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EDITORIAL SECTION
EIGHT PARTS TO-DAY.

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THE OLD WEST IS GOING, AND WITH ITS PASSING COMES CIVILIZATION, DECLARES COL. CODY'S RIGHT-HAND MAN, WHO HAS ROUGHED IT FOR YEARS

JOHN DONOVAN

TAKING A WOMAN AWAY FROM ANOTHER MEANT A SHOOTING.

GRABBING MONEY IN CARD GAME'S MEANT A GUN PLAY.

John Donovan Relates Reminiscences of the Early Days on the Frontier — Says He Feels as if He Were in a Jail When He Is in a City and Longs for the Trails.

"The old West is going, and with its passing comes civilization, and with civilization the grind, but it will not be in my day, and although it is approaching I will have passed over the Great Divide before it really arrives."

The speaker was John Donovan, one of Colonel Bill Cody's right-hand men. He came to St. Louis a few days ago to transact some business in connection with the Cody interests in Wyoming, and was happy only when it was train time, and he was once more speeding back to his beloved West—the West in which he had toiled and fought; the West that had seen his coming in the strength of young manhood, and later saw his temples gray; the West that will see his passing, for John Donovan says that he wants to die in the country in which he has lived.

When John Donovan came to the city he was accompanied by Gus and John Thompson of the Cody ranches, who were in charge of a large shipment of horses. After the sale the three set out to see the city, neither of the Thompson boys having been in a place so large in their lives. After hours of walking about the hard pavements until, as Mr. Donovan expressed it, the soles were almost worn off their shoes, one of the boys remarked: "Say, John, let's be getting back, for this walking about the city streets is just like walking up one canon and down another."

"Now, that's just about the way I feel about the matter," said Mr. Donovan. "The big cities are all right for a time, but then the craving for the open plains and the long trails gets hold of a man, and then if he can't get back he feels like as if he were in jail. Why, every time I come to a city, and I look about and see the men in the grind, I am more than ever convinced that I am in the right place back in the plains and hills, and then I just pulls up stakes and follows that thought, and then I'm happy again.

"But then the old West is a-going and a-going fast, and nothing shows it better than when a man gets out with a couple of horses for a trip. In the old days ox teams could set out on long trips, and they were able to find plenty of grub for the teams and there were twenty oxen to a team. Now a man with a couple of horses must buy fodder all the way. The reason is that there is no grass open for a man to feed his horses on, and what places are open the grass is all cropped down close. No, it ain't like the old days in the least, and the railroads and the wire fences are the cause of it.

PICTURESQUE CHARACTERS.

"It has just taken twenty-five years to see the change. Some of the other States got it the worst, but Wyoming was the last to see the change. The old time characters are all dying off and in a few years they will all be gone. Buckskin Jim, who was well known as a Government transport man, died a year ago, and when Jim died the old West lost another of its most picturesque characters. Then there was Calamity Jane. She's gone over the divide with the rest of 'em. Calamity was a great gal in her day, but from all I know she was all right, except that she loved to drink and fight. Why, I've seen her come into a barroom and orders his him behind the bar to set up the drinks like the best of 'em.

"Then with the disappearance of the characters that made the West famous some years ago has gone the big game. It ain't so very long ago when we could take a rifle and go out after a Buffalo, but where do you find 'em now? Only in zoos and in Yellowstone Park. The rest of the game has almost gone, too. The game is being driven to the summits of the mountains. The railroads have cut up the country so much that the hunting grounds are smaller and the game is taking to the woods, as they say in the city.

"Where are the old-time bad men? Well, they've taken to the high timbers, too. I don't know whether it was the railroads or the wire fences or the generous use of hemp that scared that class of men out of the West, but they're gone anyhow. Once in awhile one turns up. Sorter drops in from Mars to pay his respects, and then if he does anything bad a painful duty falls upon the good citizens and the bad man has gone to join the thousands that have gone before. But even in the old days the bad man had a pretty tough road to travel and I never envied any of 'em.

