

GLACIER NATIONAL PARK
TRAILS AND TREASURES



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April 1928



MORNING EAGLE FALLS,
PIEGAN PASS REGION

**GLACIER
NATIONAL PARK
ITS TRAILS AND TREASURES**

BY
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AND
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ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



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TO ALL LOVERS
OF NATURE

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FOREWORD

Our design in the following pages is to direct the attention and interest of nature-lovers to one of the newer play-grounds of our country, the Glacier National Park, in the Rocky Mountains of Montana. Nature has been almost reckless in equipping this spot with the most characteristic features of beauty and wonder.

Our country is rich in natural scenery and offers an inexhaustible supply of scenic features which are true fountain-heads from which renewed spirits, health and inspiration may be drawn. The nation owes it to the people to set apart and make accessible portions of the magnificent regions of the Rocky Mountains as great parks, for their education, pleasure, and profit. It signifies a high degree of patriotism when Congress creates these national parks and conserves their possessions. The human mind and heart long for visions of the sublime and an opportunity for intimacy with the great features of the natural world.

For centuries Nature has been fashioning a great region which, in recognition of its most active formative agent, has been honoured with the name of Glacier National Park.

He who traverses this mountain-land park enriches his memory with a wealth of beautiful pictures. This is a dream world, a land of enchantment. It is Nature's great art gallery and sculpture hall.

John Muir said of it, "Give a month at least to this precious reserve. The time will not be taken from your life. Instead of shortening, it will indefinitely lengthen it and make you truly immortal."

M. E. H.

K. I. B.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA,

April 1, 1917.

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GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

CHAPTER I

NATURE'S GREAT PLAY-GROUND

THE Glacier National Park may well be defined as a great play-ground formed and equipped by the powerful forces of nature. It is a veritable "little paradise" filled with scenic beauties which can but fill the tourist with vigour, with a deeper love of life and nature, and with a purer and more healthy mind. Any play-ground which serves to develop these qualities in one, thereby increasing his power for efficiency, fulfils its mission in the fullest and best sense.

In 1910 President Taft signed the bill which had been passed by Congress, creating this great wonder-place as a national park, thus giving to the people of our country a permanent play-ground which possesses a charm and fascination for all nature-lovers and is easily accessible to all.

Glacier Park is located in the northwestern part of Montana on the main line of the Great

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Northern Railroad. Its boundaries are the Canadian border on the north, the Blackfeet Indian Reservation on the east, the Great Northern Railroad on the south and the Flathead River on the west. This great "mountain land" park covers an area of over 1400 square miles or about 900,000 acres of the most picturesque and magnificent portion of the Rocky Mountains, commonly termed and structurally so, the "backbone" of the American continent.

That part of the Rockies traversing the Park consists of a very broad range, or, as some regard it, two chains, an eastern and a western division of mountain masses extending in a northwesterly direction. The Continental Divide, in true serpentine fashion, follows the crest of the eastern chain from the southern boundary to a little beyond Ahern Pass, where it crosses to the western chain, thence continuing on and into the Canadian Rockies. This "roof of America" is marked throughout its course by giant peaks, towering from 8000 to 10,000 feet in height, which stand like sentinels to guard enchanted land.

It might be well at this point to make reference to Flattop Mountain, which lies enclosed within the crests of these two chains and just

south of where the Continental Divide crosses from one to the other. The region thus rimmed, though a mountain itself, 6500 feet in height, is comparatively level as its name implies, and in itself forms a most beautiful little natural park. The "walking tourist" in search of a camping site could find no more attractive and alluring spot than this, with its rolling surface and open forest, on which to "pitch his tent." Here, surrounded by snow-capped mountains and within reach of sparkling streams, one might feel that he had reached the land where "it seemed always afternoon."

The approach from the east to the Park is most abrupt because of the extreme ruggedness of the mountains on that side. The traveller, after riding many wearisome hours over treeless prairies, suddenly becomes aware of a change in the landscape, which is rapidly giving way from the monotonous stretch of the plains to a view of varied beauty. Before him, piled high in majestic grandeur, lie the mighty, silent mountains, many of which are snow-mantled.

With this vision now constantly before him, neither the tourist to the Park, nor the trans-continental traveller who now looks out with perhaps a little more interest as he is passing through

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this region, has the faintest conception that beyond these "shining mountains" are stretches of the most superb and sublime scenery—more mountains, deep canyons, beautiful lakes, glistening glaciers, sombre forests, and tumbling water-falls, all representing the work of the great forces of nature, which are forever controlled by the Great Master Builder.

This great play-ground is waiting for the people to come and enjoy its beauties and to indulge in actual "sports" within its borders. Two stations give entrance to the Park,—an eastern gateway at Glacier Park Station and a western at Belton. The main entrance, however, is the eastern one, as this point marks the beginning of the Automobile Highway which connects this place with the Many-Glacier region.

Trips into the interior may be made in any manner the tourist desires, whether by automobile, by horse-back, or by walking. To see the Park in its entirety one must go either by saddle-horse or walk, as it is only by one or the other of these two ways that the ascent of a lofty mountain can be made, or a climb to view some glacier.

The scenic attractions of Glacier Park are so many and so varied that they cannot adequately be described. Within its borders are more than

eighty glaciers, from which fact the Park receives its name. While these are small compared with Alaskan glaciers and even inferior in size to those of the Alps, yet their setting amidst such unsurpassed mountain scenery is sufficient to stimulate the tourist to an effort to see them. Black-foot Glacier, lying within the shadows of Mt. Jackson and Blackfoot Mountain, is the largest. From Gunsight Camp one can easily walk to the edge of this glacier, and at certain times, with guides who must be equipped with ropes and alpen-stocks, may venture upon its surface. As one looks upon these great ice-masses he realises that these are the mighty tools which have sculptured the mountains into such fantastic shapes, which have fashioned the valleys, and formed the hollows in which beautiful lakes lie.

The lakes form another source of attraction and in this the Park is not lacking, for there are many of them, numbering over 250, all varying in size, shape and colour. No more beautiful view is imaginable than that which meets the eye of the tourist, as, from some high, steep, zig-zag trail on the side of a huge mountain, he looks far into the valley below and there, surrounded by snow-capped mountains for a background, or hemmed in by forests of dark pine, a lovely lake lies shim-

mering in the sunlight, unsurpassed in beauty and brilliancy. No jewel with its setting of the most exquisite design can rival this gem of the mountains nestling in its hollow.

Among so many lakes those not to be missed by the traveller are Lake McDonald, the largest; Upper St. Mary connecting St. Mary Camp with Going-to-the-Sun Camp; McDermott and Altyn linked by a small creek; beautiful Grinnell receiving its waters from the glacier and mountain of the same name; Gunsight Lake, like a small mirror; Two-Medicine Lake; and Iceberg Lake with its phenomenal feature of icebergs floating about in the water.

While all of these lakes are quite generally alike in that each rests in a pocket, surrounded in part or wholly by towering rock-walls, and when unruffled by any breeze, presents a glass-like surface which truthfully reflects every natural feature within its reach, yet, too, each has its own peculiar characteristics marking an individuality as truly as each person possesses, and which distinguishes it from every other.

Nature has been most generous in supplying this play-ground with music in various degrees of volume, tone-colour, and sweetness. What pipe-organ can approach in effect the thunder-

ous roar of Morning Eagle Falls near Piegan Pass, or of Golden Stair Waterfall, giving forth a different tone with each successive leap over the various ledges, and yet producing a harmonious whole as it falls upon the ear of the traveller, following the trail to Iceberg Lake, or, again, the rushing water at Trick Falls with its precipitous plunge, a view of which amply repays one for the time taken from the main roadway to follow a little side trail for a half-mile through the woods.

Added to these may be heard the musical flow of countless streams falling down the mountain sides and breaking into little ripples over the pebbly paths; the gushing of a crystal stream from some subterranean tunnel; and the on-rush of a torrent through some deep canyon.

Over and above all these, the feathered songsters of the air pour forth an abundance of music not to be surpassed by instrument nor human voice.

“And sometimes in the distant woods apart,
The tall trees whisper, heart to heart,”

in such sighing accents that one can only wonder if the great pine forest is wailing forth a requiem

for those natives of the region who have passed beyond and away.

For "thrillers" the Park has its "skyland" trails. The most venturesome may have his fill of excitement as he follows one of these "ribbons" stretched along and across the Divide. It may wind through a beautiful forest emitting a delicious fragrance, with here and there open stretches upon which Dame Nature has spread floral rugs of various beautiful colours and designs; then suddenly at a bend change into "switches," each turn taking one higher and higher, until it leads around the shoulder of a mountain in a thread-like line which seems to the rider or walker (at this point of progress many brave "riders" become "walkers") that it becomes more narrow at every step and he feels a most affectionate regard for the "mountain"-side of a trail, as now and then a quick glance over the edge reveals a precipice whose walls are almost vertical and measuring 3000 or 4000 feet in height.

Glacier Park has its own "zoo" in a natural way. Here in native haunts may be found the grizzly bear, the black bear, the elk, the moose, and the deer. Along the edges of cliffs the mountain-goat and the mountain-sheep may be seen

skilfully picking their way along, fearing no intrusion at that height. Occasionally the tracks of a mountain-lion are seen—mute evidence that he may be lurking near. These animals are all protected by law. Fish abound in many of the lakes and streams, and certain varieties are said to be “gamey” in resisting the efforts of the angler to a closer acquaintance, even though he be provided with a license.

Rising above and beyond all these other features of the place, and excelling all in grandeur, are the mountains themselves, forming a setting and background for these. Some lie piled up in almost solitary grandeur in an attitude suggesting repose; others are forbidding in aspect and appear bristling with resentfulness the approach of the mountain-climbers. The beautifully various coloured strata of the summit of this peak catches the glints of the sunset and is thrown in bold relief against a cloudless sky, while its neighbour lifts its white crest heavenward in matchless beauty. No two are alike. All are wonderful and represent the greatest architecture of the world.

In this great outdoor institute of art the geological student may find a field for study; the artist, a panorama of colour and design; the mu-

sician, an inspiration for composition and expression; the architect, a study of nature's balance and construction; the sportsman, a place in which to ride, motor and fish; the tired brain-worker, a source of mental uplift; and the everyday common nature-lover unburdened with analytical ideas, a wholesome, clean place for pure enjoyment, with an environment of the most majestic beauties and wonders of nature, which are only the expression of God's handiwork.

CHAPTER II

HOTELS AND CHALETs

IN perfect harmony with their setting, deep in among the mountains of Glacier National Park, are the hotels, chalet-villages, and tepee-camps. They form not the least interesting feature of this mountain land. True, some who are looking for a wilderness in their visit to this great play-ground, and who carry their "hotels" in a "rucksack" on their backs, consider these accommodations an unwelcome luxury and an unnecessary comfort, if not a sacrilege.

But in every play-ground are there not those who care only to look on, as well as those who play for all there is in the game? So here in Glacier National Park are those who are satisfied to look from a distance upon the panorama of lofty peaks, as well as those who brave the dangers and discomforts of mountain climbs. Countless thousands who do not care to hike over skyland trails by day and at night pitch their tent under the stars, can enjoy the beauties of

the mirror lakes; canyons and cliffs; streams and water-falls; and evergreen forests.

For many who have come afar to look upon or climb among these crags and peaks, it is a charm of this wonderland, and more, a contribution to their happiness, to find these chalet-groups and hotels where one may sit down to a well-cooked dinner, enjoy a hot bath, and sleep in a clean, comfortable bed. After a long day's tramp or a hard ride there is no more welcoming cheer than a charming chalet. Many a rainy day will be encountered in this land of mountain walls. Where, then, is one better off than reading before a blazing, crackling log in a huge fireplace; or enjoying the wonderful cloud effects from the windows of a rustic lodge?

Evening was drawing on and long twilight shadows were creeping softly from the valleys to take possession of the snowy peaks of the Park, when the "Oriental Limited" brought us into Glacier Park Station, the eastern end, from its geographical location, the main entrance to that summer play-ground, within the gigantic walls of which is to be found some of the grandest scenery of the world.

Here just beyond the Park entrance portal, built of huge fir logs, is Glacier Park Hotel, one

of the most magnificent and most unique mountain hotels of America. The many electric lights of the hotel and grounds answered one another across the growing darkness and gleamed like huge fire-flies, as we passed along the gravelled walk that leads up the rising ground on which the hotel is built.

Even as we walked on, the shadows grew upon the hills, and we paused to look upon that rampart wall, the lure of which, from the first, seems irresistible. The kindling of that mysterious afterglow dimmed the light of stars, and, silhouetted against the western sky, were the snow-capped mountains that stand out like sentinels to guard that region of wild beauty beyond—the true mountaineers' fascinating field of exploration and enjoyment.

We cannot readily forget the first impression received of the setting of this great hostelry, as we saw it from the wide verandas the next sunlit morning. Delightful was the landscape, bounded westward by the lovely forested hills beyond which rise abruptly in the high but gracefully varied outlines of the Lewis Range, Mt. Henry, Squaw Mt., Red Crow Mt., Bearhead Mt., and Bison Mt. To the east as far as eye could see

stretched the flowerful plains of the Blackfeet Indian Reservation.

One hundred and sixty acres comprise the grounds of the hotel. These in landscape garden effect are laid out in close-cut lawns, shrubbery, flower-beds, garden walks and tennis courts. The rushing ripple of Midvale Creek comes to one's ears as it surges down through a timbered vale just beyond the hotel, where most picturesquely a group of Blackfeet Indian tepees are pitched.

The "Great Log Lodge," as the Blackfeet call the "Glacier Park," most ingeniously typifies the atmosphere and traditions of this Indian land of the eagle and the Rocky Mountain goat. Built in rustic Swiss style of architecture, it differs from any hotel of the Alps. The giant forest trees of the Northwest have contributed mainly in the construction of the outer walls. More than fifty huge fir tree columns support the thousands of feet of outside piazzas and galleries of this mammoth mountain caravansary. The ground plan features two wings—the western of four stories and the eastern of three stories, linked by a sun lounge ninety feet long. These sections with the spacious kitchen annex give a total length to the building of nearly six hundred and fifty feet.

But the chief interest of the "Glacier Park" lies in the beautiful interior. Here again one stands in admiration at the simple charm yet grand dimensions achieved by both architect and builder. From the moment that he enters the visitor finds a succession of surprises awaiting and a complete satisfaction prevailing him.

A great and impressive feature of this wonderful hotel is the "forest lobby." All tourists will have delight for their eyes on entering this public room. The general effect, especially if seen under the spell of the beautiful nightly illumination, is wonderfully fascinating. Most remarkably, in architectural details, decorations and furnishings has the true spirit of this high mountain world been achieved.

What strikes one as most unusual is the great colonnade of fir trees on which the bark has been retained, each weighing from fifteen to eighteen tons, and from four to five feet in diameter, which support the interior galleries that overlook the lobby. These giant columns rise to the skylight set in the ceiling sixty feet high. The rafters, gallery railings, office desks, counters, and great lamp-stands are all fashioned from huge tree trunks. Throughout the lobby the fragrant "Christmas trees" and huge flower baskets, filled

with the lovely wild flowers of this region, most truly accentuate the "forest" scheme.

The walls are adorned with trophies of the chase, and our eyes are caught away by the priceless collection of antlers and skins of the big game that was hunted here in the days gone by. We noted the cinnamon, black and grizzly bears; the Big Horn sheep; the Rocky Mountain goat; the deer; the elk; the moose; and the mountain lion; as well as the ghostly skulls of the bison and the only existing specimen of the far-famed "wampus" of Glacier National Park.

The lovely forest browns, greens, and greys of the walls, pillars, and balcony railings serve as a most effective background for the numerous specimens of Blackfeet handicraft as displayed in gay coloured rugs, blankets, and basketry.

The open camp fire made of a great bed of stones on the lobby floor, the strikingly beautiful frieze in oils, showing beauty spots of the Park, the countless totem poles, and on the second gallery, the buffalo skin tepee, which for centuries was the Council Lodge of the Blackfeet and now a gift of that tribe to the hotel, are noteworthy features of decoration.

None of the creature comforts and luxuries is wanting in the "Glacier Park." The sun

lounge with its observation windows commanding the wonderful panorama of peaks and changing clouds; the music room; the spacious dining room; the grill; the plunge pool; the emergency hospital; the four hundred guest rooms, more than a hundred equipped with private bath; the electrically equipped kitchen; the laundry; the fire station; the storehouse; the steam heating and telephone service, all are familiar knowledge to the many thousands who have enjoyed the hospitality of the "Glacier Park."

This hotel is the rendezvous for most of the tourists through the Park, who here arrange for their tours into the interior by auto-stage, launch, and saddle-horse service, or plan for tours "over trails afoot."

The Automobile Highway from which branch the chief trails for horseback tours begins at the "Glacier Park," and penetrates fifty-five miles deep into the mountains to the Many Glacier region. Exceptionally interesting side trips from the hotel may be made to St. Mary's Camp, Two Medicine Camp, and Cut Bank Camp. The ascent of Mt. Henry will prove a most enjoyable "first attempt" into the interior.

The chalet groups, resembling small Alpine villages, are scattered throughout the Park.

Studding the hillsides or lying embedded in some mountain hollow, these rustic lodges add greatly to the picturesqueness of the scenery. The pine logs and timber of which they are constructed acquire a rich brown colour from the elements, thus contrasting well with the bright green of the meadows or the sombre tones of the upland timber.

The individual structures of these groups are modelled after the Swiss chalets, being broad and low. The wide roofs are of gentle slopes and are formed of sheets of pine wood. Upon these large pine shingles are laid heavy stones in order that the roof may not be torn away during the fierce gales of winter. Around the outside walls of some of the chalets run galleries, sheltered by broad eaves, which spring out well beyond the sides. These quaint and pleasing houses are as comfortable inside as they are charming without. Most of the lounging and dormitory chalets have massive stone fireplaces. In general each chalet group features a dining-commissary-lounging chalet, around which are grouped dormitories of various dimensions.

Life is far from conventional after one has penetrated the far recesses of the Park, yet in these mountain chalets we found in the service

and cuisine everything harmonising with those conditions that make the joyful, care-free, outdoor existence in Glacier National Park.

In the land of one of the favourite legends which the Blackfeet have preserved to the present day, a scene of surprising variety, interest, and beauty awaits the tourist at Two Medicine Camp. Close to the water's edge, at the lower end of Two Medicine Lake, in a park-like clearing is this charming chalet group. To the east, crowded upon the camp, rise dark timbered masses piled up ridge upon ridge.

The eye rejoices in the lovely blue lake in whose mirrored surface are reflected superb Mt. Rockwell, Rising Wolf, canopied in clouds, and peak upon peak of varied outline and colour standing out in every possible effect of sunshine and shadow.

Evening at Two Medicine, the time for the full glory of the mountain peaks, is a treasure in the storehouse of memory. Shadows stretch far across the lake and begin to creep gently up the mountain shoulders. Day has passed for some time from the valley. The afterglow becomes intensified; yet all colours and forms are blurred and blotted out. Like slumber songs the grey mists that rise from the pinewoods em-

brace the twilight slopes. The solemn peace of evening rests over all.

For a summer holiday Two Medicine Camp offers several attractive outings in the way of one-day trips to Dawson Pass, Appistoki Peak, Trick Falls, Two Medicine Pass and Pumpelly Pillar.

Should the tourist proceed northward by trail from Two Medicine Camp, the next chalet group encountered would be Cut Bank Camp which may also be reached from the "Glacier Park" by automobile. Here in a wooded mountain vale, sheltered by mighty mountain crags, on the bank of a rushing stream of cold and crystal clear water is the angler's paradise. In Cut Bank Creek lurk the cutthroat, the fighting mountain trout. The stream, which in some places boils and surges over rocks or flows gently over a gravelled bed, winds its channel close to the chalets, and affords many an opportunity for the test of a fisherman's skill.

But it is not alone the fisherman who finds keen sport during a few days' stay at Cut Bank Camp. The adventurous mountaineer may renew his Alpine experiences by attempting the ascent of Mt. St. Nicholas, which, as far as known, has never been ascended. A side trip



TWO MEDICINE CAMP



TWO MEDICINE LAKE

should be planned to Cut Bank Pass which commands grand and rugged scenery as well as gentler views of great patches of flowery meadows and sun-dappled forest groves. By horseback or afoot mountain climbers may make the ascent of Triple Divide Peak, six miles distant. There, verily on the "Roof of the Continent," besides having one of the grandest panoramas of peaks of the Park, one will have the unusual experience of seeing the point of separation of the headwaters of three oceans—the Atlantic, the Arctic, and the Pacific.

Encompassed by some of the highest and most rugged peaks, lies far-famed Lake St. Mary's, at opposite ends of which are located two of the most pretentious chalet groups of the Park, namely, St. Mary's Chalets and Going-to-the-Sun Chalets.

St. Mary's Camp is reached directly by the Automobile Highway, and is one of the most popular stopping places in the Park. It is easy of access, although it lies in among giant peaks of a mighty chain of the Rockies; it offers accommodations for rest, comfort and recreation under unusually delightful conditions; and it affords the most excellent opportunities both for delightful excursions and strenuous outings.

Framed in by the dark and sombre hues of the primeval forest and lapped by the blue waves of the sunny mountain bound St. Mary's Lake, this camp is indeed a lovely spot.

Across the lake the view of mountain majesty changes with every hour of the day, now clear, now canopied in clouds, now hidden in a world of mist, and now flushed in colour or gleaming in silver, all mirrored in the clear depths of St. Mary's, and challenges the eye and imagination.

The walks and trails at St. Mary's, for those who do not mind the upward climbing, are as varied as they are beautiful. The true nature lover and the disciples of Izaak Walton will make the Red Eagle region their first objective.

Three hours by trail we mounted through lower regions of rich meadows and sap-green poplar groves to that high sheltered upland valley whose slopes are dark with pine where woodpeckers laughed aloud and warblers thrilled from the topmost boughs. Silver shining peaks rise above bare rock wall.

He who would see Alpine flora should wander here. The verdant turf in this wildflower garden was thickly jewelled with buttercups, anemones, chickweed, daisies, lark-spur, and gen-

tians, while whole banks of blue forget-me-nots seemed like blue ribbons strewn about.

Red Eagle Lake, on the rocky shore of which we built our fire and ate our lunch, is a fresh, green body of water, born of the glacial streams that plunge joyfully, in countless silver streaks down the mighty rock faces and furrowed pyramids. This is the home of the cutthroat and Dolly Varden trout. Enthusiastic Nimrods come here to try their skill, for it is another fisherman's paradise.

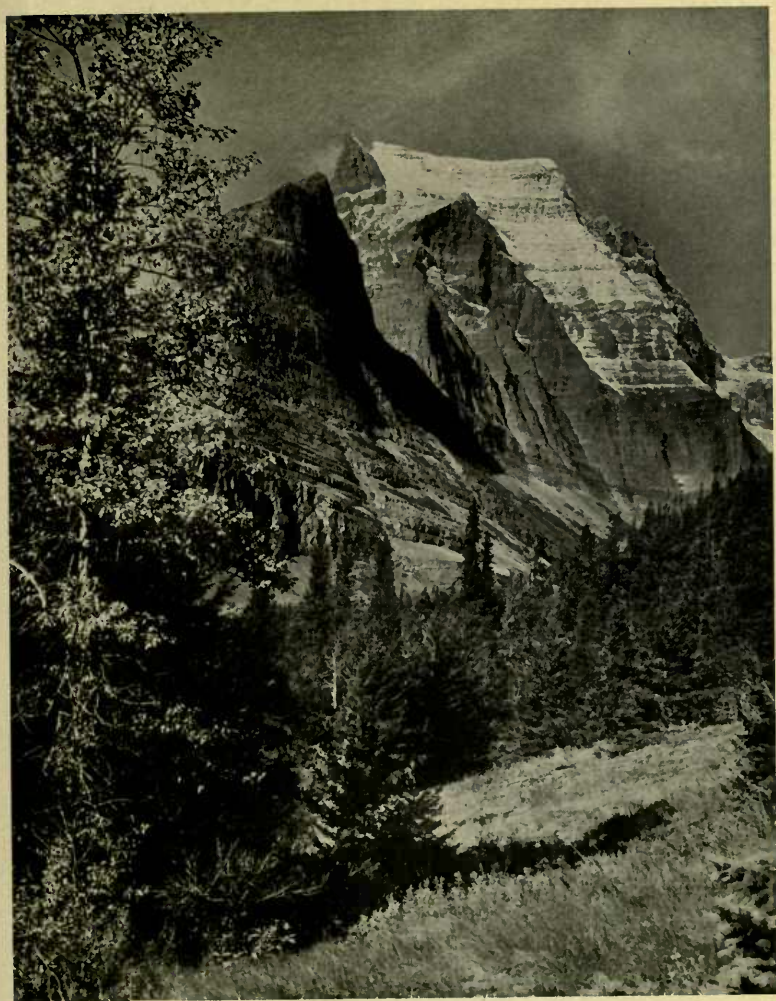
For once we decided to forego the joys of horseback riding and take the launch ride to Going-to-the-Sun Chalets. Our faithful greys were "dead-headed" over the trail that follows the north margin of St. Mary's Lake. Donald was to bring them around and meet us the following day.

As the little steamer cleaved its swift passage across the lake, a succession of glorious and perfect scenes opened to our view. On all sides rose steep multicoloured ridges that reared their bare summits or snowy hoods far above the forested slopes rising from the water's edge. We steamed through the "gate of the hills," the Narrows, and then new peaks were disclosed, some pyramidal, some solitary, some with white gleam-

ing shoulders, others dark without snow or vegetation, and still others furrowed by deep ravines down which rope-like streams were hurrying—a perfect labyrinth of peaks—and over and above all, the superb and the incomparable Going-to-the-Sun Mountain lifted its shining mass and grey glittering rock against heaven's blue.

Our boat landed at the base of Goat Mountain in a little cove formed at a rocky point jutting out in the lake. More than a hundred feet above the water, up the mountain slope, were sunny nooks where fir trees grew and chalets nestled. Could any one be insensible to the charms of this beauty spot? Nature in her most heroic mood has here wrought a scene of grandeur revealing lengths, depths, heights, and colours that overwhelm one with sublimity. The lake, locked in the arms of these lofty cliffs, becomes a clear mirror when the winds are still, and one sees within its sunny depths an inverted world of sky, clouds, and proud mountain crags.

Some delightful walks are possible for guests at Going-to-the-Sun. One may wander along secluded paths through fragrant pine forests, studded with wild flowers and full of the music of purling brooks and splashing waterfalls, but most tourists push on over the trails to Gunsight



GOING-TO-THE-SUN MOUNTAIN

Camp, Gunsight Pass, Sperry Camp, and Sperry Glacier, or over Piegan Pass which leads northward to the Many Glacier region.

On opposite sides of the Continental Divide, in the vicinity of Gunsight Pass, lie two high mountain camps—Gunsight Chalets and Sperry Chalets.

Gunsight Camp, situated at the foot of Mt. Jackson, owes much of its fame to the lovely lake on the shore of which it stands. Gunsight Lake is of the "jewel" type of which Mr. W. T. Hornaday says is "too small to navigate and too large to be carried away and mounted as jewellery." A more quiet and secluded spot one cannot find in the Park. A great peace prevails. No sounds rise out of the depths and across the chasms, but the air seems full of melody—that illusion peculiar to vast solitudes. Nowhere in the Park did we feel so far away from the outside world or the madding crowd.

It matters not the time of day, whether in the faint flush of the morning sky, the brilliant noon, the shadows of the afternoon, or the pale moonlight, every hour brings a change of colouring to the lovely pictures that make the charm of Gunsight Camp.

Blackfeet Glacier, the largest glacier in the

Park, is the goal for many ambitious visitors at the camp.

By trail over Gunsight Pass one goes to Sperry Camp, perched in a glacial cirque high on a mountain side. It is one of the two camps in which the chalets are constructed of stone. The lack of timber at this high elevation necessitated the use of stone, which architecturally has not detracted from the picturesqueness of the buildings.

Although Sperry Camp lacks the magnificent views which make the other camps so deservedly famous, the location is a beautiful one. It overlooks the Canyon of Sprague Creek, and far in the distance lies Lake McDonald.

There are several points of interest in the vicinity of Sperry Camp, which can be reached easily by trail—Lake McDonald, Gunsight Pass, Lake Ellen Wilson, Avalanche Basin and, most popular of all, Sperry Glacier which means a stout climb for even experienced mountaineers.

High on the Continental Divide in the Swift Current region is Granite Park Camp. The chalets, when completed, will resemble the Sperry group, being constructed of stone gathered nearby. This camp, which is on a high table or Alpine park at 6,000 feet altitude, is an ideal

camping place and is used as a night camp by travellers crossing the Continental Divide by way of Swift Current Pass. Some of the best views of the Park are obtained from this elevation.

We were greatly interested in the line of pack horses that were bringing up the building material and provisions for the construction force. The engineer under whose direction the chalets were being built informed us that every bit of the material used in the construction, except the stone, was brought from Many Glacier on horseback, having previously been brought there by teams over the Automobile Highway.

In strange contrast to the typical western style of architecture, noted in the buildings of the small village of Belton, are the artistic Swiss chalets resting on the mountain slope at the western border line of Glacier National Park. The lovely terraced gardens and walks about the Belton chalets give one a last taste of home, for one realises that here at the gateway to Lake McDonald one enters a different world.

A stagecoach ride over a macadam road through ancient woods of cedar, fir, hemlock, and pine brought us to blue and sparkling Lake McDonald, the largest lake in the Park. At the

extreme north end of this sheet of water is the "Lewis" or Glacier Hotel, the starting-point of various trails that lead from the south and west into the Park. It is the outpost of hard and fast conventionalities. World affairs are forgotten, and interest centres at once in camping outfits, guides, and mountain ponies. At this busy centre everybody seems to be getting together the necessary equipment for a sight-seeing expedition into the interior. One may well recommend this popular Western summer resort to those who seek a restful and quiet holiday on one of the most beautiful lakes of the world.

Numerous tiny log cottages used for sleeping quarters are grouped around the main building and dancing pavilion or recreation hall.

