

# THE PASSING OF THE "WILD WEST"

**T**HE 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 famed cowpuncher, resplendent in his picturesque costume, with lassoes 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.

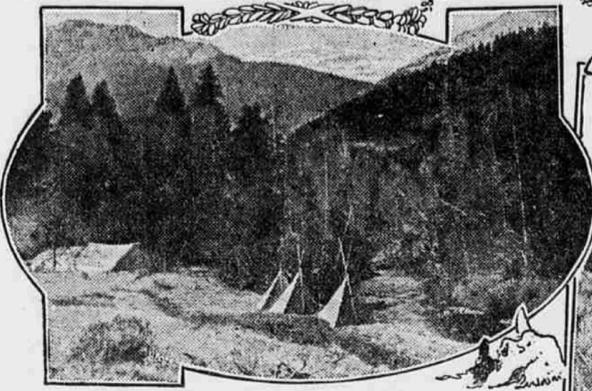
The splendid buffalo is extinct; but a few decayed bones or relics of a skull, the last traces of an animal which roamed in countless thousands over the prairies, and were wantonly exterminated partly by hunters for their hides, and partly by settlers to make way for their cattle. The curious prong-horn 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. Radclyffe 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 traveling, and many thousands of feet of 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



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. Woe 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 the 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 make 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 running 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-hunters 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 extreme 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."

## YET TO BE TESTED

Voters Await Effect of New Currency Measure.

One Indisputable Fact is That the Law it Supersedes Was a Model Legislative Enactment and Made the Country Prosperous.

Of the national banking law, which the new currency measure supersedes, historians will say that for 50 years it gave the country a better paper currency than Americans had ever previously known, and a banking system which was a model in many ways. During all the time while it was in operation not one dollar of national bank currency ever caused the loss of a cent to a holder. For years after the Civil war there was loud denunciation of the national bank currency by agitators of the Greenback party, whose idea was that the government could make money at will by putting its stamp on paper and calling it money, and that this "money" could be lent at a low rate to the people, making everybody rich. After full discussion this delusion passed. The historic examples of the paper currency of the American Revolution and the French assignats were recalled to good effect in the debates of those days.

Later the chief indictment of the national bank note currency has been that it was inelastic—that its volume bore no fixed relation to the needs of trade—that when periods of financial activity occurred it did not expand, and that it failed to contract when its volume was far in excess of commercial needs.

The hope of the framers of the new law that it will provide a currency automatically adjusting itself to the changing requirements of legitimate business remains to be tested. Those who hold that the automatic flexibility desiderated is unattainable—that paper issues not dependent upon the most stringent requirements as to security tend to expand, and show reluctance to contract—have had their say, and have been shouted down. Their seemliest course under existing circumstances is to avoid the role of Cassandra and to watch the working of the new system.

### Republican Unity.

It may be, as some of the unreconstructed Progressives in congress declare, that the Democrats will succeed in putting upon the statute books a presidential primary law, in which case the reforms drafted by the Republican national committee distributing representation upon the basis of the Republican vote of 1908, may prove to be a work of supererogation. But the Republicans of the country are not influenced in forming their party action by the possible exigencies of Democratic legislation. The fact stands out that the meeting of the committee which was looked to by pessimists as a storm center with the south indignantly standing out for the present scheme of representation has turned out, in fact, to be one of the most amicable, serviceable and high-minded sessions of that important body. The reforms indicated are of the widest reach and will place the Republican party exactly where it might have been put before this, had it not been for the deplorable schism.

### Time Brings Change.

The rumor that we are fearful there will be a deficit is absolutely without foundation for I am satisfied that the Underwood law will bring in more revenue than the Payne law.—Speaker Clark.

What an invincible optimist the Hon. Champ Clark has become since the Democrats put a tariff bill with protection features on the statute book! And yet there was a time when he was wanted to see the custom houses razed.

### Will Not Repeat Mistake.

For the first time in 40 years the Democrats are in control of the state government of New Hampshire, and from the way things look now it will be 40 years before they get back after they quit next year. New England is largely an agricultural section, and the farmers already have realized the mistake they make last year when they voted against the Republican party and protection. They want to rectify their mistake as soon as possible.

