

AUTOMOBILES

THE BOARS OF SANTA CRUZ

Hunt in One of the Santa Barbara Islands.

HUNTERS CHARGED BY BEASTS

An Experience Found Exciting by Even an Englishman Who Had Tried Pig-Sticking in India.

SANTA BARBARA, Cal., Sept. 7.—There are many diversions ashore for anglers up among the Santa Barbara Islands. Among them is wild boar hunting on both Santa Rosa and Santa Cruz.

Santa Cruz is a mountain range out at sea, filled with deep and radiating canons. The island was visited by Cabrillo in the sixteenth century, by Viscaïno a century later and the Russians hunted the sea otter there in the seventeenth century. But who placed the progenitors of the wild boars on the island, how they came there, is not known. That they are well established and have developed peculiar traits is certain.

A party of hunters in search of otter and Indian relics landed there not long ago and made camp on the beach. The guide, one Manuel Sario, in turning the cakes one evening stopped to listen.

"What do you hear?" asked one of the party.

"Ough," whispered the man. "Wild boars!"

"Wild boars?" exclaimed the other. "Why didn't you say so before? We'll hunt 'em. The finest sport in the world!"

"Sport?" rejoined the Mexican. "Is climbing trees sport? That's what I do when I meet a wild boar."

"The sport of kings," replied the hunter, who was an Englishman. "I haven't seen a pigsticking since I was in India. We will try it, Manuel; not you, but we, eh?"

"Si, señor," answered the Mexican, "not I, but you. But I go if we get horses."

In search of the boar.

It appeared that the herders who kept sheep on the island at this time had horses at the corral of the little ranch house. Three were secured and that afternoon the party, mounted on big Mexican saddles and armed with rifles, rode up the trail leading into the interior of the island. They reached a high ridge, then pitched down into a canon filled with wild lilac, masses of wild rose and the island grasswood and cactus. There was a well worn trail, doubtless used by the Indians long ago, and as it gradually pitched down the canon grew deeper, the mountains seemed to shut in. Now and then flocks of valley quail flew up, the wild dove's voice rose on the air with its mournful who-who-who, and far away coming up the canon with rhythmic measure was the sound of seas breaking on the west coast.

Suddenly the canon widened out and a little valley appeared, with cactus patches rich in green and brilliant yellow blossoms. The hunters had almost forgotten the object of their quest when Manuel's horse leaped to one side, almost throwing him, when an out! out! like escaping steam, something big, hairy, bristling and black, dashed past them.

"What's that?" cried the Englishman, coming down into his saddle again from somewhere.

"I thought you had stuck pigs in India," answered Manuel, endeavoring to hold his bronco.

"So I have, but—"

"Caramba! Look out!" shouted Manuel, as out! out! sounded from the brush. "He come again! He hamstring your horse!"

Back He Comes.

But it was too late. That canon ball of bristles came bowling over the back track with a wish! whoof! out! out! and the bronco went into the air in lateral leaps, with whirring of ordinary tenderfoot is unfamiliar. To their credit, he it said the two hunters were not dismounted. One horse went dashing up the side of the canon while the other two ran into the open, where they were checked quivering, one of the animals holding up a hoof in pain.

"That was sudden, like the toothache," remarked the East Indian pig sticker.

"That is the way he is," said Manuel.

"You see hoem?" he cried to the rider up the canon slope.

"No, but I can hear growling and out! out! somewhere. My horse is frightened out of a year's growth. I am going to shoot that brute on sight."

"That's the biggest boar I ever see," answered Manuel. "He ugly. You see old pig with young in the brush, and when anything come along he jest drop his head and charge. Tusks like a shark. There he come!"

Out! Out! came hissing out of the brush. The broncos trembled and whirled and the hunter on the canon side vainly endeavored to hold his bronco, facing the canon so that he could bring his rifle to bear. But the animal was crazed with fear and sprang wildly up the side, a bunch of black hair following for several feet. Then the rider let the horse go and turning fired into the brush. The pig was seen crashing down.

"Our turn next!" cried Manuel, who had tightened his cinch and found that the pig had not touched his horse, but that it had run into a cactus bunch.

