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Rod, Gun, and Palatte
in the High Rockies

BY JAMES BLOMFIELD

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Rod, Gun, and Palette *in the High Rockies*

Being a record of an Artist's
Impressions in the Land of
the Red Gods

BY JAMES BLOMFIELD

11



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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Soon after my return from Montana in the late fall of 1913, I showed to my artist friend, Mr. James Blomfield, some photo-prints which I had made along the Madison river and in the Teepee basin during late September and early October.

He was much impressed by them, and voiced the hope that some day he might be able to visit the section, and paint the rolling prairie vistas and embattled walls which the clear mountain air had permitted the camera to record.

As I had long desired one or two canvases that would be typical of the section, I then suggested to him that he arrange to accompany me the following fall, well knowing also that my own enjoyment of the trip would be greatly enhanced by the presence and influence of one who combined a keen appreciation of the wondrous beauty of the vast outdoors with the rare ability to make permanent with pigment and canvas the fleeting moods of the landscape's hour. He accepted the invitation then extended, and joined my genial friend Mr. Arthur L. Pratt and myself on the visit which we made to the same region in September and October of the present year.

This last was by far the most pleasant trip which I have ever made into this country, which I have visited annually for a number of years, and was made so by the companionship and work of the painter man. I found myself hanging about him and his work, constantly fascinated with the free though faithful handling of his color, and by his ability to preserve not only form and aerial distance, but also all the related substances of matter as Nature assembles them in the atmosphere appeared to be sensed by him, and unconsciously expressed through his brush.

Mr. Blomfield made some twenty-three studies in oil and water color, besides a book full of pencil sketches during the month he was with us, all of which were most satisfying to one who knows and loves the country at the time late fall, as chief femme du chambre, arranges the morning gowns and evening robes for Mistress Earth.

He was vacationing at his work, and the country and the air at the 6,700 and 8,000 foot elevations, at which it was done, were both a joy and an inspiration to him. He seemed to hear and understand the tongueless tattle of the vibrant mornings and the solemn speech of the sentinel hills at evening. As science has proven to us that sound and color are akin, so I may say that to me, Mr. Blomfield caught and fastened in a frame the songs of the waters and the wooded slopes, so that we may listen with our eyes.

Mr. Blomfield also kept a log of our trip, and I found his pen as facile as his brush, and that his log very naturally carried some splendid word pictures of the constantly changing environment of prairie, butte, stream, and mountain, in all their variation of tone and color as an artist saw them every day. He has written so charmingly and honestly of our simple camp life, its small events and good companionship, and enriched it with so many descriptions of the fields and hills as they smiled or sulked in alternate sun and shade that I determined to produce his log in permanent form. Mr. Blomfield has most kindly added to it a number of rapid pen drawings, from his own sketches.

I hope that the printing of this log will vivify the affection of its readers for the great outdoors, and the outdoor life.

It will do that, I am sure, for every one who has already tasted the nectar of the hills at morn, and if perchance some starved soul should scan this log who has heretofore by choice denied himself the hills and streams for town, and then, resolving to mend his ways, shall turn for himself with reverence and with joy the leaves of the Great Open Book, I shall be glad.

WILLIAM E. WROE

Chicago, November 1914.

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THE FIRST DAY

“Who hath smelled wood smoke at twilight; who hath
heard the birch log burning,
Who is quick to read the noises of the night.
O, let him follow after, for the young men’s feet
are turning
To the camps of proved desire and known delight.”

This day, Sunday, September 13, 1914, aboard the Overland Limited of the Union Pacific Railroad, some time after ten o’clock in the morning, and west of Columbus, Neb., the last place whose name the writer caught, begins this chronicle of the adventurers into the land of the Red Gods, whose faring forth commenced on the 12th.

It will be a journal, a running comment, a narrative, or a series of paragraphic digressions, all according to the way the writer feels, and the exigencies of travel and camp life let him, in the course of which he is apt to shift from the first to the third person, from the impersonally narrative to the personally meditative by turns, as the spirit moves him, regardless of the academic demands of literary unity.

The three men primarily concerned are thus identified:

William E. Wroe (Bill) of Chicago; Arthur L. Pratt (Art) of Kalamazoo, Mich., makers of papers and fish and some other stories alike of an exceeding wonderfulness; and James Blomfield (Jim), the guest of the said Bill, Englishman, artist, inditer and limner hereof, and a resident of Chicago, but otherwise not convicted of any crime.

On the edge of evening, the day before this present,



“Jim”

thus began for me, the artist, the events hereafter following. In the midst of afternoon tea-drinking (as is my English habit) at a near by house, came this scrap of dialogue, breaking in on my discourse:

“Take that phone, Fred,” from my respected hostess.

“As I was saying, mother,” I endeavor to continue.

“Nancy wants you on the phone, Jim.”

Mrs. Jim beats me to it. “Oh, Jim. Nancy says Adam is at the house for you. ALL RIGHT, Nancy. Tell Adam to wait. We’ll come right over.”

Then follow good-byes, and a sharp walk.

“Good afternoon, Adam.”

“Oh, Auntie Mate,” excitedly suggests Nancy, “let’s ride two blocks down with Uncle Jim.”

They do. At the end of the appointed two blocks there are two more good-byes and the business of waving a cap.

In five minutes Adam pulls up in front of my friend Wroe’s house. I enter. Wroe, an overcoat over his arm, greets me. “All ready?”

“Yes.”

“Let’s take a last look round.” And Bill makes a careful scrutiny, halting with evident suspicion in front of an inoffensive tobacco jar on the table, but concludes it’s all right.

Then follows Sheridan Road with its homeward bound stream of automobiles, the slanting sun lying in golden bands across the asphalt. Lincoln Park swims in a floating golden haze broken by vibrantly violet bulks of trees and half hidden buildings. Comment on the new apartment building at the south end of the park towering above the trees. The large last gleam of evening sun on the big bay of the Lake Shore Drive. Adam bores right along—steady as a locomotive engineer. I comment on Adam’s steadiness. No temperament.

“No,” agrees Bill. “Adam is nearly an ideal chauffeur that way.”

The word “temperament” recalls a conversation at Wroe’s house a couple of evenings before. The men were talking golf. I said that Ouimet, the champion, was said to be stolid and devoid of imagination.

“Sure,” confirmed Wroe. “It takes that kind to play the

best golf. A man with the slightest temperament or receptivity goes all to pieces." And in the next minute's conversation he demonstrated that by the sheer necessity of the game, all the great golf players could be little more than perfectly co-ordinated muscular machines.

