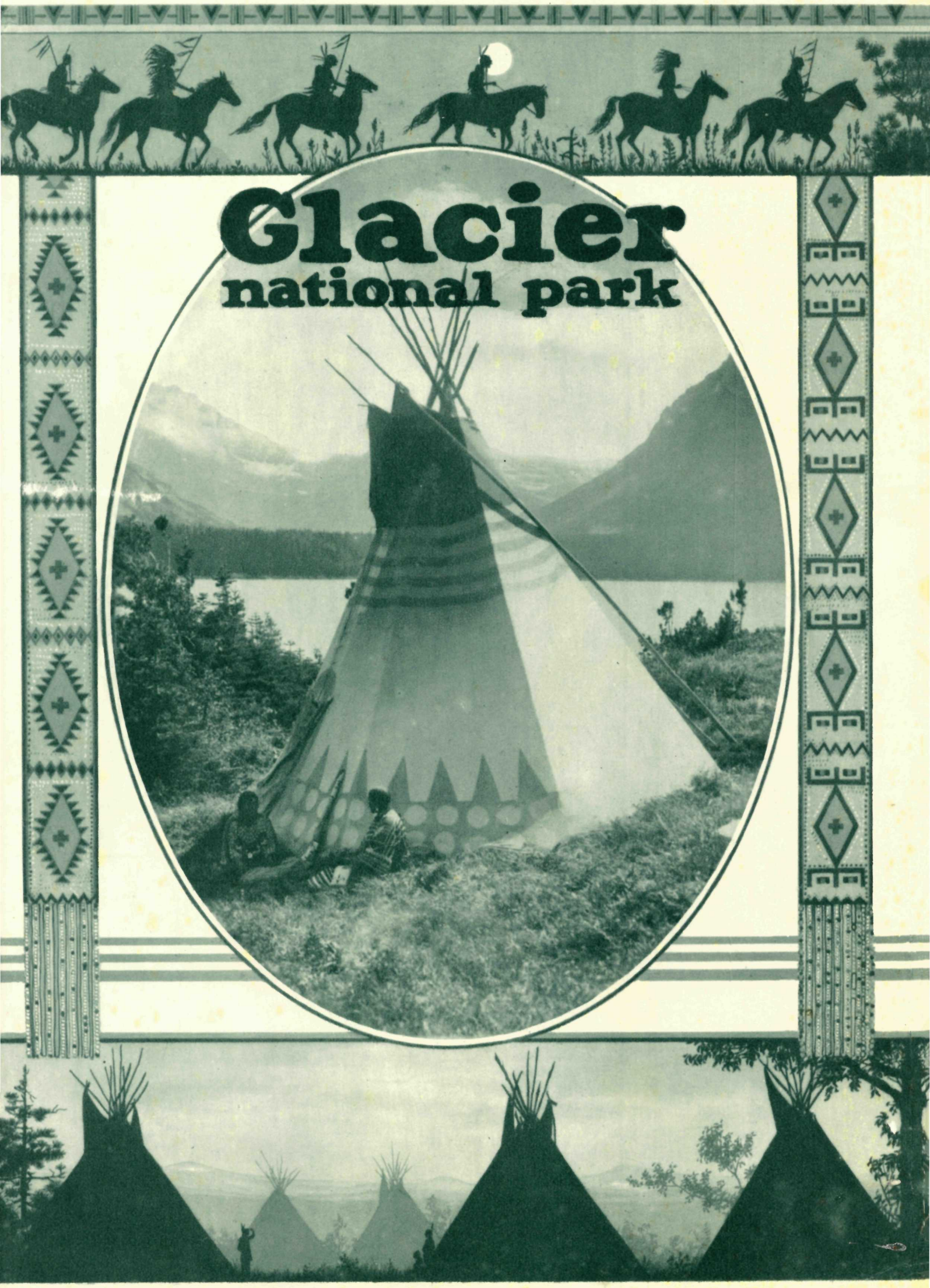
Glacier
national park



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THERE'S an incomparable bigness about Glacier that is difficult to understand. Riding or walking along the zig zag forest hemmed trail over Swift Current Pass one realizes how atom-like we humans are in the huge plan of creation.

Glacier National Park

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

Author of "Tenting To-night," "Through Glacier Park," "K", and Other Stories.

IF you are normal and philosophical, if you love your country, if you are willing to learn how little you count in the eternal scheme of things, go ride in the Rocky Mountains and save your soul.

There are no "Keep off the Grass" signs in Glacier National Park. It is the wildest part of America. If the Government had not preserved it, it would have preserved itself but you and I would not have seen it. It is perhaps the most unique of all our parks, as it is undoubtedly the most magnificent. Seen from an automobile or a horse, Glacier National Park is a good place to visit.

Here the Rocky Mountains run northwest and southeast, and in their glacier-carved basins are great spaces; cool shadowy depths in which lie blue lakes; mountain-sides threaded with white, where, from some hidden lake or glacier far above, the overflow falls a thousand feet or more, and over all the great silence of the Rockies. Here nerves that have been tightened for years slowly relax.

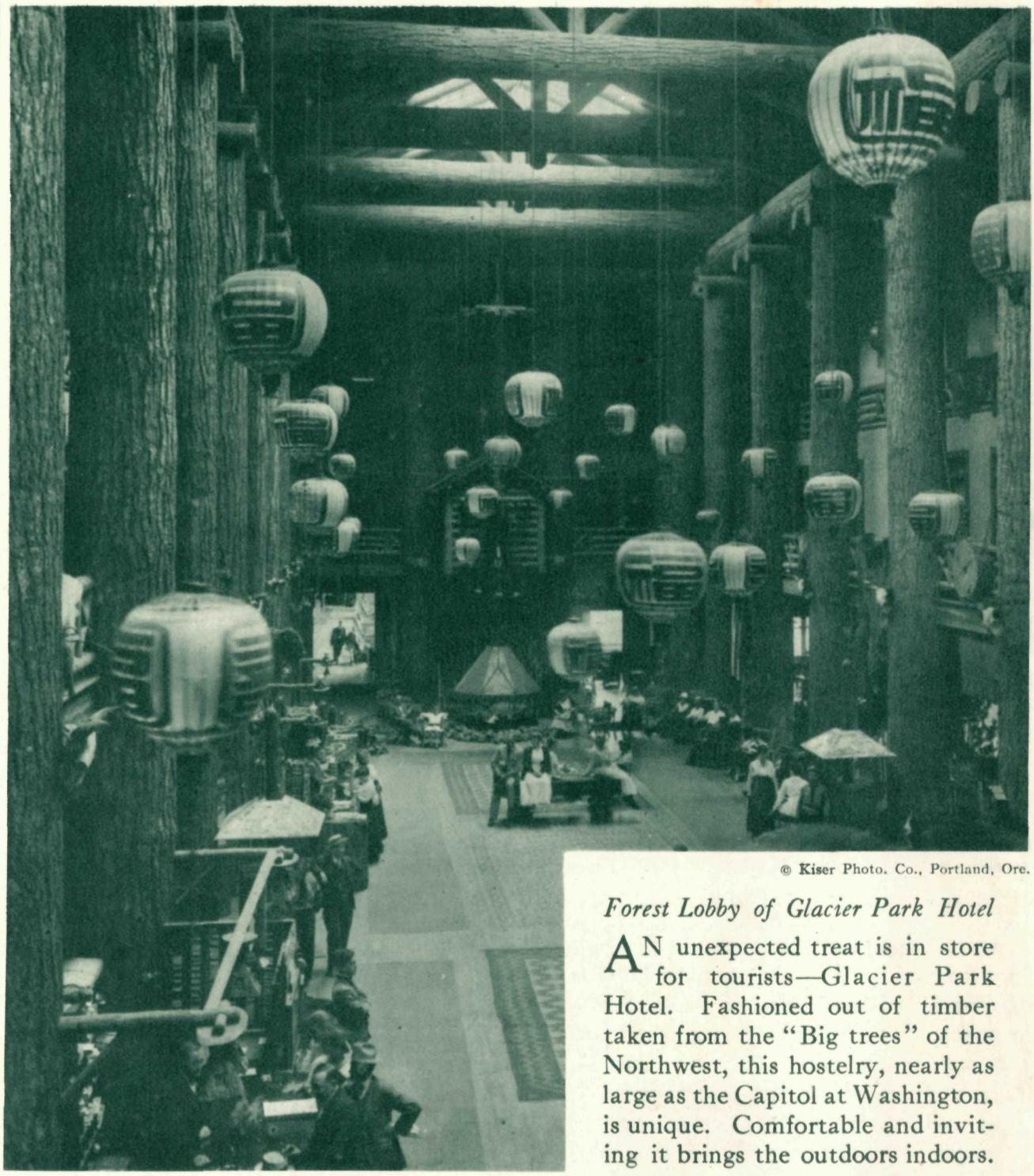
Here is the last home of a vanishing race—the Blackfeet Indians. Here is the last stand of the Rocky Mountain sheep and the Rocky Mountain goat; here are elk, deer, black and grizzly bears, and mountain lions. Here are trails that follow the old game trails along the mountain side; here are meadows of June roses, forget-me-not, larkspur, and Indian paintbrush growing beside glaciers, snowfields and trails of a beauty to make you gasp.

Here and there a trail leads through a snowfield; the hot sun seems to make no impression on these glacier-like patches. Flowers grow at their very borders, striped squirrels and whistling marmots run about, quite fearless, or sit up and watch the passing of horses and riders so close they can almost be touched.

The call of the mountains is a real call. Throw off the impedimenta of civilization. Go out to the West and ride the mountain trails. Throw out your chest and breathe—look across green valleys to wild peaks where mountain sheep stand impassive on the edge of space. Then the mountains will get you. You will go back. The call is a real call.