Tusks of Prominence.

Presently the hunter up on the canon side got his frightened horse down.

"If my horse had stumbled I believe that pig would have ripped him up," he said. "Did you see him? Bristles on his back half a foot high tusks four inches long."

Manuel had dismounted and was cinching up the saddle and picking cactus spines out of his horse's legs. After he had finished and listened to the views of the hunters he said:

"It's no use three hunting at the same time, somebody's bound to get shot or thrown. That pinto horse, he's going to buck this minute he gets his eyes on the pig, and it's the biggest boar I have seen on the island, old and ugly. I don't want to feel his tusk."

"Well, what do you suggest?" asked the East Indian pig sticker. "If I had a good lance I would not mind riding him down, but this—well, this is different."

"I say take him one at a time," replied Manuel, "and the rest hold off."

"That suits."

The words were not out of the speaker's mouth before a rustle was heard in the brush to the right and with a tremendous out! the boar, which evidently had been sneaking up on them under cover, came at the trio like a cannon ball. It covered the twenty feet between them and the spearman seemingly in a bound and was among them before they realized it, striking to the right and left. Manuel being dismounted, stood not on the order of

going, but ran and scrambled up the slope of the canon, while his bronco reared to avoid the animal, then ran away. The other two horses, despite the efforts of the owners, wheeled and dashed off, the boar after them.

Scheming for a Shot.

The hunter who had stuck pigs in India rallied first, turned his bronco and forced it at the boar, which had stopped and stood, head up, a picture of devilishness. It was one of the old-timers, without question, combining the qualities of a Florida razorback with the savagery of an East Indian wild boar and the staying powers of a California island wild goat. Little wonder an everyday bronco which had possibly never seen a pig in its life objected.

As the bronco moved up, broadside on, utterly unable to look the strange beast in the face, the hunter lifted his rifle and attempted to aim and hold the bronco in place at the same time. It was a difficult proposition. At the slightest lurch the horse would turn, frantic with fear. Then the hunter elevated his rifle with one hand and let it drop revolver fashion, intending to fire as it covered the game.

Down it came, and just about as the hunter was about to pull the trigger wouff! came the escaping steamlike note from the red, dripping moun. The rifle went off, the boar charged and the bronco jumped ten feet, it seemed to the two men looking on, and came down stiff legged in an awful buck, sending the rider into the air. They saw the boar charge, and spurring their broncos they rushed down the slopes to interfere. Manuel leaped to the ground with his rifle ready to fire and literally jerked the dismounted sportsman from the boar, which, however, was dead. It had died before it had an opportunity to drive its tusks into the man.

Hard to Kill a Boar.

The boar was a type of the savage bush pig, tall, long and slender, muscular with heavy crest, powerful head and tusks long and sharp.

"I don't know whether the bullet killed the brute or I crushed him to death," said the hunter, "but it was a close call for me. I have seen a wild boar in India run fifty yards with a hole in his heart."

It was hunting in the coolness of the district and Levison, a man in my regiment, shot a boar on the charge. The animal went by him, blinded in some way, and did not stop, but came for me, I being next in the trail. I tried to fire, but missed and just as the brute reached me it staggered and fell dead. I understand grizzlies will perform the same seemingly impossible feat.

Manuel hauled the boar into the shade intending to return for the head as a trophy, and the party moved up the canon crossed over to the windward side and stood on the summit, where the Pacific. Following along a ridge they descended again and Manuel led them into a long, narrow canon, which seemed to be populated with quail and doves alone.

When they had reached the end of it, where a little mesa, or bench appeared on the slope, a small pig was seen standing in the trail fifty yards ahead. It looked at them a moment, then turned tail and with a wouff! wouff! ran down the trail, followed by several others. Putting spurs to the horses the men followed, when suddenly from out of the bush came a big boar that apparently did not propose to run. It was an easy shot, but the men determined to give it a chance for its life and moved on, while Manuel pushed into the brush to get in behind the boar.

Caught by Lariat.