In the heart of Glacier Park is the Many Glacier Camp, adjacent to the Many Glacier Hotel. On the sloping terrace of Altyn Mt., overlooking McDermott Falls, are these rustic lodges picturesquely disposed. Directly across Lake McDermott, on the east shore of which the "Many Glacier" is situated, is that superb group of mighty peaks—Gould, Wilbur and Grinnell Mts., and beyond, the Garden Wall. Switzerland can boast of no more beautiful scene than the fairy spectacle of moonlight on Lake

McDermott and the glorious panorama of surrounding peaks.

Many Glacier Hotel is the last word in mountain hostelry, and, like the "Glacier Park," everything about it gives one a feeling of space and freedom. Above a basement of native stone the building is constructed entirely of timber, cut and sawed from the forests of Glacier National Park. The exterior is beautifully stained in mellow red and green hues to conform with the lovely colours found in the sandstone and red and green argillite in the bare rock walls of the great peaks across the lake. Most successfully has the "Alpine" idea in the architecture been carried out by the elaborate yet quaint carvings noted in the window and door frames and cornices. Very picturesque features of the structure are the many observation galleries and "lookout" balconies.

The building cannot be said to face in any certain direction, since the ground plan consists of several sections or units which together conform to the irregular shore line of Lake McDermott. The several units comprising the "Many Glacier" are, namely, the Lobby unit, the Dormitory unit, the Bridge unit, the Dining

Hall unit, and the Kitchen unit, giving in all a total length of six hundred feet.

As satisfying to the eye as is the exterior of this building, the interior is even more interesting than that of the "Glacier Park." Here also we enter a wonderful high Forest Lobby, duplicating many decorations and fittings of the former hotel, but in addition there are many new and noteworthy features. At one end is a cone-shaped stone fountain which rises through the floor from the grill below. Native ferns and water plants grow in niches. A jet of milky water from a nearby glacier sprays over from the apex. By night the water of this fountain is electrically coloured, which, in addition to the Japanese lighting of the room, gives a most beautiful effect.

The Blackfeet frieze, a mural canvas one hundred feet long, extends around the walls of the lobby. This remarkable decoration, which is worth while to cross the Continent to see, is the work of Chief Medicine Owl and eleven other Blackfeet chiefs. It depicts the history of the Blackfeet nation in its most palmy days. This canvas was painted expressly for the hotel and is unique among wall decorations. Besides the great hooded camp fire built of stone on the lobby



MANY GLACIER HOTEL ON LAKE MCDERMOTT



LAKE MCDERMOTT AND GRINNELL MOUNTAIN

floor similar to the one at Glacier Park, is a massive stone fireplace built into one of the walls, and capable of feeding on immense forest logs.

Below the lobby is the grill and above are three tiers of guest rooms opening on the galleries overlooking the lobby.

The dormitory unit which adjoins the lobby section consists entirely of guest rooms in five tiers.

Between the dining hall and the dormitory is what is called "The Bridge" which carries the tea room and sun parlour on its main floor and tiers of guest rooms above.

The beautiful dining hall decoration is in a pale green colour scheme. This spacious banquet hall, which has a massive fireplace at one end, and a lovely pergola along the McDermott Lake side of the room where broad and high windows command the terrace and an unobstructed view across the water, features great arches and a beamed ceiling of native woods. Above the high wainscoting extends another frieze of Indian pictures similar to that placed in the lobby. This, too, was painted by present-day Indian chiefs.

Finally, the kitchen unit, which leads from the dining hall, is one of the most complete de-

partments of the "Many Glacier." It is an unusually large room with a very high ceiling, sky lighted, and abundantly ventilated. Most of the equipment is electric.

Romantic and impressive as is the setting of "Many Glacier" it is equally admirable as a point from which to make excursions or side-trips into the McDermott country. Each day that one spends at this hotel or camp one may set out, by saddle horse or afoot, to some of the finest of the Park's "beauty spots" and return to the hotel before night.

One may ascend the Swift Current Trail to Swift Current Pass, or go to Iceberg Lake, Ptarmigan Lake, Canyon Creek, Cracker Lake, and Grinnell Lake. Southward one may go to Piegan Pass past Morning Eagle Falls.

There are three Tepee Camps located in convenient stopping places in the Park, namely, at St. Mary's, Going-to-the-Sun, and Many Glacier. Each Tepee Camp has a central tent which is used as a dining-room and kitchen equipped with the proper facilities for cooking. Around this central tent are grouped a number of Indian tepees provided with wooden floors, cot beds and bedding. Many tourists "over trails afoot" find these accommodations especially satisfactory.

CHAPTER III

ON THE MOUNT HENRY TRAIL

THE picturesque group of peaks, Mount Henry, Red Crow, Bear Head, and Squaw Mountains, which rise directly from the green foothills surrounding Glacier Park Hotel, does not permit one to remain simply in admiration at their base. The spell of the land of the shining mountains was already on us when in the long still twilight of a June night we looked upon the striking outlines of these lofty heights for the first time. We rejoiced that we should soon know them in closer, deeper intimacy.

Through long months of winter our thoughts had often "winged their flight" to this wondrous land of mountain peaks that teem with legends; this land of glaciers, vast forest, deep canyons, and lovely valleys jewelled with silver waterfalls and azure lakes; this land where Nature so wild, beautiful, and rugged, holds her sway.

We were eager for the morning when we would arrange for our itinerary of a circuit horseback

tour through the Park. We hoped to see all the principal features of this great play-ground and travel when and where we pleased. Our first objective point was the beautiful Two Medicine Camp, situated on the shores of Upper Two Medicine Lake, twelve miles from the hotel. The new trail over Mt. Henry which would afford us one of the finest views in the Park, even with its attendant hazard, appealed to us, rather than the familiar, pretty, forest road that skirts the ridges above Lower Two Medicine Lake.

The cool evening gave promise of a pleasant hour in the luxuriant "forest" lobby of the hotel, where around the great open fireplace the novice, the transcontinental tourist, the fisherman, the artist, the scientist, the explorer, mingle in free and easy association with the bronzed and hardy mountaineer, the booted and khaki-dressed park ranger, and guides with clanking spurs. All too soon bed-time came while we were still listening to stories that breathed the true spirit of these great mountain peaks.

Mountains, it is said, have a way of warning off strangers or greeting friends. This we realised when the next day broke with one of those doubtful mornings which might end in a grey veil of rain, shutting out the world of peaks for

many days, or be a harbinger of weeks of glorious weather.

Shortly the Squaw drew on her cap of clouds; the patches of blue sky became overcast, and presently a thunderstorm with blue-black clouds and endless reverberations from peak to peak ended in a wild dismal tempest of pouring rain and wind-beaten sleet. All that day the clouds hung thick over the mountain-tops, and when they lifted for a brief period only to swing low again, there was the glimmer of fresh snow. The gathering gloom of the afternoon turned to the darkness of a rainy night.

Climbing, riding the trails, or any other feature of a mountain trip was out of the question for that day at least.

The great open fireplace of the big hotel with its huge crackling logs and cheerful blaze became the rendezvous of all the guests. Here the greatest sociability prevailed. What mattered it that the wind roared, or the trees swayed and moaned, or the skies wept! The logs were piled high and the cheerful influence of the roaring fire made conversation easy. Each found his favourite nook and made plans and preparations for succeeding days, or narrated his experiences of a yesterday. Wonderful tales that frequently lacked

historical accuracy but excelled in variety and interest contributed to the entertainment, and wiled away the hours; tales of Glacier Park and of other lands; cowboy yarns and hunting episodes. Blackfeet Indians mingled with the guests and sang or repeated the legends of their tribe.

Women have ventured far into the great mountains without a guide. My friend and I did not care for the vexations and necessary discomforts of such experiences. We had come for a carefree vacation. The pleasures which we anticipated did not preclude a guide. Donald had been recommended to us, and months before our arrival we had engaged him to conduct us through the Park. We were eager to meet him in order to talk over the minor details of our trip, and especially to decide on our mounts.

The evening before we thought we had a glimpse of Donald, as a group of guides swung across the lobby on their way to the plunge when a game of water polo was on the programme. We knew him because *he* was the *Indian*.

The guides of these western mountains differ greatly from the well-known Alpine guides. In general characteristics they approach the cowboy class—grave on the surface, reserved, kind, full of courage, lawless, keenly sensitive to the

sense of humour, skilful in handling horses, and, last but not least, "inimitable in the use of the English language." But more directly can the comparison be drawn in details of dress—the Stetson or broad brimmed felt hat, the bandana or silk handkerchief around the neck; the doe-skin shirt and fringed gauntlet; the "chaps" of leather or angora hair, the high heeled boots and clanking spurs.

So, too, Donald, though he was typical, was different. Born on the Blackfeet Indian Reservation, a half-breed of that proud tribe, he had lived his twenty young years among these mountains. He had hunted and tramped over all the old trails from earliest childhood. He was at home in the great wilderness, and familiar with every feature of the Park. It would be difficult to find a more typical and efficient Indian. His erect and slender, yet striking figure; his powerful physique; his fine, massive head; his long, straight, black hair; his perfect Indian profile and colouring; his graceful yet hawk-like movements; his watchful but not suspicious attitude; his terseness of speech; his self-poise, all proclaimed him an Indian thoroughbred.

Our interview closed with Donald's assurance that, the weather permitting, our horses would be

ready for us at nine o'clock the next morning, for the ascent of Mt. Henry. But Providence was unkind; the weather did not permit. The storm continued as a gale all night and the next morning we woke to another cloudy day with a damp and cheerless atmosphere. A frigid air swept down from the mountains that were enveloped in their mantles of mist. The wind blew spitefully across the open foot-hills. The rain fell intermittently. The day afforded us an opportunity for writing letters, consulting and studying government maps and geological surveys, and questioning Donald on matters of equipment.

A third day dawned with shrouded skies, but the rain had ceased and there was every prospect of our starting off that morning. At first a heavy mist clung to the mountain peaks. The vegetation dripped with moisture. Mt. Henry remained hidden, giving the suspicion that snow was falling at the top.

Our trunks had been repacked and stored the evening before, and our dunnage bags for the trip were limited to a few extra clothes, underwear, and toilet articles. We were dressed for the trip in our riding clothes of scarlet coats, dark knickerbockers, riding boots, Stetson hats and

leather gauntlets. It is true that a few trans-continental tourists in city togs looked a bit askance at us, but there were others as properly dressed as we for a tour through the Park, so we did not in the least feel conspicuous, much less bizarre.

At ten o'clock a sudden change took place in the weather. The wind came from another direction, the grey clouds streamed away and scattered like tattered garments, then rolled themselves upward in sun-lighted vapour, higher and higher, and melted in the clear heavens. Mt. Henry was clearly silhouetted against the blue sky.

Directly after lunch we were off. Donald looked the ideal centaur as he rode his own Blue Boy, a beautiful high-spirited animal, of which he was thorough master. For us he had selected each the ideal mountain horse of medium size, graceful, strongly but not clumsily built, sure-footed beyond question, gentle, intelligent and marvellous in powers of endurance. Our pack horse was a small black and white pony of the Pinto type.

We were gay and our spirits were high as we rode along, first for a short distance on the Automobile Road that starts from the hotel, and

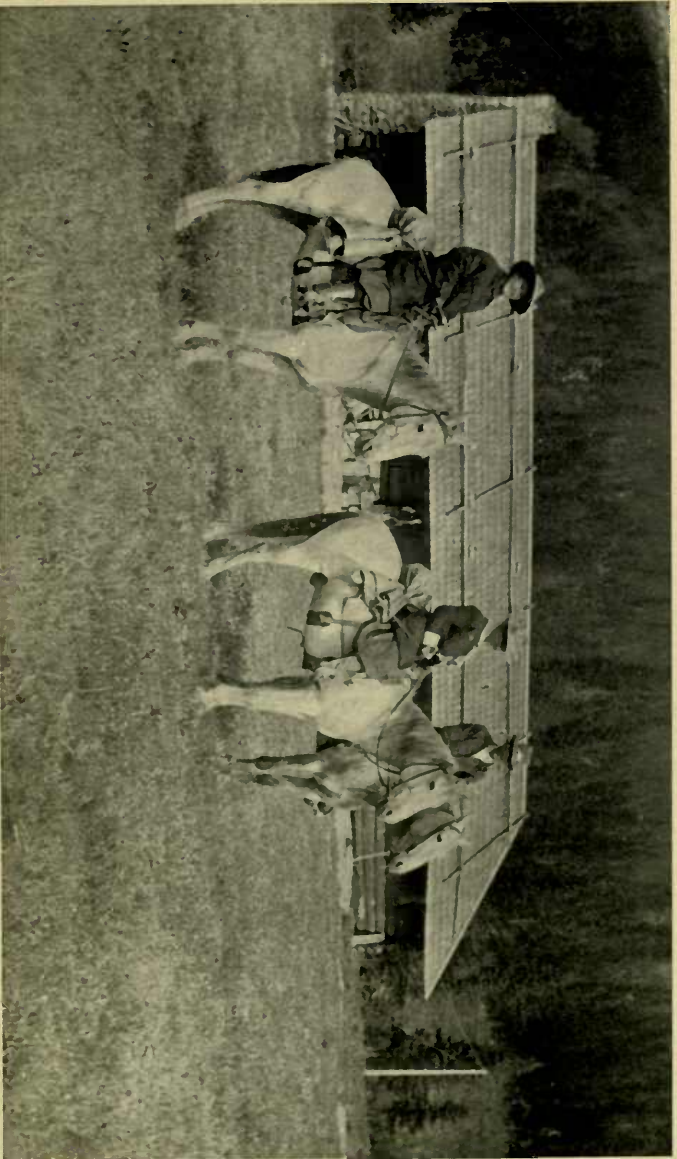
then on the narrow wagon trail which winds on through the foot-hills. This in turn gave way to the foot trail which leads up to the summit of Mt. Henry.

Without perceptible change the hills became more impressive, but the pines which covered them shut out the views. We were conscious of an ascent, although the trail was never steep. Not until we had ridden an hour or more did we realise how high we had come. Then Donald called to us to turn and look back. We had surmounted one of the highest foot-hills, the summit of which gave the appearance of a park-like landscape—wide and open.

The view, if not superb, was truly beautiful. For many miles around we could see the lower distant ridges and hills covered with tapering grey cedars mingled with dark green spruces; deep sloping ravines, watered hollows, and far away to the east the great stretches of the Black-foot Indian Reservation. Already the wide world seemed open to us. We felt like taking long, deep breaths.

The forest closed upon our trail again. Gradually the timber became thinner and stunted, and when we emerged entirely we were well up on the side of Mt. Henry. Suddenly drops of

THE START FROM CAMP



rain began to fall and looking up we saw a troubled sky which plainly indicated more than a passing shower. We stopped to put on our "slickers." Soon came the easy rain which quickly swelled to a downpour, and, as we gained a higher altitude, this turned to snow.

Immediately a thick veil of mist was drawn before our eyes, shutting out the world. We were above the clouds. A hush fell over earth and sky. Every sound seemed muffled. There was no wind. The soft, feathery, lovely flakes fell quietly to earth. Soon they grew in size and number until it seemed we were in a tent of snow. We could barely see Donald who was about a hundred feet ahead of us. The flakes were wet and woolly masses that settled on our "slickers" like a thick wrinkled fabric. We were wrapped in white obscurity.

After the storm was fairly on the wind awoke and the flakes began a merry dance. By the time we had crossed the shoulder of the mountain we were headed against a gale. To be sure it was exhilarating in the extreme, yet we were not exactly at our ease. Ours was the first attempt to cross on the Mt. Henry Trail since the official opening of the 1916 season in the Park. In many places the snows of the last

winter filled the trail. Watchful movements were necessary.

The trail to the canyon bed, after it swings across the peak, pitches in switch-back fashion to the timber line. The grade is steep and skirts in some places precipices which fall sheer for a thousand feet and more. Under the most perfect conditions it is not pleasant to know that your horse always walks on the extreme edge; so to-day, with the loose fluffy covering, ankle-deep on the loose stones, it was far from comfortable to notice how at every step the horse's outer hind foot slipped off the edge. The only way to keep one's peace of mind was to sit steady and give the horse his head.

Just as we were turning at an abrupt angle, I noticed Donald's peculiar attitude in the saddle. He was standing in his stirrups, it seemed, and leaning far over his horse's head. I heard him shout for us to halt. A huge snow-drift, ten feet deep, reminder of last season's snow, lay across the trail. An investigation proved the impossibility of attempting to take our horses across. We, too, now dismounted and wheeling the animals on the narrow ridge, retraced our course to the shoulder of the peak. Here we rode across in a blinding storm, following no

trail other than along which Donald's instinct guided him. We were trying to reach the trail on the farther side of the drift. Moments seemed hours. We were utterly at the mercy of Donald's knowledge of the mountain. His lead took us to a rather higher point of the peak, from which he pointed down a fearful slope to the trail below.

To reach it we had to dismount; for here on the sharp point our horses began to slip and slide because of the loose shale rock, and small boulders hidden by the recent treacherous covering of snow. Leaving our mounts at this point, Donald helped us down several hundred feet beside the trail, where we waited for him to bring the horses down.

I frankly confess that by this time my high spirits and courage for a brief period left me. Like "Babes in the Woods," we sat on a huge boulder, all alone, with the snow pelting down upon us and threatening soon to cover us completely. Donald had disappeared; a white curtain had closed behind him. Disquieting thoughts filled our minds. We were full of intense nervous strain and deeply absorbed in the precise present.

Perhaps a quarter of an hour passed. Some

loose rock rolled to our feet and, as we turned, we saw Donald far above us on a steep slope of shale which seemed quite ready to slide in an avalanche of loose rock over the edge of the cliff below us. He was leading Blue Boy and the others were following. We held our breath as we watched them coming down. It was frightful to see them try to keep their feet. With every step the loose shale and rock came rattling down the slope near us. At especially bad places we could see how Donald held them, but over and over again it seemed a miracle that they did not slip and fall. Luck certainly counted largely here.

The ascent of Mt. Henry on a fine day will always richly repay one for the views because of the admirable position of the mountain. Fate had not granted us the lovely panorama which may be seen from this peak. Except when the strong wind opened rents now and then in the heavy cloud which enveloped us, we saw nothing but weird glimpses of peaks, chasms, and rock walls. Once as we looked beyond the precipice for a moment, we caught a glimmer of the blue waters of Upper Two Medicine Lake far down below us.

No sooner had we descended a few hundred

feet than the snowfall ceased and we came out of the mists. Every bush and tree reeked with moisture. The steep and narrow trail was wet and treacherous with weathered rock, slippery and soft by turns. Since no report of the rangers had yet been sent in, as to the condition of the trail, and to assure us perfect safety in the descent, Donald walked beside his horse leading and testing the ground. My friend, too, made most of the descent afoot, because after we rounded the shoulder of the mountain and caught sight of the thread-like trail ahead, winding along the edge of the precipice, her horse, contrary to her efforts to force his head toward the mountain, persisted in creeping along the very outer edge of the dizzy brink and, so far as she could judge, kept looking over into the abyss with what she thought an evil eye. The poor beast, in his efforts to turn his face from the blinding snow was obliged to do this, but she misjudged the animal and thought from the suspicious wiggle of his ears and the constant switching of his tail that he was pondering refuge from the storm by preparing for a headlong plunge into the shadowy depths below. Not caring to accompany him into this region, and being unfamiliar with horse nature, she gently slid from the saddle

and walked between her mount and the solid old mountain. Nor could she be induced to burden him again with her weight until we had descended far into the valley, and were on comparatively level ground almost at the camp.

I remained in the saddle during the entire descent. The saddle is a vantage ground from which to see clearly many things that would otherwise remain unnoticed. Slowly but successfully we zigzagged long rock slides, stretches of water, and slippery stones. Looking down over the trail which pitched at times very unpleasantly, it was impossible to realise how far below us lay the floor of the canyon. Rivers, brooks and waterfalls appeared like silver threads. Meadows, pine slopes, and upper timber melted away in tints and shades of colour.

We descended through all the successive zones of Alpine landscape, from the lofty mountain top covered with snow down to the deep valley that was carpeted with flowery meadows. We met with all the seasons and every variety of vegetation as we descended. Winter was far up on the steep slopes of bare rock and shale where grew only lichens, Alpine flowers, and the gnome-trees called "Jack" pine. Autumn reigned in the region of wild ravines and green uplands,

gorgeous in wild profusion of pink and white heather, wild and wayward harebells, starry asters, blue-eyed veronicas, red paint-brush and yellow mountain bell, seen through aisles of stunted trees—tapering cedars, and spruces bearded with grey moss. Lastly our descent lay through a thick undergrowth and fragrant forest of pine and balsam. Our horses' feet sank noiselessly in the soft, springy turf. Here spring vied with summer in the rich carpet of lovely blossoms spread out around us.

In the deepening shadows of the late afternoon we reached Two Medicine Camp, just as the sunset hues were fading from the sky. We had, at last, come through a short stretch of heavy timber when suddenly the beautiful camp site opened before us.

In the foreground nestled the charming rustic chalets on the edge of a forest growth along the shores of the lovely lake whose clear, cool, blue waves roll right under the flank of the timbered slope of Rising Wolf, one of the highest peaks of the Park. All around were Alpine slopes, fine precipices, bare rock walls and wooded promontories, forming an admirable frame for the sharp rock peak of Mt. Rockwell at the head of the lake.

Wet as we were, and chilled by exposure and the necessary slowness of our progress, we stopped and enjoyed for some time this charming scene. The gentle dusk was stealing down from cliff to cliff and already the pale stars were putting out the day.

Before the great open fire place of a cosy, well-supplied, and comfortable one-room chalet, we dried our saturated garments and enjoyed our hot tea and biscuits. Later as we sat in the red glow of the blazing logs we quite forgot the fatigues and difficulties of the day. We felt soul-satisfied for having seen some of the rugged grandeur of Nature's great outdoors. That night we fell asleep with the call of the Trail ringing in our ears.

CHAPTER IV

TRAILS AND ROADS

THE approach into the heart of this great play-ground has been made easy by its splendid roads and trails. These thread the Park in various directions from central points and are the requisites for its development as a recreation ground. The scenic beauties are there but must be made accessible. It is hoped that Congress will be generous each year in its appropriation for Glacier National Park, which, though one of the youngest of our national play-grounds, is destined to become the most popular. The trails and roads are built and under control of the Department of the Interior.

One of the main travel routes is the Automobile Highway, which has its beginning at Glacier Park Hotel and terminates at Many Glacier Hotel fifty-five miles distant in a region surrounded by stately mountains, these lifting their heads far into the drifting clouds or into the depths of a silent sky.

This is a specially constructed gravel road for auto and stage traffic built to open the St. Mary and Many Glacier regions. The Great Northern Railway Company built the first twenty-five miles and the government the remainder.

Portions of the road follow the old Travois Indian trail, which fact, when known, adds interest to the route.

As this road can be enjoyed best only by automobile, and as we had already worked our way over the trails by saddle horse into the Many Glacier Country, we wanted to go over this road for new impressions and also as a relaxation from several days' strenuous riding. Accordingly, we engaged seats in one of the large twelve-passenger auto stages. We had left a call for half-past six, so when the ringing of our telephone awakened us from happy dreams, we eagerly responded to its alarming persistency and proceeded to make ourselves ready.

That the morning was bright and beautiful was evident from the sunshine streaming through the windows from which a glance showed the shining whiteness of the mountain heads. At half-past eight a toot of the horn in front of the hotel announced that all was ready for the start, and with others just as eager we made ourselves

comfortable in the commodious car and away we went.

No one thought of being afraid as the big machine whirled along the highway, for each kept wondering what new feature each curve of the road would reveal. A constantly changing panorama appeared, beautiful and inspiring—mountains, some dark browed, others snow-capped; limpid lakes sparkling in the sunlight; rivers like flowing streams of quick-silver; dark forests of pine emitting a delicious woodsy fragrance; and again and again meadows of various coloured flowers nodding their heads in greeting as we passed by.

From the hotel we made northward across the high plains of the Blackfeet Reservation, for this portion of the road lies outside the park boundary. Crossing Two Medicine River two miles out, we skirted the picturesque region bearing the same name, looking on the distant peaks of Squaw Mountain, Mt. Henry with our memories of the snow storm fresh in mind, and Bison Mountain.

The view grew upon us as we continued along the rim of the Cut Bank region, glimpsing Spot Mountain, Basin Mountain, White Calf

Mountain, and Divide Mountain, having bridged Cut Bank River opposite Basin Mountain.

Rounding Divide Mountain in a series of exciting curves in which the road seemed constantly to end abruptly, little Divide Creek was crossed and we entered Glacier Park. For several miles we rode through a beautifully wooded region, refreshing and restful, at the foot of St. Mary's Lake, and with a sharp descent reached the camp on the shores of this wonderful lake. Here some of the passengers wished to remain, and others were given an opportunity to stretch their limbs while the gasoline wagon was given a fresh supply of oil. We bought some cakes of chocolate and after copious draughts of spring water were ready to continue the ride.

From St. Mary's chalets the roadway passes through the old town of St. Mary, and again enters the reservation following northward along the east shore of Lower St. Mary's Lake for several miles, at the foot of which it turns westward and, crossing St. Mary's River, enters the Swift Current Valley, renowned for its beauty, with Sherburne and Chief Mountains in view. Five miles through this valley brought us back within the borders of the Park and from thence on the road winds along the shore of the charming

Sherburne Lakes, which look more like a broad river and show most marvellous reflections of mountains and clouds.

Strangely silent now were we gazing at these snowy and glorious Rockies, with Appekunny on our right and Altyn at the left while ahead gradually were taking shape three majestic mountains, Mt. Gould, awe-inspiring and towering 4,700 feet above Lake McDermott; Grinnell Mountain, imposing in its quiet dignity, and Mt. Wilbur, looming high as a peak and standing quite aloof from its companions.

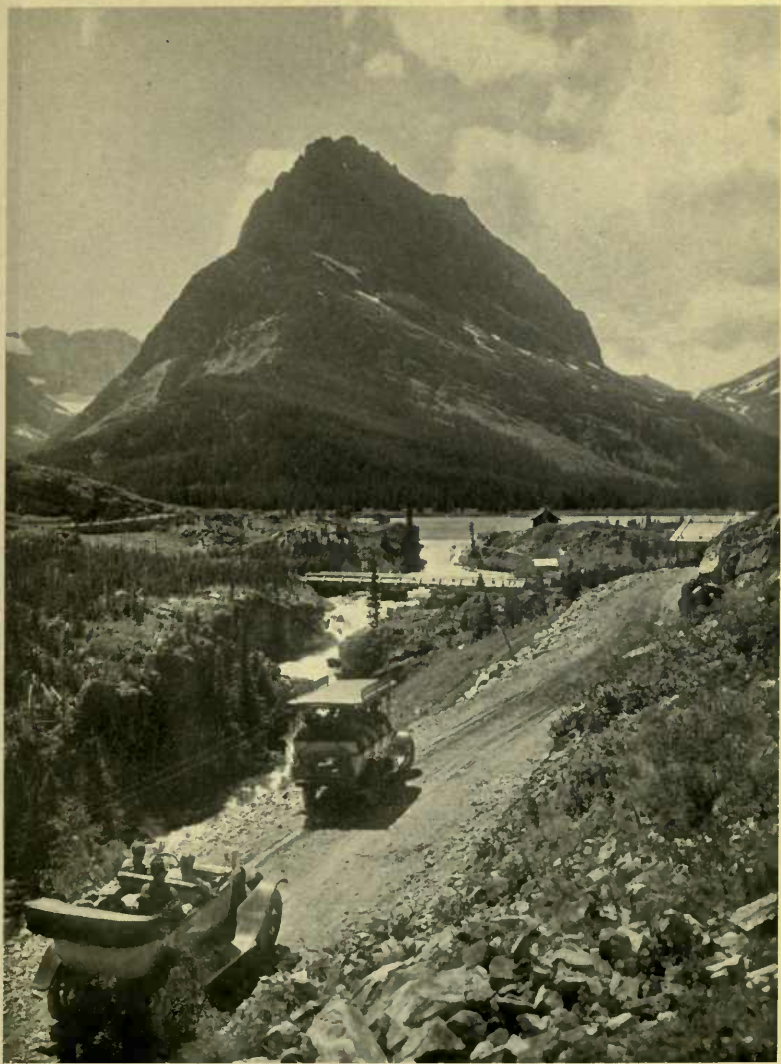
So rapt in admiration and contemplation were we that it was only with the knowledge that the car was no longer moving and that voices were bidding us welcome, that we realised that our journey over the Automobile Highway was ended and we had reached Many Glacier Camp again.

With feelings of joy we sat again in the evening on the balcony of our chalet and saw the sun go down in its glory. Great fleecy piles of clouds arranged themselves above and behind the mountains. Some were outlined in pure gold; some were lighted with a crimson glow cast from the dying sun; while others appeared as great billows of purple mountains, transplanted in the

heavens and floating in its blue depths. Constantly changing in shape and colour until fading to a dull grey, they gradually vanished, lost in the gathering twilight which calmly stole down upon us. Silently, one by one, the stars appeared in the celestial sphere and the moon poured down her cold silver light upon a scene sublime and inspirational in grandeur.

Another line of approach into the Park is from the western entrance at Belton. From this little hamlet a fine three-mile government road leads to the foot of lovely Lake McDonald. The route takes one across Flathead River, tumbling and foaming with little rapids, winds for a short distance along the side of a steep hill where the road is so narrow that one intuitively watches the outer edge, then leads on into a grand old forest.

Through this the macadam road is wide and level with tall bearded pines on either side giving out most exquisite odours. One easily imagines himself in the forest primeval, lost to the outside world. Musing on the tranquillity of the solitude broken only by the sweet singing of birds, we were wishing the ride might continue for hours, when a glimmer of blue was seen, which, slowly enlarging to view, disclosed the



NEW AUTOMOBILE ROAD
MANY GLACIER CAMP

placid waters of the far-famed Lake McDonald.

These two roadways give one only a tantalising taste of the splendours to be seen. If the deeper recesses of this huge play-ground are to be penetrated, it is only by the trails. These may be traversed either by walking or by horseback. Arrangements can easily be made whereby reliable guides, familiar with every turn in the Park, saddle-horses as comfortable as rocking-chairs, and pack horses may be obtained to suit the taste of the most critical. Thus, true lovers of high places may with safety scale the mountain fastnesses and revel to their hearts' content in one of the most marvellous mountain regions in the world.

