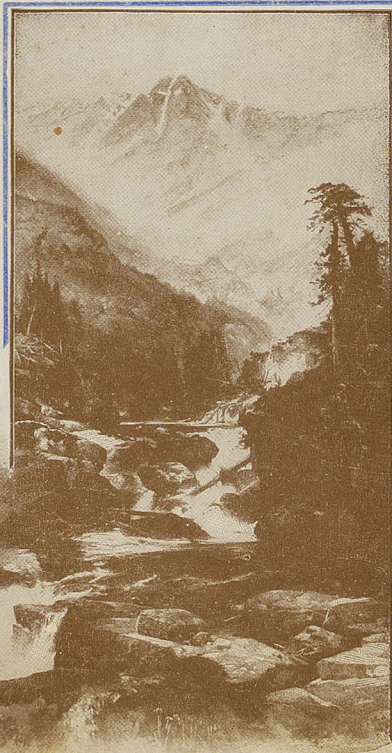


WESTERN WONDERLAND







Western Wonderland



By
Elizabeth
Albertha
Taylor

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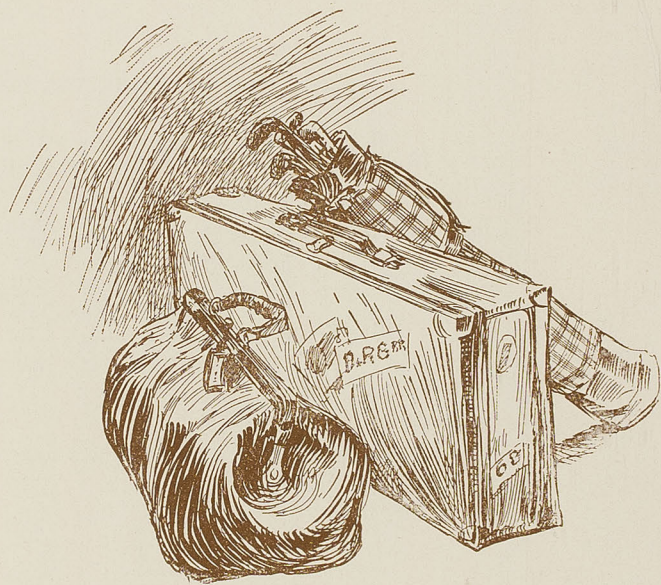
For the illustrations contained herein I wish to express
my thanks to—

The Denver & Rio Grande Railroad Company,
The Colorado & Southern Railroad Company,
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The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad Company,
The Manitou & Pike's Peak Railroad Company,
The Union Pacific Railroad Company,
The Management of Hotel Colorado, Glenwood,

—ELIZABETH ALBERTHA TAYLOR.

"There's a country famed in story,
As I've often-times been told.
'Tis a land of wondrous beauty
Running o'er with sands of gold.

'Tis away out in the West,
'Tis away out in the West,
Oh, if you wish to find it,
Just go out in the West."



Western Wonderland

Tourists come and tourists go
Rambling ever to and fro,
Seeking out interesting places,
Meeting many strange faces,
But a word, a smile or song
Serves as an introduction
To strangers in a strange land
Traveling in one merry band.

Having been elected scribe
Of a gay and jolly tribe
At odd times I've jotted down
A few notes from every town.
This has been a pleasant task
And now my friends, all I ask
Is that you accept my best,
Some one else may tell the rest.

To those who come from Eastern states
The panorama which awaits
Is inconceivably grand.
A long stretch of level land,
With the foot-hills far away
Peeping through the twilight gray.
A typical mountain scene—
Compared with our prairies green.



Denver—Queen City of the Plains—
Lies at the foot of Snowy Range.
The loftiest of the peaks in sight
Are Gray's, Torrey's, Long's and Pike's.
Two hundred miles the range extends
The tourist thinks he comprehends
The grandeur and the majesty
Of Rocky Mountain scenery.

But when we started on a trip
Around the far-famed Georgetown loop
Surprise mingled with delight
At the unimagined sight.
Through misty canons we climbed
The scenery growing more sublime—
Mother Grundy and Hanging Rock
Poise haughtily above the track.



MOTHER GRUNDY—C. & S. R. R.

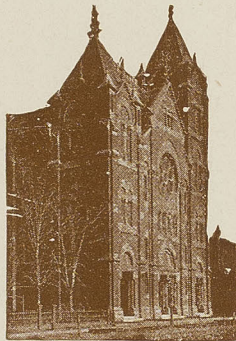


THE FAR-FAMED GEORGETOWN LOOP—C. & S. R. R.

Winding around and around
The road continues to ascend,
Then for some distance we ride
'Round the base of the mountain side.

Presently, crossing the stream
We double back the way we came,
Gradually climbing higher up
To the last turn of the Loop.

With a short stop at Silver Plume
We turned back again the way we come,
Arriving again at Denver
As the evening shadows gather.
There the Sunday School Convention
For several days was in session,
Quite a spiritual revival
And thoroughly enjoyed by all.

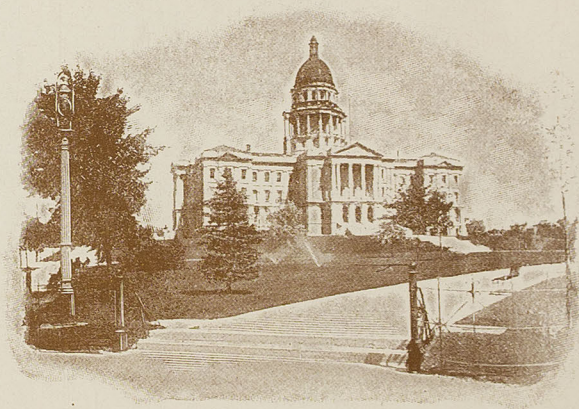


Of course we visited City Park
And went on many a little lark,
Taking in Manhattan Beach
And the gardens of Elitch—
Not beer gardens, no indeed,
Only pop and lemonade—
With trees and flowers everywhere
And cages of lion and bear.



EQUITABLE BUILDING.

From the Seeing Denver car
Every sight both near and far
Was pointed out to our view;
Hotels and business blocks, too,
The new United States Mint,
The Indian and Buffalo monument,
The imposing State Capitol
The Court House and the City Hall.



COLORADO STATE CAPITOL.

From Denver to Manitou
Snow-capped peaks are in plain view.
On either side of the train
Interesting objects may be seen.
At least the porter said so
And he surely ought to know.
We were highly entertained
By the porter on that train.



D. & R. G. R. R.

The first place that I recall
Which he pointed out to all
Was a huge stone called Castle Rock
And farther on was Palmer Lake.
He tried to direct our gaze
To landmarks which would amaze
Could we but have discerned them,
In biblical style he named them.