I have traveled a great deal of Europe. The Alps have never held this lure for me. Perhaps it is because these mountains are my own—in my own country. Cities call—I have heard them. But there is no voice in all the world so insistent to me as the wordless call of these mountains. I shall go back. Those who go once always hope to go back. The lure of the great free spaces is in their blood.

Mary Roberts Rinehart



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Forest Lobby of Glacier Park Hotel

AN unexpected treat is in store for tourists—Glacier Park Hotel. Fashioned out of timber taken from the "Big trees" of the Northwest, this hostelry, nearly as large as the Capitol at Washington, is unique. Comfortable and inviting it brings the outdoors indoors.

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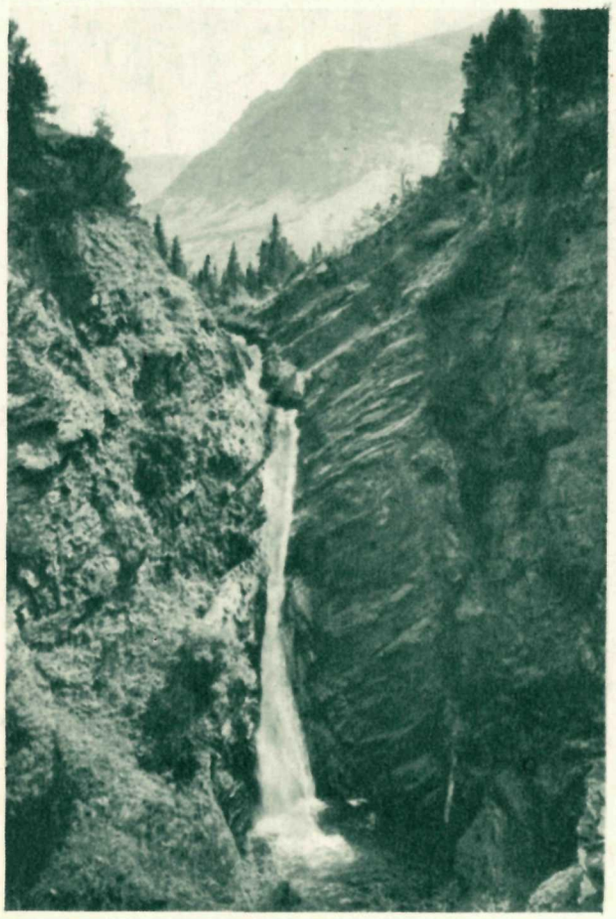
TWO Medicine Lake is particularly scenic: Mount Rockwell lifting its pyramid-like peak more than three thousand feet above the water. Two Medicine chalets are tucked away amid the serried peaks on the shore of Two Medicine Lake.



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APPISTOKI FALLS nearby is well worth a visit, or enjoyment can be had in boating and fishing on Two Medicine Lake.

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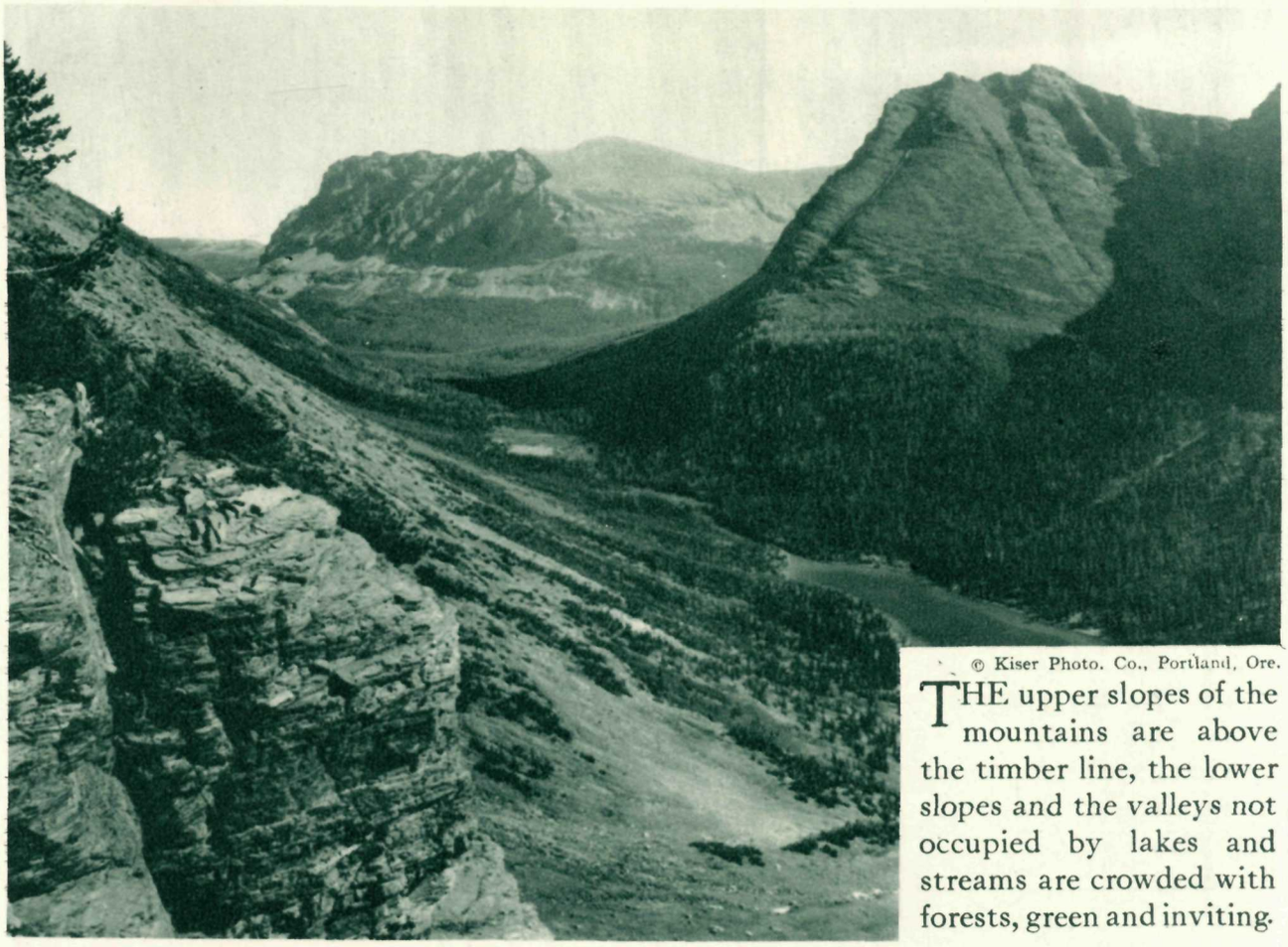
AT Trick Falls the Two Medicine River in a wondrously forested glen cataracts over the great lime-stone uplift that's called the Lewis Overthrust. Below the Falls, the blue-green Two Medicine sings among the pines.



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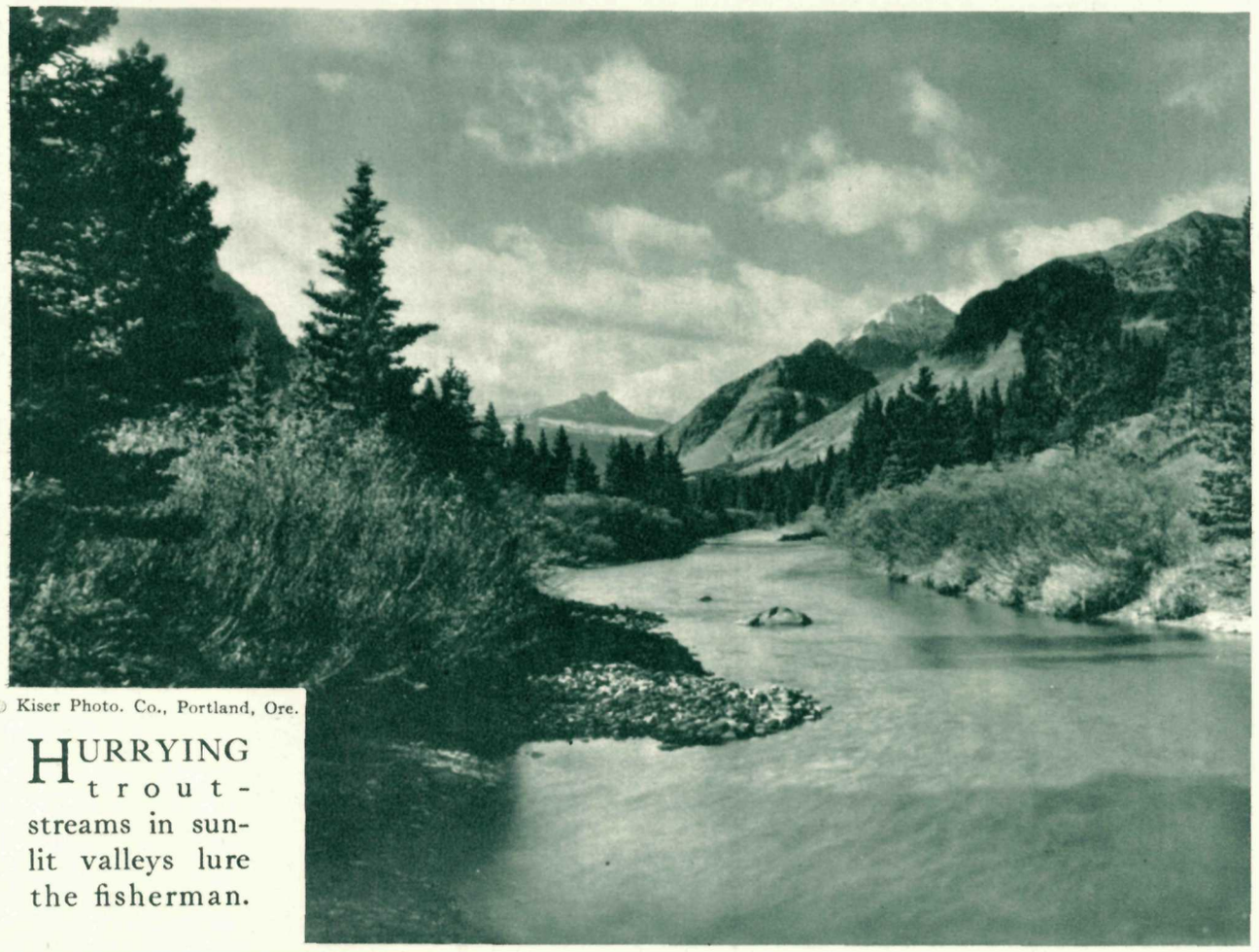
THE upper slopes of the mountains are above the timber line, the lower slopes and the valleys not occupied by lakes and streams are crowded with forests, green and inviting.



