The ROCKY MOUNTAIN NATIONAL PARK

Enos·A·Mills

Memorial Edition

—

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN NATIONAL PARK

BOOKS BY

ENOS A. MILLS

Adventures of a Nature Guide
The Grizzly, Our Greatest Wild Animal
In Beaver World
Rocky Mountain Wonderland
Story of a Thousand Year Pine
Wild Life on the Rockies
Story of Scotch
Spell of the Rockies
The Rocky Mountain National Park
Waiting in the Wilderness
Watched by Wild Animals
Wild Animal Homesteads
Your National Parks



Photo. by Enos A. Mills

Longs Peak from Wild Basin

Memorial Edition

The Rocky Mountain National Park

BY

ENOS A. MILLS



WITH A FOREWORD
BY
ROBERT W. JOHNSON

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PREFACE

In 1905 the author brought out "The Story of Estes Park and a Guide Book." It was written because a guide book was needed and also for the purpose of recording the story of one of the historic places of the West before the pioneers and other sources of information had vanished. "The Story of Estes Park" has gone through four editions. In its present form, "The Rocky Mountain National Park," all the original historical material of the book has been used, and in addition, chapters relating to the development of the region for recreational and educational purposes as a national park.

Extracts are quoted from "A Ragged Register," by Miss Anna E. Dickinson, through the courtesy of Harper & Brothers, and from "A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains," by Miss Isabella L. Bird. Acknowledgment is also made to the Editors of the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Leslie's*, *Holland's Magazine*, *The Classmate*, and *The American Boy* for permission to use material previously published by them.

This, as well as the first edition, is inscribed to

Robert W. Johnson

ENOS A. MILLS

FOREWORD

IT WAS in the early nineties that I first knew Enos Mills. He was a summer resident of Estes Park, a guide to Longs Peak, and also worked at anything that turned up. Already he was park correspondent of the Denver papers. He was studying, and he said he usually read till midnight. In 1886, Mills, who had left home in eastern Kansas two years before, built a cabin at the foot of Longs Peak.

The winters he put in at Butte City. In those days Butte was the livest camp and brightest spot of local colour in the United States. For insight into practical life, he could not have chosen a better university. Any one who has seen the crowd, at twelve o'clock at night five and six deep, breasting the bar of the "Atlantic", or the "Y. M. C. A." (You Must Call Again), trying to get the eye of any of a dozen barkeeps, realizes there was no night there.

The endless sequence of changing shifts, the mine tragedy, corpses, the camp funeral, red-hot local politics, the Orangemen's War, Chinatown, the big fire in the Anaconda, miners from

every land, sometimes rich overnight on the wheel, dead of pneumonia after a week in the "red-light," cowboys, gamblers in velvet waistcoats, diamonds, and with a girl on the side, foreign chefs, world-beaters at short-order stuff when full of "hop," without it raving maniacs, mine promoters with "experts" at their heels, Fourth of July in camp; Mills saw it all. The rush of the little democracy was in his veins.

Mills plunged into this melting-pot. It was a foreign country. He was tool boy in the Anaconda, then miner, machine driller, compressor-man, finally engineer of the plant.

Mixed in with Butte were weeks of prospecting and camping each year. At times he thought he had struck it, but it always pinched out. One summer he visited Alaska, and spent another with the U. S. Geological Survey in Yellowstone Park.

And out of all this high-pressure action he always went back to his cabin at Longs Peak, the most beautiful valley in the Rocky Mountains, and continued to read.

He absorbed the works of the men who revolutionized thought a generation ago: Huxley, Tyndall, Wallace, Darwin, and Spencer.

In his enthusiasm for new horizons, he named the upstanding peak that fills the eye west of Copeland's, "Tyndall." I don't know what the

map calls it.[1] With this went general history. He had read Paine and a lot of Ingersoll. For Shakespeare he had admiration. After finishing John Fiske's "Cosmic Philosophy" Mills felt moved to give one of his first lectures, "Evolution," to a local audience at Estes Park village.

One autumn we threw the diamond hitch over some packs and crossed Flat-top, October 25th. As we got above timberline a flock of ptarmigan came sailing in wide sweeps just above the snow, and settling near, merged with surrounding white. Mills broke into enthusiastic talk of protective colouration, and of these ptarmigan especially:

"And they are just as hard to see in the summer—speckled brown, among the rocks."

We camped somewhere north of Grand Lake. There were beautiful little parks in the timber where the horses grazed, the wind sang through the pines, and shadowy fretwork paved the forest floor. After a last look at the horses, we would talk around the fire till midnight.

"I was tramping in Montana," Mills was saying, "camped in an old cabin. I decided to stay and had made a good bed by piling soft brush on a rack, over which I laid my tarp and blankets. One night I thought I felt something move under me but, being only half awake,

[1]Mount Copeland.

decided it was only brush settling and was soon asleep.

"Several nights after, I was certain something stirred underneath. I sprang up, lit a candle, and threw off the tarp. Coiled about each other, under the spot where I lay, were two healthy rattlesnakes half seen in the dim light. I killed them and ruined that bed looking for more. They had crawled in to get the warmth from my body."

One afternoon we rode into two bears at close quarters, and that night camped in one of the deserted shacks at Lulu. Night was falling. Dark curtains of fir hung from the hills all around the half-ruined cabins. Mills said it was like sleeping in a graveyard.

Alone in the forest Mills never seemed bored.

"I got used to that the winters I stayed in my cabin. The Lambs all went down to the valley. I was alone. Day and night, for weeks together, the wind raved through the pines. The summer visitors have no conception of it. The forest above the cabin boomed like the dull thunder borne inland from a stormbound coast. Yes, in winter I discovered solitude, boiled down, refined, and twenty-two-carat.

"One evening, coming from Lily Lake at dusk, as I pitched over the hill toward the cabin I was aware of two mountain lions in the jackpine a

hundred feet outside the trail. They would trot along and stop and slowly switch their tails and keep just about opposite me as I walked.

"Unarmed, I looked for a club as I hurried, but the snow covered everything loose, and all I carried was a worried look. I yelled at them, but it didn't make any difference. They kept right alongside till we came to the opening near the old Longs Peak House. Then they turned off to the right and loped across the snow toward the big rocks south of Estes Cone. Next morning I measured those jumps."

Mills told me how long they were but I have forgotten, except that they seemed very big.

One day we lost a horse. Crossing a high rocky point he slipped off. When we got down to him, fifty feet below, his shoulder and one leg were broken. The bones crunched when the poor fellow tried to move. We gave him a quick bullet under the ears. Years after, Mills told me he hadn't forgotten the look of terror in that horse's eye.

Along the edge of North Park we struck an isolated cabin. The low ridge logs projected at one end in wide eaves and were roofed like the rest with dirt. There was a chimney, part rock and the upper half mud reinforced with sticks, and smoke was coming out.

Pounding on the door raised a voice, and en-

tering, we saw an old man whose beard swept below his breast sitting on the floor.

"Howdy, boys. Come in and warm."

It was a one-room cabin. The only window had a piece of gunny-sack stretched part across it in place of glass, an old eight-sided, single-shot Sharps leaned in the corner, and there was a bright fire in the chimney.

Besides the old man there were two women, one young and nursing a baby at the breast, the other middle-aged. All three were sitting on the floor, there were no chairs; and the elder woman was helping the man salt trout for winter. There was a pile of about two bushels of fish in the corner.

While we were getting warm the old man talked.

"Thar be heavy game movin' this mornin'," pointing to where the snow had freshly run down a steep draw. We followed it far up where a level line under cliffs marked a trail. Bighorn, picking their way around the mountain that morning, had started a miniature slide.

North Park looked a desert with some whirring sage-hens and a few fleeing antelopes. We turned into the timber and camped. We were in a game country. There were no government men hanging around to show us which tree we could use for fire. In remote corners were yet

touches of the old West. It was freedom. The sky was still the limit.

One night I asked Mills if he had ever run into any "bad men."

"Only once, and that was in a city"—Spokane or Seattle, I think he said.

"One evening I stepped into a saloon. As the door closed behind, I thought I heard a bolt slide. Turning, I tried to go out, as the place didn't seem just right. The door was fast. There was a contraption to bolt it when the man at the bar worked a wire. Two men began closing on me. Instantly I backed against the wall and referred the matter to Judge Colt. My getting the drop stopped them in their tracks, and one asked:

"'Who in hell are you, anyway?'

"'I'm Bobby Burns of Butte'—naming a somewhat known desperate character.

"They were silent a few seconds, then one said:

"'Oh, well, we ain't aiming ter roll yer. Turn him loose.'

"The man at the bar worked the wire and I stepped out. That was all there was to it."

One day we met a rider, a pleasant young fellow who asked if he might throw in with us for the night. He camped with us two days telling of an elk country a little to the west, where we determined to go, explaining that he had just

done thirty days in Steamboat jail for shipping elk meat to market.

As we rode west of Sulphur Springs, it snowed more than a foot. We had no wish to hang around ranches for horse feed. Our camping trip was over. As we came out, Berthoud Pass was a dazzling silence.

It was on this trip that Mills told me of an offer he had to go into the cattle business on a wage and partnership basis.

"As to money, I know it would be a great thing for me, but I refused it."

At the back of his head he felt he had other work to do. From reading and observation he was developing his peculiar individual quality that marked him out from other men. Many think first of necessity, then of comfort, and, after fortune, of a god, and never get past the money-making mile-post. For them all beyond is desert.

In 1900 Mills visited the Paris exposition, climbed Vesuvius, and made a quick tour of Switzerland. He brought back, among much else, a firm mind against the "tipping system."

About this time he bought the old Longs Peak House. We met nearly every summer. Sometimes we made three-day trips to Wild Basin, exploring the gorges, or sitting by the little fir-fringed lakes that shoal out a hundred feet, with

scarce diminishing depth, over bright sand, when they break over a submerged precipice into black. Here was the ouzel in its summer home, dipping along the shore, or swimming across the middle, a miniature duck. We were used only to its single harsh note, and when it took wing, hovering over the surface, and gave its musical little song, Mills was delighted.

Sometimes we camped by slender groves of classic aspen that turn fairylike among autumn pine, and have been quivering down through the centuries since the flutes of antiquity. At evening, across the valley the hermit thrush sang.

Sometimes we visited beaver dams, with their little ponds and well-plastered lodges. Bancroft says in his history that in cleanliness, thrift, industry, and architectural skill, the beaver, although an animal, was superior to the Indian at the time America was discovered. For these beaver streams the old-time trapper forsook the rough Mississippi settlement and followed the unknown sunset. Here was the lure of the boldest, most picturesque spirit America has produced, dressed in long-belted hunting shirt of fringed buckskin, like his forbears, the first real Americans, uncoloured by Europe, the free riflemen of the Blue Ridge.

Occasionally we jumped deer, and at timberline, sheep. Mills had been appointed snow

inspector for irrigation data and visited all the high ranges in the state. He became more familiar with the bleak stretches above timberline than any other man. At times in winter he would have to drop down to timberline and make a fire to watch out a blizzard. On these lonely tramps he got much material for his stories.

Sometimes, on a summer afternoon, we would start up the "trail" and camp among the Silver Spruce. Mills was very fastidious about these camping spots, and would always choose some open glade, often with magnificent outlook, and always among stately firs whose tops the wind stirred to the melody of violins.

Writing was now his first interest. He talked of word values and style, repeated the page of Stevenson's "Wrecker" ending, "God bless every man that swung a mallet on that staunch and tiny craft"—a marvellous description of a sea storm; was allured by the South Sea stories, quoted whole passages from Shakespeare, was interested by Ingersoll's word pictures and admired his bold stand against religious superstition.

Mills was among his delectable mountains and reacted with excitement.

"How can one accept the traditions set forth thousands of years ago about the beginning of things, and of life and beyond death as the 'truth'? No man really knows. I believe it

more honest, as Tolstoi writes in 'What Is Religion?' to say we know nothing about these things."

For Mills, the Great Power behind all never spoke to man unless through surrounding phenomena, and among these—"the eternal heavens, the rushing winds, the fountains of great streams, the ocean waves that in ten thousand sparkling dimples wreath their azure smiles, all-seeing sun, all-generating earth," were the voices he listened to and absorbed in a way that inspired his work. To interpret nature so that others might share his delight became his emotion.

Pioneer spirit was in his blood. As he was independent physically, so mentally he burst through the tyranny of inherited belief, went out into what petrified minds call the "desert," and found great happiness.

His nature was kindly, full of gentlemanly instinct.

"I got a shock in New York," he once said. "An old woman was struggling along in the subway with two heavy bags. She stopped at the stairs and looked so helpless, I jumped in and took the larger out of her hand thinking to help her to the surface. Imagine my fix when she screamed loudly for the police and shouted, 'Stop, thief!' I had to square myself before a curious crowd."

One day he spoke of his climb down the precipice side of Longs Peak. In the rim-rock country of southeast Utah it is an axiom never to go down where you can't get back. If you met a precipice, you would be what is called "ledged," and would starve to death.

Mills told me he went down chimneys he knew he could never re-climb, gambling on going farther.

"I felt so sure of myself in the dizzy places, that standing on two feet of rock and a thousand of air, I let go hand-holds and waved my arms. If I hadn't had absolute confidence I would not have made it. I took many kodak shots. All the same, when I did reach bottom, I rolled and rolled in the snow to loose the tension." In his cabin he lived surrounded with magnificence. Yellowstone has spectacular freaks, the Teton country is more truly alpine, its mountains far harder to climb, but for scenery to live with, the Longs Peak region is the finest in the Rocky Mountains.

During the last eighteen years I scarcely saw Mills. Of his success everyone knows—many books, lectures all over the country. He wound up a political campaign with Hearst in New York and came in touch with Roosevelt.

It has been said that it somewhat turned his head, but I want to say that no man is conceited

till he over-estimates himself, and the qualities that brought Enos Mills all the way from obscurity to an assured position as a writer nationally recognized are more than most possess.

We have always thought him more a literary man with artistic and poetic tendencies than naturalist. Many of his fine photographs reveal it. Some of these were taken from strange and almost inaccessible points of view. On the sheer side of Longs Peak he took snaps that are not likely to be duplicated.

It is the charm of his story more than the fact that makes it worth while. Surely "The Story of a Thousand Year Pine" is a work of art.

I like to remember my friendship with Enos Mills. Frankness and unsophisticated simplicity gave a kick to his talk. Sometimes it made you wince.

Millionaires and "empire builders" have a bubble of reputation while living; unless they are philanthropists or of great personal quality, they are instantly forgotten. They work to enrich themselves.

Some of the work of Enos Mills has enriched the English language, and Enos A. Mills will be found among the names of other unusual gifted men in Colorado's Hall of Fame.

ROBERT W. JOHNSON.

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Memorial Edition

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THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN NATIONAL PARK

THE RED GODS HAVE AUDIENCE

The call of the wild is heard once more. The amazing increase of interest in our splendid national parks shows that the Red Gods have not lost their eloquence. Again and everywhere, people are restless for the medicine and the spell of the wilderness. Irresistible is Nature's call to play. This call comes in a thousand alluring forms. It comes at unexpected times and sends us to unheard-of places. We simply cannot tell what Nature will have of us, or where next. But from near and far, ever calls her eloquent voice. In work and in dreams she shows a thousand ways, suggests the presence of wonderlands yet unseen. She pictures alluring scenes in which to rest and play; in mysterious ways she sends us eagerly forth for unscaled heights and fairylands. We invade the Arctic, dare an unclimbed peak, or run a wild rapids, for there is no greater joy than wrestling naked-handed with the elements. Of these she whispers, or of them she sounds her bugle song. She fascinatingly commands and charms us to other scenes. We rush to respond and fix our eyes on a happy horizon toward which we hurry, but ere we reach it, she calls elsewhere; and elsewhere, with highest hopes of boys at play, we hasten.

The Rocky Mountain National Park

CHAPTER I

EARLY DISCOVERY

LONGS PEAK, 14,255 feet, is the highest landmark in the Rocky Mountain National Park. It is visible for more than one hundred and fifty miles out on the plains and became known to the early trappers and to the thousands of early emigrants travelling to states farther west. It has figured in American history for more than a century.

Following the Lewis and Clark Expedition, two other expeditions were sent by the Government to extend the exploration of the Louisiana Purchase. Lieut. Z. M. Pike commanded the expedition of 1806 and Colonel S. H. Long the one of 1820. They explored the territory between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains. Both emphatically reported that the country explored was utterly worthless. Both

took consolation in the fact that the very barrenness of the region would prevent home people from wandering too far and also that the desolate nature of the territory would be an effective barrier against invasion.

Longs Peak caught the eye of Lieutenant Pike one November day in 1806, when he was far out on the plains exploring his way westward. In recording the discovery in his journal he mentions it as "Great Peak." But it may have been seen by Spanish explorers a century earlier.

The exploring party sent out by President Madison under Colonel S. H. Long came in sight of "Great Peak" on June 30, 1820. While this exploring party was in camp at the mouth of the Poudre on July 3, 1820, its members named Longs Peak in honour of their commander.

For years it was known as Fremonts Peak, and the Spaniards and early trappers called it "Two Ears," while the plains Indians for generations used it as a landmark with the name of "Two Guides." In the "Oregon Trail," Doctor Parkman records that he saw Longs Peak in 1845. From Parkman's time Longs has been the name.

Some of Colonel Long's party were the first to scale Pikes Peak, and Lieutenant Pike was the first to record seeing Longs Peak; but neither

Long nor Pike was upon the peak that bears his name.

For ages the Longs Peak and Rocky Mountain National Park region was a hunting and camping ground of the Indians. The tribes using it most were the Arapahoes and the Cheyennes. Although they probably crossed this region at various seasons of the year, they appear to have used it most during summer and autumn. Here they camped, hunted, frolicked, and had an occasional battle. Apparently the liveliest battle took place between the Arapahoes and the Apaches, in the western part of Beaver Park. There is an accumulation of stones here which probably is the ruins of the fortifications used in this battle.

The Indians had a number of trails across the Continental Divide. The one across Flat-top was known as the "Big Trail," the one by Windy Gulch as the "Child's Trail." They named many of the peaks, mountains, and streams, and a number of these names are exceedingly descriptive and fitting.

Longs Peak and Mount Meeker were known as "The Two Guides," the Rabbit Ear Mountains with their eternal snows ever fronting eastward as the "No Summer Mountains"; Specimen Mountain as "Mountain Smokes"; Old Man Mountain as "Sitting Man"; Deer

Mountain as "In Butte"; Echo Mountain as "Pine Ridge"; and Lily Mountain as "Beaver Lodge Mountain." Lily Lake was known as "Beaver Lodge Lake"; Cabin Creek, immediately south of Longs Peak Inn, as "Lots of Beaver"; the north fork of the Grand River as "Coyote Creek"; and Grand Lake as "Big Lake." The Big Thompson River was called the "Pipe River," and Fall River, "Little Pipe."

It is impossible to say who was the first white visitor to this section, but probably it was Kit Carson. He and a band of trappers seem to have trapped in the region in 1840. Apparently they came in from the Poudre region and crossed southward to the St. Vrain. Other trappers appear to have entered the Big Thompson Cañon even earlier than this, but turned back before the Park region was reached on account of the ruggedness of the cañon.

Kit Carson and another companion built a cabin on a little stream about half a mile southeast of Longs Peak post office. Here they seem to have trapped for a few months. The date of the building of this cabin probably was 1851, although it may have been two or three years later.

CHAPTER II

JOEL ESTES

THROUGHOUT Colorado are innumerable park-like areas within a mountainous world.

Forest fires helped to make some of these open spaces, some are old glacier meadows and filled-in lake basins, and thousands were made by beaver dams—are old beaver ponds filled with sediment and grassed over.

Estes Park is one of the most attractive as well as the best known of these parks. The region embraces about one hundred square miles, one third of which is open. The approximate altitude of this ragged upland park is a trifle less than eight thousand feet, and it is entirely surrounded by high peaks.

Estes Park was named for its first permanent settler, Joel Estes, who came to the region in 1860. William N. Byers of Denver gave the Park its name.

Joel Estes, like Boone, enjoyed being far from neighbours and wandered into Colorado from Arkansas. One autumn day in 1859, while hunting, he ascended Park Hill and from this

vantage point had the wonderful view down into Estes Park. Early in 1860 Mr. and Mrs. Estes and their son, Milton, moved into the Park, with their effects upon two pack horses. They came in mostly "for hunting and prospecting."

A log cabin was built on Willow Creek, about one block north of the present ranch house near the junction of the Lyons and the Loveland roads, two miles east of Estes Park post office. In 1861 they brought in a two-wheeled cart.

In the summer of 1860, in a gulch about one half mile south of Mary Lake, Milton Estes captured a black Indian pony. Occasional arrowheads have since been found over the Park.

When Joel Estes first came to the Park he saw new lodge poles and other signs of recent Indians, but, so far as known, no Indians have camped in the Park since the white man came.

In the spring of 1861, Milton Estes, then twenty-one, journeyed to Fort Lupton and wedded Miss Mary L. Flemming, returning to the Park with his bride. Their son, Charles F. Estes, born February 19, 1865, was the first white child born in the Park.

The Estes families lived the simple life. Twice each year they went to the Denver post office for their mail. On these eventful trips, made during the spring and fall, they took a small quantity of fish, game, or hides to market.

Reviewing her pioneer life from the distance of forty years, Mrs. Milton Estes says: "We kept well, enjoyed the climate, had plenty of fun, were monarch of all we surveyed, had no taxes, and were contented as long as we remained —but I wish I had pictures of ourselves in those old days and clothes—how we must have looked!"

Several people who called upon the Esteses while they were monarch of all they surveyed left written words of praise for their hospitality and jolly nature.

Mrs. Milton Estes not only had a cheerful disposition, but was an excellent cook and housekeeper. Every day at regular hours she served three good meals. The ordinary meal consisted of venison, mutton, or trout; hot biscuits, butter, berries, coffee, and plenty of cream. Cooking was done over the fireplace in kettles, pans, and a Dutch oven. Eagle wings oftentimes served for brooms, and pitch pine in the fireplace usually furnished the light at night.

Sundays and holidays were scarcely noticed —every day was their best day. The Estes children had some pet cats and a dog, Mage, that caught fish. With sticks, rocks, sheep, and elk horns for toys, the children spent the days happily.

One day little George Estes fell and dislocated

his arm. But as it was out of the question to obtain a doctor, the children of the pioneers established the custom of keeping well—a custom still closely followed by Park children. The little folks wore dresses made from flour sacks, and all the children were proud of their buckskin moccasins.

One of the Estes children became a physician, another served in the Iowa legislature.

The Estes family were at home three years before the first visitors, some tourist campers, called. Among the campers who came in during the summer of 1865 were the Reverend and Mrs. Richardson. The Reverend Mr. Richardson, a Methodist, one August day of that summer preached in the Estes cabin to ten listeners.

Early in the winter of 1865–66 a deep snow fell over the Park and the entire winter continued cold and snowy. The Esteses began to long for warmer climes and scenes more remote, so early in the spring of 1866 they sold out and moved away, and none of them have ever come back. Joel Estes died in New Mexico in 1875; his wife in Iowa in 1882. Mr. and Mrs. Milton Estes the past few years have been dividing their time between their comfortable homes in Denver and El Paso, Texas.

The Estes families abdicated their scenic throne for one of the following considerations:

fifty dollars, a yearling steer, or a yoke of oxen. It is impossible to say which one of these is correct, but had Michael Hollenbeck given them all of these he had become monarch dirt cheap.

A few months later a Mr. Jacobs gave $250 for the claim, but in a short time it was acquired by a regular Robinson Crusoe of a character called "Buckskin."

In 1867 the Estes claim came under the control of Griff Evans, and in due course lost its identity by becoming the property of the Earl of Dunraven. Evans remained at the ranch house for twenty years.

Those who live pioneer lives are usually the most fortunate of people. They suffer from no dull existence. Each hour is full of progressive thought, and occasions which call for action accompanied by the charm of exploration—action that makes their lives strong, sincere, and sweet. Their days are full of eagerness and repose, they work with happy hands. The lives of pioneers are rich with hope and their future has all the promise of spring. To be able to build a log cabin on the fresh, wild mountain slope and by its frontier fireplace to explore the fairyland of enchanting thought is indeed a blessing.

CHAPTER III

"ROCKY MOUNTAIN JIM"

JAMES NUGENT, "Rocky Mountain Jim," appears to have come to Estes Park in 1868 and built a cabin in Muggins Gulch, on the road from Estes Park to Lyons. His cabin stood at the mouth of the first gulch on the right as one descends Muggins Gulch. Jim's associates, his uncertain and irregular past, his braggadocio, bravery, chivalry, liking for poetry, and writing of doggerel, his debauches, moods, kind acts, his big white mule, his picturesque dress, his romantic association with Miss Isabella L. Bird, the cowardly manner in which he was shot, and his dramatic death—all these make him the star character among those who have thus far played in Estes Park scenes.

Meddling parents with a lovely maiden in the background may have started him on his reckless way. He may have been a "nephew of General Beauregard" and hailed from the South, but he also claimed to have been the "son of an English army officer stationed in Canada." He seems to have served with both the Hudson's

and American Fur companies, and to have bushwhacked in the Kansas "border warfare," and may have been with both Quantrell and Hamilton. The Boulder *News* for November 14, 1873, says of him:

> "Rocky Mountain Jim" came down from Estes Park last Tuesday, bringing along 300 pounds of trout for a share of which he has our thanks. Jim never forgets a friend, nor enemy, either.

On October 17, 1873, the same paper contains this item:

> "Rocky Mountain Jim" is talking of writing a book. Jim has, under a rough crest, no mean abilities, coupled with a heart that beats right, and if he writes a book we predict it will not be tedious and unreadable.

It is known that Jim had a mass of written matter just before he was shot, but I have failed to find any of it. The refrain of one of his love ditties was:

> While in Muggins Gulch not far away,
> Lived a poor trapper.

Jim hunted, trapped, kept a few cattle, and made frequent trips to Denver and Boulder. On a few of these trips he was drunk and quarrelsome, but generally he was jovial and generous. All old-timers along the way between the Park

and Denver with whom I have talked say that they were "always glad to see Jim and his white mule coming."

On July 6, 1869, he lost an eye and very nearly his life in a fight with a bear in Middle Park. While creeping upon some deer, near Grand Lake, armed with only a revolver and knife, his dog came running up, closely pursued by a bear and her cubs. The bear at once turned on Jim, who fired four shots into her before she downed him; then with his knife he continued fighting until he became unconscious. He was lying in a pool of blood when he regained consciousness and near by was the dead bear. Jim was very weak and terribly "chawed up." His left arm was dislocated, his scalp nearly torn off, and one eye was missing. He crawled to his camp, mounted his faithful mule, and started for Grand Lake. Twice he became unconscious and fell off, but each time, when he revived, he found the mule grazing near by, and remounting with great pain and difficulty, continued the journey. At Grand Lake his yells for a time frightened the few settlers, who were expecting an Indian raid. When at last they ventured out and found Jim lying unconscious, one remarked: "Indians are 'round, sure; here is a man scalped."

The lines that follow are a condensation of

what Miss Isabella Bird wrote concerning Jim in "A Lady's Life in the Rockies":

Among the scrub not far from the track was a rude black log cabin, with smoke coming out of the roof and window. It looked like the den of a wild beast. The mud roof was covered with lynx, beaver, and other skins laid out to dry, beaver paws were pinned out on the logs, a part of a carcass of a deer hung at one end of the cabin, a skinned beaver lay in front of a heap of peltry just within the door, and antlers of deer and old horseshoes lay about the den. The den was dense with smoke and very dark, littered with hay, old blankets, powder flasks, old books and magazines, and relics of all kinds. The owner, a broad, thick-set man about middle height, with an old cap on his head, with a hunting suit falling almost to pieces, a digger's scarf knotted about his waist, a knife in his belt and a revolver sticking out of the breast pocket of his coat. His face was remarkable. He was a man about forty-five and must have been strikingly handsome. He had large gray-blue eyes, deeply set, a handsome aquiline nose, a very handsome mouth. His face was smooth-shaven except for a dense moustache and imperial. Tawny hair in thin, uncared-for curls fell over his collar. Desperado was written in large letters all over him. He had no better seat to offer me than a log, but he offered it with graceful unconsciousness. I read my letter, "The Ascent of Longs Peak," and was sincerely interested with the taste and acumen of his criticism on the style. He is a true child of nature; his eye brightened and his whole face became radiant, and at last tears rolled down his cheek, when I read the account of the glory of the sunrise. He then read us a very able paper on Spiritualism which he was writing. He told stories of his early youth, and of the great sorrow which had led him to embark on a lawless and desperate life. His voice trembled and tears rolled down his cheeks.

Essentially an actor, was he, I wonder, posing on the previous day in the attitude of desperate remorse, to impose upon my credulity or frighten me; or was it a genuine and unpremeditated outburst of passionate regret for the life which he had thrown away? I cannot tell, but I think it was the last. . . . Yesterday a gentleman came who I thought was another stranger, strikingly handsome, well dressed and barely forty, with sixteen shining gold curls falling down his collar—the redoubtable desperado. Evans [the landlord] courteously pressed him to stay and dine with us, and he showed singular conversational dexterity in talking with the stranger, who was a well-informed man. I left on Birdie, Evans riding with me as far as Nugent's. I should not have been able to leave if Mr. Nugent ["Rocky Mountain Jim"] had not offered his services [to take her over the snow-drifted roads and ice-streams to near Loveland]. Evans said I could be safer and better cared for with no one. He added: "His heart is good and kind, as kind as ever beat. He's a great enemy of his own, but he's been living pretty quietly for the last four years." The two men [Evans and Jim] shook hands kindly. Some months later "Rocky Mountain Jim" fell by Evans's own hand—shot from Evans's doorstep while riding past his cabin.

Evans was drunk when he shot Jim. The stories that Jim was in love with Evans's daughter and that he insulted her are stories that seem not to have become known until after the shooting. Evans and Jim were incompatible, both drank heavily at times, and they had several quarrels. Evans was associated with those who were scheming to secure the whole of Estes Park for Lord Dunraven. Jim opposed

his land scheme, and opposed it with threatening armed presence and his pen. At the time that Jim was shot he seemed to be making a winning fight against the land scheme. Naturally the old-timers were with Jim, and a consensus of their opinions is that "English gold killed Jim for opposing the land scheme."

Evans told the writer that he shot Jim for insulting his daughter. But incidental remarks of Evans to the writer concerning the affair did not harmonize with the studied assertion. A claim is made that there was a woman in the case—a woman to whom the man behind Evans and Jim were paying attention. The common belief of the neighbourhood at the time of the shooting was that "Evans was hired to do it." It does seem that Evans was only an agent when he did the shooting, but his hatred for Jim and the hatred of his backer, the land unpleasantry, and whisky all combined in causing Evans to do the shooting.

A friend by the name of Brown who was with Jim at the time of the shooting gave Abner E. Sprague an account of the affair a day or two after it happened. Here is the substance of it: Jim and a friend were returning from a ride and stopped to water their horses at the little stream by Evans's house. Evans and Lord H—— were in one of Evans's cabins drinking—possibly

Evans was being toned up to do the deed. When Jim left the stream Lord H——, putting a double-barrel shotgun into Evans's hands, said: "I want you to protect me." Evans took the gun, and as Jim passed near, fired two shots in rapid succession and without warning. The first shot probably missed Jim and hit an old stagecoach that stood by; but Jim, as the result of the second shot, fell from his horse with a load of buckshot in his body. At the trial, one witness swore that Lord H—— said to Evans: "Give him another; he's not dead yet."

This fellow Brown disappeared a few days after the shooting and has never been heard of since. It is probable that Lord H—— paid this important witness to disappear.

For a time it seemed that Jim would recover. He wrote an account of the shooting for a Fort Collins paper and in this stated that the land troubles were at the bottom of it. Meanwhile, Evans visited Jim and asked to be forgiven. Jim's reply is said to have been: "No, damn you, I'll forgive you with lead when I get well." Jim did not get well and the talk of the time was that the attending physician was hired to put him out of the way. Possibly public opinion was correct, but it appears more probable "that a piece of buckshot that had lodged in Jim's skull had dropped in upon his brain," or that "the

base of Jim's brain had become putrid from a piece of buckshot that had entered it the day of the shooting."

Mrs. Griffith Evans asked me to say for her that while she regretted the killing of Rocky Mountain Jim, she could not blame her husband for the deed, as it appeared to be a case of kill or be killed. At times Jim drank heavily and at such times he frequently was quarrelsome. Both when he was drunk and when he was sober he had repeatedly threatened to kill Evans.

This was the most serious Estes Park tragedy.

The Evanses and others say that, for a time, Miss Bird was in love with Rocky Mountain Jim. Jim was a picturesque and interesting fellow and might easily delight a young lady author without her falling in love with him. I cannot think that Miss Bird was in love with him, but she may have been. She refused to write anything concerning her Estes Park experiences for this book.

A number of things, however, would indicate that Miss Bird was deeply interested in him. During the closing years of her life she declined to write anything concerning the region and apparently avoided any discussion of it. Her biography by Anna M. Stoddard[1] makes but extremely brief mention of Miss Bird's Estes

[1] John Murray, London, 1907.

Park experiences, yet they were apparently as eventful as any in her life. The letters which she wrote from here and afterward published in "A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains" went through seven American editions and a number of editions in England.

Concerning the final parting of Rocky Mountain Jim and Miss Bird, and the influence on Miss Bird of the news of Jim's death, her biographer says:

> They promised each other that after death, if it were permitted, the one would appear to the other. This parting gave her great pain but she felt that Mr. Nugent had undertaken to live a new life and that she could help him by prayer and her letters. Nearly a year had passed. Mr. Nugent's letters gave evidence of continued steadiness. Then suddenly, on July 25, came the distressing news that he was dead. Contrary to the first report that he had been killed outright he lingered for some time. . . . Miss Bird went to Switzerland full of the distressing conviction that Jim had died unrepentant and occupied with the remembrance of their mutual promise.
>
> From Hospenthal an almost immediate move was made to Interlaken and there one morning as she lay in bed half unnerved by the shock of his death and half expectant, she saw Rocky Mountain Jim standing in the middle of the room in his trapper's dress, just as she had seen him last. He bowed low to her and vanished. Then one of her friends came into the room and she told her what had just occurred. When exact news of his death arrived its date coincided with that of the vision.