How he tried to take us in—
With "Daniel in the Lion's den"
"David and the Lamb" also—
How imaginations grow,
Then came "Noah and the Ark,"
Finally Monument Park
In due time he pointed out,
And other things all about.

I cannot tell the whole thing,
The porter "made it interesting."
He wasn't paid to do that
And therefore he passed his hat.
"Please remember the porter,"
Which of course meant a quarter,
As his hat he passed along
Right and left among the throng.

Arriving in Manitou
Quite hastily we all go
To the hotel to wash and dine.
That dinner was indeed fine.
Then we went in various ways
To visit some enchanting place.
Some to Cheyenne Canon went
Botany collecting bent.

Some rare specimens were found
 In the seeming barren ground.
 Seven Falls were reached at last,
 At the top we paused to rest.
 And watch the waters dashing,
 Crashing, splashing and flashing,
 And tearing down the rocky walls
 To the foot of Seven Falls.

Descending the long stairway,
 All again refreshed and gay
 We spied another choice growth,
 And our reckless daring youth—
 Tho' it was beyond his reach—
 Sought a means to span the breach.
 He and another swung down
 From the stairway to the ground.



GATHERING COLUMBINE.
 COLO. MID. R. R.

Clasping tight each others wrists,
 After many turns and twists,
 One clinging to the support
 Upon which the steps were built,
 The other secured the prize,
 Tho indeed it was unwise
 To thus risk life and limb
 For a little specimen.



PIKE'S PEAK—C. & S. R. R.

We had planned a trip that night
To the top of famous "Pike,"
By way of the burro trail.
The burros travel like a snail
But 'tis a safe and sure way
To go by night as well as day.
We thought to go at night was wise
That we might see the sun rise.

But when it came time to go
The ladies found a veto
From some of the gentlemen,
Then we attempted to amend
The former plans and wait till morn,
But the ladies, quite forlorn,
Were compelled to stay behind
And other amusement find.

But just at the last moment
The gentlemen gave consent
For all the ladies to ride
Part way up the mountain side,
And so with them we started,
But all too soon we parted,
Singing as we beat retreat;
"God be with you till we meet."

As they went slowly on their way—
So we heard the following day—
They came to a narrow pass,
In this dangerous place, alas,
Our Texas friend lost his hat,
Indian style he lay down flat
And wormed his way down the trail
Clinging to a burro's tail.



HALF-WAY HOUSE—PIKE'S PEAK COG ROAD.

'Twas quite a close shave, they said,
Recovering cover for his head.
Soon they started on again,
Going very slowly then.
At the so-called "Halfway House"
All was quiet as a mouse.
But they roused the inmates up
And got something hot to sup.

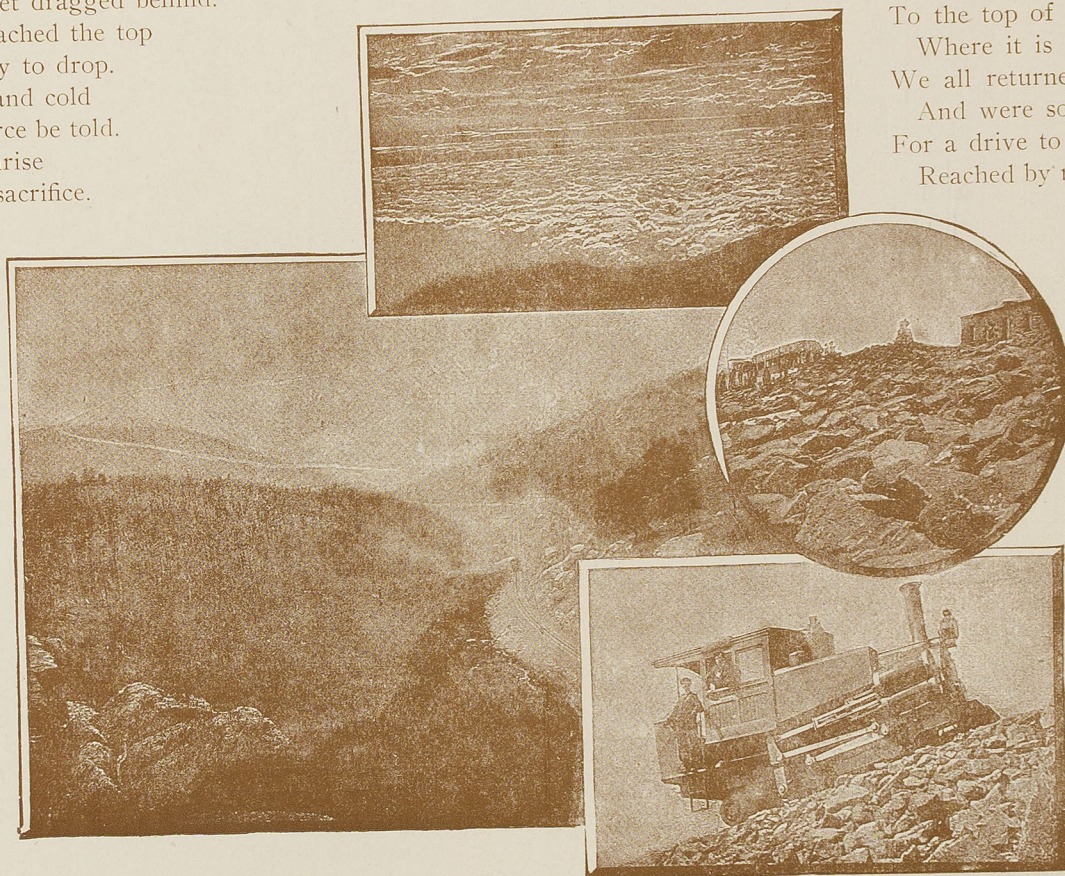
The Halfway House is really
About one-third of the way,
And as it was then midnight
They made quite a hasty flight
After finishing their feast.
Soon they saw, off toward the East
A tongue of flame leap up high
Brightening the dark gray sky.

There is a fire on the plains!
So one of the boys exclaims,
As they pause to watch the glow
Rapidly the flames did grow.
The guide said in positive way:
"It is only a stack of hay."
But they discovered quite soon
That it was, in fact, the moon.

At "Windy Point" they lost the trail
And crept along like a snail,
The wind was blowing quite a blast
When they found the trail at last.
On and on and on they go,
But their progress was quite slow,
For the way is very steep,
Yet some of the boys went to sleep.

The tall India rubber man
 Stretched till his feet dragged behind.
 Indeed, when they reached the top
 They were all ready to drop.
 The hunger, fatigue and cold
 Experience can scarce be told.
 But the glorious sunrise
 Quite repaid the sacrifice.

Meantime it had been arranged
 To take the rest by special train
 To the top of old Pike's Peak
 Where it is so cold and bleak.
 We all returned about mid-day
 And were soon after on our way
 For a drive to various nooks
 Reached by many turns and crooks.