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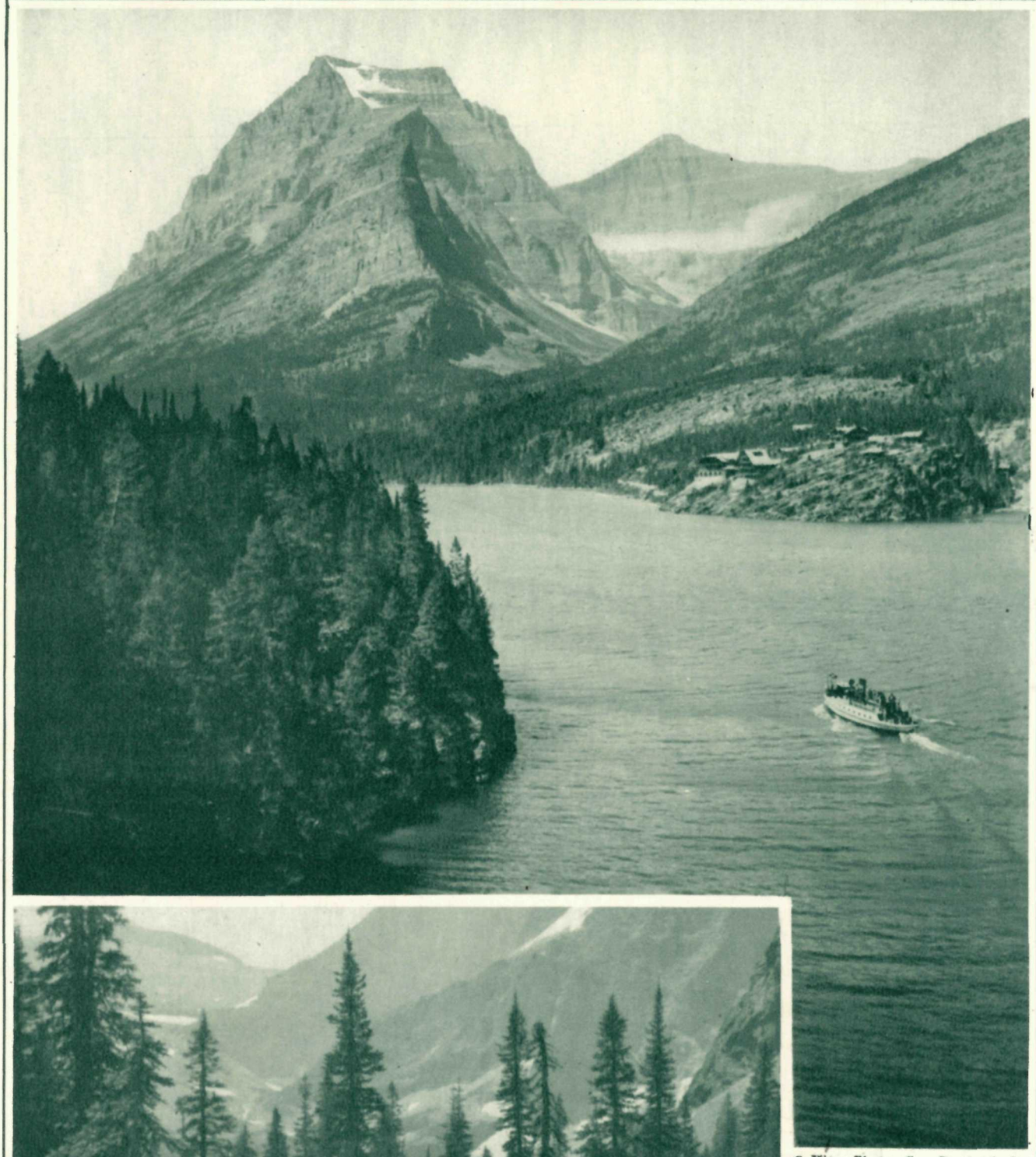
HURRYING trout-streams in sunlit valleys lure the fisherman.

ON the East side of the Park, Lake St. Mary, azure jewel set in rocky crescent of purplish-grey, drinks in the melting ice and snows from Blackfeet Glacier. You may cruise comfortably on Lake St. Mary in big, roomy launches.

IT is like sailing into a land o' dreams to do so, the shadows of the mountains, sunken reversed peaks seem to lure you to destruction, but as you glide silently into them, they tumble and slide into nothingness and with your passing reform amid the ripples.



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YOU may tramp the flower carpeted and timber shadowed meadows, motor, cruise the lakes in launches or go over the high passes on horseback.

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THE picturesque setting of Going-to-the-Sun chalet is unsurpassed in the American Rockies. Perched on a rocky promontory extending into the blue waters of St. Mary an awe-inspiring view presents itself from the chalet verandas.

FROM Going-to-the-Sun chalets trails of marvelous beauty, bordered with Indian fox grass, mountain daisies, yellow-dog tooth violets, clematis, syringa, blue bells, yellow columbine, blue larkspur, and hundreds of other wild varieties. This is the garden spot in a million acre flower garden.

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GOING-TO-THE-SUN Mountain, sacred in Indian song and story, looms protectingly, lifting its classic peak to the blue of heaven's sky. Nowhere else in the Rockies are the mountains so friendly, so intimately yours, as here in Glacier.

SKYLAND trails lure you to intoxicating heights, thousands of feet above azure lakes and Alpine meadows, where you may see spread out before you a weird and wondrously beautiful panorama that invites the brush of the artist.

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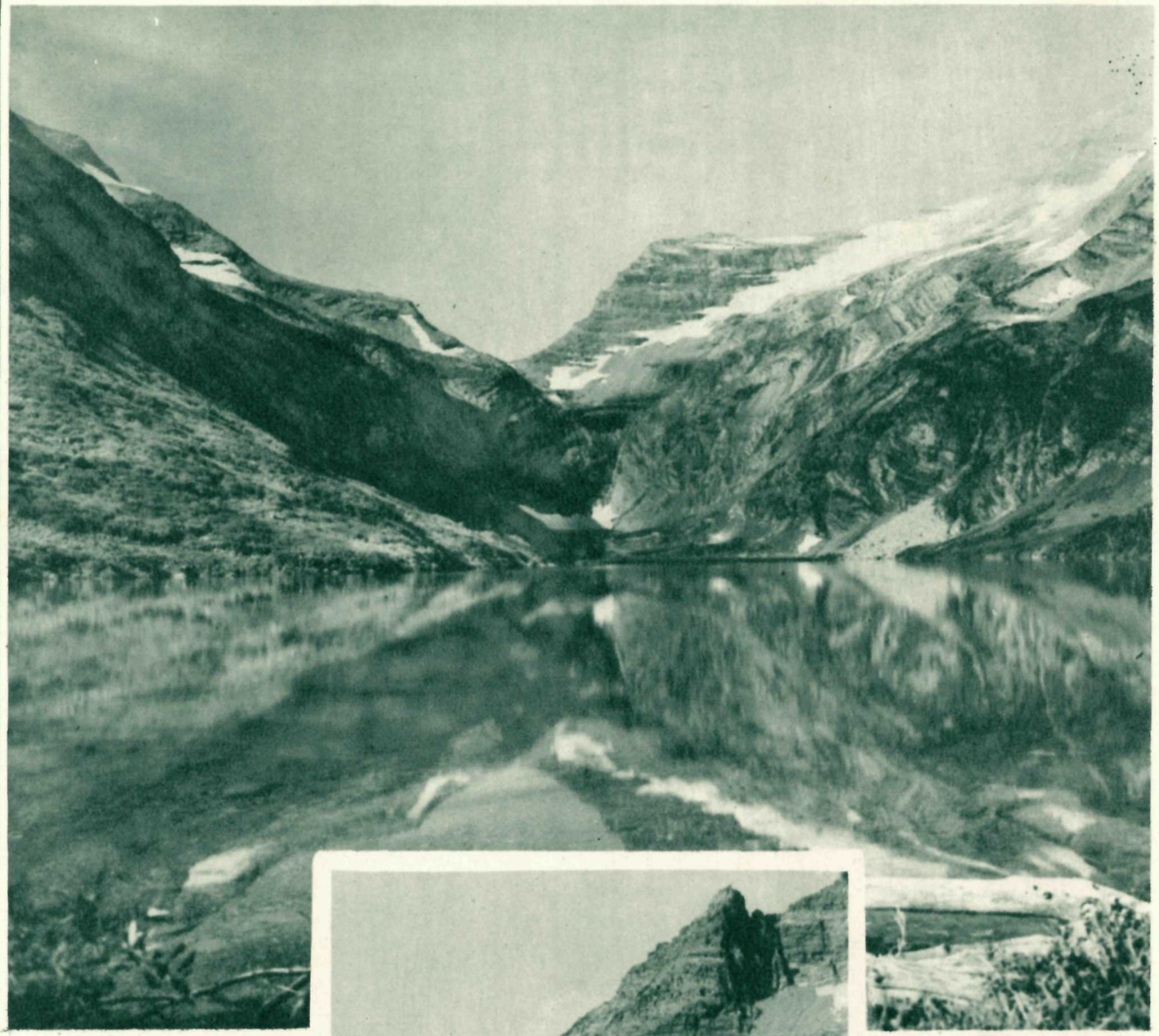