Now comes Rush Street, with its vista of the downtown towers and blocks, in gray silhouettes spiring into the upper air, goldenly luminous, across the half-seen blur of Rush Street bridge on the street level. Wroe is open in admiration of its poetry—not a bit bashful before me in showing how much he really feels the passing romance of a casual street end, the marching procession of towers down the long far-seen front of Michigan Avenue, or the last flash of sunlight on some curl of cloud or lift of wave above the smoke bank, or the city's evening-thrown shadow on the lake front.

At the Blackstone Hotel I am introduced to Art, of genially large presence and fresh-colored, whose cheerful, boy-like smile, jovial greeting, and handclasp prophesy eloquently of the good fellowship to come, perchance in the closeness of camp life to attain later to the full flower of friendship, for Art is a man who inspires liking on sight. I meet also the charming Mrs. Pratt and

her sister. Time presses. Art climbs into the machine. There are some more good-byes. The ladies wave a gay farewell. Presently we reach the North Western Depot. At the baggage counter, after an exchange of a few words, Wroe turns to me, and says:

"They won't check that bundle of yours, Jimmy. They say it isn't baggage—it's freight."

"What's the trouble?"

"Think it's those wood panels" (two dozen, and a couple of stretched canvases, wrapped and corded in blankets.)

Myself to baggage clerk, as



"Art"

he brings back the offending package to be by us taken into the car: "Why won't you check this?"

"Baggage master says it's pictures and picture frames, and it's freight."

"Heavens, man. It's only the blank canvases, and some panels to make pictures on. And as it travels with me, it seems I'm entitled to have it checked."

"It ain't baggage."

"How do you define baggage?"

"Wearing apparel."

"Oh! Whatinell do you do to the commercial travelers, then?"

Wroe and Pratt both grin at my Parthian shot, which is all the satisfaction I get out of it.

"Train's ready, now, gentlemen."

Steam; bells; lights; red cap, dark face; cheerful grin; compartment; luggage rack and a length of string, and we lash a rod case so it won't fall off on to the berth beneath; other disposal of belongings; dining car; bill.

Wroe: "You need a bit of training down."

Arthur (in muttered response): "——."

Wroe: "Well, any man who has taken as young and pretty a wife as you have ought to be willing to cut something on his diet so she won't feel uncomfortable," and the two men jest with each other like a pair of schoolboys, with an aside to me from Wroe as to what "Art" may or may not be expected to do in camp, which we will reach the evening of the 15th.

"Jimmy, this is Mr. Ellicott." Thus William, as he introduces a friend of his to Art and myself. Ellicott is thin, tall, with gray eyes set a bit forward in their orbits, a clipped grayish black mustache with straight mouth under it—pleasant smile and a good handclasp; gives one a slight impression of not being able to eat all he would like to, but making a cheerful best of a bad job that isn't his fault. Interested in electrical power plants—big installations—thinks in terms of tens of thousands of horsepower; talks types of turbines to me. I'm interested.

"Yes, it is a bit wonderful when you come to think of it, that such a simple mechanical proposition as the revolution of a core of soft iron within a coil or a number of assembled coils of iron

or copper wire should produce such a tremendous power. Yes, you're quite right—no electrical engineer living knows why it should be so, or what electrical power is. All we really know for sure is that when we do given things, certain effects follow. A cold motor? No such thing. Yes, I remember the Bidwell cold motor, stock in which was sold extensively some years ago but it was a fake. You can't make a journal that won't heat under friction, however light, sooner



"Bill"

or later. Where two surfaces bear on each other, there must be friction, and you'll see perpetual motion about as soon as friction with out heat."

In the smoking car, from myself: "Do any of you play pedro?"

"Haven't heard of it in years. Review the points."

"Good," says Bill. "Ellicott, you and I will show Art and Jimmy here how to play this game."

The game concluded, the question arises of who's going to have the upper berth, lower berth, and lounge respectively in the compartment set apart for the adventuring triad. Art looks wistful as the lower berth is enumerated. Art is, recumbent, a bit wide midships, not to mention height and vertical displacement. The lounge is narrow, and an upper berth means gymnastics not becoming, not to say perspiration-provoking in one of ease-seeking bigness, but he insists on drawing cards for first, second, and third choices.

The major card falls to me. I take the upper berth on the ground of having always loved the high places. William taking the lower, Arthur makes the best of things, and displays a notable dexterity in stowage on the lounge.

Sleeping car nights are much alike. There is always the

same uneasy feeling that you are going in the wrong direction, the same sleepy mental effort at correction of a known-to-be wrong impression—a pleasant wandering off into a speculative by-path—how such things come to be—Locke on the Understanding—rather dull old geezer to read—depends on one's state of mind—consciousness of darkness—velvety—well, this is comfortable and soothing at any rate, even if one doesn't sleep—wonder what the time is—don't want to disturb the others by snapping on a light—O, well, Wroe's in the bunk below me, he can't get it—the edge of the bunk will keep it off Art's face on the lounge—snap—watch—snap—dark—12.30—wonder where we set back our watches—course—distance traveled west sets Chicago time a bit ahead—circumference of earth is 25,000 miles—revolves once in 24 hours—rather over 1,000 miles an hour—20 minutes is one-third of an hour—one-third of 1,000 is $333\frac{1}{3}$ —aug-g-h—o-ow—oblivion.

A gray morning, and nearing Council Bluffs, Iowa. On the rear platform I take my hat off to feel the sweet fall rain that refreshes the land. Roll on roll of prairie, belted and banded with cottonwoods, heaves away to a luminous horizon under a free and cloudy sky. The Typhon locks of the rain clouds hang low in the east. With thankfulness to see the open country, I fairly laugh aloud with sheer joy of it, it looks so familiar and kindly, and is wrapped in such a heavenly quietness, the rattle of the train being merely sub-conscious.

There is a dignified fellow Englishman on the platform, his gray tweeds, drooping gray mustache and eyebrows in perfect accord with his clothing, and with a regulation fresh complexion on a spare and military figure. We are politely unconscious of each other's presence. Unfortunate—very—umpire not there to introduce us, but must observe the rules of the game, you know.

Wroe joins me and takes a deep breath, and looks as one meeting an old friend as he views the open face of the earth. He comments on the grade of the corn crops we pass—a critical and farmer-like appraisal—distinguishes popcorn for me from other types. We pass a small settlement—he waves his arm to a little boy in overalls in a dooryard.