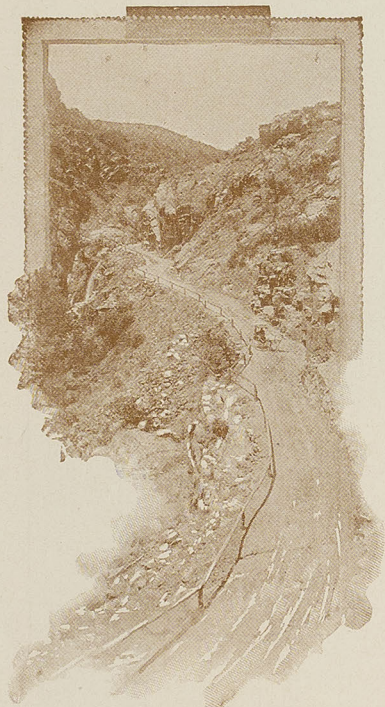


PIKE'S PEAK COG ROAD.

First along Williams' Canon

We drove slowly on and on,
Through the Narrows, a gateway
To a steep and winding driveway
Which is called the Temple Drive.

When at the top we arrived
We beheld a glorious view:
Above, the sky clear and blue.



A., T. & S. F. R. R.

Below we could see quite plain
The narrow tortuous lane
We traversed so fearlessly,
Indeed chatting carelessly,
Tho o'er our heads, while down there,
Huge gray rocks hung in mid air,
Seemingly ready to fall
Crashing down the stony wall.



MANITOU SPRINGS—D. & R. G. R. R.

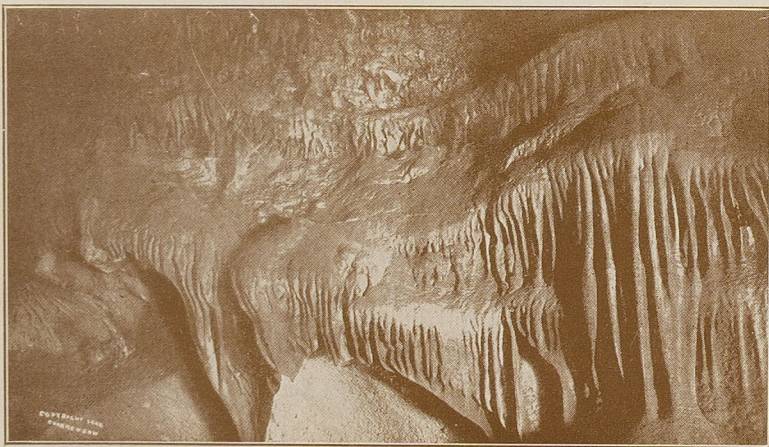
A sweeping glance farther East
 Caught Manitou and Ute Pass,
 And beyond an endless plain.
 To the North could be seen
 The old Temple of Isis
 And the several galleries
 Of the Amphitheater
 A natural stone structure.



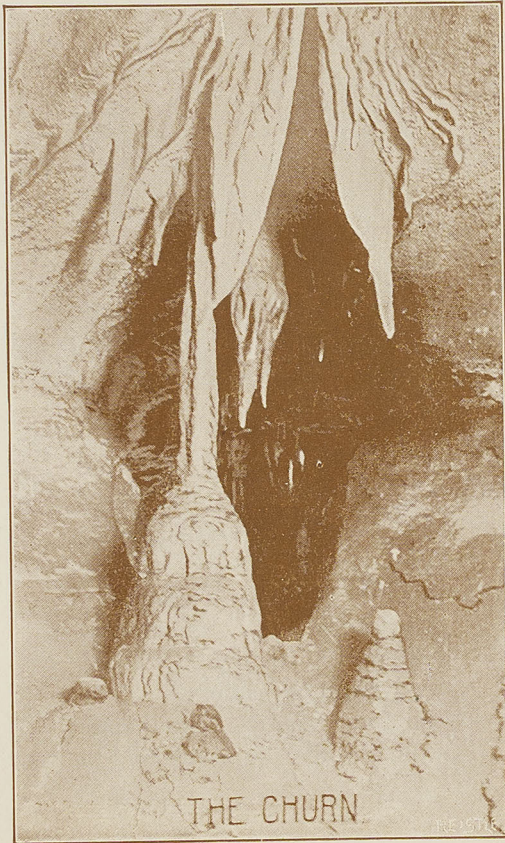
RAINBOW FALLS, UTE PASS.
 A., T. & S. F. R.

The mountain in the background
Is literally honeycombed
With underground passageways,
Truly quite a puzzling maze.
Grand Caverns and Cave of Winds
Being separate entrances,
A half mile or more apart,
Leading to the mountain's heart.

In the Grand Caverns 'tis found
Many marvelous things abound.
Alabaster wreathes and flowers
Decorating elfin bowers.
And wonderful stalactites
Forming many curious sights.
From the ceiling they extend,
And stalagmites grow under them.



We traversed the Vestibule,
Rotunda and Canopy Hall,
And other Halls and Avenues
Containing many curious views,
And entered the Opera House,
A wonderful edifice
With two galleries and a dome
And curtains draped around the room.



Adjoining is the Concert Hall
 Where the Organ, grand and tall
 Gives forth a rich tremulous tone
 To the touch of the musician.
 The Casket in Crystal Palace
 Contains almost a solid mass
 Of wondrous jewels and gems
 And alabaster specimens.

Wandering down Lover's Lane
 We stumbled on Grandma's Churn,
 And found an Old Maid's Kitchen too,
 But some one surely came to woo
 For there's a Bridal Chamber near
 And the old maid has disappeared.
 Then through Hall of Beauty we go
 To visit Dante's Inferno.

Retracing the route we came
 Near Manitou by a stream,
 We spied a spring deep and clear
 And some children playing near,
 Each supplied with a tin cup
 With which to pass the water up.
 We gave each of them a nickel
 And they all seemed quite tickled.

Their ruse had worked very well
 For we heard one of them tell
 His opinion to the rest:
 "Now I know they would have passed
 If we had charged them for a drink,
 So it was better, don't you think,
 To pass the water up free,
 And let them tip as you see."

Quickly then we drove onwards
 To the Garden of the Gods,
 Where Balanced Rock stands on end
 A sentinel tall and grand.
 Other points of interest
 Were pointed out, but the rest,
 Like the porter's narrative,
 Were largely imaginative.

Punch and Judy, petrified,
 Quietly stood side by side,
 The Dutchman with his Beer Stein,
 The Old Man's Cellar of Wine,
 The Turtle, the Bear and Seal,
 The Ant Eater and the Eel
 All were reproduced in stone
 And unto us carefully shown.



BALANCED ROCK,
 D. & R. G. R. R.