But how were these trails made? In various ways. Doubtless the wild animals were the original trail-makers. These game trails lead from valley to valley across the mountains. Pursuing the game came the Indians, who were in turn followed by trappers and hunters searching for easy routes. Later appeared the government engineers looking over the ground and finally courageous tourists and lovers of nature. According to one writer, "The deer were the first; then the elk followed the deer; the buffalo followed the elk; the Indian followed the buffalo; trappers

then; then army officers came along and discovered a pass."

Now, when new trails are made, they are usually first surveyed by engineers or laid out by forest rangers, then blazed for location and direction. Men follow, cutting the trees, after which the rock is dynamited and graded by a crew of workers.

These trails, scaling the steep sides of mountains, must be in the nature of "switch-backs," each successive level taking one higher and higher until dizzy heights are reached and he feels that there is nothing but the pure air between him and the far-away sky.

Three skyland trails enable the tourist to go onto some of the highest mountains in the Park. Of these, Gunsight Trail, extending east and west, crosses the Continental Divide at Gunsight Pass; and Swift Current Trail, also east and west, pierces the roof of the continent at Swift Current Pass. Piegan Trail *follows* The Divide at Piegan Pass in a north and south direction.

The very name of Swift Current stimulates interest, for it has been famous in the history of this region since the mining days when over a trail built by prospectors supplies were carried

through the valley westward into the mountains during the copper excitement.

From no other point in the Park can so many interesting side trips be taken as from Many Glacier Camp in the Swift Current Valley. In this region Nature has grouped together with utter abandon a most magnificent array of varied scenery, comprising mountains in bold relief; jewelled lakes begirt with sombre forests; hundreds of waterfalls escaping from glacial fields high on the mountains and plunging down their dark sides; gaping canyons with their misty depths; beautiful amphitheatres, bearing evidence of the mighty carving of glaciers ages ago, some of which still hold remnants of these ice-monsters slowly eating their way into the mountains, while others remain as great bowls filled with glacial water; rivers and creeks rushing over beds of boulders; and great gardens of wild flowers exhaling fragrance and cheer to the tourist.

Keenly disappointed is the tourist who reaches Many Glacier and finds himself unable to go over Swift Current Pass. By many this pass is considered the finest in the Park. We had thought nothing could excel Piegan Pass, so were on the *qui vive* when Donald told us that the ranger had reported the pass open. We should now

have the opportunity to judge for ourselves of the superiority in picturesqueness of the one over the other.

Early morning found us astir in eager anticipation of the day's programme. In due time our faithful greys were saddled and stood patient with blinking eyes while we mounted. Donald, on Blue Boy, with the ever-present coil of rope over the horn of his saddle, led off at a brisk trot and we followed closely. Asking our Black-foot aristocrat one day why he always carried the rope-coil, he answered laconically, "It looks rather stylish."

From the camp we rode westward up the valley along the lower slope of Wilbur Mountain, with Grinnell Mountain on the south, following the river closely and passing one by one the shining lakes of the Swift Current chain, hollows formed by some glacier but now brimming with blue water and reflecting the beauties of their shores.

After distancing four miles over a gradually ascending trail we became aware of a decided change, when a sharp turn with a steep climb brought us to the foot of the pass. How our horses laboured as they slowly, with picked steps, strained their way up that steep ascent

which for three miles twisted in a series of zig-zags up the escarpment of that giant crest of the Continental Divide called the Garden Wall. This mighty rock mass presents an almost sheer ragged wall nearly half a mile in height, being directly west of Grinnell, Gould, and Wilbur Mountains, three neighbouring giants.

Fortunate is he who can with composure sit in his saddle with no anxious moments in traversing such a trail—an ascent of 2,700 feet in eight miles.

I recalled now Donald's answer, when in descending Mt. Henry a few days previous to this I had asked, "Are there many steeper trails than this?" and received his answer, "Why, I could run my horse down there." Then, with a knowing smile, he added, "Wait until you see Swift Current!"

A tribute should be paid to the mountain horses, which, though famed neither for beauty nor speed, prove themselves so sure-footed and reliable, and whose instinct is not inferior to the average human's intelligence. With wonderful skill they draw their four small feet together, pivoting on a turn seemingly no greater than a six-inch square, and safely round the switch above.

Upon gaining the summit of the pass, Donald ordered us to dismount and rest, giving a breathing to our horses also. With faces turned eastward we feasted our eyes upon the rare scene spread before us. The little lakes of which we caught only momentary glimpses through the trees in our ascent were now revealed in an emerald chain. Far beyond lay lower St. Mary's, sparkling under the searching light, and farther on gleamed Duck Lake, while appearing on the horizon one hundred miles distant rose the shadowy outlines of the Sweet Grass Hills. Guarding this region like sentinels rose towering mountains, dark and gloomy looking, or softened with mantles of snow in their upper stretches, while close below the snowline, in marked contrast were small meadows carpeted with flowers, and still farther below, the descending slopes were forested with pines. Countless waterfalls leaped and played over cliffs, while canyons yawned threateningly before our eyes.

Here we beheld a region which, released now from the grip of King Glacier, bore the mighty imprint of his ancient reign in most marvellous sculpture. What a wealth of pictures to store in the mind! In this clear upper region what an inspiration! Amid such stupendous mountain

scenery what consciousness of the frailty of man!

Having rested sufficiently we traversed the pass and found the trail led out on the west side of the Garden Wall from which a host of kingly mountains were seen. Away to the north lay snowy Mt. Cleveland, named after Grover Cleveland, the highest in the Park and reaching an altitude of 10,346 feet. At close range loomed many others, ragged, angular, and snow-covered, but none impressed us with its beauty so much as Heaven's Peak toward which we faced. Four thousand feet below but far away the upper shores of Lake McDonald could just be seen. A gradual descent of a mile brought us to Granite Park Chalets for shelter and rest.

Wonderful as the Swift Current Trail had been we were constrained to still remain loyal to the superb Piegan with its wide and magnificent vistas.

No one would think of missing the side trip to Iceberg Lake, that most wonderful little body of water in America, containing real icebergs floating about even in midsummer. After Swift Current Trail this was mere play.

The seven-mile trail surveyed by engineers leads from Many Glacier along the west slope of Mt. Altyn through a beautifully wooded re-

gion. Occasional open places revealed a deep valley through which a silvery stream found its way with a background of mountains. Following Donald we rode our horses abreast a long distance over the wagon-wide trail, unconscious of climbing, so gradual was the ascent. Birds sang merrily. The sun shone warm and bright as we leisurely jogged along the beautiful road, stopping at many babbling streams rippling over the path for our horses to dip their noses in the cold water. Flowers were in abundance, giving out sweet odours and peace reigned over the region.

After a few miles the trail became more narrow and my companion dropped behind my horse as we rode along a steep precipice and descended into a beautiful woody glen. The sound of laughing water greeted us and soon we came into full view of Golden Stair Waterfall. The dashing, foaming water, plunging from a high ledge of rock, leaps successively over a series of steps in musical tones. Here we loitered to admire the beauty of the whole scene, then followed the winding trail over a bridge and began a series of climbs which finally admitted us into a rich meadow. To reach this we crossed several small snowbanks and forded some streams. The pic-

ture before us was truly one of charm and wonder.

Here lay a lake 6000 feet above sea-level surrounded on three sides by almost vertical walls of various hues 3000 feet high. In its blue depths were floating miniature icebergs, broken off from a glacier lying on a mountain shelf across the lake. Before the water spread out a great grassy meadow on which flowers grew in wild profusion. The air was sweet and inviting, filled with a blend of snow and bloom.

Here, too, was the region of the Rocky Mountain goat and the Big Horn sheep. Looking up some fifteen hundred feet and more, we discovered many of them nimbly making their way along narrow edges and feeding on green ridges. Donald spied some on a lower slope and, seizing a camera, sprang on Blue Boy to cross a turbulent stream, then concealed himself in some bushes, thinking that at close range he might get snap shots. We waited on a huge rock for his return. He came back, triumphantly declaring he had them, but the picture when printed failed to disclose any of these picturesque animals even under the closest inspection with a magnifying glass.

Another delightful side trip from this central

point is to follow Canyon Creek to its source. This seven-mile trail appeared to us as an interesting walk through the woods along the stream until it brought us to Cracker Lake. This receives its name from the fact that some years ago prospectors here had to live mainly on crackers during the winter. The lake nestles at the foot of the commanding Mt. Siyeh which rises 4200 feet above its surface. It is a rendezvous for fishermen as trout are plentiful in its waters. Most alluring was the garden of wild flowers. The high sloping meadows were covered with gentians, forget-me-nots, asters, larkspurs, harebells, yellow buttercups, columbine, goldenrod, paint brush, saxifrage, and heather, swaying in the breeze and making the air sweet. Fields of flowers! This is one of the flower regions of the Park.

Gunsight Pass! The thought of it brings thrills and shivers along the spine! This pass, in itself less than a hundred yards across, is a depression where Gunsight Mountain joins Mount Jackson, and lies 7,900 feet above sea-level. The Indians call it Asocht-co-mak-thiss Ky-ee-kim-icht-covey, which means "Gunsight gap."

Fortified with courage and stimulated with

LAKE LOUISE AND GUNNSIGHT PASS
MOUNT JACKSON ON THE RIGHT



a keener than ever desire to see more of Nature's beauty-land, we agreed with enthusiasm when Donald informed us that if we insisted on crossing the Continental Divide again we must walk across as there was too much snow to go safely with horses. Remembering the miles we frequently walk on city pavements and over country roads, the prospect of a seven-mile tramp did not dampen our ardour. Besides we liked variety in the ways of seeing the Park.

Leaving Sperry Camp, after a good breakfast we followed the trail up and up a thousand feet until the timber line was passed, then suddenly plunged into dwarfed vegetation, and on again, always climbing up, up, until, breathless with the effort of locomotion, we reached the narrow pass below the summit of Mt. Lincoln where we rested a half hour. Having recovered our breath somewhat, more climbing and a sudden turn revealed lovely Lake Ellen Wilson, re-named from Lake Louise, on whose mirrored surface lay the shadows of mountains and clouds in perfect semblance of the real.

Soon came the ascent again in a series of zig-zags and the most precipitous slope to scale. A Herculean climb was before us. Each step was to be measured with judgment and caution.

Here Donald uncoiled his rope and carelessly remarked we might look more stylish if we each carried a twist of rope about the waist. We noticed he crept most cautiously along only slightly in advance for we were entering upon patches of deep snow.

Now we were in the Pass filled with deep snow! Hugging closely the mountain-side we ploughed slowly along and at times so precipitous was the way, we actually crept on both hands and feet to stay our footing. Pussy-mittens were a blessing now, thanks to our foresight. We realised with every step how impossible it would be for horses to traverse the Pass when snow-bound.

Emerging from the farther side we looked upon a mountain scene well worth the fatigue, fright, and nervous tension just endured. Lofty Gunsight Mountain on the west with its summit swathed in snow towered to a height of 9250 feet. Over its face tumbled fifteen or twenty shining waterfalls, released from those snowfields and wildly streaming down toward Gunsight Lake, lying like a jewel 3000 feet below. Toward the east rose Mt. Jackson, one of the most majestic mountains of the Park, over 10,000 feet high, with its dark surface of bare rock relieved by great shining bands of glistening white-

ness. A region of awe-inspiring mountains! Commanding attention and admiration in part view were Fusillade, Citadel, and Almost-a-Dog, while away to the northeast rose that glorious and incomparable king of mountains, Going-to-the-Sun, upon whose crest is imprinted the likeness of the great Sour Spirit.

Donald, inured to such grandeur, hinted the descending trail of three miles was very steep and we must be on our way. Down the north side of Mt. Jackson we picked our way with eyes fixed to the path. More snow was encountered before we reached the vegetation line. Once a shout and gesture from Donald caused us to look on a distant snow-covered slope in time to see a grizzly making his way to an upper level. Flowers and grass began to appear and the trail led on down in full view of the emerald lake and thence to the chalets built on its shore. With stiffened joints and aching backs, but with happy hearts and minds stored with new thoughts and pictures, we appreciated the comfort and rest awaiting us. In the morning curiosity prompted us to look up at the trail, appearing like a thread winding along the face of the forbidding mountain, and we gloried in our courage. We had crossed Gunsight!

Should one wish to start a cupful of water in three directions he must ascend to the summit of Triple Divide Peak, six miles from Cut Bank Camp. At present there is no trail and this can be undertaken only by mountain climbers. Next year a good trail will be ready for use and the tourist may easily ride to the point where he can see water parting ways toward the Arctic Ocean, the Pacific Ocean, and the Gulf of Mexico.

The Mt. Henry and Piegan trails, both commanding great stretches of mountain scenery, have been described at length in other chapters.

The spell of a mountain trail in Glacier Park holds one, and the longing to traverse those wild and picturesque regions intensifies the longer he lives in the centres of civilisation amid the artificial environment of a modern life.

CHAPTER V

THE OLD TRAVOIS TRAIL

SEVERAL hundred years ago, or even farther back into the shadowy past, there existed a travel trail, old at that time. This highway began somewhere in Mexico or even in the jungles of Central America or Peru, and extended northward along the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains to the Saskatchewan River where Edmonton now stands, thence northward to Egg Lake and continued on until lost in the barren wilderness of the Far North. This runway was the main artery of travel and the scene of romance, of cruel bloodshed, and of thrilling deeds of the Indians who roamed up and down the land without restraint. The Black-foot Indian name for this trail was Mee-sah-mooe-yay-mook-so-cooey-all-stootch-meh-stuck-icht-tew-wow-wochk-kah, which means, "The old trail that close to the mountain passes."

Two advantages were to be had in this trail crossing the foothills. It hid the traveller and

at the same time furnished him lookout points from where for miles the trail could be seen crossing the high foothill ridges. Bands of raiding Indians swept back and forth across the plains, preying upon each other. Therefore it was necessary to travel secretly and in numbers sufficient to resist the attacks of these savage warriors whose only business in life seemed to kill. Each man travelled with his ears and eyes open, never losing himself entirely in sleep. He was continually looking for some raiding party to swoop down upon his camp or attack his party en route no matter where he was going.

Hence this old trail followed the foothill country up and down through valley and over ridge in line of least resistance for thousands of miles. He who travelled it held his party in the valley while scouts went ahead to climb the hills and spy out the country yet to be traversed and to look back upon the already travelled trail, thus guarding against enemies in either direction.

This trail was in existence and continuous the length of the land before the Indians had horses and was used in part by all tribes. Then the Indians obtained horses from the white explorers and began using them as pack animals, but still following the same trail.

Finally some ingenious Indian contrived the travois. This was made of two tepee poles serving as shafts and fastened so that they crossed above the horse's withers. These trailed downward and backward with the large ends dragging along the ground. In the space back of the horse was lashed a skin or blanket, forming a sort of baggy pocket, into which the Indian loaded his children, dogs, dried meat, or anything he wished to move. Often the whole family travelled by travois, one member riding the horse to guide and keep him moving forward.

After a time the tepee poles dragging on the ground marked well defined tracks about as wide and in about the same way as wagon wheels cut a new road. This was now the old travois trail appearing from the sky in the South and disappearing into the sky in the cold North, continuous over the yellow buffalo-grass hills, crossing shallow turbulent streams, descending into valleys, winding through pine forest edging on the plains, and traversing white alkali stretches—on and on in an unending line. The trail always followed the best grade from the hill top to the next low point ahead, for these trail-makers had object lessons from the buffalo in this respect, which is the best engineer known,

because he always made a steady grade from the lowest point where water was found to the highest point on his feeding range.

The Hudson Bay Company began their fur-trading operations about the time when the Indians were making the old travois trail. Their fur-trade with the Red men extended all over the North and even reached as far south as Mexico. The trappers came in from the mountains and over high passes, using old Indian trails until they hit this old travois over which they could carry their furs northward by pack-horse to the Company's trading posts, and there exchange them for things they needed.

Is it any wonder that members of the old Hudson Bay Company laid the foundations of wealth for their posterity? The price of a muzzle loading flint-lock gun in those days was fixed and unchangeable. Never a bargain sale! This fire-arm had an extraordinarily long barrel that reached to the top of a man's head when the butt rested on the ground. The Indian who wanted it must stand it thus on the ground and lay beaver or other equally valuable skins flat, one above the other, until the pile reached to the top of the barrel. Thus the white man charged his red brother a paltry seven or eight thousand

LOOKING SOUTHEAST FROM TRIPLE DIVIDE MOUNTAIN



for a gun. Powder and lead were exchanged with equal advantage to the fur-trader, preying upon the Indian's ignorance of the value of the furs. Immense quantities of prime furs thus went north over the old trail, were packed at the posts and sent down the Saskatchewan, and thence shipped to England where a ready market awaited them.

The buffalo roamed over this wild region and far into the mountains so the travellers over the trail found easy game as is evidenced by the thousands of bleached bones lying on the hillsides within shooting distance of the old travois. Some twenty-five or thirty years ago bone hunters gathered great quantities of these bones and shipped them east to be made into a fertiliser.

The dry air of the foot-hills region just east of Glacier Park has preserved the bones of these animals as mute evidence of conditions prevailing in that region of an early day, and by these the old faint grass-grown travois can be traced. To him who rides the faint line of this old trail with the history of the region fresh in mind, there comes a tinge of melancholy and longing for things long since passed away. No more are seen the buffalo herds which in the old days were the guardsmen of that land. If no disturbance

was in sight they only moved in feeding or in long lines up and down the trail to and from water. But if disturbed they stampeded in thousands. Thus, he who rode over the old travois anxiously kept an eye on these true monitors whose sign of quiet or disturbance faithfully indicated whether he might travel in safety or look for enemies.

Many interesting things were associated with the old travois trail. Sometimes a party travelled peacefully the entire length of its journey; sometimes it was suddenly surprised and mad war ensued; sometimes a strong party would be attacked at every point of the trail by warriors in ambush who reached out and took the scalp of any straggler or of him who drifted too close to the lurking place, and sometimes an entire company of travellers, either white or red, would be absolutely wiped out of existence by a superior war-band rushing with a wild whoop upon them from some side coulee. In this case the furs were delayed somewhat, but eventually reached the trading post where they were traded by the victors for guns and other things.

A glamour of romance and mystery overhangs these old two faded lines of grass-grown trail extending from the Saskatchewan to the Rio

Grande and even beyond. Eloquently do the ruined war camps, disintegrating under atmospheric conditions, and the piles of whitening bones of both men and animals tell a story of travel, of red war, and of defence to him who understands the signs.

The rider, traversing the big Buffalo Ridge which separates the Two Medicine River from the Cut Bank, may see this trail plainly as it follows the ridge for many miles as two parallel depressions in the bunch grass which now covers the old trail and the adjoining side hills. At the end of Buffalo Ridge where it pitches almost straight down into the valley between the Ridge and Sheep Mountain is a natural lookout point commanding an extensive survey.

On this point is an old war lodge of the Blackfeet, cunningly hidden and cleverly placed. Scouts placed here were able to scan a thousand square miles of buffalo range to the eastward. Warning could thus be given to their people hours in advance should any warring Kootenais or Flatheads attempt a raid into the Blackfeet country from west of the main range, for such raiding bands would have to travel many hours in sight of the watchers before coming within striking distance of the Blackfeet. This war

lookout in touch with three river routes by the way of the Two Medicine, Cut Bank and Milk Rivers, all swinging into or near the old travois, was a strategic point and enabled the Blackfeet to gather their forces long in advance and rush out to meet the enemy.

On the Cut Bank is a great stone pile covering the bones of a big Indian party, either Kootenais or Flatheads, that were thus caught by the Blackfeet and all killed except one old woman and two children who escaped and finally reached their people in the west. The Flatheads later erected the pile of stones as a monument to mark the spot where the invaders were met and fell.

Farther south on Bear Creek is an old battlefield of ten acres filled with Indian bones half buried under the mould. The older Blackfeet tell of a red-handed struggle between their people who went out to meet the invading Flatheads. So to-day the bones of both tribes are lying side by side in this field at the head of Bear Creek. This spot can be seen from every Great Northern train crossing the Divide for it lies only five or six hundred yards southeast of the site of old McCarthysville, in the flat just west of Skyland.

From the old travois trail many high moun-

tains are in view. Chief Mountain or Nin-now-Stah-koo, meaning mountain-of-the-chief, is the last high outlying peak visible to the north and lies far eastward from any other mountain. Then there is the Hudson Bay Divide which separates the waters flowing north from those flowing south to the Gulf of Mexico. Over this divide the trail crosses.

Divide Mountain is the last mountain that stands out in the main chain and rests on the Hudson Bay Divide. It is a triangular peak rising against the sky and forms the ridge pole of the roof of the continent. Farther back may be seen a billowy wave of noble white-crested mountains—Going-to-the-Sun, with the gigantic face on its side; Triple Divide Peak, separating the waters running to Hudson's Bay, the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific Ocean; Red Eagle Mountain; Little Chief; Almost-a-Dog with its massive walls; Rising Wolf, and a host of other silent, dignified mountains standing as Nature has placed them.

This old trail may be traced relative to Glacier Park and thence on until lost in distance. Passing Lower St. Mary's Lake, which was called "Good Spirit Woman" Lake, or Pah-toh-ahk-kee-co-O-mock-sick-i-me, it crosses the south fork

of Milk River and also the Cutbank River, called Poh-nah-kee-eeks-Nay-a-tah-tah, which to the Blackfeet means the "River-that-cuts-into-the-white-clay-bank." South of Spot Mountain it follows along Lower Two Medicine Lake and crosses Two Medicine River which the Blackfeet call Maht-oh-kee-oh-kahas Nay-a-tah-tah.

About two hundred yards west of the Two Medicine Bridge and about two miles out from the Glacier Park Hotel, the trail crosses the Great Northern Railroad at the west end of the small cut, and also at the northeast corner of a pasture which is fenced with barbed wire and belongs to old Tom Dawson, a half Piegan and an old timer in Montana. Plainly visible is it here from the south side of the road skirting along the south side of Dawson's fence. Every traveller can easily distinguish it for it is almost at the station of Midvale and only a short distance from where the train stops. Just here the trail is at the foot of Squaw Mountain.

South from the railroad the old trail winds down along Two Medicine River and Badger Creek, then runs on east around a spur of the Rockies which separates the Two Medicine region from the Sun River country. On Sun River the trail divides, one branch following that stream

and passing where the city of Great Falls is now located, thence on down the Missouri to Fort Benton. This part of the old trail from Fort Benton to the foothills was made during the Hudson Bay Company's period of operation and over it their supplies, brought up the Missouri in boats, were packed west to the foot-hills where the old travois leading north was struck. This portion of the trail only dates back to the days when the white men entered the country.

From Sun River the old time travois trail continued south, one branch crossing the main range of the Rocky Mountains southwest of Helena, and extending down into the Snake River basin, branching and re-branching into all the fur country of that basin. It also reached into the Columbia valley and again into Salt Lake valley from which region the Indians obtained their supply of salt in early days.

The main trail, however, continued southward, along the east side of the Rockies, always lying close to the base of the mountains from where strategic points could be held.

In a few years this old trail will have vanished. The weather is taxing it and streams are washing and cutting it away; cattle men have fenced in portions of it and again in other places it has

changed into a cow trail. It can be traced fully now only by the older men who used to travel it in the days of the travois, or in later times when the old Red River cart took the place of the travois. This old vehicle, awkward and lumbering though it was, served its purpose. Difficult would it be to-day to find a Red River cart, and almost impossible to find one of the old time travois, but there are men in Montana to-day who used both and even the pack-horse before either of these was thought of.

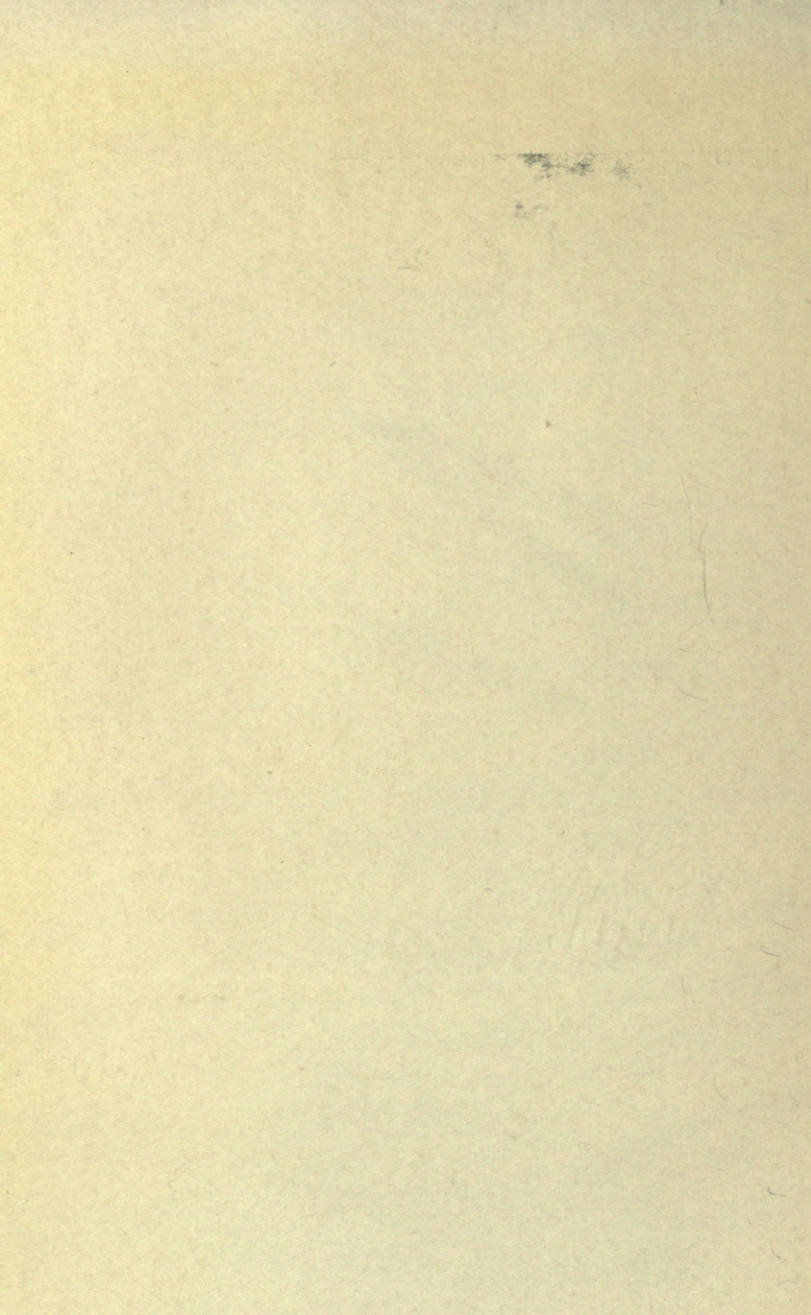
These same men can recall the days of the Whiskey Smugglers whose knowledge of the old travois trail enabled them to use it as a "get-away" trail to reach inaccessible hidden places far into the mountains where they might stay, and thus escape the officers.

Major Logan and his United States troops travelled part of this trail when they explored Glacier Park for the government. Major Logan was the first superintendent of the Park.

When you pass this old trail at Midvale on the Great Northern and look upon its dim two-lined marks, remember it was once the main highway of travel, winding its way from the South over the wind-swept hills far into the North, and the scene of many activities. Should sufficient

FOLLOWING UP THE HUNTERS
CUT BANKS VICINITY





interest stimulate you, read the first reports brought in by the pioneers into the wilderness, who, returning, told the priests what they had seen and experienced; of the official reports of Lewis and Clark who followed portions of this old travois trail in their adventurous expedition; of the accounts later of army officers; and the many interesting stories told by historians who have drawn from all these sources.

The beautiful Automobile Highway now connecting the Glacier Park Hotel at the entrance with the Many Glacier Hotel, deep into the mountains, follows this old trail for mile on mile along the east side of the range except where it swings away from the trail because lookout points are no longer necessary. Occasionally as you are speeding along the driver of the benzine-wagon may point to some tracks faded and worn and carelessly remark, "The old travois trail crosses there," and you may look good naturedly and perhaps curiously upon these old vanishing lines, meaning nothing to you, which have carried so much the woes, joy, mystery, and romance of an early day.

CHAPTER VI

PIEGAN PASS—THE FLOWER PASS

PIEGAN PASS must always loom large in memories of Glacier National Park. For one thing, the views are incomparable, containing all values and tones of mountain beauty, linking the Going-to-the-Sun and Gunsight camps with the Many Glacier region by a north and south trail. For another thing, it is the "Flower Pass," albeit one of the three skyland trails.

We had not seen our fill of lovely and lofty Gunsight Lake, 6,000 feet above the sea yet in the shadow of Mount Jackson, with its perpendicular walls of rock down which countless waterfalls tumble, sometimes blown into misty spray; but the "Wanderlust" was upon us again and we were impatient to see the Many Glacier region—the very heart of the Park itself.

We must be away with the rising sun, so Donald said, for the ride would be a long and strenuous one—twenty-six miles of wonderful

panorama of unsurpassed grandeur, of contrasts in the flower-bedecked valleys, the solemnity and hush of great forests, the precipitous rock-walled canyon, and the world of snow-mantled peaks in all their majesty.

I awoke long before the time set for our departure. It was the beginning of the long twilight that precedes the dawn. Here was my long-wished-for opportunity to see the mountains when the cloud effect and light are said to be more beautiful than at any other hour of the day.

Hastily dressing, I stepped out on the little balcony of the chalet. Gunsight Lake, gleaming at times like silver or gold, or like an emerald catching every mood of the skies, or again, when the sun uses it for a mirror to reflect the snows or the greys and greens of its precipitous walls strikingly on its smooth surface, lay before me, but a stone's throw away, in glassy dark-green stillness.