“He just had to get up to see the Overland Limited go by. She's never stopped there since she began to run. Goes by once

every day. Some day she will stop right there. He will be there to see it. It will be a great day. At one bound, from a mere pin point on the map, that little fellow's domicile will leap to an honored place among the great metropoli of the world. The Overland Limited stopped there. And he is no longer an obscure country dweller in momma-patched overalls—he is a cosmopolite—a citizen of the world—a man who has seen things, b'gosh." The jesting kindness of Wroe's voice as he makes this little comment is pleasant to hear.

We got breakfast west of Omaha. The cottonwoods are the glory of Nebraska—the banks and kindly protecting belts of them—their marching files along the distant water courses—their methodical ascent of the rises—over the hills and far away. There is a level gray ceiling of cloud, with a hint of broken ochreous white and pale violet near the horizon, which seems to promise a clearing of the weather before long.

The corn is almost universally ready for shocking, but a couple of quarter sections are passed yet green, evidently planted late. We see crows over the corn shocks, darkly flapping, with wing feathers momentarily separated against the sky, and over a little creek—the Wroe bookplate. The cottonwoods are becoming fewer, and the countryside bare. It is now more like the far northwest, and suggests a chilly bleakness in late fall and winter. Near a watertank an old fashioned surrey, quite a relic of mediævalism in these automobile-owning days, is passed, and a few minutes later is seen the first automobile since leaving Chicago.

The North Platte River shows stray channels bound with gravel bars; silt bars and flats; islets bound within the flats, and bordered all about with cottonwoods and dog-willows; a flash of bulrushes here and there; a random patterning of russets, dutch pinks, sunny yellows, pale violets, broken purple pinks upon an undertone of gray green. Presently we leave the Platte, and the cottonwoods vanish into the shelter of distant coulees.

A few flocks of sheep are seen. What corn is observed seems to be full-eared and fairly ripened, but it is noticeably stunted as compared with that on the lower levels east of the Platte. The only birds visible are hawks, of which the sparrow hawk, hen harrier, and sharp-shinned hawk are identified, besides one kingly fellow on a fence stake—a peregrine falcon, who, as he rises,

delights the artist with the splendid sword-like sweep of his wings.

Some time before reaching Sherman, Wyo., 8,010 feet above sea level, the land takes an aspect of bleak, bare desolation, broken only by an occasional sheep herder's hut, or a straggling fence. A feeding station for stock is quite an event. Arthur comments on the isolation of things, and the hardihood of early homesteaders. This serves as the introduction to a surveyor's story told by the artist. A survey party in this part of the West years ago came upon a deserted homestead. The doors and windows of the house were boarded up. On the boards on one side was chalked "Four miles from wood." On the second side was chalked "Six miles from water." On the third side, "A hundred miles from a railroad," and on the last side, "God bless our home."

The clouds hang low, and it gets a bit monotonous. A resort is had to cards, this time Ellicott and Jimmy against Pratt and Wroe at pedro, in which the first two are victorious by a narrow margin. Bill and Art then go to a game of their own, in which, hands of twelve each being dealt, the players draw and discard in runs, threes and fours, a deuce having any value the man drawing it likes to give it in combination with the others. The man playing out all his cards first is credited with the number of pips counted on the cards still remaining in the hand of his opponent. As he plays, Bill keeps up a running comment that tickles the other two mightily. I don't hear all of it, but get a stray sentence now and then.

"Come across, now, Art—can't wait here all day for you. You're off the reserve. Now, will you come quietly, or do I have to tie you? Now, now (taking up a card from Art's discard, and completing a trio with it), you shouldn't do things like that—they're very unwise."

"Nothing else to do," growls Art, and grins at the same time. In fact, a continually wavering and cigar-punctuated smile is his chorus to Bill's obiter dicta.

The steward of the dining car comes to Wroe, and there is a whispered conference. Art catches a word. His eyes open anticipatorily, the dawning expression of pleased expectation of gustatorial delights on his genial countenance, succeeded immediately by a look of doubt. I catch four words from his questioning remark to Bill: "Game warden—state law." The

steward smiles discreetly, but says nothing. Bill grins, turns to me, and asks suddenly, "How do you want your prairie chicken—broiled or roasted?"

"Broiled." And as the steward departs smiling, I conjecture to myself by what magic have Bill and the steward conjured from out this lonely waste for our epicurean delectation the erst-loved bird I had not heard of in years, and which I had supposed was extinct as the passenger pigeon. I understand now the suggestion made at noon that we eat light at luncheon, which we did—Arthur with a discriminating care which I now know not to have been with any regard to Bill's suggestion at the beginning of the journey, as to the advantages of dieting on Mrs. Pratt's account.

At dinner the talk is of old, and almost forgotten card games; straight whist—which vanished about the time bicycles began to fade away from the streets—cribbage, nap, and that famous old lower-Mississippi before-the-war game, brag, from which the modern poker was developed. Arthur has never seen cribbage. I undertake to teach him after dinner. Ellicott shows Art what to discard and what to play, while William is deep in war news on a near-by seat. Art is much tickled by the quaint nomenclature of the game—one for his nob and two for his heels—but appears to consider the system of reckoning points, especially when his vis-à-vis tabs up a score of sixteen on a hand of absurdly low cards, as a special development of higher accounting.

Speaking of early American settlement with Ellicott, whose forbears first planted themselves in New England some time in 1665, I remarked that some of those early arrivals brought some interesting coats of arms with them.

"Most of 'em didn't need anything else," he responds.

This gives one a new slant on the matter of distinguishing devices. Among the various essayists I have read, I do not recall one who has made any comment on the moral influence toward accomplishment in the face of hardship and privation, that may be contained in the heraldically-shorthanded record of forbears honored.

Bill and Art commence again to draw and discard, with the other two in cheerful contemplation. It is one of the easiest things we do. Ellicott is one of the best contemplaters I know.

He can contemplate with one for hours in a sociable silence that is satisfying.

Sandwiches from the remainder of the prairie chicken come. We draw a hand of poker to see who gets again the choice of berths. This time Art gets the upper berth. It's wide—if he does have to lift himself to it. I find the lounge quite comfortable.

IN THE MOUNTAINS

Near Evanston, Wyo.

Monday the fourteenth.