CHAPTER IV

PIONEERS

ON CATCHING the first glimpse of it, most people declare with Miss Bird, "Never, anywhere, have I seen anything equal to the view into Estes Park." The striking characteristics of the Rocky Mountains are here seen at their best. The high rugged peaks are set with lovely spaces, primeval forests, scattered groves, and eternal snowfields; the mountain slopes and intervening valleys are splendidly adorned with spruces, great pines, and restless aspens. It is a monumental garden spot of loveliness and grandeur.

For more than fifty years the scenery and the climate, the ruggedness and the beauty of this wonderland have attracted travellers and settlers.

Albert Bierstadt, the first of the artists to paint the West, came as the guest of Lord Dunraven. It was here that Miss Isabella L. Bird wrote her book, "A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains." Helen Hunt saw Longs Peak, and

Anna E. Dickinson, the author and orator, climbed it with Dr. F. V. Hayden, the geologist, as guide.

Estes Park was abundantly stocked with game. Sheep, deer, bear, and lion were formerly plentiful and elk roamed by the hundred. "It is a good thing we did not have modern guns," said Milton Estes, "or we would have had too much time on our hands."

In 1867 many of the English tongue who were interested in scenery, trout, elk, beaver, or stock-raising were repeating agreeable stories concerning Estes Park. For five years hunters, tourists, trappers, and homeseekers came and went.

In the autumn and early winter of 1869, and again in 1872, Earl Dunraven, with his guests, Sir William Cummings and Earl Fitzpatrick, shot big game in the Park. Dunraven was so delighted with the abundance of game and the beauty and grandeur of the scenes that he determined to have Estes Park as a game preserve. His agents at once set to work to secure the land. Men were hired to file on claims, and ultimately about 15,000 acres were supposed to have been secured from the Government.

In 1871, while a boarder was eating breakfast at Evans's, the hired man asked, "What shall I kill to-day, elk, deer, or sheep?" Thousands

of elk horns were strewn over the Park up to the early nineties. Fortunately for the Park, mountain lions made early sheep-ranging unprofitable. During the autumn of 1885 the manager of the Dunraven ranch offered fifty dollars for the death of a stock-killing grizzly.

A writer in the Chicago *Tribune* of August 15, 1871, said:

> Mr. Evans and others contemplate putting up a cheap hotel for next season. . . . I see no reason why this cannot be made a prosperous resort, worth a dozen Saratogas to the invalid. . . . But no one should come in a wagon, as a pony or mule is the best, allowing the trip to be made in a day from Longmont.

Miss Bird, the author of many books of travel, first visited the Park in 1873. She was a scholarly Englishwoman of uncommon pluck and a nature lover. Any one interested in Estes Park or in a delightful book of travel would do well to read "A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains," which for the most part is filled with her Estes Park experiences. Of this her biographer records:

> This book appeared in October, a second edition was called for in November, and the third appeared in January, 1880. It is easy to understand its charm, in spite of its being seven years old when it received its final form. Its matter is of the kind which "age cannot wither nor custom stale," for the human interest of the book is so strong

and fresh that it overpowers the record of dangers overcome and Nature surprised in her most inaccessible retreats.

Miss Bird came into the Park late in September, 1873, and made her final leave early in December. She was, I suppose, the first boarder in the Park. The following quotations from her book give some of her experiences. Here is her description of her boarding house:

A log cabin made of big hewn logs. The chinks should be filled with mud and lime, but these are wanting. The roof is formed of barked young spruce, then a layer of hay, and an outer coating of mud, nearly all flat. The floors are roughly boarded. The living room is about sixteen feet square, and has a rough stone chimney in which pine logs are always burning.

Of her landlord she wrote:

Griff, as Evans is called, is short and small, is hospitable, careless, reckless, jolly, social, convivial, peppery, good-natured, nobody's enemy but his own—a jolly good fellow. His cheery laugh rings through the cabin from early morning, and is contagious, and when the rafters ring at night with songs, what would the chorus do without poor Griff's voice? . . . He has a most industrious wife, a niece of seventeen, and four children, all musical, but . . . though he is a kind husband, her lot as compared with her lord's is like that of a squaw. . . . I pay $8 a week, which includes the unlimited use of a horse, when one can be found and caught. . . . The regular household living and eating together at this time consists of a very intelligent and high-minded American couple, whose

character, culture, and refinement I should value anywhere; . . . a young Englishman . . . called the Earl; a miner prospecting for silver; a young man, the type of intelligent, practical young America, whose health showed consumptive tendencies . . . is living a hunter's life here; a grown-up niece of Evans; and a melancholy looking hired man. . . . We never get letters . . . unless someone rides to Longmont for them. Two or three novels and a copy of *Out West* are our literature. Our latest newspaper is seventeen days old. Conversation at the table: the last grand aurora, the prospect of a snowstorm, track and sign of elk and grizzly, rumours of a bighorn herd near the lake, the cañon in which the Texas cattle were last seen, the merits of different rifles, the progress of two obvious love affairs, the probability of someone coming up from the plains with letters, "Rocky Mountain Jim's" latest mood or escapade, and the merits of his dog, Ring, as compared with those of Evans's dog Plunk, are among the topics which are never abandoned or exhausted.—*October, 1873.*

Dr. F. V. Hayden, Father of the Yellowstone National Park—the first national park in the world—did some work in the Park in September, 1871. In his geological report for 1875, referring to Estes Park, he says:

Within the district treated [the Front Range of the Rocky Mountains] we will scarcely be able to find a region so favourably distinguished. Not only has nature amply supplied this valley with features of rare beauty and surroundings of admirable grandeur, but it has thus distributed them that the eye of an artist may rest with perfect satisfaction on the complete picture presented.

During the summer of 1868, Abner E. Sprague and two companions came into Estes Park on horseback and had an interesting and exciting outing. They had the good fortune to see the region when wild life was abundant, the trees uncut, and the wild flowers at their best. Mr. Sprague returned in 1874 and climbed Longs Peak, and in 1875 settled in Moraine Park. He says the first land survey was in January, 1874.

Albert Bierstadt, the celebrated artist, came in as the guest of Dunraven in 1874 and at once selected sites for Dunraven's cottage and the Estes Park Hotel. Bierstadt was delighted with Estes Park and made a second trip to it. Here he made sketches and secured material for some of his famous pictures. His favourite place was the shore of the lake which now bears his name. His painting of Longs Peak from Bierstadt Lake for years hung in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington.

In 1874, a stage line was established between the Park and Longmont. The same year Mr. and Mrs. R. Q. McGregor came in and settled in Black Cañon, where Mrs. McGregor became postmistress the next year.

During 1875 many settlers came to stay. Henry Farrar built a cabin near the site of the present Presbyterian Church, John Hupp settled

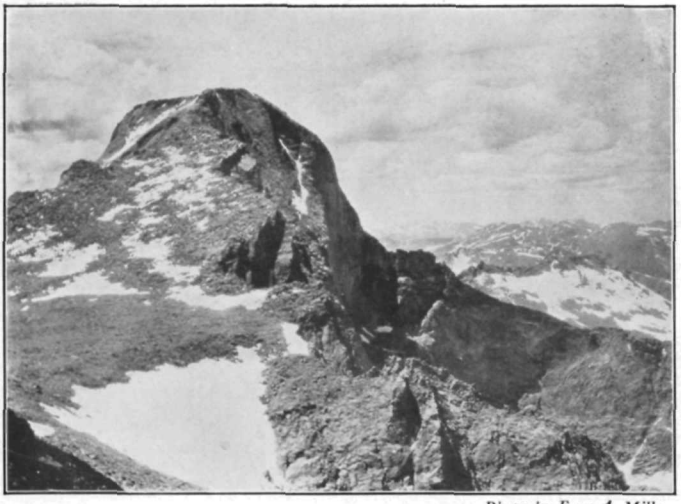


Photo. by Enos A. Mills

Top of Longs Peak from Mount Meeker



Photo. by Enos A. Mills

Mount Ypsilon



Judge Joseph L. Wescott, first settler at Grand Lake



Photo. by Esther B. Mills

Homestead cabin of Enos A. Mills

in Beaver Park, H. W. Ferguson near Mary's Lake, the Reverend and Mrs. E. J. Lamb, after two weeks' chopping, got a wagon through to the present location of Longs Peak Inn, and Mr. and Mrs. W. E. James came to Black Cañon.

On October 26, 1876, the first wedding occurred in the Park at the Ferguson homestead cabin, where the Reverend Mr. Coffman pronounced the marriage ceremony for Miss Anna Ferguson and Mr. Richard Hubbell.

A sad incident of early settlement befell a thrifty young German named George Bode. He homesteaded in the extreme north end of the Park, finished a cozy rustic home, completing the interior with striking wood-carvings, then sent passage money to the dear girl he had left behind. She refused the money, saying she would pay her own way, but desired him to meet her in New York. He went to meet her, but the vessel on which she had sailed went down at sea with all on board.

In 1876, Israel Rowe, hunter and discoverer of Gem Lake and Hallett Glacier, built a cabin near the present home of F. W. Crocker, a short distance southwest of Mount Olympus. That year, 1876, Charles W. Dennison built a log house about midway between the cabins of Rowe and Evans. And that year, too, "Muggins"—George Hearst—pastured his cattle in Muggins

Gulch on the present Meadow Dale stock ranch. It may have been this year that the first flock of "hoofed locust"—sheep—were brought in. These sheep were corralled in a stockade each night, but this did not prevent mountain lions from leaping in and having fresh mutton regularly.

The first death in the Park seems to have been that of Charles D. Miller, for whom the Miller Fork was named. He was accidentally shot by Charles W. Dennison. The second death was that of a climber on Mount Olympus who accidentally shot himself. He was buried on the south side of Fall River.

In 1877, John T. Cleave became postmaster but did not move the office to the present location at the junction of the Fall River with the Thompson until ten years later.

This year also, the Estes Park Hotel was built and opened, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. James moved and started Elkhorn Lodge, and the toll road from Lyons to the Park was completed.

The first public school was held in one of the cottages by Elkhorn Lodge in the winter of 1881, and early in the eighties Mr. Cleave began to keep a few articles for sale.

The writer came to Estes Park in 1884 and in 1885 made his first climb of Longs Peak. In 1886 in the Longs Peak valley he completed

a little log cabin on a tract which he homesteaded later when he came of age.

F. H. Chapin, the Appalachian climber, first visited Estes Park in 1886, and during that summer and in the summer of 1888 did much exploring on peak and in cañon adjacent to the Park. Many of his experiences and thoughts in connection with Estes Park are delightfully told in "Mountaineering in Colorado."

Meantime, many of Dunraven's land claims were contested. His agent had secured much of the land by loose or fraudulent methods and some by bullying homeseekers. R. Q. McGregor and others contested the twenty-one original claims. The contestants claimed that "these twenty-one claims had been entered by not more than five or six men; that the claimants had never lived on the land; that there was neither house nor fence, nor any improvement on any of the land." There are three "old-timers" still living in the Park who insist that the greater portion of Dunraven's land was fraudulently secured. Dunraven came out with about 8,000 acres, but his agent claimed something like 15,000 and for many years controlled that amount.

Trouble concerning land titles, the rapid slaughter of game by both tourists and settlers, and other reasons, finally led Lord Dunraven to give up the game preserve idea.

For about twenty-five years these lands were used for pasturing cattle. In 1907, all the Dunraven holdings were purchased by F. O. Stanley and B. D. Sanborn.

Early in the nineties Mr. C. E. Lester, who was keeping a good little summer store, issued a very creditable advertising folder concerning Estes Park.

After the charter of the toll road from Lyons to the Park had expired, the company who had owned the road managed, through some technicalities of the law, not only to continue charging toll, but to increase the charges. Efforts of Estes Park people to have toll charging stopped, or at least to have the charge reduced, were unsuccessful. J. E. Blair refused to pay and tore down the toll gate. He was arrested and fined. He tore the gate down again and was joined by Abner E. Sprague. At the expense of several hundred dollars and much annoyance, these two men fought the battle to a legal finish. The toll company was defeated and these two men deserve the honour of giving Estes Park a free road.

The *Rocky Mountain News* of Denver for September 26, 1896, contains the following:

> In Estes Park the usual routine of cards, drives, and dances was broken this week by the trapping of a bear. On last Sunday a bear killed a steer belonging to Dr.

James. This was discovered the following day and a gigantic steel bear trap set by the carcass and fastened to a small eighteen-foot log. The next night the bear returned for a rare steak, plunged his foot into the trap, and dragged it, and the log to which it was fastened, to a small lake near by. In the morning a few guests from Elkhorn Lodge visited the point of interest and found the bear sitting in the lake with his head covered with blood. The bear greeted his visitors so passionately that they flew down the mountain, never stopping until they met reinforcements. The party now consisted of about twenty-five men, women, and children, armed with rifles and kodaks. Another advance was made, and a halt was not called until they were very near the bear, which was now on dry ground. Kodaks were aimed and the hands holding them were about as quiet as a seismograph in an earthquake. It was a case of shaking before taking, while taking, and after taking, too. The bear evidently thought it was the pressing opportunity of his life, and charged the group. None belonged to the standing army. There was a stampede. Ladies and gentlemen trod on each other's heels; they tripped one another; they fell over logs in a confused manner and tore madly through the bushes. Miss James made a mistake, and ran towards the bear. Discovering her mistake just as the bear was about to embrace his opportunity, she turned, caught her dress, and for a moment was in great danger. At last some one discovered that the bear had stopped. The stampeders stopped in order of lung capacity. The trap, chain, and log had entangled among some aspens and held the bear fast. The bear weighed 800 pounds and measured eight feet from tip to tip.

The Denver papers tell that the first Fourth of July celebration in Estes Park was held in 1897. About one hundred and fifty people assembled

near the present post office to see the flag raised, to enjoy the basket dinner, and to listen to the present writer deliver an address on "The Growth and Prospects of Liberty."

All of the early settlers had many strange and interesting experiences—the alert and character-building experiences of the pioneer. They had hard work, inconveniences, and occasionally hard times, but they did not crave sympathy—they were enjoying life.

LONGS PEAK

Come to yon lofty mountain's tow'ring height,
Whose burnished brow beats back the golden light
Of morning sun, nor stay thine upward flight
  Till thou hast caught the glory and the might
    Of his calm Majesty.

Leave all thy common thoughts behind,
  Thy petty cares, thy strifes, thy fears,
And breathing here the unsullied air
  That softly now from heaven's blue vault
In freshness blows, uplift thy soul
  To Nature's high communion.
    O Altar Grand!

To that great Mystery that dwells in all,
  What fiery furnace fused thy parts,
In what titanic forge wert thou rough shaped,
  By what stupendous hand erected!
Upon thy face, with curious tools,
  The savage tempests graved a multitude
Of sculptured forms; the baneful lightnings
  Scarred thy beaten front and all thy sides
Are marked and furrowed by the torrent's tides;
  Yet calm, serene, in placid grandeur,
    Now thou stand'st,
  A monument to Nature's laws,
    An Altar to her God!

J. J. P. ODELL.

August, 1910.

CHAPTER V

LONGS PEAK

AMONG those who go up into the sky on high peaks Longs Peak is known as a famous rock climb. Having seen what it has to offer, together with what more than two hundred other American peaks command, I think of it in a class by itself. It has individuality, it commands magnificent distances, it offers safe and scenic ways up into the cloud and blue, and is exceedingly rich in geology and in plant and animal life.

But its climb is free from ice, it has little snowfall, and the wealth of its scenes is won without desperate effort. It is more easily, safely climbed in midwinter than Mont Blanc or the Matterhorn in midsummer. Nature has so distinguished Longs Peak that it is destined to become still more prominent in American outdoor recreation.

The first attempt to climb Longs Peak seems to have been made in August, 1864, by the man who first scaled the Mount of the Holy Cross—Wm. N. Byers, founder of the *Rocky Mountain News*.

With three companions Mr. Byers scaled Mount Meeker and went some distance through the Keyhole on the present trail of Longs Peak. The attempt was unsuccessful, and on the 20th of August, 1864, Mr. Byers wrote:

> We have been almost all around the Peak and we are quite sure that no living creature, unless it had wings to fly, was ever upon its summit. We believe we run no risk in predicting that no man will ever be, though it is barely possible that the ascent can be made.

In June, 1868, Major J. W. Powell, of Grand Cañon fame, left the Wesleyan University at Bloomington, Ill., with the intention of climbing Longs Peak. He and his party left the railroad at Cheyenne and with mules and ponies proceeded to Denver. From Denver they went over the Berthoud Trail to Hot Springs in Middle Park. At last they arrived at Grand Lake where final arrangements were made for the climbing of the Peak. Those in the party were: Major J. W. Powell, W. H. Powell, L. W. Keplinger, Samuel Gorman, Ned E. Farrell, John C. Sumner, and William N. Byers.

On the second day out from Grand Lake they made camp near timberline on the western slope of Mount McHenry. Here the horses were left behind, and the party proceeded on foot. From this camp they made straight for the Peak, but on getting into Glacier Gorge they retraced

their steps to the top of the pass and then endeavoured to make their way around and over the exceedingly narrow ridge which connects Longs Peak with the main range. But this ridge was so steep and broken that they were unable to traverse it. Abandoning this they descended into Wild Basin and made camp at timberline about a quarter of a mile northeast of Sandbeach Lake. The following gives Mr. Keplinger's account of the trip:

From camp we saw a place about halfway up the mountain which appeared to be impassable. Not feeling very tired myself, I thought I would spend the remainder of the afternoon in ascertaining whether the place referred to could be passed. When I got there I found a way to get past it. Still farther up I saw another place which appeared as though it would be utterly impassable, but I climbed up and found a way and passed that also. I was going directly up a kind of ravine or depression (which in fact is a continuation of the Notch) which separates Longs Peak from Mount Meeker. I saw that I could go at least that far, and the idea occurred to me to go ahead and be the first to reach the summit. I went up, into, and to the farther edge of the Notch. I thought I would be able to ascend to the top from the farther edge of the Notch, and attempted to do so, ascending obliquely to my left. I climbed up for a short distance without serious difficulty, but chancing to look to my left and behind me down on Estes Park, it appeared to me much the same as if I were a short distance above the eaves of a building half a mile high. To put it plainly, I lost my nerve the most completely I ever did in my life. Instead of retracing my steps I took a more direct course and

finally dropped for some little distance on to the floor of the Notch, which at that particular spot consisted of ice. I then found to my dismay that the sun was pretty well down and that the utmost effort on my part would be necessary to get me past the two difficult, not to say dangerous, places of which I have spoken. I succeeded in doing so, but night came on long before I got to camp.

The party became alarmed for my safety and built fires in places between the camp and where I was. As I came down I found John C. Sumner, who was a brother of Mrs. Byers, had kindled a beacon fire at the last place where he could find enough timber for that purpose, to guide me. I did not reach camp until ten o'clock. The next morning at daylight, our party, myself among them, ascended the Peak. We went up the same way I had gone the day before, until we came within a few hundred feet of the Notch. We then angled across up to the left some distance and then again up to the right, reaching the summit at or near the same point where the final ascent is now made, by way of Estes Park. We placed our names in a baking-powder can and erected a small monument.

Mr. William Byers, then editor of the *Rocky Mountain News*, accompanied our party in making this first ascent of Longs Peak. From observations made on the Peak, in connection with the complete series on Mount McHenry, I estimated the elevation of Longs Peak to be 14,250 feet. Some years later I saw in one of the Denver papers an account of the second ascent of Longs Peak. The party found our monument and the paper published the names of our party. Our ascent was made in the forepart of August—August 4th, I believe.

Mr. Byers's account of his successful climb had hardly been published in the *Rocky Mountain News* when three men and a woman set up a claim of earlier ascent. After long and

careful investigation, I think that the Byers party was the first on the summit of Longs Peak. That was the party led by Keplinger.

In all probability the first woman on Longs Peak was the celebrated lecturer, Miss Anna E. Dickinson. This was in September, 1871, and possibly was by moonlight. Both Mr. and Mrs. Griff Evans, who came to the Park one year before the first men were on the Peak, and who lived in the Park for many years, were positive that Miss Dickinson was the first woman on Longs Peak. Miss Dickinson made the climb as the guest of Professor Hayden of the United States Geological Survey. The night after the climb the Hayden party camped at timberline, at the point touched by the present trail up the Peak. While in this camp, the party seem to have named Longs companion peaks Mount Lady Washington and Mount Meeker. Miss Dickinson wrote the following concerning the evening's experiences by the timberline campfire:

> We were taken in hand by the Hayden party, thereby gaining the experience and memory of Longs Peak, and the companionship through a few days of men who ought to be immortal if superhuman perseverance and courage are guarantees of immortality.
>
> . . . I looked at all the little party with ardent curiosity and imagination, braving rain, snow, sleet, hail, hunger, thirst, exposure, bitter nights, snow climbs, dan-

gers of death, sometimes a score on a single mountain—for the sake, not of a so-called great cause, not in hot blood, but with still patience and unwearied energy for an abstract science—no more, since the majority cannot work even for fame.

We sat around the great campfire that was kept heaped with whole trunks of dead trees, and watched the splendours of sun-setting till they were all gone, and, these vanished, sat on by the blazing fire by the solemn, stately majesties, talking of many things—strange stories of adventure in the mountains and gorge, climbs through which a score of times life had suspended simply on strength of fingers, nice poise on a hand ledge thrust out into eternity, wild tales of frontier struggles, intricacies of science, discussions of human life and experience in crowded cities, devotion and enthusiasm shown in any cause—all things, in fact, that touch the brain and soul, the heart and life of mortals who really live, and do not merely exist. A talk worth climbing that height to have and to hold.

Early in October, 1873, the Peak was climbed by four people not unknown to fame. They were Miss Isabella Bird, ex-Mayor Platt Rogers of Denver, Judge S. S. Downer of Boulder, and "Rocky Mountain Jim." In January, 1905, Mr. Rogers wrote for this book an account of his experiences in making the climb. The account pictures characters and portrays conditions in a masterly manner. Here is his sketch:

In September, 1873, S. S. Downer (now Judge Downer of Boulder) and I rode across country from Greeley to Estes Park and stopped for the night at Longmont.

The proprietor of the hotel, learning our destination, asked that a lady, then at the hotel, might accompany us. We were not at all partial to such an arrangement as we were travelling light and free and the presence of a woman would naturally operate as a restraint upon our movements. However, we could not refuse, and we consoled ourselves with the hope that she would prove young, beautiful, and vivacious. Our hopes were dispelled when, in the morning, Miss Bird appeared, wearing bloomers, riding cowboy fashion, with a face and figure not corresponding to our ideals.

Our progress was slow, as she rode a pony of no considerable speed, and it was well along in the afternoon when we came upon the cabin of Nugent, locally known as "Rocky Mountain Jim," in Muggins Gulch. Jim came out and engaged us in conversation, his one eye, long hair, and leather costume giving him a picturesque air—such an air as delights the romantic female heart.

Miss Bird was interested if not impressed, and when Jim gave her some beaver pads, which had been hanging against his cabin, she was quite ready to accept him at his own valuation. He rode with us part of the way into the Park and I observed then, as I did several times after, that in looking at his face from the side of his good eye, he came very near reproducing the conventional profile of Shakespeare. I forebore mentioning this resemblance to him as his vanity was already complete.

The only habitable, if not the only inhabited, cabin in the Park at that time was that of Griff Evans, and this was our destination. I cannot speak of Griff without paying tribute to his genial, kindly nature, which it was my privilege to enjoy upon several subsequent occasions.

It was the last of September and the days were delicious. Except for the fence about the meadow in front of his cabin, the Park was untouched by the hand of the settler, and we were free to range it in every direction.

Mountain sheep and other large game could be seen in the morning coming down to water.

We spent our time generally in riding with Griff along the streams and over the hills looking up his cattle—Miss Bird always being one of the party.

Although it was very late in the season, she wanted to climb Longs Peak. She was continuously being reminded of experiences in the Sandwich Islands and the event of her travels seemed to have been the ascent of the volcano of Kilauea. Now, the only guides to the Peak in those days were Griff and Jim, and each held in contempt and derision the trail used by the other in making the ascent. Miss Bird wanted Jim, and Mr. Downer was finally persuaded to ride over to Muggins Gulch, see him, and make the necessary arrangement. Jim came, according to arrangement, riding a solid little pony and followed by his dog, Ring. Griff rendered us great assistance by cautioning Downer and me to keep our whisky flasks from Jim, whose worthlessness in the presence of liquor was well known to him.

We started early in the day and made camp at timberline, just opposite a tremendous snowbank on the slope of the Peak. We spent the evening before the campfire, very much after the manner described in her book. Jim was resourceful, romantic, and reminiscent. His adventure with the bear in Middle Park, which cost him his eye, was elaborated for Miss Bird's benefit, and all the doggerel which he had composed in the loneliness of Muggins Gulch was recited by him. The principal theme of his poems was himself, varied by reference to a fair maiden, of whom he seemed to be enamoured, and who, we afterwards learned, was Griff Evans's daughter.

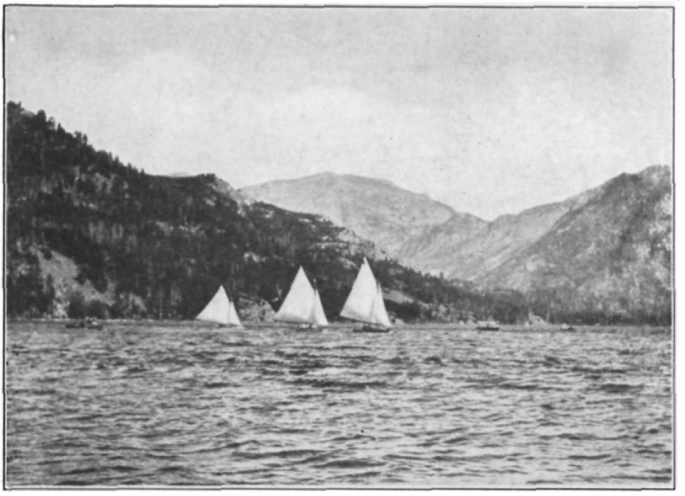
We were up before sunrise the next morning. Miss Bird mounted her pony and the rest walked. When we reached the lava beds[1] she could ride no farther and her

[1]The lava beds are now Boulderfield; the notch, Keyhole; while the Keyhole here referred to is the top of the trough.—MILLS.

horse was lariated. After passing the notch Downer and I had a controversy with Jim as to the best way to get over the slide. He insisted on going to the bottom near the head waters of the Big Thompson, and then climbing again until Keyhole was reached. Downer and I thought we could reach the Keyhole directly and without the long descent and arduous climb. Miss Bird attached herself to Jim and we went our respective ways, Downer and I reaching the Keyhole while Jim and Miss Bird were somewhere in the gulch below. This made a long wait, and when they finally came up with us she was so fagged that she was unable to make her way unaided up the last slope to the Peak. By alternately pulling and pushing her and stimulating her with snow soaked with Jamaica ginger, we got her to the top. We were then so late that we could remain but a short time, and we started on our return in the early afternoon. Jim insisted on the miserable trail he had followed in coming, and consequently he and Miss Bird floundered in the depths of the gulch once more while Downer and I returned by the upper and more direct trail, which necessitated another wait on our part at the lava beds. When Jim got her to the top again she was unable to mount her horse. She was therefore lifted on and practically held on until we got to camp, where she was lifted off; in fact, she was completely "done." We passed another night there and the following day returned to Griff's cabin.

Miss Bird was quite taken with Jim, who represented himself as the son of an English army officer who had been stationed somewhere in Canada, and he made some pretensions to a former state of refinement. She was disposed to resent our want of faith in him and the jollying we felt compelled to give him.

Downer and I looked upon her somewhat in the light of an encumbrance, though when her book was published we realized that we had had the great good fortune to travel with a woman whose ability to describe the manifold



Yacht race on Grand Lake



The Nickerson house where the first school in Grand Lake was held

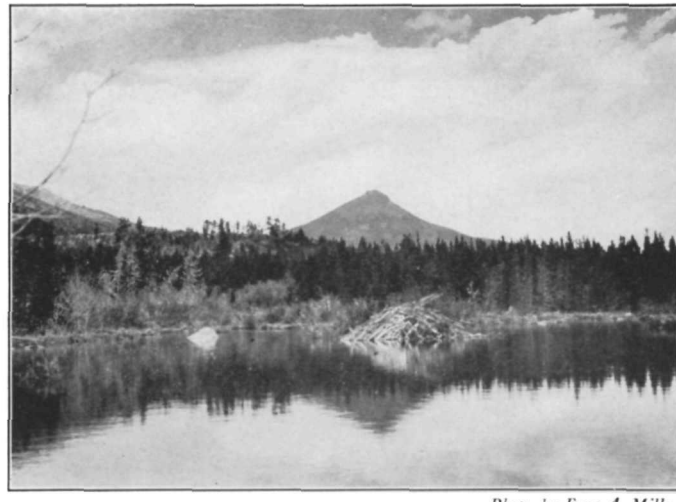


Photo. by Enos A. Mills

A large beaver pond and old house



Photo. by Enos A. Mills

Beaver cut aspen stumps

beauties of Estes Park has never been excelled. She was a thoroughly disciplined and observant traveller, although of too light a build to perform of her own strength the task she had set for herself.

Her physical unattractiveness, which so influenced us when we first met her, was really more than compensated for by a fluent and graphic pen, which made the mountains as romantic and as beautiful as doubtless were her own thoughts.

Concerning their first evening at timberline, Miss Bird says:

The long shadows of the pines lay upon the frosted ground, an aurora leaped fitfully, and the moonlight, though intensely bright, was pale beside the red, leaping flames of our pine logs and their red glow on our gear, ourselves, and Ring's truthful face. One of the young men (Rogers and Downer) sang a Latin students' song and two Negro melodies; the other, "Sweet Spirit, Hear My Prayer." Jim sang one of Moore's melodies in a singular falsetto, and all together sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "Red, White and Blue." Then Jim recited a clever poem of his own composition and told some fearful Indian stories.

The following is her description of Longs Peak from "A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains":

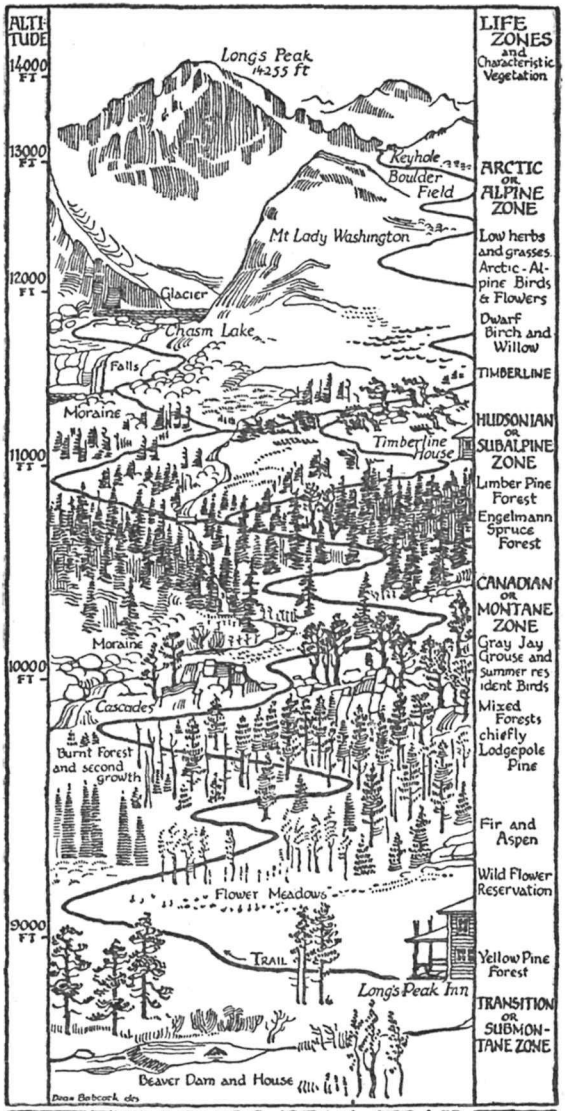
Longs Peak, 14,255 feet high, blocks up the end of Estes Park and dwarfs all the surrounding mountains. From it on this side rise, snow-born, the bright St. Vrain and the Big and Little Thompson. By sunlight its splintered gray crest is the one object which, in spite of wapiti and bighorn, skunk and grizzly, unfalteringly ar-

rests the eye. From it come all storms of snow and wind, and the forked lightnings play round its head like a glory. It is one of the noblest of mountains, but in one's imagination it grows much more than a mountain. It becomes invested with a personality. In its caverns and abysses one comes to fancy that it generates and chains the strong winds, to let them loose in its fury. The thunder becomes its voice, and the lightnings do it homage. Other summits blush under the morning kiss of the sun and turn pale the next moment; but it detains the first sunlight and holds it round its head for an hour at least, till it pleases to change from rosy red to deep blue; and the sunset, as if spellbound, lingers latest on its crest. The soft winds which hardly rustle the pine needles down below are raging rudely up there round its motionless summit. The mark of fire is upon it; and though it has passed into a grim repose, it tells of fire and upheaval-as truly, though not as eloquently, as the living volcanoes of Hawaii. Here under its shadow one learns how naturally nature worship and the propitiation of the forces of nature arose in minds which had no better light.

In August, 1871, the Rev. E. J. Lamb descended the rugged southeastern face of Longs Peak.

Many people appear to have climbed Longs Peak in the early seventies and to have written their experiences for publication, for in September, 1874, the editor of the Boulder *News*, in declining an account, said: "The Longs Peak communication is decidedly well written but the subject is threadbare."