There was yet too much shadow so that objects on the distant shores appeared misty and indistinct; but hardly had I become accustomed to the scene before it changed. The dark spots were brightening into light and along the snowy crest of the mighty mass—Mount Jackson—

came first faint flushes of pink which quickly changed to pale lavender and grey-blue. It seemed that only a few moments passed when the lower slopes glowed softly green, and the water, which at the instant changed from dark to metallic grey, reflected all—moving trailing clouds and blue sky above, dark shadows of the wooded banks, and the rough gaps and snow-filled notches of the peaks.

The day was surely coming on, for in a nearby tree a robin sounded his clarion notes, "Cheer up, cheer up, cheerily, cheer up," quickly to be answered by a score of other birds. Nothing seemed to stir, so the notes from meadow, hill, and higher level mingled, though they were easily distinguishable. I wondered at the number and kind that were familiar to me on the plains—the red-winged blackbird's rich, juicy note, the white-throated sparrow's plaintive cadence, the light tremolo of the chipping sparrow, the cat-bird's whistle and the bluebird's low, sweet call.

I had quite forgotten the lake and the light in my keen enjoyment of this matin chorus of the birds. As I looked up again, the first rays of the sun were resting on the shining mountain peaks.

At seven o'clock our horses were saddled, and

soon we were off, hitting the trail which leads on the side of Fusillade Mountain in full view of Mount Jackson, Citadel Mountain, Little Chief Mountain, and Blackfoot Glacier, a cold white field of snow stretching five miles across the top and narrowing down to the valley below. Its many crevasses, its treacherous surface, and frightful slopes of ice and snow impress one with its wild beauty.

Citadel Mountain at our right stood out boldly like a fortress. Its walls looked stern, rugged, and grey. Almost an awesome sight is this mighty rock-piled mass, practically filling the entire view. Set in a lovely forest of dark green spruces, firs, and pines, it rose dark and sinister in the glorious morning sunlight.

Yet with every turn that our horses made, the picture changed and the grandeur of this great hill stood out wonderfully against the flowery carpet of the lower valley. The shade and shadow of the timber hid many spots of beauty as our trail led down, down to the lovely meadows of the Upper St. Mary's River.

Here our trail turned and led us up hill again for many miles on the side of the finest peak in the Park—the romantic and superb Going-to-the-Sun Mountain.

One by one the beauties of the valley and the forest were revealed. Ever and anon we crossed turbulent mountain streams that broke in their course into waterfalls which leaped hundreds of feet and sprayed with their moisture the mosses, feathery ferns, and dwarf poplars clinging to the black rocks close by.

We soon left the lower region of sap-green poplar and spruces and entered the deep woods—the idyllic quiet and loveliness, the sunshine and shadow, the wild stillness of the forest of Going-to-the-Sun. Immediately we seemed to be shut away from the world. We fancied we were utterly alone. No steps but those our horses made broke the stillness of those sombre shades. We seemed isolated, for no voices but our own penetrated the depths. Wherever we looked were luxuriant growths that seemed to give the storm beaten rocks peace and protection. Across the dark branches of the pines the sunbeams struck out paths of deep gold and the light mingled among the branches only to set off the more the tracery of boughs and leaves.

Often the breeze arose and the delicate branches cracked and rattled as they moved. We thought it moaning music—this singing of the pines. This forest, so grand and proud, re-

minded me of some great cathedral with the giant trees for arches and the open spaces, made by leaves and branches—the tracery and windows.

We seemed alone; but we were not alone. The birds gave us their call or scrap of melody. A humming-bird fluttered in a thicket so near that I could have touched him with my hand. Far off the mocking-bird's wild thrilling notes or the blackpoll warbler's shrill call note, crescendo and decrescendo, "Screeep—screeep" could be heard in contrast to the red-start's rapid warble. Again and again we stopped in ecstasy over the wild, sweet canary-like song of the gold-finch and the vireo's liquid "Brigadier, Brigadier, Brigatte." Nor was this all the music that we heard, for strange, soft, tangled tones came often to our ears—the faint babbling of the brook over stones, the low whispering of the trees, and the sweet lullaby of the waterfalls.

It was just noon when we emerged from the timber through which we had climbed for hours. Donald had promised us a "camping site" when lunch-time came on the green uplands of Going-to-the-Sun. Here we came upon Charles, the violinist—Charles and his athletic friend who had persuaded him to make a walking tour through the Park.

To be sure there is no more delightful way to go through Glacier National Park than by walking. In no other way can you see this great playground so intimately—if you are a tourist fond of and used to walking, and if time is no consideration, and, better still, if you walk with a friend—a true companion—who will enjoy the views, who will study the things you like, with you, who will talk with you and stop with you.

Not so with Charles—happy-go-lucky Charles, who had never walked a mile before, who moved so “majestically,” as his friend impatiently remarked—Charles who heard music in every sound and who picked a legend with every flower. He should never have started out with him who twice had won the Marathon. Verily, Charles was “trailing it” over the trails with a will-o’-wisp for a comrade.

One day we met these two just after they had crossed the snow-covered trail and pass at Sperry. Gladly would Charles then and there have “resigned” or rested a day or two, but Marathon Runner was still fresh and eager to push on to Going-to-the-Sun, and perhaps “make” Piegan Pass the same day that we had planned, and he, of course, prevailed.

So we bade them "Auf Wiedersehen" and here on the high mountain's green we caught their "Yo-ho-ho!" and "Wie gehts?" before we discovered them.

They, too, were looking for a place to eat their lunch. Most pleasantly we spent an hour together on the banks of a babbling brook, enjoying the wide views of shining peaks, great mountain profiles, green-covered hills and brilliant mountain meadows spotted with large patches of soft fresh snow.

Ahead of us we could see the "exciting" stretch of our ride—the long, bare, high trail, blasted out of the solid rock on the dizzy heights of the mountain side, looking like nothing so much as a silken thread, and leading for nearly three miles to the pass. Even to those who have ridden at great heights this part of the trail might give disquieting thoughts. This day, too, it was not free from snow in several places.

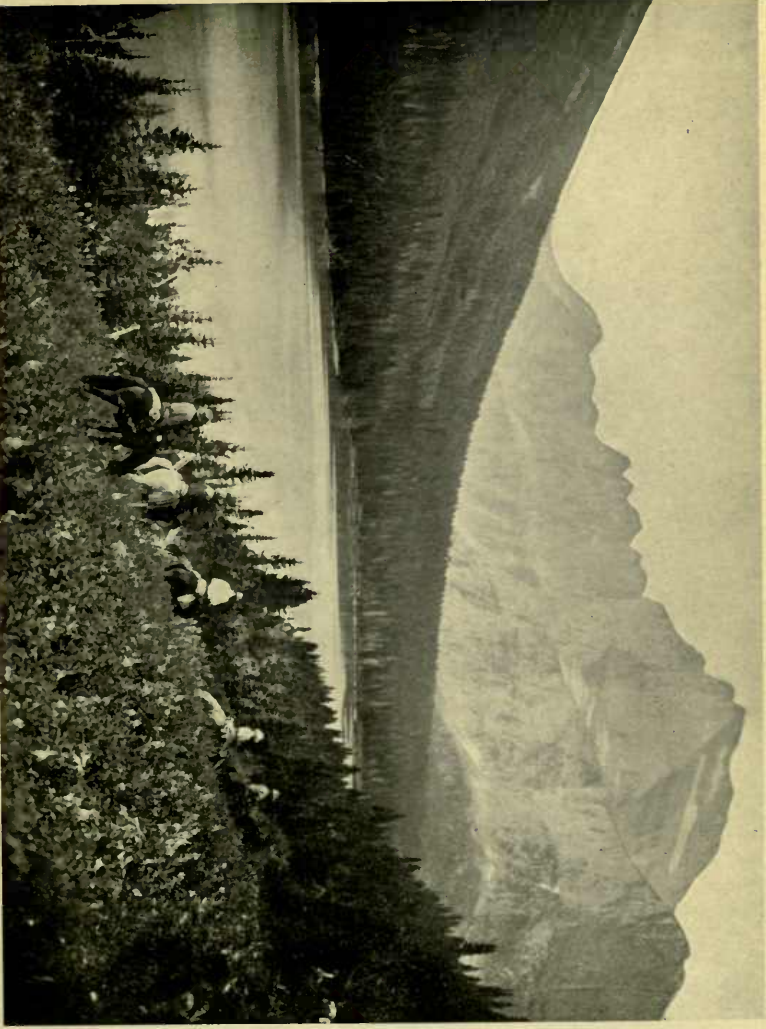
Surely it is absurd to speak of one spot in the Park as being more wonderful or more beautiful than another. It all depends upon the tourist and more upon the mood. All the views are strikingly different and all are truly magnificent but I cannot imagine a more impressive sight, a larger view, and a more varied panorama of

glorious mountain scenery than which one sees from the heights of Piegan Pass. Here are Piegan Mountain, Going-to-the-Sun Mountain, Grinnell Mountain and its glacier, Allen Mountain, Sexton Glacier, Siyeh Mountain and last but not least the Garden Wall, while immediately below lie dark deep valleys in the shadows.

I cannot imagine how mountains anywhere can display finer qualities—the infinite beauty and solitary grandeur of snowy peaks, the bare, cold rock-walls, the promontories with their feathered cliffs and rocky caves, and the gentler and more sylvan beauties of the purple valleys. Here one meets Nature face to face and regains faith in God and man.

Deep snow filled the entire pass and Donald considered it unsafe to attempt the passage with our horses. We dismounted and led our trusty steeds over huge rocks and shale across the shoulder of the mountain to the other side where we struck the zig-zag trail for the steep descent.

Right here most forcibly was it brought to our minds why this is called "The Flower Pass," for by a sudden turn, as the trail wound back and forth in serpentine fashion around cliffs and steep ledges, it seemed as if a gate had been



TOURISTS ON PIEGAN PASS TRAIL
GOULD MOUNTAIN IN THE BACKGROUND

thrown aside and a lovely garden of flowers of spring and early summer was revealed.

Far below in the valley at the foot of that huge escarpment and bleak precipice that forms the majestic and yet pitiless beauty of the Garden Wall is a glorious "Field of the Cloth of Gold." A long vista of such fields is spread out as by enchantment—fields of various hues: purple, green, red, yellow, blue or white—fields that look like green velvet embroidered with silver daisies or blue forget-me-nots.

One cannot well picture the beauty of these flower-bedecked slopes and mountain meadows. Is it a flower pageant or a dream-treat? High upon the trail we saw yellow carpets of arnica flowers, gaillardias and lilies, followed in turn by great banks of flaming Indian paint brush and painted cup, and vetches in shades of blue, mauve, lilac, purple, violet and heliotrope, hardly to be distinguished from the gentians. Wonderfully tinted were the lower levels with acres of daring colour made by orange, blue, and red lady's-slippers, in contrast to the delicate tints of forget-me-nots, columbines and harebells. Pink wild roses and branches of rhododendron, heavy with white or pink flowers, stretched across our path. At times a gentle breeze passed over all and the

flowers yielded their fragrance and their secrets as flowers do to all of us who love them.

Across the glen came the thunder of rushing waters. Our trail had led us to the base of Morning Eagle Falls. This mighty water-fall drops over a ledge of smooth, dark, green-blue rocks that marks the Continental Divide. Then hurrying on, the water dashes over the rocky bed of a mountain brook which we followed for a time and then crossed before we penetrated the timber skirting the foothills of the Many Glacier region.

We had to pick our way slowly along this lovely, narrow, forest trail with moss and mould under foot, and repeated in a measure the pleasures of our morning ride through the evergreens—only the shadows were longer and deeper and our spirits not quite so gay. A clearing now and then gave glimpses of white mantled mountain peaks, and, like an emerald, Grinnell Lake gleamed through the trees.

Finally we came out on the shores of Altyn Lake. Set in a strikingly beautiful mountain region, it seemed like a silver mirror giving an inverted picture of pine trees growing upside down, banks of emerald grass and grey-green rocks, and clouds that seemed to be below us.

Now again for a mile or so we rode through spruce and poplar woods across the point which separated far-famed Lake McDermott from Allyn Lake, and at last in the late afternoon we sighted the broad highway that leads into the picturesque Many Glacier Camp, where the chalets nestle anywhere from the shore to some distance up the mountain side.

The long climb to our chalet, tired as we were from our long ride, provoked sympathy one from the other, but we felt well repaid when, at the close of this day, we sat on the balcony in full view of McDermott Falls, and the lovely lake cradled in the deep shades of Grinnell, Gould and Wilbur mountains.

Memory will long cherish the picture of the dim moon-lit outlines of these peaks, the still distances, the star-shine on the water, and the silent moon sailing across the cloudless sky until it sank behind the snowy sculptured heights of the Garden Wall.

CHAPTER VII

THE FLOWER FIELDS OF GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

RUSKIN says, "The best image which the world can give of Paradise is in the slope of the meadows, on the sides of a great Alp, with its purple rocks and eternal snows above; this excellence not being in any wise referable to feeling or individual preferences, but demonstrable by calm enumeration of the number of lovely colours on the rocks, the varied grouping of the trees, and quantity of noble incidents in stream, crag, or cloud, presented to the eye at any given moment."

The great shining peaks of Glacier National Park are guardians of an enchanted land in which the vivid colour and matchless beauty of Alpine vegetation challenge every traveller's attention and stamp themselves on the mind as deeply as the great glaciers clinging to the towering cliffs, the sapphire lakes, or the dark ridges of the sombre, fragrant pines.

It is a mistake to feel that ours must be the

knowledge of gardeners or botanists in order to enjoy these wondrous flower fields. The delight of standing knee-deep in the fragrance of countless flowers is felt more deeply by the flower-lover or lover of floral beauty than by the plant specialist. No particular knowledge of genera and species of plant life is needed to enjoy the beauty of sunlit mountain meadow, tossed and rolling like a rainbow sea of purples, blues, mauves, pinks, reds, and yellows, with endless tints and shades, "where gay and blithely sporting butterflies seem flowers come to life."

The short grass jewelled with mountain saxifrage and other Alpine flowers; slopes of green fading and disappearing as under an azure veil; entire fields of wayward harebells shimmering and rustling like a silken surface; fragrant woods bordered with blue-purple of wild hyacinths; acres of coarse grass all aglow with buttercups; smiling valleys bestrewn with bells whose fragrance fills the air; a trail winding through a warm carpet of heath and heather; or a hill-side thickly grown with wild roses, dropping scented petals, all appeal to one in general more than in particular.

What is *Alpine flora*? In a word it denotes the plants that grow on all high mountain ranges.

Such flora ascends from the cultivated plain to upper mountain meadow and margin of glacial fields of high mountain tops. It embraces almost every species of vegetation of northern and temperate zones. Some Alpine flower life lies dormant under the deep snow shroud of three-fourths of the year, at which heights there is barely time for the plants to bloom and ripen before they are again buried under the snow. Many plants, however, that grow high up where the snow-crowned mountains rule, are not confined to such inaccessible spots. We find them also in lower elevations where the sun's rays have power to lay bare in spring the vast meadows of rich grass set with countless flowers that spring up directly as the snow recedes.

For instance, the far-famed flower of heaven-reflected blue, the blue gentian, blooms abundantly in spring in the lower flower-fields, while vast regions of the same kind are embedded deep by the cold snow on the slope of some high peak for months afterwards.

Alpine flora, like Arctic vegetation, must adapt itself to the shortened seasons. A poet has truly said of the fleeting floral affects on Alpine heights:

“This is the hour, the day,
The time, the season sweet.
Quick! hasten, laggard feet,
Brook not delay.”

With breathless speed May's glories leave; the beauties of June pass all too quickly; and with blooms of July it is equally true. Eagerly Nature responds when Flora touches the Alpine fields with her fairy wand; for by the side of an emerald sea of verdure set with islands of buttercups, gentians, or marigolds, are deep banks of frozen snow under which some flowers are still sleeping.

Mountain flora is remarkably representative and wonderfully rich. It matters not where we walk or where we look, we always see some new and lovely combination of colours, tints, and shades.

Glacier National Park is truly a vast flower garden in which flowers of wondrous hues and infinite variety carpet the earth with loveliness for a few weeks in summer wherever the soil is bared of snow by the sun. There are, however, certain regions that are especially notable for the luxuriance and diversities of form and colours of flowers and other

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plant life, viz., the open fields and swelling foothills around Glacier Park Hotel; the route of the Automobile Highway; the lovely Alpine uplands of Granite Park; the high mountain meadows of Piegan Pass; the banks of Canyon Creek between Altyn and Allen Mts.; the green ridges and slopes of Cracker Lake and Grinnell Lake.

Not less than sixty varieties of flowers are native to the Park, while numberless genera resemble the flowers and plants of the Alps and other mountain regions. Fringing the vast, cold fields of snow and ice of the highest mountains, or peeping from crevices of high rocky places are ferns, fungi, creeping juniper, anemones, dwarfed chickweed, speedwell, mountain saxifrage, stonecrops, and Alpine androsaces. On lower levels the snow, in retiring to the heights, gives place to a carpet of soft verdure flecked with heather, heath, violets, larkspur, veronicas, globeflower, and daisies. In upland meadow are clover fields, pink, cream, red, or white, forming an admirable setting for many of the taller flowers like yellow lilies, arnicas, or gailardia. Down deep in the soft grass of water meadows are scattered in endless thousands daffodils, crocuses, anemones, buttercups, and gentians; and everywhere in the verdant valleys are

dense bright masses of painted cup and paint brush, vetches, columbines, harebells, forget-me-nots, wild heliotrope and violets. In the odorous woods, where the sunlight filters through interlacing branches, the lady's slipper and clematis hold us with their colour.

During an hour's walk in almost any direction from any one of the hotels and chalets, one may gather armfuls of many different varieties of flowers, the colour of which, white, blue, red, or yellow, is the most striking feature to the average tourist. Some of the flowers of the Park are listed according to this attribute as follows:

White:

Alpine androsace, globeflower, anemone, chickweed, saxifrage, bedstraw, aster, heath, ox-eye daisy, violet, heliotrope, spirea, queen's cup, wild parsley.

Red or Pink:

Heather, paint brush, painted cup, rose, columbine, twin-flower, primrose.

Blue or Purple:

Larkspur, violet, vetches, clematis, aster, wild flax, false forget-me-not, speedwell, harebell, moss campion, columbine, fleabane, gentian,

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beard tongue, mountain phacelia, pasque flower, butterwort.

Yellow or Orange:

Buttercup, columbine, lady's slipper, mountain lilies, marigold, violet, arnica, gaillardia, goldenrod.

A simple grouping of the most conspicuous flowers in the neighbourhood of the most noted flower regions is attempted as follows:

Glacier Park Hotel:

Violets, forget-me-nots, wild flax, gentians, vetches, columbine, arnica, gaillardia, mountain phacelia, bedstraw, chickweed, goldenrod, beard tongue, asters, clematis, larkspur, buttercups, marigolds, anemones, fleabane.

Automobile Highway:

Practically the same as those found in the above list, but in addition the tourist will see great flaming islands of Indian paint brush and painted cups.

Two Medicine Camp:

Marigolds, anemones, gentians, windflower, queen's cup, gaillardia, arnica, androsace, vetches.



WILD FLOWERS NEAR CUT BANKS CAMP

Cut Bank Chalets:

Forget-me-not, anemone, gentian, arnica, gaillardia, butterwort, columbine, androsace.

Piegan Uplands:

Snow lily, butterwort, harebell, columbine, heath, heather, forget-me-not, rhododendron, clematis, heliotrope, beard tongue, vetches, spirea, painted cup, Indian paint brush, arnica.

Granite Park:

Forget-me-not, mountain phacelia, harebell, arnica, larkspur, gaillardia, beard tongue, heath, heather, vetches, spirea, snow lily.

St. Mary's Chalets:

Windflower, arnica, columbine, vetches, small yellow lady's slipper.

Cracker and Grinnell Lakes:

Clematis, queen's cup, twin-flower, saxifrage, beard tongue, globeflower, rhododendron, lady's slipper, harebell, forget-me-not.

Canyon Creek:

Windflower, northern twin-flower, gentians, globeflower, lady's slipper, harebell, columbine, larkspur, wild flax, buttercups.

Iceberg Lake Trail:

Harebell, columbine, spirea, globeflower, snow lily, rhododendron.

Red Eagle Lake:

Forget-me-not, larkspur, gaillardia, androsace, heath, heather, arnica.

The following brief descriptions of the most noticeable flowers of the Park give merely such facts as would lead to a simple classification by those flower-lovers who are interested in the flowers because of their charm of colour and shape.

False Forget-me-not:

On the sunny slopes and open places near streams and watered hollows, grow the lovely, fragrant, blue forget-me-nots. Most tourists recognise this small light blue five-lobed flower with its yellow centre, growing in clusters or heads on rough, hairy stems from two to four feet high. Few, however, realise that it is the false and not the true forget-me-not which they are admiring. The true forget-me-not is a rarer flower and grows only in high parts. Not only may it be distinguished from the false forget-me-not for the reason that it grows to be only from four to six inches high, but its fruit is a smooth,

round seed and not a sticky burr like that of the false forget-me-not.

Wild Flax:

In stony ground in open dry places on slopes to the north and east of the Great Northern R. R. tracks one may find fields of that starry-eyed blossom, the wild flax, nodding and swaying in the breeze. It is a slender, dainty plant from one to two feet tall, carrying bright blue five-petalled flowers at the end and on small stemlets all along the main stalk, on which are also crowded the oblong or linear leaves.

Wild Clematis:

In the shades of Piegan Pines and along the Mt. Henry trail as it leads through the wooded foot-hills near Glacier Park Hotel, the wild clematis challenges one's attention and admiration. Sometimes it is found trailing on the ground, but more frequently the slender leaf stalks cling to rocks, bushes and trees in graceful festoons. The large, lovely, wide-spreading flowers, having four or five purple-blue sepals with striking centres of bright yellow stamens, are so profuse that they frequently hide the trifoliate leaves.

Western Anemone:

In early June a conspicuous feature of the meadow about Cut Bank, Two Medicine, and the Blackfoot Indian Reservation, is the western anemone, blossoming often on the very edges of snow banks as they melt away. Even an unpractised eye will recognise this beautiful white mountain flower which resembles a buttercup except in colour. The blossom is often two inches broad and grows at the end of a stout silky-hairy stem from six to eighteen inches tall. The leaves are cleft in deeply cut linear lobes. The flower has no petals but six or seven white sepals that are usually shaded blue at the base. The fruit forms a very artistic, globular, fluffy head.

The most abundant anemone in the Park is the "windflower," varying in colour from pink or blue to pure white. The hairy stems grow from three to twelve inches tall and bear root-leaves that are nearly semi-circular in outline, but deeply lobed. The blossom has from five to eight sepals.

The low open parts of St. Mary's and the slopes of Canyon Creek, as well as the meadows of Two Medicine Valley, are the regions where these flowers are most profusely found in June.

Queen's Cup:

In the shady woods of Two Medicine Camp, Grinnell Lake, and the dark forest of Going-to-the-Sun grows the queen's cup. Among glossy leaves resembling the lily-of-the-valley, are set on hairy stems the lovely, six-parted, white flowers with golden centres.

Northern Twin-flower:

Fairly carpeting some of the shady banks of Canyon Creek and sequestered spots along the shores of Cracker Lake may be seen the northern twin-flower. This is a trailing plant from six to twenty-four inches long with rather thick broad glossy leaves. On slender erect stalks of this vine, forking at the end, hang twin blossoms of pink or nearly white with pink inside. The blossoms are from one-fourth to three-fourths inches long and have five equal lobes. Wherever these perfumed bells grow they fill the air with wild-flower fragrance.

Saxifrage:

Among the wet rocks of Trick Falls and rock slopes of Cracker Lake, as well as in moist, shaded parts of Swift Current Trail, grow varieties of saxifrage, much sought by bees and flies. The Alpine saxifrage has a hairy, reddish stem

from two to six inches tall with many ovate leaves crowded at the base. The small white flowers grow in a compact cluster head which latter develop into pretty, purple-red seed-pods.

The tall saxifrage is much taller than most of the species. From a cluster of hairy, sharply-toothed leaves, crowded on a short root-stalk from which spring tall flower-stalks, widely branching and terminating in a head of many small, white flowers. At the base of each petal there is a bright orange spot. On the Cracker Lake slopes one frequently comes upon great rocky banks entirely covered by these lovely little blossoms.

Mountain Phacelia:

Like a rich purple-blue carpet are the great patches of colouring made by the mountain phacelia. This rough, hairy plant grows from six to eighteen inches high and is leafy to the top. The lovely deeply cleft leaves have a soft white down covering. Almost like a plume are the long spikes in which are crowded the bell-shaped flower with long protruding stamens. In June and July these flowers flood with colour the regions of Glacier Park Hotel, Granite Park, and the route of the Automobile Highway.

Gentians:

Flowering during nearly the entire season, the gentian family makes beautiful the banks of Lower Two Medicine Lake and River, Cut Bank River and Canyon Creek. Here one finds very commonly the northern gentian. This variety grows on leafy stalks six to twenty inches high, bearing pink-purple flowers numerous in a cluster in the axils of the upper leaves. The calyx is deeply five-lobed and the tubular corolla is one-half inch long and five parted. The basal leaves are rounded at the top and narrow at the base, while the upper leaves are sessile, narrow, and tapering at the top.

On the Swift Current Trail may be found the four-parted gentian, differing mainly from the northern gentian because of its larger and bluer flowers which are four-parted but seldom open. Here, also, in great abundance is found the showy large gentian with its sky-blue blossoms growing in dense clusters among the leaves on the top of the stems. The funnel-shaped corolla is of a grey-blue color, spotted underneath with white. This variety blooms during August.

Harebell:

On the wind-swept meadows of Piegan Mt. and Granite Park and in the crevices of cliffs

in the Iceberg Lake region, the dainty bell-shaped, bright-blue harebell flowers throughout the summer. The name "bluebell" is wrongly applied by most tourists to these hardy blossoms. On the hair-like stems grow several drooping bell-like flowers on slender pedicels. The basal leaves are linear and sessile.

Arnica:

Skirting the woods and thicket all along the highway to St. Mary's, painting the open slopes of Cut Bank road, and flaunting their brilliant colour on the level of Granite Park are the arnica flowers, represented by several varieties, but most commonly by one very handsome species called the "heartleaf" arnica. Its hairy leaves are deeply cordate at the base. At the end of long slender stalks, either singly or in pairs, grow golden-hued flowers having from twelve to sixteen rays an inch or more long toothed at the apex. Like the gaillardia, the deep yellow centres are formed of many small flowers.

On the Swift Current Trail are places where the Alpine arnica grows. In this variety several flowers grow on long slender stems, bearing oblong toothed leaves that grow in pairs.

Larkspur:

In June and July the Alpine meadows of Granite Park, the open woods and sloping fields along the Automobile Highway, the verdant floor of Red Eagle Valley, are crowded with countless numbers of the tall handsome larkspur. The dull purple, dark blue, or brilliant blue flowers grow in long spike-shaped flower-heads formed of many nodding blossoms. The stalk which bears the flowers on short pedicels is crowded below with numerous deeply cleft dark green leaves. The flowers which are not quite an inch long have five sepals, the upper one of which is prolonged into a spur. The petals, which are exerted, are white with purple veins.

Gaillardia:

In July meadows and slopes nearly everywhere in the Park are glorified by the showy, radiant blossoms of the gaillardia. Its golden, wedge-shaped, deeply three-lobed rays often numbering eighteen spread from a reddish purple disk composed of minute flowers. The leaves are from two to five inches long, coarse and deeply toothed halfway between the apex and stem.

Wild Heliotrope:

That lovely flowering meadow on the northern shore of Grinnell Lake, as well as sunny slopes on Piegan Uplands, give fragrant odours to the winds to tell one of the presence of the wild heliotrope. This plant with its showy, glossy, bright green leaves often grows to the height of eighteen inches. The rather soft thick stalk bears a lovely flower cluster of many small fragrant white blossoms usually tinged with pink or pale violet. The long protruding stamens give the showy flower heads a soft fluffy appearance:

Butterwort:

Many tourists mistake the butterwort for a purple-blue violet. The lovely blossoms grow singly on a stem above a rosette of from five to seven light green leaves that are entire and ovate in shape. Above the perfectly developed five-lobed calyx is the corolla of a deep purple-blue colour. The most noticeable feature of the flower is the long spur into which the corolla terminates.

The butterwort prefers low moist places for its haunts, such as the watery hollows along the Cut Bank road; but it also grows profusely along Piegan trail near Morning Eagle Falls.

Fleabane:

A flower that is commonly spoken of as the "aster" is the fleabane. It blooms in July and not during the late summer and autumn as the asters do. It is easily distinguishable from the asters, too, because of the great number of rays that surround the disc-flower. There are often as many as seventy rays crowded together in the cup or involucre of bracts; while those of the aster usually form but a single series and number about one-third as many.

The blue or purple flowers of the fleabane grow on hairy stems on which cling thick smooth leaves. The central disc-flowers around which the long narrow rays extend are yellow in colour. The slopes and meadows near Glacier Park Hotel are coloured gaily with these handsome flowers.

Field Chickweed:

One of the daintiest of white flowers in these mountain wilds is the field chickweed. There are vast fields of this pretty blossom to be found on any sunny bank near the Glacier Park station. This small attractive flower, which is about one-half an inch broad, has five deeply notched petals and grows in a rather loose head on a tufted and

hairy stem from three to six inches high. The leaves are small, narrow, and pointed.

Beard Tongue:

In stony exposed places near Piegan Trail, Swift Current Trail, Granite Park, and Cracker Lake, in June, may be seen great mats of pinkish purple or blue colouring. Here the beard tongue has diffused its blossoms in terminal heads on short shoots from the main stalk, which grows flat upon the ground. The tubular corolla has two lips, of which the lower one is conspicuously bearded within. The leaves, which are linear in shape, grow all along the stem.

Columbine:

The graceful columbine makes gay the borders of brooks and streams where come the bees and butterflies to sip the honey from the red and golden bells. The drooping scarlet flowers have petals shaped like inverted cornucopias lined with yellows. These grow alternately with four red petals. Many golden tassels hang from each flower. The upper leaves of the columbine are mere bracts that grow on tall stems, while large and fernlike leaves grow on the flower stalk at the base of the plant. According to altitude and season the colour of the columbine changes. The

yellow columbine is the most common throughout the Park and may be seen along any of the mountain trails. The small blue columbine is found in open rocky places in the St. Mary's region.