"Of course, those were rough days and the dancers used to see lots of shooting out another man's lights, but the better element were generally in the lead, and anything that looked real dirty was looked into. If two men, fully armed, met and had a difference and went at it like men and one got potted, it was all right. That was fair. Some poet said something about gun fighting once. He said:

He had said in his craw, but was slow in the draw.
So we buried him under the daisies.

"That's the way it was in them days, as long as things were anyhow fair. But when it was a deliberate case of assassination or murder, then the better citizens took a hand, with the result that there would be a little hanging, and justice being done, the incident was forgotten. Yes, there were bad men in plenty, but they began to see their finish before long. The American people are a good people, but they are not a nation of killers.

FINISHED THE BAD MEN.

"The disturbing element in the old days was generally made up of gamblers, bad men and cheap sports. Sometimes a lot of 'em would get together and then they would make a hell on earth for the fellows that tried to be anyway decent. At Bismark one time they had a bunch of about fifty bad men, but before the better fellows got through with them there were thirty-three dead bad men. Then there was another section in the old days that had a wondrous growth of the bad men. They got so bad that they sorter thought they owned the earth, and murders got to be right common.

"Well, there was a meeting of a crowd of good citizens one night. As a result of the meeting a Judge was chosen, a jury, a prosecuting attorney and an attorney for the defense. The Sheriff was instructed to bring in the bad men. He got plenty of deputies and soon the court had a lot of business on hand. Well, after they had got about sixty-two bad men and had hanged mostly all of 'em things began to clear up a spell in that territory.

"One of the fellows that was brought to trial was one of the worst bad men that had flourished for a long time. It did not take the jury long to find him guilty, and then he was ordered to be hanged. Before the hanging job was pulled out the prisoner was asked if he had any prayers to say or last words to leave before the sentence of the court was carried into effect.

"Well, that fellow started off on a long, rambling story of what an innocent child he had been all his life, and the like. Finally the gang began to see that he was talking against time, and then they got suspicious that he had a reason, and when the suspicion got strong enough he was hanged forthwith. He had hardly got through kicking before his wife rode up on a horse covered with foam, and she had two six-shooters. She told us that she and her husband, the aforesaid bad man, had an agreement. It was that if he was ever caught, and he knew what that would mean, she was to come and shoot him. Most men would rather be shot than hanged. They think hanging is too much like a dog's death.

TOUGH AND BLOODY DAYS.

"Those were tough and bloody days sometimes. Why, I knew of lots of saloons that kept a blanket for no other purpose than to carry out the dead men in. A saloon fight was generally over in a second. There would be a few words (sometimes even the words would be omitted), the crack of a pair of shooting irons, and then the blanket would be brought in and the body carried out of the barroom, where it was apt to offend delicate guests. Then the dances used to see lots of shooting. Those dance shooting affairs were generally caused by women. At most of the dances you would find bad women, bad men and bad whisky—and, say, that is a awful combination when it is mixed up, and it was no wonder that a few men would be buried the next morning. A shooting affair at a dance only lasted a few minutes, and then the dancing would be resumed.

"In all my experience I found that the safest way to keep out of trouble was to leave the shooting arms where they were safe. I never carried a gun in a town, because it wasn't safe. We all carry them when we're out on the trail, but the wise men leave them off when they go to town. Now, I used to know a lot of men who carried two guns, and even a knife, but they're all dead now. Then I used to know a lot of men that carried one gun all the time, and they're pretty nearly all dead. And I might say that I knew a lot of chaps who never carried a gun at all, and, strange to say, they're all in the land of the living yet. The reason of it all is simple. The chap with the two guns was more apt to get into a fight than the man with one, and the man with one more so than the fellow without any at all. The man without the gun did not have the tendency to get into trouble.