### Policy of Republicans.

"If we again are to triumph," said Chairman Hillis of the Republican national committee, "we must have some motive other than a desire to win. Republicans and former Republicans can go very far in a protocol of union if a surrender of principles is not involved. We will not embrace theories of government that are destructive of all we hold essential to the maintenance of liberty regulated by law."—Washington Dispatch.

### Foresees Coming Victory.

Gen. Felix Agnus, owner and editor of the Baltimore American, the first editor of national prominence to declare for the renomination of President Taft, still believes that the former president is eligible to lead the Republican party to victory again. General Agnus is optimistic regarding the future. He believes the Democrats already have shot their bolt, and that the Republicans will have an easy time if they get rid of Colonel Roosevelt's influence.—Washington Post.

**Modern Ways.**  
Mrs. Bacon—Did your cook leave in a huff?  
Mrs. Egbert—No; in a taxicab.

**INVALIDS AND CHILDREN** should be given **MAGEE'S EMULSION** to strengthen the body. Never fails. All Druggists.

**Paw Knows Everything.**  
Willie—Paw, what is an autocrat of the breakfast table?  
Paw—The sporting page, my son.

A simple protection against dangerous throat affections are Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops; 5c at Drug Stores.

**Effect of Rubber Tires.**  
"How do you feel after the sixth car has gone over you?"  
"I was almost completely erased."

Use Roman Eye Balsam for scalding sensation in eyes and inflammation of eyes or eyelids. Adv.

### The Test.

She—Women can fight as well as men.  
He—Certainly, if it comes to the scratch.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 5c a bottle.

### Helping Him to Save.

"How long is your doctor going to keep you on a diet, until you are strong?"  
"No, until his bill is paid."

Worms expelled promptly from the human system with Dr. Peery's Vermifuge "Dead Shot." Adv.

### And for Feary Reasons.

"Why do you call Gasper an old crab?"  
"Because he hates to be shut out."  
—Boston Evening Transcript.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Do not gripe. Adv.

### The Point.

"Does the young fellow you have roped in with you know anything about this business he is putting his money into?"  
"No; if he did he wouldn't put in his money."

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are sold with and without soluble sugar coating. They regulate the bowels, invigorate the liver and purify the blood. Adv.

### Beware the Gray Eye.

Among the gray eyed there are few who retain any spiritual emotions. People with gray eyes are superficial, frivolous, given to embrace false idols, running down blind alleys, following false prophets, thoughtless, inconsiderate, wanting in sympathy, neurotic, unstable, not firm and deliberate, but rash and impetuous.

### His Mother's Cake.

Mrs. Beanbrough—How do you like my cake, dear?  
Mr. Beanbrough—It is very good, but not as nice as the cake my mother makes.  
"Indeed?"  
"Mother makes marble cake that looks like the real thing."  
"Yes, you are right; and that's just the way it tastes, too."

### Onions Are Cheaper.

Mrs. Hetty Green on her seventy-eighth birthday anniversary told a reporter that she put more faith in onions than in doctors. An onion was her recipe for colds, coughs, insomnia, nerves and many other maladies.  
"An onion," she added, "is a better friend to your pocketbook than a doctor, too."  
"A young lady was studying to be a nurse, and she said one day to a popular surgeon:  
"What did you operate on Mr. Socis for?"  
"For \$3,000," the surgeon answered.  
"The young nurse smiled.  
"No," she said; "I mean what did he have?"  
"Three thousand dollars," was the surgeon's reply."

### WONDERED WHY. Found the Answer Was "Coffee."

Many pale, sickly persons wonder for years why they have to suffer so, and eventually discover that the drug—caffeine—in coffee is the main cause of the trouble.

"I was always very fond of coffee and drank it every day. I never had much flesh and often wondered why I was always so pale, thin and weak.  
"About five years ago my health completely broke down and I was confined to my bed. My stomach was in such condition that I could hardly take sufficient nourishment to sustain life.  
"During this time I was drinking coffee, didn't think I could do without it.  
"After awhile I came to the conclusion that coffee was hurting me, and decided to give it up and try Postum. When it was made right—dark and rich—I soon became very fond of it.  
"In one week I began to feel better. I could eat more and sleep better. My sick headaches were less frequent, and within five months I looked and felt like a new being, headache spells entirely gone.  
"My health continued to improve and today I am well and strong, weigh 143 lbs. I attribute my present health to the life-giving qualities of Postum."  
Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum now comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled.  
Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. Grocers sell both kinds.  
"There's a Reason" for Postum.