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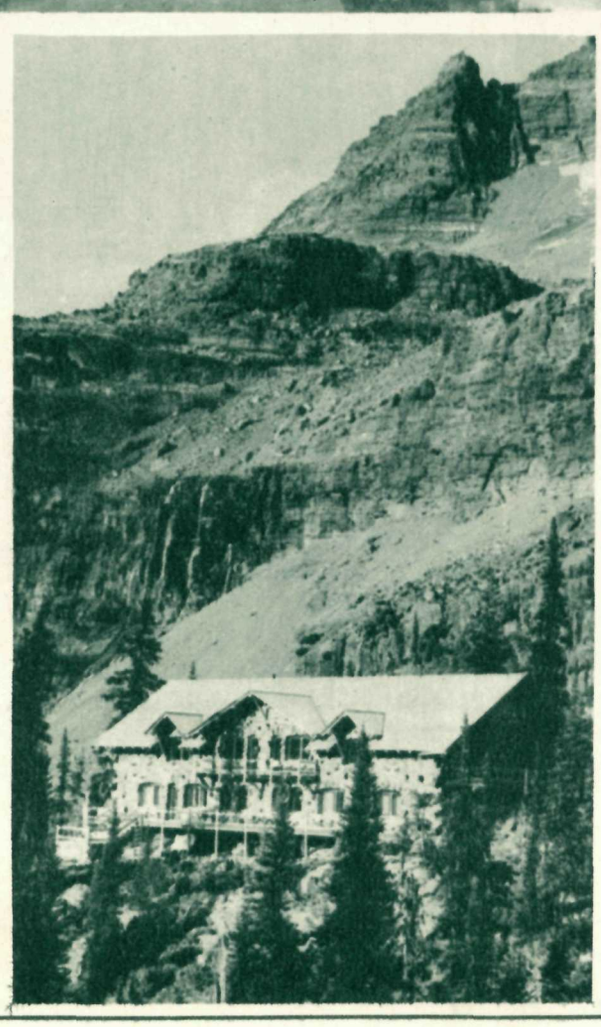
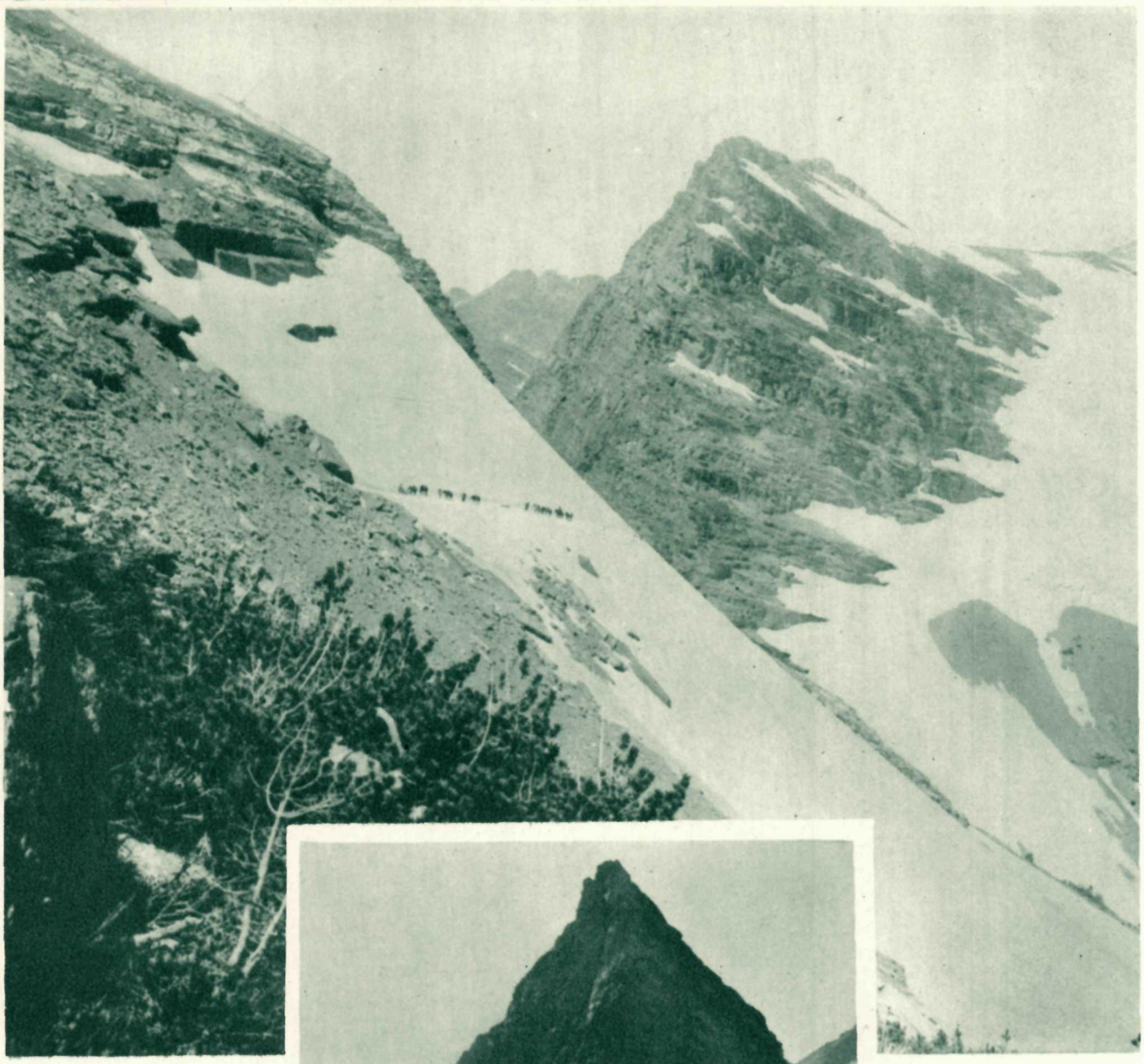
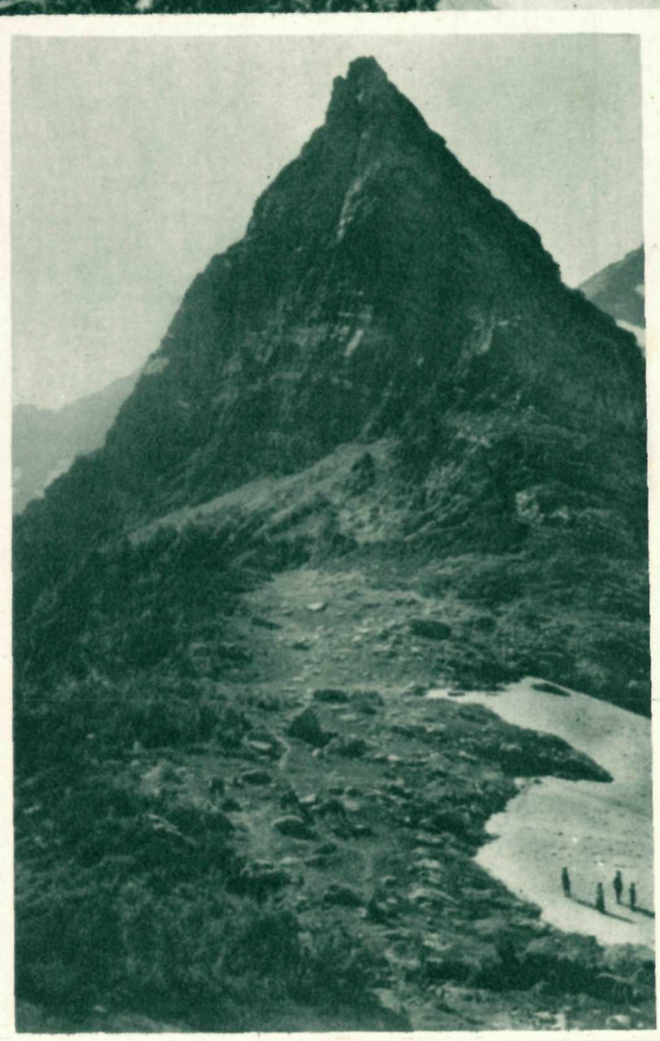
AN amphitheater, hollowed ages ago by the ice, holds the shimmering waters of Gunsight Lake. On its surface lie the shadows of many mountains and every little wisp of cloud that sails the sky is photographed in its depths.



THE stone chalets of Sperry Camp.





THE V-shaped notch known to mountain men from Alaska to Mexico as Gunsight Pass. It is at the summit of the Continental Divide, but like most natural divisions between East and West its views are north and south.

FROM its summit the view astounds. Arm-like masses of clouds reach gently out to pinnacles of stone and smother them, while ever and anon the sun drives straight through to the blue of lakes on either side 3,000 feet below.

