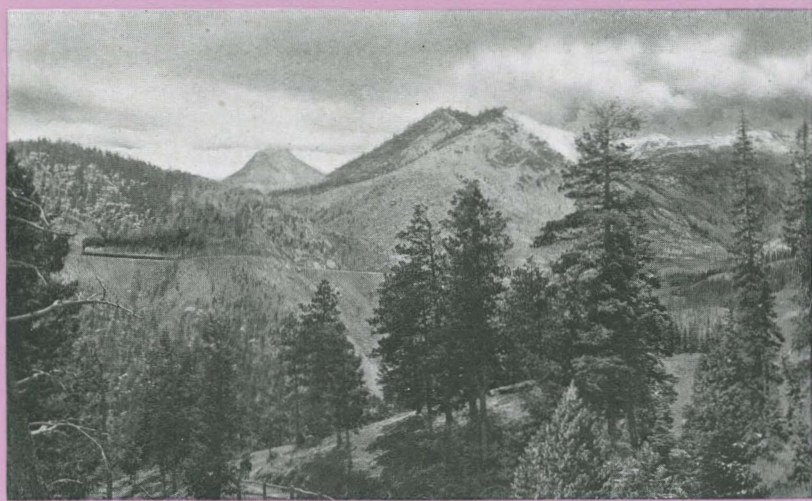
To the reader familiar with skyscraping architecture, it will come as a surprise to learn that in this aerie of the gold kings, there are mines of underground construction that dwarf the most spectacular efforts of architects. The city may have its buildings of four or five hundred feet high. Here beneath your feet are subterranean edifices that measure 1,000 or 1,200 feet from their lowest level to the upper workings, corresponding to the attic of a city block. In this congeries, thousands of men work day and night, with complete electric lighting systems, telephone service, and the electric rapid transit lines. These gnomes of the mountains wring tribute from Nature. When their day's work is done, they ascend to the surface in an elevator that compares with the city man's upholstered car as the auto does to a donkey cart. In the twinkling of an eye men are whisked from the depths of 500 or 600 feet to the surface.

Lovers of old Nature when in a fury, may sit in their comfortable car of observation on this route and drink in the spectacular battle of the elements, as it wages around the summit of Pike's Peak. The constant booming of Jupiter's heavy artillery, the earth-splitting intermittent fire of machine guns, rattling impotently against the shafts of granite that for ages have defied the fury of the gods, all of this makes no impress on these volcanic-tossed billows of adamantite ruggedness, which stand forth as a perpetual challenge from the earth to the raging of the heavens.

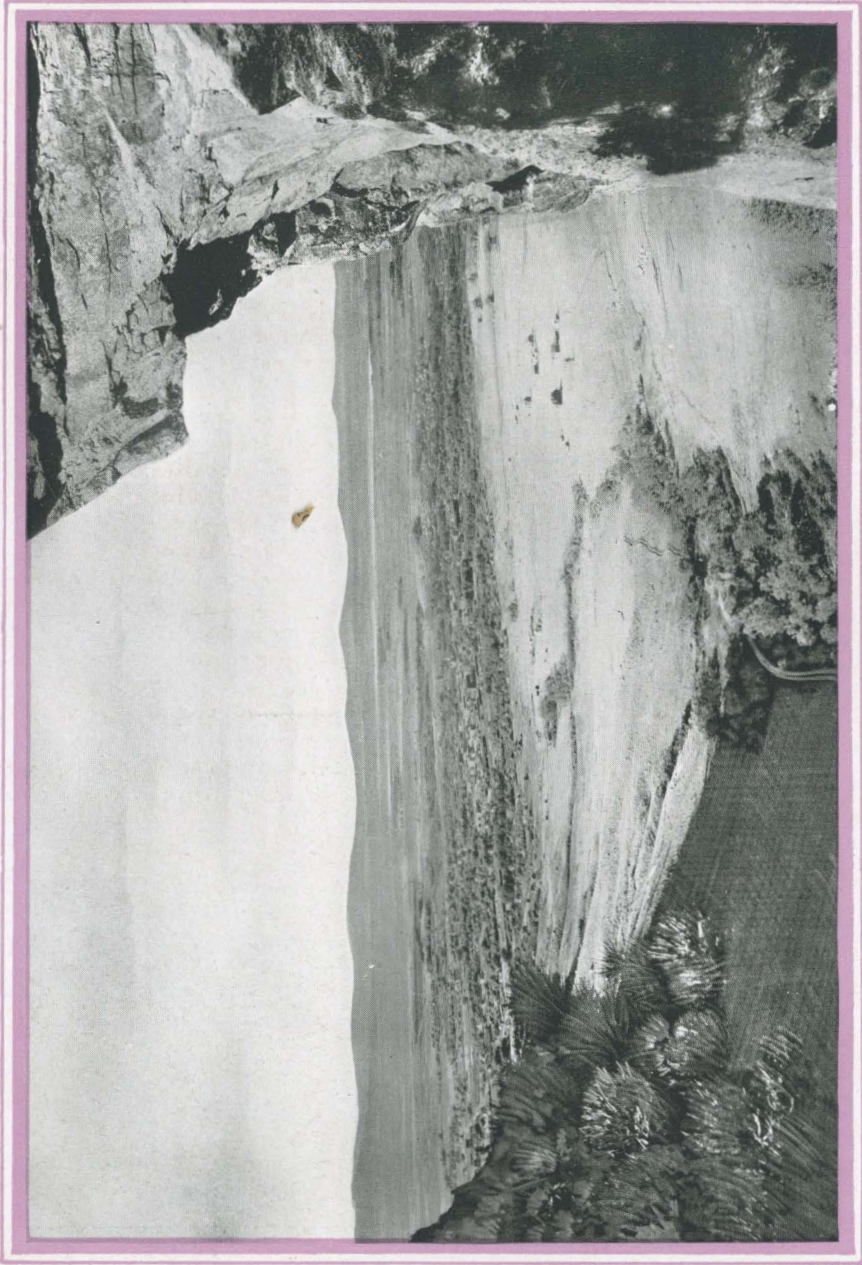
Aeons ago they projected their pinnacles into the lofty domain of cradled tempests, but, today their storm-riven flanks and

