

**SIGHTS AND SCENES AND A  
BRIEF HISTORY OF COLUMBIA  
GARDENS, BUTTE'S ONLY  
PLEASURE RESORT**

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Sights and Scenes and a Brief History of Columbia Gardens, Butte's Only Pleasure Resort by  
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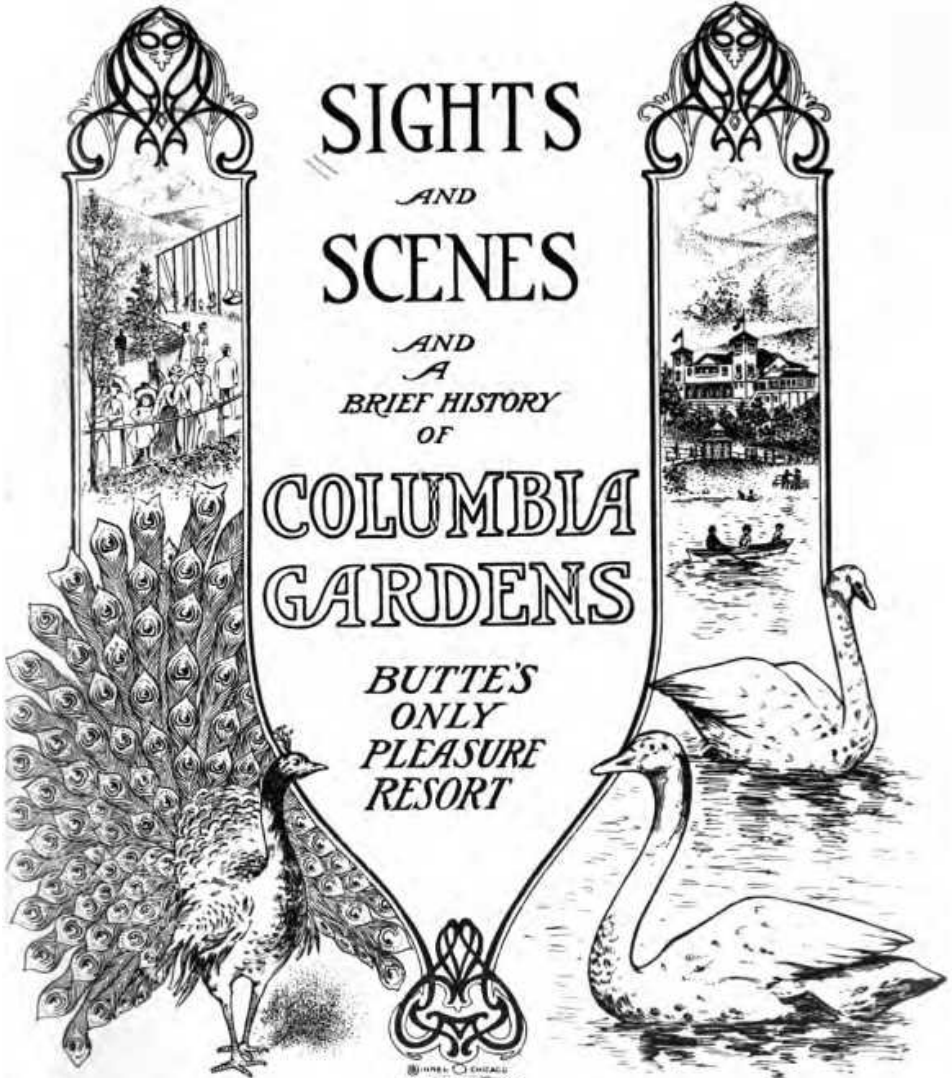


# SIGHTS AND SCENES

AND  
A  
BRIEF HISTORY  
OF

# COLUMBIA GARDENS

*BUTTE'S  
ONLY  
PLEASURE  
RESORT*



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SENATOR WILLIAM A. CLARK  
FOUNDER OF COLUMBIA GARDENS.



*Leaving  
Dutte on  
a Jumbo  
Car*

**S**

OUTHWARD from the Eternal City stretches across the Roman Campagna one of the most interesting thoroughfares in the world. It is the Appian Way.

This great military highway, it is recorded, was admirably constructed 212 years before Christ. It is a most impressive hour one spends in driving on this Appian Way. From this ancient way St. Paul first saw the Eternal City as he came to preach there a religion which was to supersede the faith which then prevailed, and ultimately made of Rome the central city of Christianity.

The Appian Way is among a thousand central points of interest which make Rome famous. The traveler becomes dazed by the



*Arriving at the Gardens.*



*A Free Exhibition.*

constant never-ceasing train of bewildering sights, and before he has drawn the curtain across the vision and prepared to return to his native heath in the far West he longs for just one day of "monotonous home."

Once home and amid its charming environs the thirst for novelty, adventure and the kaleidoscopic scenes afforded by travel comes again, and then a day away from home is enjoyed.