Since daylight, from the observation platform, I have watched the low hills in the rear of the train, itself running several thousand feet above sea level, in changing vistas shouldering their way against the sky in long procession. They sweep and soar in luminous gray bulk against a goldenly-glowing cloudy sky in the east; that to south and north in low down rifts breaks into the loveliest pearl greens, and overhead into a wet blue that has the merest ghost of south Atlantic sea water elusively hovering in its placid depths. And from their shimmering gray distances in the sunlit east the hills come sliding down into the valley in long, sweeping curves to take their local color as they come into full light, of faded old gold. On this field, the aspens, turned by the frost, flame in orange vermilion, blazing the brighter for the gray undertone of their bare stems. Now we leave the ranges, covered with morning frost that departs before the sun, and come into a level valley, bound about with yet other hills. The color of these, full of light, is not so much gray as a prismatic, light-quivering field of minute, separately unseen points of color—red, violet, pale green, full green, dull yellow, bright yellow, olive, blue of a dozen different tones of blueness, purplishness, or greenness, all under the morning light, broken, reflected, and refracted in multitudinous ways, brought and harmonized together into a gray that is the sum of all color—alike a painter's delight and a painter's despair.

And their scale. This is not realized until, holding a pencil at arm's length—one eye closed, the length of one side of a quarter section of irrigated corn half a mile away, looking about as big as a pocket handkerchief, is taken off with a sliding finger, and then four times increased on the length of the pencil, giving a proportionate mile, the length so shown is again at arm's length sighted against the rising side of a hill just beyond the corn patch. It covers something less than the twentieth part of the length of the incline from base to peak, beyond which most likely rises another yet nobler in height and contour.

They sweep and soar and tower. One can only contemplate in silence, and thankfulness that it has been given one to see these things, the while there hangs in memory—haply to an old Gregorian chant remembered from school days' morning chapel—a sentence from the Venite: "In his hand are the four corners of the earth, and the strength of the hills is his also."

"The strength of the hills"—that's the word.

The dining car is deserted, except for the waiters and the steward at his typewriter, preparing his bills for the day. Over an early cup of tea, the steward is good enough to talk to me. He is a spare, dark man, carrying responsibility with polite ease, and with a manner of speaking that makes one feel he has a workman's pride in his job. A comment on the finished perfection of the service his men give, and the utter invisibility of his machinery brings the acknowledgment: "There is a good bit of it."

He fishes out a requisition sheet for food, wines, and cigars only, and passes it to me with a smile. I count the items in half a column, and mentally add seven close set columns of small type.

"Five hundred and twenty-five items," I sum.

"Exclusive of crockery, napery, silver, and housekeeping supplies," he nods. "To provide for an estimated—no—worked-out average of between forty and fifty guests one meal each between Chicago and Ogden at this time of year."

"That, of course, means bookkeeping?"

"Yes, but mine lies within defined limits. The really fine figuring is done at the head office on the separate reports from each car taken all together."

Our further talk covered the heads of the difference between scientific, non-wasting provision for variable travel, and provision for large bodies of men moving all together, provision for railway construction camps and section hands, cooking, and provisioning in old-time lumber camps on the coast; his trip through the Canadian Rockies and Selkirks to Vancouver and back in charge of commissariat for Mr. Schiff of Kuhn, Loeb and Co.; his firm conviction that travelers should see America first, and the probability that they would next season, as a result of the war. His own home place was Omaha, and he had a wife, and two children going to school.

One took note of the fact that the conductors and trainmen

were men past middle life, gray headed, gray mustached, when they were not clean shaven, with an awake and responsible bearing that put them in a class by themselves. One such, a conductor with a prelatically cleancut face and a bearing that would have graced an archbishop, who has been on the road traveling that run for thirty-five years, admitted me to a pleasant conversational fellowship between stations.

The hills are sliding by, sliding by. Down, down, down we go from the summit. Every section crew we pass waves a friendly greeting. The sky is clear, the air is crisp—a wine-like air in truth. From the meadows rise the buffalo birds in flocks, alternated with scattered Colorado magpies, and once, a flock of crows.

“OGDEN, Next stop.”

“Check your baggage, Jimmy. We change for Salt Lake City here.”

The baggage is transferred and we wait for our train to be made up. In the interval I reflect again on the splendid sustained chords of the descent down the long grades, timed by the tympani of the rail joints, and irregularly crescendoing into the diapasoned roar—the full orchestra—a score of octaves deep, of some culvert whose piers and girders all together chant our passing.

Leaving Ogden, the meadows open wider. The Lombardy poplars, that for an hour past have been seen scattered singly and in twos and threes, now form into files, double column of twos, and battalions.

“That’s the Mormons, Jimmy,” William informs me. “They planted those poplars all over the shop. Wherever in this part of the West you see the Lombardy poplar, that’s a Mormon colony.”

Farmstead succeeds farmstead, always and ever with trees planted round about. In the river bottoms, below the floor of the valley, the cottonwoods lean to the wind.

“Jimmy, that’s the Great Salt Lake, and the Wasatch Range.” And as I look, adding the seen splendor of the great chain that bluely floats above the quiet waters to the little I recollect of that dramatic chapter of the West’s history, I pick up a sentence here and there of the summary of Mormon history—the past and present status of the faith, moral and politico-social reasons for the institution of polygamy, that William is delivering to two

other deeply interested listeners, in the intervals of borrowing matches from me.

What a valley! What a man! What a people; trained in habits of industry, sobriety, thrift, and union to a specific code of religious and social obligation, he brought together. Who? Brigham Young. One point of William's summary is an attention-compelling reason for the tenet that has occasioned the bitterest attacks upon the Mormon church. "The institution of plural wives, a social necessity, to provide population for the land, was in the beginning initiated by Joseph Smith and Brigham Young as a reward for conspicuous morality, thrift, industry, and social responsibility. Consequently, for the most part, the duty fell only to those financially capable of properly caring for more than one wife, and who had been proved socially and morally worthy. And heredity holding good, those qualities have been handed down to a succeeding generation of a greater number than would otherwise have been possible."

It seems an explanation worth considering, and by this time arrived at Salt Lake City, the bunch, passing up town by automobile, seem agreed on the proposition that Brigham Young is entitled to rank among the great civilizers of the western hemisphere, qualified by William's statement that Smith and he were themselves succeeded by very able men.

Salt Lake City gives one an impression of wide, clean, well-kept streets, the majesty of the hills crowning their perspective. Great trees rank the sidewalks. There is a warm sun in a cloudless sky. We pass the temple. It is of bastard Gothic—an architecturally shameless building, unspeakably bad, but echoing the spirit of its time and people. In the square adjoining is a bronze monument to the first settlers of the valley and founders of the city. Mormon farmers are identified among the healthy looking, smoothly moving crowds on the streets. There is a salt tang in the air. One sees the farmer face again. What's it like? I've got it: Boer. After all, why not? A corresponding environment and occupation, a hard and fast creed, patriarchal authority over his women-kind—certainly the same type of face may come.