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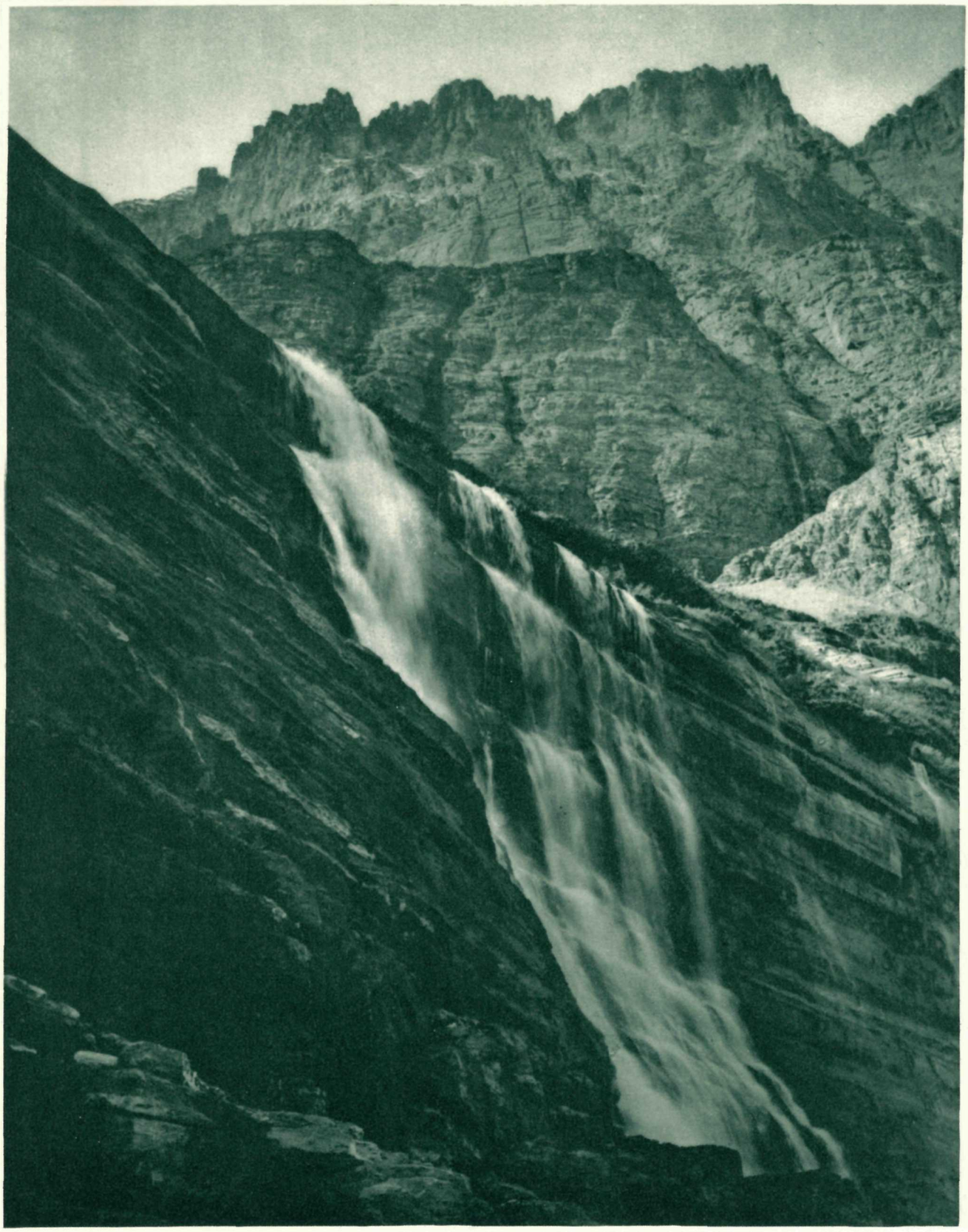
THE crossing of the Continental Divide at Logan Pass in the early morning hours with the tang of the dew still in the air is one of keenest delight. The ponies step at a road gate along the Serpentine Trail, only pausing to drink at the sparkling little streams that are met with at every turn.



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MORNING Eagle Falls—Blackfeet christened —a cascade of milk white water whose shimmering beauty reflects all the colors of the rainbow as it cascades abruptly down rocky slopes, a vision of scenic loveliness which once seen can never be forgotten.

PERHAPS nowhere else in Glacier are the sunsets so gorgeous as McDermott Lake.

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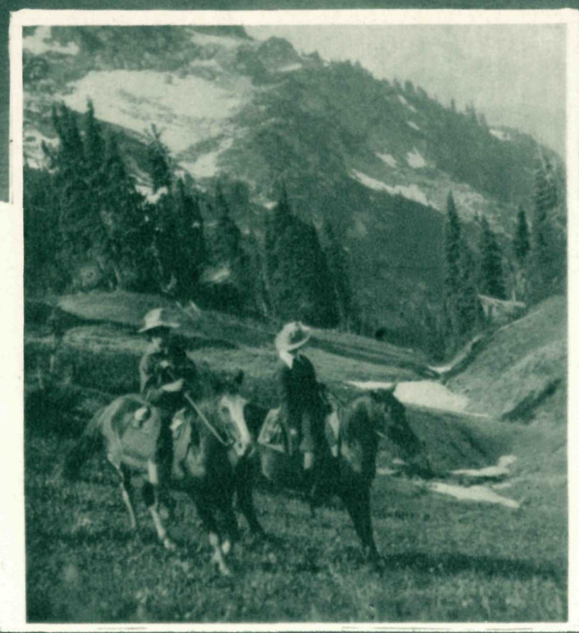
MC DERMOTT Lake is set down in perhaps the grandest panorama in all the Montana Rockies. You will find here one of the most remarkable hotels in America. Its mammoth size makes one wonder how the difficulties of constructing such a huge structure in this wild setting were overcome. The hotel is built of native stones and timber hewed and sawed from adjacent forests of spruce and balsam. From the terraces and balconies of "Many Glacier" at eventide, as the sun sinks slowly behind Mount Wilbur across-lake, there is a pictured play of ever-changing colors.



"MANY GLACIER" is a focal point, from which trails spread fan-wise in all directions.

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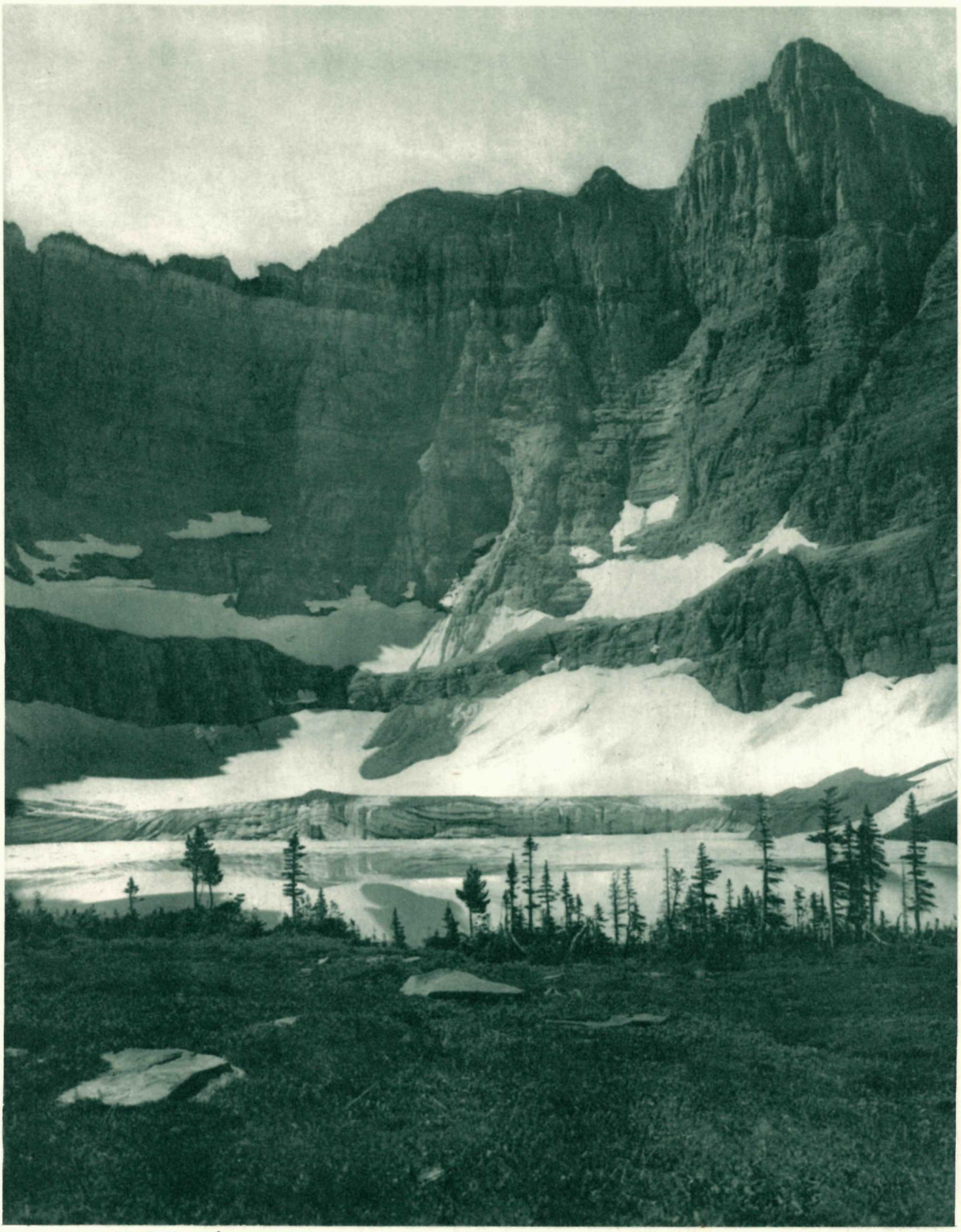
HERE one finds vast meadows made radiantly beautiful by thousands upon thousands of field and mountain flowers. Tumbling masses of color blending into a wondrous fantasy, like rainbows bruised at play, greet the eye on every side and make supreme this wondrously wild artistic disarray.