On September 23, 1884, Miss Carrie J. Welton, an eccentric, cultured, and wealthy young



THE LONGS PEAK TRAIL

lady of Waterbury, Connecticut, who had given enormous sums of money to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, perished at Keyhole on her way down from the summit. She gave out at the Trough, but the guide, Carlyle Lamb, succeeded in getting her as far down as Keyhole. At her urgent request, he left her about nine o'clock and went to Longs Peak House for help. It was almost morning before he could get back to her through the cold, windy night with assistance, and she had perished. Over-exertion, together with the cold, had killed her; she did not freeze to death. On the way up the weather was cold and windy and at the Keyhole the guide, noticing how weak she was, suggested that they turn back. She declined, saying that she had never undertaken anything without going through with it. The guide should have refused to go farther. Guides on mountain peaks must sometimes become imperators.

Rebecca Morrow Reavis wrote an account in verse of the last climb of Miss Welton, together with a tribute to her. The poem embraces twenty-two stanzas. Here is the fifteenth:

> Ah, sweet maiden, thus you parted
> From the world's dull care and strife,
> Leaving loved ones broken-hearted,
> While you enter higher life.

You have reached the distant summit;
You have reached the treasured goal,
And your spirit reaching from it,
Still upbears your noble soul.

In the summer of 1892 a rock-rolling climber accidentally dropped his revolver, which exploded and gave him a mortal wound.

One August night in 1896, the first moonlight climb was made, by H. C. Rogers. Miss Lucy W. Evans made a night climb in August, 1903.

The first ascent of Longs in winter was made by the writer in February, 1903.

In August, 1904, Professor S. A. Farrand, aged seventy-four, and Ethel Husted, aged ten, climbed unassisted to the summit. Mrs. E. J. Lamb climbed unassisted to the summit on her seventieth birthday. In 1906 Harriet Peters, a little eight-year-old girl, climbed it almost unassisted.

During the summers of 1901 and 1902 Professor L. G. Carpenter, together with Jackson, True, Lamb, and Richardson, engineering students from the Colorado Agricultural College, determined the altitude 14,255 feet by running a line of levels from a United States Geographical Survey bench mark in Estes Park.

It seems probable that this splendid peak will continue to figure in the outdoor programme of the nation's activities. Standing in a rare and

refreshing climatic realm, amid a wealth of varied scenes, this towering and historic landmark of granite, old as the earth, will knit up the ravelled sleeve of care and enrich the imagination of multitudes.

Few experiences can put so much into one's life as to climb a mountain summit, and from among the crags and snows and clouds look down upon the beautiful world below. In ascending heights, one becomes an actor amid changing and inspiring scenes. The climber sees nature's best panoramas, great roof gardens, illimitable distances of sunshine and shadow, winding streams and sunny fields, mountain ranges, forests and lakes, the relief map of the world.

Most people have a desire to climb the highest point on the skyline that lies within view of their bit of geography, and a few wander far away to climb some famous mountain. It is my good fortune to have climbed all of the high peaks in the Rockies, besides some of the peaks in British Columbia and Europe. I have not confined the delight to summer nor to daylight; on the summits of many peaks I have stood in midwinter and on others I have enjoyed the vistas that showed in the light of the moon.

Many of my delightful experiences have been confined to Longs Peak. I have climbed it

during every hour of the day and the night and every month of the year. To its top I have been two hundred and fifty-seven times as a guide, with from one to five climbers and in a few instances with as many as a score. I encountered all sorts of weather and came in contact with many kinds of people. Most of these climbers were not accustomed to mountain climbing, many were not in the habit of taking much exercise; but upon each and all this trip had a marked influence; it brought out character more strongly than would a game. One striking effect upon people who climb is that it causes them to talk freely and generally enthusiastically. Their tongues seem to become intoxicated. Their remarks are often humorous, or at least a very strenuous attempt at being humorous. Having heard so many times, "This is nearer heaven than I have ever been before," I rather appreciated the remark of a man who one day said, "This is farther from hell than I will ever be again."

The trail starts from the margin of a glacier meadow and winds away up the mountainside, along a bustling stream, through a forest green and grand. The brook has all the characteristics of Southey's "Cataract of Lodore." Here it leaps over rocks, there it lingers in quiet pools lined with shining sand and fringed with

ferns, then rushes impetuously down a cascade and hurries away through flowery dells beneath the forest's shade. The trail crosses a mineral outcrop where miners in "days of old" have delved for gold and glory.

At an altitude of 11,000 feet timberline is reached. Here for ages has been the line of battle between the woods and weather. Many of the trees are destitute of both bark and limbs on the western side, the direction of the storms. All are broken, twisted, and dwarfed; there are trees several inches in diameter and only a few inches in height; others grow along the ground, forming weird-looking vines, creeping away from the direction of the storms, retreating from life's battle.

Above timberline the trail winds its way across an alpine moorland that is very like a bit of Alaskan or Siberian tundra; wide spaces of broken granite, rocky crags, clumps of dwarfed arctic willow, and scores of varieties of brilliant flowers. Around these flower meadows on a clear, calm day you will hear the hum of bees and see the petal-winged butterflies sailing easily in the air. In these heights the famous Rocky Mountain sheep—the Bighorn—is often seen.

The last two miles of the trail to the top of the Peak is too rough to be ridden; as one man expressed it, "is above burro line."

On Boulderfield, two miles from the summit, the horses are left behind. Boulderfield is an old glacier moraine. Here and there among its rocks are bits of vegetation and wherever opportunity—soil—offers, the gentian, choice columbine, and many other beautiful flowers bloom; and among these rocks and flowers lives that interesting bird, the ptarmigan. It is a member of the quail family, a trifle more than twice the size of bob-white, and stays on the mountain-tops the year round, changing the colour of its feathers so that they are ever in colour harmony with the scenes among which it lives. In summer its plumage is the colour of the gray granite rocks; in winter, as clean a white as the snow around it.

One mile from the summit is "Keyhole," a ragged break through the partition of granite that divides Boulderfield from Glacier Gorge. A peep through Keyhole reveals a scene at once awful and magnificent. The end of Glacier Gorge is expanded into a gigantic amphitheatre and is filled with lakes, cliffs, spires, and winter's drifted snow. Some of the lakes are frozen, some reflect the snow cornices of the over-hanging cliffs. The sides of the cañon seem a network of silvery streams. In the gorge are many dark lakes nestling in the forest green.

At Keyhole the real climbing begins. Scores

of people come here to see the view who do not care to go on or could not climb farther, some of whom, though physically strong, are light-headed and unfitted for high climbing. From Keyhole the narrow, rocky trail is pointed out and generally it is not necessary to explain that there are places where there is no room for accidents.

At the Narrows the Peak rises steeply above, the precipice descends steeply below. One day, while resting at the end of this narrow stretch of trail, a man asked if people often fell over the precipice. Before I could answer a young schoolmarm said that she was sure they never fell over but once.

The last climb to the top, about one block in length, is over a slope of solid granite that is as steeply inclined as the average house roof. The top of the peak is an almost level space covered with slabs of granite and has an area sufficient for a baseball game.

Few peaks are to be found that correspond with their pictures in the old geographies. The majority of mountain peaks have considerable room upon their summits.

Going up into the sky on mountains, especially up Longs Peak, is not being carried there on flowery beds of ease! But the climb is like spending a day in a magnificent open-air gymnasium.

Mountain climbing, whether it be called a pleasure, a pastime, or an occupation, is a most satisfactory accomplishment, and to do it successfully—that is to say, to climb without exhausting oneself and at the same time to enjoy it, it is important that the climber simplify his life and especially his diet. This having been done, by far the most important thing on the trail is deliberation. In climbing one should never hurry for a single instant. Five seconds of hurry on the rough places may weaken or agitate a climber more than an hour of hard work. So, to climb mountains and gain from it improved health and good tidings, one should climb slowly; also, know something of botany and geology and have an appreciation of the beautiful; and, last but not least, know how to walk. One should walk with his feet parallel, know how best to make a high step, and understand the importance of bending the knee and easing himself down slowly with the standing foot when making a long step downward.

Physical strength is, of course, important in mountain climbing, but those in the best physical condition are not always the best climbers. Wit counts for as much as strength, possibly more when it comes to going up into the sky and the mountain.

One of my youthful ideals was that I would

never take a tip; but mountain climbers twice succeeded in getting me to break over my rules. On one occasion a party was caught in a severe snowstorm in midsummer. For half an hour the wind and rain and snow prevailed, and all became terribly chilled. One of the women of the party insisted that I must, whatever happened, save her life. I assured her that I would, but to encourage me she said that I should have a fabulous sum of money. By and by the snow clouds broke away, the sun shone bright. In a few minutes everyone was warmed up and the temper and spirits of the party had changed. But the lady was equal to the occasion, and thanking me for saving her life, insisted that she be allowed to give me a tip. I told her that I never took a tip.

"But," she said, "this was an agreement and the service has been rendered; it need not be classed as a tip, but you must allow me to pay you."

I finally agreed, but said I did not know how much the service was worth and would let her estimate that. She insisted that I had saved her life and I should tell her how much I wanted.

"Well," I asked, "how much do you usually pay people for saving your life; what do you think it is worth?"

"One dollar," she said, handing this sum to

me, much to the amusement of all the party, even herself.

Climbing the Peak before sunrise is dream-like. The trail is a moon-toned etching. From Keyhole the snowy range shows in strange, dim outlines of gray and brown. At three in the morning the faint white light of day begins to be dimly diffused over all the landscape and a wonderful picture develops out of the negative night. The snowdrifts come out in high lights, and soon the whole world is in half-tone; the lakes and streams upon the plains shine like beaten silver and the cloud-sprinkled east changes through colour's wondrous robes in the fires of sunrise.

One stormy day, late in the season, I set off for the summit with a lone young lady. She had long anticipated the climb. She must climb that day or not at all. It was furiously windy and snowflakes filled the air but up the Peak we started.

When we arrived at timberline, our ponies refused to face the storm of sleet and wind. We tied them in the woods and went forward on foot. Several times the violent gusts of wind carried both of us off our feet and dumped us unceremoniously but unhurt among the boulders. At the steepest portion of the trail we found the rocks covered with ice. While we climbed over

this the wind stung our faces with icy pellets. We barely escaped being blown off the precipice.

To go on was rash, but the young lady braved the difficulties and dangers in such a spirit of levity that I was not inclined to disappoint her by ordering a retreat.

As we sat on a sheltered spot on the top, eating lunch, I asked Miss Kate Wamser at what place on the climb she was the most frightened and she replied, "On the precipice where we were nearly blown off and where you looked at me as though you were about to say we must go back."

We had a magnificent view among the shifting clouds on the summit and returned to the Inn without serious injury. However, both our faces were in a pitiable condition for many days.

Miss Victoria Brougham scaled the Peak alone in September, 1906. She had the physical strength, the courage, and a knowledge of nature sufficient to climb this great rugged peak safely. But after reaching the summit, Miss Brougham lingered so long to enjoy it that she was overtaken by darkness on the way down and missed the trail on one of the most rugged and windswept portions of the Peak. I had sent my collie dog, Scotch, along with instructions to stay with her and take care of her. Scotch tried to show her the right way back, but she did not understand and was compelled to spend a long

and very cold night among the crags and clouds. The next morning, when she reached the Inn, she said that not for a single moment had she suffered from any fear during the trip; that she was glad to have had the experience.

During one of my winter climbs alone, after spending hours in gaining the summit by cutting steps upon the icy slopes, my eyes became almost exhausted in the fierce glare of the sunlight upon the ice and snow. Descending the steep slope off the top, I misjudged the distance in making a step, and not setting my foot properly into the niche cut on the way up, I slipped and fell heavily on the ice. At once I began coasting down at a furious rate.

The slope is several hundred feet long and ends abruptly over a precipice. It seemed as though nothing could save me. But in falling I had given myself a side push with the staff I carried. This shot me off sideways and after about one hundred feet of coasting, I was thrown against the ledge of rock that paralleled the icy slope and saved myself.

Longs Peak is a very rugged mountain and is really accessible from only one point. The easterly face is abrupt and precipitous for three thousand feet. One day late in the spring of 1903 I had climbed a neighbouring peak to get some views of this precipice. While taking pictures

I concluded to go on to the summit of Longs and see if I could climb down this precipice. I was in perfect physical condition and almost overwhelmed by my passion for mountain climbing. My experience on the way down this terrible precipice was described by Mr. Earl Harding in *Outing* of July, 1904, as follows:

Lost in the wonderland of the skies, the very ozone intoxicating, reason lost and some wild impulse bidding him play with death, a mountaineer, bronzed, muscular, rugged, started down the east precipice of Longs Peak, the most hazardous descent in America—heedless of all there was of danger in the 3,000 feet of almost perpendicular cliff.

For the first 1,200 feet the east face of the castle-like peak is a sheer precipice, and seen from below or from either side there appears to be no possible foothold for any creature on the ice- and snow-coated wall. In many places, the only way the cliff can be traversed is by cutting holes in the ice, and these make but insecure rungs in a treacherous ladder that may precipitate the foolhardy mountaineer to death at the bottom of the wall.

With an axe as his only assistance, encumbered only by a pocket camera, the mountain climber scrambled down the first ledge, and once the descent begun, peril was lost sight of in the ethereal excitement that comes from facing death, whether it be in the battle charge or in scaling the forbidden heights.

Reaching a ledge where there was room to stop and breathe in his enthusiastic, heedless scramble, the awful greatness of the cliff appealed to the adventurer as it had not when his horizon extended beyond a semi-circle and he could see more at his feet than space. A half mile below, at the foot of the precipice, the glaciers melted into icy,

crystal waters of Chasm Lake, that appeared a great emerald set in crags and drifts; he threw a fragment of rock into space, and so nearly perpendicular was the wall that the missile fell into the glassy water. While the mountain climber was watching the ripples in the lake he was sprawled. The bald old monarch of the Rockies resented the intrusion, and down upon the man's head sent a mass of soft snow, heavy enough to flatten a grizzly bear. Fortunately there was room to sprawl, just enough width on the ledge to save the man from eternity, and he picked himself out of the snow to dodge a shower of stones that came smashing down after the little avalanche. This time he was safe, for the missiles hit on the cliff above and bounded out into space.

He cast about for a way to descend. Apparently there was none. He must find a way down or die of starvation and exposure.

Tricklings from the banks of snow had, in the centuries, eaten a groove through the face of the granite, down which a volume of ice water poured sheer seventy feet, until it struck a slope, and spread into another glacier. With foolhardy exultation the mountain climber slid into the groove, just wide enough so that he could brace himself and control his descent, and down he slid, inch by inch, foot by foot, dislodging from their beaten way the icy waters, which splashed on his head, ran down his spine, and made every nerve tingle.

For a distance he trod the glacier, slipping and sliding, holding on with his ice axe, in danger every moment of starting on a lightning-like journey into the hereafter.

Perils multiplied as he neared the end of his journey, for he came within range of the volleys from above. Loose stones, dislodged by the June warmth, crashed about him, and daubs of snow and masses of ice fell all around. A tiny bit of ice, coming a thousand feet from the cliff, struck him on the head and sent him to the rocks as one shot. Fortunately, the ice bullet was small and there happened

to be room for him to fall with his head in a snow bank. The cooling compress brought him to his senses.

Three quarters of the way down he confronted the dread "white death," the snowslide, most feared of all the perils of the mountains; noiseless, treacherous, unavoidable, certain of destruction for all who fall in its path. From the banks of ice and snow great masses occasionally broke away and raced down to the foot of the east precipice, eight hundred feet. On his right and on his left were cliffs, straight down, straight up; the crooked, steep gully down which the loosened snow piles slid seemed the only way of escape.

Cracking of ice warned him that another avalanche was starting. He ran to the edge of the cliff; the gully was filling with the snowy mass, slowly gaining speed as the volume pressed from above; the crest of the slide was passing below him on its wild and windy way to the bottom. Here was a tide infrequent in the affairs of men, but this man unhesitatingly took it at its flood, and springing twenty feet from the cliff, was whirled away—to death or to safety.

Here's peril and sensation new, even to the man whose only stimulant is danger, mad racing down a mountainside, riding on the very wings of death, now turning this, now that way, as rocks direct the avalanche in its crooked, narrow path; swinging and swaying like a runaway train on a mountain grade, slower as it shoots around the curves, now plunging over boulders, down slopes that approach the perpendicular, and at last at the end of the eight hundred feet of coasting, buried by the breaking snowcrest, but near enough the surface so that a vigorous scramble brings the tobogganist to his feet, safe and sound beside Chasm Lake.

I have had many happy days in guiding climbers to the summit of Longs Peak, but

probably the happiest was the day I guided little Harriet Peters, an eight-year-old girl, to the top. This little girl was in love with life and nature, and for two years we had often talked of going up the Peak together.

From the top, Harriet looked happily around and enjoyed the magnificent and lovely scenes, the spread of light and shade, the streams winding their way across the sunlit plains, the snow-tipped peaks and gloomy cañons, and all the splendour that lay within our view. I appreciated the remarkable mental and physical stability of this little girl, who made the climb almost unassisted.[1]

Most people want a perfect, sunshiny day on which to gain a mountain summit, but I have had my grandest scenes when climbing during stormy days. There is more of variety for mag-

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[1]Shep N. Husted, one of the best-known guides in the Park, wrote the following, December, 1922:

"The old Longs Peak trail went up Boulder Creek from Barthoff Park to Boulderfield and was called Sprague's Trail. Some parties went by the way of Estes Cone and climbed the shoulder of Battle Mountain. I don't think there were more than six or eight trips made up the peak during 1886 and 1887. In 1888 Mr. Mills and Mr. Carlyle Lamb, another early guide, started the new Longs Peak trail and Mr. Mills finished it, working on it year after year and keeping it in repair. He also changed the old wagon road up the hill from Estes Park to Longs Peak to make it easier on his team and more comfortable for people. Many parties climbed the peak from the old Estes Park Hotel and Elkhorn Lodge. Mr. Mills would haul them up to the Inn in a rig then climb the peak the next day.

"Mr. Mills did more to create an interest in mountain climbing than any one else in the Park. From 1888 to 1905, the years he was guiding, the trips increased from five or six parties a season to seventy-

nificent views, more cloud-framed vistas, more subtle colours, and more charming effects. To be among the crags while the storm cloud in unbroken sea submerges the lower world is a rare experience. The sun upon the lining of the sea, the treeless moors rising in its surface, the peaks thrust boldly through it, make a strong primeval scene.

During heavy thunder showers below there are big swells and local agitations in the surface of this sea. Intensely deep, though muffled, the thunders roll and roll, and below there are such incessant roars, surly rumblings, and riotous echoes that the thunders themselves seem to be fighting.

A breaking storm occasionally moves up the heights with torn clouds flying in inconstant winds, thunders exploding against the crags, and mists beating against cliffs more wildly than gale-flung breakers. But all is well, for the great peaks are unmoved amid the tumult. The

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five or eighty. He created an interest in children climbing the peak and took up a number of small children himself. It is recorded that in 1922 more than a thousand people reached the summit of Longs Peak.

"I went to the Inn in 1907 and was with Mr. Mills three summers. He sent me with men to work on the Longs Peak trail when I was not guiding and the trail was practically maintained by Mr. Mills up to the time the national park was created. Mr. Mills made few guiding trips up the peak after 1905, as he was devoting much time to writing. But he trained many peak guides; and through his nature talks and his continued development of 'nature guiding' on special trips with his guests afield, he aroused in mountain climbers a keener appreciation for and enjoyment of nature."

storm ends; the peaks stand draped in sunlight; in majestic and monumental repose.

One cloudy summer night, when I made my way to the summit of Longs, a state-wide layer of clouds about seven hundred feet thick rested upon the shoulders of the higher peaks. Dawn showed only a few summits piercing an ocean of fluffy white clouds. I was on one of the few barren and rocky islets in a vast and strangely new world.

In the early light it was a world in soft half-tone, but in the sun's first rays this sea glowed in subdued colours. After a few brief moments these colours changed, then silently changed again; without haste and without delay they melted and dissolved without movement, and at last vanished in the white light of day.

With the first full flood of sunlight a tremor ran through the surface of this sea; then it commenced to settle. Its surface lowered as though drained from beneath. Presently this produced the magnificent illusion of peaks themselves rising in the ocean. Black, projected shadows these island peaks cast upon this snowy ocean plain.

As the alpine moorlands and the purple forests emerged from the depths, the sea commenced to dissolve and to resolve itself into disappearing clouds. As these moved toward

the horizon they here and there uncovered enormous smudges of smoke hovering above far-scattered mining camps, some of them more than one hundred miles away. Then the sunlight glanced on the winding streams and curving canals in green and irrigated intermountain valleys.

The mountain-tops have magnificently coloured dawns. Often, too, at the end of day, the sunsets behind the peak-cut horizon are a mingling of broken and coloured clouds, light bursts and black robes of shadow, all vast and splendid.

At night the fields of space above appear thickly sown with stars. With no dark forests to absorb light, and with waterfalls, lakes, and snowfields to respond softly, the moon floods the heights with a deep though glareless illumination. Enough is concealed or subdued to leave vast and powerful impressionistic pictures, and many a scene is etched in moon-tone. During such nights the mountains loom large, impressive, and pervading in the deep silence, and eloquent is the limitless sweep of the wide and starry sky. Sometimes a cliff violently explodes in falling and gives a receding riot of echoes to the viewless air; but almost constantly comes the soft, thoughtful, murmured music of the undisturbed and undisturbing waterfalls.

Enjoying the gymnastics of going up into

blue-awning peaks, of being active and alert upon the roof of the world, is a delightful pastime that vivifies one's entire being. On the heights, one feels the occult eloquence of silence, the influence of music's magic spell; one's better nature comes uppermost. The height is but an orator who appeals, arouses, sways, and who illuminates the unexplored better way. After standing on the summit of an eternal peak and feeling the inspiring influence of its pictured and silent story, one will return to duty and live amid life's changing scenes more kindly and cheerfully than before.

But why do climbers enjoy climbing to a summit again and again, or why do we climb at all? Flanigan, the filibuster, lived his perilous life "for the fun of the thing, mostly." And so with the enthusiast who goes up into the sky on mountains. Gold and glory count for little with those who commune with nature from the cliffs. The mountain climber goes in the direction of the least resistance.

The shade and shine, form and colour, when seen from new heights, are exhilarating and indescribably satisfying, especially if the climber is alone. On the crags he hears "Nature's Bugle Song" with many an echo far and dim, and forgets all dreads, fears, and limitations of life, and feels all that scenes and solitudes can stir,

and all that music can arouse; feels all that comes of triumph and of high resolve—and more.

When one climbs a high pinnacle on the vast cathedrals of this world, where Pan is "forever piping hymns forever new," one seems to mingle with the universe, and the subtle and changing panoramas of all time; all the glad hopes and dreams he may have had before are his again, and all life is a tranquil dream.

CHAPTER VI

ESTES PARK SINCE 1900

THE long-distance telephone line first connected the Park with the outside world in 1900. During this winter a summer store kept by W. T. Parke became an all-year-round store.

Early in the summer of 1900, in burning some logs out of a trail on the eastern slope of Longs Peak, the fire spread and killed more than a thousand acres of beautiful, valuable forest. During the same summer some campers left their campfire burning when they departed and it wrought havoc among the forests on the South Fork and along the Flattop trail. Both fires resulted from inexcusable carelessness.

During the summer of 1902, Wind River Lodge was built and opened, and Longs Peak Inn was bought by the writer. This year and each year following has showed a marked increase in Estes Park's population.

January 6, 1903, is the date of the windstorm that did some damage, and September 7th, the

date of some earthquake shocks which caused some confusion but no damage.

The year 1904 saw the completion of the county road through the Big Thompson Cañon between Estes Park and Loveland. This opened another of nature's granite halls for enjoyment. At the upper end, the cañon suddenly expands into the beautiful mountain valley of Estes Park, which the Big Thompson River crosses in slow silver folds. This is one of the most scenic roads in the state, and was built largely through the efforts of C. H. Bond and F. P. Stover.

This year J. D. Stead became the owner of Sprague's Hotel in Moraine Park.

In February, 1905, a six-times-a-week mail service was commenced in place of the tri-weekly service.

On August 2, 1905, Louis Levings, who with George Black was climbing down the face of Mount Ypsilon, fell and was killed by the giving way of the rock to which he was holding.

For years a number of people had vainly endeavoured to acquire a lot in the neighbourhood of the Estes Park post office. This was at last made possible by C. H. Bond, who acquired a laid-out townsite. The first lots were sold in the fall of 1905. The townsite was purchased from John T. Cleave, the best known of the

old-timers. He was an honest but eccentric Englishman who came to the Park in the early seventies and was postmaster for thirty years.

In June, 1906, the old Longs Peak Inn was burned. It was at once replaced by the present rustic structure.

The automobile, a better mail service, the telephone, and the increase of landowners all combined to make changes in the customs of the Park. One old custom enjoyed by the early settlers was an annual public dinner, commonly given in the schoolhouse on Thanksgiving Day. Everyone was invited and a few far-off settlers sometimes came twenty miles. Occasionally, a Denver visitor or a straggling tourist was fortunate enough to be present. Generally there was some sort of a programme in addition to the dinner. In effect, these dinners, like the old-time log-rollings, produced friendships and sympathetic, neighbourly feeling; occasionally they promoted marriage.

A numerous beaver population led trappers into this territory probably as early as 1841. By 1890 these animals were almost exterminated. About 1900, however, one or two local people commenced to urge beaver preservation. These primitive home-builders are now on the increase. Beaver works, old and new, are found in a number of places; those in the Longs Peak valley,

on the eastern slope of Longs Peak, in the western edge of Moraine Park, and in Horseshoe Park, are perhaps the most important.

Mary Lake, with its alkaline shore, has long been the Mecca for mountain sheep, and hundreds of these proud, graceful animals have been killed near it. In the spring of 1903 an old ram became entangled by his horns in a wire fence just above the lake and struggled until the barbs cut his throat so that he bled to death. It was a humiliating death for one of the proudest, boldest of animals.

In September, 1906, the Estes Park Protective and Improvement Association was formed, with Mr. F. O. Stanley as president and Mr. C. H. Bond as secretary. Most property owners at once became members. As a direct result of the activities of this organization, a fish hatchery, which has placed several million young trout in our streams, was built and maintained. The High Line Drive and the Prospect Mountain and Deer Mountain trails are the work of the organization.

One of the best things accomplished is a development of a sentiment that is protecting the big wild animals. This organization condemned those who killed game out of season and it even discouraged hunting or shooting at any time. As a result, both mountain sheep and deer have

become more numerous and tamer and are frequently seen delightfully near the roadsides. It is nothing unusual to photograph a flock of wild sheep within thirty or forty feet. This increase of numbers and tameness is due to the cessation of hunting. Mountain lion and black bear are not rare. It is possible that the grizzly still survives within the bounds of the Park, but this is not positively known.

In 1913–14 the Estes Park people brought in a number of elk from Yellowstone Park. These and their descendants are frequently seen.

The Wild Flower notice posted by the Estes Park Protective and Improvement Association produced happy results. It has been copied by many civic bodies all over the United States. With the hope that it may be further useful it is reproduced in full.

> You can help keep Estes Park a beautiful wild garden. Spare the flowers! Thoughtless people are destroying the flowers by the roots or picking too many of them. Neither the roots nor the leafy stocks should be taken, and flowers, if taken, should be cut and not pulled. What do you want with an armful of flowers? Those who pull flowers up by the roots will be condemned by all worthy people, and also by the Estes Park Protective and Improvement Association.

During the winter of 1906–07, Mr. John Adams, idealist, and the most original character in the

Park, organized and presided over an entertainment society which met weekly. These refreshing entertainments were given to crowded houses, and their atmosphere was that of a good country literary society.

In 1907 an automobile stage line was established between Estes Park and Loveland; and another over the Lyons road in 1909. The automobile caused the picturesque old stage-coach, that was so cruel to horses, to be laid aside. At first the people of the Park were almost unanimously, and many even bitterly, opposed to the automobile. But it was speedy and comfortable and from the beginning it brought increasing numbers of people to the Park and consequently has added to the Park's prosperity and development.[1]

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[1]All honour to the romantic old horse coach! . . . However, the horse coach is becoming extinct and in a short time will be seen only in museums. Long may it live in picture shows!

The automobile is rapidly going into general use in the West. The sheriff, the cowboy, the surveyor, the assessor, the ranchman, and the merchant all are finding it the better way. And one cannot realize how rapidly the old stages in the Western country are disappearing. They are unable to compete with the automobile. Over all the main travelled roads in Colorado and Wyoming the automobile stages are now speeding, and they are taking the places of the vanishing horse coaches in Oregon, Nevada, New Mexico, and elsewhere. When brought into competition with the horse coach, the success of the automobile is so quickly and completely triumphant that many an old stage driver has taken charge of an automobile before he had opportunity to change togs. . . . In old stage-driver garb he makes a picturesque figure, holding steering gear instead of reins and fingering throttle instead of throwing silk. . . .

Estes Park, Colorado, furnishes an excellent illustration of travel increase due to the automobile. This park is in the high Rocky Mountains, twenty-five miles from the railroad. For thirty years it

Among the hotels which have been established are the Horseshoe Inn and Timberline in 1908, The Stanley, 1909, Moraine Lodge in 1910, the Brinwood in 1911, and the Hewes-Kirkwood, the Columbines, Fall River Lodge, the Lewiston, Copeland Lake Lodge, Baldpate, and the Big Thompson.

In 1910 the Western Conference of the Y. M. C. A. commenced extensive improvements upon the former Wind River Lodge property. The plan of the conference is to have conventions and to conduct a large summer school there. The attendance increased rapidly from the start. Many of the instructors and lecturers have been people of national and international reputation. Every indication is that the school

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was connected with the outer world by a typical Western stage line, and each summer was enjoyed by a few hundred people. An automobile stage line was established in 1907. This instantly brought a marked travel increase and a multiplication of resident people. Since the automobile came, the resident population is kept busy extending and improving roads and in enlarging hotels and building new ones. Thirty thousand visitors came to Estes Park during the summer of 1912. Although there had long been scenery, splendid climate, and hotels, only a scattering of travellers came until the automobile was used. The time made by the automobile is just one fourth that made by the horse coach. There are now four automobile stage lines and one freight line [from the railroad to Estes Park]. These stage automobiles, private automobiles, and private horse conveyances mingle on the road without confusion. This experience has demonstrated that a separate road is not needed for horse and motor vehicle. In six years not a single runaway has been caused on Estes Park roads by automobiles frightening horses. The roads to the park are through a wild mountain region, yet the automobile has brought in and taken out approximately one hundred thousand people without accident. —"Touring in Our National Parks," by Enos A. Mills, in *Country Life in America*, January, 1913.

will continue to grow and improve. Each year the Western Conference of the Y. W. C. A. holds a large and successful session in these grounds.

The epoch-making event in the history of the Park was the coming of Mr. F. O. Stanley. With Mr. B. D. Sanborn he acquired the old Dunraven land holdings. Upon his part of the land Mr. Stanley at once commenced the building of the Stanley and the Stanley Manor hotels. A half million dollars was spent in buildings and their equipment. They were lighted with electricity and in them were installed the first electrical cooking plants.

The investment of a half million dollars in a modern hotel in the wilds twenty-five miles from a railroad startled the business world; it also gave the Park publicity far and wide and greatly hastened its development. This large and adventurous investment required nerve, good business sense, the capacity to see the recreation needs of the future, and showed great confidence in the future of Estes Park. The Stanley was opened in 1909 and the Manor in 1910.

The old Estes Park Hotel, built in 1878 by Lord Dunraven on a site selected for it by Albert Bierstadt, the artist, burned in 1911.

In 1913 the Rustic Hotel was enlarged and its name changed to Lester's and this year, too, the Rockdale Hotel was built near Mary Lake.

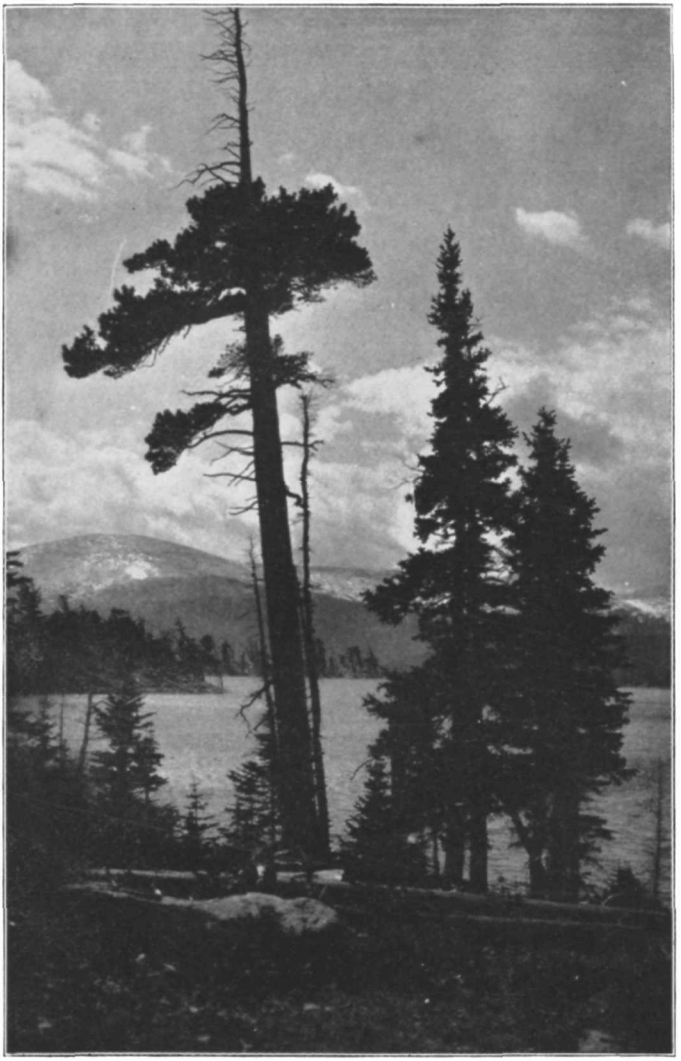


Photo. by Esther B. Mills

Sandbeach Lake in Wild Basin



Photo. by Enos A. Mills

Ouzel Lake in Wild Basin

During 1913 a trail was opened into the magnificent Glacier Gorge–Loch Vale region to the northwest of Longs Peak.