lightning-scarred heights evidence no weakening before the constant onslaught of the terrible warfare of the great Jove. Five thousand feet above the eyes of the observer, the deep indigo clouds, surcharged with electricity, storm and rave almost incessantly around these stalwart sentinels that guard the Arcadian valleys, basking smilingly five thousand or six thousand feet below.

There is a peculiar feature about the building of this Short Line which is not generally taken into consideration. It is that the projectors of it were planning it out solely from a business standpoint. That the mapped-out course would include the most wondrous revelation of scenery in the world was not a factor in their commercial dreams. But, after amended surveys, reconstructed plans, the mountain fastnesses invaded and the yawning chasms leaped by the steel lariat, everyone exclaimed over the feat of engineering which had brought such two-fold success to Colorado's great camp. A trip to Colorado is never complete unless this special route by way of the rocky wall of North Cheyenne Canon up Mt. Rosa and Cheyenne Mountain is accomplished. Canons without floors, mountains without tops, plains without limit, are all thrown in in good measure, and before Cripple Creek is reached the mind is manacled. Words fail to express, and a reverent awe, thoughts akin to divine, have taken possession of the sight-seer, of the business man, of the skeptical, when they essay to give tribute to these mighty dwellers of the upper air.



North Cheyenne Canon—Cripple Creek Trip



Boulder—From Chautauqua Rocks

THE SWITZERLAND TRAIL OF AMERICA

Purple cloud the hill top binding;
Folded hills, the valleys winding;
Valleys, with fresh streams among you;
Streams, with bosky trees along you;
Trees, with many birds and blossoms;
Birds, with music trembling bosoms;
Blossoms, dropping dews that wreath you.

—Browning.

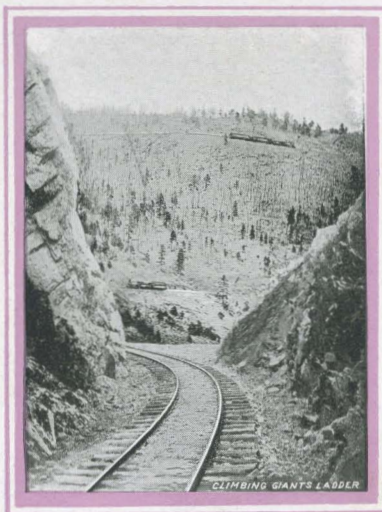
Imagine a spider's web in the days of the Titans whose fairy threads with a perimeter of fifty miles, encircling valleys, spanning gorges, and traversing the glacier-swept sides of the Rockies, then swinging from peak to peak through the blue ether of supernal gladness, and you have a faint realization of the Switzerland Trail that scales the rugged breast of the Front range of the Rocky Mountains.

A voyage in an airship is the only thing that could afford the traveler a comprehensive sweep of this creation of engineering genius. Off to the right you see the steel parallels, twisting, climbing and curving, until Nature is forced to yield a path to the relentless monster that steams its way through the fortress of the storm king, into a veritable empire of gnomes and elves.