"From my years of residence in the West and the places where the bad men flourished I might say that the shooting affairs were the result of three things. The first reason was one man taking a woman away from another; the second, jumping claims; and the third, grabbing money in card games, once in a while a fight would result over some big personal spite, but, as a general thing, the man that did not mix up with any of the three reasons was pretty safe.

"On the trail we all carry guns, but the real gun man wears his all the time, and eats and sleeps with it. Many men carry guns about the town even yet, but in some of the towns where they have been bothered with fellows shooting them up, they have passed ordinances against the guns being carried about. Of course, if a stranger wearing a gun was to come through and acted peaceably, he would not be allowed, but if he began to act strange, he would receive a gentle hint to move on and be good.

"The fellows are getting good now, and if they are given to wearing irons they leave 'em at the hotel when they go prancing about town, and that's the safest way after all. I've done almost everything but stick up a coach and marry, and it wasn't so easy. I didn't have sand in the first one, although I didn't in the second, and yet I've managed to keep a whole hide, when so many dashing fellows with a load of guns are sleeping under the willows. If you're looking for trouble you generally get it, and so may had to get gunned unless he was sorter looking for it.

"No, I'm glad to get back to the West. I feel better than I do here, but the grind is reaching us there. I remember a few years ago when the fellows would walk along with their heads up high and their hats on the backs of their heads, but now you see 'em coming along with a frown on their faces and looking at their feet. They've learned to scheme. It's all a part of the grind, and they'll be in the middle of it before long, but until that time comes I will be happy only on the plains. I feel sorry for many of the men in the city. Take men working for wages. Some day they must all be fired. It comes to 'em sooner or later, and even when they are working they ain't getting the benefit of their work. Back in our country, when a man digs a post hole and puts in a post, he is bound to get some benefit from it at some time or other, and then, if he had good health and a clear conscience, he is as well off as anyone.

"The other day I was out at the Stock Yards and I saw the cattle in the pens waiting their turn to be killed. I was watching a lot of steers, fine big fellows, just in their prime, who, with flashing eyes and firm tread, went along the narrow passage that led to the killing-house. As I looked at 'em I said to myself, 'poor old fellows, you'll get the ax pretty quick, and then I had to leave. It's different on the plains, and even though it is a log shack or a tent or even under the starlight, it's better, and a man can be a man.

"Everything is different in the open West. The men are real men, and the women real women. In the city, if one family gets a piano, the next one must get one, whether they need it or not, they want to be in style. Now, that ain't the close with us yet. Our affairs run simple; a man is either good or not good. If he is good, and the word good means a real man, he is all right, and no questions are asked; but if he is otherwise, he is given the hint to move along. Sometimes they don't give 'em the chance.

"But the grind is coming. I can see it approach and soon the good old country that knew real men will see men like slaves, men who will go about doing nothing but scheming. It won't be in my day, I hope, and when it does come, I want to be a pioneer over that long trail that leads over the Western hills, where the footprints point but one way."

Mr. Donovan attracted considerable attention last week at the Planters Hotel, where he stayed while in town, by his dress. He wore a corduroy suit, blue shirt, broad black hat and a short coat that was intended for cold rides across the plains. He made friends with all whom he met, and everyone was impressed with the man who had had so varied an experience.

JOHN DONOVAN, PLAINSMAN AND MORALIST

More than 6 feet in height, broad-shouldered and muscular, a veritable giant of the plains.

Likes to live in the open, feeling cramped by the physical restrictions and formalities of the city.

Dresses simply and entirely for comfort, following styles that have been worked out by many years' experience as a plainsman.

Believes in the right—with a gun if necessary. Though a peace-loving man, he has had some hard experiences in helping to exterminate the outlaws that once infested Wyoming.

PEDAGOGY SOCIETY HAS BIG MEETING

Larger Crowd Than Usual Attend Course at Central High School and Various Topics Were Discussed.

More than the usual crowd of educational experts thronged the Central High School yesterday for the intellectual spread offered by the departments of the Society of Pedagogy.