In December, 1913, from four to six feet of snow fell over the Estes Park region, as it did over the mountains of all eastern Colorado. This was the deepest recorded snowfall at any given time. However, the coldest and most wintry winter indicated in the records of thirty years was the one of 1916–17.

There are now a number of automobile stage lines, one each from Boulder, Ward, Longmont, Lyons, Fort Collins, and two from Loveland.

No prominent locality has ever gained this prominence without the aggressive public-spirited work of one or more of its people. The live wire of this locality distinctly is Mr. C. H. Bond. Chiefly through his efforts came the High Drive road, the road through the Big Thompson Cañon, the Estes Park post office, and the starting of the Fall River road, 1912, from Estes Park to Grand Lake. Any one who has helped in civic improvement, or who has assisted in any public improvement, will realize that Mr. Bond had endless work, serious obstacles, and bitter opposition.

To make beautiful and efficient improvements, so that the works of man would harmonize with the works of nature, and to develop

the region so that it would appeal to people as a place for recreation or to live in, has been heroic work.

In January, 1915, Congress passed the bill creating the Rocky Mountain National Park.

Early in 1917 so-called winter sports were definitely introduced as a part of the outdoor interest of this region. It is probable that the idea of using Estes Park as a place of recreation in wintertime will be greatly developed. Let us hope that the idea will become permanent and general.

In 1917 the people of Estes Park village voted to incorporate and have a village government. Up to this time the village had never had any organized form of government and was without a mayor or councilmen. The place had grown up without law but not without order. Most of its improvements have been brought about through the people in mass meeting. It has about four hundred inhabitants.

During the hurrying, wearing period of the war, 250,000 people came to the region for a brief necessary rest. They were from every state in the Union. Hundreds of summer residents have cottages within or on the margin of the Rocky Mountain National Park; among them, William Allen White, Dr. John Timothy Stone, Charles Partridge Adams, William Her-

bert Carruth, and Edward A. Steiner. Numerous well-known authors, artists, and public men and women have come here for rest and inspiration. George Horace Lorimer, Arthur Scribner, Otis Skinner, Philip Ashton Rollins, Jane Addams, Edna Ferber, Walt Mason, Hon. and Mrs. Charles Evans Hughes, are a few of the many who are acquainted with this realm.

AMONG THE ROCKIES

The grand old Rocky Mountains!
  Their bold and massive forms,
Like Pyramids of age,
  Defy the sweeping storms!
Their deep unclifted rivers
  Coiled dark in strong unrest;
And on their craggy summits
  The eagle builds his nest.
Their brows gleam glassy glaciers
  Like silken bridal veil,
When Storm King proud advances
  With sword of sleet and hail.

O grand Montana mountains!
  All dressed in evergreen,
On brown and sombre mantle,
  And crowned with snowy sheen!
Thou bringest earth to heaven,
  Where are thy summits crowned,
And generous waters given
  That the valleys shall abound.
Greatness lies round about thee,
  Freedom with justice reigns,
And on thy mighty ranges
  A prouder lustre gains.

Grander, ye grand old mountains,
  Your sun-dyed splendours are
Than golden-silver fountains
  Or pomp of Borean War!

At eve and morning lighted
With liquid gold around,
Thy crests and hills and valleys
Gleam bright with glory crowned;
Thy rocky heights and crystals,
Thy sparkling waters sing,
And intermingling echoes
From cliffs to gorges ring.

Oh, then the grand old mountains,
With radiant banners stream,
And flashing falls and fountains
In rainbow colours gleam.

ENOS A. MILLS.

Read before UNIVERSITY CLUB,
BUTTE, *November, 1887.*

CHAPTER VII

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN NATIONAL PARK

THE Rocky Mountain National Park was established for the benefit and the enjoyment of men, women, and children, a playground for the nation. It is near the geographic centre of the United States and within easy access of travellers. In these scenes the trees are never cut, the axeman is excluded. Cattle do not trample the grass and flowers. The wild deer roam free and the wild birds sing in peace. No shot is ever heard, the hunter is excluded.

It is a rare realm in which to rest and romp and take hope again during vacation's carefree days. It is the happy home of many kinds of wild life: flocks of bighorn sheep climb its crags; a scattering of deer, elk, bear, lion, and coyote live here the year round; and along the streams, here and there, is a primitive beaver house in a poetic pond amid the green and golden pond lilies. Birds of many kinds sing and nest in these primeval scenes. Forests of fragrant evergreen invite companionship, and more than a

thousand varieties of brilliant wild flowers offer their beauty and their secrets to visitors who seek the stories of fairyland.

A twenty-five-mile stretch of the rugged and towering Continental Divide extends through the Park north and south and divides its waters between far-off seas. Innumerable peaks hold their viewpoints in the sky above the scenic distances and challenge the mountain climber. There are a score above 12,000 feet, a number more than 13,000 feet, and Longs Peak, famed for its rugged character, holds its shattered granite summit 14,255 feet above the tides. It stands in front of the Continental Divide and as a point of view is one of the grandest.

These rocky peaks are of many forms; they are cut with big broken cañons and glacial cirques, adorned with waterfalls, inlaid with grassy meadows, glorified with wild flower gardens, and set with numerous alpine lakes reflecting peaks and snow, cloud and blue.

Much of the beauty of the Park, many of the flowing lines of landscape, are due to the former activities of the Ice King. The greater portion of the soil wherein now flourish the grass, flowers, and forests was ground and spread by the glaciers.

Throughout the Park are charming lakes, rock-framed alpine tarns, blue and emerald gems in artistic settings. Chasm Lake, under the

shadow of Longs Peak, has an utterly wild and romantic shore line; rock piles and alpine flowers surround it, timberline is just below, and three thousand feet of Longs Peak towers above.

Fern and Odessa lakes are in the upper edge of the forest with a primeval background of crags, forests, and snowdrifts. The Loch Vale region has lakes, stupendous cliffs, glaciers, and waterfalls; this is one of the most magnificent sections of the Park, of which it is the centre.

Glacier Gorge, with its tributary gorges on the northwestern slope of Longs Peak, is the most striking of the glaciated regions. This gorge, beginning in a stupendous amphitheatre, extends northward about three miles. It has numerous Yosemite characteristics, and above it rise Longs Peak, Shoshone Peak, and Mount McHenry. In places its walls rise two thousand feet. Most of the walls and terraces retain their glacial polishings. Numerous cascades plunge wildly down its sides. Two glacier lakes, Black and Mills, and a number of lakelets adorn this gorge. There is a scattered growth of spruces over the lower end. The region is known to only a few people and is destined to become famous.

The rains and snows that fall upon the Crest of the Continent form springs, eternal snowfields, and a few small glaciers. These are the source of numerous streams which go plunging

and tumbling down to the sea, dropping sometimes a thousand feet a mile during the first few miles.

On the western slope the waters go through the Grand Cañon to the Pacific Ocean; while on the Atlantic side the Poudre, Big Thompson, and St. Vrain rivers unite in the Platte out in the plains and go to the Gulf with the Mississippi. The architecture of these mountains splendidly shows the sculpturing wrought by the Ice King. The east side of the crest is much eroded. There are vast amphitheatres or glacial cirques, separated by short broken rocky ridges and spurs; deep U-shaped cañons, rounded headlands, and scores of lake basins that were gouged and worn in solid granite. The material torn and worn from these places was carried forward and downward, and flung together in fierce confusion. Accumulations of rocky débris formed long, high, lateral moraines, paralleling the ice stream's edges. In places this débris formed deltas of soil where now flourish forests and flowers. Elsewhere the débris filled deep, rocky cañons and converted them into fertile flats. The ice at last vanished and these flats are now wild flower gardens. The west side of the Divide is less eroded and has numerous long, smooth slopes. A few small glaciers are all that remains of the great ice cap that once overlay this region.

The Rocky Mountains of Colorado have twice as many 14,000-foot peaks as all the remainder of the states, but Longs Peak is the one honoured by those who climb into the blue sky. Like a vast and crumbling tower it stands, a striking object for the eye from far away. Its summit affords an excellent viewpoint from which to look down on the wide plains or to view the towering snowdrifted Rockies whose enormous wall rises high in the west. On a clear day, Denver, fifty miles southeast, Pikes Peak, one hundred miles south, and the distant Wyoming plains to the north are all visible.

The upper thousand feet of Longs is a square obelisk of crumbling granite. Steep cañons, glacier lakes, and precipitous walls are a part of itself and its near environment. Yet, in climbing it, there are no precipices to be scaled, no ice to be trodden, and the ascent is made without the use of either rope or pickaxe. Standing closely against Longs is Mount Meeker, the second peak in altitude in the locality.

In the northwest corner of the Park rests a sleeping volcano, Specimen Mountain. Around it are miles of eruptive rocks and in its crumbling crater are geodes, volcanic ash, and black obsidian. Each year this once fiery crater is alternately covered with white snow and brilliant flowers. It is the greatest wild sheep range in

the region. A few years ago I counted one hundred and forty sheep in one flock.

With lakes, moorlands, and wild flowers on the skyline heights, groves, meadows, and gigantic rock statuary on slopes and terraces, there is scenery for everyone and enjoyment for all. The sky that bends above is deeply blue, at times almost purple, sometimes decorated with soft and splendid white clouds. The sunsets are a blaze of glory. By moonlight the Park appears a wonderful half-tone. At other times the fields of space above are thickly sown with soft and palpitating stars.

There is an extensive area of the Park that rises above the limits of tree growth. Here are moorlands, peaks, plateaus, and precipices—a world by itself in the sky—more than two miles above the surface of the sea. It has more sunshine than the sea, and in its treeless, sub-arctic distances are butterflies and wild flowers, snowdrifts and icefields, lakes and meadows; in it birds nest and sing, and it is the home of the agile sky-exploring mountain sheep.

One of the rare experiences to be had in the Park is a visit to the heights above the timberline. In places this appears to have been just deserted by the Ice King, vast and varied evidences of ice occupation and activity are everywhere in the scene.

Though the Park is mostly on edge, the nature of its topography and the mildness of its climate are such that a novice may wander all over it without hardship and without danger.

Its accessibility and attractiveness will ever keep this park a great playground. Young and old alike find happiness under clear blue skies. It is drawing countless numbers of people together, getting them acquainted, acquainting them with the natural resources, giving them a touch of idealism and internationalism. Soon it will have a literature of its own.

The Rocky Mountain National Park is a place of distinction. It has already had intensive use in education. With a rare variety of nature's best, rich in natural history, it touches science and the new education at many points. Here for some time men, women, and children have been going afield with "nature guides."

It is being increasingly used for winter outings, for snowshoe trips, skiing, sightseeing, and nature study.

Although this region has in full-heaped and rounded measure all the merits that a national park should have, to secure the territory for a national park was extremely difficult. It took six years of hard work and fighting, which at times was terrific. There were general indifference and powerful opposition to be overcome.

For five years the Forest Service used all its machinery to prevent the creation of this park and at times this opposition was most unworthy. To a great extent the brunt of the campaign work fell upon myself.

In the summer of 1891, while with a survey party in the Yellowstone National Park, we visited the northeast corner of that wonderland. Here I one day wandered into a romantic and park-like region that reminded me of my home by Longs Peak. "Why not a national park of the Longs Peak region?" I at once asked myself. While visiting Mr. J. Horace McFarland, president of the American Civic Association, in the autumn of 1906, I showed him a number of photographs of the region and he at once asked, "Why not a national park?" Later, Ambassador Bryce said, "Make the region a park." The campaign for this commenced early in 1909, when I commenced to urge that about six hundred square miles of the surrounding region be made the Estes National Park and Game Preserve. In 1910 Mr. McFarland visited the Park and enthusiastically endorsed the measure. The name was changed to the Rocky Mountain National Park. The press of the country gave it extraordinary publicity.

Local people at first considered the idea one of my dreams. After a few months they were

won to it, but apparently not completely so, for later they were badly stampeded by the opposition and had to be convinced. In September, 1909, I issued the first general statement. This was sent all over the United States. It proved to be the platform on which the long campaign was waged, and with which the Park was won. This was as follows:

> Around Estes Park, Colorado, are mountain scenes of exceptional beauty and grandeur. In this territory is Longs Peak and one of the most rugged sections of the Continental Divide of the Rockies. The region is almost entirely above the altitude of 7,500 feet, and in it are forests, streams, waterfalls, snowy peaks, great cañons, glaciers, scores of species of wild birds, and more than a thousand varieties of wild flowers.
>
> In many respects this section is losing its wild charms. Extensive areas of primeval forests have been misused and ruined; saw-mills are humming and cattle are in the wild gardens! The once numerous big game has been hunted out of existence and the picturesque beaver are almost gone.
>
> These scenes are already extensively used as places of recreation. If they are to be permanently and more extensively used and preserved, it will be necessary to hold them as public property and protect them within a national park.

The original industries of the region were cattle-raising and lumbering; incidentally, hunting and trapping. The people whose interests were stock-raising and lumbering did not want these disturbed by a travel industry. Usually they

had a contempt for "the tourist" or coldly tolerated him. Generally any change for the development of the region as a travel centre has brought out lively opposition. For a time the plan to establish the Rocky Mountain National Park had almost unanimous local opposition.

Prof. Edward Orton, Jr., formerly State Geologist of Ohio, after a number of visits, wrote as follows, April, 1910:

I wish to voice my interest in the matter of the creation of a national park of the territory immediately surrounding Longs Peak and the Estes Park district of Colorado. I have visited a number of national parks in this country, and while each that I have seen is characteristic of itself and not directly comparable with any other, the fact remains that Estes Park is a choice bit of nature, and about as little unsullied by the presence of man as any I have yet seen.

As a result of several visits I have reached the opinion that there is no likelihood of the district ever becoming of much value from the industrial standpoint. All attempts at mining in this district have been failures. Nothing at all tempting to the mining man is known to exist within the proposed limits of the Park. The good timber is now already included in the forest reserve, and cannot be cut out for private gain. The value of the district for cattle-ranching is not very great, and as I understand it, the movement for making a park of this district does not mean the destruction of the present property rights. We have in this district a territory of great value from the scenic and tourist standpoint, and of no great present or prospective value from any other standpoint. The advantage of parking it will be to more

fully protect and render permanent the wonderful attractions which now exist.

The United States Forest Service did all in its power, at times using vicious methods, to prevent the creation of this park. The Service misrepresented the facts. It may be well to record that in order to harass the promoters of this park it declared the slope of Longs Peak, up which the trail runs, to be grazing land, and it authorized a stockman to pasture three hundred head of cattle on this slope. One of the statements circulated by the Forest Service was to the effect that the scenery in this proposed national park was of a commonplace character and not at all fitted for park use. This in face of the fact that during 1913 this region was visited by about fifty thousand people.

(*Copy*)

Address reply to
"THE FORESTER"
U. S. DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE

FOREST SERVICE
WASHINGTON,
May 28, 1910.

MR. ENOS A. MILLS,
Estes Park, Colo.

DEAR SIR:

My attention has been called to the copy of your letter of May 6 to Mr. Thorndyke Deland, Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, Denver. I think Supervisor Wheeler has taken up with you to some extent the matter of the probable effect of the creation of a National Park

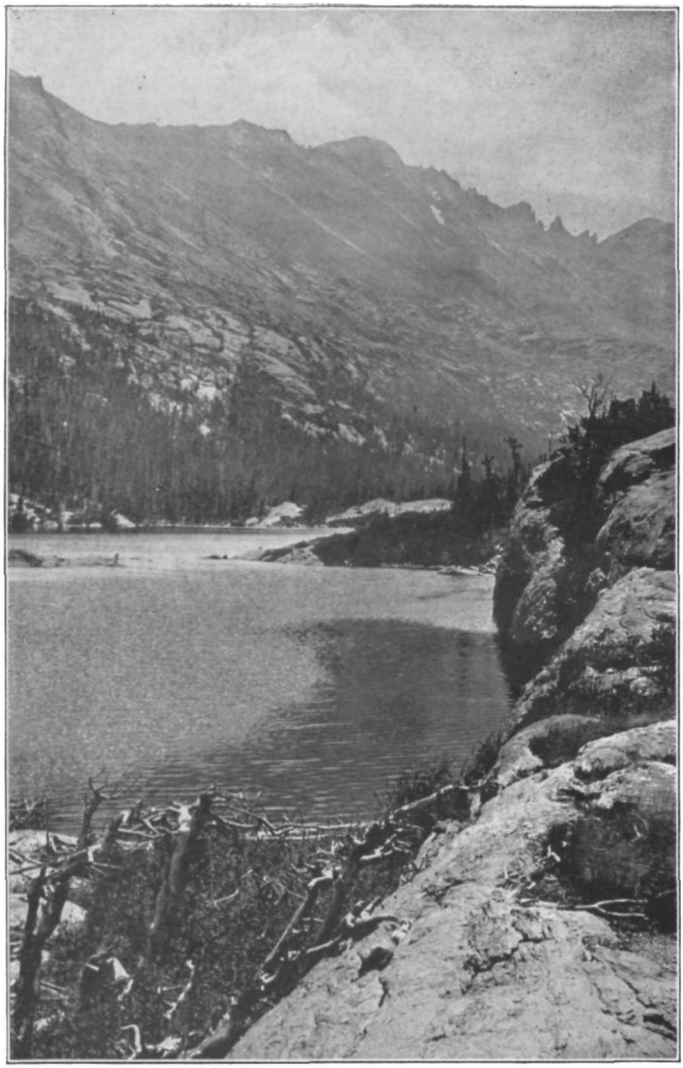


Photo. by Enos A. Mills

Lake Mills in Glacier Gorge

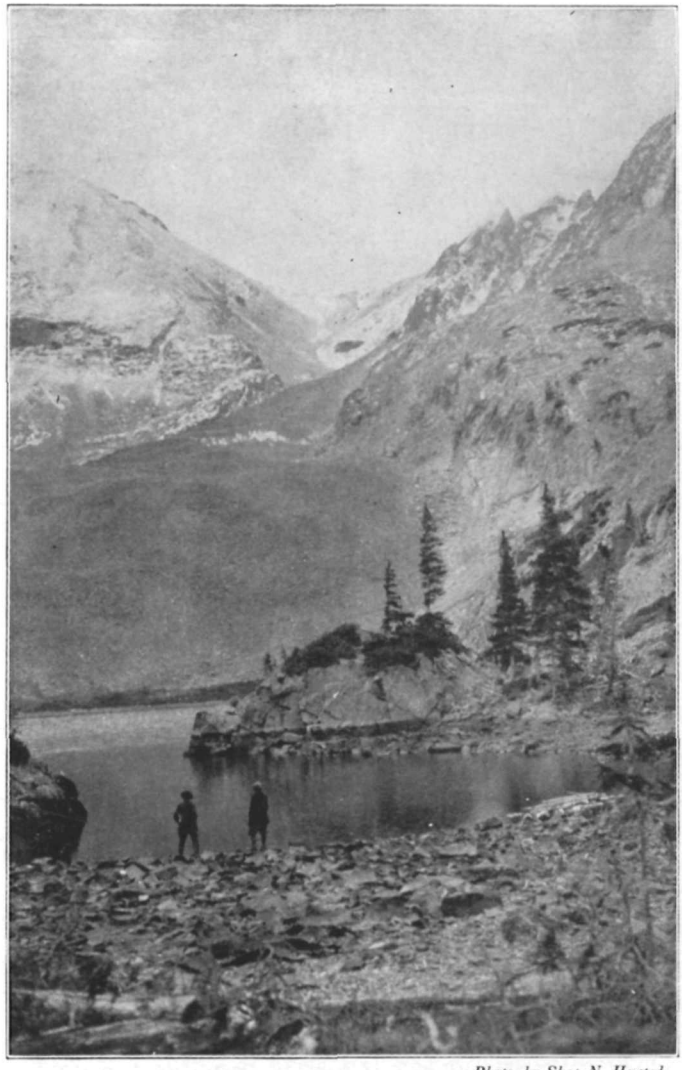


Photo. by Shep N. Husted

Lake Agnes and Mount Richthofen in the Never Summer Range

in the Estes Park region. The matter has been very thoroughly gone into here and there appears to be no room for doubt but that if a national park is created it will certainly be under the administration of the Interior Department and that it will not be administered by the Forest Service. The Interior Department has at the present time the administration of all National Parks notwithstanding the fact that efforts have been made in the past to have exceptions made to this general rule. I think, too, that you should thoroughly understand that in the event of the creation of a national park, if the policy adopted in all other national parks is followed out, grazing will be entirely prohibited. In general also in national parks there is a suspension of the existing laws authorizing timber sales and free use of timber, mineral development, agricultural and other settlement and interior rights of way including railroad, power and irrigation. In some cases exceptions have been made with regard to some of these forms of use but none so far as I know with regard to grazing or agricultural settlement.

Please do not construe this as an argument against the creation of a national park, since that is not the intention of this letter. I think, however, that the above facts should be clearly understood by you in connection with the correspondence you are carrying on regarding this matter.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) A. F. POTTER, *Associate Forester.*

The Forest Service risked few telltale letters. For the most part it kept out of sight, worked through others, and supplied munitions from ambush. The following will illustrate its methods:

It incited the organization of the Front Range

Settlers' League. Six are the most members ever claimed for this organization. It may possibly have had three. Not one of these, however, had ever been known to do anything for the public welfare. Yet countless letters written on the stationery of this organization poured forth addressed to newspapers over the country, to individuals of prominence, and to members of Congress.

During this opposition some officials systematically broke into print to assure the public that "the Forest Service is heartily in favour of the establishment of the Rocky Mountain National Park."

Six years passed from the time I made a public start for the Park until the bill was signed by the President. During these years I had numerous debates concerning the proposition, wrote hundreds of newspaper articles, many editorials, and a number of magazine articles. I went to Washington again and again; visited all the large cities and made more than three hundred addresses. A few newspapers repeatedly helped with both editorials and illustrated stories. Organizations and hundreds of people helped; many worked for a year or longer and then either from necessity or discouragement dropped out. Nearly all the fighting, the debating, speaking, and writing was my lot.

Occasionally I was left alone. The opposition tried for a time to discredit the proposition by circulating the story that "Mills was the only one who wanted the Park." Again and again the proposition was blocked and twice the Forest Service prematurely celebrated its defeat.

But it was not dead and buried for I never stopped fighting. Occasionally I exhausted both cash and credit and had to pause to earn funds. But for six years there was not a day that I failed to work or plan for it. At last Senator Charles S. Thomas put the bill through the Senate, and some months later Hon. E. T. Taylor put the bill through the House. The four people who helped me the most—who from the first to the last constantly gave me their moral support and at times telling intellectual assistance—were John Muir, J. Horace McFarland, George Horace Lorimer, and C. H. Bond.

The Rocky Mountain National Park became a reality in January, 1915. The people of Estes Park at once celebrated in a very enthusiastic manner. The following September the Park was officially dedicated. Numerous guests came from afar to the scene near the eastern boundary of the Park, on foot, on horseback, and in automobile. The programme of the day follows:

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NATIONAL PARK DEDICATION

AT TWO P. M., SEPTEMBER 4, 1915, FALL RIVER ROAD, ESTES PARK, COLORADO

Coffee served, beginning at twelve
Music, Fort Collins Band
America, by the School Children
Speeches at two P. M. limited to five minutes
Enos A. Mills, Chairman
Hon. S. T. Mather, Ass't. to the Sec'y. of the Interior
Governor George A. Carlson
Mrs. John D. Sherman, Chairman, Conservation Dept., General Federation of Women's Clubs
Hon. Edward T. Taylor
F. O. Stanley
Hon. C. B. Timberlake
Hon. Thomas M. Patterson
T. B. Stearns

The President wrote:

I wish sincerely that my duties left me free to attend the formal opening of the Rocky Mountain National Park on September 4th, but as it is I can only send you this message to express my deep interest and to convey my warmest congratulations on the completion of a project in which the country has been so much interested.

Cordially and sincerely yours,
WOODROW WILSON.

The Secretary of the Interior wired:

I regret very much that it is not possible for me to be with you at the dedication of the Rocky Mountain National Park. Please convey my hearty greetings to those present. The people of the nation as well as those of Colorado are to be congratulated upon this magnificent

addition to our national playgrounds, particularly in view of its unsurpassed mountain scenery, salubrious climate, and proximity to the great centre of population. It should help to give an impetus to the realization to which our people are coming that our natural scenery and wonders at home cannot be surpassed abroad.

FRANKLIN K. LANE.

The Chairman said:

A national park celebration is something new. Heretofore we have celebrated the launching of battleships, the barbarous slaughter of a weaker people, or the triumph of uniformed warriors. The nation that prepares for war ultimately bleeds to death. Preparing for war has never failed to cover a land with blood—and ruins. With the winning of this park, Peace won a victory. No nation has ever fallen for having too much scenery. Humanity progresses on its playgrounds.

In 1915 the Denver *Post* published the following editorial:

THE MAKING OF A NATIONAL PARK

It was Enos A. Mills who conceived the idea of conserving nature's wonderful workmanship in the Longs Peak region by placing it in the keeping of the United States Government, and, single-handed, he set out to accomplish this result. Single-handed he brought it about, for all the forces that have contributed to the victory were lined up through his efforts. Others have helped, to be sure, but it was by Enos Mills's persistent labour that they were made supporters of the movement.

For six years, every fall and winter, he has travelled through the East, preaching Colorado scenery and the national park, paying his own expenses. He has lobbied at Washington with all the persistence and energy of a

paid advocate of some special interest. He has written thousands and thousands of letters to men and organizations all over the country to enlist them in his cause. He has visited editors of great newspapers and magazines and won their support.

He fought against apathy at home and active opposition in Washington. The lack of interest that existed in Colorado he finally turned into enthusiasm.

So let Colorado take off its hat to Enos Mills, who has nationalized the state's most beautiful park and capitalized Colorado's scenery, in which every citizen is a stockholder and dividend-participant.

The *Rocky Mountain News*, in September, 1915, commented thus:

For a number of years Enos Mills was as one crying in the mountains and pleading with the lowlands. He had gone to Estes Park and built himself a cabin at the foot of Longs Peak and explored a new wonderland.

This was nearly thirty years ago. Some time the state will mark his coming as epochal in the state's history. He had the vision to see into the future and he had the native ability to inform the world of his storehouse. He was nature's prophet.

Without him the Rocky Mountain National Park would have been given over to things material and desecrated. He, more than any one person, felt and appreciated and understood in advance what it would mean in the years to come to all the people, and yesterday saw it go formally into the keeping of the United States Government to be conserved as a national heritage.

Early in 1917 Congress passed a bill adding the summits of the Twin Sisters and Deer Mountain, the Gem Lake region, and other scenic territory

of the Rocky Mountains to the National Park. Its area now embraces about four hundred square miles.

Immediately following the creation of the Rocky Mountain National Park, the Forest Service set about trying to prevent the securing of appropriations for it, and to this end incited its letter-writing corps to write Congressmen, urging that the park territory be given over to the charge of the Forest Service.

These things are here set down simply as a sidelight on the formative years of the region.

CHAPTER VIII

THE STORY OF GRAND LAKE

GRAND Lake is the largest natural lake in Colorado. It is situated in Middle Park and the village of Grand Lake is clustered about its shores. The lake is elliptical in outline—a trifle more than a mile wide by two miles long—and its depth over the deeper portion is given at from 250 to 700 feet. This lake lies in the western boundary of the Rocky Mountain National Park, at an elevation of about 8,500 feet and almost directly west of Longs Peak. Many thrilling frontier incidents have been staged at Grand Lake. One incident worthy of remembering is that the expedition which first made the summit of Longs Peak outfitted at this place.

Mary Lyons Cairns tells the story of the lake as follows:

Happy is the country that has no history. This, then, shall not be called a history, but only a little story of some of the happenings of the first people who came to settle at Grand Lake—the beautiful lake of a thousand dreams.

Their story is one of privation, hardship, danger, with a sprinkling of comedy and many startling tragedies. All honour is due the sturdy pioneers who fought the fight, often desperately lonely, many times hungry, struggling through the long, snowy winters for the upbuilding of their homes and the community.

Long before the white people came to settle western Colorado, the Ute or Utah Indians, who were members of the Shoshone tribe, often camped on the shores of the lake, and during the pleasant summer months hunted, fished, and trapped, living the normal life of the American Indian until the chill of winter winds drove them to the lower valleys far to the south and west. One peaceful summer succeeded another. The Utes were a powerful tribe and had little to fear from their enemies. But one day, many, many years ago, when more than three hundred Ute braves were camped on the shores of Grand Lake, a band of Arapahoes and Cheyennes (affiliated tribes and enemies of the Utes) ventured across the Continental Divide and made a sudden and fierce attack upon them.

On the southwest side of the lake, overlooking a vast area of Middle Park, is a very high rock called Lookout Point from which an approaching party may be seen for several miles. As this was the usual station of the Indian scouts, it is

difficult to understand why the Utes did not know of the approach of the Cheyennes and the Arapahoes. In the ensuing battle about three hundred of the Ute warriors were killed and very few escaped. Tradition has it that just before the battle all of the Ute squaws and papooses were placed upon a raft and sent out on the lake for safety. A treacherous wind came down from the gulches, the raft was overturned, and all were drowned. This seemed to be the real tragedy. The loss of so many women and children and of so many warriors of the tribe caused a superstition to spring up which has been transmitted from one generation to another; and it is a significant fact that from that day to this the Ute Indians have avoided Grand Lake with an aversion born of intense fear mingled with feelings of deep sorrow.

This legend, elaborated upon in startling and gruesome detail, was given by some of the Indians to Judge Wescott, the first white settler. Wescott, in turn, told it to a prospector, John Barbee, a well-educated Kentuckian. Later Wescott and Barbee wrote the story in the form of a long poem which holds an interest for many people who are acquainted with the region.

The first white man probably came to Grand Lake in the late fifties. Two or three small cabins were built about that time to provide

shelter for the few hunters and fishermen who ventured in. The first permanent white settler, however, was Joseph L. Wescott (familiarly known as Judge), who came in 1867, built a cabin on the west shore of the lake not far from the present site of the Henry Hanington cottage, and was for many years unmolested by neighbours. He had fought as a Union cavalryman through the Civil War and had come to Colorado immediately after he was mustered out of the service, settling first at Hot Sulphur Springs in 1865.

Wescott was a well-informed man and his listeners were entertained for hours at a time by his talks on astronomy, as well as his tales of adventure and hardship. He hunted, fished, and trapped for a living, and an occasional trip to the outside world, to sell his furs and to buy provisions, marked the only breaks in his monotonous life. Many times he suffered extreme privation. At times he prospected, and always firmly believed that he would eventually find the gold which he so eagerly sought.

As years passed and trappers and prospectors became more numerous, the need of a post office was felt, and Judge Wescott was appointed Grand Lake's first postmaster. It is told that the post-office equipment consisted only of a canned-goods box; the mail was put

into it and whoever came for his mail sorted over the pile, took what was his, and conscientiously replaced the rest for the next comer. Judge Wescott never married but lived alone until the time of his death, which occurred in the fall of 1914.

No Indians lived at the lake after Judge Wescott came, although he often met friendly Utes when hunting or trapping in different parts of Middle Park. A few scattered arrowheads have been picked up, and an Indian whetstone was once found near the site of the old Cairns store. Traces of the Indian trail from Estes Park to Grand Lake across Flat-top Mountain are easily distinguished by men familiar with the woods, and it has been thought feasible to build a new trail along the route the Indians used to take.

Through the seventies and early eighties single men and men with families began to populate the west and north shores of Grand Lake, and a mining boom in the country to the northwest caused two towns to spring up with great rapidity. The town of Lulu, about twenty miles away, had more than forty voters, Gaskill, seven miles distant, had seventy-five, while Grand Lake had about a hundred and fifty. The town of Grand Lake was surveyed in 1881.

The new mining boom quickly populated the

village, cabins sprang up here and there, and all was excitement and industry. The Grand Lake Mining and Smelting Company was formed, this company owning mines in both Baker and Bowen gulches. Among them were the "Wolverine," "Toponas," "Sandy Campbell," "Lone Star," "Manxman," "Jim Bowen," and "Hidden Treasure." Among the prominent prospectors of that time were Jule and Everett Harmon, Andy Eairheart, Alonzo Coffin, Ezra Kauffman, Isaac Alden, "Doc" Dudy, and Bob Plummer.

The Harmon brothers were working the "Hidden Treasure" in 1882, and it was here that Jule, the elder brother, met a sudden and untimely death. It was late in November and snow lay deep in the gulch. Breakfast was over, the miners had gone to the tunnel, but Jule had remained at the boarding house, intending to break a new trail, as the old one was too steep.

His cutting a trail in the freshly fallen snow started a slide. With an angry roar the snow from the mountain above came upon him; his comrades, rushing to the mouth of the tunnel, realized in a flash what had happened, and they tried in vain to find him. It was not until the following June, when the snow had melted away, that the body was recovered. He was then buried in the gulch where the slide had carried him.

It was during the next winter—1883—when "Doc" Dudy, Jack Williams, and Mike Flynn were working the Toponas mine, that another disastrous slide came down. The three men were sitting in their cabin playing cards when, from some unknown cause, a slide started above them. It came upon them suddenly, furiously, sweeping the cabin in its path; the men, having no warning of its coming, were unable to make any effort to escape. Charlie Royer, on his way to the "Toponas," was startled, when he reached the place where the cabin should have been, to find it gone. He went immediately to the "Wolverine" for help. To their astonishment, the men found Flynn still alive, although he had been cruelly pinned under a log for thirty-six hours. Williams and Dudy were both dead; Williams had fallen from his chair, but Dudy sat on a stool, his body slightly bent toward the table, his cards still in his hand. Death had come to him very peacefully.