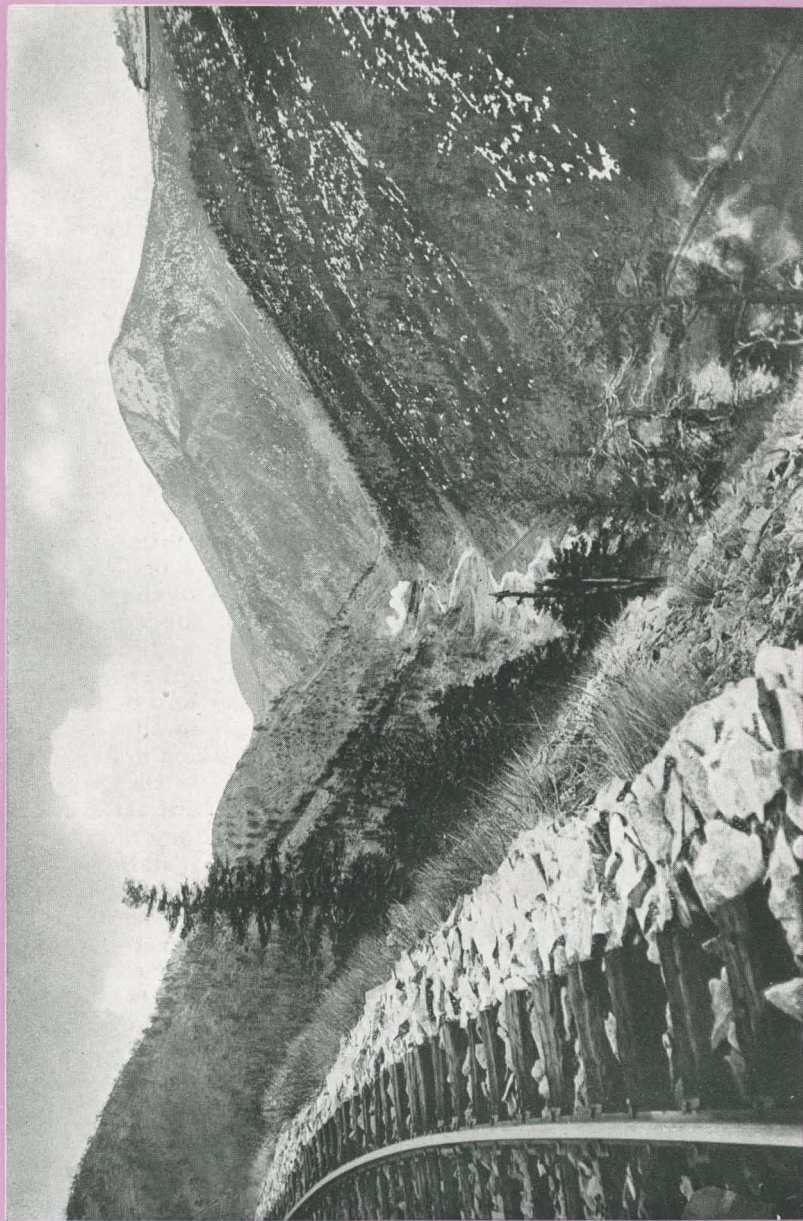
Leaping from crag to crag, riveted to the forbidding sides of rocky gorges with fetters of steel, encompassing aerial flights through cloud-wreathed space, the line winds onward in its devious course, only to reappear at an apparently inaccessible point to drive the eagle from its home and wrest the treasures from these troves of Nature that abound along the silver-tipped crests of the continent.

The Denver, Boulder & Western Railroad has, in connection with the Colorado & Southern Railway, two lines—one from Denver to Ward, fifty-six miles; the other from Denver to Eldora, sixty-three miles. Both of these pass through Boulder. That part from Denver to Sunset, forty-three miles, is included in the distance from Denver to Ward. These two lines are known as the Ward Line and the Eldora Line.

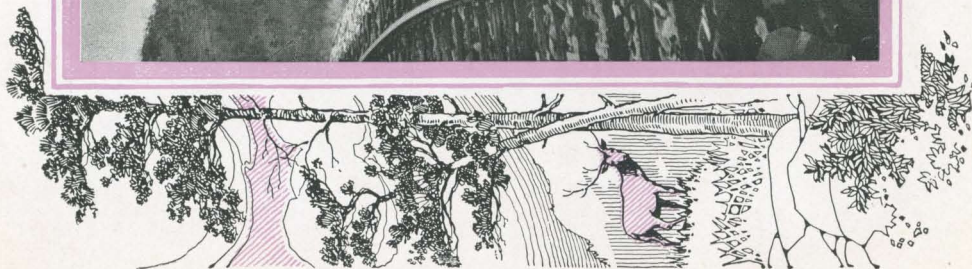
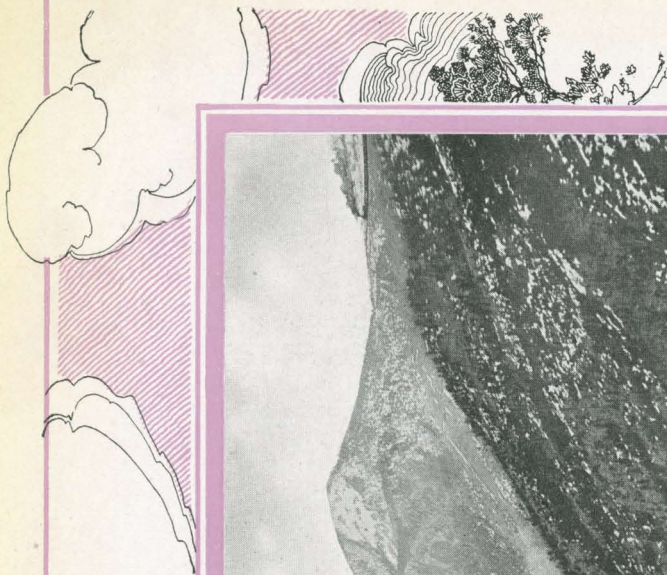
In the old days, Sunset was called Penn's Gulch. The present appellation is a more fitting one, inasmuch as it gives a suggestion of the great gleams of color which burst upon the traveler, when he essays to take the trip from



