

THE PASSING OF THE "WILD WEST"

THE march of civilization has so rapidly overrun the face of our globe that during recent years many of these places which were formerly little known, except to savages or wandering white hunters, are today becoming thickly populated, while the native savage and wild game alike have disappeared forever from their ancient haunts. In few countries is this more marked than in the famous Wild West of America. The hardy frontiersmen or backwoodsmen of a few decades past would marvel indeed could they now see what once were the great rolling prairies or dense forests of Wyoming and Montana. Gone for ever are the vast herds of buffalo, antelope and wapiti which roamed the boundless plains, gone also are the huge virgin forests, while the sorry remnants of the Red Indian tribes whose ancestors hunted and fought in these fair lands remain confined in restricted areas, where the vices, diseases and strong drinks of the white man are rapidly thinning their numbers.

Across the prairies, in all directions, now run miles upon miles of railway lines, bringing with them their usual accompaniment of settlers; and over all the plains the hand of man is marked by means of numerous inartistic wooden dwellings, wire fences or irrigation ditches, stretching far as the eye can see on either side. In the forests, too, huge burnt areas, or desolate-looking tree stumps, denote where fires and axes have wrought their havoc. Even the far-famed cowpuncher, resplendent in his picturesque costume, with lasso hanging on his saddle and six-shooters protruding from belt or pockets, is a thing of the past; although here and there one encounters a splendid youth, who smokes cigarettes while he apes the manners and costume of his predecessors, but who is often too idle to throw a rope, or totally incapable of riding a bad buckjumper or of using effectively the revolver which he proudly displays. In fact, if most of these modern cowboys attempted to draw his gun at an old-fashioned saloon gathering in a "wide-open" town of the west, before he could touch the trigger he would have been as full of lead as a plum pudding is full of raisins. For, alas! the glory and glamour of the wild west has departed forever.

First came the lumbering ox wagons, with their hardy owners, emigrants and hunters, a race of men, scarred and weather-beaten, fighting their way grimly, inch by inch, to open the new Eldorado. Foot by foot they drove the Indians and game before them, and for years barely held their own in these unknown lands. Then came that mighty factor, steam, and the steel roads with their high-powered locomotives, today conveying the settlers or tourists in a few hours across those once desolate prairies, to traverse which once took the old pioneer as many weeks to accomplish. In consequence, he who today sets out in quest of sport through such a country as Wyoming must be prepared for a series of rude shocks if he hopes to find anything approaching the state of affairs there about which he has read in the books of his youth.

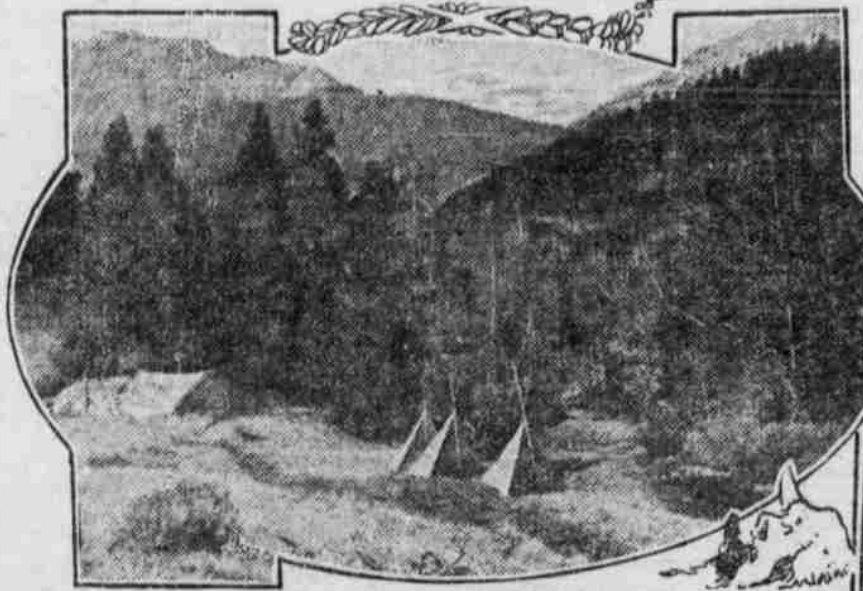
The splendid buffalo is extinct; but a few decayed bones or relics of a skull, the last traces of an animal which roamed in countless thousands over the prairies, and were wantonly exterminated partly by hunters for their hides, and partly by settlers to make way for their cattle. The curious prong-horn antelope also has almost been wiped out in these districts. But the saddest of all, perhaps, is to see the present state to which the finest deer on earth, the American wapiti, has been reduced. This noble beast, which was formerly a denizen of the open country, has been driven to seek refuge in the densest forests. Here it is hard indeed for any number of them to obtain sufficient food, and in consequence the type and size of their antlers shows a marked depreciation in modern years. As every one knows, a harbor of refuge has been found for them by the United States government in the Yellowstone park, and here the tourist may see, face to face, grazing in bands, the semi-tame remnants of the once vast herds of wapiti. Outside this sanctuary, on every side, as soon as the season opens, each valley or pass which leads from the Yellowstone to the surrounding country is peopled with so-called sportsmen, or meat-hunters, all camped and waiting for those unwary animals which may roam beyond the confines of their reservation.