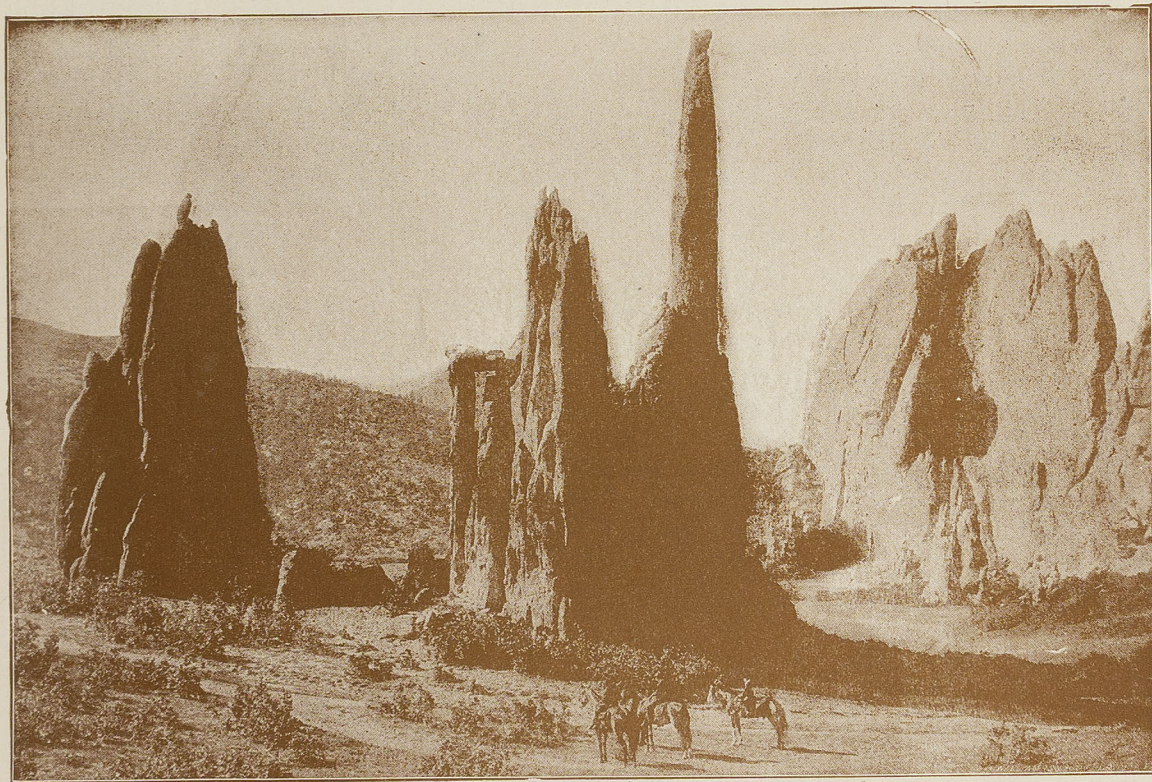


GATEWAY, GARDEN OF THE GODS—D. & R. G. R. R.

The Queen of the Gardens stood
Robed in stately cloak and hood
Near the Gateway, and near by
Cathedral Spires towered toward the sky.

Surmounting the stone Gateway
The Kissing Campbels display.
On leaving we turned and looked back
To see the Stage Coach on the track.

CATHEDRAL SPIRES



D. & R. G. R. R.

We paid a visit to Glen Eyrie,
Surely one could ne'er grow weary
Here in nature's very heart
Where man has brought to bear his art.

'Tis a fairy land of dreams,
Rustic bridges over streams,
Forming a connected drive,
Till at the house we arrive.

It has no prison-like air,
Yet once a bride was 'prisoned there.
Or, at least, so it is said—
An old man a young bride wed,
So beautiful was the bride
The old man with jealous pride
And a very selfish love
Prepared this cote for his dove.

It was time to turn away,
Our sight-seeing for that day
Surely was entirely done
With the setting of the sun.
Fast gathered the shades of night
Succeeding the brief twilight,
As homeward we quickly went
Upon dining quite intent.

When at last the inner man
Was satisfied, once again
We visited the Soda Spring,
Then a serenade did sing:
"Descend thou sleep, befriend me,
In visions fair now send me."
Then we parted till the dawn
When we were to travel on.

Next morn a farewell song we sang,
The mountains round about us rang
With our laughter, songs and cheers
As they had not rung for years.
Leaving Manitou behind
In Colorado Springs we find
We have an hour or two to spare,
So we did some shopping there.

It was the third of July
And some of us set out to buy
Fire crackers, torpedoes,
And every other thing that goes
To make Independence Day
Quite complete in every way,
Including our colors, too,
Streamers of red, white and blue.

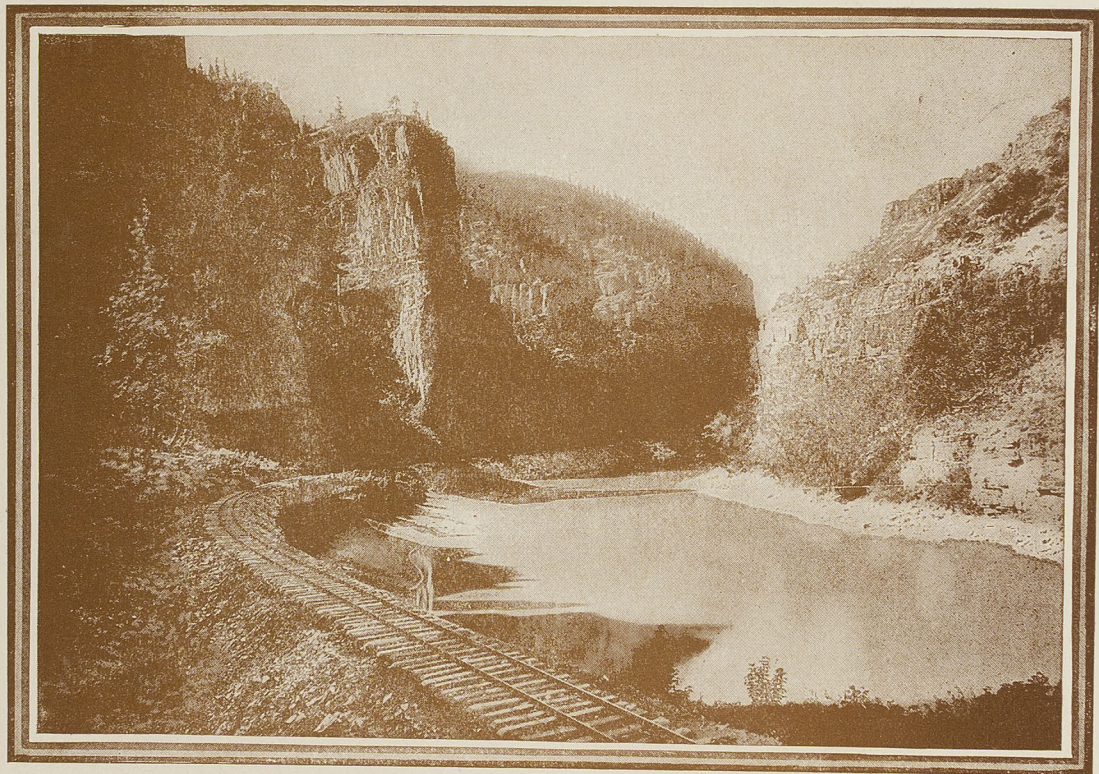
When we reached Canon City
We were met by a committee
And were escorted from the train
To the Presbyterian
Edifice just completed,
Where we were quickly seated
On each side of long tables
Loaded down with eatables.