Climbing Giant's Ladder



Four-Mile Canyon, Switzerland Trail



Boulder to Ward. The route leads directly west through Middle Boulder and Four Mile Canyons to Sunset, when it turns to the northwest to Ward, through Mt. Alto Park. The elevation at Sunset is 7,800 feet. From the heights of these celestial summits the eye feasts itself on what seems to be the interminable mountains, dressed in immaculate garb of purity, glistening in the warm colors of the setting sun. Peak surmounts peak, the wonderful grandeur and imposing stateliness speak of the magic of the alchemist.



Auditorium—Boulder Chautauqua

The eye enchained, entranced, never wearies. A glance from these abysmal heights and depths lends a change in the panorama, and peaceful valleys, the vast plains beyond, and the intervening hills toss a welcome to the joyous spirit filled with the elixir of life gained from the trip into the everlasting hills. This pageant of mountains can be compared to nothing except an immortal symphony fresh from the great hand of God. It is a thrilling aria which will reverberate in echoes to the end of the earth. After leaving all the glories of Sunset, the anticipations which accompany the rapid climb to Ward—elevated 9,500 feet—are fully realized, for, at Mt. Alto Park magnificent views can be obtained of Boulder Valley, Longmont, Loveland and other towns east and northeast of Boulder. You can even see the beacon of the range, Long's Peak, to the north, standing like a bold sentinel bathed in gorgeous gushes of sunshine; and, to the west Mt. Audubon and Mt. Alto give back a call for reverent attention.

Nature's lovers cannot fail to enjoy the scenery on all sides. The blossoms from snowy summit to peaceful dale and glen nod, beckon and ask companionship. These dear little, bright little, fragile little children of the Great Artist are omnipresent. No matter where the foot of man may penetrate in these mountain canons, dingle, ravine, or summit, modest flowers rear their heads in wondrous profusion, supplementing in their own fragrant way, a chromatic ornamentation to Nature's dream.

The Eldora line is said to surpass in scenic loveliness that of the Ward, a statement which on the face of it seems improbable. Twisting, curving, climbing, almost stealing into the very heart of the Continental Divide, till at an elevation of 8,500 feet at Sugar Loaf Mountain, it capriciously swerves through Anson Park and heads for the Caribou Mining District. There are a number of mines at Eldora, and the scene of the tungsten excite-

ment, at Nederland, is but a little off the line of this serpentine railroad.

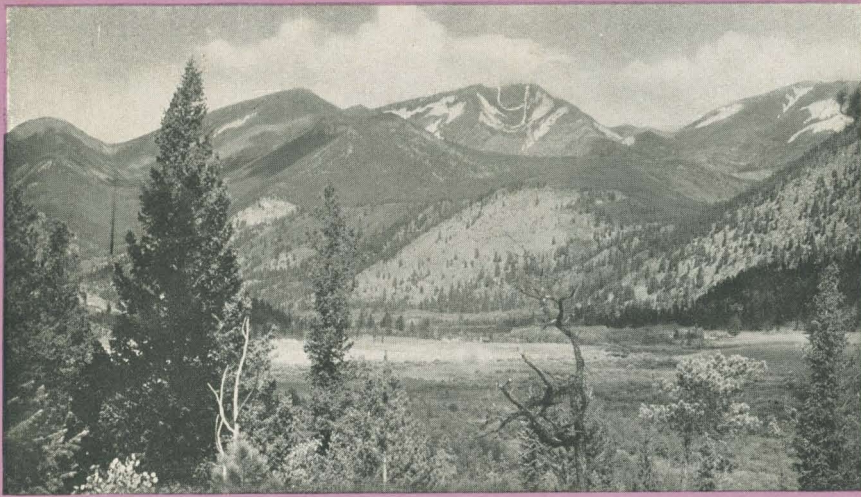
In taking this trip it is well to understand to the fullest extent what there is in it from every standpoint. If you have a liking for pastoral scenes, none are richer or prettier in their glowing beauty than the constellation of star attractions which the Boulder Valley presents at long range from Sugar Loaf Mountain. Lakes with shimmering, glassy surface, placidly besprinkle the landscape, fields of waving grain, emerald alfalfa, cities and hamlets bearing a countenance of peace and rest, surrounded by protecting orchards of fruit of all kinds, winding brooks of silver and busy hum of toil come wafted back to you, as Nature's hymn over the valley through the purest of atmospheres and the balmiest of breezes. Then again, on all sides of you, for, indeed nothing seems much above you at this height of 8,500 feet at Sugar Loaf, except the serenest of cerulean skies, a distinct view of Gray's Peak is vouchsafed you, with Arapahoe and other gigantic repositories of precious metals. Fresh spruce, pine and evergreen speak of vernal gladness. The resinous odors fill your lungs, and you breathe and breathe again, for satiety is not to be