At a hat store, Art and Bill try a cowboy hat upon me. It sits most comfortably, and the broad brim is a comfort to the eyes.

“Say,” commends Art, “he looks all right in that. May I make you a present of it, Jimmy?”

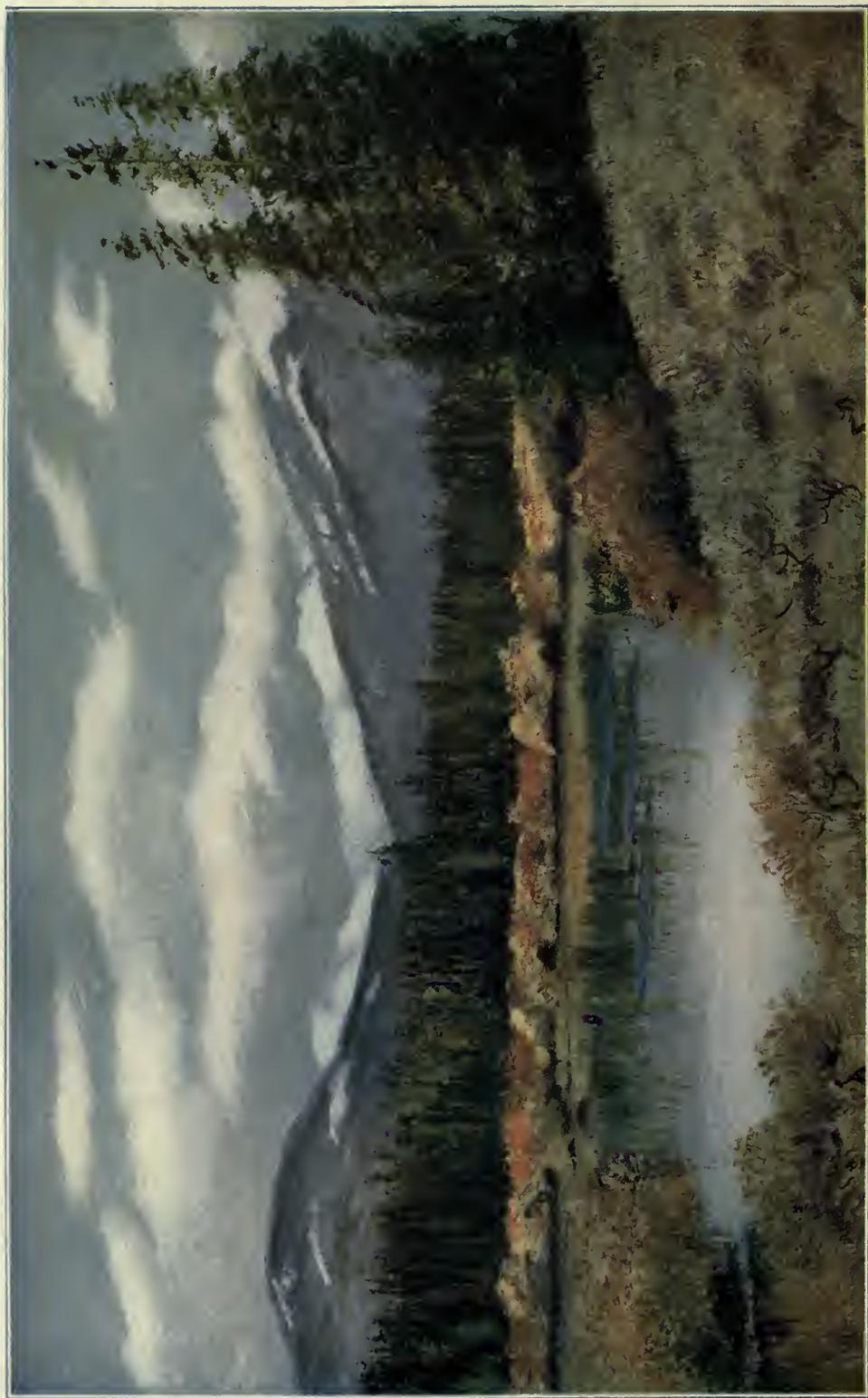
“Hold on, I’m in this. We’re going to get him a band for it.” And William with discriminating care selects, and deftly adjusts an embossed leather band. “Now, Jimmy, the crown of this hat has to be punched just so.” William with two fingers pokes the crown of the hat in two places, producing four dents equidistant of the two cranial meridians, and adding the indefinable touch that is of the West western. “And it must sit so.” He illustrates, and so doing, makes clear that on the range equally with Bond Street or Pall Mall there is also binding the unwritten law of style to govern the properly clothed man.

They leave me at lunch, with a last injunction to be sure and see the Tabernacle before they rejoin me at the Hotel Utah, visibly anxious that I shall not fail in that duty to Salt Lake City and the faith, apparently by a *lex non scripta* binding upon every new visitor to the Mormon metropolis.

At dinner at the Hotel Utah we were waited upon by a head waiter of as nearly as could be determined, half Chinese, half negro blood, of a surpassingly grotesque ugliness, reminding one of some Japanese war mask, beautiful in its very diabolism of feature, with the speech of a professor of English and the manners of an ambassador. In the midst of dinner, a singer bursting forth with an astonishing volume of sound, the prior efforts of the orchestra having been of no special excellence, the difference between their aspect in evening dress and their performance, led Bill to remark upon their likeness to the doorman upstairs in a wine-colored livery, with a silk hat on his head, and a chew of tobacco in his face.

Presently after dinner, again to the depot, and once more upon our way to the promised land, our final destination being Yellowstone, the tourist terminal at the entrance to Yellowstone National Park. In the most matter-of-fact way, the train once under way, Art and Bill settled to their card game begun the first night out from Chicago, and which seems to comfortably take the place of all things else to them. They have already tabbed up an unwieldy score of points on either side, and might have shortly sore need of an adding machine, but for the simple device of subtracting one score from the other, leaving one man plus a

few points and the other flat for a fresh start. Sleepily noticing a slight up grade, a cloudy night without, and a chilly wind that seemed to promise rain, the artist went to bed and left them at it.



“Through a valley to which the hills here descend is visible a yet farther range.”

THE FIRST CAMP

Tuesday the fifteenth.