The ethics class was addressed by K. F. Brown and discussed to what extent a child's character is fixed and unchangeable. A discussion of the facts of physical inheritance was held.

Professor J. W. Withers of the new Teachers' College spoke to the High School section on educational values in the High School in an attempt to arrive at definite standards. He asserted that this great place for the working out of difficult educational problems in the next two decades will be, not the elementary school or the university, but the high school, public and private.

He thought it was possible to have a science of education both normative and predictive, but that the aim determining education must be movable, flexible, keeping pace with the movement of thought and the development of social institutions. It was a great mistake to suppose that education could be a static thing, he said. The great principle in all growth must be adaptation to environment, the principle that has led the human species up indeed through all its ages of evolution from lower forms. The discussion was led by W. J. S. Bryan of Central High School.

In the large "Three R's" department there was a class of 8-year-old tots from the Columbia school, who showed how children can read and talk in their second school year. J. W. Stevens led his health class into a study of the interrelations between the plant and animal worlds and closed by giving some excellent advice as to foods from both kingdoms. He introduced, as a new feature, a question box to which all seekers after sound digestion are invited to bring their problems for solution.

Doctor G. M. Holferty drew many to his new nature study work and had two overflow meetings. His subject was field work for women and how to make nature study charts. He was assisted by Miss Mary Cornell Bristol of the McKinley High School.

Professor E. J. Swift opened the pedagogy section and introduced W. W. Hall of Yeatman High School, who gave an interesting exhibition of the psychology of learning a practical school problem. The discussion that followed his interpretation of his chart of results was spirited. Philo M. Buck had, as the theme of the English department, the appreciation of the poetry of Burns and its teaching and was assisted by Mr. Stewart Scott of this city.

President R. L. Barton announced as the first general lecture of the season that of J. Q. Adams of Evanston, Ill., for October 24 at Central High School, in the evening.

TRACKLAYING ACROSS FLORIDA KEYS IS REMARKABLE ENGINEERING FEAT

Description From the Engineering News of the Extraordinary Work to Be Done in Building Railroad From Homestead to Key West—Four Viaducts Having a Total Length of 30,800 Feet.

One of the most interesting pieces of railway construction now under way in the South is the Key West extension of the Florida East Coast Railway, says the Engineering News. This new line will follow the outlying Florida Keys for nearly their whole length, and about thirty miles of it will be over what is now open water. Two types of construction are required, one is embankment construction on land and in shallow water and the other is re-enforced concrete arch viaduct construction over deeper water. Altogether there will be over six miles of the viaduct work in four stretches varying from one mile to two miles in length. The engineer of this work is Mr. J. C. Meredith, constructing engineer, Miami, Fla., with Mr. R. W. Carter as bridge engineer.

The new line starts from the old road at Homestead Station, twenty-eight miles south of Miami, and for twenty-one miles further continues on the main land. It then crosses to Key Largo, which is the largest of the Florida Keys, where it turns sharply and follows the line of outlying Keys southwesterly to Key West. The Florida Keys are separated by openings or channels varying in width from a few rods to several miles, and in depth of water from a bare wash to a score or more feet. It is the extent of these water crossing, some thirty miles, that is the distinctive feature of the construction work.

Of the 128 miles of new line, something like ninety-eight miles are solid fill embankment or through cut. This work completes all the line on land and some four-fifths of the line over water. The fill-in water will in some cases be of rock, but more usually this will be of marl or sand dredged from the bottom near the right of way. It is planned to place most of this filling of vacuum dredges, as by this process the dredge discharge has a much greater percentage of solids than does usually the discharge of hydraulic dredges, which will also be tried. Orange peel and clam shell dredges will likewise be used; nearly all of the roadbed on the mainland will be placed by such dredges working on both sides of the fill and digging their own channels as they progress. This mainland portion of the line lies through low lands subject to frequent overflow. On the Keys themselves the work will be very light and nearly all embankment. Such cuts as these are are through rock too soft for ballast or for concrete.