D. & R. G. R. R.

Soon after we started on
Through Royal Gorge and Grand Canon
Sitting on the steps we gaze
On changing scenes in amaze.
Beneath us a silvery stream
Glistened where a stray sunbeam
Peeped between the granite walls
And upon the water falls.

Ahead we see the engine swerve
Suddenly around a curve
Seemingly plunging ahead
Into a canvas outspread
Portraying nature and art,
The sinuous track forming a part
Traversing a narrow ledge
O'erhanging the water's edge.



D. & R. G. R. R.

With heads backward thrown we scan
Walls of rock on either hand,
Tinting from buff into brown,
Capped above with golden crown,
As we behold from below
A last lingering bright glow
Of sunshine on the horizon
Which we silently gaze upon.



D. & R. G. R. R.

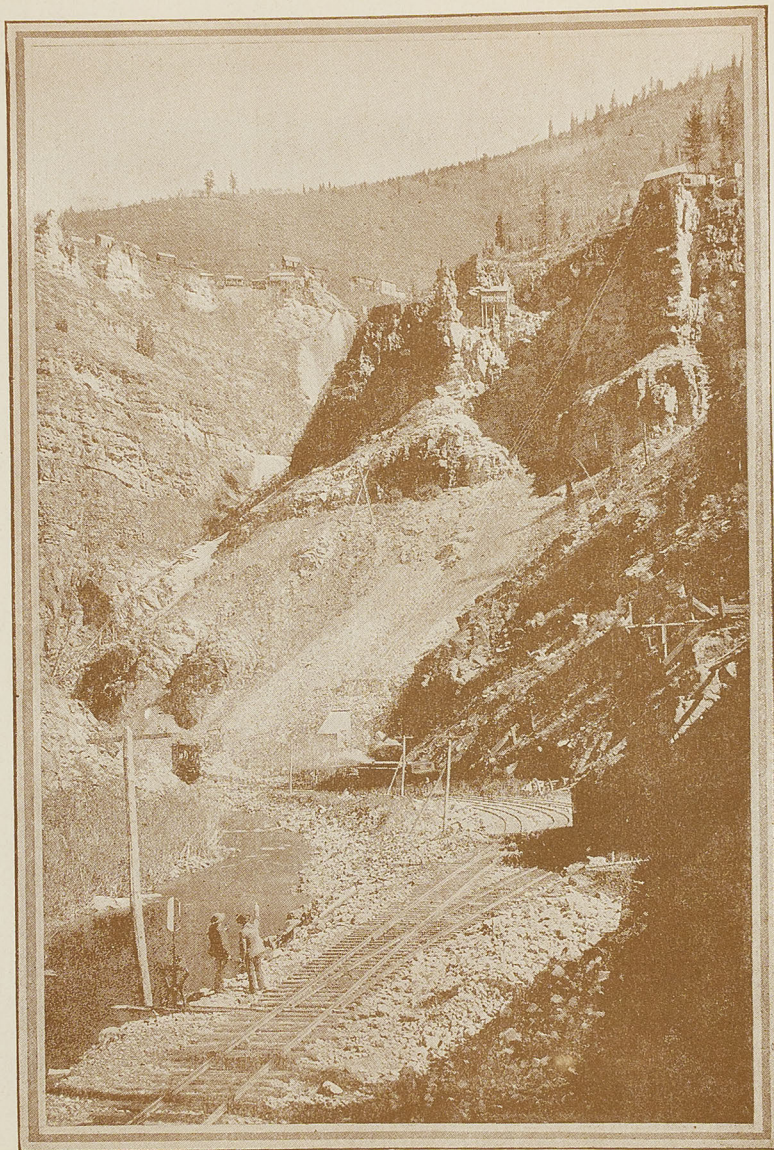
Soon the Collegiate Range is seen
In the distance—Mount Princeton,
Mount Harvard and Mount Yale too,
All of grayish somber hue,
Rear their dignified heads high
Towering upward toward the sky.
Then we gave a college yell
And of school days long past tell.



D. & R. G. R. R.

Ere the darkness shuts us in
Mount of the Holy Cross is seen
Where two fissures deep and wide
Across and down the mountain side

Are filled with eternal snow.
Then as swiftly on we go
Into the gathering shades of night
We see another novel sight.



D. & R. G. R. R.

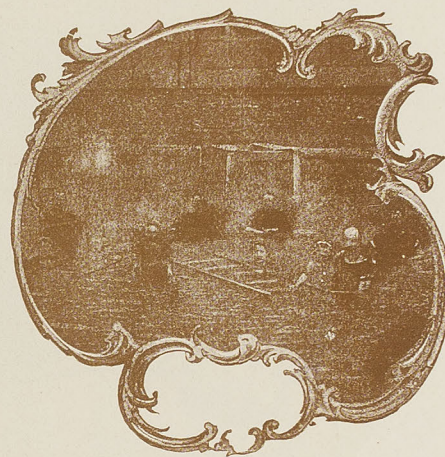
A typical mining scene,
On either bank of a ravine
Perched away up in the air
Tiny shaft houses nestle there.
It seemed hardly possible
That they were accessible,
Yet the dump would indicate
Workmen were there early and late.



Another quite interesting thing
We caught a glimpse of from the train
Was a Natural Pyramid;
But ere long the darkness hid
The whole landscape from our view
And being quite tired too
We soon "turned in" and slept sound
Unitl a new morning dawned.



In the meantime we arrived
 At Glenwood Springs, about five
 In the morn a loud report
 Awoke us all with a start.
 'Twas two of our patriots
 Awakening us with loud shots
 In their zeal to celebrate
 Ere the hour should have grown late.



FUN IN THE POOL.

Each and all in their own way
 Celebrated Independence Day.
 Some plunged in the swimming pool,
 Tho the morning air was cool,
 But the water was quite warm
 And no one experienced harm.
 The elder folks went for a drive
 While some of the youngsters strive



GOLF LINKS.