The boar seemed to drop out of sight, for when they reached the spot it was no longer there, nor could Manuel see it from the slope of the canon. Suddenly came the wouff! wouff! as starting as the rattle of a snare, and again out of the brush charged the boar, with crest standing and ugly muzzle elevated. The horses broke and reared, frantic at the sight, but the riders managed to hold them. Then for some reason unexplainable except for the intensity of Manuel's yell the boar kept on and the hunters gave chase. It was a fine exhibition of speed to see this big, heavy pig run. The horses going at full speed were not able to reach it.

"We have no use for this fellow," cried one of the pursuers; "try your rope on him, Manuel."

So Manuel, delighted at the opportunity, pulled ahead, unavailing his lariat and soon had it whirling about his head in a thoroughly graceful manner. At the psychological moment he let go and in a way miraculous to the larynx caught the flying boar by the hind foot. The bronco settled back, throwing the animal cleverly.

The boar filled the air with cries and maddened squeals, then quickly charged back along the line. Manuel was equal to the occasion. The canon was narrow, there was no field for play and he had no companion to rope the boar from the opposite side and hold it, as he had often done with boars in the old days, so he did the next best thing—twisted the rope around a tree and thus held the boar. It presented a savage spectacle, its small, black, beadlike eyes gleaming with rage and fear.

"Cleverly done!" cried the Englishman.

After he had examined the old fellow Manuel as cleverly released the boar and with all the fight taken out of it the boar trotted off into the brush without even looking behind.

Walks Into Trap After His Foe

One Man Goes to Arrest Another and is Arrested Himself on Other's Complaint.

"I want to have Joe Krieger arrested," said Jim Hulac, Third Street and Center streets, to Officer Glover, in police court, handing him a complaint against Krieger.

"All right," responded Glover, glancing at the complaint. "But Krieger has beaten you to it, and wants you arrested too, as I'll just lock you up now and arrest Krieger when I find him."

So Hulac, intent upon the arrest of another man, is in jail himself, while the other man is still at liberty.

Krieger lives at Seventh and Boulevard streets. He and his wife secured a complaint against Hulac, who is a blacksmith, on the charge of assault and battery.

Within a few minutes after Krieger had left the court room Hulac secured a warrant for his arrest on the same charge.

Iowa Postoffice Robbed.

DES MOINES, Ia., Sept. 11.—Robbers early today broke into the postoffice at Cambridge, Ia., dynamited the safe and made away with \$300 in stamps and money.

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MRS. C. F. MCGREW.

Along Auto Row

Omaha Dealers Are Busy Now with the Machines They Will Offer the Purchasing Public Next Season.

Among the Omaha dealers who attended the fair in Lincoln last week, some of whom had exhibits there, are Guy Smith, W. D. Hoxford, J. D. Freeland, W. Ashley, J. J. Deright and W. L. Huffman.

C. J. Corkhill, district manager for the Apperson car, spent the last two weeks in the east. He will bring out this week the 1910 models and will make them perform some of the tricks for which the Apperson is famous. It is said to be the fastest stock car made. One of the models, called the Jack Rabbit, has a record of ninety miles an hour.

William Drummond is clearing out his vehicle making room for the automobiles expected to come soon. The sale that he has been conducting, whereby some of the aristocratic vehicles of the east, and high-priced ones, are going for less than factory cost, has turned the attention of those who still love horse flesh to buggies and the sales have by no means been confined to Omahas.

Stories have been received that the Stoddard-Dayton will be very much in evidence in Omaha during the coming month.

The Detamble, handled by W. L. Huffman, automobile company and sold for less than any car of its size in this market, is attracting a great deal of attention. Eighty-six of them have found homes in this section during August and September. The demonstrator has just arrived and an active campaign will be begun.

Coit Automobile company received last week some of the Rambler 1910 models. Model 53 is priced at \$1,800 and model 55 at \$2,500. Model 55 is the car that J. T. Stewart made the trip to Chicago in.

Jean Bomb of Detroit, representing the Chalmers-Detroit Motor company, spent part of the week in Omaha. Mr. Bomb drove a Chalmers "forty" in the Glidden tour, successfully competing for the Detroit trophy and carried the same home with him. This cup went to the pony tonneau car making the highest score and carried with it the same honors as did either of the other two prizes, which were both won by the Pierce Arrows.