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ICEBERG LAKE is tremendously interesting with a scenic appeal unlike any other lake in America. It is set down in the center of a horse shoe of rock, the walls of which rise perpendicular, thirty-five hundred feet above. You may see hundreds of miniature icebergs, cruising around the lake, some staunch and stalwart as battleships, a great white fleet, and others listing to one side, bombed by the winds and torpedoed by the waves.

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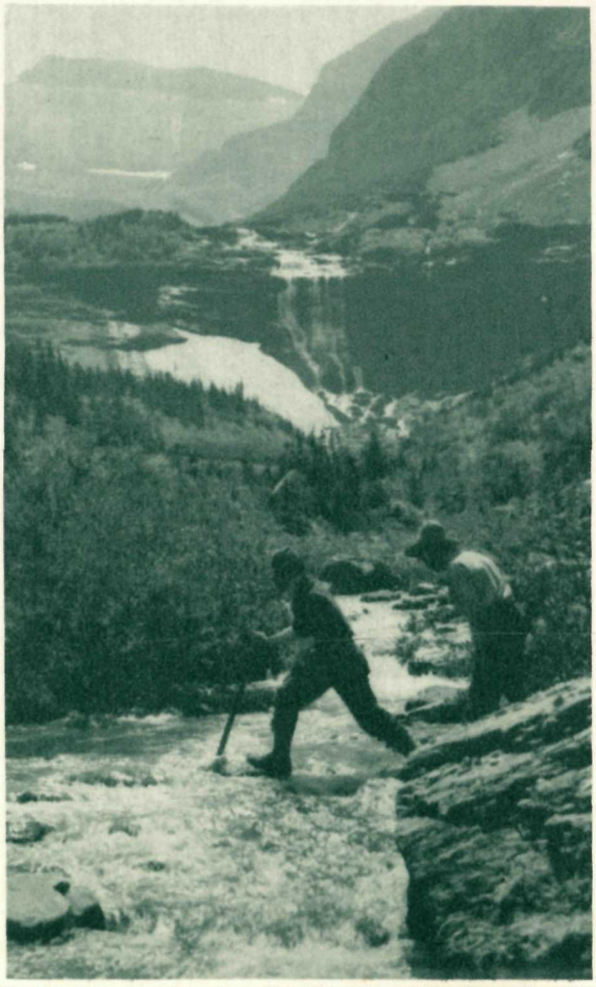
CRACKER LAKE

THERE are lakes to capture the heart of every visitor to Glacier National Park. Lakes as blue as sapphires, glowing with gold at sunset, mirror the shore line mountains and invite the brush of the artist. Lakes of varied size—long shining silver lakes, round and blue, high up in mountain pockets.



Hikers on Trail

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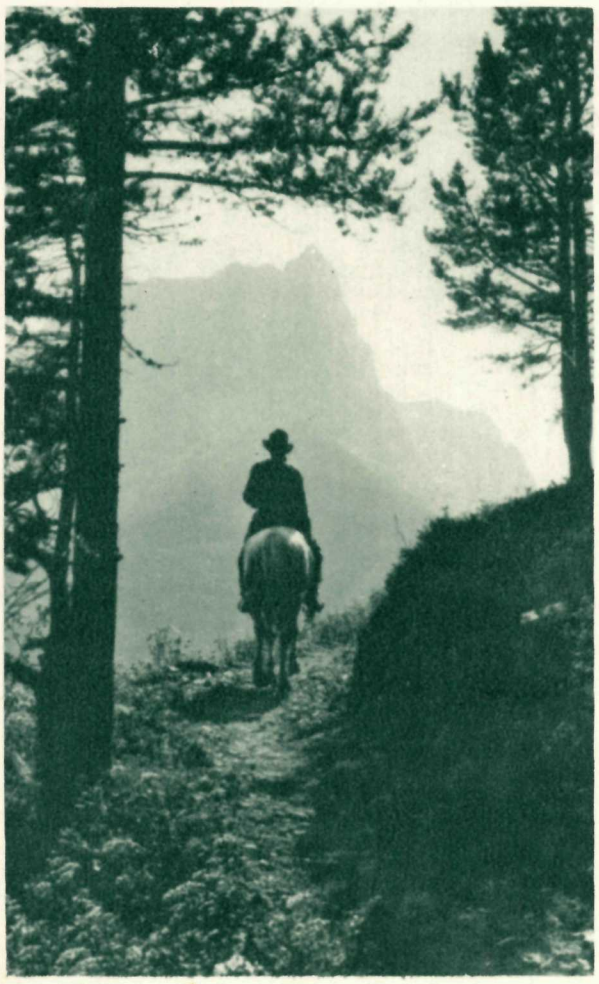
LAKES of rarest beauty mirroring the mighty mountains and shoreline timber give Glacier a scenic appeal that is distinct from that in any other national park. Josephine Lake is an outstanding beauty spot possessing irresistible charm and individuality.



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RIDING into the sun set over trails flower bedecked, at the end of a day's journey, to a crackling log-fire in hotel or chalet is to know nature in her most transcending mood.

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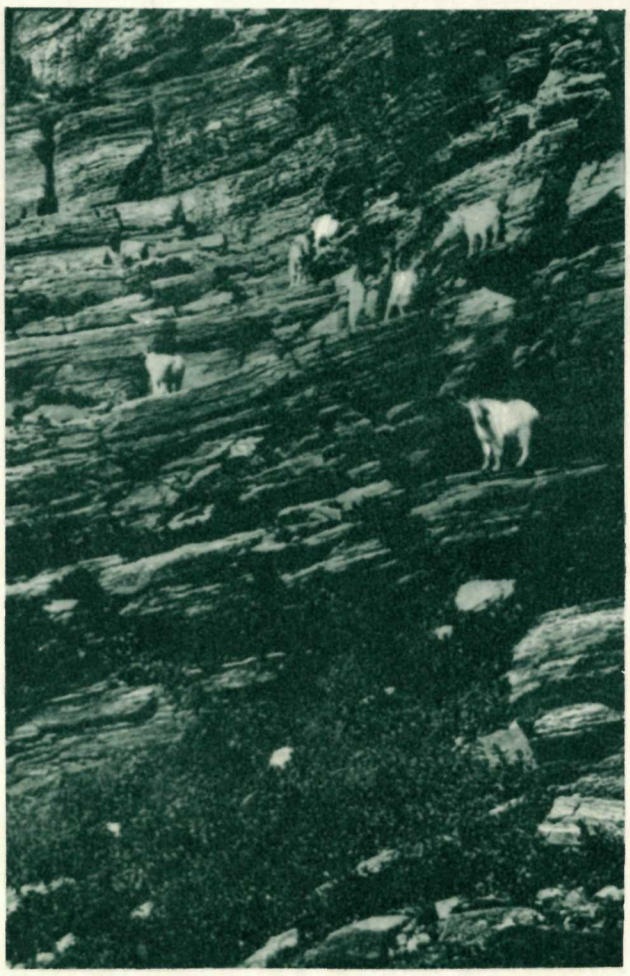
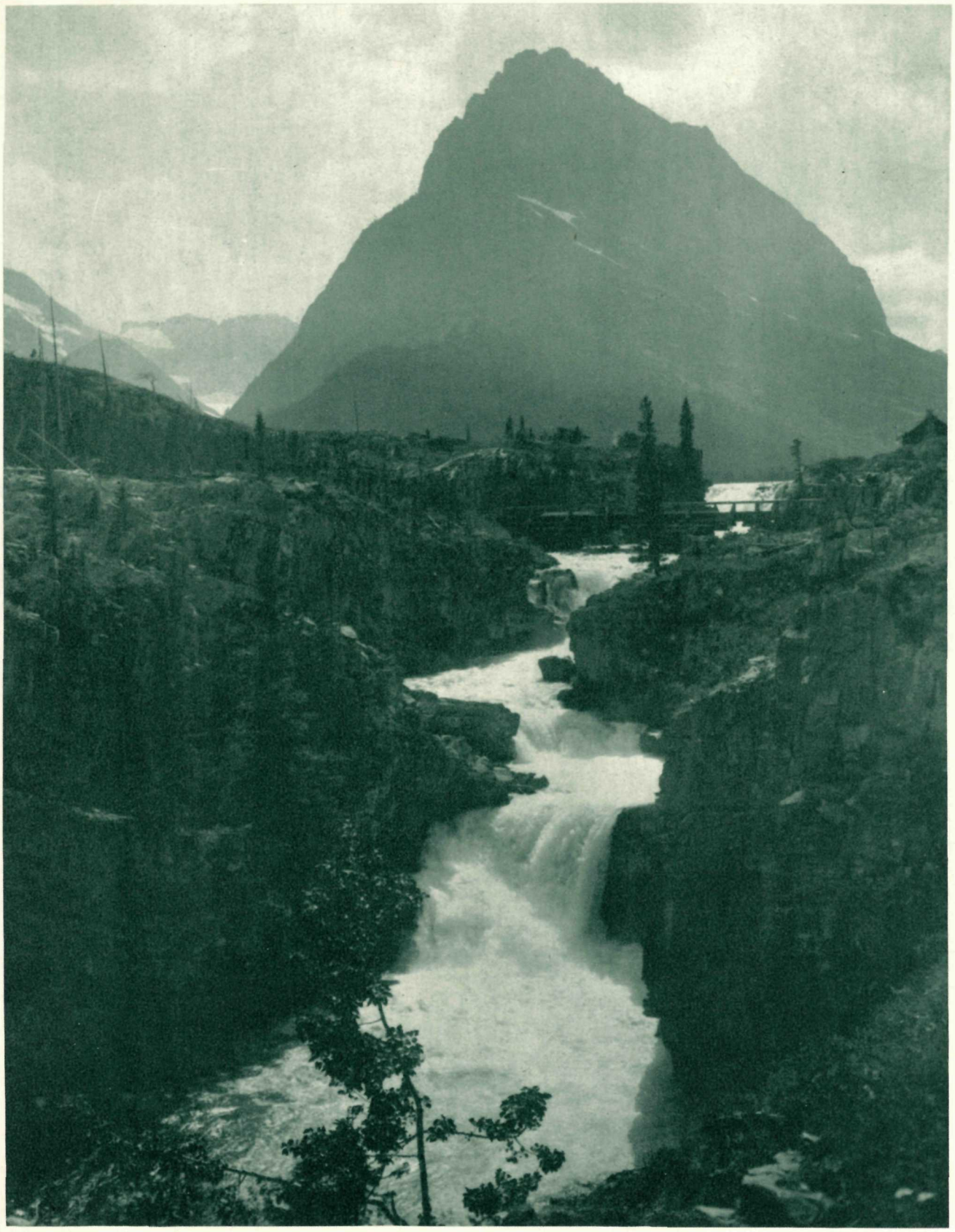
GRINNELL GLACIER, Gould Mountain, and Josephine Lake — a symphony in water, rock and foliage —it has taken Nature millions of years to compose.