Androsace:

A flower that may be found at all altitudes from June to mid-summer, in open places with either dry or moist soil, is the sweet flowered androsace. The blossoms are only a fourth of an inch in diameter and of a rich cream colour with a brilliant yellow centre. From four to ten are in a flower-head at the end of a slender stalk that is only a few inches high. The oval leaves are folded over the other and grow in tufts at the foot of the flower stalks. On Cut Bank Trail, at Granite Park, Two Medicine Valley, and Red Eagle Meadows these attractive little flowers fill the air with their fragrance.

Heath:

The heath family is represented in the Park by the white heath and several varieties of heather. In the neighbourhood of Piegan Pass and in Red Eagle Valley in considerable clumps one may find the white heath. It grows to the height of about a foot and has stout, woody, and

many branched stems which appear four-sided because of the way in which the prickly leaves grow. Pure, white, waxen flowers hang in bell fashion from short slender pedicels. Each flower has five deeply cut spreading lobes.

Heather:

Frequently associated with the heath and flowering at the same time, June and July, is the white false heather. The linear leaves of this species are much longer and spreading than those of the white heath. The flowers look like little waxen beads growing on short pedicels at the ends of the branches.

Near the woods of Red Eagle Valley and at Granite Park whole acres are covered with red false heather, which is really a low branching flowering shrub. It grows, much branched from the base, from six to twelve inches high. The linear leaves are often one-half inch long with thick rough margins. The lovely little fragrant rose-coloured flowers with broad-spreading lobes hang nodding on small pedicels at the ends of the stems.

Vetches:

The vetches may be found throughout the Park during most of the season. Great similarity is

noticeable in the different varieties, in that they are herbs or vines with an abundance of alternate compound leaves carrying from fifteen to twenty-five leaflets on the main stem. All the varieties have flowers growing in dense spikes. Like others of the pea family each individual flower is formed of five irregular petals, the keel being formed of the two lower ones united; the wings of the two side ones; and the standard turned backward, being formed of the upper one. In colouring the vetches are yellow, blue, purple, or white. The ascending vetch, which is the most frequently seen, and the purple vetch (differing only in leaves) make great purple spots in the green about Glacier Park Hotel, Two Medicine Valley, and along the Automobile Highway.

In rather shaded places along the Cut Bank road and St. Mary's region, and again at much higher altitudes near Morning Eagle Falls, grow the daintiest of vetches of a pale-blue colour, called the Alpine milk vetches.

Spirea:

Most noticeable in the bright sunlight on Gunsight Trail, Swift Current and Iceberg Lake Trails is the flower of a small shrub called the spirea. The fragrant blossom, which is white and

tinged with pink, grows in large fluffy flower heads. The red woody stems bear smooth oval-shaped leaves which are dark green above and paler beneath.

Globeflower:

In May and early June the globeflower is very conspicuous along the banks of Canyon Creek, and the shores of Grinnell and Cracker Lakes. Scarcely before the snow has melted one may find huge beds of this handsome white flower. It is sometimes mistaken for the anemone but it differs greatly in the size of the flowers, which are one and one-half inches in diameter and are subtended by a circle of leaves, and grow solitary on a stalk from six to twelve inches high. A conspicuous feature of the flower is the bright golden centre formed of many small petals and stamens. The glossy leaves are many cleft.

Snow Lily:

Throughout the summer at different elevations one may find the beautiful yellow flower called the snow lily. Its name is very likely derived from the fact that it blossoms so closely to the melting snow. On the mountain sides near Iceberg Lake, Piegan Mountain, and Granite Park

these short-lived flowers blossom in great profusion. On stems nearly a foot tall grow drooping yellow flowers having long tapering sepals and petals exposing stamens with brown anthers. The dull green leaves, which are from six to eight inches long, grow two or three in a whorl.

Rhododendron:

Again and again as you ride the skyland trail of Gunsight, Iceberg Lake, Grinnell Lake and Swift Current one will see high on the ledges and hillsides one of the most beautiful shrubs of the Park—the white rhododendron. It frequently grows to the height of five feet and bears thin leaves that are glossy green above and paler below. They are about two inches long with wavy margins. The pure white flowers, which grow in a cluster, are nearly an inch broad, spreading with five lobes. The pretty yellow centres are formed of ten pale-yellow stamens and the style.

Lady's Slipper:

In the primeval forest of Going-to-the-Sun where the sunbeams play hide and seek, and in the woods where floats on the air the spicy fragrance of Piegan Pines, grows the large yellow lady's slipper. Even the most unobserving

tourist will see and recognise this lovely flower with its inflated golden sac flanked by long twisted sepals and petals of greenish colour. The leaves grow alternately on the stem and are elliptical, veiny, and yellowish green in colour. On some of the barren lateral moraines of Canyon Creek and Grinnell Lake one may also rejoice in the sight of these beautiful flowers.

In the deep moist woods of St. Mary's, Trick Falls, and Many Glacier region during July one does not uncommonly find the small yellow lady's slipper, which resembles the species just described, yet differs in size and deeper colouring. The small inflated sacs are nearly orange in colour, and blotched with purplish lines and spots.

Indian Paint Brush:

Whole mountain slopes are clothed in brilliant flame colour when the Indian paint brush is in bloom. There is not a section of the Park where this showy flower may not be found. One is reminded of the salvia and geraniums of our cultivated gardens when one comes upon a huge bed of this fiery blossom, which frequently is coloured pink, coral, tangerine, or canary. The

flower grows in dense spikes at the end of the stalk from six inches to two feet tall. The corolla is quite colourless, but the brilliant hues of the blossom come from the enveloping bracts which vary in shades of rich colour. From the cleft tube of the corolla extends the long pistil. The leaves are alternate and sessile with wavy margins.

Painted Cups:

Resembling and rivalling the Indian paint brush are the painted cups. The leaves of this plant are the chief difference between the two. In the latter the margins are entire. In June and July the painted cups virtually paint the meadows throughout the Park scarlet or magenta hues.

Like the Indian paint brush, the colour of the "flower" is due to the brilliant bracts that practically cover the corolla. The flower stalk bears numerous leaves and grows on long creeping root-stalks.

The endless variety of floral growth in the Park includes violets, wild strawberries, mosses, ferns, sweet grass, bear-grass, berry bearing shrubs, thorn apple, poplars, and dwarf maples,

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all easily recognised by every traveller; and there are yet many more lovely flowers that are unfamiliar to even the botanist and have not yet been classified.

CHAPTER VIII

SOME MOUNTAIN LAKES

OF all the attractive and wonderful features of Glacier National Park probably no other possesses such charm, such unsurpassed beauty, and such eloquence of grandeur as its mountain lakes. High up amid the stupendous rock fortresses lie these shining jewels of Nature.

The basins of these lakes were formed ages ago by glacial action. The ice monsters, creeping slowly down the valleys, gouged deeply into the rocks, leaving many fantastic mountain shapes, and making depressions, into which the melting ice slipped and formed beautiful lakes, giving forth from their clear surfaces faithful portrayal of mountain, cloud and tree. In these shining mirrors may be seen the dark green of the encircling pines, the varied colours of towering mountain walls ending in ragged peaks or castellated ridges, and the deep blue of the far away vault of the heavens, across which fleecy clouds roll and melt away.

These lakes vary in shape, size and colour. Influenced by the Continental Divide, they generally extend in direction from northeast to southwest or the reverse. In shape the larger ones are long and narrow, while the smaller ones are oval or irregular. They differ in size from those ten to twelve miles in length and from a half to a mile in width, to others as very small pools. From different viewpoints and under different lights the waters appear emerald, black, violet, sapphire, indigo-blue, sea-green, and a burnished copper.

Their settings are truly ideal. The shores of this one are fringed with majestic pines shooting upward a hundred feet and more; from those of another rise precipitous mountain-walls two or three thousand feet heavenward; and in front of the waters of others are spread miniature parks, rich with the bloom and fragrance of gentians, paint brush, larkspur and other mountain flowers.

Prosaic and ill-humoured is he who can look upon a mountain lake and not yield to the witchery, poetry and fascination of its beauty. Cold and impassive are the stately silent mountains, treacherous and forbidding are the white-sheeted glaciers, dark and gloomy are the sighing pines

of the forest, but these beautiful smiling lakes flash forth a dazzling brightness from out their sombre and wild environment, giving cheer and courage to the beholder.

Beautiful as the Italian Lakes may be, lovely as are the Swiss Lakes surrounded by the snow-clad Alps, picturesque and charming as Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond of Scotland, and delectable as are the English Lakes, our own America has lakes reposing in the glorious Rocky Mountains which can not be surpassed in beauty and grandeur, and whose scenic surroundings are bound to be appreciated more and more as tourists penetrate into the rugged regions of this great wonder park. Many tourists who have gazed with wonder and admiration upon the lakes of foreign countries do not even know of the existence of these marvellous shining waters in their own mountains.

In this wonderful tumbled region lie more than two hundred and fifty lakes. Of these there stand out prominently those which, seen in the full flush of their beauty, will remain in the mind's eye as lasting pictures.

Beautiful Two Medicine Lake was the first to greet our eyes. Descending the steep trail leading from Mt. Henry toward the inviting

chalets we halted at Donald's call and tried to grasp the glories of this exquisite mountain lake lying far below us, and stretching out like a silver ribbon to its three-mile length.

The next morning in a row-boat we crossed this beautiful shining water and anchored under the shadow of some overhanging trees close to the lake's edge. More and more did the setting of this mountain-hemmed lake impress us as we observed the massive rock walls of Rising Wolf looming up precipitously from its north shore, Appistoki on its south shore, and at its head Mt. Rockwell resembling a pyramid and seeming almost to overhang the water.

Lovely as this picturesque lake appears in the full light of day it becomes even more wonderful in its beauty, as the surrounding peaks, retaining the last crimson blush of day, are reflected from the quiet depths of a sleeping water.

Farther north, resting in a valley celebrated for mountain grandeur, lies one of the most beautiful sheets of water in the world. Framed by snow-encrusted mountains, this striking picture flashes forth its sparkling waters from a crescent-shaped hollow, measuring ten miles in length and one in width. For sheer beauty of surroundings



ST. MARY'S LAKE



CAMP AT ST. MARY'S LAKE

this mountain lake, named Upper St. Mary's, can be spoken of only in superlative terms.

Interwoven with its superb setting and the beauty of its bright smiling face, is the suggested atmosphere breathing forth the spirit and superstition of the Blackfeet, who long ago roamed along its shores and paid reverence to the Underwater People, the Makers of Storms, who, according to Indian tradition, dwelt in its limitless depths.

On a clear day when the sun's rays have dispelled every veil of mist clinging to the surrounding mountain heads, the surface of the lake receives the brilliancy radiated from these shafts of light, and appears a shining mass of ripples.

Late in the afternoon after a strenuous sixteen-mile ride in the saddle, we ambled into the camp of St. Mary's and rejoiced when we were quartered alone in a cosy chalet on a high point in full view of the lake.

Sitting before the cheery fire throwing out heat and comfort and talking over the incidents of the ride, we became sensible of a lurid light filling the room. Looking out we found we were to witness a storm on a mountain lake, a thing to be remembered a lifetime.

The sky was overcast with dark and angry

clouds in rapid motion. From these at intervals emitted flashes of forked lightning, followed by volleys of deep thunder which rolled and reverberated as it carried from mountain to mountain and echoed and re-echoed from peak to peak. The wind lent its force, bringing a sheet of rain down the mountain sides toward the water. It is almost unbelievable to what a fury a lake can lash itself when exposed to the wild elements of Nature. The water seemed to rise with a convulsive movement to meet the wind and rain sweeping down the length of the lake. The white hissing waters tumbled in fury as one tremendous wave followed another. Masses of water lifted up and rushed on to be followed in turn by oncoming waves on whose tops great white caps spilled over and dashed in spray. Rain fell in torrents interspersed with vivid flashes and almost constant roaring thunder.

It was a spectacle of power which we watched with mingled awe and admiration. How soon it was over! Rain clouds cleared and the sun broke through. But the troubled waters whose depths had been so violently disturbed continued for hours their restless and angry movements. Even then we heeded the warning not to at-

tempt a boat-ride in the little skiff riding at anchor near the dock.

In the long twilight after the wind had died away some quieting power touched the water with a magic wand and it became as glass. Gradually there became visible in its clear depths a wonderful inverted reproduction of the encompassing mountains, some topped with varied tints of colour, others pure and white with the eternal snow.

For pure enjoyment we could have lingered indefinitely at St. Mary's, but the next morning we embarked on the beautifully appointed steam launch, *The St. Mary*, with "The Sun" as our objective point. Heading out into the lake what a glorious sight lay before us! On either side as far as the eye could reach stretched a line of noble mountains. Rising precipitously from the north shore were Singleshot Mountain with its coloured bands, Whitefish Mountain, Goat Mountain, and the imposing Going-to-the-Sun Mountain. On the south shore lay Red Eagle, Little Chief, Citadel, Almost-a-Dog, the obelisk-shaped Fusillade, and way in the distance Reynolds and Clements.

The Many Glacier region, north of St. Mary's Valley, abounds in mountain lakes. This is the

lake centre of the Park. Though small, these bodies of water are famed for beauty lying amid such impressive mountain scenery. The glories and fascination of these jewels of nature are an inspiration and linger long in the memory.

Perhaps in no other portion of the Park can the nature-lover see so varied a display of wildness and marvellous beauty so charmingly brought to view as when approaching this region over a trail leading to the camp.

McDermott and Iceberg lakes stand out luminously in memory against a background of mountains, glaciers, canyons and wooded valleys.

Following Piegan Trail, every step of which revealed features taxing our vocabularies to find epithets fitting such unimaginable grandeur, we approached Lake McDermott through a beautiful timber in a series of ups and downs. Glimpses now and then of the blue or green of Grinnell and Altyn lakes were caught through the trees, but our rapture knew no bounds when lovely McDermott burst into full view and smiled at us in the bright light of a glorious sunshine.

Nestling in a depression among a company of kingly mountains, proudly bearing aloft their gorgeous colours and gleaming marble of snows, it is fed by waters from near-by glaciers indicated

by long milky-white streams reaching far out into its blue waters. From the balcony of our chalet, perched high on a hillside, this quiet green-edged lake appeared overshadowed by the pyramidal peak of Grinnell Mountain to the southwest, whose lower slopes toward the lake are forested with a green mantle; awe-inspiring Gould Mountain, lying farther away in the same direction, and raising its white gable high above the water; Mt. Wilbur with its cloud-muffled head looming up at the west, and Altyn Peak rising from the north shore.

Our most satisfactory impression of McDermott was in the long evening when the sunset painted the mountain tips with a copper glow, and the slopes with lilac shades. Then the lake's serene bosom mirrored an exact duplicate of mountains, drifting clouds, and pale moon. Looking long upon the silent peaceful picture until engraved upon the inner eye, we, too, quietly sought rest filled with a strange, sweet calm.

Strikingly different from every other is Iceberg Lake which is the only one of its kind on the continent. This phenomenal lake lies on the north side of Wilbur Mountain in a cirque 6110 feet above sea level and is surrounded on three

sides by ragged vertical walls 3000 feet high. The Garden Wall forms a portion of this rock-frame.

The solitude of this almost isolated spot is broken at intervals by great splashes of ice-masses which have lost their balance and fallen into the water below, as their mother, the last remnant of an old glacier which dug the basin, creeps too far over her support. In this little sapphire gem of water, a half mile in diameter, float many crystal miniature bergs scintillating with rainbow hues under the sunlight, or, under a shadow, riding majestically like great white swans on its blue surface.

The open side of the lake is bordered with stones and rocks forced up by the water and lying in disordered heaps. Back of these rocks is spread a grassy meadow carpeted with a profusion of wild flowers.

Sitting for a long time on some rocks projecting over the water, we looked long at the wonderful and fascinating picture—the towering coloured cliffs, the innumerable streams hurrying down their walls, the glacier steadily grinding away, the azure water, the white ships riding at anchor, the multitude of blooms, and far up on

dizzy ledges the nimble goats and sheep skipping about.

Standing on Gunsight Pass, by facing about, we looked down upon two exquisite lakelets. One, a blue jewel, lies 3,000 feet below, locked within the arms of Gunsight and Jackson Mountains. Down the black and austere walls are rushing many white streams to mingle with the blue below. At sunset this lakelet becomes a laver of gold. Looking southwest in a different angle of the same mountains, beautiful Lake Ellen Wilson appears iridescent under the magical caresses of the sun, or again it bears on its small mirror-like surface shadows of the impending cliffs and far-away clouds.

Avalanche Lake! Words seemed sacrilegious in the face of such marvellous beauty and we paid a silent tribute to the work of Nature. Enclosed by mountain walls on all sides except at the outlet, this gem of the mountains lies in a hollow carved by some ancient glacier. From the water's edge dark green forests of pines and spruces clothe portions of the steep slopes until they give way to snowy fields and coloured strata of bare rock. To the eastward rises a wall of rock whose dark sides are veined with six long trails of foaming water escaping from the imprisoned Sperry

Glacier far above, and plunging wildly to the bosom of the milky white lake below. Glacial fed and with its surface enlivened with countless bubbles this lake looks like nothing so much as a beautiful pearl sunk deep in its rugged setting of cirque walls.

Lake McDonald near Belton is a familiar name. In size and setting it resembles the Italian lakes more than any other in the Park. Unlike the other lakes it is not walled in. From the shores of this entrancing sheet of water gradually rise wonderfully wooded hills which sweep on and up until lost in a silent group of mountains, looming high against the blue sky and guarding the upper end of the lake. These attractive sentinels are Stanton, Edwards, Brown, Vaught, and Canyon Mountains—a goodly array.

The chief charm of matchless Lake McDonald lies in the clearness of its blue depths fed by silvery threads of water and noisy cataracts. Keen was our delight when the little boat swung out into the lake and headed for the distant peaks. We wondered at the purity and depth of the water, clear as crystal, when in this perfect looking-glass of Nature the most unrivalled reflections took definite form. It caught every mood



ICEBERG LAKE



AVALANCHE LAKE

of the restless sky and the rich green of the surrounding shore-hills, while the distant mountains with their snow-steeples appeared to stand erect in its tranquil depths.

CHAPTER IX

ON GLACIERS

TIME was, long ages before history began, when a large part of the North American Continent, including the region of Glacier National Park, was covered with great sheets of ice. There were several stages of this Glacial Period, or Great Ice Age, during which were chiselled the characteristic and beautiful features of this Alpine wonderland. The rock-walled amphitheatre, the rugged peaks, the charming valleys, the polished cliffs, the lovely lake basins, are all the work of these gigantic and ancient glaciers.

Within the borders of Glacier National Park there are to-day "hanging gardens" garlanding some of the finest of the peaks. These present-day glaciers are widely distributed but not stupendous. They are very insignificant in size when compared with the great glaciers of the Canadian Rockies; the "awful sea-going breeders of icebergs" in Alaska; and the Rhone Glacier, Mer de Glace, and Glacier des Bossons

of the Alps. However, they have a splendid setting in this Alpine region, and form one of the most interesting features of sight-seeing trips open to the appreciative tourist.

Small as are the glaciers of Glacier National Park, comparatively speaking, they are in every respect typical in structure, movement, and activity of the greatest ice-fields of the world. We may observe here as in other glacial regions the great masses of soft snow which falls on the high mountain tops; the ice on the upper slopes formed of the condensed and solidified snow; the various changes of formation as the glacier moves gradually downward into lower and warmer regions; the formation of chasms, furrows and crevasses in its surface caused by various strains due to unequal rates of motion and variations in the slope of the glacier bed; the imprinting of the dates of its passage upon the great rock walls; the building up of lateral and terminal moraines by the rocks and débris which it has carried on its back or plucked from the soil; and finally, the ending of its work and life in the valley below, where it melts into "gletcher-milch" flowing in many rivulets to join a mountain torrent.

Throughout the Park there are recesses among the great ranges that are reminders of the scor-

ing and plucking of the ancient glaciers. These are the numerous cirques marking the reservoirs which they once occupied. To-day instead of being filled with névé, many hundred feet deep, they have resulted in lovely Alpine parks and wooded hollows of great beauty of contour, or bare and empty rock-wall basins high up on the mountain side.

Geological survey has covered the greater part of the Park, and while there are considerable glacial phenomena not yet studied, about ninety of the glaciers have been examined.

The principal glaciers in that part of the Park which is most accessible to the tourist are:

1. Region of Gunsight Chalets: *Blackfoot Glacier*. The largest glacier in Glacier National Park and readily accessible. An approximate area of three square miles. Lying in a depression between Mt. Jackson and Blackfoot Mountain.

Harrison Glacier. On south face of Mt. Jackson.

Pumpelly Glacier. On south face of Blackfoot Mountain.

2. Region of Sperry Chalets: *Sperry Glacier*. Next in size to Blackfoot Glacier. Area about one square mile. Outlook of 3,000

feet down into Avalanche Basin. Discovered and named by Prof. Lyman Beecher Sperry.

3. Region of Red Eagle Valley: *Red Eagle Glacier*. At the headwaters of Red Eagle Creek, on the east face of Mt. Logan. *Split Mountain Glacier*. On the north face of Split Mt.

4. Region of Going-to-the-Sun Chalets: *Sexton Glacier*. May be explored from Piegan Pass. Visible from the head of St. Mary's Lake. On the east side of Going-to-the-Sun Mt. *Little Chief Glacier*. On east face of Little Chief Mt.

5. Many Glacier Region: *Grinnell Glacier*. Named in honour of George Bird Grinnell, one of the first to explore these mountains. Area about one mile. Between Gould and Grinnell Mts. Visible from Many Glacier Hotel.

Swift Current Glacier. Accessible from Piegan Pass Trail. On north face of Siyeh Mt.

Piegan Glacier. On east face of Piegan Mt.

Canyon Creek Glacier. Above the beautiful lake at the head of Canyon Creek.

6. Region of Ahern Pass: *Chaney Glacier*. Named in honour of Prof. L. W. Chaney, Jr., of Carleton College, Northfield, Minn. On the Continental Divide about five miles northwest of Ahern Pass.

Sue Lake Glacier. Above Sue Lake west of

Chaney Glacier. Source of icebergs floating in the lake.

Shepard Glacier. Named for E. R. Shepard of Minneapolis, Minn. Occupies two levels of cirque. West of creek which flows out of Sue Lake.

In the northwestern part of Glacier National Park is an interesting area of glaciers. This section is away from the Park's travelled trails, but is accessible to those who choose to "rough it." Here one may explore *Vulture Peak Glaciers* on east slope of Vulture Peak.

Carter Glacier. Near Jefferson Pass.

Rainbow Glacier. On the east flank of Rainbow Peak.

Olson Creek Glacier. At the head of the valley of Olson Creek.

Boulder Glacier. At the head of Bowman Creek Valley.

Agassiz Glacier. On the northeast slope of Kintla Mt.

Kintla Glacier. On the west flank of Kintla Mt.

Of the appearance and real nature of a glacier it is difficult to form even an approximately correct conception. One must walk upon the back of such an ice-monster, and gaze into its awful

depths and crevasses before it can be known to one.

There is no glacier in the Park so easily accessible to the tourist as Blackfeet Glacier, hence when we reached Gunsight Camp, our chief interest lay in the ascent of Mt. Jackson to the glacier, and its exploration as far as circumstances permitted.

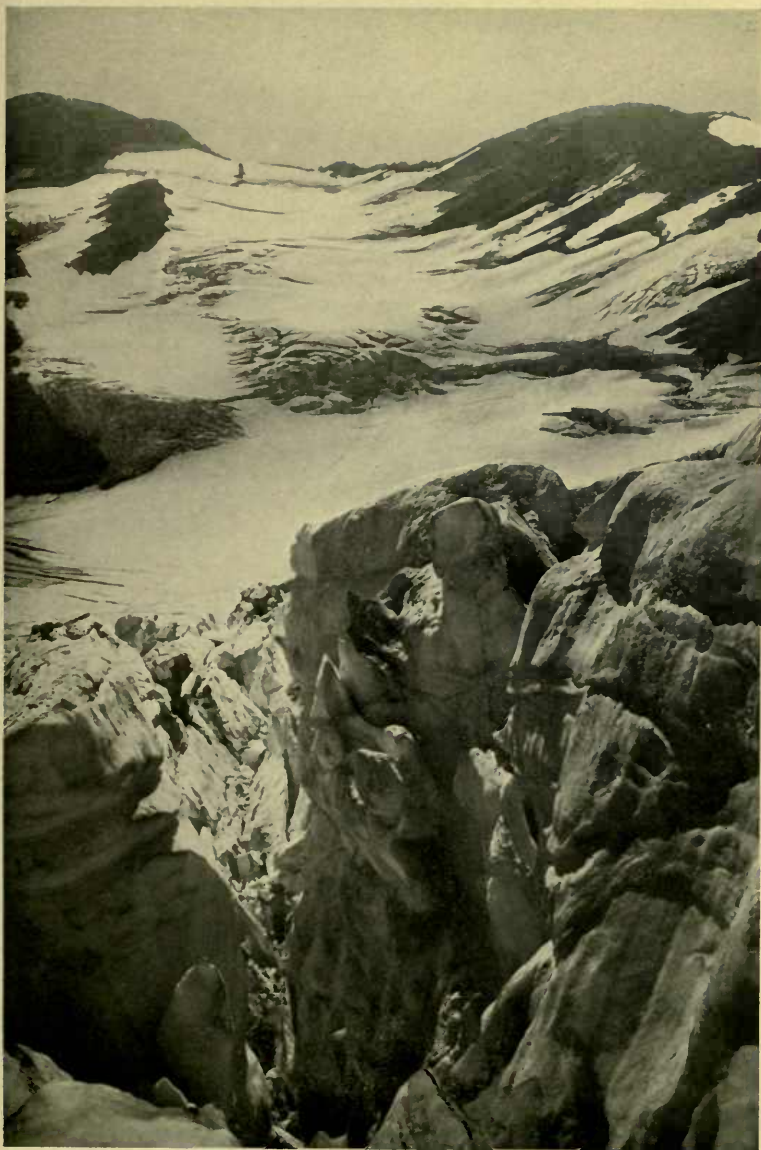
Having duly complied with the government regulations regarding the ascent of Blackfeet Glacier, we were provided with long Alpine stocks and belts. Donald, who accompanied us, carried an emergency equipment and the required ropes and belt as well as his stout stick. At nine o'clock in the morning of as bright and lovely a day as one could wish we started out. From the Gunsight Chalets for a mile or more, the trail, a pretty winding path, led southward through an Alpine meadow 5,300 feet high, covered with flowery turf and interspersed with rocks.

Then began a climb of 500 feet up the north flank of Mt. Jackson by a path very narrow and in places worn into steps like those of a rude rock staircase. At first we passed through thick pine woods that shut out every prospect, but as we mounted higher and paused to rest at

frequent intervals, the trees formed lovely glimpses of Citadel, Going-to-the-Sun and Little Chief Mts.

Huge boulders strangely carved and chiselled, embedded deeply in the soil along the trail, gave evidence of the extent of the old-time glaciers of this land. After we came out of the shadow of the trees we entered bare ground save for the green turf strewn with brightly coloured Alpine flowers. The "ridge," as Donald called the morainal embankment near the foot of the main lobe of the western part of the glacier, shut out that white, gleaming mass, backed against the upper mountain slope of that peak which we were ascending.

At last we clambered over a strangely piled up wall, a sort of dyke of boulders and fragments of stone which had fallen from the terminal margin of the glacier. Now we had a full clear view of a marvellous and interesting scene spread out before us. Blackfeet Glacier of the type known as "cliff glacier" lay in a cirque or depression extending in an east-west line about three miles, and from its upper crest downward about one and one-half miles. Narrowing down from its spreading upper margin to the valley below, it looked like a great white out-spreading



BLACKFEET GLACIER

fan. Our eyes swept round curiously, and from our observation point we saw it all distinctly—the névé or upper snow field feeding the glacier; the lateral glaciers, eastern and western, converging into the central or main trunk glacier; the morainal lines which come in with the lateral glaciers; the cascading snow over the upper ledges; and the “bergschund” or crevasse far up the slope, marking the line of separation of the névé and moving ice.

As we crossed over the western part of the glacier we found no great difficulties obstructing our progress. It was nearly noon and the sun was hot. We were conscious of a sort of humming or rustling in the thousands of little channels crossing each other—each one a vein of ice water. With careful steps and firm tread we succeeded in walking about without slips and sitting down on the shining perspiring surface.

In many places we encountered stretches where the surface was covered with so-called ice-needles and sharp-crested ridges, making the footing exceedingly unpleasant and even dangerous; but we saw only enough crevasses to make us realise that we must be watchful and not slip into them.

Suddenly and without warning we were star-

tled by a deafening report. Directing ourselves to Donald for safety, he anticipated our inquiry by grinning at us and pointing to the highest slope far from us. His pantomime was sufficiently plain to us. We were in no danger. A part of the lovely but exceedingly treacherous mass of snow which hung over the ridges above the glacier which we had been admiring but a short time before, had cascaded over the rocks to the ice below. There it would remain to be welded to the lower mass by repeated thawing and freezing.

Donald, believing perhaps that our nerves had been sufficiently shattered to require a rest, suggested that it was long past lunch time and that he knew of a big boulder perched high on the moraine to the west, where we could eat our lunch and at the same time enjoy the glorious peaks all around us,—Almost-a-Dog, Fusillade, Reynolds, Going-to-the-Sun, Citadel and many more in the far distances. Our appetites had been whetted by the exertions of the last three hours, hence we did justice to the good things with which our boxes were filled, though we missed the hot coffee which Donald prepared for us when we “camped” for an hour that day near Piegan Pines. We threw cookies at the little black and

white mountain marmots that came from out behind the rocks to look at us. They are shy but very interesting little creatures. Their teasing whistle may be heard on nearly every trail of the Park.