Arapahoe Peaks—Switzerland Trail Trip

thought of. Gray's Peak is one of the loftiest of Colorado and lifts its proud head high above timber line, mighty monarch of superior interest, guarding as it does all things lesser in the scale of Nature at its feet.

By a little detour of a few miles the tourist can make a trip to Silver Lake, which has the reputation of being the most beautiful body of water in the state. Clear as crystal, shining like argentine, tranquil and unruffled, a look on its bosom and a peep into its wondrous depths will well repay a visit, set as it is amid wonderful surroundings of rugged bulwarks.



Mount Ypsilon from the Horseshoe Ranch, Estes Park

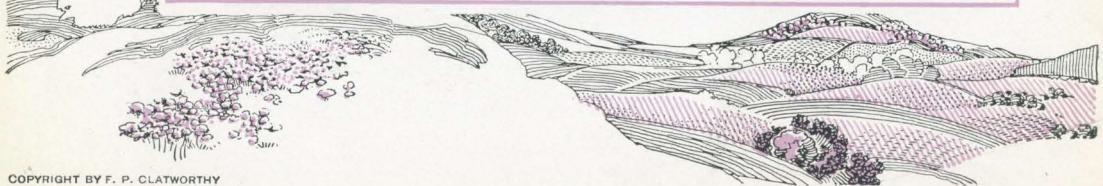
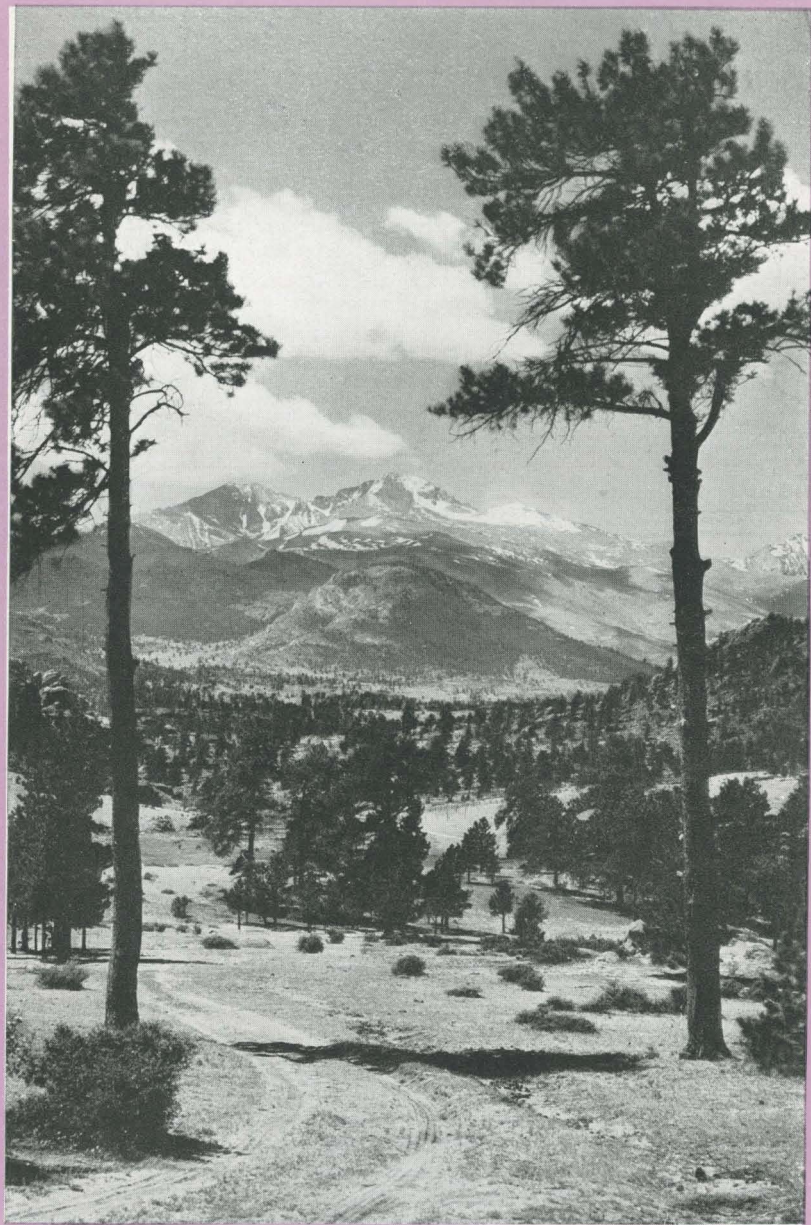
ESTES PARK