YOU may see mountain goats impressively treading their perilous paths on skyland trails. Shy, but inquisitive, you may sometimes venture close to these white coated creatures and photograph them.



MC DERMOTT FALLS, a sparkling, foaming, twisting torrent of green-blue water cascading over age old rocks cut into fantastic shape by the action of the waters.

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THE climb by saddle-horse from "Many Glacier" over Swift Current Pass Trail to the Continental Divide is a most fascinating travel experience. From the Pass, near to seven thousand feet above sea level, you may overlook all of the tumbling peaks of the Swift Current Valley.

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THERE 'mid the disarray of towering and snow-tipped peaks, giant pawns on the chess board of creation, sparkling lakes of wondrous azure and rocky amphitheatres, you may play with the freedom of the big outdoors

IT is the awesome bigness, this dominating bulk and the smallness of oneself in comparison that brings out the everlasting desire to give way to pent-up emotions and—holler.

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WHERE the fighting trout leap high; the Cut Throat, the Rainbow, the Dolly Varden, the Eastern brook trout and the Mackinaw, good fighters all.

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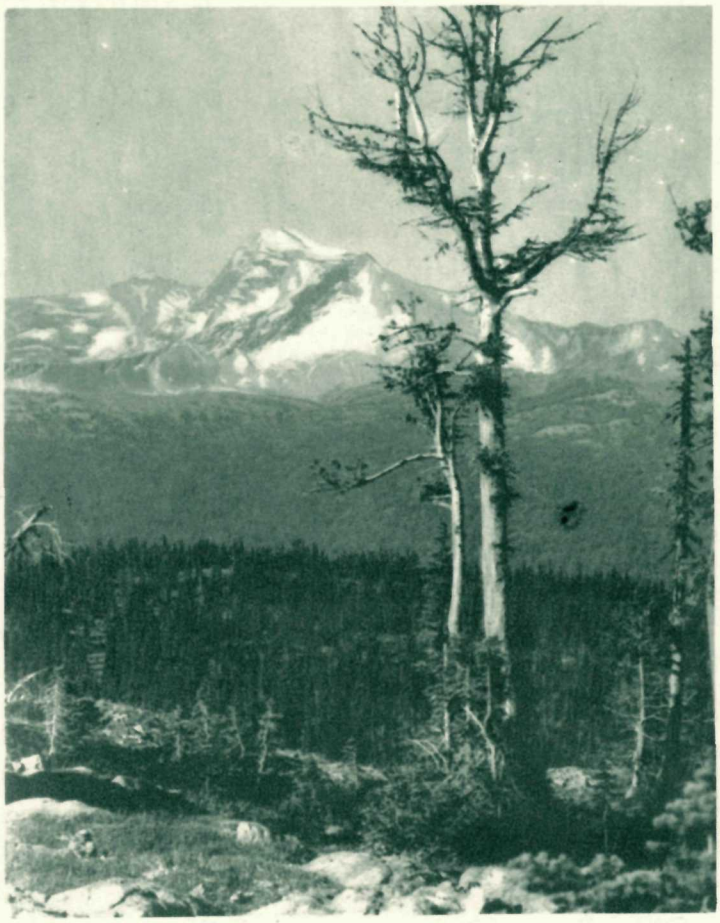
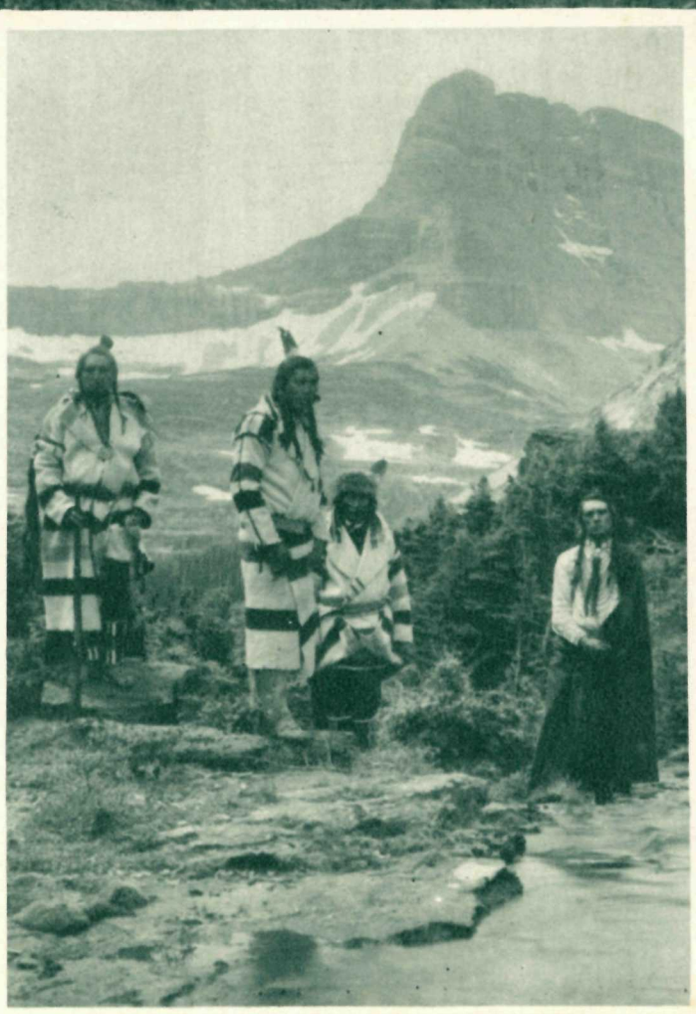
THE giant Mackinaw trout are found only in St. Mary Lake. They have been taken weighing 35 lbs. The Dolly Varden and Rainbow trout are confined to a few lakes and the larger streams.

HEAVENS PEAK as seen from auto road.



NORTH from the Glacier Park Hotel a distance of 55 miles is the Many Glacier Hotel in the heart of the mountains. The broad auto highway connecting them winds now over flower carpeted foothills, now along forested mountain sides, now along the shores of lakes and rivers. A wonderful scenic panorama unfolds itself as the auto speeds along.

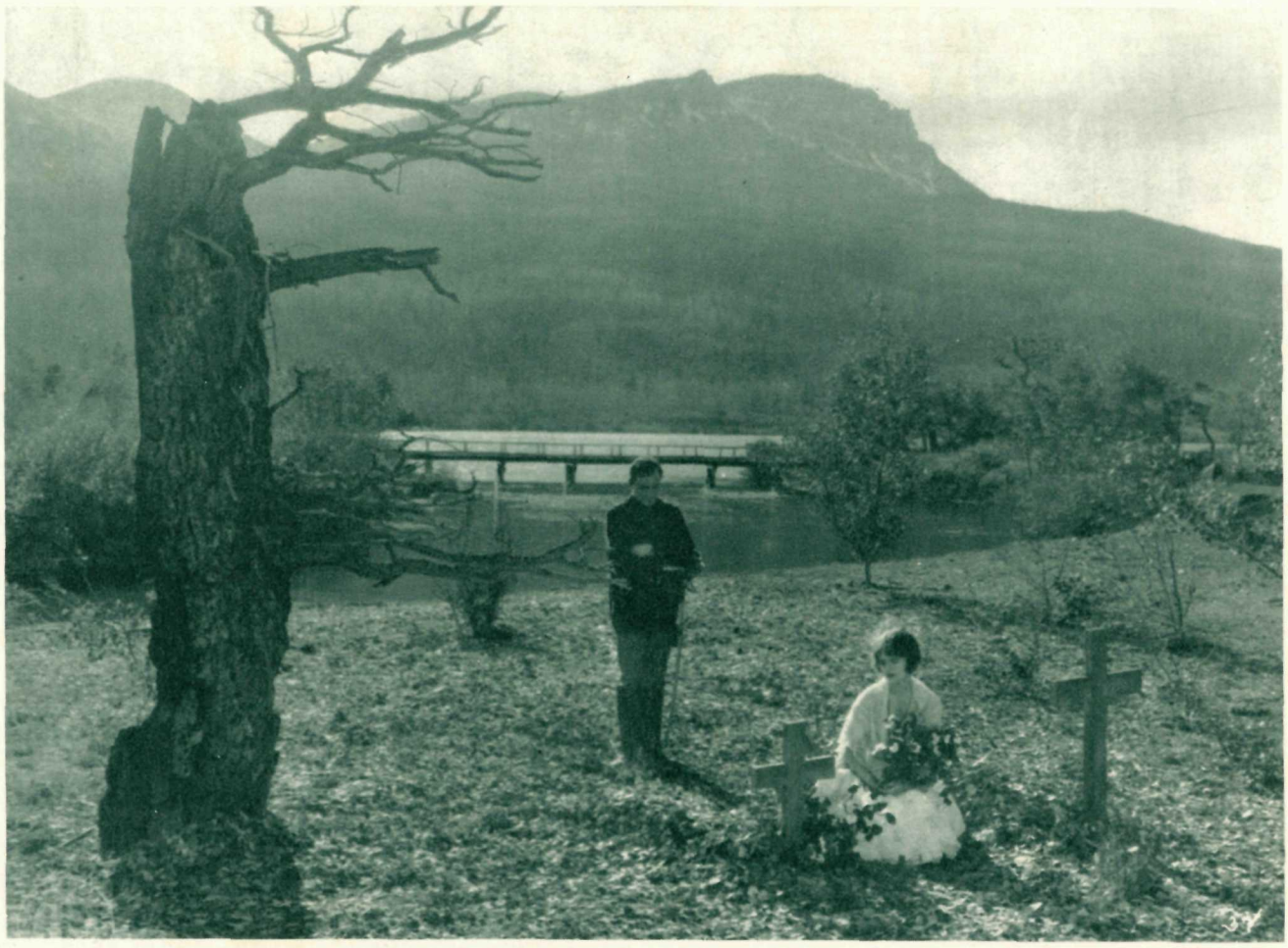
THE Blackfeet Indians call Glacier "The Land of Shining Mountains," and like the white man make it their summer playground. The Park abounds in mountains, lakes, and waterfalls, hunting or war paths, haunts of the early Blackfeet, still bearing the original Indian names.