At daylight this morning, through a driving sleet storm from the west, a low-lying stream, whose deep channel paralleled the railway tracks, was made out through drifting mist. Its banks on the farther side rose into raggedly timbered heights that lost themselves in low hanging clouds. This was the headwater of the south fork of the Madison river. It was a good, steady, persistent sort of storm; there was no question about that. But the travel of a train has a noticeably mitigating effect on even the most determined looking foul weather. There is such a thing as removing beyond the sphere of influence. By the time Yellowstone was reached, there was a sensible moderation, though back up the tracks it could be seen raging over the hill tops in as pretty a mess of flying wrack as ever descriptive writer laid himself out to picture.

In occasional flurries of sleet, and a lightening of the southern sky, a half promise of a break in the weather which might or might not be realized, we debarked. Breakfast was had at the depot. At the tables in the dining room were gathered the obvious after-guard of the summer's sightseers, a scattered and reminiscent remnant of the seasonal army that passes in and out of the national park. After breakfast, waiting for conveyances, a pair of pointers caught the artist's eye. Desiring their further acquaintance, he unthinkingly whistled to them, but was in kindness checked by William.

"Jimmy, that's a bad break. You mustn't ever do that again. To call another man's dog, unless you're in charge of him, is one of the seven deadly sins of the sportsman's code."

From Yellowstone by concord and wagon the further way lay through sagebrush levels of lodgepole pine, skirting and crossing the main stream of the Madison to our camping ground, in a bend of the Madison river, at an altitude of 6,500 feet, in heavily timbered country, eight miles from Yellowstone and five from Grayling postoffice, Montana. In the continuing storm we found tents pitched and all things made ready. We were welcomed to

camp by Fred Reichenbach (Swiss, from Berne, six years in this country) and Jay Whitman, from Davis County, Missouri—as he himself acknowledges, one of the gentlemen who have to be shown—and otherwise a self-possessed quiet man with a happy smile and a sandy mustache.

On the way out to camp, the only life observed was a gray squirrel, who, regardless of the weather, seemed bent on making a busy best of things.

There is in the camp a well bred, finely mannered liver and white pointer dog, Jay by name, son of a famous prizewinner once owned by Bill. With him are two black-and-tan fox hounds, Trailer and Chambeau, far larger than their English brethren, weighing eighty pounds each, owned by Fred. These are classed by Bill as the finest of their kind within his memory. All three dogs are sociable, but Jay has a gentle self-effacingness, though of unquestioned spirit and courage, that makes him a very enjoyable companion. The hounds are obedient to a word, but at the same time dignified and self respecting. They do not fraternize with the pointer, but their politeness to him

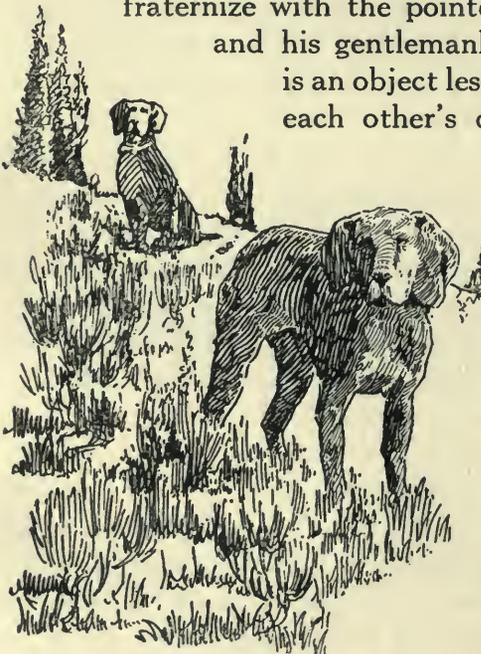
and his gentlemanly acceptance of the situation is an object lesson in deportment. Respecting each other's different breeding as they do, they are very good friends.

Sleet and wind continued throughout the afternoon, but there was little heed for weather in the immediate business of unpacking camp impedimenta, unrolling blankets, sorting out clothes, and making beds. Our camp accommodation consisted of a sleeping tent, messtent, cook tent and guide's tent.

As we began to prepare our respective couches in the



Jay



Trailer and Chambeau

sleeping tent, Arthur tendered his camp fellows each a particularly wide and heavy dark green blanket, at least half an inch thick, of a weight and length of nap quite outside common experience.

"They'll make good outside wraps for your blankets," he assured us.

"Never saw any like 'em before," commented the artist. "What are they—lap robes?"

"Been using them for that."

The artist looked interrogative. Art expounded further: "They're papermaker's felts, Jimmy. About the most important part of a papermaking machine is the felt. That's an endless belt of great width and length, made of the very finest wool—absolutely pure. It's probably the most expensive thing of its kind on the market. It goes up to a dollar a pound in thousand pound lots. This blanket passes over the rollers, and receives the newly formed damp sheet of paper. It's made without laps. It's an expensive and particular part of the machinery, and is handled with a good deal of care. If it gets the least bit damaged it has to be taken off. It can't be patched, for the patches would show on the paper. This was a brand new blanket, put on the machine for the first time. An accident happened, and it was torn. That killed it for the paper business, so I had it taken off and dyed green, and made up into lap robes."

Art displayed also, and later wore with a great deal of hardihood against cold weather, a blanket suit, handsomely tailored from another section of the same damaged felt. The blankets so provided were quite the warmest, most cold repelling, and altogether the finest under and top casing for a camp bed either member of the party had ever slept in.

In the late afternoon coots and redheads to the number of thirty-eight or forty dropped down on the river within two hundred yards of camp. Odd flights of ducks were observed west of camp just upon sundown.

At sundown, estimated time 6:20, the storm broke, the sky cleared in the west, and a clear night succeeded. As we sat at supper, the stars blazed in the void of night, and the evening star, hanging low in the west like a dwarfed moon, winked a promise of clear days to come. A hoarse-voiced old mallard drake calls

for his mates on the river not far from camp. Floating up out of the darkness beyond the ruddy circle of the fire before the messtent, it is a sound eloquent of the open and the mystery of the wild night.

After supper again came the continuing card game by the two seniors in camp life, on the end of the messtent table, to the accompaniment of much tobacco, and under the interested superintendence of Fred and Jay, the while the artist busily scribbled down impressions and in turn contemplated the campfire, and the wavering into sight and out again of the surrounding pines beneath which the horses quietly munched their feed, in the alternate leaping and falling of the flames.

We slept, inducted into our slumbers by the grateful warmth of a small square sheet-iron camp stove in one corner of the sleeping tent, tended for some time beforehand by the genial Whitman, to dissipate the storm-bred damp.

THINGS ABOUT CAMP

Wednesday the sixteenth.