Among the men who pioneered at Grand Lake there are several who have stayed with the place throughout all the years that have followed. Among them are Isaac Alden, who came to the lake in 1880 and has mined and trapped during the greater part of his life, and Alonzo Coffin and his cousin, Andy Eairheart, who came to Grand Lake over a snow trail in the winter of

1878. They began immediately to prospect, and worked later in several of the mines that were prominent at that time. Ezra Kauffman came to the town of Lulu in 1879 and engaged in mining. Later he moved to Hot Sulphur Springs, and settled permanently at Grand Lake in 1892. About this time he built a hotel which has since borne the name of "The Kauffman House." James Cairns came to Grand Lake in June, 1881, erected a store building, and has been in business continuously since that time.

One of the most romantic figures of the early days was that of Rocky Mountain Jim, an Estes Park pioneer who made occasional trips across the range into Middle Park to hunt and trap. Jim is only vaguely remembered by many of the old settlers, but his eccentricities stand out prominently in the minds of those who do recall him. Though he was often drunk, disorderly, and noisy, the man showed signs of good breeding and gentlemanliness when he was sober; he had an alert mind and a vivid imagination, and under happier conditions might have made an enviable reputation for himself.

Among the women pioneers the names of Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Harmon, and Mrs. Young stand out prominently. It was in 1880 that Mr. and Mrs. Alex Adams homesteaded on the west side of the lake. The man who had filed on the

place had grown discouraged, and gladly traded it to the Adamses for a span of horses and a wagon. Several years later Mrs. Adams built a hotel on the lake shore and managed it very successfully until she had the misfortune to lose it by fire in the winter of 1901. Mrs. Harmon came to Grand Lake in 1882 and took up a homestead on the east shore of the lake. The house which she built at that time has been enlarged and remodelled, and now serves as the summer home of her son Everett and his family.

The old Fairview Hotel, which still stands on Craig's Point, was built in the autumn of 1881 by Mrs. Mary J. Young and is a place of interest on account of its early associations. Mrs. Young was a woman typical of the early Colorado pioneers and well deserves the admiration accorded her for the splendid courage she showed during the many winters of discomfort and privation. At times when the road was impassable across the range for months she found it a difficult task to provide even ordinary food for her boarders. Game was plentiful, but at times she had no salt with which to season it; when the supply of sugar failed she resorted to molasses. She was an ingenious woman and stood the test of the difficult times in which she lived.

Charlie Hedrick, sixteen-year-old son of another pioneer family who homesteaded on the

North Fork of the Colorado River, once had an encounter with a ferocious bear, and the story, still vivid in the minds of the early settlers, is given in this way: A man who had recently come out from Indiana decided to go trapping with Charlie, and the two built a trap (an old-time log trap or house) in Baker Gulch, about three miles from home. One morning, alert and expectant, the boy and the man started for the trap and were delighted to find in it a two-year-old silvertip bear. From the tracks around the trap and from the scratched and torn condition of the young trees they could see that the mother and another cub had been there. Leaving the bear in the trap, they started up the hill to look for the others. The bears espied them, and with furious force the mother bear attacked the Hedrick boy. The cub stood off about a hundred feet, and eventually ran away. Rushing upon Charlie, the mother bear struck him with her claws, broke his jaw, split his lower lip, and tore out some of his teeth. She clutched his throat in her teeth and bit him badly in the neck. Realizing that he was overpowered, Charlie called for his companion, who shot the bear twice with his horse-pistol before she would let go her hold of the boy. Then snatching Charlie's rifle he shot the bear again and killed her.

He carried the boy back home, and immediately sent to Grand Lake for help. This was in April and the snow was too deep for them to get a buggy to the house. Charlie was carried three quarters of a mile over the crusted snow then placed in a buggy and taken to Grand Lake. The following morning he was taken to a Denver hospital, where he finally recovered from his wounds.

In 1878 Wilson Waldron came to the lake with his wife and three children, and built the Grand Lake House, the first hotel to be erected in the place. Until 1922 it still stood, crooked with the street, crazy and ramshackle, unoccupied except by the ghosts of bygone days, who whispered tales of merrymaking and joy, trouble and misery. The big dining room of the Grand Lake House was the scene of many a jolly dance, but the last one ever given by the Waldrons, New Year's night, 1882, ended tragically. A dispute arose between Waldron and Bob Plummer, a miner. As Waldron reached for his gun, Plummer ran. He had reached a building just across the street when Waldron, standing in his own door, shot with deliberate and deadly aim. As the gun was fired Plummer's arm went up, rested a moment on the door of the building where he stood, and a moment later he sank limply and

quietly to the ground. He was dead. Wilson Waldron was arrested, but a short time later he escaped from jail.

A niece of Wilson Waldron, Miss McGee, during the winter of 1881–82, taught the first school ever held at Grand Lake. She is remembered as a very pretty young girl with dark hair and eyes, of medium height and slender figure. The school was held in the east end of the Nickerson cottage which is now transformed into "The Corner Cupboard." At the close of the school term in June, 1882, Miss McGee was married to Henry Schively. Their marriage is distinctive as being the first occurring at Grand Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Waldron were the parents of the first white child born at Grand Lake—Roy, born in April, 1880. The second was Willard Johnston, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Johnston, born November 8, 1881. This happened to be election day and was also made memorable by an unusually heavy fall of snow. The weather continued stormy and cold, and the snow that fell that day did not melt away until late the next spring.

The first death at Grand Lake was the accidental drowning of a Mr. Cole during the summer of 1871. Judge Wescott, who was the only white resident at that time, told the story

in this way: The two Cole brothers built a small raft and went out on it to fish. Not long after they left the shore the wind began to blow a terrific gale, whitecaps rolled, and the men realized that the frail raft could not long carry them both. Only one of the brothers could swim, and he resolved to swim to shore, leaving his brother to drift in on the raft. He had been in the water but a few moments when he was taken with cramps, and he immediately sank in the ice-cold water. His body never came to the surface, nor was it ever recovered. The brother on the raft, agonized and helpless, was buffeted about by the fierce and changeable wind, and his raft was finally blown to the east shore, where he landed.

The first natural death to occur was that of Mrs. Simmonds, mother of Mrs. Schaffer. She was a very old lady and died from the general effects of age in 1880. Her body lies down below the sagebrush flat in a little cemetery, now sadly neglected, where the early day burials were made. In this little burying-ground are also the bodies of Mr. Winslow Nickerson, his wife Lillian, Commissioner J. G. Mills, and the two prospectors, "Doc" Dudy and Bob Plummer.

In April, 1881, the county seat was moved from Hot Sulphur Springs to Grand Lake, and remained there until November, 1888. The

county court house and jail, crude as they were, still stand, but long since have been used for other purposes. From 1882 to 1889 the town boasted a newspaper called the Grand Lake *Prospector*. A few copies are still treasured by the pioneers, and are very interesting to the younger generation. The *Prospector* was edited by John Smart and the late George W. Bailey. During Bailey's residence at Grand Lake he studied law and was admitted to the bar. He was afterward elected a judge of the Supreme Court of Colorado, as was also the late Judge Charles F. Caswell, who was County Attorney for a time while the county seat was at Grand Lake.

The years during which Grand Lake was the county seat were stormy ones, with the result that politics, personal spite, and jealousy played with human emotions until a fire was kindled which engendered the feud resulting in the shooting on July 4, 1883. At that time North Park was a part of Grand County, and the people of North Park, Lulu, Gaskill, and Grand Lake favoured Grand Lake as the county seat. Naturally, the people living at Hot Sulphur Springs and vicinity wished to see the county seat reëstablished there. Each section had its political leaders; each, also, had its agitators. Just what scheme was on foot for the forcible

removal of the county officers is not accurately known; or, if some of the men of that day have this knowledge, they do not tell. Certain it is that bitter hatred was in the hearts of some of the people, and murder was the result.

It was about eight o'clock in the morning of July 4, 1883, that a few villagers, perhaps ten or twelve, plainly heard a number of shots, but paid very little attention to them, thinking that someone was harmlessly celebrating the Fourth. About twenty minutes later a stranger, who had arrived in the village the day before, came up the street excitedly telling the people that several men had been shot on the west shore of the lake. Hurriedly harnessing a team to a wagon, a party of men drove at once to the scene of the tragedy, which was close to a little log cabin not far from the Fairview Hotel. John J. Mills and Barney Day, both members of the Board of County Commissioners, were found dead, Mills having been shot through the brain and Day in the heart. John Mills, who was lying on his back on the south side of the cabin, had been shot through the left temple and the bullet had come out on the right side of his head. Barney Day was found on the east side of the cabin toward the lake, with part of his body lying in the water. It was apparent that he had run around the cabin after he had been shot,

and had fallen there. Mr. Weber, the third commissioner, was removed to the Fairview Hotel; he was found to be badly wounded in the lungs, and he died about twelve o'clock that night. Captain Dean, Acting County Clerk, was wounded in one hip and lived only ten days.

The log cabin near which the shooting occurred has long since been removed and a pretty summer cottage has been built there; yet, withal, the horror of that startling scene and the bitter feelings that were engendered at that time have left a stigma that years have not entirely effaced.

This incident, with persons and scenes somewhat disguised, is made the basis of Patience Stapleton's story of "Kady." In this story Judge Wescott plays a prominent part in the character of "Judge West"; and the character of the heroine represents Miss Minnie Proctor, who spent her childhood at Grand Lake. The famous rock on the bathing beach of the lake, "Minnie's Altar," was affectionately named for Miss Proctor by her friend, Isaac Alden. Her brother, Phimester A. Proctor, lived his boyhood days at Grand Lake and has since become a famous sculptor. He lives in New York City, and some of his best work is represented in the parks of Denver.

The old-time dances were true Western af-

fairs, scenes of hearty hospitality such as are seldom found except in pioneer communities. During the boom days at Grand Lake, when the mines were in operation, there were often as many as three, four, and five dances a week during the winter months. People came from all over Middle Park on horseback, in sleighs, and even on snowshoes; and it was not an unfamiliar sight to see the men in overalls, blue flannel shirts, and mining boots. Old John Mitchell, a trapper, was for many years the sole musician at the Grand Lake dances, and the fervour with which he entered into his playing added much to the zest of these occasions. "I can see him yet," someone said not long ago, "sitting high above the dancers on a platform, his fiddle under his chin, his foot keeping time to the music, a smile on his face and a look in his eyes that told plainly his rapture had carried him far away from the sordidness of life. Quadrilles and the Virginia Reel—those were our dances; and when the fiddle played its loudest and best for the dancers, down the long room they came, laughing and singing. Yes, those were the good old days!"

The dances at the Lehman ranch were among the most joyous events of that time, and the hospitality of the family will not soon be forgotten. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lehman, with

one son, Edward, and four daughters, Emma, Della, Nell, and Clara, gave everyone a welcome to their home. One of the most memorable of their dances was given on a Christmas Eve many years ago. They had five Christmas trees in the big dining room, one in the centre and one in each corner, all bright and shining with their home-made decorations; and great was the merriment when all the people, young and old alike, joined hands and danced around the centre Christmas tree.

During the winter of 1883–84, winter sports were introduced into the village by the county clerk, a Scandinavian of the name of Jehrn. Sleds were in general use and the people coasted down the hill on many a winter night with all the abandon of joyous youth. Skiing was the most popular sport, and men, women, and children enjoyed the fun to the utmost. The favourite run, especially when the crowd went out at night, was from the top of the steep moraine back of the Arghalier cottage down to the main street of the town. These sports have been revived by the present generation, but they are entered into with no greater zeal than in the days of the early settlers.

The old days and the old ways are passing. Grand Lake is becoming a popular resort; new hotels are being built and new and costly summer

cottages are springing up each year on the shores of this wonderful gem of nature. Famous men and women come and go.

But the romantic beauty of it all cannot pass. The chugging of the motor boats and the buzz of automobiles may disturb the quietude; but for those who have eyes to see, the fairies will still dance in the moonlight in the Fairy Dell; for those who have ears to hear, the spirits of the Indian warriors will still call above the roar of the rushing falls; and in the twilight, listening closely to the echoes that come back from Shadow Mountain, one may even catch the sound of an Indian lover calling to his maiden; then back, softly, very softly, comes her answer.

Mary Lyons Cairns

Judge Joseph L. Wescott was one of the most picturesque of the state's pioneers. He was intensely fond of reading and enjoyed discussing astronomy, history, and geology. His language was poetical and his experience and easy flow of words made him a rare entertainer. It was always a delight to hear him relate experiences, describe the Indians, and picture early scenes as he happily mingled these with bits of autobiography. A very old Ute chief told him the legend of Grand Lake a few years after he settled at the lake. He gave me the manuscript at his cabin

one autumn as he impressively recalled the occasion of the old chief's relating the story, with many bold and sweeping gestures and heroic animation, sitting on the shore of the lake one evening just at dusk.

In answer to my many questions, Judge Wescott expressed his opinion that the human race was ever progressing—that life was becoming happier. His religion, he said, consisted in trying not to be cruel to any living creature and in endeavouring to be kind to all.

LEGEND OF GRAND LAKE

By Judge Joseph L. Wescott

"White man, pause and gaze around, for we
tread the haunted ground."
So said a chief to me one day, as along the shore
we wound our way.
"On the same ground where we now stand, once
was encamped a happy band;
One hundred warriors as true and brave as ever
slept in warrior's grave;
Cheikiwow, chief, had given command that every
warrior of the band
Should arm and be prepared to fight, for danger
hovered about that night.
The whole wide heavens were overcast, and
nearer came the howling blast;

The bright forked lightning wildly flashed, and
deep-toned thunders loudly crashed;
Now from afar came the gray wolf's howl and
the dismal hoot of the big horned owl.
But hark! another cry we hear, that fills our
hearts with boding fear—
That well-known cry so sharp and shrill is the
clear-cut note of the whippoorwill;
Scarce had its echoes died away when there ap-
peared in fierce array,
And from every rock and shrub arose the fierce
Cheyennes and Arapahoes.
Then from each painted warrior's throat arose
a defiant wild war note,
And at the moment a drenching rain burst over
lake and rock and plain.
The arrowy tempest fell around and struck the
trees and rocks and ground;
But others, more true, with deadly aim, stretched
warriors bleeding on the plain,
Both friends and foes were falling fast, as thick
as snow in winter blast.
The foeman's chief, Red Wolf by name, a leader
with a giant frame,
It was his boast that no single foe could cope
with him with spear or bow.
That bloodstained chief that fearful night met
Cheikiwow in single fight.

Each chieftain stood transfixed, amazed; each
at the other sternly gazed.
Then high aloft each held his hand, and the
battle ceased at their command.
Each warrior's spear was levelled low, lowered at
once was each drawn bow.
The barbed shaft sped through the sky, but from
their shields dropped harmless by.
Again and still again they shot, but shields each
time their missiles caught;
The useless bow was cast aside, the fatal spear
its place supplied.
The cold sweat stood on Red Wolf's brow; he
met his match in Cheikiwow.
At last from Cheikiwow a dextrous stroke, and
Red Wolf's spear was shattered and broke.
But Cheikiwow, you all must know, would never
strike an unarmed foe;
He threw his spear against a rock, and it was
broken by the shock;
Then each chieftain drew his knife, continuing
the deadly strife.
The last fierce thrust that Red Wolf made was
by Cheikiwow quickly stayed—
His knife flashed like a flaming dart, and pierced
the Red Wolf to the heart.
Black Bear, the second in command, is now the
leader of the band.

We strove in vain our chief to save, to spare
him from a bloody grave.
'Exterminate this hostile tribe; leave not a
single foe alive!'
He cried in accents fierce and loud, to his wild
and murderous crowd:
'Cast every spear, spring every bow, against
Cheikiwow and lay him low';
Against that single manly form showered that
fearful, deadly storm.
His gallant form was failing fast, those sinewy
limbs must yield at last,
And weakened by many a ghastly wound, fainting
he fell upon the ground.
But ere the spark of life had fled he rose as if up
from the dead,
And once more raised his axe on high, then rang
his last fierce battle cry.
When we beheld our leader fall, a frenzied shout
rose from us all.
We bore our chieftain's form away—it were sui-
cide to longer stay.
A weak spot in our foemen's ranks, where death
had played its direst pranks,
From where I stood I now espied, and calling
my comrades to my side,
I bade them quickly follow me in one grand dash
for liberty.

Up yonder rugged mountain side, with rapid pace I quickly hied.
And upon a beetling rock I stood and gazed upon the angry flood.
Between dark clouds the moon shone out, throwing its silver light about;
The wind still blew with solemn roar, the angry waves still lashed the shore.
When night her mantle has shed around the silent forms of earth and ground,
The ghosts of those dead warriors slain, rise from out their graves again;
Again in battle line they stand, the dead chief leading his command;
But at the first faint streak of day these ghostly forms quick fade away.
Behold this lock, now seen so white, in one short hour was changed that night."

The chieftain ceased—his tale was told of scenes that happened in days of old,
And night had settled on lake and plain when we returned to our camp again.

CHAPTER IX

THE MOUNTAIN TRAIL

THE trail is the short Northwest passage to nature's wonderland. With all its curves and windings it is essentially poetic; it knows the beauty of flowing lines; it is ever in the midst of those things that charm and cheer. It seeks out all the beauty spots and, like a great character, finds only that which is the best. We think of it accompanying the clear and fern-fringed brooks, and in imagination follow it through mountain passes, curving along narrow vistas across which fall the shadows of the pines. We know it will frequently feel the rapture of silent scenes and often go close to the wild cataracts that leap in glory; at all times it is enlivened with the melody of the wild, ever charmed with echoes far and dim, ever bathed in the aroma of the wilderness, and it is in the heart of all the songs that nature sings. Every unsettled section of the earth, whether forest or desert or plain, is covered with a tangled network of trails.

Along with the poetry of the trail, the practi-

cal is just as abundant; the trail is the most exacting of places. Procrastination is not tolerated: you must not only plan but act; and you will reap all the benefits that come from feeling the results of success or failure of accomplishment.

The trail develops skilful thinking and skilful acting; develops courage that comes from experience, calmness that comes from meeting and succeeding in emergencies, and character that comes from following the dictates of your own conscience. On the trail you can feel with the great Emerson that every day is your best day. If it be true that one's best friend is that individual who can make us do our best then the trail is the most powerful of all silent friends. It kindly compels us to do our best without one word of advice. It teaches us as though it taught us not.

The mountain trail is rich in the spice of life. Along its winding way is endless variety. It goes up into the heights and down into gorges. It greets the morning, is sometimes lost in shadows, oft-times is up near the stars or enveloped in clouds. Always it leads to some definite action, to some definite thought, to some happy result.

How natural people seem to be when they meet out in the wilds on the trail! Introductions are

obsolete, for on the trail's winding way we simply have reunions. The trail is the highway of the elect. It is a crooked pathway that makes all of its travellers sincere, and that keeps them all straight. After all, the trail is one of the finest threads that one can entwine into the fibres of one's being. It is the golden thread of all.

Moonlight on the mountain trail with good company or alone will make any one feel that life is worth living. But a moonlight walk is only one of a thousand ways of enjoying the trail; other delights are storms, birds and animals, campfires, sunsets, and the wind in the pines.

Cloud scenery is one of the most beautiful and sublime attractions of the outdoor world. The spectator on a mountain plateau commands the clouds and cloud landscapes in the fields of space below, around, and above him. Cloud displays are carnival when compared with lowland exhibits. Marvellously clear and ever bright are these clouds of the heights! In this region there is an unequalled magnificence of movement, mass, form, and colour. These ever-changing scenes in the sky often arrange themselves into continents and islands and the restless sea. At times three or even four strata of clouds float the infinite field of space. Often,

too, these clouds march and countermarch with stately magnificence, while off to one side others are massed and waiting.

From the heights I have seen them form a relief map of the United States. The Mississippi River showed prominently in the wide, wide plain, and the Rocky Mountains appeared in all their ruggedness. There were mountain mesas and plateaus showing deep cañons lined with colour and other clouds, and purple peaks in the distance. There were splendid lakes and winding streams with waterfalls plunging downward; while grassy hills and forested mountains stood serenely in the sunlight.

On a larger scale the Grand Cañon was shown. Its vast depth, the strata, the colours, and the forms seemed faithfully placed. Occasionally an Alaskan scene has loomed in splendour; high, rugged, snow-crowned mountains draped with clouds, with a glacier descending from high snowfields.

From the heights one sees in the far-off clouds countless pictures of the sea with the curving sandy shore and breakers ever coming in. There are bays and peninsulas. A lighthouse stands on a rocky headland and a ship in the distance is going down behind the horizon's rim. Far away in the blue water rests a purple island over which passes the shadows of higher clouds.

In these mountain heights there are scattered peaks so situated that from their summits one commands apparently infinite distances. There are stupendous views of mountain architecture, snowfields, emerald lakes, terraces, sweeping tablelands, bristling, tooth-like peaks, titanic hexagonal towers, castles, moors, buttes, and cañons—each gigantic, and all effectively arranged on a tremendous scale.

Lying between the Sierras of California and the Great Plains of Colorado, Wyoming, and Montana, is a vast arid plateau. This is strewn with a confusion of massive mountain ranges which uphold a scattering of broken, towering peaks. While many of these ranges extend from north to south, the directions of their trend are as numerous as the points of the compass. Some ranges are short and isolated, but for the most part range connects with range. The Front Range of the Continental Divide dominates this high scenic empire. Among the more striking of the secondary ranges are the Bitter Root, the Uinta, and the San Juan mountains. Roughly, the entire territory may be designated as the Rocky Mountain region.

Peaks and headlands afford excellent views into the broken and boldly terraced world below; but the mountaineer early loses interest in the lowlands. He looks up and not down.

He sees the tips of the earthly heights. The horizon, ever vague, at times vanishes, while the distance goes on forever. Here the clearest of air telescopes the distances; while scattered and strange peaks increase the measureless and endless expanse of view. The sky with infinite depth is the clearest, brightest blue; at times the deepest violet.

One of the best trails that I ever travelled crossed the Continental Divide of the Rocky Mountains from the Atlantic slope to the Pacific. It began at the western margin of the great plains, rolled and backed up into the foothills, then followed a stream over many miles of winding to its mysterious source. It went through grand groves and open spaces. It crossed moraines built by the Ice King. It sought out crystal lakes, looked down into deep gorges filled here and there with winter's drifted snow; it hesitated upon the heights, where it could see streams going to the two oceans, then began to descend to the Pacific—down the western slope where the great mountain height was terraced with alpine shrubbery, brooks, and flowers; paused for a time at the forest frontier; descended through a great hanging garden into the woods, winding its way around the ponds and artistic homes of the patient beaver and going quietly for miles through the depths of a spruce

forest, and at last emerged upon the mirrored shore of Grand Lake.

Along this trail many travellers have spent some of their happiest days, and along it I have hurried and lingered, both day and night, through all the seasons of the year.

The Flat-top trail, where it crosses the highest point of the Continental Divide, is 12,000 feet above sea level, and is three miles from the woods upon either slope. Storms often sweep across. Many a party of tourists without a guide, who had no trouble in following the dim trail among the rocks and crags beneath the sunshine, have lost it when storm-driven clouds made mysterious the way.

One of the most stirring experiences ever known on this trail befell a party of five on an outing, who were caught above timberline one September day, 1896, in a raging blizzard. F. P. Wolaver, A. W. Locke, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Sprague, and James Cairns started with their pack outfit from Grand Lake to Estes Park. They camped just below timberline on the west side of Flat-top one evening, intending to cross the next day. There were gusts of wind, glimpses of the moon between flying clouds, and finally a light fall of snow during the night.

The morning was wintry, a poor one for trailing on the heights. Clouds were low and were

flying swiftly across the range from west to east. Snow above timberline was whirling and drifting. But the campers were anxious to cross, and occasional glimpses of the sun in the wintry sky as they breakfasted gave some promise of clearing weather; so they packed up and started. Three of the party were tenderfeet.

The storm came on, but the party, believing that it would last only a short time, thought that it was not necessary to turn back. Shortly the snow began to fall thick and fast, and as they reached timberline they climbed up into the clouds. It was cold, damp, and dark. Mr. Sprague, who had been over the trail in all kinds of weather, led the way. It was steep and slippery, and the summit some distance away. For a moment the clouds were broken and parted and then they closed in again. The wind became fiercer, but Mr. Sprague thought he could keep his bearings, so on they went. They were travelling with the storm. But the storm increased every minute. In a short time it was so violent that only a few feet ahead could be seen, and snow fell so fast that all trail marks and landmarks were obliterated. It was dangerous to go on. At this stage all tried to turn back, but to do so it was necessary to face the storm and the pack animals either could not or would not do this.

As they could not turn back, and as the trail was lost, there was but one thing to do, and that was to drift with the storm. This was done for some time; not a word was spoken. Mr. Sprague depended on steering with an angle of the wind to keep on the right course. As soon as the party reached higher ground, the wind, less obstructed and deflected, blew from a few points south of west. This was then unknown.

The storm was so thick that it was impossible to see fifty feet in any direction. The animals were moving masses of snow and ice and were with difficulty kept together. Mr. Sprague could see nothing familiar, and told the party that he could not tell just where they were, and that the only thing to do was to keep moving and seek the first shelter.

Suddenly a halt was called. They were on the brink of a precipice of unknown depth; the roaring winds swept great dashes of snow past them which drifted over and disappeared. The precipice faced the south, and this told them that they were too far to the left. But they could not face the storm and get back to the trail. All were shivering. They were covered with sleet and snow. Mr. Wolaver's hat blew off, and a handkerchief tied around his ears was soon covered with ice.

They followed along the brink of this precipice

for some distance, trying to find some place to crawl into shelter, but in vain. At last the way became so rough with fragments of stone that the pack animals could not go farther. The packs were removed and the animals left to their fate.

The party sought shelter among the rocks, but the wind and drifting snow whipped around them and all were soon terribly chilled. Mr. Sprague found a protected shelf on the edge of a cliff. Here the wind could not strike and all could breathe freely. Then in looking around they discovered a cleft in the wall of the precipice about twenty feet below the top and about eight feet long by six feet wide, which they decided to occupy. Mrs. Sprague was lowered into this cleft with a rope, then the bedding and supplies, and last, a tepee tent to which the rope was tied and then made fast to the rocks above. All squeezed into the tent and sat down on the bedding. It was 1:30 P.M. They tried to eat their dry, cold lunch, but they had no water, and could not eat without it. They could hear only the fiercer blasts and the sifting of the snow on the tent.

A few minutes past two o'clock the eastern sky cleared a little. The snow almost ceased and the wind died down. They decided to leave and try for the trail. They hurriedly packed

and hustled out of the cleft, and were just making a start when the storm came on with greater fury than ever and drove them back to the cleft for refuge for the night. Such a refuge! A hole in the cold rock into which they could all barely squeeze, far above timberline, without fire, and a blizzard raging. If they slipped, or if a slide of snow struck them, they would fall headlong for a thousand feet. They were between a blizzard and a deep precipice.

At five-thirty they ate a few mouthfuls of their dry lunch. Their clothing was sheeted with ice. They wound blankets around themselves and prepared to dry their clothing with bodily heat. With much crowding and squeezing they managed to get into something of a reclining position, all forming a big wedge with feet in a pile at the end.

A miserable, slow-going night was spent: cramps, cat-naps, and reflection!

At last the fires of sunrise gladdened all. The birds began to twitter along the cliff and the bell on the lead donkey was heard tinkling above. Only one could move at a time, but at last all got into frozen boots. Once out on top again, they found the temperature warmer but the storm still severe. To live they must leave the place, but to move with the pack outfit was impossible. The only thing to do was to try to

reach timber on foot. With this idea they started, taking only a small pack of eatables, a pair of blankets, and a rope for descending ledges. They started without the animals, working their way along the face of the cliff, hoping they could find some gully or gorge by which they could descend to timber. They were facing the storm at an angle of forty-five degrees, travelling in the order of wild geese, the strongest in the lead, with pellets of snow driven by the wind stinging their faces. At last they found a break and started down a trough in the cliff. It was very steep and was filled with loose stones. They had to keep close together, on account of the danger from dislodged stones, which from time to time went swiftly, dangerously bounding far below. They slipped, slid, and crawled for an exciting and exhausting hour, when timberline, wood, and shelter, were gained.

The walking was a severe strain on one of the men, who was sixty-seven years old and accustomed to walking only in Lincoln Park, and besides, he was slightly crippled with an injured leg. During the night he had lain on the shovel, accidentally left beneath the bed! This had not exactly helped his leg! To make matters worse, while all rested at timberline, he quenched thirty-six hours of thirst with ice water, which sickened him so that when all

started forward again he had nothing in him but grit—but plenty of that.

They headed for Moraine Park, and leaving the remainder of the party climbing over logs and breaking their way through the brush, two hurried ahead and procured horses and a wagon and went back for the stragglers at the point where they emerged from the woods into the trail.

That night, by a cheerful fireside, friends and relatives eagerly listened to their stirring story.

In February, 1899, two trappers on Grand River ran out of provisions and started across the range for Estes Park. On the snowy summit they became almost snow-blind, but managed to make their way down Horseshoe Park, where by accident they ran against a deserted cabin in which they spent the night. The next morning one was totally blind and the other very nearly so. Being unable to keep on the road, they followed Fall River. After hours of difficulty and danger they were attracted to the Hondius ranch by the barking of a dog.

In February, 1903, while snowshoeing across Flat-top on the way to Grand Lake in the midst of a blinding storm, I walked out upon a snow cornice which overhung a precipice. The cornice caved off, but I managed to catch upon the narrow ledge just under the top of the precipice.

I went on to Grand Lake where I arrived at midnight. The experience is described under the heading, "The Colorado Snow Observer" in "Wild Life in the Rockies."

Another winter a trapper from Grand River lost his way on Flat-top during a storm and barely escaped with his life after a perilous climb down the precipitous icy walls of Moraine Park. He spent a night in the woods, where his hands and feet were badly frozen and the next day finally reached the home of Mrs. Arah Chapman.

My work as State Snow Observer made it necessary for me to ramble wild heights and to go beyond the trails in all kinds of weather. I traversed the forests, explored cañons, walked the bleak heights, and scaled wintry peaks. I rambled the "snowy range" from Wyoming to New Mexico. I observed the wind and weather, watched the snow fall, drift, and disappear; looked at the soil conditions; saw the living forests and the burned areas; and made pages of notes concerning natural phenomena.

The dangers of the work are generally overestimated, while its rare rewards seem not to be thought of at all. It is impossible to transfer to others the raptures aroused by the occult eloquence of nature. The wilds have scenes and sounds which inspire. The marvel-

lous moonlight, the splendid set of sun, the snowy forest aisles, the templed peaks, the boom, whirl, and wild roar of the storm, the chattering squirrel, and the water ouzel's ever-cheerful song have helped me to leave the low-vaulted past and to increase my love for this mysterious and beautiful world.

Nature gives the nectar of the gods to those who leave the madding crowd and visit her alone. I see all her moods, all her changing scenes. Rambling the mountains by moonlight is an enchanting experience. In winter the peaks stand in soft white silence, the icy walls glow in tempered sheen, while on the snowy forest aisles are exquisite moon-toned etchings of the pines.

Many people are stowed away in the hills who have suffered broken health or broken plans in the East. I have spent many royal evenings with noble people by the big fireplace which they had shaped with their own gentle hands. Strength of character and individuality distinguish the lives of those who live on the heights by the dim roads.

In making my rambles in the mountains I am as jubilant in approaching some cabin, where I have stayed for a night, as though I were going home. But as I never eat breakfast, many a good mother will probably continue to believe

that her cooking was not good enough for me. And I am also delighted to revisit some beautiful balsam fir trees or the handsome silver spruce at Cassells.

Wild animals in the mountains have been much misunderstood and greatly lied about. For years I have tramped the haunts of the lion and the bear without firearms, and so long as I kept away from the precincts of all modern conveniences I never felt the need of a gun. I often spent nights in the wilds and many wintry vigils by the campfire. As frequently I did not carry bedding, I had to be in action and alert to keep the frost from my blood.

My rambling brought me in contact with eccentric characters and afforded me not only amusing experiences, but thrilling adventures.

One day near Alma some miners mistook me for the promoter who had cheated them out of their wages. But my agility enabled me to transform the impending tragedy into a rank and fleeting farce.

The old rancher near Eldora amused me so much that I forgive him for sizing me up for a bolder character than I am. He took me for a horse thief and called me everything but a gentleman. I forgive him; but I do not forgive the Leadville liveryman who sized me up for a tenderfoot and gave me a bucker which com-

pelled me to amuse the hooting gang not only with rough-riding, but at the same time a juggling exhibition with bundles, barometer, camera, and snowshoes. The liveryman will please remember that the sworn testimony concerning his character that I offered in my busy moments still stands.

A curious woman opened a package of my undeveloped negatives in daylight; I hope she will pardon me for exposing my temper a little out of focus.

My work does not allow soft clothes, and after a night by a campfire I have not a very prepossessing appearance. More than once, with face and clothes sprinkled with ashes, I have walked through a village where my appearance and my strange equipment made me the observed of all observers. More than once my tramp-like appearance has caused the insulted clerk to say in impolite tones: "This is a first-class hotel." Sometimes the hotel porter greets me as though I were a part of the baggage of the man who never gives a tip. Having no baggage but snowshoes I generally am invited to pay in advance, and one evening, after paying the suspicious landlady of a modest lodging house, in the presence of witnesses I had to answer her question, "Have you any insects upon you?"



Photo. by Esther B. Mills

The blue and white Columbine, the state flower of Colorado



Photo. by Humphreys Airplane Company

Airplane view of Longs Peak from the east

Once I came down off the range and walked into a town in the proud fruit belt, my snowshoes over my arm. The climate consciousness and the local pride of the town were insulted and indignant at the presence of those snowshoes. I escaped from town with dogs at my heels, and the encouragement of the town boosters made these dogs very aggressive. My snowshoes proved useful in the end.