In these outlying districts, where a few cunning bands of wapiti still survive, they have entirely changed their habits during the early part of the season. Formerly the herds would be found grazing, or roaming through the low-lying, open parks, while throughout the day and night the forests would echo to that melodious whistling call of the bulls. But today, if a hunter seeks the so-called American "elk" he must perforce look in different places to those frequented by the old-time hunters. Far up, on the very edge of the timber-line, feeding and climbing almost like a mountain sheep among steep crags, and on the verge of snow-line, we now find the few survivors of the splendid animals. And so terrified are they by the constant presence of their natural enemy man, with his innumerable camp fires and attendant noises, that the bulls seldom dare give utterance to their challenging calls. So true is this that the writer after spending many weeks during the past season in the wilds of Wyoming only heard a wapiti whistling on two occasions, and, moreover, throughout this period only saw one head worth shooting at, says C. E. Radcliffe in Country Life. It is true this was a noble head, and one of the finest brought out of that country for some time past, but the capture of this head entailed many weeks of hard work, many scores of miles travelling, and many thousands of feet hard climbing, in a country which a few years ago was teeming with good heads.

In the same way the bears and big-horn sheep of the Rocky mountains have almost become a thing of the past. Even the very numerous mule



A NOBLE HEAD



CAMP ON THE BANKS OF THE SOSHONE RIVER.



PACKING HOME TO CAMP



MOVING CAMP

deer have disappeared from their former haunts, and in much-hunted localities are only to be found on the highest points where timber grows. Late in the season, when heavy snow falls, bands of wapiti and mule deer are driven from their refuge in the Yellowstone park and move down to lower grounds in such places as Jackson's Hole or the valley of the Soshone river. We betide these luckless wanderers if the open season is still in force, for at the head of every pass leading out of the game reserve are armed bodies of meat-hunters, who shoot on sight old or young, male or female, regardless of age, or sex, every deer that is seen. More shame is it to the authorities who still permit the sale of deer meat in the surrounding towns.

Vast herds of deer congregate in the low grounds during severe winters, and many hundreds of them perish for want of food. It is no uncommon event for kind-hearted farmers to feed numbers of wapiti from their stores of hay. But the expense of this is more than these hard-working individuals can stand, and something surely should be done by the United States authorities to provide for the needs of these fine animals, which have been driven from their winter feeding-grounds by the settlers and their cattle.

The modus operandi of making a trip after wapiti is too well known to need description. If undertaken early in the season by a sportsman who is well equipped with men and pack-horses, the expedition is rather in the nature of a pleasant picnic. The climatic conditions in September and early October are generally perfect, while the absence of mosquitoes and other biting flies makes these regions appear a Paradise to one who has done much big-game hunting further northwest in the real wilds of North America, which are only now to be found in northern British Columbia and Alaska. But if a sportsman delays his trip until late in the fall, and then camps, as the writer has done, at an altitude of over ten thousand feet, he will find the early frosts and snow make life in a tent, even in Wyoming, rather colder than is necessary for personal comfort.

The way in which an American pack-horse can thread its way through dense timber, or follow a narrow, snake-like trail across dangerous rock slides, is little short of marvelous. It is an interesting sight to see a long line of these sure-footed animals threading their way in single file along the face of a dangerous precipice, often treading in loose, rolling rocks, in places where one false step means a sheer drop of two thousand or three thousand feet into empty space. Yet it is seldom that one falls off the trail. If this does happen, the owner may bid goodby to his horse and all that he carries, since rarely anything but fragments are found afterwards on searching the valley below.