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
And it is well-nigh day.
And Harry our King is gone hunting
To bring his deer to bay.
 To bring his deer to bay.

"The east is bright with morning light.
And darkness it is fled;
And the lusty horn calls up the morn
From off his lazy bed.
 From off his lazy bed."

Thus the artist, at the top of his voice, for the grateful titillation of his own satisfied ears and the awakening of his fellows, the morning after arrival in camp.

William rolled lazily over and grinned amiably.

"Where'd you learn that, Jimmy?" queried Art.

"It's an old hunting song of the eighth Harry's time we used to sing in chorus when I was a kid at school."

"Fine," commended William. "Now, you learn this," and

William proceeded to pour out upon the morning air the melodic history of an elderly gentleman who appeared to be sadly up against it, and who, in spite of his utmost efforts could accomplish nothing to his satisfaction.

"The old gentleman seems to have been in hard luck," commented the artist. "Is that the regular matin song in camp?"

"It is in some, and a good many more places not camps."

These cryptics are here set down for the benefit of those who may be wise to the things hidden from the non-initiate. A morning toilet in camp is distinctly an impromptu affair. One of the two Jays, both being interested spectators, inquired of the artist:

"The English always wash in cold water, don't they?"

"It's a national institution," he was gravely assured. "Of course, it kills a good many of them, but those that survive grow up with remarkably hardy constitutions. Among some it is reckoned more dangerous to drink it."

The first breakfast in camp had something of the feeling of a religious observance, which added to the savor of fried ham, potatoes, soda biscuit, jam, and coffee, all, of course, preceded by the introductory oatmeal.

Camp housekeeping is a simple matter. The flat dweller does not realize how many things can be eliminated with no special inconvenience until he comes where they are not to be had. The messtent, its entrance facing the north, has for a table a few planks, or more likely a few saplings, trimmed smooth on the upper side with the axe, laid side by side upon cross pieces supported on posts driven into the ground to table height. Upon these again is a length of oil cloth smoothly laid, on the farther end of which are stacked the various bottles and cans containing comestible comforts that fill up the chinks between the staples of a meal. A couple of halved logs, supported on posts driven in the ground either side of the table, furnish sufficiently commodious seats. With trunks, beds, rod and gun cases, and miscellaneous impedimenta, or as would be said in the Coast Chinook, "ictas," at the sides, it quickly acquires a populated and homelike appearance.

At its left side is the sleeping tent, its sides held and bound with logs, and within, the piled hay that makes the foundation of the nightly couch held within bounds by another log laid on

the ground from side to side. On one side near the door, on a low platform of sand held within short logs, stands a small square sheet-iron stove, its flue passing through the tent roof, the canvas protected with a square of sheet iron. Taking small billets of wood cut with the axe, not more than six or eight inches long, such a stove, for all its small size is capable of bringing up the interior to a comfortable pitch in even the bitterest weather. Its good effect may be further conserved by banking snow round the sides of the tent. To the right is the guides' tent, its back to the square of which it forms the third side with the other two, and its entrance facing that of the cook tent, as much as it is presumed for the benefit of warmth from the cook tent as for the convenience of passing from one to the other, they being separated by a narrow alley. The interior of the guides' tent is much as that of the sleeping tent. In the cook tent a kitchen table is supplied by a few saplings laid side by side on posts. The stove, rather larger than the one already described, and with an oven, is likewise upon a log-confined platform of sand. Canned goods are stacked on the end of the table, meats hang from the ridgepole overhead, besides other comestible items. Such cooking utensils as are needed are hung near the stove. Of these the chief, of course, is the frying pan, which in the hands of an expert camp cook can be put to a far greater variety of uses than are commonly dreamed of by even the most resourceful housewife. Heavy bags of provisions, potatoes, beans, flour, and the like, stand under the table. The water bucket, its contents changed often from the nearby river or spring, with its dipper or drinking cup, stands near the door. Stovewood, cut to length and split, is neatly stacked near the stove. With all its extemporaneity of arrangement there is yet about the cook tent, especially if the man in charge be a real camp cook, an aspect of competent resourcefulness comforting to a hungry soul.

In the center of the space defined by the three first mentioned tents is the campfire, distributing its hallowed warmth and light upon all quarters alike. Beyond the open side of the square, in the shelter of young firs, is the wagon, about which the horses, when they are not hobbled and turned loose to graze at will, gather in equine sociability. To one side of these is the woodpile, an assemblage of freshly fallen young firs and pines. A sawbuck

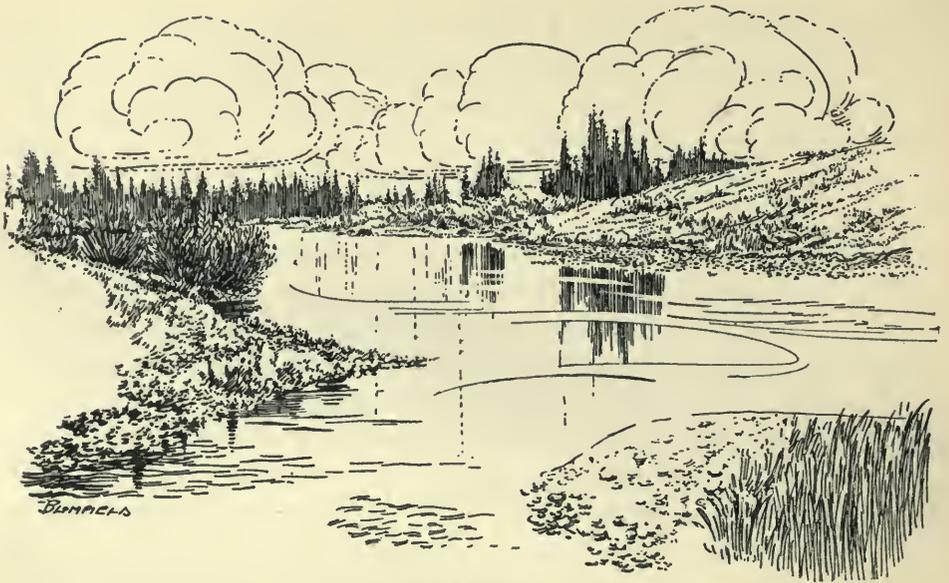
is extemporized by driving into the ground four posts X-wise, and against the log lying in the sacrificial cradle thus formed lie the cross-cut saw and an axe—the two most important tools in making any kind of a camp.