Butte contains thousands of inhabitants who never have indulged their curiosity to the extent of a trip far distant from home. These have lived here and enjoyed the comforts found in the day's routine of duty. So long, indeed, have many children lived amid the barren peaks of the mountains, Nature to them is a cold, unfeeling myth. Many mothers, likewise, have spent years in this city, and now they are reconciled to the fate which seems to begrudge even one day's pleasure for these deserving ones.

Butte's Appian Way is the double street car track leading to Columbia Gardens. St. Paul never traveled over that road, but his followers have in large numbers. Long before the car line was built to the Gardens, that beauty spot on Nature's dimpled cheek was the magnet which drew Butte inhabitants thither—on horseback, afoot and in vehicles. The building of the road was but the culmination of an auspicious beginning which had for its end the transforming the crude mountain nook into a veritable maze of attractions, including flora, pavilions, arboriculture and kindred improvements. The touch of refinement made nature acquiesce, and now the crude blemishes have been removed, smoothed over, and the spot is likened upon a fragment of the Orient drifted hither as if by magic. It is Butte's pride, a treasure spot of inspired thought, one of the most delightful places in the whole circuit of the Rockies—the people's park.

Thus, as St. Paul went to the Eternal City to give the people religious nourishment and Christian blessings, so also came to Butte the man who in the fullness of his heart spread before the citizens the possibilities which they have so gratefully enjoyed at Columbia Gardens; gave them the desired opportunity to breathe Nature's purest air and quaff the crystal nectar of the Rockies at its fountain head.



*The Popular Swings.*



Senator W. A. Clark, to whom thanks are due for the many privileges the people enjoy at Columbia Gardens, came to Butte before the verdure then abounding was blasted by the poison fumes from the smelteries in the neighborhood. He saw the grass fade under the withering touch of the fumes and the branches of the green trees turn to gray, brittle fingers of the decaying body. He had breathed the pine and grass-scented atmosphere of Butte's surroundings and the arsenic contaminated air of the busy city.

In the years following his first ventures in Butte, Senator Clark often



*The  
New  
Park.*



*The  
Old  
Gardens.*

visited other states and frequently business called him to Europe. Upon each return the thought of the decaying vegetation of Butte, the fast receding traces of the city's former natural beauty, came to him with redoubled force and with greater significance, until one day, when he and Mr. J. R. Wharton, manager of the street railway system, were riding over the city in a carriage, the Senator suggested: "Mr. Wharton, is it not possible to provide some kind of public playground or picnic park or something of the kind for all of these children we see playing in the dusty streets?"

That was in 1899. Mr. Wharton's reply embodied the suggestion of

the possibilities Columbia Gardens afforded. The two gentlemen consulted, pondered, figured and concluded. The happy result was the purchase of the Gardens upon the order of Senator Clark, who gave Mr. Wharton *carte blanche* to improve them as extensively as he thought best.

"Enlarge the grounds, improve them, erect new buildings, lay out extensive picnic grounds and make Columbia Gardens altogether a most desirable spot for the people of Butte," was Senator Clark's direction to Manager Wharton. It is now universally agreed that it is almost a priceless debt of gratitude the citizens of Butte owe to Senator W. A. Clark.

Columbia Gardens are so close to Butte that no one need remain away because of distance. They are at the very doors of the city and are free



*On a Sunday Afternoon.*

of access. The management caters to the respectability of Butte and the visiting public.

"Who can wonder at the praises which have been lavished on the Gardens?" one is impelled to remark after passing out of the Gardens through the broad entrance to the street car which conveys him back to Butte, where he heard the praises of which he has just spoken. The contrast between the city and the Gardens is striking, because there is in it the element of two extremes. In one are the constant hum, activity, heat, dust, impure air and microbes of nervousness; in the other, pure air, green grass, peace and the unflecked placid serene realm of genuine rest.

A perfect wave of perfume greets one as he enters the Gardens, after the exhilarating ride from the city, like that which meets him as he enters



*Senator Clark  
and Friends  
in the Woods.*

which the gardener has fashioned the vari-colored beds. Precision of detail and a fine sense of the really artistic speak forth from the cheerful faces of the millions of pansies; these are a most remarkable feature of the Gardens, where millions of plants vie with each other for supremacy in the eyes of those beholding their beauty.

a conservatory. There are thousands and thousands who will testify to the charm and beauty of the place. Up in the lounging or picnic part of the Gardens is a forest of trees which is threaded with winding paths, in places along the route sheltered from the sun by verdant foliage, and lined with grasses and vines. Here and there are rustic benches and seats arranged in accordance with the fancy of those occupying them.

Emerging from the intricacies of cottonwoods, quaking asps and kindred trees, one's view is met by a series of beds of luxuriant flowers caressed by the clinging fingers of vines. Particularly noticeable is the artistic way in



*Children Playing in the Shade.*