Strange to say, although the Wyoming wapiti have developed unwonted cunning in seeking their living and feeding grounds, they are still comparatively stupid animals to stalk. Especially so is this the case with traveling bulls when they are rddning in search of cows. Then, by means of whistling in a very poor imitative style of the bull's challenge, a solitary bull can often be called up to within a few yards of the hunter. The writer and his guide have thus been enabled to follow a bull for two miles through the forest, answering his repeated call at intervals, until finally they have come face to face a few yards

apart, in a forest glade. The bull, under such conditions, undoubtedly thinks he is being followed by a hated rival, but how any wild animal which has such a highly trained ear that it can distinguish between a twig broken by the human foot and the ordinary noises of a forest can yet be misled into thinking the whistling of a human being is the call of another bull is a mystery which is beyond the understanding of man. Doubtless, before it is yet too late, the authorities in charge of the United States game departments will awake to the danger of extinction which today threatens the game of those world-renowned Rocky mountain districts. But with a curious inconsistency they have long ago passed a law prohibiting the sale of game, etc., in their most distant territory of Alaska, where often it is impossible for a resident to obtain any other form of fresh meat. And yet, in a land nearer home, where flocks and herds of domestic sheep and cattle abound, we see the sale of game still allowed, and a consequent number of professional meat-launderers working destruction among the noblest specimens of the deer tribe now left in the face of the earth.

TEMPLE OR PRISON?

A marvel of human existence, the very opposite of that which is to be found in this country, is the life of the ascetics of India, whose religious penances and self-punishments are described and illustrated in the December number of the National Geographical Magazine. In this country, as indeed in most civilized countries, we are doing all that we know how to do to help these wonderful bodies of ours to do their work. We are teaching children how to care for them that they may escape sickness and live long. We urge ourselves to take exercise that every part of the body may be kept in good working order. We avoid extremes of heat and cold, shun injury and establish hospitals to make repairs of the human body when it is broken or diseased. We hold to the theory that the human body is a temple which we injure at our own peril.

But the ascetics of India, not only do none of these things, but do the very opposite. They think of the body as a prison of the soul for which they would have release. So they punish it, wound it by walking or lying on spikes, abuse it by burning, distort it so as to make permanent and helpless cripples of themselves, put extraordinary and needless burdens upon it, refuse it food and water, and in a score of other ways abuse it. The men who do these things are not few; the number of them is put at 5,000,000—enough to people Ohio at its present density. Here in America, we talk of religious fanaticism, but a glimpse at the life of these so-called "holy men" at India must satisfy anybody that those who know only the American brand of it know it not at all.—Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.

PARADOXICAL CARE.

"I see where the workers on gloves want the tariff kept on them."
"Yes; isn't it odd?"
"Why is it odd?"
"To ask congress in the matter of gloves to keep hands off."

POULTRY FACTS.

COLONY HOUSES FOR WINTER

Some Poultrymen Arrange Summer Coops in Suitable Manner for Use During the Cold Weather.

When young birds are brought in from the range we often find ourselves in need of more house room to winter the increased flock.

There are several ways in which the summer colony coops may be made to piece out the winter houses. If there is but one it may be placed close to the main house and used as an extra scratching and exercising room. The fowls may then pass from the main room to the addition by means of a tube constructed of boards and set into the opening about 10 by 20 inches in size, cut near the floor of each building. A dry goods box with top and bottom removed will answer nicely as a connecting passageway.

Some people fit up the summer colony coops as laying rooms, arranging all nests in them and thus leaving the whole space in the main building for use of the hens in the daytime. Still others use the coops as dusting rooms. Especially do the early brooder houses answer nicely for this, as there is usually plenty of sunlight. The dust may be kept moist and free from trash and so does not get into the food and water vessels, as it often does when nesting and feeding must be done in the same room. Sometimes two or three of these coops are used together for a small flock, one being used for a roosting room, one for a nest room and exercise. In each case they are joined by a wooden tube or passageway.

Some make their summer colony coops of knockdown sections so arranged that some five or six of them may be set up together in one continuous shed for sheltering the birds in winter. Such a pen must either be banked with straw or covered with paper for the winter to make it wind-proof. By the time the young birds are ready for the colony houses another year the old ones are having free run of the farm.

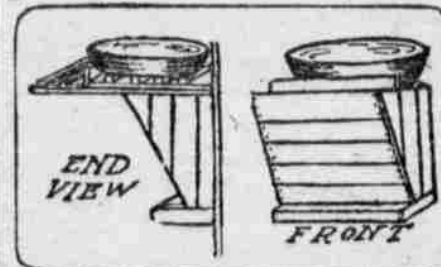
DRINKING PAN AND GRIT BOX

Vessel is Elevated to Prevent Litter Being Scratched Into It—Contrivance is Easily Made.

The accompanying illustration of a combination drinking pan and grit box appeared in a recent issue of Successful Farming. The idea of elevating the drinking pan is to keep the water clean and prevent litter being scratched into it. The birds soon learn to fly upon the perch in front of the pan, to get the clear water.

The pan itself is made about three inches deep, so that when the water becomes frozen it can be easily dumped out.