I have had many strange experiences while following lonely trails alone. I have met startled animals and strange characters. On one occasion I stopped for dinner at a little log hut in the mountains. The people noticed that I did not carry any firearms; this brought many questions. They looked astonished altogether when I told them that I was on my way to cross the range over the Horse Thief trail. "What," they asked, "will you risk your life on this trail without firearms, when you must know that those thieves will shoot you or any one who attempts to traverse it?" I tried to assure them that I believed the thieves were only bluffing. I was inclined to trust there would not be any thieves watching the trail.

At any rate, I set out to cross the range. The trail seemed very much unused. The only signs of life were fresh deer tracks going in the same direction as myself. At a sharp bend I stopped

to enjoy the view below. To my great astonishment, I caught sight of a moving object like a man slipping quietly along, trying to keep himself screened behind the trees. I stepped behind a tree so as not to be seen. Meantime, I watched back along the trail to see what the advancing figure might be doing. He soon came into view, going cautiously, at the same time obviously trying to avoid being seen from above. I confess I did not like this. He looked like a desperado, carried a Winchester, and in his belt I could see a knife. While I was not exactly frightened, I could well recall the warnings I had received. He continued to advance, and I reached the conclusion that he was on my trail.

Thinking that possibly he had not yet seen me and that I might escape I made it a point to follow the first solid rock. This took me off the trail without leaving any tracks. I hid behind a crag and waited. The advancing figure passed me, peering ahead, rifle in readiness, seemingly waiting only for a glimpse of me in order to shoot. Probably my hair stood on end, but I followed him as closely as I dared, to see what he really was up to. At a bend in the trail he took a short cut and climbed up a very steep place. I came very near running up against him in a clump of trees, but he did not see me. He came out of the thicket with ex-

treme caution, apparently with his eye on something ahead. Was someone else coming down the trail and a tragedy near at hand? Suddenly he brought his rifle to his shoulder, fired, and rushed forward. I expected to hear some man yell, but in the trail lay in death struggle a fallen deer.

Outings alone and afoot are most to my liking. The little cooking necessary is done in a simple, primitive way on hot stones or over glowing coals. Many a meal has been made off mushrooms, berries, bark, roots, or nuts.

Often a vigorous, dreaming prospector or a clever, interesting trapper and myself have shared food and fire. During the day each was busy with his own affairs and interests. But of an evening we had supper together, and then came two or three royal hours by the campfire, during which we interchanged adventures and observations.

During one mountain trip I spent two weeks keeping as close as possible to a flock of bighorn sheep, watching their habits and ways. On another occasion I followed the trail of a grizzly bear for several days. Often he was in sight for hours. I learned something of his ways of getting a living and what he lived on. Many a time, day after day was spent within a stone's throw of my camp watching the house-building ways

of birds, the play and pranks of bear cubs, and the business of every squirrel and coyote that came into the scene where I lingered.

On a number of trips I carried an elk-skin sleeping bag and material with which to repair my shoes, but my equipment usually consisted of matches, a small axe, a tin cup, a sweater, kodak, and notebook; no cooking utensils, tent, or bedding. Often at night I heated a number of stones, placed these in a small circle, and then slept within this circle of warmth. A few times each night I would revive my campfire.

John Muir, with whom I have camped, was as thoughtless concerning camp comfort as myself.

Tramping has taught many people how to walk. The shoes should fit the feet and be comfortable. The ordinary smooth street stride, landing on the heels, with the toes turned outward, will not do. It is too devitalizing. The Indian walks through the forest somewhat relaxed, sometimes rolling along with his feet almost parallel, and commonly swinging them around rather than over an obstruction. In case he stops suddenly, without effort he often poises on one foot.

A number of congenial people may find pleasure in camping together, but whether alone or with company, the individual will add greatly

to his enjoyment if he camps with a purpose. Natural history is the great interest. Camping trips give one many interesting views of the manners and customs of wild birds and animals. If you concentrate on one species of bird, tree, or other subject, you will have an outing full of pleasure and return from it with information that you and also your friends will enjoy at home.

A campfire in the wilds alone, or with a few friends whose faces are glowing with eager life and aglow with the firelight, is one of the most enchanting and fascinating factors in the fairy-land of outdoors. It is not only the romance of the trail—of the forest's silent places—but is more mystical than even the moon. It is the most intense spot along an intensifying highway. The blazing wood with ragged and changing flame, the rolls and wreaths of smoke, the shadow figures which dance against the cliff, are more entrancing, give far more fanciful dreams, than are ever released by fire from the poppy's pod.

Mountain tops, wild-flower gardens, primeval forests, cañons, lakes, and wild spots on river banks are some of the many places that are strangely, cheerfully romantic and thought-compelling when the campfire burns.

Watching the storms and calms of a campfire

blaze brings strange fancies to the watcher's mind and gives him glimpses down the vague vistas of ancestral ages, and visions of fairylands he has not seen and shall not see.

What is there in a campfire, or what can there be in ourselves, that the campfire awakens into mystical life, which hypnotizes and dominates the known self with unknown scenes and dual feelings? Is there some strange primeval faculty that was fathered by fire in the old, old time, and which sleeps except in its presence?

Every child ought to believe in fairies, and on the wilderness trail, see a campfire burn.

CHAPTER X

GUIDES WANTED

We're the men that always march a bit before
  Though we cannot tell the reason for the same;
We're the fools that pick the lock that holds the door—
  Play and lose and pay the candle for the game.
There's no blaze nor trail nor roadway where we go;
  There's no painted post to point the right-of-way,
But we swing our sweat-grained helves and we chop a path ourselves
  To To-morrow from the land of Yesterday.

—Robert W. Service.

FORMERLY a man who knew the way to the lake, the hunting ground, or the peak summit made a fairly satisfactory guide. But times have changed. Many of the people now going into the wilderness desire to make their outing an educational one, and the demand is for a guide who knows natural history. In each of the mountainous national parks there are a number of climatic life zones, and each of these has a variety of plant and animal life. Hence the guide needs a good working knowledge of geology, botany, bird life, and zoölogy. He must know the special attractions of his locality,

and have the ability to impart information. A higher standard in guiding has thus been set; the demand is for masters of the trail.

A few summers ago a number of mountain climbers assembled in front of an inn in one of the national parks. They were making ready to climb a fourteen-thousand-foot peak. The first stage of the ascent would be on horseback.

The last to mount was a young college fellow. He roused the contempt of his pony by mounting on the Indian side. He pulled the reins too tightly and threw the party into confusion by causing his horse to back rapidly, first in one direction, then another. A young woman dashed to his rescue and loosened the reins.

She had the young collegian dismount, then taking the reins in her left hand and catching the saddle horn in her right, she reached the left stirrup with her left foot and swung quickly and lightly into the saddle, explaining as she did so that in mounting one should never clasp the roll or back part of the saddle, as this would necessitate letting go as one swung into place. This young woman was the guide of the party and she understood her business.

Women guides are comparatively new, but their number is bound to increase. They are likely to set a new and higher standard for the

men to follow. This guide was an athlete, a graduate of Wellesley, and had been an outdoor girl all her life. She had a good acquaintance with birds, flowers, and trees; could ride, row, and swim; give first aid, build and extinguish a campfire, and cook. She possessed a knowledge of natural history and the ability to impart it. This is an essential qualification. No longer can one be a successful guide unless one is able to tell others the story of nature.

People in rapidly increasing numbers are visiting the national parks. There are now nineteen parks and an equal number of national monuments, all possessing a variety of unusual attractions: bears and birds, vast cañons, towering and icy peaks, glaciers, splendid forests, romantic passes, peaceful lakes, eager streams, wild-flower gardens, timberline, and the strange, silent desert. Each of these magnificent natural parks is scenic and also a wild-life reservation. All are set apart for public recreation and education. Other like reservations will be added early to this list.

Nature is becoming popular and outdoor vacations are increasing with amazing rapidity. People are beginning to practise the seeing of America. The modern traveller is not an explorer, and in visiting our great parks and wild places he not only wants, but needs, a guide.

There will be employment for thousands of capable guides before these can qualify or develop to do the exacting and honourable work of guiding.

Formerly guides were recruited from woodsmen, cowboys, trappers, miners, and fishermen. Among them were many strong and interesting characters. But the days of wild and woolly gun-carrying guides are over.

Switzerland, with only one seventh the area of Colorado, employs an army of guides. North American scenery is as grandly attractive as that of the Alps; American scenery, too, is much more extensive and shows more varied attractions. Travellers are already climbing five hundred peaks in America. A number of these are similar to those in the Alps, while others are strikingly attractive though utterly unlike the peaks in Switzerland.

Swiss guides are famed for their courage and climbing skill; also for their faithfulness and willingness to do the hard work necessary for success in their profession. As young men they are thoroughly trained for the lifework before them. But, though they fit well into their work, with rare exceptions, they do not possess general outdoor information; hence they do not attain the ideal of the American guide who excels in this occupation.

A good guide now commands from ten to fifteen dollars a day. I know of one who has received twenty-five dollars a day. He is, of course, equipped with character, knowledge, tact, and years of experience. A guide needs to train as for lifework. Too many young men learn the way to the top of a peak or to the bottom of a cañon, guide for one or two years, and then are ready to drop out the instant some other work appears attractive or offers even a slight increase of salary.

The young woman guide already mentioned, in addition to conducting her party successfully to the summit of a peak or to the shore of an alpine lake and bringing them back in good condition, during each trip incited keen and lasting interest in nature.

Many an evening, round the big fireplace, her mountain climbers were enthusiastic over the incidents of the day. The matchless song of the solitaire had been heard. A cony, a snowshoe rabbit, a number of mountain sheep, or the track of a bear had been seen. Several talked at once, each trying to tell the listeners the difference between a Douglas and an Engelmann spruce. Before bedtime the girl guide was scheduled for other trips.

One gray morning fate gave her a party of climbers who were afraid of the rain. Off they

started, with the clouds drifting low. The sky continued to darken. Presently the deep thunders rolled. Then came a deluge of rain. Many of the party were apprehensive, but her unconcern gave them confidence. With a few stops she led them up the mountainside. While raining down the slope they were upon a crag from which the sun cast their shadows upon the storm cloud's silver lining. These "folks-afraid-of-the-rain" had become so interested that nothing would do but to descend into the dark, wet clouds for the sensation of being rained upon. Lunch was eaten while all steamed by a blazing campfire.

Everyone who goes into a national park wants information concerning the objects of interest. Facts about nature are more romantic than any of the fiction that may be faked concerning it. A guide should be able to tell concisely the part and place of the glaciers, the life history of the sequoia trees, the pioneering aspen, and lodge-pole pine, and to describe the grizzly bear, his habits, and his neighbours. He should know how to write the biography of a lake; to tell the story of the gentian and of the numerous alpine flowers. He should know intimately the lives of the ouzel, the ptarmigan, the solitaire, and the eagle. The guide of to-day needs to be an educator—an instructor. A successful guide should,

like a first-class newspaper reporter, ever have a fund of interesting information.

One day, while some climbers were resting, the guide called attention to the numerous evidences of beaver work before them. He pointed out the picturesque island house in the pond and explained that the beaver builds a permanent home, keeps it clean and in repair, and is devoted to it; that he takes thought for to-morrow, lays up supplies for the long winter, often plans work that takes two or three years to complete, and fells trees, builds dams, and digs canals. The party turned aside to learn of beaver ways. The gnawed stump, the picturesque dam, the strange canal, the crude, primitive house, and a discussion of the autumn harvest for winter were a new source of interest for old and young.

Longs Peak is, to me, the greatest peak in the Rocky Mountains. After one climb to its summit I decided to be a Longs Peak guide. I climbed it alone more than forty times. These trips were made in good weather, in the rain, and at night. I became intimately acquainted with the trail—could almost follow it blindfolded.

After two seasons of experience with human nature in guiding to the summit of this peak, I discovered that a number of climbers had come to me to be guided because of the discussions concerning natural history which I

made a part of each climb. I was thus encouraged to put still more outdoor lore into each ascent. This I called Nature Guiding. Each climber revealed some kind of an interest in the outdoors and was eager to expand this and take on new interests. As natural history was my hobby, it was delightfully easy to centre most of the day's discussions around geology, trees, wild flowers, glaciers, and wild life.

Glaciated granite and vast moraines were about us, and when brought into the discussion never failed to cause everyone for a time to warm toward the Ice Age. Geology from some simple point brought out comments, revealed many enthusiasts.

The glacial records in the Continental Divide of the Rocky Mountains indicate that westerly winds prevailed across these mountains during the Ice Age. Quantities of snow appear to have been swept off the western slope and the summit and deposited in the cañons on the eastern slope, where the glacier cirques are far more pronounced than the cirques of the west.

Westerly high winds still prevail across these mountains. The trees at timberline on the eastern slope are bannered with branches streaming to the east, and their westerly sides are limbless and often barkless.

The outdoor world is filled with pointers and

indicators and signs of never-failing interest to those who have learned to read nature stories.

Years ago I started off alone for a camping trip in the heart of the Rockies. Young, with no real outdoor experience to guide me, and being without money, I carried the minimum amount of outing munitions. No gun, cooking utensils, or bedding. My outfit consisted of a long, heavy raincoat, hatchet, camera, field glasses, and a few pounds of raisins. However, I possessed enthusiasm for the wilderness, or, more correctly, it possessed me.

The outing, as Mark Twain said of Niagara, "was a success." Through forests and cañons, over the heights above the timberline I wandered. I watched a grizzly feed and play; saw several black bears at their leisure while I was at mine. The lodgepole pine appealed to my imagination; it was carrying scores of nut-filled cones that had been clinging to the tree so long that they were time-stained. I saw the autumn preparation in a number of beaver colonies; and these beaver exhibits offered no foundation on which to predict the weather.

My enthusiasm for the outdoors became stronger. There were no ferocious animals. The food shortage that I experienced acquainted me with food substitutes. There was no suffering from weather; there was one snowstorm

and one rainstorm during this trip of two weeks, but the weather at its worst was not ferocious.

The wilderness received me royally, although I was not formally dressed. I continued camping and without knowing it became a winter camper. Weather was a delightful part of wild natural history, and I found all weather good. Storms, instead of proving a disappointment and a liability, became an asset and an opportunity.

In the course of each trip a guide must play many parts—athletic instructor, pack animal, photographer, counsellor, physician, and clown. He must explain miles of geography, talk botany, quote poetry, and above all, give intelligent answers to unintelligible questions. He must arbitrate rows, and often be as tyrannical as the hoosier schoolmaster. He really must play a big game, and do so if possible without the climbers knowing it. The chief duties are to so direct and control the people with him that they will most thoroughly enjoy the trip. The better a guide understands human nature the more successful he will be.

Resourcefulness is indispensable to the guide, especially, of course, in the little-travelled regions. During one of my Canadian trips with a small party, I was fortunate to have as a guide Dan McCloud. He proved himself one of the most companionable of mountaineers.

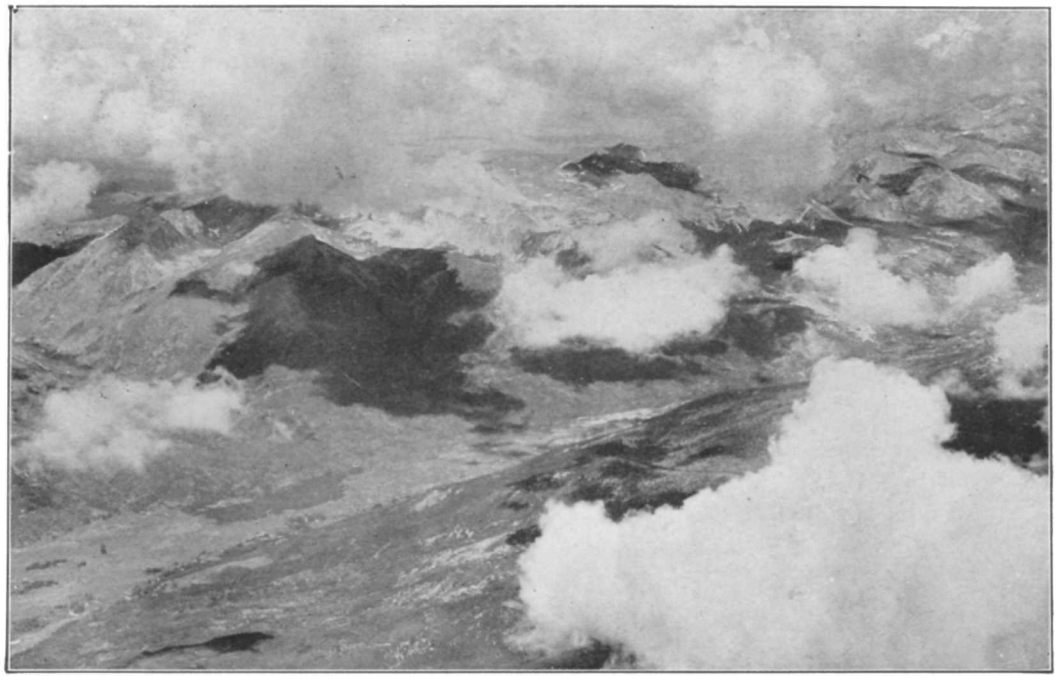


Photo. by Humphreys Airplane Company

The Rocky Mountain National Park from above the clouds

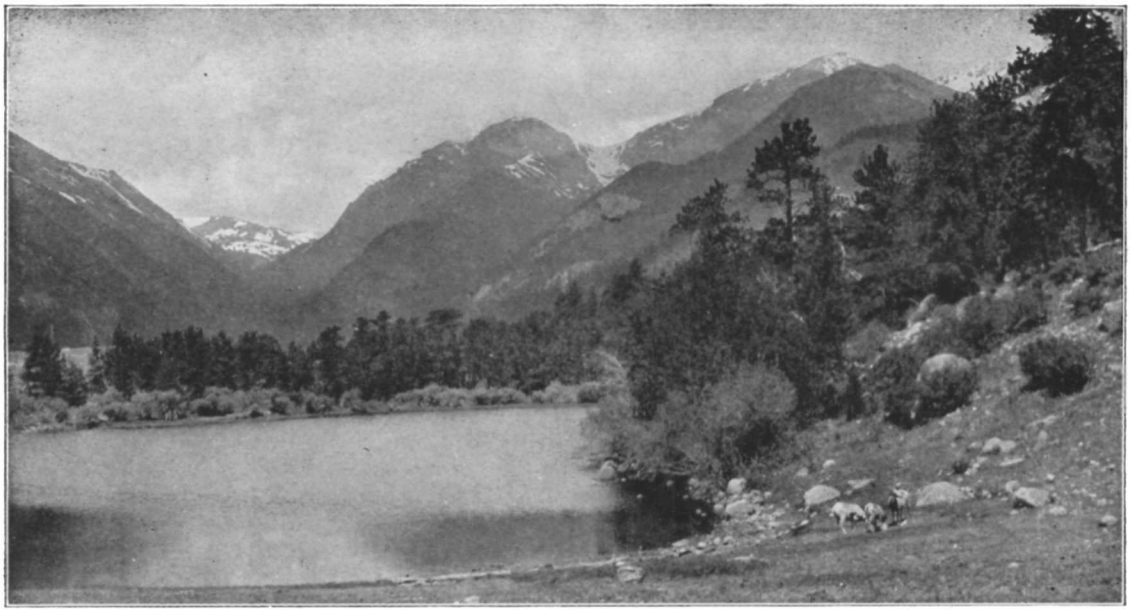


Photo. by Emerson E. Lynn

Sheep Lake and Mummy Range

We went on foot, but took along two pack animals. One afternoon we searched for several miles for a crossing over a narrow, rock-rimmed, turbulent stream. Where we stopped, this stream was confined between rocky vertical walls about eighteen feet apart and rising perhaps four feet above the surface of the water. These walls made it impossible to swim horses across and land them, even if the swift current had allowed; but my guide was resourceful, and during my absence on a near-by plateau, he bridged the stream.

First a log was cut and dragged to the bank of the stream. Then, throwing a picket rope round a small tree on the opposite side, with one end of the rope attached to the log, McCloud hitched the other end to his saddle horn. Horsepower dragged one end of the log to the opposite side. Here it was held, cut off the right length, put into place, and then wedged between the tops of the two rocky walls, McCloud flattening the upper surface with his axe; and over this our two wise mountain ponies walked. Having been a timberman in a mine, I appreciated the skill my guide had displayed.

Another afternoon we stopped to make camp in a violent rain. Before I realized what was happening, McCloud had felled a spruce tree. From this he cut a short section and split it

into thin shakes or boards. Wedging two poles between two trees for roof supports, he placed the shakes upon these poles, overlying like shingles. The roof thus formed effectually shed the downpour of rain. An hour after we had stopped in the heavy rain, I was writing my notes beneath this roof while McCloud was busily engaged cooking supper under another shake shelter.

I once invited a young Harvard man to go camping with me on the Continental Divide. He possessed an unusual knowledge of woodcraft. As he especially desired to try his skill in keeping track of the points of the compass by consulting the distribution of moss and lichen growths, he set off one day alone. When it was time to return he examined the trees and rocks and correctly determined the points of the compass; but, not recalling the direction in which he had been travelling all day, he realized, like the Indian, that the camp was lost. Was it east, west, or south? He had not the slightest notion. When I came upon him the following morning he simply remarked: "Determining the points of the compass does not tell the direction to camp."

I believe the most efficient camping equipment I have ever seen was carried by a guide whose company I enjoyed for a number of days

and nights. His cooking outfit contained one frying-pan, one kettle, one cup, one knife, fork, spoon, and canteen. In place of a coat he wore a sleeveless affair somewhat like a vest but full of pockets. His coat shirt was full of pockets. His whipcord knickerbockers were warm, durable, and did not show the dirt. He carried a heavy sweater, a jack-knife, a medium-sized axe, a kodak, but no firearms, a 7′ x 9′ waterproof shelter cloth, which he sometimes used as an A tent and sometimes as a raincoat. His sleeping bag was medium weight, and in addition, he had an empty ground or bed pad. This was $2\frac{1}{2}'$ x $6\frac{1}{2}'$, made of balloon silk, and weighed only one pound. At each camp he filled this pad with leaves, grass, or small pine twigs. It made a comparatively soft mattress and kept him off the damp cold ground.

He knew where to camp, avoided building a fire where it might endanger the trees, and had somewhere learned the wisdom of cooking with an exceedingly small one. Whenever he strolled from his main camp he had in his pocket a little emergency bag containing a compass, matches, and an emergency ration.

Mr. Shep N. Husted is the best known guide in the Rocky Mountain National Park and is one of the most capable guides I have ever known. He is informing and entertaining as he

pilots people through the woods or leads them up a peak. He is a useful and honoured citizen and his services are constantly sought. Many small boys and girls have been conducted by him to the summit of rugged Longs Peak. Parents choose him because they realize that he is sympathetic and safe, and that he will give children a day to be remembered. Like any good guide, he is eternally vigilant in guarding against accidents, as well as watchful to prevent discord in the party. He tells a good joke or makes a witty comment, and the next instant is discussing the life history of the lodgepole pine, forest fires, the habits of the mountain sheep, or the local winter climate.

As much skill and application, and as much experience, too, are required to make an honourable and successful guide as are needed to make one famous as a lawyer, a doctor, or an editor. But a guide has opportunities for winning success much more quickly than have the others. Daily association with inspiring and ever-varying nature and the companionship of thoughtful people mean pleasure and steady development. Intimately associated with his alert fellows, he is in the arena of physical and mental activity. He makes good by growing. Few occupations offer equal opportunities for advancement. A guide may become an author, a lecturer, or enter other

fields; but guiding itself is an occupation of amplitude and is a worthy lifework.

Intelligent guiding is in accord with the highest outing and educational standards of the time. This may be seen in the ways of mountain clubs —the Appalachian, the Sierra, the Canadian Alpine, and other similar organizations. The personally conducted outings of these organizations are under the guidance of a naturalist or someone eminently fitted to illuminate the striking objects of interest visited.

Whenever John Muir accompanied the Sierra Club members on an outing he was closely followed by everyone who could get near. Frequently he stopped to tell the life story of a tree, to describe the manners and customs of a flower. Here he pointed to the vast sculptured work of the ice; there he showed the graveyard of a lake that had lived its day and now was covered with groves and forgotten.

And as I suggested before there is no reason why a number of these guides may not be women. The occupation calls for courage and refinement, for firmness, good humour, and tact. There is rarely need for physical prowess or brute force. A Campfire Girl who has mastered the higher degrees and who knows natural history has the necessary guiding qualifications.

The noble purpose of the Campfire Girls and

the Boy Scouts is to popularize Mother Nature and her society, that we may have better men and women. Both these outdoor organizations will greatly increase the number of outdoor people, who in turn will call for increasing numbers of men and women guides. This is fortunate, for outdoor life will prove a national as well as an individual blessing. At present the development of both Scout and Campfire camps is hampered by the scarcity of leaders—leaders who have a knowledge of woodcraft, who have lived close to nature long enough to direct this work.

Our late lamented frontier is gone forever, and so, too, is the picturesque frontiersman, the trapper, the stage driver, and the audacious and heavily armed scout. The work of a guide is very like that of a scout with shooting ability omitted and an array of nature information added. The nature guide will not need a gun. Most outlaws now live in cities, and ferocious animals and fugitives are confined to picture shows. There are no Indians to be fought. However, there are numberless opportunities for helpful service and there will come frequent calls for heroic deeds.

From personal experience I would say that the chief errors likely to be made by a nature guide are: to become too booky, to follow academic methods, to compel, like the school teacher,

the learning of lessons. There has been altogether too much of this dulling lesson business; hence there is too little knowledge of natural history and too great a lack of general interest in it.

The guide who has become intimately acquainted with the life of only one animal or bird or tree is far more interesting and can do far more to interest others than he could by knowing the identification marks of scores. A nature guide is an artist. His work is to incite interest—an interest that will develop—that can never be satisfied. The interest is in the biography, the adventures, of the animal or plant, where it lives and how it makes its living. Natural history is a fascinating subject, and the guide who presents it from a fascinating angle, who incites interest, is the guide who will be successful.

An interest in nature, no matter how detached or how meagre, can be developed, expanded, and directed so that it becomes a friend and companion for life. I do not believe that this interest can be creatively, lastingly developed, or enthusiasm result through the assigning of tasks, the giving of medals and honours. Too often the boy or the girl who is learning to identify a dozen birds, or the names of twenty flowers, or acquiring other detached information, is, after all, interested in what those indoors

think of his accomplishments, and may be cheated of all real enthusiasm for the great outdoors.

Nature guides interpret the out-of-doors. Live things mean so much more than stuffed animals and birds, butterflies mounted on pins, dried flowers, specimens put up in jars or displayed in cases.

Guides are as different from museums as people are from mummies. They not only know the name of a bird and its proper classification, but know what it eats, where it lives, how it builds its nest, the number of eggs it lays, how it rears its young, its friends and its enemies.

One day I was the nature guide in a party of eight who ranged from six to fifty-seven years of age. At the first move we came in contact with the woodpile. In the logs we found annual rings, fire scars, and lightning injuries. There were knots, wormholes, engravings made by engraver beetles, excavations of carpenter ants. We had an hour here and did not learn to identify a single tree or a single kind of wood, but it was a joy to see the enthusiastic interest in tree and in forest life.

Everyone wanted to go on to timberline, to see the trees farthest up the mountainside. Timberline appealed to the imagination, roused everyone's enthusiasm. There were dwarfed

trees, distorted trees, wind-shaped trees, trees in swampy places, and trees in dry, windy places.

Children are ever interested in the beaver, and this animal might be helpfully used to promote thought and to push education. If boys and girls become thoroughly acquainted with the beaver, with his adventures, labours, and accomplishments, they will thereby acquire interesting information concerning our natural resources and will perhaps desire to know more about the practical things in the lively University of Nature.

"To work like a beaver" is an almost universal expression for energetic and intelligent persistence, but who realizes the magnitude of the beaver's works? What he has accomplished is not only monumental but useful to man. He was the original Conservationist. An interesting and valuable work could be written concerning the earth as influenced and benefited by the labours of the beaver. The beaver is intimately associated with the natural resources, soil and water. His work is not yet done, and along the sources of innumerable streams he will ever be needed to save soil, to regulate stream-flow, and to provide pools for the fish.

Though every kind of outdoor guiding is worth while, the lot of one guide will be different from that of another. One may be with icy peaks

and alpenstocks, another among the palms where the mocking bird sings, or through great forests, or in the deep cañons. Others may specialize with the canoe, the snowshoe, or the horse, while still others will tell of the fairies in the wild-flower gardens, or master "the land of little rain" and translate the story of the desert. All will be living close to nature, living and growing with the seasons and helping to keep the earth beautiful and thus to make life worth while for everyone.

In some way, ages ago, many superstitions developed concerning the outdoors. The result of these has been to undervalue everything out-of-doors and to substitute false statements or prejudice for the far more interesting facts.

Porcupines are supposed to shoot their quills, but they have not energy enough to shoot anything; they release quills only by contact. Contact with toads is supposed to produce warts, but skin topography is not produced this way. Beaver are commonly proclaimed as being stupid enough to work daily to excess, but the fact is that they are intelligent enough to spend most of each year on a vacation. The groundhog has somehow or other been accredited with extraordinary intimacy with weather regulations. Yet it is doubtful that he has ever heard of or used his alleged powers.

Not a single species of animal in North America can be classed as ferocious. Yet superstitions have the wilderness of North America infested with many kinds of ferocious animals that are waiting to attack and feed upon humans.

Altitude for centuries, far more than night air, has been accused of being harmful to one's physical well-being. Yet the chamois, the mountain goat, and the mountain sheep—the prize agile athletes of the wild—have never discovered this. Birds which nest at 12,000 feet have no trouble hatching their eggs.

Even the mountain sheep when coming down from the heights is said to dive head foremost with folded forelegs and to light upon his horns. General Fremont is supposed to have put this sheep superstition into print, but sheep, never having read it, have a safety-first way of their own in descending cliffs.

These old and prevailing superstitions and the consequent undervaluing and underestimating of the great health-giving, mind-stimulating outdoors, have probably been one, if not the important, cause of the general indifference to things out-of-doors, and of the common practice of unnecessarily destroying wild life and beautiful wild scenes.

To counteract all of this, would not the building up of a different point of view concerning

the ways of nature be helpful in perpetuating our wild life and in encouraging people to enjoy the inestimable benefits of far-afield vacations in the outdoors? This, I think, could be brought about, in places has been brought about, through the use of nature guides.

Nature guides have a fine chance of becoming distinguished citizens. May their tribe increase!

CHAPTER XI

NATIONAL PARKS AND NATIONAL LIFE

"For like a child sent with flickering light
To find his way across a gusty night
Man walks the world."

But the light of the thinker, the explorer, is never blown out

THE greatest resource of a people is that which empowers and inspires them to do their best. This, I believe, is the primeval beauty, the wild scenic magnificence, of the land in which we live.

The frontier wide and wild is gone forever. But many of the wilder scenes still remain. Ideal sections of the out-of-doors have been saved in our unrivalled national parks. Here Nature is at her best—is waiting to give you her best.

Our magnificent national parks contain many of the world's sublimest scenes. The primeval forests—trees older than the oldest nation—splendid peaks, matchless wild-flower fields, vast and coloured cañons, thousands of near-tame

wild birds and wild animals, the serenity and pure air, have for everyone some of the great needs of life that nothing else can supply.

A nation that endures, that progresses and prospers, that keeps its place in the sun, is a nation made up of efficient people. To be efficient a race must have health, must have an intelligent understanding of the conditions under which it lives, and a sympathetic appreciation of the needs in the lives of others. Health, education, and universal sympathy come through outdoor recreation—that outlet and inlet of life. Scenery and the elements are intimate associations and aids necessary for highest living.

Mother Nature is the oldest of teachers. She represents the power that is greater than man. From her treasure house, civilization has drawn food, clothing, shelter, steam, electricity—all the arts and sciences. Her lure carries man into the jungles, over mountain barriers, upward, outward, onward—always seeking, seeking, always gathering knowledge from the things about him, the things that are understood and the things that baffle and inspire him to greater effort.

The pioneer men and women of the West were people with rare force of character. They were glad to be alive; full of energy, ideas,

action, and courage. It was refreshing to talk with them.

The primeval, poetic scenes of the West were inspiring. There were vast and solemn forests; magnificent prairie distances lay in the sun; there were streams clear and streams coloured, swift streams and slow; rocks were old and told a thousand stories, and mountains stood broken in the sun.

Birds of almost infinite variety filled the air with movement, colour, and song. Wild flowers—the evolved gladness of millions of years—were exquisitely beautiful, brilliantly coloured. The West was rich in resources, rich in scenery, when the pioneers came.

The spell of nature, the urge of the wilderness, appears to have been behind the building of every new state or nation. The Declaration of Independence was written by a people who lived close to the heart of nature. The colonists were in a new world between the unexplored forest and the wide, strange sea. The Spirit of '76 was the spell of the wilderness.

The Greek islands were beautiful, and beauty was in the heart of Greece when her immortal deeds were done.

Australia was colonized with convicts and these were ruled by officials who were worse than convicts. But nature—as ever with her wand—

made wonderful changes. Australian people now are among the earth's noblest.

South America still is a continent of vast wildernesses. But it has commenced to produce great men and women.

Mingling with nature, mixing the blood with sunshine and with winds, produced minds with vision, produced the physically and mentally triumphant pioneers. Men who coped with the wilderness were sturdy, steadfast. Matching their wits with nature, they learned a measure of her resourcefulness and drank her vigour. Because they were not hemmed in by tall buildings and the artifice of cities, there was a certain admirable simplicity and directness about them.

Of course, most of the wilderness must pass away. But fortunate the nation that keeps itself young by saving its greatest wild gardens. The national parks are the better part of the country; they contain empires of the earth's old primeval beauty; they still throb with the wild music of existence.

If we are to go on producing great men and women it will be necessary to preserve our wild places undisturbed. In these scenic parks the children, as they play, will hear and be led on by the hope-filled and inspiring language of nature. Outdoor life builds character.