POLO GROUNDS.



To win at Golf and Polo,
But some of us chose to go
For quite a long horseback ride
Around and up the mountain side.
Here again art and nature
Form quite an interesting picture.
A flume wound around the hill,
By the stream stood an old mill.

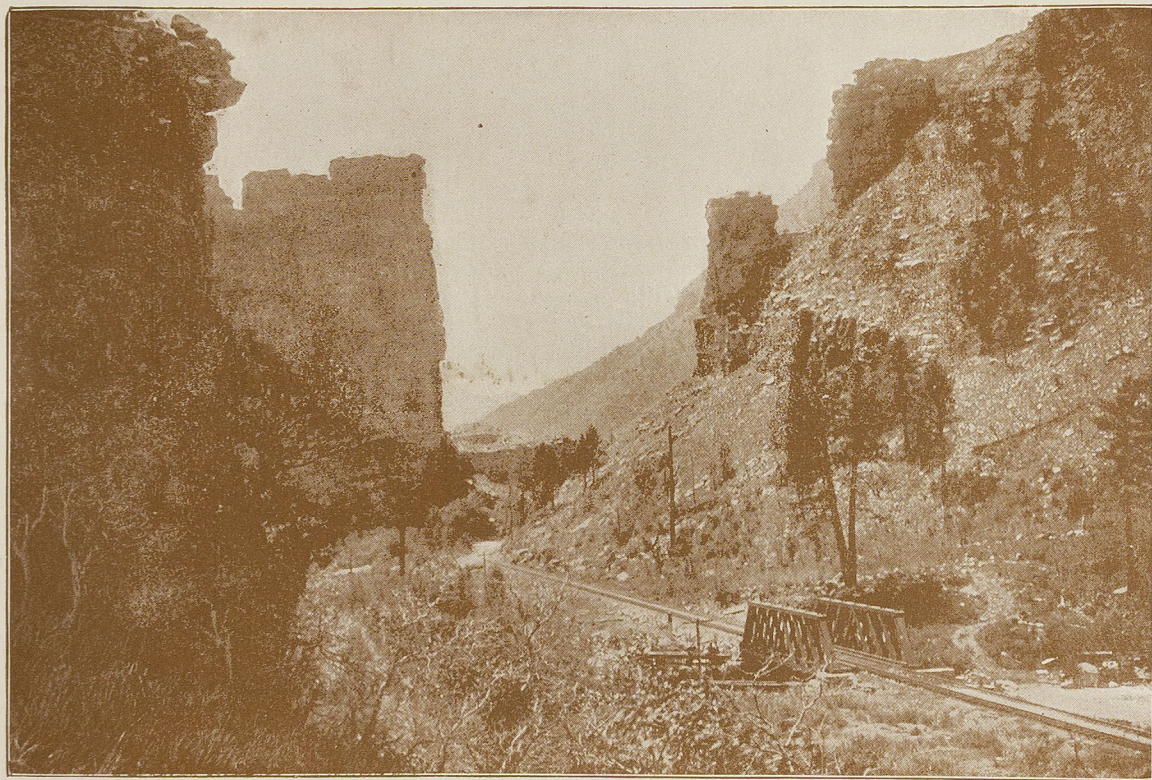
The water rushed madly o'er
A dam which sought to hoard a store.
Wild flowers in profusion
Mingled in bright confusion.
Mountain sides were covered with pine
Clear up to the timber line,
While far above, brown and bare
Tall peaks ascended in air.

Sometimes we catch a glimpse of snow
As o'er the winding trail we go.
Then suddenly we see a gleam
Of something white beside the stream.
Approaching nearer we found
A bank of snow covered the ground.
This huge avalanche had crushed
The shrubbery in its downward rush.

Ere we turned homeward to go
We scooped up handfuls of snow
And packed our saddlebags tight
To end the day in a snow fight.
My steed was called "Merry go round,"
For, while we were homeward bound,
When I tried to rein her in
Round and round she would spin.

The evening was quickly spent,
"Tired but happy" to bed we went,
Early next morning to rise,
But were greeted by cloudy skies.
Through a misty drizzling rain
We hurried down to the train,
And soon again we moved along
Toward the setting of the sun.

The day was dreary and long
Tho interspersed with laugh and song.
There was little to be seen
Not a touch of living green,
A desert of billowy sand
Stretched afar on either hand,
Till, surmounting a steep rise,
The Wahsatch range greeted our eyes.

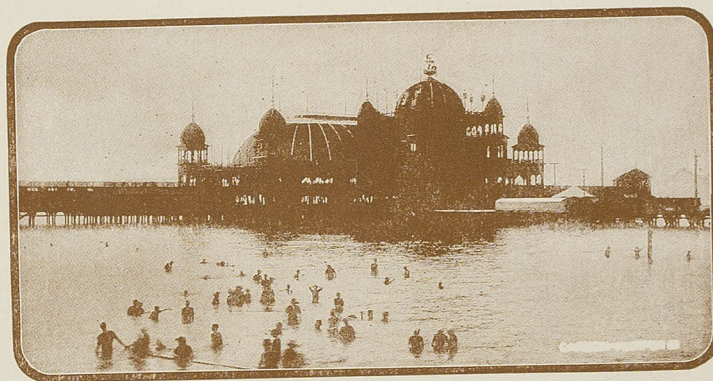


D. & R. G. R. R.

Swiftly our train bore us on
Into the Castle Canon,
At the entrance to which stand
Towering shafts on either hand,

Huge sandstones in rich red dyed,
With firs and pines on either side.
But the shades of night gathered fast
After Castle Gate we passed.

Ere morn we reached Salt Lake City,
The day dawned bright and pretty,
'Twas Sunday, the day of rest,
So we dressed up in our best,
Went to church and Sunday school
And tried to keep the Golden Rule
By giving in the afternoon
An "Echo" of the convention.