"You can have a change of programme every day, and when you tire of the pictures, if you care to, it is easy climbing a few hundred feet to find a dozen others just as grand."—*L. B. France.*

Estes Park is one of Colorado's most popular resort places. It is located within seventy miles from Denver, at the foot of grim, scarred Long's Peak. Here the Continental Divide, the main range of the Rockies, stretches out a spur like a huge crooked arm. Within its circle nestles a natural amphitheatre of a hundred thousand acres. This is Estes Park, carpeted with thousands of acres of meadow land and walled by fifteen snow peaks which rise sheer from three sides.

It is reached via the Colorado & Southern Ry., in connection with an excellent daily automobile service from Loveland, through the Canon of the Big Thompson, a distance of over thirty miles, affording the most beautiful automobile trip in the state. There are no hills to climb, as the road follows the Big Thompson River the entire distance and the scenery in the canon is unsurpassed. The automobiles are of the newest design of Stanley Steamer, and were built especially for the service, carrying from four to eight persons. The trip is made through from Denver in less than six hours. Tickets to Estes Park are interchangeable; that is, they are available either going or returning via Loveland and the Big Thompson Canyon or via Longmont or Lyons.

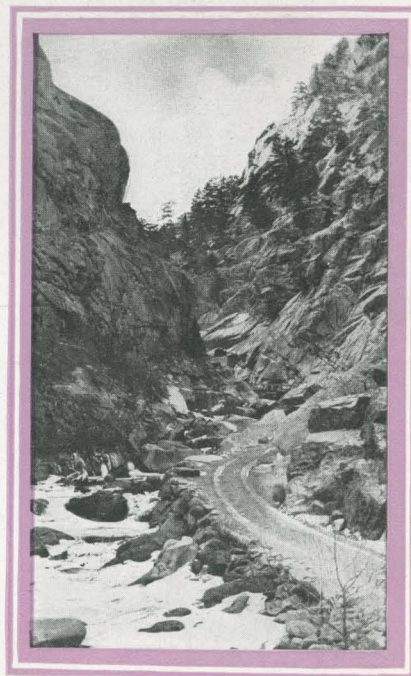
Long's Peak from Estes Park



Tickets may also be had from Denver via Boulder and automobile over the new scenic route through South St. Vrain Canyon in both directions at the same rate as via the other routes.