As we walked over to the flank of the glacier again we noticed that in many places the ice thinned to the foot of the moraines and sometimes showed the layers of different composition of ice in zones—some clear, some dirty, some whitish, and some bluish. We examined several of the great cracks and fissures, which have generally at the upper surface an elliptical shape. Some we easily leaped across, but several were fifteen or more feet in width. A look into these revealed the most exquisite tints of colours. This phenomenon of colour seems one of bewitchment, for some of this ice which radiated in the glacier cavern with a flame like indigo lost all its beautiful colouring when Donald had chipped off a piece and brought it to the light of day. It then appeared like any other colourless piece of lake or river ice.

These grottoes, too, showed the structures of the glacial ice, which is formed by a series of transformations by the sun, the rain, and the frost into veins of white or blue. We saw prac-

tically no drift embedded in the ice forming the walls of the crevasses. Very little débris is known to fall from the upper slopes upon Black-foot Glacier.

As we made our way slowly down the steep slippery descent to the valley floor, the rushing of the water as it flowed in rivulets upon the ice became more and more distinct. The speed with which the water flowed down was augmented by the frontal slope which seemed more than 15 degrees. In some places the water had cut deeply into the ice, and frequently formed small rivers two feet wide.

At the extreme front of the lower lobe on which we were walking the ice was fairly dirty from the rubbish proceeding from the medial moraines—at least it was much more discoloured than farther up the slope; and the water changed in colour to a milky-white as it poured from the frontal banks. It was thick with silt from the rocks ground and powdered beneath the glacier.

Everywhere, as we walked along the front margin of Blackfoot Glacier, we noted the soft, fine rock flour which forms the main composition of the morainal embankment. In this were embedded various kinds of rocks, large and small; some which the glacier had carried on its back

from the upper mountain slopes were hardly worn, but others showed the results of being plucked from out the soil and carried underneath millions of tons of ice over the granite and limestone rocks of its bed. These were polished and chiselled and showed striated facets. In but few places did the ice extend to the drifts, as the glacier thinned some distance farther up the slope. The ground of course was bare of vegetation, but not far below the morainal loop trees were growing.

Many glacial brooks fed by countless milky streams that poured from out as many tiny glacier gates were hurrying to join the torrent which is the headwaters of St. Mary's River. Here we loitered for a time and then hiked back to Gunsight Camp some three miles away.

CHAPTER X

TYPES OF TOURISTS

IN all conditions of life and under all circumstances, people must always furnish a most interesting subject for study. To the student of human nature the analysis of character presents an ever-varying panorama of motives, emotions, impulses, and results, as evidenced by bearing and conduct. Close observation of the same traits in a number of people leads one to classify individuals possessing such similar characteristics as representatives of a type.

Each individual thus fits into a class typical of markings which differentiates this particular class from every other. These features marking one are usually so manifest that the close observer can easily classify him who comes within close range of study.

We took great interest and profited not a little in taking notice of tourists as they appeared to us during our stay in Glacier Park. This magnificent park in itself is so natural and free

from the innovations and artificialities of an over-civilization that the least suggestion of these encumbrances within its borders seems like presuming upon Nature.

Such a place affords a wonderful opportunity for type study, as here East and West come together, while North greets South. Travellers from every section of our country meet here on common ground, and it is noticeable that many formalities deemed fitting and necessary with other environment are here dispensed with. Possibly a feeling of individual proprietorship is in a measure responsible for this license, and each one feels himself acting the part of a host to a degree, for at the gateway entrance, high in the breeze, proudly floats the Stars and Stripes, under which banner every place is home to the American citizen.

Our first specimen for observation was the self-satisfied, rather corpulent, be-diamonded-ringed woman whose only home is a hotel wherever she may be. This individual was upward of sixty years, I should judge, though her bleached hair, rouged cheeks and well-groomed figure might lead the casual observer to place her rather nearer the meridian of youth.

Conspicuous at all times in the forest-lobby

and hovering near the great fireplace, her time was spent in reading or playing solitaire except at such times as propinquity enabled her to draw into conversation some unsuspecting one from whom she might learn some interesting point about a recent arrival, or into whose ear she might pour some information, the obtaining of which had satisfied her previous curiosity.

As Glacier Park is a new resort she must know something of it personally, though her acquaintance be limited to the entrance hotel. Having conversed with many who had gone through the Park, she would in the future be able to speak intelligently and eloquently of its beauties, giving special emphasis to the unsurpassed views obtained from the dizzy heights of the skyland trails.

Another type much in evidence was this most interesting one, common the world over, always has been, and always will be as long as time and humanity endure, unless possibly the so-called emancipation of woman through the ballot may tend in future generations to free her also from the shackles of marriage with which its ardent supporters feel their sex burdened.

This great army of "honey-mooners" has its representatives here each season. The markings

of this type are unmistakable in each of the several sub-divisions of the general class.

Here appear in the hotel lobby a pair who immediately become the cynosure of all eyes. The bride is the clinging-vine variety, who with a proud, exultant look views her unhampered sisters sitting contentedly about the fireplace, with a look of mingled sympathy and supreme triumph for having captured this prize, while the manner of the bridegroom plainly declares, "I permit this woman to adore me." After flitting to and from the station to watch the arrival and departure of trains, viewing the mountain scenery from the veranda, sending post-cards to relatives and friends, and purchasing some souvenirs for themselves, in a day or two they vanish, no doubt able to give detailed information regarding the wonders of Glacier Park.

Another brand! Stepping to the tune of Mendelssohn and with the strains of "Beloved, It Is Morn," or, "At Thy Sweet Voice," still ringing in their ears, they make their way to the transportation desk to arrange their itinerary through the Park. We were asked if we would like to join them under one guide, but we declined for we had come solely for the *scenery*, and notwithstanding the old saying, "All the

world loves a lover," at this particular time we could not acquiesce in the sentiment. However, our route lay parallel with theirs for a time, and we were sometimes prone to wonder if their eyes, like the mirrored lakes, really did reflect the beauties and wonders of these awe-inspiring places, for ever and anon each directed his gaze to the other. How they managed to keep in their saddles down the precipitous descents is still a wonder, but self-preservation must have claimed its right. At Iceberg Lake the guide was sent ahead to "take a picture" of the most wonderful lake in America, while "little wife" and her knight rested beside a huge rock. We met them again at the hotel where they were most enthusiastic over the mountains, lakes, and valleys, and heard them relate thrilling adventures in traversing Gunsight Pass and scaling the utmost peak of Mt. Jackson!!!

How differently from the foregoing are we impressed with the true nature-lovers of this type. Dignified in manner, and clad appropriately in knickerbocker and meadowbrook riding suits they are here with keen appreciation. Touring the park thoroughly and mutually interested in every new feature, they discuss these with fellow-tourists. For them no ride is too strenuous,

no climb too fatiguing, no trail too steep. With great interest one day we watched them climb to a dizzy height in an attempt to get close enough to some mountain sheep to get a picture. These nimble animals led them a merry chase, and whether they succeeded in getting the picture or not, I do not know, but the exhilaration of the climb, the fun of pursuit and the risk involved amply repaid them.

Camera fiend? Yes, he is conspicuous throughout the Park. One's equipment seems almost incomplete without this much-prized object hanging from the shoulder. Most tourists use the camera in moderation and with judgment, yet there stands out prominently the specimen who "takes" everything regardless of other's rights, of good breeding, or of the value of the subject. We had arranged with Yellow Head and his wife, that on a certain morning they should pose for us in their picturesque Indian costume. We had placed them and were focussing the camera when we heard a rushing through the grass, a hurried breathing and a quick snap, followed closely by a second. Turning, we fronted my lady who wore a satisfied look for her achievement. We hastily handed a generous fee to Yellow Head, whereupon the chagrined interrupter

began searching in her pocket-book which unfortunately she carried in plain sight.

Would you believe there are wimpus believers! A model of this creature occupies a conspicuous place over the newsstand in Glacier Park Hotel. Close observation and careful study of the external appearance of the animal show it to be a mixture of fish, monkey, reptile, cat, spider, and bat. Therefore its idiosyncrasies must be remarkable. One would travel a long way to find a more curious specimen of animal life than is to be found in the Glacier Park wimpus. The only detail now to ascertain is its origin. It is said to dwell in the tops of tall trees and from there to fly down and attack innocent travellers, but that no harm is to be feared if one knows what to do when he sees one coming. We saw no wimpus.

There is one unmistakable type of tourist. They are the people who when at home are used to and care for not even the mildest form of exercise, and consequently are utterly unfit for a tour of the Park as far as physical preparation is concerned. This does not deter them, however, from taking a gait that outclasses by far the accomplishments of the most seasoned mountaineer. Their one happiness is to be exhausted

at the end of their stunt. Some of this special brand are possessed with an insane idea to get sunburned, exposing their throats and arms until assured of an actual rawness.

This type is followed by the tenderfoot who overdoes it on equipment, making sure that his boots are fitted with spurs so he may force his horse to a gallop along the trails. This one's neck is sure to be swathed in the folds of a brightly coloured bandana.

This chattering and laughing announce the arrival of the "Omega Tau" Convention girls, numbering some two hundred. While the majority prefer the automobile ride to St. Mary's, the few others wish to try a trail ride. Horses are made ready, and awe-struck and nervous for never having ridden before, the girls climb into the saddles, dressed as for the *matinée* save for the rented divided skirt—in silk hose, pumps, garden-hats, and lingerie waists. With knees hunched up they follow along behind the guides who lead them along the trail through the woods for a while, getting them back to the hotel in time for dinner. During the evening the lobby resounds with college songs and dancing until their special train is called and soon they are

whirling westward, each feeling glad to have had even a glimpse of Glacier Park.

In procession now pass rapidly before the mind's eye the "lung thinker" who returns from his trip shouting himself hoarse with stories of the most hair-breadth escapes and most thrilling achievements; the patronising-air walking tourist with hair parted in the middle and wearing a wrist watch, who constantly recounts his walking through the Alps; the experienced traveller who in an hour's time takes you to India, Japan, Hawaii, and all over Europe; and the beautifully dressed lady who comes in at night after a walk over wet and muddy trails, in fashionable velour suit, high-heeled pumps, white gloves, and plumed hat.

At last we find the true nature-lover. He is here because he knows that in Glacier Park can be seen the most varied and awe-inspiring scenery of the American continent. He has read all available subject-matter and has a definite idea of what is to be seen. He possesses an appreciation of nature and loves it. The cold bracing air with its tang of balsam and pine is tonic to his nerves; the mighty mountains impart their strength to him; the glaciers impress him with their mighty silent work, the result of which will

be known and seen ages hence; the splendour of the trees relieved by a background of hills and snow-mantled mountains gives him inexpressible pleasure; the wild-yawning chasms on one side with gigantic mountain masses on the other fill him with reverence and awe; while the matchless beauty and grandeur of the combined wonders serve to develop in him a greater gratitude to the Creator whose hand has so bountifully equipped this marvellous place for the benefit and enjoyment of His creatures.

CHAPTER XI

A DAY WITH THE BLACKFEET

THE legends and traditions of the Blackfoot Indians are perpetuated in the names of many mountains, lakes, and glaciers of Glacier National Park, where for ages they roamed unconfined. The very name Blackfoot carries interest for it is believed to refer to the discolouring of their moccasins in the ashes of prairie fires or possibly to black painted moccasins.

This portion of the United States has been their home for centuries. According to history and tradition the Blackfeet have been roving buffalo-hunters with no fixed habitations, but living in tepees which could be easily moved from place to place. They possessed no knowledge of pottery or canoes nor did they till the soil except to raise tobacco. They gathered the camas which grew in the foothills, the bulbous root of which was used as a food by them.

Tradition declares they date back to a period when they had no horses but hunted game on

foot. Later they possessed great herds of horses taken as plunder. Restless, aggressive and predacious they constantly warred with neighbouring tribes except two tribes who were under their protection. In early times their attitude toward the United States was unfriendly and even by the Hudson Bay Company their friendship was doubted.

Among the later tribes to come into contact with the white men they retain to the present day many primitive customs. Of these are many religious, war and social dances and secret societies for various purposes. Their "sacred bundles," around each of which centres a special ceremony, carry a charm of mysticism, weirdness, and potency. Nearly every adult has his personal "medicine" which is no less than a charm to ward off evil spirits.

Their principal gods are the Sun and a supernatural being known as Napi or "Old Man." The Sun is to them the visible source of light and life and a symbol of the invisible Great Spirit. Napi may be an incarnation of the same idea. Their dead are laid away in trees or in specially built tepees on hills.

Browning, just east of the Rocky Mountains, is the agency headquarters for the Blackfeet

Indian Reservation. Westward a few miles looms against the sky the great Continental Divide, marked throughout its length by many towering peaks.

Should one be fortunate enough to be in this region and visit Browning about July 4th he might witness a spectacle never to be forgotten. Here may be seen in the flat on Willow Creek a great oval camp of tepees housing several thousand Blackfeet who have assembled here for their annual re-union, at which the old-time days of this people are reproduced with great reverence.

We were highly pleased when we learned that a day's trip by automobile to this place had been arranged. We were alert instantly upon reaching there for as we walked toward the camp we saw Indian horses in great numbers scattered about and dogs of all colours, sizes and kinds. Motley figures were moving about both on foot and on horseback.

In the distance, facing the sun, the Indian lodges were arranged in a circle. Within the open space of the circle were two lodges for the "Crazy Dog" party which in old days was a society to keep order. Now these lodges are make believe police headquarters. Opposite the circle is another lodge bearing painted figures of

men and horses. Needless to say the work as a piece of art is crude and simple but it tells its story. Not long ago one of their big men, "Little Plume," passed beyond and this tepee has been placed here apart from the others, that his spirit might return, though unseen, to this lodge and have a place in this celebration. That he was a warrior, great and victorious in battle, is recorded in the rude pictures all around his lodge.

The men who have charge of this camp to-day are Little Dog, the Head-Chief, assisted by such big men as Bear Chief, Jack Big Moon, Buffalo Body, White Quiver, Bad Married, Crow Eyes and others. Each lodge is decorated with some totemic symbol telling its story to those who are able to interpret its mysterious emblems.

Sit with us on the hillside where we can overlook the camp. About two o'clock the beat of the tomtoms heralds the activities of the afternoon and evening and is the signal for the Red people to deck out in their finest costumes. Later they begin to appear dressed elaborately in their bright and attractive Indian toggery. The men walk about in slashed buckskins ornamented profusely with beads, quills, and weasel-skins while their heads are covered with war bonnets also decorated. The squaws appear in bright col-

oured beaded skirts with loose coats of buckskins fairly covered with elk teeth and little tinkling bells. Both men's and women's faces are brilliant with paint of yellow, red, black or other colours equally gay.

This brilliant crowd of Blackfeet now slowly makes its way toward the Medicine Lodge which is built of poles and covered with boughs and which stands in the middle of the camp circle. The tomtom's incessant throb, to which are now added the sharp tones of the eagle wing-bone whistle, is calling the people to this lodge to watch Yellow Owl make medicine. We drift along with the crowd and find a position from which we can see the mysterious ceremony.

Opposite the door of the Medicine Lodge which must face the rising sun is a little recess made of green boughs which is Yellow Owl's "holy of holies." Offerings which have been given to the sun as sacrifices to their gods are hanging from the great medicine centre pole and are not to be touched.

In full paraphernalia a circle of chiefs stand inside the lodge and behind them are massed the brightly dressed Indians reverently watching Yellow Owl make medicine to the sun. They understand what all this means. The weirdness

and magic of it are interwoven into their lives until it is a part of their very being. Making medicine does not mean a curative but a magic or mystic power. By making an appeal to and attracting the attention of the sun they believe it will intercede for them with the Great Invisible. Let us not condemn the Indian as a superstitious being. His mind, as that of the white civilised human mind, reaches out for some tangible or visible expression of the Creator.

Let us look closely at this magician or medicine-man with his sinister and distrustful face as he holds his spectators spell-bound. His entire body is painted in yellow ochre and naked to the waist, from which falls a sort of blanket drapery to the tops of his moccasins. His head is tightly swathed in turban style with black silk cloth. Holding up an eagle feather in one hand and a cedar branch in the other he whistles, accompanied by the tomtom beat, and gazes at the sun for an hour, constantly swaying his body.

Yellow Owl stands for one long, wearisome hour making medicine to attract the attention of the sun which must look with favour upon his medicine and intercede with the Great Spirit else all this work is in vain. Now a virgin, who must be the daughter of a chief, is brought into

the Medicine Lodge to be offered as a sacrifice to the sun. Dressed in Indian finery and with cheeks painted a vermilion red she enters upon this ceremony that the sun may listen to the needs of her people.

Having placed her in front of the Medicine Lodge between himself and the sun, Yellow Owl stands behind her, holding over her head a pole to which are fastened material medicine sacrifices. Now he looks straight at the sun and chants a medicine-prayer imploring the sun to receive this woman as an offering from the tribe. They believe the sun really takes her spirit to his lodge and thenceforth she is regarded as a "Sun Woman" or the wife of the sun. To ensure a charm against the bad gods doing her harm Yellow Owl moves the pole over her head down to the ground at her right side, thence up over her head and down to the ground at her left side, thereby weaving a protecting spell about her as he chants a prayer. The ceremony has been marked by the most intense interest and the woman now leaves the lodge known by all as the wife of the sun.

Yellow Owl now makes medicine again, using about the same medicine ceremony as before except a different prayer-song. This is to call the

War Gods and Personal Gods together in the air to witness the daring and glorious deeds showing personal bravery of chiefs in the old-time battle days which are presently to be reproduced in pantomime.

Bear Chief announces from the middle of the lodge that he will now show his deeds as a warrior. Before this can be done he must give a sacrifice. So several blankets, bolts of cloth and other useful articles are brought in by the women of his family and spread out in view near the sacrifice pole.

The chiefs who are to take part form in two lines facing each other on either side of the Medicine Lodge with Bear Chief in the middle. One line represents his people and the other that of the enemy. They have guns loaded with blank cartridges and several carry coup-sticks which are six or eight feet long, the size of a little finger, and bearing an eagle feather at the end. In the old days the coup-stick was used to touch the enemy killed by any warrior.

Bear Chief now makes medicine by beating on a medicine drum and blowing the eagle wing-bone whistle. To this the chiefs add a war chant and at a little distance several old men pound vigorously on a rawhide with rattles made from

buffalo bladder, dried, blown up and filled with small stones. Imagine the din made by the combined noise of drum, whistle, war chant, and rattles with an occasional war-whoop. In the old days the Indians were wont to go through this ceremony believing it to be good medicine and possessing magic power to help them in their battles.

Now all is ready for the action. Crouching and moving back and forth between the lines, Bear Chief with his whistle and drum makes war medicine while the lines retreat and advance in succession, singing and making motions of imaginary war. A gun pops, followed by another and another. The lines charge back and forth and the incessant raw-hide pounding continues. Bear Chief now springs to the enemy's line and seizes one for a personal struggle. A gun pops and they fall apart as Bear Chief falls. His side charges the other and drives his opponent back as Bear Chief limps away.

We learn from this of a personal encounter Bear Chief had with an enemy and was wounded but did not lose his scalp.

After a short interval Bear Chief gives an exhibition of his skill and bravery in stealing some horses. He makes medicine again as the lines

form, retreating and advancing as before. Several of the enemy are riding coup-sticks which represent horses. Suddenly Bear Chief darts out, runs behind the enemy line and seizes the coup-stick from each Indian riding one, and returns with them to his own people. This act is marked by much shouting and laughing.

Bear Chief's third pantomime is the most thrilling reproduction of his former personal deeds. The preliminary making medicine and war-chanting with side-stepping to the raw-hide band music is the same as with the others. From the beginning the onset is terrific as the lines furiously charge and re-charge amid the cracking of guns. Bear Chief and one of the enemy now engage in a desperate man to man fight, rolling over and over on the ground. Finally Bear Chief rises from the dust, standing over his fallen enemy. Touching him with his coup-stick, he raises it and his hands to the sun, then stopping, goes through the motion of scalping his dead opponent and with a blood curdling war-whoop returns to his own people.

Thus Bear Chief re-enacts his personal encounter with a Sioux that he met, killed, and scalped.

The whole afternoon is spent in watching chief

after chief appear in this symbolic drama and live over the scenes of his former glory. We remember, too, that it is a true reproduction of what once was a reality in those days, when the chief business and delight of an Indian was to kill.

Our attention is drawn now to another attraction not far away. We find a Grass Dance in full swing. Around an open space are massed a circle of Indians, some sitting, some standing. Music for the dance is booming from a huge drum off a little to one side, upon which eight or ten finely clad young Indians are pounding with all their strength.

We inquire the reason for the Grass Dance and learn that this was another sort of religious ceremony to induce the gods to heed the desires of the people. In the old days they needed and must have grass for their horses and buffaloes. No grass meant no buffaloes and no buffaloes meant lack of food, clothing, skins for tepees and many other necessary things. To the Indian mind the growth of grass depended entirely on the attitude of the gods toward them. They believed the gods favoured those willing to make sacrifices and also those who made themselves the most attractive in their eyes. Therefore they

fairly outdid themselves in dressing in savage splendour, in dancing, chanting, and painting themselves in the most brilliant colours.

We step near the circle that we may not lose any feature of this ceremonial which in the old days was the means of inducing the gods to provide these people with grass. The variety of fancy costumes and the brilliant display of colour first impress us. Buckskins, bright-coloured beads, quills, eagle feathers, cloth of bright hues, bells, and vivid paint, play a prominent part in the savage idea of finery which is here in all its grotesqueness evident to the beholder. We gaze with keen interest at the scene.

The drum ceased for a moment, then at a signal booms forth again accompanied by the chanting of the drummers in a dreary monotone. The dancers sinuously glide forth into the open space with a sort of quick chain-step movement. The jingling of bells fastened to leggins and the noise from rattles carried in the hands combine with the steady drum-beat to produce a din which, if volume of noise alone were necessary, would be sufficient to draw the gods from the uttermost aerial regions of the universe.

These brightly dressed figures continue weaving in and out from a seemingly tangled mass

of beings, each in perfect step, and each moving independently in his own direction to the constant jingling and drum-beat. Over and above all the hot summer sun pours down its yellow light through a cloud of dust which softens and partly obscures the interesting scene.

As we look upon the re-enactment of an old religious ceremony with all its mystic weirdness we can but admire these Red men who so seriously place themselves in the attitude of their forefathers. They now *play* a part, bringing out of the misty past a ceremonial which in that far-away time was a reality fraught with momentous results, yet reproducing it with the same reverent spirit which moved each of the participants who long ago depended so vitally upon its efficacy in attracting the attention of the gods to draw near and supply their needs. Again let us remember that the Red man's way is not the White man's way in choice of symbols but the *motive* of appeal to the Great Invisible is and always has been the same.

The western sky grows refulgent with the afterglow of the glorious sun now hidden from view; the distant line of mountain peaks brightly outlined in a golden light rises above the great bulks below, standing out like massive black

walls; the fast gathering twilight draws a soft veil over the scene; the drum-beat ceases; dancers and crowd vanish and we feel lonely when a low soft chanting draws us to the farther end of the oval where we discern a group of women engaged in the Scalp Dance. We have become much interested in these various dances and linger to watch this one.

Two lines of women each numbering fifty or sixty form, facing each other. Each woman carries a coup-stick to which is hanging a feather which represents a scalp. The lines slowly step toward a centre, chanting in low tone rhythm until they meet and cross coup-sticks. This is followed by retreating in the same slow manner, keeping time to the low chanting. We learn that these are the old wives of old time warriors reproducing in pantomime the old Scalp Dance in which they used to take a part and carried lances ornamented with scalps taken in battle by their warriors.

The shadows of night are fast gathering and almost imperceptibly the floor of heaven is lighted with myriads of silver stars under the pale glow of which a circle of shadowy tepees becomes visible, weird and ghostlike. A tomtom beat now here, now there, marks where some gaily be-

decked chief privately entertains his intimate friends as they gather about his lodge fire in reminiscent mood. We sit on the grassy hillside to rest, drinking in the fresh mountain air while ever and anon in the silence of evening comes a low solemn chanting. Our senses are keenly alive to the rhythm of the music yet cannot fail to appreciate its underlying tone of savagery. We realise that the Red man is slowly passing and that ere many decades the original Americans of our continent will have become a memory.

To witness the sacred ceremony of opening the Medicine Bundle is a privilege granted to very few white men. We learn from one who was permitted to look upon this that it is a ceremonial attended with the utmost reverence.

Wrapped in skins the Medicine Bundle hangs from the lodge pole of the medicine camp. In the bundle are the sacred emblems which for several generations of medicine men have been used to exert their magic power to keep evil away and to appeal to the gods to favour their people. With a medicine stick the Medicine Man places some coals on the ground before him, then, chanting a prayer for protection, drops some Sweet Grass upon the medicine fire from which a white sweet-smelling smoke ascends. Each one present must

be smoke-bathed, emblematic of purification. The Medicine Man then wafts the smoke toward the Medicine Bundle which he takes down and places in front and a little to his right side, singing another prayer imploring the gods to protect the Sacred Bundle. The chanting becomes fainter and fainter as he slowly unwraps the emblems which are fully revealed by the dim flicker of the lodge fire. Having been purified in the smoke, each one may handle and look at the mysterious symbols while the Medicine Man explains the power of each.

Here are the skins of the beaver, the weasel, the swan, the mole, the rabbit and numerous birds; hoofs of the buffalo, the mountain sheep, and the mountain goat; magic rattles made of buffalo bladder filled with small pebbles; medicine stones; skulls and teeth of different animals; and two medicine pipes decorated with feathers. Each emblem has a definite use and as each is used the Medicine Man dances and chants a particular song designed to finally attract the gods' attention.

After making medicine the Medicine Man wraps and ties the precious bundle which to the Indian mind is potent with charm and mystic influence. The idea emphasises, as does the essence

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of all religions, only the blind groping of the human soul for something super-human to lean upon, only a cry from the weak to the strong, only the reaching of the finite toward the Great Infinite.

CHAPTER XII

SOME BLACKFEET LEGENDS AND INDIAN NAMES

THE oral literature of the Blackfeet Indians, like that of every other primitive race of men, contains interesting accounts of their origin and early history. These tales are in the form of verbal legends which have been transmitted from one generation to another, and frequently deal with religion, the chase, camp-life, the magic days of the powerful Medicine Men, individual valour, and tribal wars.

Some of these legends are very ancient, while others are of quite modern growth, but all bear the stamp of the beliefs characteristic of a people who had a thousand gods, and who imagined that they lived in a world of wild romance. Curiously, too, there are many resemblances to stories told among other and distant tribes.

The excellent translations of many of these poetic legends, by such writers and students of the Blackfeet Indians as Mr. George Bird Grinnell and Mr. J. W. Schultz, the discoverer of the

literature of the Blackfeet, give one a true idea of these people—picturesque, mystic, and natural. These legends are the Indians' own stories, giving pictures of their every-day life from the Indian's viewpoint.

In no respect are the mysticism and poetry of the Blackfeet brought out more forcibly than in the legends woven about many of the landmarks of the Park. By their association these Indians have conferred upon the whole of Glacier National Park a wealth of historic and romantic interest. Most jealously, however, do the Blackfeet guard the strange legends that concern the spirit land of the blue and sparkling St. Mary's Lakes, Upper and Lower, as they are designated.

"Pah-toh-ahk-kee-oh," the Indian name for these lakes and river, means "Good-Spirit-Woman" and refers to St. Mary of the Catholic Church, in whose honour Hugh Monroe, the veteran prairie man, gave the English name by which these bodies of water are known to-day.

There is no legend connected with St. Mary's Lakes, but the superb peak, Going-to-the-Sun, undoubtedly the finest peak in the Park, commemorates the highly important personage of the Blackfeet—"Sour Spirit."

“Person’s Face” is the real Blackfeet name of this mountain; but from an imperfect telling or interpretation of the legend by the Indians, or an imperfect understanding of it by white men, the name “Going-to-the-Sun” originated. The name should be “Mah-tah-pee O-Stook-sis” on the charts to-day if given in Indian, and “Person’s Face” if given in English.

According to the Indian lore, Sour Spirit was a great benevolent spirit and mystic creator, who, in the long ago, descended from his Lodge of the Sun and came to earth to show the Blackfeet how to do all things that they needed for their comfort in daily life. He showed the Indians how to shoot with bow and arrows; how to tan hides; how to build tepees; and how to trap buffalo in the “pound,” thus killing a herd at a time. Sour Spirit had great supernal powers, and could do many magic and wonderful things with the greatest ease. He returned to the Lodge of the Sun when his work of teaching was finished.

Going-to-the-Sun Mountain, when seen from the plains east of the peak, shows a gigantic face on its front like the face on a silver dollar. This stone face, the Indians say, is the likeness of Sour Spirit, who turned to stone when his spirit returned to the Sun’s Lodge, and the face on the

mountain was left for all men to see who may doubt the story of Sour Spirit and his deeds. In other words, Sour Spirit in the flesh turned to stone and left his face on the mountain to show that he had been here; his spirit then returned to the Lodge of the Sun. Hence the Indian name, Mah-tah-pee O-Stook-sis Meh-stuck, literally Person's-face Mountain, which to the Indians conveys this idea:

Sour Spirit-Person's face-who-went-to-the-Sun; or in English: The face-of-Sour-Spirit-who-went-to-the-Sun-after-his-work - was - done Mountain.

Chief Mountain, standing far out to the east of the main chain of the Rockies, is very abrupt and sharp—a landmark visible for miles, and an object that would attract attention especially of a romantic people like the Blackfeet. They have woven the following legend about it:

“In the old days there was a young man of the Blackfeet who was noted for his personal bravery in war. He soon became a leader among the young men, and after a time, a chief, and then war-chief of one of the big bands of Piegans. About this time he fell in love with a girl of his tribe and married her. They were very much attached to each other and the chief didn't take

any other squaw but lived with only the one, his first wife; and after his marriage he did not go out with the war parties any more. Some time later, one of the Piegan war parties that went from his camp was cut to pieces by the enemy. Only three or four Piegans came back to tell the tale. The Chief saw that something had to be done to punish the enemy or his tribe must expect to be raided and have a long-drawn-out war on their hands; so he gave a great war feast and invited all the young men of the tribe.