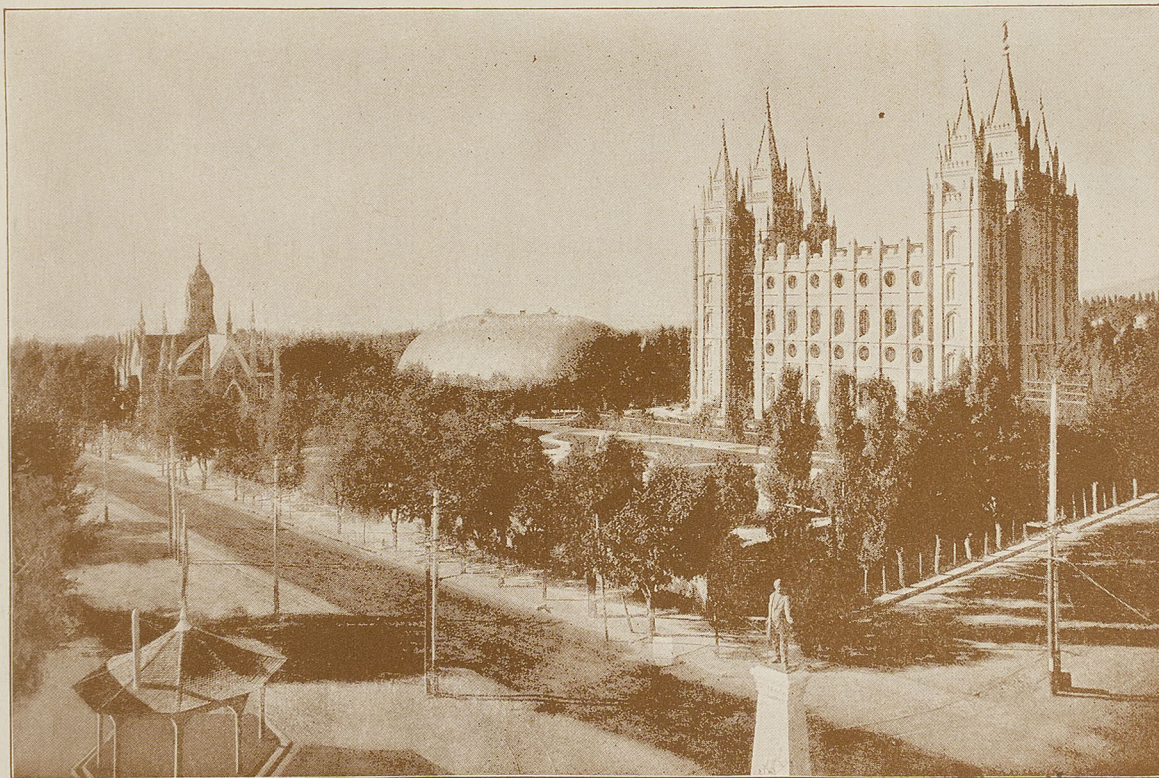


Two more days we had to see
All the sights of the city,
And a few side trips to take
One to the famous Great Salt Lake
Where we had considerable sport,
And another to the Fort.
While in the city also
We found many places to go.

ASSEMBLY HALL.

TABERNACLE.

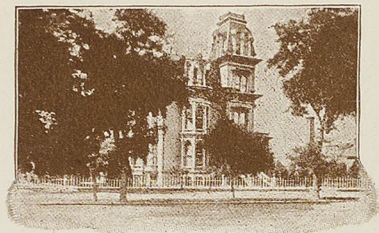
TEMPLE.
MONUMENT OF BRIGHAM YOUNG.



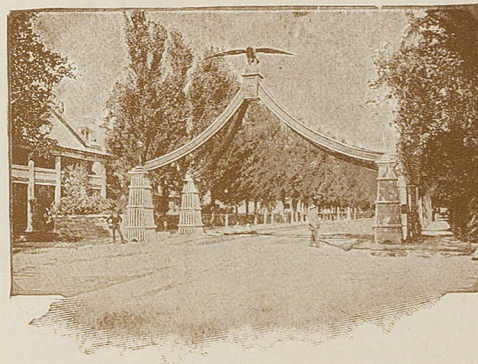
D. & R. G. R. R.

The Temple, famed in history,
Tho shrouded in mystery
Proudly stands in Temple Square,
The Tabernacle, too, is there,

While near by, on Brigham street,
Where we turned our footsteps fleet
We passed by the Lion house
Saw also Amelia's Palace



The home of Brigham's favorite wife,
Which is opposite the Bee Hive,
Adjoining that is Eagle Gate.
Located on the cross street,
Surrounded by an old wall
About eight or ten feet tall
Is the school where Brigham's offspring
Learned to read and spell and sing.



The grave of Brigham Young we found
Tightly fenced in all around.
We only paused to peep in
Then hastened on our way again
To the Mormon Market place
And the tithing offices
Where we bought some Mormon money,
A transaction rather funny.



SALT PALACE.

There yet remained to be seen
Many things quite interesting,
Among which were the Salt Palace,
A building quite marvelous;
The City and County Hall,
An edifice extremely tall,
From the top of which we gazed
Upon the city in amaze.



It was a long farewell view,
The next morning we were due
To leave this picturesque garden spot.
The day proved dusty and hot
And we were glad when at last
The sun retired to its rest.
It descended very slow
Seemingly quite loath to go.

A glorious sight to behold—
That great bright ball of pure gold
Sinking slowly out of sight,
Reflecting a brilliant light,
Brightening the mountain top
Ere at last from sight it dropped,
Leaving but a tiny streak
Outlining the mountain peak.

Just one moment, so it seemed,
The whole mountain top gleamed
Like unto a bank of gold
Wondrous beauty all untold.
Then again the light did fade
Leaving but the faintest shade.
Old Sol playing hide and seek
Hid behind the mountain peak.

Next morning we all embark
In stages for Yellowstone Park,
A distance of some sixty-five
Or more miles we had to drive
Before halting for the night.
It was a pleasant drive, quite,
Altho it was quite tiresome,
Yet all were glad they had come.

As we halted at Dwelle's Inn
Snow on the mountainside was seen,
Seemingly not very far off.
One of the girls with merry laugh
Challenged the boys for a race
Threatening to wash their face.
They dined and made a hasty flight,
Getting back about ten that night.

Early next morning we started out
With many a gay laugh and shout.
Soon we reached Christmas Tree Park
Where all day long 'tis almost dark;
The pines grow so thick and tall
As to shut out nearly all
The light of the glorious sun
As his daily course is run.

Our first stop in Yellowstone
Was at the Hotel Fountain
Where Fountain and Great Fountain play
Two or three times every day.
The Mammoth Paint Pots are there
The native Cinnamon Bear
Lounges around the back door
Waiting for his daily store.

Our second day in the park
We retraced part of the route
We traversed the day before
Along the Madison river,
Then turned into Gibbon Canon
Toward the Norris Lunch Station
Where at noon we were to dine.
The scenery enroute was fine.

We paused to see the Minute Man
And by a winding pathway then
Proceeded to the Black Growler
Then to the Constant Geyser,
Picking our way o'er dangerous ground
Where geysers leap up with a bound,
And one careless step might crush
Through the thin crust of the earth.



GRAND CANON—U. P. R. R.

After lunch we journeyed on
To spend Sunday at Grand Canon,
Ascending steep and steeper grades
Past water falls and cascades.
Would that I were an artist
And could portray on canvas
Scenes so marvelously grand
As those portrayed by God's hand.



U. P. R. R.

YELLOWSTONE RAPIDS.



The Great Falls of the Yellowstone
I visited next morn, alone,
First viewing the falls quite near by
Just as the sun peeped from the sky,

Lending color to the scene
Until the silvery white sheen
Of water dashing below
Gave forth tints of the rainbow.