In the nature of things the scenery of a coun-

try belongs to all the people. Scenery should be used and owned by the people and perpetuated as national parks, for parks best serve all people and make best use of scenery. We need to keep the most impressive and inspiring of nature's wild gardens, and the nation that destroys its natural beauty is doomed.

Scenery is one of the nation's richest but least used assets. In one year Americans spent $350,000,000 in order to view scenery abroad. A part of this sum was spent in countries whose war ways have stimulated our interest in preparedness. Why not use our own scenery? Scenically our national parks are unrivalled.

The major attraction abroad is scenery that is ready for visitors. Only small parts of our national parks are ready for travellers, and through this unpreparedness the country is losing the travellers' enriching millions. No one of the fifty-seven varieties of war-preparedness plans can be carried out without money. The available supply of money in the United States cannot be increased by buying scenery in Europe, but money can be accumulated in this country, perhaps to the extent of a few hundred million dollars annually, by getting our scenery ready to be seen.

The wealth and the population of the United States are growing with amazing rapidity. The

sums spent on travel are steadily increasing. The parks offer the means, and I believe will be the means, of keeping this wealth in the United States.

National parks, made ready, will become an exhaustless source of wealth and be the means of promoting nation-wide unity. Parks encourage travel and travel promotes acquaintance. Through increased travel interstate prejudice may be changed to nation-wide friendship. Nature annihilates barriers; the splendid forests, the strange sky moorlands, the mountain-high waterfalls welcome everyone. The democracy of parks thus will be a matchless unifying factor for the nation.

Keeping close to nature will discourage prejudice and develop sympathy, without which liberty could not exist and life would not be worth while. A people with sympathy would have the supreme courage not to start war on others. Than this, nothing is more important. And this, too, is preparedness.

Purposeful, intelligent travel enables one to comprehend the vast resources of the nation. Those who really know the resources, customs, and the problems of the East, the West, the North, and the South are instantly capable of efficient national teamwork. If individuals who guide the destiny of the nation have nation-

wide travel for a background they will as a team be speedy and aggressive in action, and will go in the right direction.

Travel might thus have a fitting place in our educational system and a niche of honour in our ideals. It might be well for the nation if every boy or girl dreamed of early seeing our wonderful national parks. The mingling of people in the poetic scenes of national parks inspires a love of native land—is a dream come true.

Parks carry within their magic realm the assurance of long and worthy life—individual and national. Parks give preparedness that is fundamental and noble. The general welfare is distinctly advanced when people mobilize in parks.

We are fundamentally weak in real recreation facilities. Establish and develop necessary parks—city, state, and national—and these will add to our health, hopefulness, education, efficiency, national unity, and will ever touch our ideals. There is no one thing you can do that will be more generally and more lastingly beneficial than to provide parks for everyone and to foster outdoor recreation.

Honour parks, peaks, and pines.

Scenery, next to agriculture, is our greatest asset, our richest, noblest resource. The de-

velopment of national parks will pay. Travel industry will reach all interests and help all people. More national parks might well be early established before the scenery is marred or destroyed. Next in need are mountain roads and mountain trails; these give continuous publicity and a flow of visitors.

There are hundreds of square miles of scenery in America of but little commercial value, but which would please and rest hundreds of travellers. In Switzerland many a cattle pasture which was supporting only one or two families was made to support a village by eliminating cattle and encouraging people.

Colorado has several Switzerlands of scenery; it has a scenic resource the potential value of which cannot be estimated. The important thing is to establish a number of parks and keep them exclusively for the traveller. Pikes Peak has special attractions possessed by no other peak in the world; well might this entire peak, like Mt. Rainier at Seattle, be made a national park. It is an enormous waste to be using Mt. Evans and its scenic slopes for cattle and sheep pastures; made into a park it would give one thousand-fold its present returns. The Medicine Bow and Rabbit Ear ranges form a delightful and romantic realm well fitted for a park. And there is that magnificent

mountain system of southwestern Colorado known to most people as the San Juan region, where Uncompahgre stands in the sky, that is enormously rich in scenic resources. I would also like to see saved the alpine flower gardens above timberline.

Miners used to speak of wealth at the grass roots. Colorado has inexhaustible scenic wealth above the grass roots, and scenic wealth is different from mineral wealth. Scenery, with protection, is inexhaustible.

We need extensive cattle ranges. We need enormous quantities of timber. We need mineral wealth. Each of these resources needs special attention, but there are in Colorado a number of regions so splendidly scenic, and with a climate so refreshing, if made into parks and given over exclusively to people as places for rest and recreation, they would pay many times as much returns, and hence support many times as many home-makers, as they would if put to any or all of the ordinary uses. Parks are gold mines.

Everyone knows the value of outdoor living to the individual. Without parks and playgrounds the world would be overcome with vice, disease, and crime. The greater use of our national playgrounds will lessen the number of hospitals, asylums, and jails throughout the

country. Each year society nobly tries to correct evils that ought not exist and that parks should prevent. Parks and nothing else will keep a congesting population safe and sane. Parks will decrease the running expenses of the city or nation.

Parks are First Aid—also prevention. They prevent more law-breaking than policemen; cure more than physicians; give more ideas than sermons, more development than schools. The pace and pressure of modern life, its daily duties and examinations, require that everyone must be steadily refreshed, and for this sustaining and ever-invoking refreshment nature is a perennial, cheering source.

Nature takes mind and body and puts them at their best. Here one comes to know himself and to be the self he would like to be. Nature is the lifesaver of the race; the great out-of-doors is the lifesaving station of the nation.

Probably the best way to delay death, the best medicine to lengthen life, is to take to the woods. This life-sustaining prescription is most effective as a preventive and should be regularly used. Like a sermon it should be taken once in a while whether needed or not. It is Mother Nature's cure-all, and there are no substitutes just as good.

Play is a neglected element of success. It is

one of the most charming secrets of the fine art of living. Where and how to spend leisure time is one of the greatest questions. Parks will keep people young and hopeful. In these playgrounds all may hear the arousing eloquence of primeval scenes.

People need opportunity and not restraint. Parks will encourage purposeful relaxation—the rightful spending of money for clean air and cheerful landscapes. This means a more healthful and more efficient people. Parks reach the life of everyone. George Eliot said she would rather direct the amusements of a people than their industries.

The habits of the whole nation may be changed by consciously changing and directing the amusements of the people. Condemning various indoor amusements and excesses will not bring reform. But counter attractions of better kinds and in more healthful places will quickly bring desired results.

Brain experts say that the human brain is capable of doing at least two and a half times as much work as the hardest workers have it do. Why, then, do men go to pieces? This perhaps is largely because of the monotony of their mental lives. They are without any outside interest, that is to say, without any form of mental relaxation.

Of all the outside interests, the one likely to be most helpful is an interest in some phase of nature. A hobby of this kind if vigorously ridden will actually enable a brain worker to work as many hours and perhaps work more efficiently than he ever worked before. And from such a hobby, even though it be used the year round, no harm will come.

A national park is a wild-flower reservation, a place in which the flowers bloom in all their wild luxuriance and live their day uneaten and untrampled. Trees, protected from fire and from cutting, may here grow old and picturesque in their untrimmed and delightful individuality.

In all these parks the birds and animals under protection are becoming numerous and tame. The hermit thrush is allowed to sing without risking his life.

One of the most helpful experiences that any child can have is a visit to a national park with a guide who knows outdoor lore. Many of our great men and women say that nature gave them the breadth of vision which helped them to succeed. A great scene may arouse or awaken a child and give a big outlook on life—an outlook that years of public schools could not give.

Every tree has an adventurous life, and so, too, has every stone, every bird, every animal,

and every wild flower. A knowledge of nature's ways is a mental resource good to possess. Through the self-discipline of delightful experiences nature gives individual instruction. This sort of experience trains the hand, the ear, and the eye; keeps the matchless torch of imagination ever burning brightly; develops initiative, decision, observation, and judgment.

We need to mingle climate and scenery with our lives; to be oneself it is necessary to commune with nature. It is good to stand alone under the open sky, by the rusty crags, or with the white cascades. There are eloquence and hope to be had from the silent peaks or the painted flowers, or from the songs that wild birds sing or from the steadfastness and the shadows of the pines.

Few things will prevent so many misunderstandings or give so much enjoyment as knowing the ways of wild folks, the weather, and the stories of peaks and streams. Nothing is so common as for the city individual to feel superior to his country cousins. Yet, which of the two holds the saner attitude toward the world and has the more internationalism in his heart? Among the pines, by running water, by the time-shaped crags, people are at their best and unconsciously stand all for each and each for all.

It is most unfortunate that most people of to-

day have so little first-hand acquaintance with the elements that they look upon the outdoors with fear. They entertain a superstition that amounts almost to a nightmare toward beneficent Mother Nature. The wilderness is peopled, for them, with ferocious animals, its atmosphere harbours disease, and these people ever fail to estimate at their true worth those who live most of their days in contact with nature.

Apparently, in order to free one's mind from superstition, the foundation, and the necessary foundation, is an accurate knowledge of the laws of this earth on which we live. Abraham Lincoln and countless other great souls who understood both nature and human nature, who were universal in their feelings and maintained an attitude of international friendliness—these great souls, as children, had an intimate understanding of nature.

The best citizens of the future will be those who have been taught by nature; those who have learned the greatest lessons of life from the trees, the flowers, the rocks and soil, the sun, the wind, and the rain. Nature is the strongest, most lasting friend a man can have, because she ever keeps his ideals before him.

The people who keep their place in the sun need to play in the sun. Nations have been short-lived, countless numbers with flags and

pomp have had their little day and vanished. Each has striven through commercialism and militarism and formal indoor society to keep its place on the globe. But no nation has ever fallen for having too many parks, and no people has passed away for playing among the skyline pines.

Visit your national parks and learn their good tidings. Here everyone will be bettered and blessed by the all-seeing sun and by scenery that is sublime; and will go home with romance, resolution, red blood, and repose. On returning you will recall the magnificent scenes, glorious in the sunlight. You will also remember the splendid new friends whom you made in these parks, friends in far-away states, friends far across the sea under other flags. Friendship is the spirit of parks.

Of all the large and rugged mountain ranges in the world, the Rockies are the most friendly, the most hospitable. Unfortunately, many attractions of these mountains are perishing, are being ruined forever. Fires, lumbering, hunting, and pasturing are despoiling these wilderness wonderlands which ought to be parks and recreation places. A half-dozen large parks might well be preserved in the Rocky Mountains, to the economic and higher advantages of everyone. Why not give your help to this glorious work? Make

these parks and they will retain the wild beauty of the mountains and be places of rest and hope for all time.

To have and to hold national parks is in the highest sense promoting the general welfare. Nature never will betray the nation that keeps her wild gardens. Our debt to all the honoured dead, our duty to the worthy present, and our obligation to the glorious future are all nobly met and ourselves honoured in glorifying this earth with beautiful, inspiring parks.

CHAPTER XII

LIFE ZONES

LONGS PEAK carries a number of climatic zones and is thus enlivened by a numerous array of plant and animal life. A trip from its base to its summit carries one through almost as many climatic changes and gives nearly as numerous an array of plant and animal life as though the traveller left the base of the Peak and travelled the thousands of miles northward into the zone which surrounds the Arctic Circle.

A number of birds that winter on the plains at the foot of this mountain migrate vertically through several thousand feet and nest in an Arctic-alpine zone which covers the summit slopes of the Peak. The migratory journey of an hour gives these birds a nesting place in the heights similar in conditions to those which others of their species have in the Arctic Circle several thousand miles to the north.

Arctic harebells, phlox, yellow avens, and other dwarfed flowers have the same period of blooming near the summit of Longs Peak, two

and a half miles above sea level, as upon the low-lying Arctic prairies at sea level. These widely separated regions have a similar climate. A thousand feet below the summit of Longs Peak live the ptarmigan—birds that feed upon the buds of dwarfed willow and the insects that these plants support. Near the far-away northern Arctic Circle are corresponding ptarmigan and dwarfed willow. Many of the plants and animals that live around the shores of Hudson Bay are also found on Longs Peak, at an altitude of ten thousand feet. Descend the Peak another thousand feet and one enters a climatic zone similar to that of southern Canada.

The place to get comprehensive views of life zones, together with a fascinating exhibit of the life which they sustain, is in the mountains. Here the plant life appears to take its place with almost mathematical precision in the altitudinal zones.

One of the interesting characteristics of the Rocky Mountain National Park is the great altitude of its life zones. Plants and animals are scattered all over the Rockies from the lowest foothills to the summits of the highest peaks. Extending far above the forest are grassy meadows, scores of species of wild flowers, and a number of animals; as a matter of fact, straggling birds, flowers, and grasses are found on the

summit of the highest peaks. The large barren spaces on these mountains are due to lack of soil rather than to rigidity of climate. So free are these peaks from snow and ice during the summer that a novice easily, safely scrambles anywhere.

Timberline in the Alps is at about 6,500 feet; the perpetual snow-and-ice line at about 9,000 feet, and above this the Alps rise into a zone of death; the upper slopes are lifeless. Timberline in the Rocky Mountain National Park is between 11,000 and 12,000 feet above the sea; 5,000 feet, or a vertical mile, higher than it is in the Alps.

A mountain may be divided into a number of altitudinal or vertical zones, each of which has its characteristic plants and animals. However, the plants and animals that live at 14,000 feet altitude are different in kind from those that make their home in the foothills, eight or nine thousand feet down the slope. Each kind occupies but a small area, is restricted in range, has but a local habitation in the big mountain world. Each has a zone or climatic address, is found in a zone which supplies the peculiar requirements of the plant, or in which it can best hold the ground against competitors. Combinations of temperature, moisture, soil, and slope largely determine the kinds of life that will occupy each zone.

Knowing slope, soil, altitude, and moisture conditions of a given area would enable one to realize, without seeing them, the kinds of plants and animals that would populate that zone. Or, knowing the requirements of certain plants and animals in the way of temperature, moisture, and food would enable one to describe the physical geography that environed them.

The same plants and animals are not found everywhere. The polar bear lives with the iceberg, the Eskimo, and the Aurora Borealis; the antelope is associated with the prairie and sage brush; the alligator with tropical luxuriance. The hardy fir and spruce are found in the snows of the forest frontier at the Far North; the cypress is standing knee deep in swamps; and the thorny, monolithic cactus is at home with desert sands in "The Land of Little Rain."

Travelling from the Equator to the North Pole carries one through a number of climatic zones, each of which has its special plants and animals. Identical climatic zones with similar plants and animals will be found if one climbs from sea level to the summit of a high peak.

Mount Orizaba, Mexico, has its base in the Torrid Zone, its summit in the Frigid, and between these lie all the other zones that grace the earth between the Tropics and the land of the Eskimo. Near Mono Pass, California, the Sierras are so



Photo. by Enos A. Mills

January sunshine in the Rocky Mountain National Park

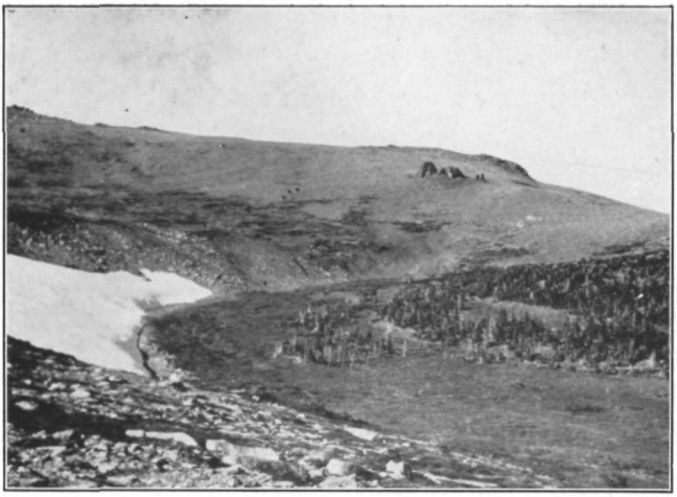


Photo. by Enos A. Mills

Above timberline the Longs Peak trail winds its way across an Alpine moorland among wide spaces of granite, crags, dwarfed trees, and acres of brilliant wild flowers



Photo. by Enos A. Mills

Limber pines on the heights that have withstood the winds of centuries

high and precipitous that in two or three hours one may descend from the snowy summit of a peak to the warm desert, and in this time pass through the climatic zones that lie between the Arctic Circle and the Sub-tropics.

For every thousand miles into the north the temperature is three degrees cooler. It is also three degrees cooler for every thousand feet elevation up a mountainside.

The latitudinal or horizontal zones are of wide extent. The vertical or mountain zones are narrow, ragged-edged, and small. The latitudinal zones encircle the earth while the vertical zones encircle mountains. The number of these zones is commonly reckoned at seven, but each has one or more sub-division. Each zone is the result of a combination of temperature and moisture that is different from the other zones, and each has a variety of plant and animal life that is peculiar to itself.

The distribution of plants and animals is systematic and surprisingly orderly. This distribution is one of the most interesting facts of woodcraft. A knowledge of the regularity of life distribution through the zones adds infinitely to one's enjoyment of the outdoors.

If I were carried blindfolded up into the Rocky Mountains, on uncovering my eyes I could, upon examining a few of the trees around

me, tell approximately not only the altitude and the points of the compass, but from the condition of the trees, the season of the year. Or, if told the kind of trees growing at a particular point, or given the altitude, the slope exposure, and the season, I could name many of the other plants and the animals that inhabit the locality. The rugged peaks in the Rocky Mountain National Park are not barren and lifeless, although viewed from a distance they appear so. Such is the nature of the climate that the life zones extend to the summits, 14,000 feet above the sea.

Above timberline the mountain sheep, mountain lion, fox, cony, ptarmigan, and rosy finches live the year round. The summer population embraces many kinds of birds, including the golden eagle; there are also bears, woodchucks, deer, and a wealth of wild flowers. Birds, bear, and mountain sheep are often seen on moorlands nearly thirteen thousand feet above the tides; and occasionally some straggler goes to the top of a peak.

The list of living things that I have seen on the summit of Longs Peak (14,255 feet above sea level) includes the inevitable and many-tinted lichens, spike grass, dainty blue polemonium, and clumps of crimson-purple primroses, all exquisitely beautiful. There are straggling bum-

blebees, grasshoppers, and at least two kinds of prettily robed butterflies. Among the mammals visiting the summit I have seen a mountain lion, a bob-cat, a rabbit, and a silver fox, though only one of each. The bird callers include flocks of rosy finches, ptarmigan, and American pipits, numbers of white-crowned sparrows and juncos, together with a scattering of robins, bluebirds, golden eagles, red-tailed hawks, and humming birds!

Many of the wild flowers found above timberline in late summer are the lowland ones that you knew in early season. Among the brilliantly coloured blossoms are violets, daisies, larkspur, goldenrod, harebells, pentstemons, mertensia, wallflower, paint brush, sunflowers, and the blue and white columbine. Many of these found in moist places are supported on stalks as high as one's head; but on dry, wind-swept, alpine moorlands more than two miles above sea level, the fairy flowers that colour ragged spaces rarely raise their heads half an inch above the earth. Well-known families are represented by these diminutive flowers—forget-me-not, phlox, moss pink, and rock jasmine.

The climatic and plant-life changes of a thousand-mile journey into the North may in many respects be duplicated by climbing one thousand feet up a mountain; or a thousand

feet down a mountain brings changes that may be found in a thousand-mile journey southward. In other words, one foot change of altitude approximately balances one mile change of latitude.

Snowdrifts fringed with flowers may be found at sea level in the Frigid Zone, at high elevations in the Temperate Zone, and on the summits of highest peaks in the Torrid Zone in the same month. In all three places the flowers are of the same species and they bloom about the same time; temperature and moisture conditions are similar in the three places on approximately the same date.

While summer is travelling up Mount Whitney, California, to an altitude of twelve thousand feet, it is also travelling to the Arctic Circle, three thousand miles farther north. It arrives in both places at the same time. About the first of July the Cassiope is found in bloom both on Mount Whitney at twelve thousand feet above sea level, and at sea level on the Arctic Ocean. Each place has the climatic conditions which the Cassiope requires. It blooms on the mountain ranges all along the way at lower and lower altitudes from Mount Whitney to the Arctic Ocean. A line drawn northward along the mountains from an altitude of twelve thousand feet on Mount Whitney, making a gradual descent into the north until it touches

sea level at the Arctic Circle, will have similar climatic conditions from end to end.

Trees are most excellent indices to zone determination. In the mountains they strikingly exhibit climatic conditions. As John Muir says in "The Mountains of California":

> This simple arrangement in zones and sections brings the forest, as a whole, within the comprehension of every observer. The different species are ever found occupying the same relative positions to one another as controlled by soil, climate, and the comparative vigour of each species in taking and holding the ground; and so appreciable are these relations, one need never be at a loss in determining, within a few hundred feet, the elevation above sea level by the trees alone; for, notwithstanding some of the species range upward for several thousand feet, and all pass one another more or less, yet even those possessing the greatest vertical range are available in this connection, inasmuch as they take on new forms corresponding with the variations in altitude.

On the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains at lower levels you will find cedar trees that are not found a thousand feet farther up the slopes; in the middle slopes are tree and flower growths unknown in the foothills; and still farther up, at the limits of tree growth, are trees not seen in the middle slopes.

The forests in the Rockies climb high, in most places to an altitude of 11,300 feet. Timberline is the forest frontier. It appears as old as

the hills and as fixed and unchanging as they, but like every frontier, that of the forest is aggressive—is ever struggling to advance. Its present position simply marks where the forest now is—not where it was, not the lower heights from which it has struggled, nor still greater heights which it is striving to attain.

At timberline limber pines are growing upon the drier and the wind-swept slopes, while in the moister places are Engelmann spruce, Arctic willow, and black birch. Here many of the more unfavourably situated trees are extremely small. They are suppressed by cold, crushed by snow, and distorted by prolonged and terrific winds. Many are overthrown and creep along the earth like distorted vines. Numbers are without either bark or limbs upon their storm-exposed side. These dwarfed trees, though four or five inches in diameter at the base and from two hundred to six hundred years of age, are not more than four or five feet high.

Below timberline the purple robe of coniferous forests drapes and flows over the slopes, ridges, and basins. Engelmann spruce predominates in the upper forest zone along the streams. There are extensive forests of lodgepole pine and scattered growths of fir, aspen, and Douglas spruce. In this forest belt the "camp-bird" or Rocky Mountain gray jay, the Clark's crow,

grouse, snowshoe rabbit, porcupine, Douglas squirrel, and chipmunk are at home the year round, and in summer many nesting birds, among them the Hermit thrush, Kinglet, and Audubon warbler, gladden the woods and trails.

The western yellow pine and the blue or silver spruce are mostly below an altitude of 8,500 feet. The merry aspen forms attractive groves and stream fringes. Willow, alder, cherry birch, and mountain maple appear in scattered growths.

This territory once was so well populated with big game that Lord Dunraven, as has already been mentioned, planned to secure large holdings and keep it as a game preserve. The big game population has been greatly reduced, but the scattered numbers that remain will, under the protection of a park, rapidly multiply. It is a well-known fact that all wild creatures begin to increase in numbers in a zone of safety, and readily allow themselves to be seen from the instant they are completely protected from the gunner. The park will, in a short time, have a numerous and comparatively tame wild-life population. There are only a few bears remaining. Elk are increasing and so, too, are deer. It probably is the greatest mountain sheep range in the country. There are straggling numbers of coyote, lynx, and mountain lion. Here and there the ancient and

modern woodman, the beaver, maintains flower-fringed ponds and picturesque lodges. His scores of colonies enliven every stream. Altogether it is one of the best places in the country to see the accomplishments of "our first engineers," to study the influences of beaver works, or to note the structure and workmanship of the dam. A beaver colony is one of the most alluring attractions of the outdoors. An increased number of beaver colonies would lead to a large increase of people out beneath the open sky. The beaver deserves a far larger place in our literature than he has.

The grizzly is one of the most interesting animals that roam the mountains; he probably is the most alert animal except the human one. He is wide awake, courageous, and full of character. He is not ferocious, but is a desperate fighter if need be. He ranges all over the mountains in summer and in winter hibernates, usually, far up the slopes. In autumn he will be found above timberline, eating the last berries of the season and digging out the conies—the "haymakers of the heights"—and chipmunks.

Commonly a plant is found only in the zone which best suits its requirements, and occupies only a small area. Occasionally it adjusted itself to the conditions of another zone. A few kinds of plants may be at their best in a

given zone, and yet extend into and even across each of the zones above and below the zone in which it thrives best.

While most plants and animals have a restricted or home zone, a number range over a wider territory. In the mountains, where these zones are narrow and conditions are variable according to slope exposure and moisture, we find many of the same animals in several different zones. Beaver, lion, woodchuck, and weasel may be found in a number of zones, below timberline and even above. Sheep that live most of the year in the heights explore a wide territory and often come down the slopes in early spring for the first green grass. The oriole even with wings is acquainted with only the foothills, but some of the birds that spend the winter on the lower or middle slopes go above timberline to nest. The water ouzel is found along the alpine streams in summer; and the solitaire, one of the most eloquent singers of the earth, nests upon the ground near the timberline.

The entire park is a wild-flower garden. Bloomtime lasts all summer long. The scores of streams that splash down from the snows are fringed with ferns and blossoms. There are many areas petalled with red, blue, purple, and gold. Differences of altitude, topography, and the unequal moisture distribution induce more

than a thousand varieties to bloom in and colour this glad wild garden; July is white with mariposa lilies; wild roses, yellow peas, wallflowers, tiger lilies, primroses, fringed blue gentians, give their colour and their perfume to the friendly air. Here flourishes the Rocky Mountain columbine; somewhere in the park you will find it all summer long.

The kinnikinick is one of the brightest, cheeriest plant rugs that lie upon the earth. The kinnikinick is a low-growing, many-branched vine-like shrub, with fresh evergreen leaves and bright red berries. It is widely distributed over the earth and often is a plant pioneer. In the Rocky Mountains it is frequently the first plant to bloom in areas left desolate by fire. Winter or summer the beauty of this plant never fails to appeal to everyone. Its life history is full of romance and hopefulness.

The plant life on the wall of a cañon that faces south is different from that of a cañon wall facing any other point of the compass, because of the difference in light and shade—that is, in temperature and moisture. The north wall of the Yosemite Valley, which receives the full glare of the sun all day, has a much warmer and drier climate than the south wall. Most of the year the south wall is in cool shadow. Some kinds of flowers, so Muir

says, bloom on the north wall every month in the year, even in the winter, while the south wall is wrapped in snow.

A southerly exposure of a mountain will be many degrees warmer than the northerly exposure of the same mountain. Each slope will maintain a different kind of life at equal altitude because of different climatic conditions. A mountain that holds a high steep slope against the afternoon sun has on this sunny exposure a life zone of one or two thousand feet higher than it could possibly maintain on its northeasterly slope, because of the warm afternoon sun and the warm ascending air currents from the warmed slopes below.

One day while rambling across the Continental Divide I threw a stone from the southerly slope of a mountain across a narrow gorge. The vegetation on the opposite side of the ravine was that of a much cooler zone. By travelling two thousand feet up the slope from which I threw the stone I would have reached a zone very similar to the one into which the stone was thrown. To have reached a similar latitudinal zone it would have been necessary to travel two thousand miles northward. What a comprehensive, though apparently complicated, exhibit of life zones a mountain slope may contain in a very limited area!

The point of the compass toward which mountain walls are exposed, especially in arid regions, has a marked effect upon the water content of soil and hence upon vegetation. In Nevada and other dry localities there are many cañons with an east-and-west trend whose northerly facing walls have a moderate amount of vegetation but whose southerly facing walls are almost barren.

Such is the influence of slope exposure on the distribution of plant life that a conical mountain may be forested on the summit and on all slopes except on its cold northeast shoulder.

The westerly slope of Mount Shasta rises through several thousand feet of altitude, and the peculiar conditions make this an excellent place to note the effect of wall exposure. Mount Shasta's western slope has a peculiar complication of zones. From a point midway on the westerly slope one may climb upward two thousand feet or downward two thousand feet and find similar zones and plant life in both places, while this middle slope has a zone with its own peculiar plant and animal life. Early each afternoon this lower western slope lies in the cool shadow cast by a low mountain range to the west. A stream at the western base of Mount Shasta gives moisture and additional coolness to this shaded realm, so that it appeals to plants

and animals that belong four thousand feet higher; while just above the shadow the slope is warmed and dried by the long afternoon sun and has the life found two thousand feet lower on other slopes of this mountain.

Latitude and altitude are not absolute in determining the life, but temperature and moisture are important determining influences. A number of factors in one locality of latitudinal zone may produce zone within zone. A stream of cold water flowing down a mountainside extends its cool zone and its plant life down into the warmer zone below. Among the modifying factors which help to make climatic conditions, and hence determine the zone, are shadows, the chinook and other peculiar winds, oceanic currents, streams, bodies of water, scanty or excessive precipitation, and the mountain slope exposure.

The climate of the Rocky Mountains and other mountains in the West is tempered in winter by an occasional chinook wind. This is a warm dry wind which blows from the west and often spreads its warmth over large territory. There are numerous instances on record of a chinook wind raising the temperature forty or fifty degrees in as many minutes, and it sometimes removes thirty or more inches of snow from the earth in a single day, almost without wetting

the ground. It absorbs the moisture. The Blackfoot Indians call it "the snow-eater." The chinook may come at any hour of the day or night. Occasionally with a rush it chases winter; frequently and fortunately it follows a blizzard; often it dramatically saves the suffering herds, both wild and tame; and at the eleventh hour it brings the balm of southland to the waiting, starving birds.

Most days are clear and the climate in the Rocky Mountain National Park is less severe than is usually imagined. The annual snowfall is about one half the amount that whitens the Alps. The summer climate is almost ideal, cool of evenings, night, and morning; warm, but never hot, during the day. Many winter days are delightfully calm and sunny. I have climbed every high peak in the Park during winter; these climbs were made without suffering, although I wore only medium-weight clothing.

Oceanic currents probably exert a considerable temperature influence far inland, and may have a decidedly marked effect upon the altitudinal as well as upon the latitudinal distribution of life. Thus timberline on Mount Washington is approximately 5,000 feet above sea level. Mount Washington is approximately five hundred miles north of Longs Peak. Hence, if latitude alone were the determining factor, we

should expect to find timberline on Longs Peak at an altitude of 5,500 feet; but as a matter of fact, timberline on Longs Peak is at an altitude of 11,300 feet. The Mount Washington region is chilled by abundant precipitation and cold winds. Longs Peak has less precipitation and fewer cold winds, and is occasionally warmed with the breath of the warm dry chinook wind.

A forest fire commonly produces a marked climatic change over the area burned, making it warmer and drier. On a mountainside the plant life from a lower, warmer zone will climb up into the burned area. In time the forest reclaims this area and lowers the temperature. Then the plant life from the zone above replaces the life which, after the forest fire, came into this zone from below.

During the last fifty years most species of trees in the West have lost large areas of their territory through forest fires. However, the lodgepole pine, though the easiest of all to succumb to fire, has by means of these fires vastly extended its territory. The characteristics of this tree which so largely contributed to its success through the agency of fire are: its habits of annually bearing large crops of seeds; hoarding most of these seeds—that is, holding them, cones and all, upon the tree; the ability of these seeds to sprout in clean ash-covered earth; and,

finally, the ability of the seedlings to thrive in the sunlight.

Commonly a forest fire consumes twigs and needles but does not destroy the tree. It frequently happens that a fire kills a lodgepole tree and melts the wax off the seed-filled cones that have been clinging to it for years. The seeds at once drop from these cones and fall upon a fire-cleared earth where they have the conditions which contribute most to their growth and success. No one of the six hundred kinds of North American trees has as adventurous or as interesting a life story as this one of frontier pioneer life—the lodgepole pine.

The sea also has its zones. The zones of mountains are repeated in reverse order as one descends from the surface into the depths of the sea. The sea is influenced by the heat beneath the Equator and the cold of the Polar region. While winds influence the zones of the earth, oceanic currents influence those of the sea.

The horizontal strata or life zones in the ocean probably are of greater depth and are less distinctly bounded than those of mountains. These life zones in the sea are in measure determined by temperature, light, and the weight of the water. On high mountain-tops there are kinds of life that could not exist at sea level, and there are in the deep seas forms of life which,



Path of the mountain climber down the east precipice of Longs Peak



Photo. by Esther B. Mills

Enos A. Mills, nature guide, interpreting the out-of-doors to young and old

when brought to the surface, die from bursting. These deep-sea life forms are so constructed that they have muscles and expansive gases to resist powerful pressure. The sea as well as the land has local influences which modify the conditions and bring zone within zone. Thus in the bottom of a deep sea a volcano may locally warm an area and enable life forms from a warm zone to live.

From the seashore on the Equator there is a decrease in the numbers and a diminishing in the size of the life forms with increased distance toward the Poles, or with ascent up the mountain or with descent into the sea. Everywhere, from Equator to the Poles, from sea level to Rocky Mountain summits, plant life and animal life may be found "At Home," each species in its special zone.

CHAPTER XIII

WILDERNESS ETIQUETTE

"It is better to let the wild beast run,
To let the wild bird fly.
Each harbours best in its native nest
Even as you and I."

A CHANGE for the better is slowly coming over the conduct of those who camp. But, after all, this is a critical time for the wilderness, and the active assistance of all nature lovers is needed to keep its beauty unimpaired and to perpetuate our parks and wild places of recreation. We still have some splendid fringes and fragments of wilderness, but many of these places are being impaired and endangered through misuse. The frontier is gone and the outdoors of yesterday is almost extinct. Often the wilderness is mistreated as though worthless, no man's land.

Better manners in campers is a need of the hour. Our recreation places are being steadily used by ever-increasing numbers of people, and these places need more thoughtful care from all users that they may continue ever fresh and wild.

To ruin our scenic resources is to rob the future and to injure ourselves.