“At the feast he made a speech recounting the damage done by the enemy and pointing out that many of the tribe had lost friends and relatives in the last fight. He ended by saying that he was going on the war path to punish the offenders, even if he had to go alone, and asked who would go with him. Thereupon his woman said if he went on the war path she would go along. This he forbade. She in turn replied that if he went without her he would find a cold and empty lodge when he returned (meaning she would kill herself for being left alone). He reasoned with her but she remained obdurate for a long time but finally agreed that it was best for all that he should go and that she should stay. So the Chief went out as the leader of a big war party that met

and whipped the enemy; but in the fight the Chief was killed. His followers brought his body home to the camp which was at the foot of Chief Mountain. When his wife learned of his death she was touched by the Great Spirit (crazed) and wandered everywhere looking for her husband and calling him. Her people watched and cared for her until one day she slipped quietly away with her baby and was far up on the side of Chief Mountain before any one saw her. Runners were sent after her but she was too fleet and gained the top where she signalled to the camp in sign language that she had found her man and was going with him and that the camp should not try to follow her. Then she threw the child far from her out over the awful cliff that forms the face of Chief Mountain and then she, too, leaped over the precipice to the rocks, thousands of feet below. She was buried with her baby where they fell, and her people brought her Chief and buried him beside her. The mountain was called from that time on 'Min-now Stah-koo,' The 'Mountain-of-the-Chief' or 'Chief Mountain,' as it is called to-day."

The Two Medicine country is rich in Piegan legendary lore. The name originated long ago when two large bands of Blackfeet Indians met

near these two lakes, each band intending to hold the medicine lodge ceremonies which were of a religious nature wherein help and prosperity were asked of the sun and the gods. When the two bands learned that they had come for the same purpose, they camped together and the ceremonies of the two lodges were conducted at the same time and place.

The Indian name for Two Medicine is "Naht-oh-kee-oh-kahss O-mock-sick-i-mee" (lake) and the following legend is recorded:

"Many years ago there was a famine in the land of the Blackfeet. In all their vast country, extending from the Rocky Mountains to Hudson Bay, vegetation was practically dead except in the valley that is now called 'Two Medicine.' Even the buffaloes had left their haunts and gone to new plains, and all other game had disappeared, so that the Indians had nothing to eat except mountain berries.

"The famine became so great that the old men of the tribe withdrew to the Medicine Valley and built two Medicine Lodges because of the great need. Here they worshipped the Great Spirit and prayed for deliverance from the great famine. The Great Spirit, upon hearing their petition, told them to send seven of their oldest and

wisest men to Chief Mountain—the home of the Wind God.

“Upon being directed in this manner, seven of the patriarchs of the tribe left the two lodges and proceeded to Chief Mountain where dwelt the great Wind God. They saw him as he stood on the mountain top with his great wings spread and extending far over the valleys. They watched him as he with quivering wings faced north, east, south, and west. From afar the old men watched him, but they were filled with a great fear and dared not approach near to him to make their prayer. Disappointed and after many hardships, they returned to their people empty-handed.

“The medicine men now ordered fourteen of the bravest and strongest of the young men of the tribe to go and plead with the Wind God. At first these young warriors, too, were afraid when they reached Chief Mountain and saw the Wind God; but gradually their terror left them and they approached nearer and nearer, until they touched the garments of skins that he wore. The Wind God listened to their prayer and then as his wings quivered from time to time, dark clouds gathered over the land and the rain fell in torrents. By extending one of his wings far

over the plains, he directed the young men to the place where the buffaloes were.

“Great was the rejoicing in the medicine lodges when the young warriors returned, and the days of the great famine had passed. In memory of the two medicine lodges that were built there to the Great Spirit in the time of the great famine, the valley was ever after called ‘The Valley of the Two Medicine.’ ”

Rising Wolf Mountain on the north shore of Two Medicine Lake was named by the Blackfeet in honour of Hugh Monroe, a white Scotch-French employé of the Hudson Bay Company who settled among the Indians in 1815 and was the first white man in Montana. Hugh Monroe was adopted into the Blackfeet tribe and became a “squaw” man by marrying a Blackfoot woman. He raised a family and lived all his life with their people. A number of his descendants still live on the Blackfeet Reservation.

Hugh Monroe was called “Muck-qua-ee-poh-wock-sin,” meaning “Rising Wolf,” by the Blackfeet, from his habit of rising quickly on his hands when awakened from sleep, just as a wolf does under the same circumstances. It is told that he also “slept like a wolf” because he never slept soundly but appeared to be always

“listening and watching” while he slept, just as a wolf does, so that no one could ever get near him and catch him in his sleep. The name “Rising Wolf” which conveyed the idea of “The-man-who-sleeps-and-rises-from-blanket-like - a - wolf” was given to Hugh Monroe by the Blackfeet.

At the time that Monroe was among the Indians the peaks were un-named by white men, and the peak now known as “Rising Wolf” (9,270 feet) was supposed to be the highest. Monroe once spoke of it as such and expressed the wish that this peak should bear his name. The Indians complied with his wish and the mountain has ever since been called “Rising Wolf,” the name in the Indian mind commemorating their old time friend, Hugh Monroe, who “became a Blackfoot” and “who slept and got up quick on his hands like a wolf.”

Throughout the Park the Blackfeet Indians, one-time proprietors, have named the rivers, lakes and mountain peaks in their own picturesque language. The following list of Indian names with their original meaning and facts of interest applies to those features that are generally accessible to the tourist—the English name being given first, then the phonetic Indian name and the translation as literal as can be rendered in English:

Two Medicine River:

Naht-oh-kee-oh-kahss Nay-a-tah-tah
 (Two Medicine River)
 Legend given.

Two Medicine Lakes:

Naht-oh-kee-oh-kahss O-mock-sick-i-mee
 (Two Medicine Lake)

Rising Wolf Mountain:

Muck-qua-ee-poh-wock-sin Meh-stuck
 (Rising Wolf Mountain)
 Legend given.

Cut Bank River:

Poh-nah-kee-eeks Nay-a-tah-tah
 (Cuts-into-the-white-clay-bank-places River)

This name was originally given to one particular place on the stream east of Browning, where the river always undermined and cut into a bank of white clay. The Indian spoke of the stream as "the river that cuts into the white clay bank," associating the stream with the cut bank where the clay was cut by the stream. Free translation of this idea by the whites fixed the name and meaning to the stream itself rather than to one spot on it. Naturally it became, "Cut Bank River," which is a nearly correct meaning of the old Indian name of "Poh-nah-kee-eeks."

Triple Divide Peak:

Nee-oak-shah-sis-sahk-tah Meh-stuck
(Water-flows-three-ways Mountain)

This name is purely descriptive from the fact that from the summit the tourist (if he be a mountain climber) may dip up a cupful of water and start it on three journeys: by Red Eagle Creek to the Arctic Ocean; by Nyack Creek to the Pacific Ocean; and by Cut Bank River to the Gulf of Mexico.

The belief is that the English name is a free translation of the Blackfoot name.

St. Mary's River:

Pah-toh-ahk-kee-oh Nay-ah-tah-tah
(Good-Spirit-Woman River)
No legend.

St. Mary's Lake:

Pah-toh-ahk-kee-oh O-mock-sick-i-mee
(Good-Spirit-Woman Lake)
No legend.

Going-to-the-Sun Mountain:

Mah-tah-pee Oh-stook-sis
(Person's Face)
Meh-stuck
(Mountain)
Legend given.

BLACKFEET INDIAN CAMP AT CUT BANKS



Single Shot Mountain:

Tohk-scum-sco-nock-ky	Meh-stuck
(Single shot or shoot once	Mountain)

This mountain is on the northwest shore of St. Mary's Lake. The Indians had no name for it; but Mr. George Bird Grinnell applied the English name because he killed a mountain goat there with a single shot. The Indian name is a translation into Blackfoot of the white man's name.

Goat Mountain:

Ah-poh-much-a-kin	Meh-stuck
(Goat	Mountain)

This name is not particularly descriptive, as all the steep, sharp, and rock mountains of this region are inhabited by goats. The Indian name is the Blackfoot translation of the white man's "Goat Mountain."

Red Eagle Mountain:

Macht-ch-chee-pee-tow	Meh-stuck
(Red Eagle	Mountain)

This peak on the south shore of St. Mary's Lake was named after Chief Red Eagle of the Blackfeet tribe.

Little Chief Mountain:

Oh-muck-see-now	Meh-stuck
(Little Chief	Mountain)
No legend.	

Divide Mountain:

Meh-stuck Nay-a-tah-tah Not-oh-kim
 Icht-tow-wow-wah-kah
 (Mountain-that-the-rivers-divide-in-two-
 ways)

The name is purely descriptive and it is the original Indian name which has been translated into English.

Almost A Dog Mountain:

Pist-cooey-e-mee-tah	Meh-stuck
(Almost-a-dog	Mountain)

This mountain, standing at the head of St. Mary's Lake, was named after a Blackfoot Indian Chief.

Blackfoot Mountain:

Six-see-ky Chee-tahp-pee	Meh-stuck
(Blackfoot-people	Mountain)

As the name suggests, this mountain in the vicinity of the Gunsight Chalets was named for the Blackfoot Tribe. The great glacier of the same name was named so for the same reason.

Heaven's Peak:

Ahp-pay-stuht-oak-ky Oh-chit-tow-pihp
Meh-stuck

(The maker where he lives Mountain)

The name is the Blackfoot for "Heaven's Mountain."

Trapper Peak:

Aht-kyah-tee	Meh-stuck
(Trapper	Mountain)

Chief Mountain:

Nin-now	Stah-Koo
(Chief	Mountain)

Legend given.

Iceberg Lake:

Koh-koht-Tooey Ah-py-ace-sooey-yee
O-mock-sick-i-mee

(Ice floating around in Lake)

A purely descriptive name.

No legend.

Goathaunt Mountain:

Oat-sit-tah-ky-ip Ah-poh-mock-kih-kin
Meh-stuck

(Plenty-of-goats on Mountain)

No legend.

Willow Creek:

Oh-cheap-pee	Ass-ee-tah-tah
(Gray willow	little river)

A descriptive name given to the little creek which flows through the town of Browning.

Avalanche Basin:

Coney-owahk-ah O-chits-kin-nee Meh-stuck
(Snow-slide basin-on-the mountain)

Descriptive Blackfeet name. No legend.

Sweetgrass Hills:

Sah-pots-ee-moo	Meh-stuck
(Sweetgrass	Mountain)

These hills were so named in Indian because of the quantities of the "Sweetgrass" that grow near the base. "Sweetgrass" besides being used in weaving baskets is used in "making medicine" by all tribes as an incense offering.

CHAPTER XIII

BLACKFEET HISTORICAL PICTOGRAPHS

NOTE: The Indian picture paintings on canvases which have been placed in the Many Glacier Hotel represent the work of Blackfeet and South Piegan Indian Chiefs. The Indians, whose lives are pictured on the canvas which is placed in the dining hall, are the oldest living chiefs of the Piegans. They painted their own histories and interpreted them through one of their number who spoke both the Piegan and English tongues. The canvas which is placed in the lobby was painted by Blackfeet Indians. This canvas is divided into sections and each section represents the life history of the Indian who painted it. The interpretations were made by Eagle Calf, a well-known Indian character of Glacier National Park. Interpretation of historical pictographs made by South Piegan Indian Chiefs:

Chief Little Dog: Little Dog is now seventy-five years old and is one of the most respected

men in his tribe. During his youth he won great renown as a fighter and horse thief. He counted his first coup when he was a lad of nineteen years. He and an older Indian were out after buffalo when they came across a small party of Sioux, consisting of two men and two squaws. Little Dog and his friend challenged the Sioux and the Sioux showed fight. Both the women and one of the Sioux were killed; the other escaped. Little Dog got away with his first prize horse. This is shown on the upper right hand corner of the first section of the canvas. Below is shown an attack made at night upon a party of Flatheads. The Flatheads were driving home some horses and had stopped to camp over night. Little Dog waited until they had gone to sleep and then went into the camp and drove out the horses. All the Flatheads were killed. One of them put up a strong fight and was shot three times before he was killed. In this raid Little Dog took ten head of horses.

In the centre of the picture is shown a battle with Grovons. The Grovons were encamped near the Missouri River. Their camps consisted of five lodges. The Piegans were large in number. They drove the enemy into a coulee and got away with two beautiful pintos. Little Dog

is shown in the act of cutting loose the pintos during the fight. Above are shown eight of his party who were killed in this fight. Their guns are shown to the left. In the lower centre Little Dog and three companions are shown in another fight with the Flatheads. The Flatheads were driving some horses when Little Dog and his friends saw them from the top of a hill. The two Flatheads got off their horses and ran for a coulee. One of them was overtaken and shot and the other was killed later.

In the upper left hand corner are shown fourteen head of horses and one black mule taken from the Grovons. Below are shown eight head of horses and one mule taken in one raid on the Chippewas. In the lower left hand corner Little Dog pictures two fights he had with the Sioux when he was a young man. In the first he was single-handed against a single Sioux on a black horse. He killed both horse and rider. In the other fight he had a companion when they ran onto two Sioux Indians. He was shot in the hand in this fight, but both he and his friend escaped, leaving the Sioux dead. A little to the right of the lower centre Little Dog is shown counting coup on the head of a Flathead woman.

Mountain Chief is now eighty years old. He

states that most of the events of his life which he has pictured took place between sixty and thirty years ago. His most important fights were against the Sioux Indians. In the upper right hand corner he is shown leading the attack against a party of that tribe who were camping near Lethbridge. To the left of that is shown another fight with the Sioux in which the whole party of Sioux were killed. In the left upper centre of the section Mountain Chief pictures an event which occurred on the Lethbridge River about forty years ago. A white man had a house on the river and was friendly with the Piegans. Mountain Chief was there one day when they were attacked by some Kootenais. Mountain Chief and his friends got into a boat and tried to cross the river, but one of the Kootenais grabbed him by the hair and pulled him out. The Kootenais took him prisoner and made him ride double on one of their horses to the Kootenais' Camp. The Chief of the band of Kootenais was Old Wolf Coming Up. He was a good man and he became friendly with Mountain Chief and after entertaining him for three weeks he gave him a horse and supplies and made him many presents and let him go back to his people.

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For a long time after that there was peace between the Kootenais and the Piegans.

The next group to the left shows Mountain Chief leading a party of Piegans to war. To the left of that shows him and another Piegan in an attempted raid upon a small encampment of Sioux. He was driven into a hole and his friend was killed but Mountain Chief escaped uninjured. The next picture shows a fight with some Flatheads in which Mountain Chief took part when he was only nineteen years old. He claimed that three of his party were killed while ten of the Flathead scalps were taken. In the upper left hand corner is (the Flathead scalps) shown a large battle with the Sioux. The latter took refuge in a big hole or coulee. The fight lasted from sunrise to sunset and when it began to grow dark the few Sioux who were left attempted to run out to safety. Mountain Chief is seen chasing two of them. One he caught and taking his spear away from him killed him with it. The other he caught by the hair and stabbed him in the head. In the centre of the picture are seen trophies taken by Mountain Chief in the big battle with the Sioux. The lower part of the section shows Mountain Chief leading a party of Piegans on horseback to war against a band

of Grovons. This happened near the Bear Paw Mountains. Chief Little Dog was with Mountain Chief in this fight and was wounded. Several of the Piegans were killed but the Grovons were all killed. In the centre of the section Mountain Chief is shown running over a Grovon Indian and counting coup on him. To the right of that is shown a fight with Crees in the Sweet Grass Hills. Above is shown Mountain Chief mounted on a beautiful black mare. This horse was shot from under him by the Chief of the Crees, but Mountain Chief managed to get away safely.

Mad Plume: The centre of the third section shows a fight between the Piegans against the Chippewas and Crees together. The Piegans had stolen horses from both these tribes and they were bitter enemies. Both the leaders of the Chippewas and the Crees were killed. To the right is shown a Piegan Camp surrounded by Sioux. Mad Plume is shown above in red paint and the Chief of the Sioux is in black. The Piegans killed many of the Sioux and kept them from stealing their horses. To the left of the section is shown a band of horses stolen in one raid upon the Chippewas. To the lower right of the section shows an attack made by a party of As-

siniboines upon four Piegans on horseback. The two parties were about a hundred yards apart. Mad Plume was shot in this fight but he killed a number of the Assiniboines and escaped.

Wolf Eagle: Wolf Eagle is now sixty-seven years old. He first went to war when he was seventeen. In the centre of the section he is shown in a fight which occurred thirty-one years ago between the Sioux and the Piegans. The four figures in black are four Sioux killed by Wolf Eagle, who is pictured in yellow with a horse. In the lower right hand corner the Piegans are shown fighting the Crows from behind a hill. Wolf Eagle is pictured in yellow. A large number of Crow Indians were killed in this fight and the rest ran away. Above is shown another fight with the Crows. The Crows were in a coulee and were attacked by a large number of Piegans. A number of the Crows were killed and the remainder are shown running away. Wolf Eagle is shown killing a woman and two children who were left behind. In the right centre of the picture is shown a fight with the Grovons. Wolf Eagle is shown in a hand to hand encounter with the leader of the Grovons, whose scalp he took. In the upper centre of the picture Wolf Eagle is shown on his famous "Crazy

Horse," so called because he seemed to have a charmed life. He belonged to a number of Blackfeet Indians, and at one time was in the possession of Wolf Eagle. He was very long winded and saved the lives of many Piegans in battle. Above is shown Wolf Eagle in a fight with a grizzly bear. Wolf Eagle jumped on the bear's back and killed it with his knife. In the lower left hand corner is shown a fight which occurred about thirty years ago in the Sweet Grass Hills. Wolf Eagle is shown on a horse leading the Piegans against the Grovons who were hiding behind rocks in the hills. In this fight Wolf Eagle lost his right arm. To-day he carries the bone out of his arm as an ornament. He has it decorated with feathers and at times he uses it as a whip stock. He is very proud of it, but he has not done much fighting since he lost his arm.

Black Boy: Black Boy is now eighty years old and is quite deaf. He has the reputation among his tribesmen of being a very adventurous Indian. When he was twenty-six years old his first great fight occurred. This is pictured in the lower left hand corner of the section. A large party of Chippewas were camped on one of the buttes of the Sweet Grass Hills. They were having a celebration and were gathered

around a fire, dancing, when the Piegans came upon them. Black Boy was the possessor of a telescope. He climbed the hill, and, looking through the telescope, found out the number of the Chippewas. They waited until night and then Black Boy went into the Camp and cut loose all their horses and drove them out. In the centre of the section is shown a Piegan Camp. To the right are some white soldiers with whom Black Boy made peace and welcomed them to his camp. Above are pictured his exploits with a bear which he had a hard time killing. Below is shown a Grovon badge. Black Boy went to this lodge to steal the horses and was frightened by a dog, who woke the camp. He shot the dog and two Grovon Indians and got away with two horses and two beautiful war bonnets. In the upper right hand corner he pictures his prowess in buffalo hunting. Below the buffalo pictures he pictures himself and his squaw out on a cold winter day when they drove a bear out of his hole in a tree. In the lower right hand corner he shows horses stolen from different tribes.

Big Moon: Big moon is now fifty-seven years old. The events in this section happened when he was near the age of forty-three. He is repre-

sented through the pictograph with a moon over his head. In the upper right hand corner are shown the Sweet Grass Hills, the Mission River and a Sioux and Cree Camp. The Sioux and Cree horses were picketed near the Camp, and Big Moon and two of his friends, both of whom are dead now, went up to the Camp, cut the horses loose and ran them away. In the upper left hand corner he pictures a fight with a party of Sioux in which he killed the Chief. In the lower left hand corner he shows a fight which he and his brother had with some Grovons. His brother's horse was killed and Big Moon saved his life by taking him on his own horse and riding double. In the centre of the section is shown a lodge which Big Moon dreamed and afterward built. To the left of that is shown a Medicine Lodge which he built in payment of a vow made to the Great Spirit when he was in danger in battle. The circle in the right hand corner represents a Sioux Encampment. Big Moon went into this Camp and stole a beautiful pinto mare after a hand-to-hand fight with Chief Red Cloud. To the right are shown the marks indicating the number of his successful horse-stealing raids. Below is shown Buffalo Hill near Bear Creek. To the left of the lower right hand corner Big Moon de-

scribes a fight with the Cheyennes. He went into the Camp to steal horses and the Cheyenne tried to shoot him. Big Moon took his gun away from him and knocked the Cheyenne down with the butt of it and jumped on his horse and ran away. Below his lodge he shows a quirt stolen from the Grovons. The three marks represent sixty horses stolen from different tribes.

Buffalo Body: Chief Buffalo Body is fifty-five years old. He went to war when he was twenty.

In the lower left hand corner of this section is represented an incident in the life of Buffalo Body that proved him to be a brave man. He was travelling through the country with a party of his people when they came to a river and saw what they thought was a large band of Sioux. His people ran and hid behind the big rock shown in yellow, but he advanced as a scout to see who the party were, and fortunately found them to be another band of his own people. In the upper left hand corner Buffalo Body tells about meeting with a small party of Sioux. The Piegans had more men than the Sioux, and the Sioux Chief, believing it well not to fight, came up to shake hands with Buffalo Body. Buffalo Body shook his hand, but at the same time took

his gun away from him and stole the Sioux horses. To the right of this story, Buffalo Body shows himself and his brother and a tribesman going into a Chippewa camp at night. In this raid they stole six horses. The two lower circles of tepees are encampments of Chippewas and Crees. The two tribes were friendly and were having a celebration. While the dancing was going on Buffalo Body came up alone, untied a beautiful horse, on which he is seen above the tepees, and made away with it. Above are the Lodges of Buffalo Body. He had wonderful power as a Medicine Man. The otter skin which signified good medicine was his flag. The Elk Lodges also belonged to him. Below and in the right hand corner are shown his garments, his flag and his wonderful Buffalo or Medicine Ring. The Indians worshipped a stone they called the Buffalo stone, which was supposed to bring them good luck, and this Medicine Ring of Buffalo Body was made of these stones.

Calf Tail: At present Calf Tail is sixty years old and he is blind. His friends helped him to paint and interpret his history. The most eventful time of his life he says was when he was about twenty-five years old. The lower left hand corner shows his lodge and Medicine Pipe. Above

is represented a fight he and Little Dog had with some Sioux. The Sioux would have killed Chief Little Dog, but Calf Tail shot the Sioux and saved Little Dog. To the right is shown Calf Tail with three horses taken from the Flatheads. In the upper right hand corner Calf Tail pictures a Cheyenne Camp. He is shown here with a party of Piegans, Little Dog in the lead. They drove all the Cheyenne horses out of this camp, and they are seen below driving them home. One of the Piegans was left behind, and would have been killed had not Calf Tail risked his life to go back after him. He went back, picked up his tribesman, and they rode double to safety.

Big Spring: Big Spring is a comparatively young man; yet in his day he was noted for his prowess as a horse thief. At the present time he is one of the largest horse owners among the Blackfeet Indians. In the upper right hand corner is shown an attack made upon Big Spring by some Crows, who were hiding in the bushes. Big Spring shot one of them and stabbed the other with a spear. His horses are shown picketed above. Below is shown a raid he and some friends made upon the Grovons. He drove them away, but did not get their horses that time. In the centre he shows the fight in which his brother

was killed. Big Spring himself entered the corral, which belonged to the Cheyennes, and drove out all their horses. In the upper right hand corner he is shown with his brother stealing horses from the Flatheads. Below he shows an incident which occurred only a few years ago near his present home on the reservation. His wife and himself were out when they ran across an elk. He let his wife have his gun and she shot the elk. In the lower left hand side of the picture he shows his lodges. One of them was called the Mink Lodge, and the other was the Fox Lodge. Below in the right hand corner of the section he designates the number of successful horse raids he made. The mark with the pipe beside it represents a horse taken away from a chief.

Little Dog: This section is a later chapter in the life of Chief Little Dog. In the right of the section is a Cree Camp. Chief Little Dog and his brother and another Indian went into this camp to steal horses in the night. Little Dog and his brother went right up to the doors of the tepees to watch so that no one could come out while the third man cut the horses loose. They took away seventy horses in this raid. Each horse in the picture represents ten head. In the

centre of the section Little Dog shows an event that occurred after the coming of the white men. The Indian and white police were after some Montana bandits. The first picture shows them coming upon the bandits, who escaped and took refuge in the cabin shown below, where they were captured by Little Dog and his white friends. In the upper centre he pictures a fight with some Blood Indians, while below that he shows a fight between the Crees and Chippewas against the Piegans, Bloods, and Blackfeet Indians. Little Dog is shown in the extreme left of the section. In this battle he killed the Chief of the Chippewas. In the lower centre he shows a fight he had with a black bear in which he nearly lost his life. In the upper centre he pictures a fight with a buffalo. He was off his horse to kill the buffalo which was right near him. He shot the buffalo and it turned and hooked him. However, he got away from it and got on his horse and finally killed it. In the upper left half of the section he shows his lodges, while in the lower left half he pictures his Elk Medicine Lodge and his Medicine Pipe.

Mountain Chief: This section shows a second chapter in the life of Mountain Chief. In the lower left hand corner Mountain Chief shows

how he once roped a buffalo and the buffalo got away with his horse. Another Indian shot the buffalo, and Mountain Chief got his horse back. Above he is shown in a fight with a bear, while above that he is shown killing a buffalo after it had gored his horse. The groups in the upper left hand corner of the section represent the number of times Mountain Chief went to war. The first five times he went against the Grovons, and the sixth time he fought the Crows. In the left centre he is shown stealing a mule from the Grovons. The centre section shows him on various horse-stealing raids of which he is very proud. In the upper right centre of the section Mountain Chief shows how he went into a fortified Flathead Camp and stole a horse with only a six-shooter for protection. Below is shown a fight with some Kootenai Indians. The Piegans killed all the Kootenais but one boy, which Mountain Chief captured and brought home with him. Below he is shown leading the boy by the hand. In the upper right hand part of the section Mountain Chief describes a fierce fight with the Flatheads, which occurred in the Sweet Grass Hills about thirty years ago. Many on each side were killed, but the Flatheads lost the most horses and men. In the lower right hand corner Mountain

Chief pictures a fight with some Grovons. The Grovons came after him and killed one of the Piegans. Mountain Chief killed one of the Grovon horses, and the two Grovons started to ride off double, when Mountain Chief got up and stabbed the horse they were riding on. In the lower centre of the section Mountain Chief shows his lodges. One of them is Fish Lodge and the other he calls Bear Lodge.

Big Moon: This is a second chapter in the life of Jack Big Moon. To the right of the section he shows a fight with some Blood Indians on a hill near St. Mary's Lake. In the upper part of the section Big Moon shows a fight with the Cree Indians. The Crees were many in number, but the Piegans were on horses and got away after killing ten of the Crees. In the lower right corner he shows himself counting coup on a Cree woman. In the right centre of the section he shows his lodge, his mother lying down, and his wife. He is getting ready to go on a buffalo hunt. Below he shows his fights with the buffalo and a bear. He also shows a baby elk that he roped near Two Medicine Lake. He claims that he afterward sold the elk to the soldiers at Fort McCloud for \$200.

Mad Plume: A second chapter in the life of

Mad Plume. The upper right hand corner shows a Flathead Camp where Mad Plume went and stole horses. To the left is his Medicine Lodge. In the right centre he shows himself in a Kootenai Camp stealing horses. To the left and at the bottom he shows his hunting exploits.

Wolf Eagle: This is a second chapter in the life of Wolf Eagle. In the upper right hand corner he describes a fight between the Piegans and the Chippewas. After shooting one of the Chippewas off his horse he is shown killing him with the butt of his gun. In the lower centre is shown a battle between the Piegans to the left and the Flatheads to the right. The Piegans are on foot. Wolf Eagle is shown leading his party after shooting the leader of the Flatheads in the back. In the lower right hand corner he pictures himself and a companion riding horses out of a Kootenai camp. To the left he describes a fight he had with a steer when he was a young man. He killed the steer with a knife. In the lower left hand corner he pictures a fight he had with the Chippewas, in which he killed three men, one of them having run into the bushes after he was shot.

Billy Shoot: To the left of his section Billy Shoot shows his lodges. In the enclosure to the

left of the section he shows a battle with the Crees in which both he and Little Dog's brother took part. This battle took place not far from the present Agency of the Blackfeet tribe. In the lower left part of the section he shows himself roping a buffalo. He also shows a fight he had with a Chippewa Indian. The Chippewa tried to take his axe away from him, and Billy Shoot threw the Chippewa off his horse and ran over him. The right of the section shows a battle with the Flathead Indians which took place in the Sweet Grass Hills, and from whom they took numerous horses.

Stabbed by Mistake: Stabbed by Mistake is a young chief. The upper part of his section shows a Medicine Lodge built by him. To the right is shown a fight he had with a bear and a cub. Below he shows a fight he had with a Grovon Indian. A friend was with him, and he took the Grovon's horse and they rode away with it, riding double. To the right are shown his lodges, his axe and his flag.

Mountain Chief: This is a third chapter in the life of Mountain Chief. He is shown on horseback in the upper right hand corner of the section driving horses stolen from the Crow Indians. In the lower right hand corner he is pic-



A PIEGAN MOTHER

ured driving horses stolen from the Flatheads, among them ten which were hobbled. In the upper centre of the section is shown a fight with the Flatheads, while below that is shown the killing of a Crow Indian. In the lower right section Mountain Chief tells how a Crow Indian tried to take his horse away from him. Mountain Chief grabbed the gun from his hand and killed the Crow with it. In the lower central part is shown a fight with the Crees in the Sweet Grass Hills. The lower left hand corner shows a fight with the Chippewas in which their Chief, White Dog, was killed. White Dog was a great chief among the Chippewas and was much feared by all the other tribes, but the first time he was met by Mountain Chief he was killed. Both Calf Tail and Wolf Eagle were with Mountain Chief when he took White Dog's scalp. In the extreme lower left corner are shown the garments taken from White Dog after he had been killed. In the upper centre is shown a much prized grizzly skin that was stolen in a fight with the Flatheads.