The deep-water crossings requiring viaducts are four in number, and the viaduct structures will be, respectively, 10,500 feet, 5,300 feet, 7,300 feet and 7,900 feet long. A standard arch construction in re-enforced concrete will be employed. This construction consists of full centered concrete arches of fifty foot span carried on concrete piers founded on solid rock or on piles, according to the character of the bottom. Every fifth pier is twelve feet thick at the springing line of the arches, and the intermediate piers are nine feet thick at the corresponding level. The piers will all be founded on soft coral rock, which in some cases will admit of driving piles and in other cases will not. Where piles can be driven they will be used for anchorage. It is planned to use twenty-eight piles under the large piers and twenty-one under the smaller piers. Where the rock will not admit of driving piles a pit two feet deep will be excavated and the pier founded therein. The maximum depth of water at the various crossings varies from thirteen feet to twenty-five feet. In water over thirteen feet deep the piers are stepped out. The top of the step is twelve feet below the springing line and teh ratio of the steps is to be for the nine-foot piers, one horizontal to four vertical, and for the twelve-foot piers one horizontal to three vertical. Mean low-water level is above springing line level.

Referring to the soffit re-enforcement of the arch ring notice should be taken of the manner of connecting successive lengths of the circumferential bars by welded links and wedges. Mention may also be made of the spacing bar employed to conect the intradosal and extradosal re-enforcing network and of the bonding of the spandrel wall reinforcement into the arch ring. Corrugated bars are planned for reinforcement throughout. As the rock along the route is nowhere hard enough for ballast, or for concrete, all stone for these purposes will have to be brought from a distance. The same thing is true of sand, the nearest point of supply of which is Miami. The engineers state that fresh water only will be used for concrete, as tests made by the railway company indicate that steel rusts rapidly in concrete which has been mixed with salt water.

The adoption of reenforced concrete arches for the viaduct work of the line was based partly upon the increased durability of this form of construction over steel spans, but more upon their greater weight, which is of decided benefit in resisting the overturning action of the waves. The deep-water openings where the viaducts are built are, of course, the points most exposed to wave action, and all the viaducts were especially designed to withstand these forces. In order to discover as nearly as possible what height of waves and what pressures the several structures would have to resist, contour maps extending beyond all outlying reefs were prepared for each opening, and the corresponding structure was designed to withstand the highest wave that could cross these reefs unbroken.

In conclusion, it may be mentioned that all the construction work will be done by the railway company itself without the aid of constructors. The many risks incidental to the work exposed to the sea; the unknown factors involved in placing the long fills of water; the distance from a base of supplies and the large equipment required, in connection with the supposed unhealthfulness of the climate, combined to render the work unattractive to contractors except at a price so high that the railway company considered it best to take all of the risks and handle all the work itself. The company is now buying equipment and getting an organization into shape for handling the various classes of work. The time designed for the completion of the extension to Key West, where extensive docks and terminal facilities will be built, is three years. The total length of the extension from Homestead to Key West is 128 miles.

FOOD PROVES FATAL TO BERRY'S ENTIRE HENNERY.

Edible Prescribed Annihilates Pullets and Friends of Owner Have Fun at His Expense.

Harry Berry of the St. James Hotel bar was visited Friday night by forty friends, headed by Judge Walter Vaughn, former Mayor of Omaha, who presented to him a basket containing a pigeon, a rooster, a pigeon's egg and two hen's eggs.

The presentation capped the climax of a joke played upon Berry, who is a poultry fancier, and had an extensive hennery at No. 3828 Morgan street.

An employe in the St. James told him if he would feed his birds a certain kind of "dope" it would cause the hens to lay plentifully. Berry followed instructions and all his promising pullets died, the stuff in addition killing his famous freak bird which was half chicken and half duck.

It was the only freak bird of this kind that Berry ever heard of living any length of time. The lower part of its body was exactly like that of a duck, including the webbed feet, while the head and upper portion were like those of a chicken.