W. H. Wigman, who for the last fifteen years has been identified with the United States Supply company of this city, has accepted a position as general manager with the H. E. Fredrickson Automobile company. Many good men are being attracted to this industry and Mr. Wigman is one of the best. Having been born in Omaha and with the exceptional record of having held but three previous positions in his life, Mr. Wigman has estate road work as one of the prominent young business men of Omaha.

The H. E. Fredrickson Automobile company is displaying the 1910 Pierce Arrow forty-eight horse power touring car. This is one of the "topnotchers" in the automobile world and attracting more than ordinary attention among seekers of high quality.

One of the best small car performances recently recorded was made by Mr. George Dunham, the designer, and E. E. Morse, sales manager of the Hudson company who drove a Hudson twenty from the Indianapolis races to Detroit in one day. The distance is over 300 miles and the trip was made via Dayton, O., between 3 o'clock in the morning and 8 at night. People are interested in knowing how a car will perform under severe road work and one of the most strenuous in motor history.

W. L. Huffman will be in the Kansas City-Omaha race next week with three cars from here, the Inter-State, Hupmobile and DeTamble. As he will be perhaps the only Omaha dealer in the race, the performance of his cars will be watched with considerable interest by his friends.

The Atlantic Automobile company of Council Bluffs has received information that the Ford people sent out forty-one carloads of Ford cars August 20. There were 128 cars all of 1910 models. The train, as made up, measured 1,500 feet—one-third of a mile.

C. F. Louk, who went to Kokomo, Ind., last week to contract for the late models of the Haynes car wires that ten carloads of these cars are enroute and are

expected to be here during the week. Louk now handles the Haynes and Marmon, two of the best known cars west. The Holiday is also handled at this garage.

George Reim, manager for R. R. Kimball, renewed his contract with the Universal Wind Shield company of Chicago for a large number of wind shields for the present season. Last season was the first year that those shields were handled here. They proved popular and the present order has been increased.

Doctor Nelson, the young medical student, in the employ of R. R. Kimball, and who is an expert automobile man, carries with every car that he drives what he is pleased to call a mascot. It is part of a human skull found in excavating for an apartment house in the western section of the city.

A party of business men from Oklahoma City, who have been spending the summer around the lakes in Minnesota, returned to Oklahoma last week, stopping over in Omaha a short time. The party used the Omaha Auto company garage while here.

The Oakland people are making and putting out in Omaha during the coming month a new model. This chassis will be manufactured in the touring car and runabout types, and will be known as the Oakland "30." There will be nothing experimental about this new car, all of the tried principles of the Oakland "40" are incorporated. The new model is simply a smaller edition of the Oakland "40" and is marketed to meet the demand of those wishing a car of Oakland "40" type, but smaller in body and horsepower rating. There will be manufactured 6,000 Oakland

"30s" divided equally between the runabouts and touring cars.

The Electric garage is one of the most elaborately furnished garages in the west. It is large and roomy and is considered by eastern people who visit Omaha to be one of the nicest in the country.

The new 1910 model Franklin just received at Guy Smith's garage is one of the cleanest, prettiest cars seen in Omaha.

CONTEST BEGINS FOR RIGHT TO PLAY FOR THE DAVIS CUP

Weather Conditions Perfect at Philadelphia for Tennis Exports—Three Days' Card.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Sept. 11.—Weather conditions are perfect for the lawn tennis contests which begin today between teams representing the United States and England to decide which shall have the honor of challenging Australia for the Dwight F. Davis cup now held by the racket wielders of that far off land. The play will continue three days and the team winning three of the matches will have the right to challenge Australia.

Today W. A. Larned, the American national champion, will meet C. P. Dixon of England, and W. J. Clothier, the runner-up to Larned in the last national championship tournament, will play against J. C. Farke, England. The Davis cup has been contested for since 1900, when it was offered for competition by Dwight F. Davis of St. Louis. Last year the American team beat the English team in the preliminary play at Boston, but both lost to Australia at Melbourne by three matches to two.

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