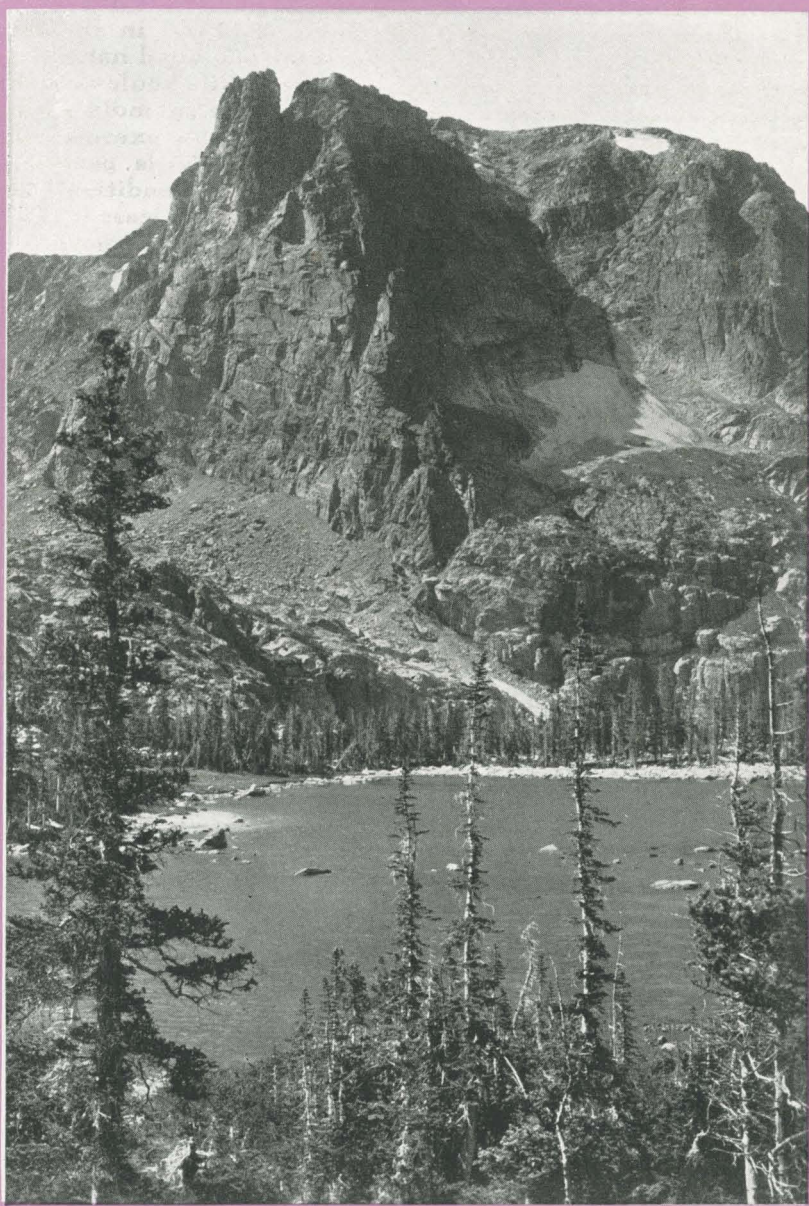
In Estes Park the tourist has the Rocky Mountains at their best. From Panama to the Arctic seas the Rockies can show no spot comparable to this, for both the wild rugged glory and the velvet parklike beauty of the continent's backbone which has been captured and brought to Denver's back door by the rails of the Colorado & Southern and the wheels of an excellent automobile stage service. Time was when the trip to Estes Park was an adventure, an exciting experience of roughing it in the West. To-day the Park is at the gates of Denver. One rolls through the richest and most prosperous farming country in Colorado to Loveland, and from this point starts on the loveliest three-hour automobile ride to be found in the state. Across a short stretch of well-kept farming country the car speeds, then disappears in the Canyon of the Big Thompson River, to emerge twenty-five miles farther up the stream in Estes Park. The road is a steady ascent without hills, smooth as a billiard table and as sinuous as the beautiful river itself. Seventeen times the road crosses from one to the other side of the canyon to make way for the waters of the Thompson, which rage and toss and tumble in beautiful rapids, in filmy waterfalls, in seething torrents of white whirlpools, ever scolding and boiling their way through the rocks to the valley below. No pleasanter or more grateful trip in summer could be devised than this, for within the massive rock walls of the canyon a delightful coolness always reigns, and upon reaching the Park the traveler finds the sun's rays constantly tempered by altitude and the proximity of snow fields. One whirls past campers' tents pegged on the banks of the stream. Fishermen wave friendly greeting. Surveys full of happy picnickers pass on their merry way. The care of the world has been sloughed at the gateway to this wonderful rift of nature. Picture upon picture, every mile of the road, is a delight to remember.

As for the Park itself, it offers everything to the vacationist that the heart of man could ask. The charm of the place is not to be catalogued, since it is born of the clean, rare air of the hills, of the glorious