Pausing next at Point Lookout

I hear the gay and laughing shout
Of the water as it falls

Down the rugged rocky walls.
Toward Inspiration Point then

Slowly on I went again,
Often glancing back, in vain,
As the falls cannot be seen.



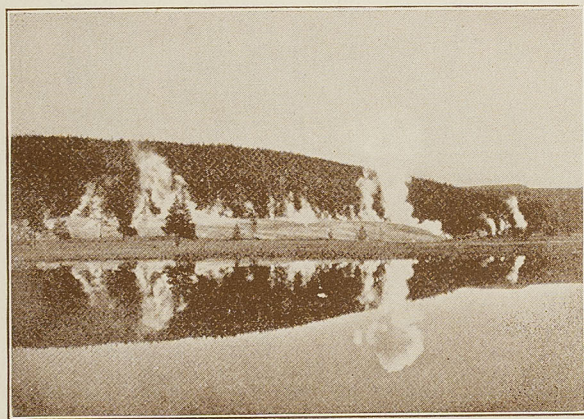
But the river flows along
With a merry rippling song
Like a strand of purest pearls
Interwined with emeralds.
Banks of yellow stone and sand
Slant upward on either hand,
Shades of orange, shades of gold,
Russet and red there unfold.

Monday to the Lake we went
On a half day's fishing bent.
After luncheon every boat
That could be hired was afloat,
And by night were well supplied
With fish which were for breakfast fried.
That evening a few planned to go
Out on the Lake for a row.

We had a choice the next day
Of going on to Thumb Bay
Either by steamboat or stage
But the latter seemed the rage
And very few chose to take
Steamboat passage across the Lake,
Preferring, it seemed, to go
The good old way, sure and slow.

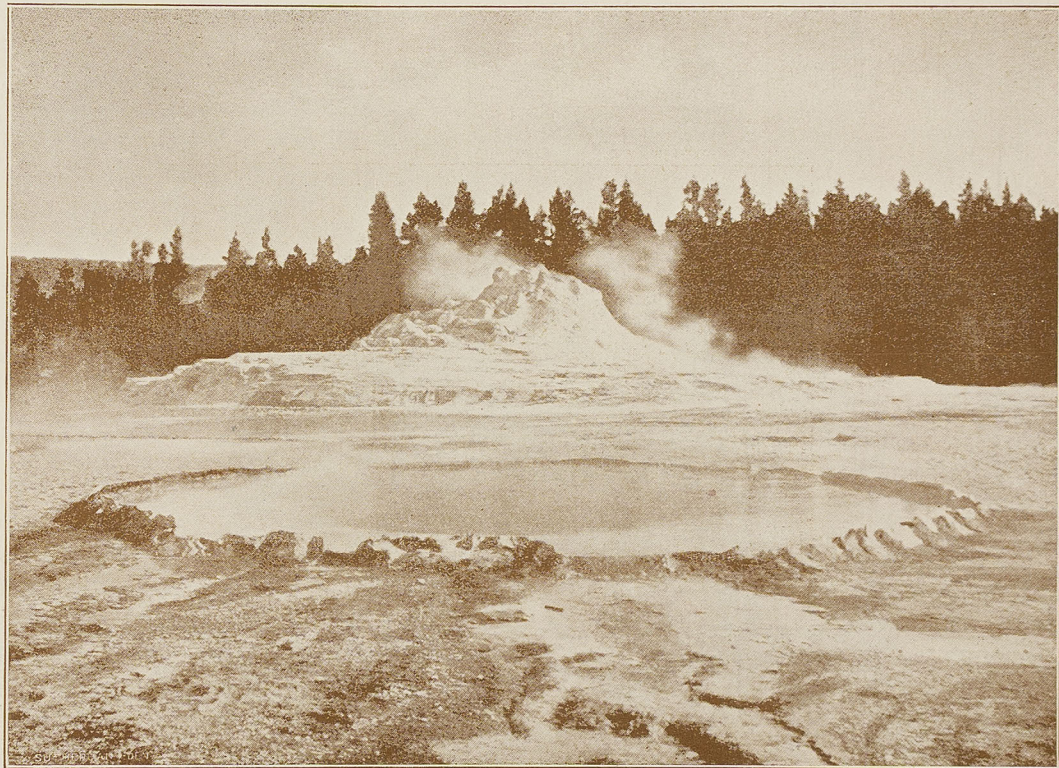
We had luncheon at Thumb Bay
And were soon again on our way
Having seen the Laundry Vats
Also the various Paint Pots
And the Hot Spring Fishing Cone.
Our roadway that afternoon
Was almost a continuous
Repetition of an S.

At one point we saw Lake Shoshone
And the distant range of Teton
Mountains away off beyond,
Towering so tall and grand,
And capped with eternal snow.
Then, as farther on we go,
Keppler's Cascades can be seen,
A winding ribbon of green.



UPPER GEYSER BASIN.

Then onward again we hasten
To Upper Geyser Basin,
Where we expect to tarry
Over night with Old Larry,
Who greets us with profusion,
Proof against all confusion,
Ever ready with a joke
Hearty laughter to provoke.



CASCADE NATIONAL PARK
CASTLE GEYSER AND CASTLE WELL.

Here we find geysers galore,
Old Faithful, Giant, Grotto, more
Indeed than I can tell,
The Castle and the Castle Well,
Oblong, Excelsior, Riverside,
And many, many more beside.
Morning Glory Spring, Emerald Pool,
Specimen Lake and the Punch Bowl.

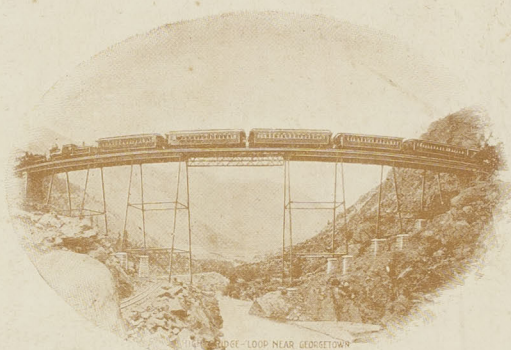


One more day we have to spend
In the Park, almost to the end
Of our journey we then will be,
Just a few more things to see—
Biscuit Basin, Fire Hole Spring,
And Great Fountain Geyser again.
Once more at Fountain Hotel
We hear the welcome dinner bell.

Here we grouped ourselves upon
A mound composed of earth and stone
And got a snap shot, which we prize,
Tho not very great in size
Yet it brings back to our mind
Faces of friends both good and kind,
Friends whom we will long remember
With recollections most tender.

THE KISTLER & HONEY
WHISKY STATION CO.
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THE GEORGE LOOP NEAR GEORGETOWN