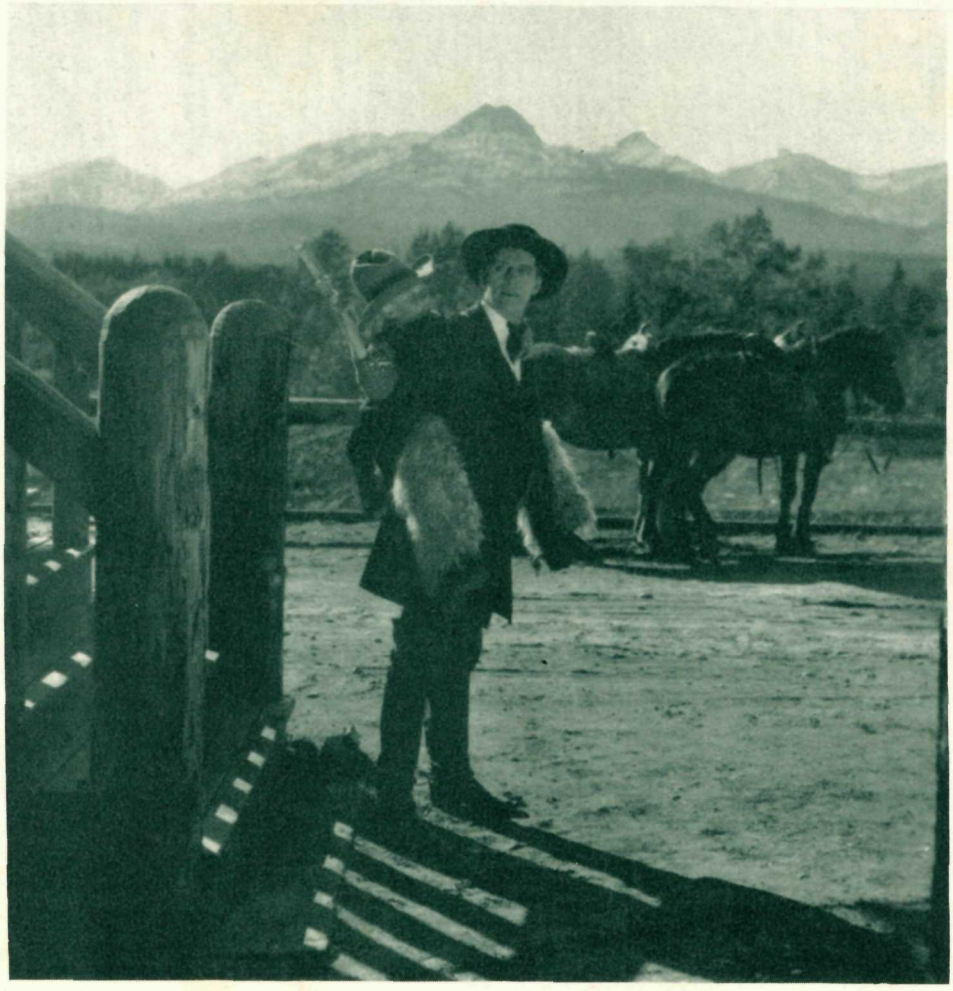


THE Blackfeet Reservation adjoins Glacier National Park on the East.

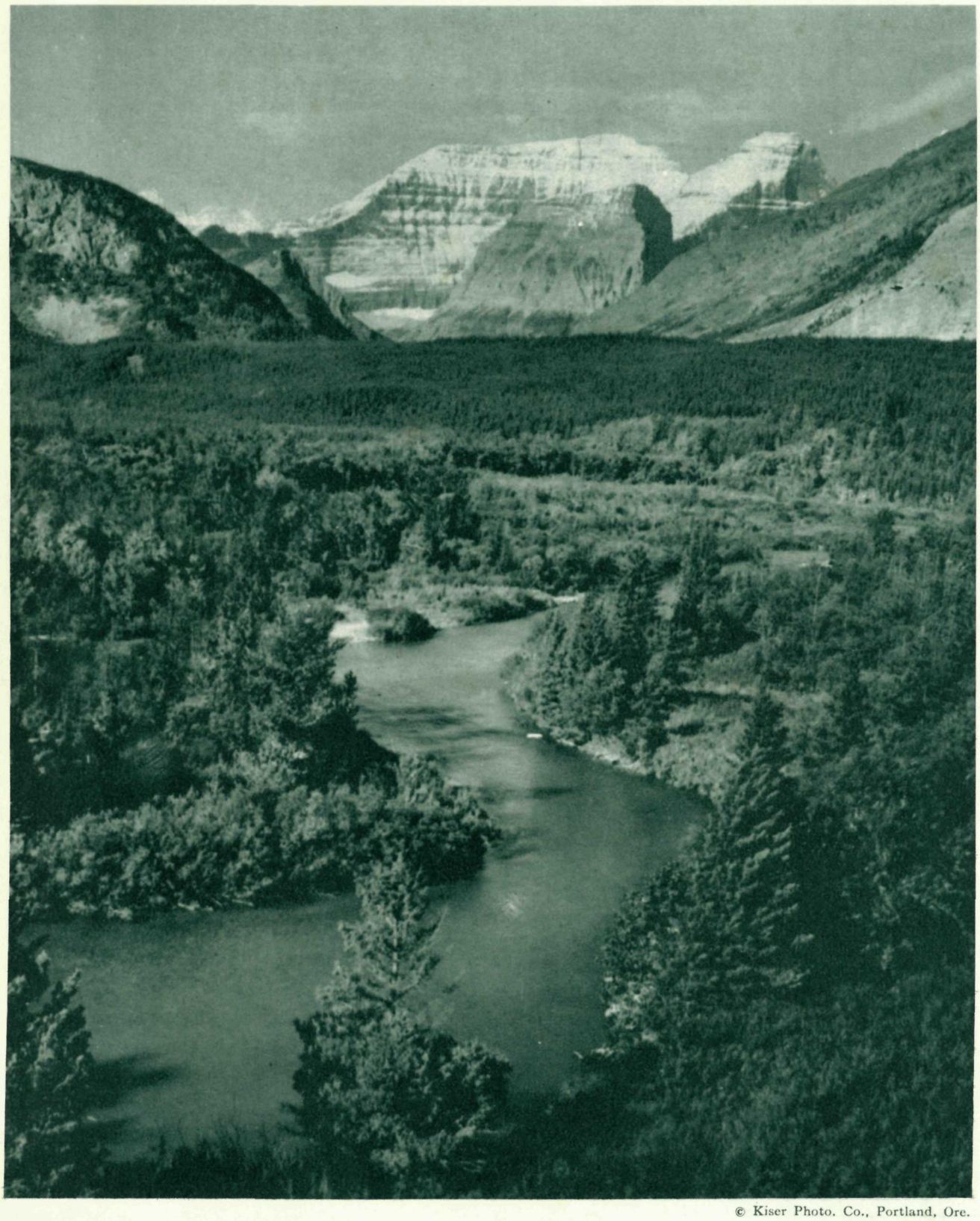
© Hileman, Kalispell, Mont.

HERE the Rocky Mountains tumble and froth like a wind whipped tide, as they careen off to the Northwest. High up on some gale swept crag the mountain goat pauses for a moment and plunges from view.





MAKING "movies" in Glacier National Park. The scenic vastness of "Glacier" furnished Marshall Neilan, master-weaver of picture plays, with the supremely beautiful outdoor setting for this spectacular picturization of Randall Parrish's romantic novel, "Bob Hampton of Placer."



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NORTHWEST from Granite Park Chalets lies the Belly River Country to tempt the Tourist who wants more scenic thrills and wilder country. Here is Mt. Cleveland, tallest of all the sky-scrapers, 10,438 feet amid a jumbled mass of peaks, valleys, lakes, rivers and waterfalls, providing a constant succession of scenic surprises.

COMPLIMENTS OF

E. H. WILDE
GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT

F. T. HOLMES
ASST. GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT

A. J. DICKINSON
PASSENGER TRAFFIC MANAGER

ST. PAUL, MINN.