NATURE'S RROMANCE
Over the Loop
Clear Creek Canyon & Adjacent Scenery
NATURE'S ROMANCE

"OVER THE LOOP"

CLEAR CREEK CANNON
AND ADJACENT SCENERY

"Touched by the light that hath no name,
A glory never sung,
Aloft on sky and mountain wall
Are God's great pictures hung."

From Photographs by The Smith-Hassell Co., Denver
Notations by Frank W. Hynes

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Nature's Romance

The scene is laid in a canon of the Rockies. The time is between creation and the present. Factors—the elements—heat, cold, rock, water and glaciers. The network of the plot is shown by illustrations, the text we leave to you.
CITY OF GOLDEN

Built on the dividing line between hill and plain, it stands as gatekeeper and warden to the entrance of the canon.
GOLDEN AND CLEAR CREEK VALLEY

Down from the foothills deep in brush,
Gaze we now on a scene so fair,
E'en that the morning, in full blush,
Stops and stares at the beauties there.
HANGING ROCK, CLEAR CREEK CANON

Projecting out over the way like a gargoyle grotesque with its hideous grimace ever menacing the passerby
THE HANGING ROCK—IN SHADOW

What is the portent of that frowning face?
What doom is in that overhanging brow?
Will earthquake ever shake it from its place?
Will Nature, maybe, wreak her malice now?
MOTHER GRUNDY, CLEAR CREEK CANON

Her head poised, as though ready to give that knowing nod, "I thought so," to the tale of the scandal-bearing stream below.
INSPIRATION POINT, CLEAR CREEK CANON

Sky, rock and stream combine in the picturesque to awaken the muse in the most prosaic, or spur to action the doughty.
THE BEND IN THE RIVER

A swing, a swirl, a downward curl,
And off the waters go;
The mountains smile on them meanwhile,
The same as long ago.
ROCKY POINT, CLEAR CREEK CANON

Stands like a warrior ready for the fray, prepared to breast the fiercest assaults, or turn back the stoutest invaders of the fastness
THE LONE PINE, CLEAR CREEK CANON

High up on the rocky ramparts this hardy solitaire has thrived,
apparently, sans moisture, sans soil, sans everything
THE NARROWS

With all these towering rocks above,
And just a little strip of sky,
This cheerful stream sings on of love—
Of love and immortality.
THE RUSHING WATERS OF CLEAR CREEK

An opening through mighty mountains, filled with wondrous scenes and the mad music of a tumbling stream.
IDAHO SPRINGS

A hamlet nestled in a break among the hills, whose inhabitants
spend their time in extracting the yellow metal from mother earth.
GEORGETOWN

An enterprising, pushing little city, perched among the clouds, whose hardy sons are enriched by the golden stores of the hills.
GEORGETOWN LOOP, BIRDSEYE VIEW

See how th' ambitious feet of men hard after those of Nature tread!
A thriving city in the glen with fortune hanging overhead.
Here Nature hid her richest store, and here men found it, and, to-day,
The hills are paying more and more the tribute that they have to pay.
HIGH BRIDGE, ABOVE GEORGETOWN

With supports like spider legs, spans Clear Creek, and completes the cordon of twin steel lines that marks the tangle of the Loop.
THE LOOP, FALLS BELOW THE HIGH BRIDGE

"Where fall the waters of Clear Creek o'er the side of a rocky wall, splashing and laughter echoed in its musical mountain call."

THE LOOP, FROM SILVER PLUME

Looking down the canon. Here we see man's ingenuity taxed to its greatest tension to overcome the impediments Nature has thrown in the way to obstruct his progress.
THE LOOP, FROM THE MOUNTAIN SIDE

Looking up the canon. This is the famous view of that acme of railway engineering which has attracted so much attention from the world of wonder seekers.
CENTRAL CITY

On the North Fork of Clear Creek. The crown of prosperity remains as firm upon her brow, as when placed there at the time the gold excitement first swept over Colorado.
GREEN LAKE, NEAR GEORGETOWN

With its transparent depths of limpid water and placid surface mirroring the romantic, pine-clad shore
And its environment of gold mines, a glimpse of which we give, is just on the verge of the habitable, almost in touch with timber line.
THE LUNCH PAVILION—SILVER PLUME

A placid stream, a pleasure ground
Where stately evergreens arise;
A place where God and man have found
Not very distant from the skies.
TORRY'S PEAK, VISIBLE FROM DENVER

Its brow clothed in eternal white, stands forth the symbol of steadfast truth and purity, pointing upward to the skies.
OLD SIGNAL STATION, CREST OF GRAY'S PEAK

* Might lead the imagination to the remnants of architecture left by the Norsemen, but it is simply an abandoned Weather Bureau Station *
PANORAMA, AN ARCTIC EFFECT

Standing upon the summit of Gray's Peak, and looking northwest over such a waste of upheavals, the mind is apt to open toward the Infinite.
WINTER RAILROADING IN THE ROCKIES

Where the heavy winter snows fall, and fall, and fall,
There the doughty engine goes, ploughing through it all;
Like some giant of the past, hurling all before,
See it beat against the blast, hear its mighty roar!