A temporary camp often leaves a permanent, ugly scar in the wilderness—destruction and defacement. During an outing many people simply forget their manners and run amuck; often they are as destructive and as irresponsible as children. Notwithstanding they are uninvited though welcome guests to Nature's garden, their conduct is selfish and bad. Although most of this recklessness is thoughtless exuberance and but little of it wanton, its effect is none the less ruinous. Living trees are hacked, carved, peeled, and sometimes burned at the stake. Song birds are shot and hope-filled nests used as targets. Wild flowers are treated as though they were pernicious weeds. A general persecution is extended to every living thing. Many of the frightened wild folk flee for their lives, and I am sure that the trees, too, would escape if they could. At times, I suppose, trees cannot avoid reflecting concerning the conduct of campers and no doubt often look scornfully down on these barbarous, migrating animals, proud of the fact that they are above them!

One of the best guides I have known was a celebrated Yellowstone Park guide with whom I camped for a few days one summer. He had horse sense, was a genius for being ever vigilant,

and the only people I ever heard him denounce were those who mistreated horses. His wilderness etiquette was faultless. Under his direction all camp refuse was burned or buried; no scars, no junk, no remains of mutilation were left in sight. A New York lawyer who gave a picnic dinner by a campfire in the wilds won his hearty approval. The camp site was so carefully cleaned that only an expert trailer could have discovered that it had ever been used. The fire had been made upon a flat outcropping rock. At the close of the feast every scrap was buried, the rock brushed, and the ashes also buried.

In every region visited by picnickers and campers the problem is to prevent the mutilation or the destruction of the attractions, and to keep the region free of refuse. Visitors as well as local people can help maintain the charm and cleanness of our outing wildernesses by burying or burning all camp refuse—tin cans, lunch boxes, bags, and chocolate papers.

The cutting of the picturesque and ancient trees at timberline, the uprooting and the excessive gathering of wild flowers, have already seriously scarred many near-by places of enjoyment.

Whenever requested, children cheerfully respond and do their best to leave camp sites clean and unscarred. Realizing that elder folk will

also help, this appeal is made to them. It is easy to understand that an enemy of our country should want to destroy its attractiveness. Everyone may show his love of native land without desiring to kill a foreign foe. We believe that every good American will respond to the general appeal now being made throughout the land to protect and perpetuate our parks and wild-garden outing places.

The kodak is helping to save the wilderness. It is one of the most influential factors in promoting a more rational and refined view of the flowers, the birds, and the trees. It throws the robe of beauty artistically over everything. Through it the search is led for Nature's best; it reveals fairylands and develops an appreciation of the beautiful. The carrier of the kodak finds inspiration in Nature's garden and unconsciously becomes its protector. The kodak carrier is never cursed by those who follow after. It requires more skill to focus a kodak than a rifle upon big game; the triumphs of picture-taking are infinitely greater than the triumphs of the trigger. Picture-taking will help soften and subdue the savage heart of man; it is destined to displace the rifle in outdoor literature, and will help the wilderness win our hearts. Some time the rifle's deadly echo will fade for the last time from the endless melody of the wild, while Nature's

grand and varied bugle song will ebb and flow on forever.

One evening, after a day on the heights among crags and stained snowdrifts, I descended into the forest with the intention of camping alone on the shore of a small alpine lake. By chance there arrived at this secluded lake during the afternoon three separate camping parties, all of whom were busy establishing camps when I appeared. While enjoying supper with one set of campers, two strangers from the nearest campfire came with the request that everyone assemble at dark near their tent to enjoy a big bonfire. A score of people gathered to see the lighting.

A large pile of dead logs and limbs awaited the torch. This pile—a funeral pyre—was against the base of a veteran spruce that stood alone in a narrow grassy strip between the woods and the lake. While trying to decide how to save the tree from fiery, torturous death a lady from the third camp walked calmly away from the group. At a few yards she stopped and gazed upward at the top of the doomed spruce. In a moment she had everyone guessing as to the height of the spruce; then there was a rush and merry jostling over the waiting firewood as everyone tried to measure the diameter of the old tree. The guesses concerning the probable age of this veteran tree indicated a general and pathetic

ignorance of all the pathos and poetry of forest life. At last it occurred to someone that a bonfire at the base might kill the spruce. In the momentary silence which followed this suggestion, someone declared the lake shore was the place of places for a campfire—that the water would reflect the movements of both flames and smoke and show changes and shadings. The woodpile was moved. Eagerly the fire blazed and gushed by the water's edge. While it burned and faded, our heroine told of the struggles which trees make with the elements and with insects, of their adventurous lives and their romantic seed-sowing for the life to come. Everyone walked away from the fading embers of the fire with sympathy for the forest.

Often I have wished that there might be an effective sign or suggestive quotation that would agreeably linger in the minds of all, and ever kindly counsel the protection of the wild plants and animals. I wish that everyone might vividly imagine that the bended limbs above the arched and leafy entrances to the woods ever shaped themselves into these assuring words: "Health and hope for all who enter here," and, that once within the mellow-lighted and peaceful place, all would responsively hear the treetops whispering: "These are your fountains and gardens of life; kindly assist in keeping them."

CHAPTER XIV

A CHAMPION OF WILD LIFE

By Philip Ashton Rollins

ENOS A. MILLS was the foremost interpreter of nature to the American public. He was born April 22, 1870, on his parents' farm in eastern Kansas, and on this farm spent the first fourteen years of his life. From earliest childhood he suffered from a severe digestive disorder, and thus through the handicap of ill-health and the rigorous necessities of early pioneer farm life, schooling was virtually an impossibility.

At the age of fourteen, having been thrown entirely upon his own resources, he turned to Colorado, which stood out in his mind as a land of beauty and inspiration, due to what his mother had told him of her happy life in the Rockies. Accordingly, a sickly, woebegone, unschooled youth started westward to earn a livelihood. He had only two thoughts: how to acquire health and how to earn the little money necessary to insure food, clothing, warmth, and

shelter. But he had indomitable courage and an iron will.

He arrived at the village that lay in the great sweeping valley of Colorado's Estes Park, and in one of its hotels obtained a job. His physical requirements were thus assured.

He saw, in that then uncontaminated land of epic beauty, things he had never seen before, things of which he had never heard before. Immediately there flamed up in him an insatiate curiosity to discover why these things were as they were, an insatiate curiosity to obtain from Nature an explanation of her actions. The printed explanations of other men were of no avail, for as yet books were to him an undiscovered country.

His wanderings gradually increased their mileage. His powers of observation and mental concentration grew from latency to constant and forceful exercise.

In the next ensuing year he built in one of the outlying valleys of Estes Park a little log cabin on land which he later homesteaded. That log cabin beside a frisky brook, on the lowest slope of the mountain range of the Twin Sisters, and looking the majestic heights of Longs Peak squarely in the face, was, from the time Enos Mills built it until the day Enos Mills died, his sanctuary.

In his sixteenth year he reached Longs Peak's summit and in the following twelvemonth he essayed to scale the other mountains that rimmed Estes Park. Later he went up and over them and eventually pushed to the several distant corners of the West. Upon these pilgrimages he supported himself through various temporary employments, in summertime upon the ranches or at resort hotels, in wintertime upon the ranches or in the mines. While still under age he was "night boss" in the Independence copper mine at Butte, Montana. At thirty-seven years of age he became governmental "snow inspector"; and so, for two winters, he in frigid loneliness patrolled the summits of the Coloradan Rockies, gauging the snowfall, thus prophesying the quantity of water which the succeeding spring and summer would take to valley dwellers, incidentally searching for nascent avalanches and primed to forewarn each settler that lived in their prospective routes.

But his wanderings were not constant, for he intermittently broke them in order to return to Estes Park, to view the scenes he specially loved and rest in the cabin for which he had such tender affection. During his stays in Estes Park he served as guide to climbing parties, particularly on the ascent of Longs Peak. More than three hundred ascents have been credited to him,

many of them, however, made after the period we are mentioning.

Whether in his wandering or in his stays at home, his curiosity was rampant. Every flower that was new to him, every unexpected variation in a flower that was old to him, every abnormality in a tree or rock, every movement by a wild animal caught his attention and set him to querying.

He hunted for wild flowers; but, save for an occasional specimen, he would not pick them. He hunted wild animals, but only with his eye or a camera. As regards the wild flowers, he sensed that future generations of men should have blossoms to enjoy and he wished to do his part in making this enjoyment possible. As regards the wild animals, he had a studious appreciation of their motives and mental processes, a faunlike sympathy with their emotions, a respect for their dignity, a liking for their humour, and a real affection for their entire selves. He fairly fraternized with such of the wild animals as he met upon his rambles. This last was not an abnormality. People commonly have played with the domestic dog or horse in a dooryard. Mr. Mills preferred the grizzly bear within a forest, even though the bear denied the intimate contact which the dog or horse allowed. The colour of his life is indicated by the title of the

last book he published in his lifetime. It was: "Watched by Wild Animals."

In all his wanderings his habits and methods were uniform. Clad in a worn sack suit, its pockets stored with raisins, an old hat upon his head, an overcoat rolled into a bundle and hung from his back, a magnifying glass within easy reach, he sallied forth. Trees and the sky formed his tent; the overcoat was his bedding; and his meals came wholly from raisins when nothing more filling turned up. His normal gait of a rapid walk would be interrupted by his dropping to his knees to examine a flower, by his dodging behind a tree to observe an animal, would be accented by constant movements of his head, movements caused by desire that nothing of interest should escape his eyes.

Yet at no time was there any intentional element of eccentricity in his costume or his doings. In this, he was disappointing to the seeker for sensationalism, to the person who assumes that every nature lover must flaunt at least one stripe of queerness.

He affected no picturesque raiment, but wore the same type of clothing as that habitually employed by his fellow American men. Effete people might well, at times, have called his clothing unfashionable. A man who, at least on one occasion, telephoned to a country store:

"I need a new suit. Send me one by the first stage—38-inch chest. Any colour that isn't obtrusive," was not accusable of thoughtful dandyism. But this signified only lack of heed to fashion's whims. There was not a vestige of the untidiness which earmarks many men who follow literary, artistic, or other noncommonplace vocations.

Like many frontiersmen, he wore a hat only when necessity demanded; and this gave to his hair the chance to create for him at times a false appearance of affected individualism, his one eccentricity, if it were one. His hair was curly; and, when damped by perspiration, would rise defiantly from where the brush had laid it. And, too, he would, when animated, repeatedly run his fingers through his locks.

His doings were entirely normal save for the fact that his physical motions were astonishingly rapid and lithe (he had the catlike grace of the habitual mountaineer), and save for the further fact that, to attain what he sought, he was willing to subject himself to hardships at which the average man would have balked.

Far from having an eccentric appearance, he was possessed of a markedly dignified presence.

Nor was there any element of idiosyncrasy in his point of view toward nature. He was no founder or follower of any mysterious nature-

worshipping cult. He had no mawkish sentimentality in his admiration for scenic beauty. His attitude was so simple as easily to be understood. It was merely that a man of unusually active mind was so interested in natural objects that he was willing to devote his life to their study, and, in pursuit of information, was willing to punish his body through tiresome climbs on dangerous heights as well as through comfortless halts in foodless, soggy camps. Enos Mills's love of nature was, despite his nerves, which were keyed always to racing speed, neither hysterical nor a matter of mere emotion. He threw into his love the entire measure of his brain.

Though thus vitally curious about nature, he had no prying or gossipy interest in the private affairs of his human neighbours.

Although he always had approval for academic scientists and their work, his temperament would not let him pursue their methods. The measuring rod and timing clock, the weighing scale, the tabulating machine, the specialized methods of the laboratory did not arrest his fancy. His own tools were a camera, his eyes, his brain, and a pair of bounding feet. He approved of the scientists who endeavoured to discover how animals were built; but, for himself, his interest was to learn how animals acted.

He was of that small class of highly trained

outdoor observers who, by the solid merit of their work, have won assured standing, and so have wholly freed themselves from both the misleading designation of "popular scientists" and the equally misleading term of "nature lovers." In the way in which these entitlements are generally employed, the one implies dilettantism and inaccuracy; the other, long hair and maudlin poetry: two elements with which Mr. Mills had naught in common.

These highly trained observers work on a course different from that of the conventional scientist, but their two courses head toward a converging point, the point of assembly for all knowledge on the subject. These highly trained observers may not be able to differentiate between sub-species among animals. But they are able to sit in front of an angry bear and note every change of movement or expression, to cling to a splinter on the face of a cañon wall and obtain invaluable data concerning mountain goats, to ignore hunger, thirst, cold, and injury, to use mountain-tops and yawning cliffs as pathways, to stifle fear and allow only curiosity and accuracy. Most laboratory men have physiques too fragile, nerves too unsteady, or indulgence too developed to permit such self-punishment.

The turning point in Enos Mills's life was when, in his twentieth year, he wandered on to

the California beach at San Francisco and there met John Muir. The mental attitude of Mills until that meeting was very accurately described in an obituary notice written by Mr. H. J. Haskell and published in the Kansas City *Star* which read in part:

> He had no conscious dreams of becoming a naturalist, though the wild life around him possessed a peculiar fascination for him which grew with his years. He had no thought of authorship—mere letter-writing was laborious work for him. The world of books was unknown to him. But from the beginning the outdoor life held him in thrall. He was a faun unconscious of his dominion—the music of Pan's pipes fascinated him before he could interpret their notes.

Upon the beach at San Francisco Mills found a seaweed strange to him. He stood, puzzling ineffectually over it; and then, spying a kindly appearing, oldish-looking man, carried to him both a bit of the weed and also a flood of questions about it. The kindly appearing, oldish-looking man was John Muir. Impressed by the intelligence of the questions which had been put, Muir questioned Mills as to his history, plans, and ideals; and thereupon gave, in fatherly fashion, some opinions and advice and much encouragement, all of which, because they came from John Muir, were thoroughly reliable. Mr. Muir, appreciating the extent of Mills's knowl-

edge and of his craving to get more, appreciating also his latent value as an interpreter of nature, but alive to the unmarshalled, chaotic, helter-skelter fashion in which that knowledge was stored in memory, urged Mills to coördinate whatever he then knew, to systematize all his future efforts for obtaining further data, and, when thus well ordered, to publish his observations.

A chance acquaintance, begun over a bit of seaweed, became an intimate friendship broken only by Muir's death, and changed Mills from a mental gypsy, wandering aimlessly for selfish joy, into a man who was seriously endeavouring to obtain facts, to collate them, and then to announce them to the world.

Mills's admiration for Muir was based upon a keen intellectual appreciation and a sympathetic agreement with the great naturalist's vision for the development of national parks.

Directly after the meeting with Muir, Mills industriously set about sorting his pied store of knowledge and thereupon tried to put it into print, but the results of his efforts could find no publisher. His efforts had, however, affirmative result. They taught him that his vocabulary and his command of the English language were so pitifully meagre and weak that he needs must school himself, and, in doing so, must begin with

the very rudiments of language. Undaunted, he bought instruction books, beginning with those gauged for children, raced through them, bought a dictionary and a grammar.

What were the products? The following: Enos Mills has published numerous writings in the form of books and magazine articles, all widely read; has delivered innumerable lectures, many of the latter before large audiences; has taken divers photographs which the public eagerly absorbed; has been the sole author of a movement that created at least one of America's national parks. (He frequently was styled "Father of the Rocky Mountain National Park.")

His writings are of very real value, in that they each have at least two distinct elements of merit.

As an explorer of unfrequented places before roads, motor cars, and human hordes had penetrated everywhere, he has described the wild animals as they were when they were really wild and true to type, as they were before their habits had changed into the demoralized vagabondage and garbage-eating panhandling of the present day. His writings are thus valuable "source books" on the native habits of wild animals; and there can be written but few more such books, for with the present older generation of men will die the last possible observer of

America's true wild animals. His descriptions of the animals are devoid of imaginative embellishment, because Mr. Mills believed that the beasts and birds of the forest had habits so interesting and of such amazing ingenuity as to make it unnecessary, for descriptive purposes, to dress them in human clothes and to make them substitute human habits for their own. Mr. Mills believed also that the American public, with its unwillingness to devote more than a limited amount of reading time to a single subject, should, when reading about wild animals, obtain the accurate story and not a purposely distorted one.

Possessed of a keen sense for the dramatic, Mr. Mills was a born teller of tales, and this story-telling ability functioned during all his writing. His word pictures were, in many instances, drawn with artistry sufficient to mark them as pieces of true literature. In his "Story of a Thousand Year Pine" he keyed and sustained his writing at a level that will make this book a classic and a permanent contribution to the literature of natural history.

He put his heart into his books and articles, for he strove through them to induce people to study for themselves the subject that held him spellbound. To quote his own spoken words: "My books are not books that tell nature's

story. They are only forewords to the great book, and that is Nature herself. They are only urgings to read that great book." These words, in quiet, earnest tones, were spoken to the present writer just four weeks before Mr. Mills passed away. They came in the course of one of the short, intimate conversations that two men held when, evening after evening for six successive weeks, they met upon the paths at Longs Peak Inn in Colorado. In another of these talks, Mills said: "Oh, if the public would only read Nature's book! It lies open at every person's hand, in the backyards of the cities as much as here: as much as here, though not opened at as beautiful a page. If I can pry just a few people out of the city tenements and into the open, and get them to notice what Nature has lavished around them, I won't have lived in vain."

The simplicity of Mr. Mills's themes and his directness in the form of their presentation made him a most popular writer. To compare him with his fellows in his field, it is a fair assertion that many of his admirers had found Thoreau too parochial, Muir and John Burroughs too discursive and too philosophical. It was Mills's effect upon the public that drove from common usage that one-time prevalent term, "nature fakir."

Mr. Mills stressed his themes with great enthusiasm, for they well-nigh filled his mind and well-nigh absorbed his thoughts. Though intimately read in the history of the Western pioneers, familiar in detail with the history and traditions of the development of civilization in the trans-Missouri River country, vitally interested as well in natural resources belonging to whatever country, as in the mass uplift of the present peoples of whatever nation, he begrudged the time he gave to reading the past history of foreign countries. In thus withholding attention from the past doings in the sections with which he was not in personal touch or relationship, he was in full accord with Western mode of thought. His interest in bygone Western matters arose from affection for the West and all persons associated with it. The West was tangible, its people concrete, understandable human beings. The history of the outlying world seemed to him to be little more than a roster of wars and of changes in form of governments; and, because dating backward a few hundred decades at most, to stand trivial before a mountain that had pierced the clouds for a million years.

An absolute abhorrer of war, he hoped for an ultimate, if far-distant, millennium in which all the peoples of the world, brought to healthy minds and healthy bodies by the path of outdoor

nature study, would abandon international strife, perhaps internationalism itself.

Mills's lectures were an outgrowth from his guiding of mountain climbers. Early in his guiding career he began the custom of intermittently halting on the trail, calling attention to unusual objects within view, and remarking upon their characteristics. These remarks gradually extended in scope, and eventually led him to the lecture platform. His lectures, ordinarily upon the same topics as those in his books, were frequent, largely attended, and given at so many places as fairly to pepper the whole of the nation's map. His most intimate lectures were those delivered, during the summer tourist season, in his hotel near Estes Park. There, at the appointed time, he would glide rapidly across the living room and on to the lowest step of the rustic stairway; and, with pleasing inflections of his quiet voice, graceful postures of his athletic body, and contagious facial expressions that changed and fleeted with the emotions provoked by the recited facts, would relate successive anecdotes that made effective propaganda in nature's favour.

To best sense Mr. Mills one must have seen him on that forum and have heard him there begin perhaps as follows: "Ladies and Gentlemen: One day at sunset, just above timber-

line, I came upon the tracks of a female grizzly bear." Presently he would glance at the ceiling —a trick of his to prick the audience and also to aid him in revisualizing the original outdoor scene. A smile would twitch the corners of his mouth: sure sign that a cub was coming. In a moment the cub would waddle into the story; and, keeping step with the little beasty's clownish approach, a loving boyish grin would spread over the speaker's face.

The hotel, an inn in both atmosphere and name, definitely reflected Mr. Mills's character. The buildings were all of fire-killed logs, thereby both showing esthetic markings and also sparing live trees from unnecessary cutting. Supports came from gnarled, interesting stumps gathered here and there. Corners were turned by dead limbs bent, long years ago, to a right angle by snow or the winter winds. Marks of beaver teeth upon various pieces of the wood displayed work by the oldest living carpenters.

Upon the wide porch before the inn during the summer tourist season Mr. Mills was to be seen, chatting with the people who came, literally in hundreds upon many days, to greet the man whose work they admired or to pay homage to one whom they regarded as a personage.

Mr. Mills's artistic sense, a sense highly developed, found ample chance for exercise in a

country that, at every turn, unrolled a view of beauty. He, when fully "armed"—that is to say, when carrying a camera—revelled amid the trees at timberline, those trees that his pictures have widely advertised, those trees that, resisting for a thousand years the assaults of wind, snow, ice, and flying gravel, stand barkless, scarred, contorted, stubby, grotesque, yet alive, proud, dignified, and, yes, imperial.

Mr. Mills conceived the idea of segregating into a national park a vast area of Colorado's mountains, broached the idea, found nobody interested in it, set out single-handed as a crusader in its favour, from platform after platform across the country made appeal on its behalf, enlisted the coöperation of the widespread women's clubs, for six years pleaded and argued with Congress; and, because of him, the nation has its Coloradan playground and wild-life sanctuary.

To the creation of other national parks subsequently made he gave forceful support.

In recent years a phase in the Government's administration of the Rocky Mountain National Park provoked from Mr. Mills a campaign of opposition, a campaign into which he threw himself with such intensity as to sap his vitality and make him easy prey for illness. Officials at Washington awarded to a corporation the exclusive privilege of transporting, for hire

within the Park, both passengers and freight; and so forbade any one else, individual or corporate, from engaging in this line of business. Mills, democratic and an antimonopolist, rose in his wrath, averring that the Government's action was unfair, illegal, and wholly incompatible with the spirit of the federal statute by which the Park had been created as a pleasure ground for the entire public.

That the ruling would cost him no financial loss was no salve for his indignation. He voiced his feelings, and did so repeatedly and in most positive terms. The contest became so bitter as to break friendships between Mills and many people, and, in various cases, to make for him active enemies.

In contrast with this picture is one of Mr. Mills sitting patiently for hours at the bedside of a youthful stranger with a broken leg, and, with all the soothing gentleness of a woman, with all the dexterous manipulation of a trained nurse, varying, from time to time, the tension upon the heavy weights that surgeons had hung from the irksome splint. There is also the picture of the numerous rescue parties assembled in hot haste but with careful thought, and despatched to the succour of some stranger lost or injured upon one of the local mountains. Mills usually led these parties. If not,

he directed their outfitting and shaped their plans.

Married in 1918 to Miss Esther A. Burnell and given one child, a daughter, Mr. Mills in 1922 said to the writer: "My married life has been so happy that I'm glad our wedding was in the little cabin across the brook. All the great happinesses of my life have seemed to centre around that little cabin that I built in boyhood."

A train collision in the New York City subway in January, 1922, gave injuries that became ally to the physical depletion arising from his crusade against monopoly in transportation. Nevertheless, he presently gained strength enough to allow his returning to his Colorado home and resuming his work. He temporarily improved, but hope held out by this apparent gain in strength was short-lived and the complications resulting from the injuries proved fatal.

When at ten o'clock on the night of September 20, 1922, Mr. Mills finished his day's work and went to bed, he evidenced no untoward symptom. He promptly and quietly dropped to sleep; but four hours and a half afterward he suddenly summoned his wife and bade her fetch a doctor. Within a few moments he passed into unconsciousness; and, a half hour subsequent to his appeal for help, his heart gave its final beat. Three days later after a simple service at the inn—

sanctified by the silent tribute of countless loyal and devoted admirers—the body was taken to the site of his original cabin and in the presence of his family and a few intimate friends the final ritual was reverently performed. Later the body was cremated and the remains released to eternal communion with that great and wondrous realm of nature which was the inspiration of his lifetime. No other means of sepulture could have been as fitting for a man so imbued with the spirit of freedom, so keenly attuned to the open world of nature. Here, forever part of the great scenes of his life and love, and silent guardian of the wild-life sanctuary he created, he will have in perpetuity a mausoleum consonant with his poetic nature.

APPENDIX

LITIGATION CONCERNING THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN NATIONAL PARK

By Paul W. Lee

THIS Park now embraces about four hundred square miles of territory, located in Grand, Larimer, and Boulder counties. The Park was created by an Act of Congress of January 26, 1915, and by an Act of February 14, 1917, was enlarged to its present area. The portion added in 1917 includes a great deal of land held in private ownership. The fact that there is a large amount of land held in private ownership produces a situation different from that prevailing in most of the other national parks.

Before the Rocky Mountain National Park was ever thought of, the Estes Park District had become highly developed as a place of resort for recreation.

All the national parks are under the general control of the Secretary of the Interior, who exercises this control through the Director of the National Park Service. Under the authority

claimed to have been conferred on the secretary and the director, certain rules governing parks have been put into effect. These rules in brief provide that no person shall reside permanently, engage in any business, or erect buildings in the Park without permission in writing from the director. (Rule 6.) That persons who render themselves obnoxious by disorderly conduct or bad behaviour shall be subjected to punishment, being a fine of not more than $500 or imprisonment not exceeding six months, or both. Such persons may be summarily removed from the Park and are not to be allowed to return without permission in writing from the director. (Rule 18.) That while the Park is open to automobiles operated for pleasure, it is not open "to those carrying passengers, who are paying, either directly or indirectly, for the use of machines" (excepting, however, automobiles used by transportation lines operating under government franchise). (Rule 2 of Automobile Regulations.) A disregard of this automobile regulation subjects the offender to a fine of not more than $500 or imprisonment for six months, or both, together with costs, and such violation "shall subject the offender to immediate ejectment from the Park." Persons ejected will not be permitted to return without prior sanction in writing from the director.

In the year 1919 the then Secretary of the Interior entered into a contract with the Rocky Mountain Parks Transportation Company, whereby this company was given the exclusive right to operate automobiles for hire within the Park. This company is the "franchise" holder referred to in Rule 2 of the Automobile Regulations. Prior to the granting of this "franchise," the hotel keepers of the Estes Park District maintained, as part of their facilities for entertaining their guests, automobiles which were used in carrying guests to various points of interest within and outside of what is now the National Park, but under the operation of the rule they have been prevented from affording this service. The only service available to carry passengers from one hotel to another within the Park is that afforded by the transportation company.

In the year 1919, after the granting of the "franchise," Mr. Enos A. Mills, the naturalist and proprietor of Longs Peak Inn, started a suit against L. C. Way, who was at that time superintendent of the National Park, seeking an injunction to restrain the superintendent from interfering with Mr. Mills in exercising his common rights as a citizen of the State of Colorado in travelling over the highways of the state.

Mr. Mills also set up in his complaint that his

hotel was located within the limits of the National Park, and on land owned by him; that he had in the years past customarily afforded the service, above referred to, to guests and others in travelling about the park country and in going to other hotels. He also showed in his complaint that he was the owner of a homestead and other land at a distance from the hotel property and that in going from his hotel property he had to go outside of the limits of the National Park and then again enter its limits, and that by the enforcement of the rules his special rights of ingress and egress were interfered with and his property rights and personal rights were impaired.

Mr. Mills further set up in his complaint, which was filed in the United States District Court for Colorado, that all of the roads which he was debarred from using were public highways of the State of Colorado and had existed long before the creation of the Park. He also referred to the act creating the Park. Section 2 of which excepts "any valid existing claim, location, or entry under the land laws of the United States, whether for homestead, mineral, right of way, or any other purpose whatsoever, or shall affect the rights of any such claimant, locator, or entryman to the full use and enjoyment of his land"; and to Section 3 of the act,

which excepts land "held in private, municipal, or state ownership."

It was claimed in behalf of Mr. Mills that the enforcement of the rules in question did interfere with the "full use and enjoyment of his land" and that the assertion of a right on the part of the Federal Government of exclusion from these state highways located within the Park was in conflict with the exception because these roads are held in "state ownership."

In his complaint Mr. Mills offered to conform to any reasonable regulations controlling his business and thereunder asserted that permission could not be obtained from the Government to operate automobiles as he had theretofore done.

A motion to dismiss this suit was made in behalf of defendant. The judge presiding, in disposing of the case, expressed the thought that the whole subject was within the exclusive control of the Department of the Interior and that Mr. Mills had no vested rights in the premises.

During the pendency of this Mills case and in the year 1920, a park ranger, under Superintendent Way, had a physical encounter with a man named Robbins, who was endeavouring to carry on the business of transporting passengers and freight for hire within the Park limits, and

Robbins at that time was ejected from the Park. Thereupon Robbins started a suit against Way, seeking an injunction against Way and ranger McDaniels to restrain them from further interference in the conduct of this business. This was started in a state court, but the United States District Attorney, under direction of the Secretary of the Interior, appeared in the case and asked for a removal to the United States court. This was granted. As soon as it was granted a suit was started by the United States against Robbins, seeking to enjoin him from his alleged continued course of breaking rules laid down by the Secretary of the Interior for the government of the Park. An answer was filed to this complaint, setting up that the roads used by Robbins in his business were highways constructed either by the state or by the county and the property of the public and that the jurisdiction over these roads was in the State of Colorado and not in the Federal Government, because the state had never ceded its jurisdiction to the Federal Government and the title to all of these roads was in the general public by reason of the acceptance by the proper authorities of the Congressional grant contained in the Act of 1866 to the various states for the construction of highways over the public domain.

In behalf of Robbins it was claimed that the

rule, which it was said Robbins had broken, namely, that no persons should be allowed to use the highways in transporting passengers for hire, except one holding a government franchise, was not a regulation at all but was merely a prohibition of use and that the act of the Government creating the Park by its terms expressly reserved rights held by the state.

It was further claimed that this alleged rule, considered as a regulation, was unreasonable and void, because vesting an entirely autocratic control in one man, and that the action of the Government was by way of divesting vested rights of Robbins and all others similarly situated, contrary to the "due process" clause of the Federal Constitution.

Robbins also moved to remand his suit to the state court for the reason that no federal question was shown on the face of the complaint, and under such circumstances he had the right to choose his own forum.

These three matters came on for hearing before Federal Judge Lewis at the same time, namely: (1) the Government's motion to dismiss Mills's case; (2) the motion for remand of Robbins *v.* Way; and (3) the application of the Government for injunction against Robbins.

Principal attention was then given by the judge to United States *v.* Robbins and on the

showing made an injunction was granted. The other two matters were held in abeyance. These other two suits have since been dismissed.

Robbins thereupon took an appeal to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals and the case was argued at St. Louis in January, 1921, but no decision was reached until October 9, 1922, at which time an opinion was given sustaining the judgment below and deciding in favour of the Government on every contention made. (284 Fed. 39.)

During the pendency of this Robbins suit in the Circuit Court of Appeals Governor Oliver H. Shoup had manifested an interest in it and thought that official cognizance should be taken of it, as the sovereign rights of the state were affected and it was being felt that the policy of the National Government had very grave implications with respect to the use of the state highways generally. This is so because all the highways connecting the east and west portions of the state traverse either this National Park or forest reservations, and the authority of the Secretary of Agriculture concerning the promulgation of "reasonable rules and regulations" as respects forest reserves is practically identical with that conferred on the Secretary of the Interior in respect to national parks. In addition to this, practically all the state high-

ways traverse in part lands still held in federal ownership.

If the right of exclusive control over state highways within a national park can be asserted and maintained by the Federal Government, a similar assertion might be made and maintained with respect to most of the highways of the state. So, viewing the matter, the governor requested the attorney-general to participate in the Robbins case and assist Robbins's attorneys in presenting the matter to the Appellate Court.

Under this direction, Mr. Forrest C. Northcutt, of the attorney-general's office, accompanied the writer to St. Louis and participated in the oral argument on the appeal. Subsequently a brief was prepared in behalf of the State of Colorado and leave was requested to file this brief in the Federal Court, but this request was denied.

Prior to the final determination of the Robbins case, Governor Shoup directed the attorney-general, in coöperation with Lee & Shaw, of Fort Collins, to bring suit in behalf of the state itself, directed against the proper officials to test out the questions involved. This direction was made for the reason that it appeared probable that Robbins was not in a position to urge all the matters that could be urged by the state suing in behalf of itself as proprietor of the

roads in question and as representative of all people of the state, not alone the travelling public, but also the class of persons possessed of vested rights to land within and in the vicinity of the National Park.

Fundamentally, the proposed suit was to be based on the Tenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which reserves to the respective states all rights not conferred on the National Government by the Federal Constitution. It was first decided to bring this suit as an original suit in the Supreme Court of the United States, but on careful consideration it was thought best to institute it in the Federal District Court for Colorado, thence taking an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States in event of an adverse ruling.

This suit was brought in the fall of 1922 by the State of Colorado against Roger W. Toll alone as superintendent of the Park. Although Mr. Toll acts under authority of his superiors, the Director of National Parks and the Secretary of the Interior, it was thought not to be necessary to make those officers parties for the reason that the state complained only of the acts committed within its bounds by Mr. Toll and those under his direct authority. These acts being trespasses against the sovereign right of the state and all of its people, because they were not

authorized under the Federal Constitution or under the act creating the Park, it was not necessary to join as parties defendant others coöperating in or directing the acts complained of.

On the commencement of this suit, Mr. Granby Hillyer, United States District Attorney for Colorado, appeared in behalf of the defendant and moved to dismiss the state's complaint on the principal grounds, first, that the suit is one against the United States Government itself, which is not permitted; and, second, that the complaint of the state is "without equity," that is, does not state a sufficient case to warrant any relief.

The matter was argued in December, 1922, and was taken under advisement by Federal Judge Symes, and a decision was reached August 7, 1923, sustaining the motion to dismiss, not on the ground that the suit is one against the United States and therefore not maintainable, but that on the merits the decision of the Circuit Court of Appeals in the case of Robbins was controlling, and, therefore, no relief could be granted. Subsequently a decree was entered by the Federal Court dismissing the state's case and on this an appeal was made to the Supreme Court of the United States and duly allowed.

The record in that case has been transmitted to the Clerk of the Supreme Court at Washington. A final decision of the case cannot be expected until the October, 1924, term of court. It will probably be decided some time during the winter of 1924-25.

THE END