Calf Tail: This is the second chapter in the life of Chief Calf Tail. The events pictured here happened when he was very young. In the right portion of the section he is shown roping a buffalo

calf when he was fourteen years old. About the same time he roped a young elk. The marks from the top to the bottom of the section indicate the fourteen times he went into different camps on horse-raiding expeditions. To the left he is shown capturing two beavers. One he caught by the tail and the other by the leg. Above he is shooting a buffalo with an arrow. To the left again he is shown with seven horses stolen from the Kootenai Indians, and above that he is shown with three horses stolen from the Chippewas. In the centre of the picture is shown a Sioux Lodge from which he and a companion stole four horses, one of them a beautiful pinto.

Little Dog: This is a third part of the history of Chief Little Dog. He is shown on horseback in the right of the section, driving horses stolen from different tribes and at different times. He explained that this number did not represent all the horses he has stolen, but that each horse represented a raid in which a number of horses were taken. In the left centre of the picture are shown Little Dog and two brothers. Above are some Chippewa Indians with whom they fought and from whom they captured seven head of horses.

Young Man Chief: To the right of the sec-

tion Young Man Chief and six braves are shown recapturing some horses that were stolen from them by the Cheyenne Indians. The Cheyennes had the protection of a small fort, but the Pie-gans killed them all and took back their horses. Below is shown a fight with a bear. The bear is pictured in his hole where he was killed. The Three Lodges in the centre of the section are Piegan Lodges in the Sweet Grass Hills. They were attacked at night by Grovons and Chippewas. The Piegans had made a small fort into which they retired and fought all night. In the morning the Chippewas and Grovons went away leaving many dead at the Camp. In the top of the History is shown a fight in which he took part against the Chippewas. The Piegans are on horseback and the Chippewas were on foot. The latter were driven away. In the lower left hand corner Young Man Chief shows himself driving away horses stolen from his enemies. In the left centre is a Grovon Camp with a corral in the centre. Young Man went into this corral in the night and stole two horses and a mule. In the upper left hand corner he pictures himself killing a mountain goat. His Medicine Lodge is also pictured. Nearly all of these things happened about thirty-four years ago. The buffalo hide

in the upper centre of the section was stolen from the Kootenai Indians.

Wolf Eagle: This is the third chapter in the life of Wolf Eagle. The left half of this section shows different Sioux Camps into which Wolf Eagle made raids, each time stealing a number of horses. He is shown in several places on horseback with his boy. In the centre of the section is shown a Flathead Corral from which Wolf Eagle stole twenty-three horses, which are indicated by the marks in the corral. To the right are shown Mink Lodge, Yellow Lodge, Buffalo Lodge, all of which belonged to Wolf Eagle. To the right again are pictured eight horses which he stole from the Flathead Indians. Still to the right is a Sioux encampment near the Sweet Grass Hills. The Sioux were having a big gathering and celebration. They had hundreds of horses with them. The Piegans came at night after they had gone to sleep, and stole more than a hundred head of horses from them.

Big Moon: The right end of the last section is part of Big Moon's history. At the bottom, Big Moon pictures a big encampment of Piegan Indians at a Medicine Lodge at Browning. Big Moon says that all the Indians whose histories are told here were at this celebration.

Above is shown a Flathead Camp near a lake in the Bear Hills. The blue spot to the extreme right is the lake. The Flatheads had a fort and had the horses in one part and the people in another. Big Moon and a large band of Piegans came to the fort in the night and killed all the people and the horses. Big Moon is represented in the picture by the figure with the moon over his head, taking the scalp of one of the Flatheads. Big Moon says this fight was over fifty years ago, and he is eighty years old now.

Note: (Interpretation of historical paintings made by Blackfeet Indian Chiefs on 150 foot canvas. The sections of this canvas are numbered with red figures in the upper right hand corner of each.)

Sec. 1 portrays the exploits of Many Heights chasing a mountain goat over the heights, and finally catching it, and, falling from a precipice with his arms about the goat's neck, both of them lighting on the ground without injury. This is the first instance recorded where an Indian caught a goat in his hands, and the fact that he fell over the precipice with the goat without being killed was regarded as very remarkable.

Below Many Heights (the blue figures) is seen Chief Boy with a quiver taken from an

enemy. Here we also see Boy chasing a grizzly bear and killing it. It was only on account of the fact that Boy was on horseback that he escaped being killed by the bear instead. On the left side of this section is shown a fight with the Sioux Indians, with the Sioux running into the woods to save themselves. On the left of the strip of woods represented in the picture is seen the tepee camp of the Sioux, and a battle going on between them and Piegan Indians, between the Sioux and the Piegan Camps, which were located about 25 miles apart.

On to the left is seen Chief Heavy Shield, or Many Horses, who was the first chief of the line from which Chief Eagle Calf comes. He had gone out one morning with his squaw to gather some buffalo bones, which were used in the tanning of hides, and were met by a party of Sioux Indians, Grovons, and Crows, whom Heavy Shield tried to persuade to go with him to his camp and make peace, offering them presents, etc. The rival tribes, however, did not take up Heavy Shield's offer of peace, and proceeded to kill him and his wife. This picture then goes on to depict the attack of the Piegans upon the Sioux and their allies, the battle resulting in the killing of one hundred and forty of the enemy.

The battle line extended over a distance of eight miles and a very few of the Crows and their party escaped with their lives. They would have been saved had they taken Heavy Shield's advice and made peace with them, but they refused to heed his proffer. From the fact that Heavy Shield had so many horses, he was also known by the name of Many Horses. His herd numbered about three hundred horses.

Sec. 2. Chief Big Mike Shortman. His tepee lodge is seen on the left hand side of the picture. In the lower left hand corner are a number of horses stolen from the Crows' camp; in the upper left hand corner are also horses stolen from the Crows. Mike was on foot when stealing horses, and when about to be captured by the Crows, Big Spring took him up on his horse, and by riding double they got away. They are seen riding double on a blue horse, in the upper left hand corner. In the centre are seen Big Mike and Big Springs in a hole in the ground, fighting off the Crows.

Sec. 3 also contains the history of Big Mike. At the top are seen the three tepee lodges of Big Mike, as well as two horses stolen from a corral of the Yankton Sioux, which were highly prized for chasing buffalo. In the lower right

hand corner Mike is seen running over a grizzly bear on his horse, after which the bear attacked him and wounded him, but Mike finally killed him.

Sec. 4 shows the arms taken from Yankton Sioux by the Piegans and the Piegans chasing the Sioux. This engagement was called the Battle of Many Shields, on account of the large number of shields captured, which are graphically represented in the picture.

Sec. 5 is the history of Boss Ribs. In the lower right hand corner he is seen taking two wounded Piegans away, after they had been wounded in a fight with the Yankton Sioux under Chief White Dog. White Dog shot the horse out from under one Piegan, after which the Piegan shot White Dog. In the lower left hand corner are seen the Yankton Sioux and their Chief White Dog shooting at the Piegans, but the Piegans shot him in the leg and then scalped him in this battle. At the top of the picture are the buttes of the Sweet Grass Hills, from behind which the Yankton Sioux came up in the night and stole fifty horses from the Piegans. Near the centre of the Section is Chief Heavy Runner of the Piegans, taking the gun away from Chief White Dog of the Sioux, after he

had been shot in the leg. Jack Big Moon was also in this battle. The Sioux were saved only by retreating into the woods, shown on the left of the picture. There were six of them in the party which made the raid on the ten Piegan tepees.

Sec. 6 continues the story of Boss Ribs, the lower left hand corner showing him, after falling from his horse, catching an antelope by the horns; also shooting and killing a buffalo with his bow and arrow. Above these figures are seen Boss Ribs with the buffalo and deer which he has killed, together with his bow and arrows beside a hunting lodge built of boughs. Above may be seen the figure of a buffalo through whose carcass Boss Ribs shot an arrow. In the lower right hand corner Boss Ribs and one of his companions are seen killing a huge grizzly bear, and in the upper right hand portion of the section there is a party of Piegans chasing and shooting at a grizzly bear. In the upper left hand Boss Ribs is seen being attacked by a buffalo, which killed his horse and knocked Boss Ribs senseless. On the left hand side of the picture are a number of signs representing the reconnoitring of scouts sent out to spy out the enemy. The curved lines in these signs represent the

scout's eyes, and the zigzag lines indicate the direction he took in going to some point of vantage where he could see the Indians ahead. Often the enemy would have a party dancing when they saw a spy, but while some of their number danced to throw the spy off his guard, others would come around and attempt to execute a flank movement upon their foes. These marks or signs were left by the scouts as they went ahead, and were unintelligible to any of the other Indian tribes, being understood only by their own people.

Sec. 7 gives the history of Chief All Over. On the right hand side of the picture are seen a group of Chippewas and Crows chasing the Piegiens, who hid in holes to make a stand against them. Chief All Over was not hurt in this battle, although the figure of his horse which was wounded is seen near the centre of the section.

In this section are to be seen some of the same marks left by scouts, and as Chief All Over was a very brave Indian, he was often sent to spy out the enemy, and was not content to get a look at them from afar, but often crept clear up to their camps so that he could see everything.

Sec. 8 gives more of the history of Boss Ribs. In the right hand side of the picture are the

camp of the Cheyenne Indians and their horses, which were taken from them by Boss Ribs. There was nobody at the Cheyenne Camp but the squaws when the horses were stolen, but they, of course, gave the alarm to their braves when they returned, who took after the Piegans and their spoils. On account of the large number of the Cheyennes, they were able to get back their horses from Boss Ribs and his party. The rectangular figures in this section represent blankets stolen from the Cheyennes by Boss Ribs, while the marks resembling inverted "U's," eight in number, constitute the record of the number of successful horse-stealing expeditions to the credit of Chief Boss Ribs.

Sec. 9 is the history of Old Shorty White Grass. The centre group of figures on the right hand side of the section portrays a brave Eagle named Eagle Flag, taking up a spear left in the ground by the Grovons, in the form of a challenge. The taking up of this spear, in addition to being an acceptance of the enemy's challenge, placed Eagle Flag in the position of leader of the party. He was shot by the enemy while taking this spear, but took it just the same. Chief Shorty White Grass is shown in the groups above and below Eagle Flag in combat with ene-

mies. The lower left hand corner shows a Grovon Indian running away with a famous horse of the Piegans, called "One Bear" Horse, which was the only horse on which this Grovon could have escaped, because of his great fleetness of foot. Chief Shorty is seen chasing after the thief and "One Bear," but he had no horse which could keep up with "One Bear" and his horse is seen in the blue figure, about to give out in the chase after "One Bear." The upper left hand corner shows Short killing a man on horseback and taking his gun away from him.

Sec. 10 gives another chapter of the history of Chief All Over. On the right hand side of the picture a buffalo is seen hooking All Over's horse, but All Over killed the buffalo. In the lower right hand corner All Over is seen attacking a Grovon tepee lodge in the night and killing the inmates, and in the upper right hand corner a similar scene is depicted. To the left of this is All Over killing a grizzly bear which had chased him, while to the left of this scene All Over is seen fighting with Chippewas and Cheyennes. His horse was wounded in this battle. Chief Jack Big Moon, who helped give the interpretation of this picture, was present in the fight. The party of Chippewas and Cheyennes numbered

about two hundred. Below this scene All Over is shown killing an antelope deer while his horse was running very fast, showing his skill as a hunter. In the centre he is shown killing a grizzly bear. In the lower left hand corner are some other pictures showing All Over's skill and bravery as a hunter; in one scene he is grabbing a coyote with his hands and then stabbing him with a knife, while in another he is shooting a chicken in the air. In this part of the picture All Over is also seen on a painted horse with three horses stolen from other tribes. The eight marks resembling inverted "U's" are the record of the successful horse-stealing expeditions of All Over. In the upper left hand corner All Over is seen having a hard time roping a black tail deer, which he is holding with one hand, while with the other he is trying to manage his horse which is pulling back on him.

Sec. 11 is the history of Many Tail Feathers, a very brave chief, and one of the old survivors of the times represented in these paintings. On the right hand side are the fourteen marks constituting the record of this Chief's horse stealing, the large number to his credit indicating that he was a very brave Indian, in fact the bravest of the Piegans. He was not afraid of any-

thing and was always ready for war. To the left Many Tail Feathers is seen in a battle with the Crows and Cheyennes. In the upper left hand corner is seen a blue figure of a horse without legs, which indicates that the horse is hiding down in a coulee, while his rider, Many Tail Feathers, is off fighting with his foes. On the left hand side of the picture the Cheyennes are seen attacking the tepee camp of Many Tail Feathers, but as there were deep holes in the ground inside of the tepee Many Tail Feathers and his people were able to hide in the holes and protect themselves, raising up the lower edge of the tepees when they wished to shoot out at their attackers. A creek is represented as flowing through this tepee camp, with one tepee on one side and four on the other side.

Sec. 12 covers the deeds of Chief Stingy, another one of the old and brave Indians of these times, seen in the lower right hand corner chasing and killing a grizzly bear and buffalo. To the left of this he is seen having roped a buffalo, and being dragged by the buffalo on account of having caught his foot in the end of his rope. He was dragged for quite a distance, but finally freed his foot and captured the buffalo. In the upper right hand corner Stingy is sur-

rounded by the Crows, whom he drove off after a fierce fight with them. In the centre are shown horses stolen from the Cheyennes and Crows, and Stingy chasing the enemy off on the left hand side of the picture. On the left hand side are Stingy's fourteen marks, the record of his horse thefts, each mark counting for fifty or more horses stolen in one raid. The six figures of horses stand for the horses stolen from six different tribes, namely, the Sioux, Flatheads, Nez Perces, Crows, Kootenais and Grovons. In the lower left hand corner is the picture of a black buffalo tepee lodge of the Piegans, which was owned in succession by ten different Indians, and lastly by Chief Stingy, who gave it to his boy named Bushes. Down in this corner of the picture are the marks of the scouts, which they left for their parties when they had seen the enemies. Here are also seen some small figures of a tomahawk, a hatchet, a knife, a bag, bow and arrows and a quiver, each representing something taken from enemies by big men of the Piegan Tribe.

Sec. 13 gives more of the exploits of Chief All Over. On the right hand side are his horse stealing marks, thirteen in number, indicating the number of parties he had been in on this kind of business. On the left hand side and in the

centre is a party of Sioux and Grovons chasing nine of the Piegans, who had stolen the horses from their tepees shown in the next section, No. 14.

Sec. 14, on the right hand side of this section, which is really a continuation of Sec. 13, are the tepees of the Sioux and Grovon party, with this party chasing the Piegans, who had stolen their horses, and finally recovering them. On the left hand side of the section are the figures of four horses stolen from the Cheyenne Indians by Chief All Over.

Sec. 15 continues additional deeds of Chief Many Tail Feathers. To the centre of the picture are seen the Sweet Grass Hills. In the upper right hand corner is a war party composed of Sioux, Crows, Grovons and Cheyennes, engaged in a battle with seven Piegans. The Piegans are seen going up the Sweet Grass Hills so as to discover the enemy's war party. In the lower right hand corner is pictured a big battle with the Sioux and Crows at the confluence of the Yellowstone and Missouri Rivers. On the left hand side Many Tail Feathers is seen on a painted horse with the other horses they had stolen from the Sioux.

Sec. 16 is another chapter in the life of Shorty

White Grass. In this section are seen his party of three stealing a large band of horses from the Chippewa Indians in the Alberta country. In the upper left hand corner are horses stolen by him and his war party. In the lower left hand corner are a couple of scenes in which Shorty throws away his gun and kills a buffalo and a black tail deer in a hand-to-hand fight with his knife. In the lower left hand corner Shorty is seen in an encounter with a buffalo which had hooked his horse.

Sec. 17 is the history of Chief Ground, father of Eagle Calf, who gave the interpretation of these paintings. In the upper right hand corner is a party of Piegans in a hole for defence. They had but one horse with them, but this was a wonderful animal, called "Crazy Horse," owned by Black Eagle. This horse was attacked by various war parties fourteen different times in battle, but was never once hurt. He was the only horse the Piegans took with them when they went on horse-stealing raids, and if, on one of these raids, one of the party should become exhausted, they would put him on "Crazy Horse" and thus enable him to keep up with the party. In this way he saved the lives of many Indians.

Before Black Eagle owned this horse, Bear

Head owned him, and used him in eight different battles in all of which he made scalps from the enemies. This horse died of old age.

In the lower right hand corner Ground is seen grabbing a live coon in his hands, which he captured in order to get the fur for a cap. The cap made from this skin is now in the hands of Ground's son, Eagle Calf. The horses standing on the left hand side and in the lower left hand corner of the picture are the horses of the Crows, who had dismounted to fight around the ambush of the Piegans.

Sec. 18 gives more of the doings of Stingy. In the lower right hand corner Stingy is seen on horseback with a bitch dog and litter of pups which he stole from a Sioux camp and took home with him. This section also shows Stingy with a fine horse stolen from the Sioux. On the right hand is seen a horse stolen by Stingy. In the upper right hand corner is seen Stingy roping a fierce mountain lion, while to the left of this scene are Stingy and his party in an ambush, with an Indian killed by them on the outside, and a lot of weapons and arms left by the enemy. Among the arms taken in this fight are two knives, two guns and two medicine whips, which are still in the possession of Stingy.

At the bottom of this section is a row of seven tepee lodges, indicating the number of times that Stingy had the Medicine Lodge for the tribe. The thirteen big lodges above the bottom row show the number of times the Indians have held the big Medicine Lodge celebrations at Browning. On the occasion of one of these celebrations it rained incessantly four days, and Stingy and other Medicine Men tried in every way to stop the rain, but without success. The figure of Stingy near the top of the picture is seen clad in a big elk robe, worn for protection from the downpour of rain, while he was endeavouring to work his charms upon the weather to cause it to cease raining. This rain flooded the Medicine Lodge.

On these occasions there are four to five thousand Indians gathered each year, and after erecting the medicine lodges of poles, boughs, etc., for the purpose of shade, they carry on a celebration for several days, giving the various dances—the grass dances, women's dances, crazy dog dances, chicken dances, and night dances. One of the earlier dances, the sun dance, has not been in vogue for about seventy years, having been stopped by the Government. In this dance strips of flesh on the breasts of the dancers were

cut loose with knives, under which wooden pegs were inserted, to which rawhide thongs were attached. The dancers were then suspended from poles by these thongs, where they hung without food and with only a little water to drink, for four days and nights, pulling and tugging intermittently at the thongs to try and pull the pegs out of the flesh of their bodies. If at the end of the four days the flesh had not given way and allowed the bodies to come down to the ground, the strips of flesh were cut with knives, allowing the bodies to descend. This was the great test of bravery among the Indians, but the practice was stopped by the Government.

Sec. 19 continues the history of Shorty White Grass. On the right hand side is shown a battle on the Marias River, on the west side of the Sweet Grass Hills, with a party of fifty Chipewas and Crees. Some four thousand Piegans, however, completely surrounded and cleaned this party up. In the centre are seen the arms and horses taken from this party, all of whom were killed and scalped. Chief Running Crane was shot in this battle. The figure of a yellow horse with two riders is Shorty saving a wounded Piegan brave, who was fighting on foot. In the upper right hand corner, one of the chiefs of the

enemy is entreating Chief Big Nose of the Piegan party to kill him with a club instead of with a gun, seeing that death was inevitable and fearing the death by a gun. Big Nose's name when he was a boy was Bear Chief, later Three Sons, and when an old man it was Big Nose, his sons taking the old names as they grew to manhood. The name Big Nose of course arose from the abnormal size of his nose. In the lower left hand corner are the horses taken from the Chipewas in this battle. A creek called by the Indians Red River was so named at the time of this battle, because the enemy, in trying to escape, ran into the stream and reddened the waters of it with their blood so that it ran crimson during the fight. In the upper left hand corner White Grass is seen killing a buffalo. In this part of the picture is also seen a green figure of a horse which was White Grass' best steed.

Sec. 20 is another section devoted to the history of Many Tail Feathers, and shows the camp of the Yankton Sioux on Bear River, called by the whites Musselshell River. The lower right hand corner of the picture shows Many Tail Feathers stealing horses from the Grovons in the Sweet Grass Hills. The upper left hand corner shows him leading away another horse

he has stolen. On the left hand side of the picture are the Sweet Grass Hills.

Sec. 21 is also devoted to the further exploits of Many Tail Feathers, and shows him driving off a horse which he has stolen from the Grovons. On the left hand side of this section are some records of horse-stealing raids, the eleven red marks being Chief Boy's record, the eleven yellow marks belonging to Shorty White Grass, and the ten blue ones being the record of Stingy.

Sec. 22 contains the history of Bad Marriage, who was so named from the fact that he was married four or five times, but had the misfortune to lose all of his wives by death as fast as he married them. In the lower right hand corner of the picture a party of the Piegans' enemies spied Bad Marriage and a companion butchering a buffalo which they had killed and were preparing to take home with them. The party of the enemy took after them, forcing them to abandon the carcass of the buffalo and escape on their horses, after giving fight. In the upper right hand corner Bad Marriage, who was a very brave Indian, is seen stealing a horse from a tepee of the Crows. The upper left hand corner of the picture shows Bad Marriage killing two black tailed deer whose horns had become locked to-

gether in a fight. Here he is also pictured grabbing an antelope by the horns before it was dead, and finishing it in a hand-to-hand encounter. The four marks, similar to those described before in some of the other interpretations, constitute his record as a horse thief among rival tribes. In the upper left hand corner are seen some of the hunting exploits of Bad Marriage. He is seen shooting a duck twice on the wing in order to kill it; shooting a jack rabbit with a bow and arrow and wounding it, so that he had to run after it and shoot it again in order to get it. In this same part of the picture Bad Marriage's dog is seen grabbing a duck as it rose from the ground to fly away. In order to get this duck, his dog had to jump up a remarkable distance into the air, but made good. Bad Marriage is also seen shooting at a grizzly bear with his bow and arrow, but the bear was only wounded and instead of staying and fighting with Bad Marriage he escaped.

In the lower left hand corner of the section Bad Marriage is seen in a large tepee, surrounded by his friends, who are all dressed and equipped for a great beaver dance, in the nature of a celebration over the successful bagging of a large number of beavers. The beaver skins can

be seen displayed between the groups of waiting dancers, some of whom have rattles, and some drums or tomtoms. At the centre of the tepee is Bad Marriage at the fire looking after the preparation of things for the feast which will follow the dance, while back of him are the pots of various kinds of soups, and a waiter ready to do the serving when the dance is over.

Note: Interpretation of the Indian picture paintings on second canvas roll, painted by Blackfoot Indians:

The first section depicts the history of a brave Indian warrior named Stingy. In this section will be seen red figures of horses with saddles which Stingy stole from his enemies; a personal encounter between Stingy and a buffalo, with Stingy hanging to the buffalo, grabbing him by one horn and his tongue; an episode with a grizzly bear, which refused to obey orders and stood and looked at Stingy; Stingy grabbing a huge rattlesnake as he was crawling into his hole and breaking him in two; Stingy shooting a grizzly bear in the mouth as the bear was coming at him; a picture of the drowning of Stingy, caused by him losing his horse in a treacherous stream; a Flathead Indian captured by Stingy and carried by him to his tepee; battle between the

Blackfeet and Yankton Sioux Indians, showing the Blackfeet wounded and the Sioux killed; and the weapons and elk skins captured from the Sioux; Stingy with pipe and arrows which he took from an enemy after he had shot him; Stingy shooting an arrow at an enemy; Stingy killing two men with one shot from his gun; battle between the Flathead Indians and the Nez Perces and the Sioux, showing the holes which the Indians dug as a place to hide and shoot from.

The second section continues the history of Stingy, and shows him in a single-handed fight with the Assiniboine and Sioux Indians on horses; Stingy stealing horses from the Indians, cutting the picket ropes where the horses were tethered near the tepees of the Crows, and the Crows shooting at him; Stingy shooting a Crow who was trying to kill him with a long spear; after he had shot him he ran over him; Stingy shooting a Sioux from his horse; Stingy attacking and killing some Crow Indians; Stingy with an Indian he had killed and the spear taken from him.

The third section covers the history of Chief Boy, and shows him killing a buffalo with bow and arrow before the use of guns among the In-

dians; Boy stealing the best horses of the Yankton Sioux which were tethered near the tepees (he painted these horses after they had been stolen); three mules, indicated by their long ears, stolen by Boy from the Crows; and the buffalo tepee which was the home of Boy. The three horses and riders are Boy and his braves chasing a Crow, killing him and taking his gun away from him; Boy chasing a Sioux and taking his gun away from him while the horses were running; Crow's tepee with horses picketed around it, and Boy stealing them; three horses with saddles taken from the Flathead Indians in a fierce battle, and the arms, guns, etc., taken from them; a battle between the enemy and Boy and his braves, the latter hiding in holes in the ground; Boy was wounded in the battle.

Section four gives the history of Black Bear, a brave old Indian warrior, showing him killing Sioux and Assiniboine Indians and taking their horses from them; Black Bear on foot, fighting with the Indians; horses stolen from his enemies; Black Bear taking a squaw from a Sioux Indian after he had killed him; Black Bear on a horse killing a fierce grizzly bear; taking a gun from a Sioux after he had killed him; Black Bear shooting Flathead Indians while asleep in their tepee

at night; he detected them by the light of their fire; Black Bear on horseback and a Sioux Indian killed by him; Black Bear fighting with the Chippewa Indians with knives; buffalo hooking Black Bear's horse and killed by Black Bear; Black Bear on a spotted Assiniboine horse, with other horses stolen from his enemies; Black Bear getting off his horse and grabbing a Sioux by the neck and stabbing him; Black Bear hiding behind his horse and killing a Chippewa Indian; Black Bear and the Blackfeet surrounding the Yankton Sioux and engaged in battle with them; Black Bear shooting and killing a Kootenai Indian who was hiding behind a pine tree.

Section five is the history of Medicine Owl, and shows him killing two cranes at one shot; Medicine Owl's wife chasing and killing a buffalo and lassoing a coyote; Owl's wife with an eagle which she has caught; Owl killing a water-bird or crane on the wing; tepee of Owl, his peace pipes and medicine pipe; Medicine Owl and his war party, who had only two guns and were chased by the Crows, but suffered no loss; Owl and his brother, Duck Head, as he was rescuing him after he had been wounded in a big battle with robbers on the site of the present Two Medicine Bridge; red tepees belonging to the

Crows, and Medicine Owl walking around them (see footsteps) while the Crows were away; he stole several fine buckskin suits of clothes, a fine pipe and several other articles from these tepees; striped tepees in which Medicine Owl entertains his friends of which he has a large number coming to see him all the time; above these tepees is the picture of the Owl, which is Medicine Owl's signature, and on the poles of the tepee hang the otter skins carried by him as flags; battle between the Piegan and Crows in which the Piegans left their horses to one side, dug a hole in the ground and fought from that, none of them being killed; the Crows lost two horses in this fight and gave it up, as they were afraid to go into the pit.

Section six pictures a big battle between the Piegan or Blackfeet and the Assiniboine, Yankton Sioux, Crows, Grovons, and some Chippewas, in which the Piegans were led by Chiefs Stingy, Boy and Many Tail Feathers, who ran over some and stabbed some; in this battle most all of the Grovon tribe were killed. This picture shows the squaws taken by the Piegans in this battle, as well as the buffalo hides, weapons, etc., captured. This was a great battle and Medicine Owl says that it would take sixty feet of

canvas to depict all of the events of it in detail. There were over one hundred Indians killed.

Section seven contains the history of Shorty White Grass, showing horses stolen by him and Dog Ears from the enemy's corral; six tepees belong to White Grass; also shows Mike Short May or Big Left Hand; tepee lodge in a circle, belonging to the Crows, and White Grass going into the lodge and stealing things belonging to the Crows.

Section eight is the history of Chief Ground, the father of Eagle Calf, who is employed at the Glacier Park Hotel to meet trains. It shows him in a fight with the Crows; tepee with Ground and his braves inside fighting with Crows, whom they killed; spears, pipe, etc., taken from the Crows in this battle; Ground in a fight with the Grovons; Ground was shot in the hand so that he could not use his gun, but picked it up and dragged it away with him.

Bird Rattle is the Chief pictured in the ninth section, and is seen stealing the best horse of the Crows from their corral, as well as the war-bonnet, shield, etc., from them; shows him in a fight with the Crows, single-handed; Cheyenne Indian horses, squaws and travois stolen from the Cheyennes by Bird Rattle; on the travois are

seen a stolen gun and boy which Bird Rattle is taking home with him; Bird Rattle stealing horses from the Crows; Bird Rattle and his signature and two horses stolen from the Crows.

Section ten shows more of the history of Bad Marriage. He was a great hunter, and the pictures show him killing two prairie chickens at one shot; killing a buffalo after he had fallen off his horse; chasing and killing a coyote by roping him; shooting a prairie chicken on the wing; roping a buffalo calf when he was a boy; chasing and killing a buffalo when he was a little older. Bad Marriage is shown stealing horses from Grovon tepees, and being attacked by the watchdog while doing so.

Section eleven, Morning Gun, showing battle between Morning Gun and the Crows, with his party in the hole, while Morning Gun went outside to meet the foe hand to hand; battle of the Blackfeet and the Yankton Sioux, the former in an ambush.

Section twelve is the story of Many Tail Feathers, a brave Indian warrior, and shows him stealing a mule from the Sioux; horses which he has taken from them; Many Tail Feathers stealing horses from the Cheyennes; he and his brother are shown riding double, his brother hav-

ing been chased by the Cheyennes on foot, making it necessary for his brother to rescue him on his own horse; Many Tail Feathers in a battle with the Cheyennes, shooting a horse from under one of the enemy and then killing the warrior, and showing manner of fighting from a hole dug in the ground; battle with Assiniboines, having his horse shot from under him, and then taking the gun away from the Indian who had shot his horse; this Indian had been stealing horses from the Piegans; Many Tail Feathers taking a tepee lodge of the Yankton Sioux at night and killing one of the Sioux; also killed some of their horses.

Section thirteen continues the story of the deeds of Many Tail Feathers, and shows a battle between the Piegans and the Yankton Sioux, with Many Tail Feathers just ready to jump into the ambush hole of the Sioux, showing that he was a very brave warrior; Many Tail Feathers taking a horse from an Indian who chased him; Many Tail Feathers stealing horses from the tepee lodge, showing him cutting the ropes with his knife; another scene showing him pulling down the bars of the Sioux' corral and stealing their horses.

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