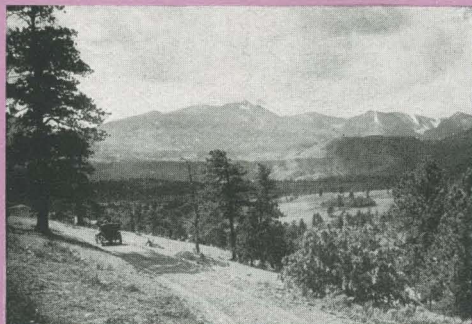


St. Vrain Canyon

Helen Lake, Estes Park

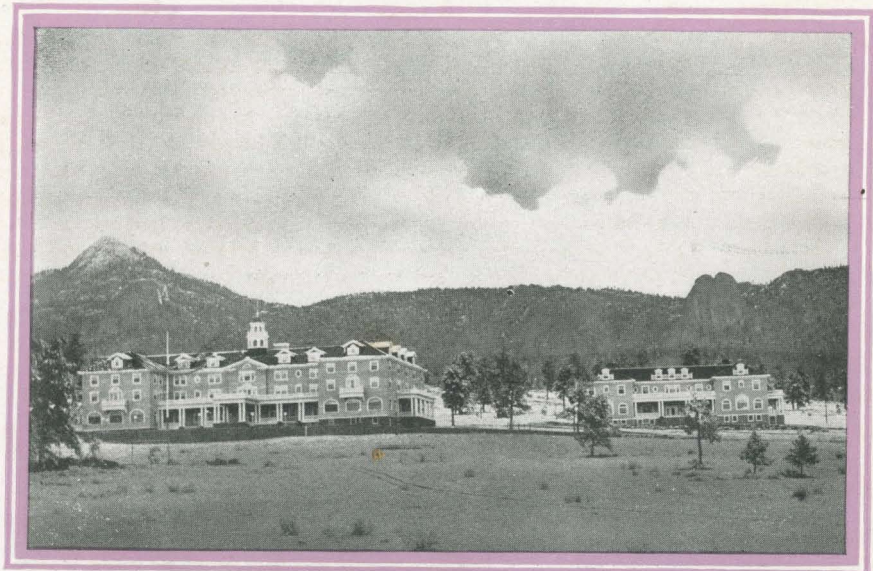


freedom of the great mountains and of cool summer breezes and rippling running water. But this much may be said: for the golfer there are five courses for choice, laid out in the sweet piney blue-skied parklands. For the motorist, level natural-surfaced roads, perfect for speeding. A seven-mile boulevard, fifty feet wide, bisects the Park, and from it radiate splendid roads to every point of interest. Horseback riding is an exercise especially adapted to the place, and in this hundreds participate. The tennis player finds the weather and the conditions ideal. As for the fisherman, he must be hard indeed to please if the Big Thompson and its tributaries cannot furnish him sport to his fancy. Annually the streams are stocked with 2,000,000 trout, native and rainbow. Scarce a day's journey from the Park lies one of the wildest sections of the Rocky Mountains. Here may be found deer, bear, mountain lions and wolves. Some of these canyons and parks have never been fully explored and offer an invitation to the adventurer. In short, Estes Park offers a wonderful diversity of entertainment—from the study of glacial moraines of prehistoric days to the study of the twentieth century



Long's Peak from Estes Park

summer girl in all her glory. Grimly waiting to be conquered are a dozen peaks, most famous of which is mighty Long's, said to be the seventh most difficult of ascent of the mountains of the world climbed by tourists. Yet every year hundreds attempt and do scale it successfully, and it has a record of not a single accident to show. This ascent is the test of the "tenderfoot" before he wins his spurs. For the boulder field, the "keyhole," the narrows, the trough, and the final climb to the summit, offer all the various kinds of mountain work usually encountered by the mountaineer. It is a long, stiff and exhilarating pull, and the thrill of victory is something to be remembered as long as one lives. From the summit on a clear day may be seen the smoke of Cheyenne, far across the line in Wyoming; Denver and the great plains to the east; westward the mountain ranges of Utah; and to the south the glorious Mount of the Holy Cross. The ornithologist and the botanist will find the park a continual pleasure. Far up towards the



Hotel Stanley—Estes Park

summits of the peaks, along the shoulders and away up past timber line, riot a profusion of wild flowers. The mariposa lily, the larkspur, the Indian paint brush, and the daintily beautiful columbine are only a few of many varieties found in abundance.

While Estes Park itself is only at an altitude of 7,500 feet, two hours walk up any of its mountainous sides will take the visitor from green meadows splashed with the varied hues of the hundreds of varieties of August flowers, from the balmy coolness of a summer mountain breeze, to great beds of everlasting snow, to slow moving glaciers covering hundreds of acres, their surfaces yawning with fearful crevasses, to the grim precipice of Long's,

the highest overhanging chasm in the world, dropping as it does 2,800 feet so sheer that a boulder rolled over the top plunges straight as a die into a black lake at the foot, and so great is the distance that not a sound is heard.

But though the Park is a place for play that might have been chosen by the Greek gods of old or by Shakespeare



Horse Shoe Canyon—Estes Park

for his Forest of Arden, it is *par excellence* a place to rest. Merely to breathe in the rare air scented with the rich pine odor is a healing delight. There are here ten large summer hotels and many smaller ranch ones, as well as hundreds of private summer homes, varying from fine country estates to modest cottages. Some of these can be rented for the season or part of it. Camping grounds may also be rented for a nominal fee or may be obtained for nothing in certain parts of the Park. In short, life may be lived here in a manner to suit the taste and the purse of the individual. An inexpensive vacation amid rustic surroundings may be found as enjoyable as one in the large hotels. From the tourist viewpoint the attractive features of Estes Park is that it appeals to a catholic taste and a diversity of likings. The tired hotel porch dweller, the active outdoor young American of both sexes, and the mountain-climbing geologist who is studying moraines and glaciers will all find life here delightful for widely different reasons.

To see is to be convinced, for nobody ever went to Estes Park and came away disappointed. It is the seal and crux of that tremendous upheaval of nature known as the Rockies; the final word, spoken in a symphony of triumph, of that epic writ in grandeur that we call the Continental Divide.

If Colorado is the playground of America, as ex-President Roosevelt has said, then Estes Park is the playground of playgrounds.

Odessa Lake—
Estes Park