The small hopper or box under the grit, or be divided into compartments drinking pan is made on the self-feeding principle, and may be used for grit, or be divided into compartments



Drinking Pan and Hopper.

for oyster shell and grit, or beef scrap. The frame on which the pan rests is made to fit over the side of the hopper, the cross slats being firm on the top of the hopper. The whole contrivance can be easily made out of odds and ends of lumber found lying around most poultry or barn yards. The combination, when finished, is hung on the wall at a convenient height.

PROFITABLE TO GRADE EGGS

Better Prices Are Always Secured When Eggs Are Sorted According to Size and Color.

Even buyers at the country store will appreciate your efforts if you will sort your eggs according to size and color. Graded eggs show up a great deal better than those that are piled in promiscuously, and should—and will—command a better price if the dealer's attention is called to the fact, and he is assured that your eggs will be furnished that way all the time.

There are few, even of country stores, that would not be able to command a higher price for uniform, clean, fresh eggs, attractively packed, and one that produces that kind the year round can secure an advance in the market price. Large shippers will jump at the chance to secure eggs of this class, and are always ready to pay a higher price.

One firm made the statement recently that strictly first-class eggs were worth eight cents a dozen more to their trade than eggs that they could not guarantee. It is the cheapest possible way to increase the poultry income. Try it.

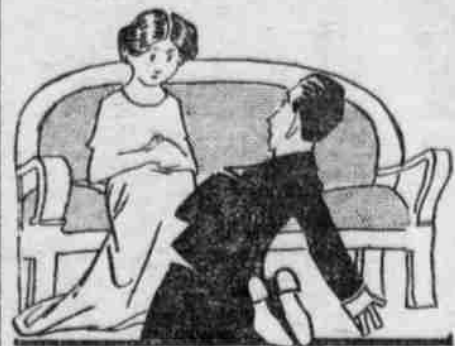
Best Grain Ration.

A mixture of wheat and oats makes one of the very best grain rations for hens. They lay on it because it contains the stuff of which eggs are made.

The ONLOOKER

HENRY HOWLAND

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE



"Oh, mistress of my heart," he cried,
"Say but one tender word to me
And I will never quit thy side
In life or eternity."

She gazed upon him kneeling there
And heaved a long and happy sigh;
She wore a basketful of hair
She had been saving long to buy.

"Oh, mistress of my heart," said he,
Repeating what he'd said before,
"Unless you yield your love to me
Contentment can be mine no more."

"And if I yield my love," she said,
"Will sweet contentment fill your breast?"
He said it would and bowed his head,
His glad heart throbbing beneath his vest.

"Then doubt no more, for all is well,
I gladly yield my love," said she;
Whereat he rose up with a yell,
He'd run a tack into his knee.



Promoted.

"My boy," said the millionaire who headed the great corporation, "you have worked here faithfully for a good many years. I realize that you have devoted your best efforts to our interests, and that our success is in a measure due to your work and that of your fellow employees. Now I am going to do something for you."

"Oh, thank you, sir," tremblingly replied the man who had been working for years on a salary that was barely sufficient to enable him to live in decent comfort. "I don't know how I can find words to fittingly express my gratitude. I can only hope that my work in the future will be such as to convince you that your generosity is fully appreciated."

"There, there, don't worry about that. We are going to open a branch in Nevada and I've decided to let you be the manager of it. The town to which you are to be sent is a small one, and I understand that it is not as attractive as some towns are, but it may grow. In any case, the dry atmosphere out there will be almost sure to relieve you of any catarrhal troubles you may have. You will receive the same salary you are getting now, but it will probably be easy for you to save money, as there will be nothing out there on which your earnings can be spent. I congratulate you on your promotion."

Willing to Make the Effort.

"My dear, there's no reason why we shouldn't save a part of my salary. I've just been reading about a Chicago man who is able to support a family of a dozen children on \$12 a week."
"Well," his wife replied, "you find out how much he spends daily for his lunch and cigars and then I'll see what I can do about getting along on what his wife has for household expenses."

Desires.

I ask no more than this, to be
A toller here awhile,
Ere I go forth upon the sea
That wears eternal smile.
—Baltimore Sun.
I ask no more than to be rich
And free from all concern
Until I reach that bourne from which
No travelers return.

Not a Forcible Illustration.

"Do you know," asked the abstainer, "that the money which the American people spend for drink in a single year would be sufficient to build a stone tower forty feet in diameter and a mile high?"
"Would it?" asked the man with the spongy nose, "but who wants a silly old stone tower like that?"

Sympathetic Father.

"Do you expect to send your boy to college?"
"Yes. After the hard studying he is compelled to do in high school I think it is no more than right that he should have a few years of play before he goes to work."

Suspicious.

"What do you know against her?"
"Oh, nothing in particular, but how can she be all right? You never see her anywhere without her husband. He must have some cause for being suspicious."