About the first thing the novice in camp life has knocked into him with kindly severity, is the importance of orderliness. There being no such conveniences as shelves, drawers, or casual tables, and available nails or hooks being few, a constant practice must be made, until it becomes an automatic habit, of restoring everything that is taken up and used to the precise spot from which it is taken. The soap is always to be found at the same point on the ground beside the washbowl or at the margin of the stream, and the camp towel near by. Some campers, of course, are fussy enough to provide their own individual towels and soap tablets—in which case they may, of course, do what they please with them. The axe must be replaced always in the same place, and so with all other "ictas," each to its appointed locus.

The next thing is that for the very reason that there is no floor to be swept and mopped, in the messtent or elsewhere, the habit of personal neatness is for common health's sake of commanding importance. Scraps of paper, food skins and so forth, must not be dropped at random, but must be orderly disposed of, preferably by fire. This was pointedly brought home to the artist the first evening in camp, when Art, dropping a piece of sausage skin on the messtent floor, remembered himself, and, picking it up, admonished Jimmy on the need above set forth. His little health lecture was further confirmed by William with the statement that even where the utmost care had been taken, any hunting camp should be broken after two weeks for health's sake.

It is a matter of course to care for a gun or a fishing rod. Quite as important is the care of the axe. Of all tools in camp it most needs to be handled with respect, its edge nursed, its blade kept bright, and strictly reserved in use for its own proper purpose. The waste of energy and time occasioned by an axe with a nicked and dull edge caused by misuse will make the difference between comfort and perilous discomfort. It may even make the difference between life and death.

A little to the rear of the messtent, its margin thickly set with lodgepole pines and aspen, whose trunks amid willow brush



On the Madison river

rise out of still water backed up by construction works some distance down stream, lies the river. Twenty paces or so from the angle of the camp is an opening, slightly swampy, where drawn up upon the bank lies a boat a few degrees more open to the unstable element than a leaky sieve, destined to carry us upon projected ducking and fishing expeditions. Frogs scramble into the water as one comes near the margin.

To the west the sagebrush-covered flat, pointed with a few scattering pines, on which the camp is situated, is bounded by a dense bank of firs interspersed with aspens. Through their tops is visible at intervals the crests of a distant range of mountains covered with fresh fallen snow—the main Madison range—half hidden by drifting cloud through which a doubtful sun struggles mistily. East rises a sagebrush bank that, with a few firs, well shelters the camp. Above this, another flat extends a mile or so east and north, bounded with fir forest. A few hardy adventurers from the main body are scattered irregularly over the flat.

Following the high bank above the river, there is a curious suggestion of hidden life borne in upon one. One expects any moment to see some dweller of the wild—a bear maybe, or some great elk—disclose himself at the edge of the timber. Expectant eyes are disappointed until, arriving at the edge of the high

bank above the river there is seen on the flats below a blue heron. Alertly still, aloof, one has but time to recall Whittier's lines:

"Lo, there the hermit of the waters,
The ghost of ages dim.
The fisher of the solitudes
Stands by the river's brim."

A foot crunches upon loose stones, a twig creaks, and he rises and saunters away through the air with an easy, unhurried flight that causes a speculation whether, feathered aristocrat that he is, he be not well acquainted with Lord Chesterfield's maxim that though a gentleman may be in haste, he is never in a hurry.



A feathered aristocrat

The willows and aspens that clothe the steep bank below are ablaze with the tinting of the early frosts. The river flows placidly by, and far across its breadth, broken with innumerable willow-forested islets, is a broad expanse of willow swamp, gloriously golden and orange in the growing light, and the brighter in color for the opposition of the firs

that line the distant bank, whose dark blue green, grayed by distance, cuts sharp against the far hills, through a great gap—the Madison canyon—in which, far upstream the river comes forth. Downstream the river widens into a bend, whose farther round is lined with just such another field of willows under firs. Through a valley to which the hills here descend is visible a yet farther range, whose peaks lume sunnily white with new snow.

To the west, above the tops of the firs below in whose shelter lies the camp, is visible range on range of mountains, fairly overpowering in their scale and



"Here I halt and paint"

majesty, the fresh snow upon their great shoulders and in their hollows bright in sun from a rift in the clouds that make the overhead gray.

Here I halt and paint, with a keen 'delight in the peaceful isolation of it all, whose memory will carry one over many weary city days to come.

The temperature rises, and by noon the sleet and snow are gone from the camp, and have left the sagebrush on the flats above. Odd pairs of ducks were observed on the river, and near to camp California robins, cedar waxwings, camp robbers (a variety of jay) and finches. The robins are especially tame and unconcerned. They are broader of beam than the eastern bird, rather larger and more heavily built; have a gray spot on each shoulder, black heads, and haunt the water's edge. There are continual excursions, alarums, ambushades, and free skirmishes between them and the camp robbers. Elk signs were reported a short distance northwest of camp, and an eagle in the same direction in the middle of the afternoon. Gray and red squirrels are very active. Trout are rising quite freely on the river.

In spite of heavy clouds and threatening rain in the afternoon, an Evinrude motor, brought by Bill from Chicago in a small trunk, was fitted to the leaky boat. Guns, decoys, rods, and fishing tackle were overhauled. Rods were set up and experimentally whipped in the hand, as a test of joints, spring, and response. Reels, taken from a box that was handled sacredly, as a reliquary, with comparison of their mechanism and merits, were apportioned, each to its rod. There was an inspection of fly books and leader boxes. Gun barrels were squinted through, and though speckless, for the hundredth time the lubricative rag was passed through. Breech blocks and actions were tried, oiled, and wiped. Ammunition boxes were opened, and, critical appraisal being made of their contents, were stacked upon the messtent table, where, between a couple of militantly red Dutch cheeses, flanked by the other tinned and jarred comestibles, they suggested a doubly bellical preparation. These several things were done with a leisurely care, a lingering particularity that distinguished the afternoons' employment as being the ritualistic crown and cap of many such adjustments and inspections o' dull evenings in long city-bound months preceding the supreme event.

This done, William, with Whitman, decided to have a try for duck, scattered pairs of which had been seen in flight over the river all afternoon, while the voices of still others were heard from the hidden channels between the willow islands far out. They returned some time after five o'clock with four fine full-grown young red-heads, taken with a sixteen-gauge gun in a fly-a-way downstream. Taken over by Fred for culinary exploitation, the fire logged up for the evening, the expectatory interval produced from Jay some conversational particulars regarding himself.

He came to Montana in 1881, thirty-three years ago, just about the time of the last great movement of the now extinct buffalo herds. He has never been back to Missouri to see his folks since. He started back once, and got as far as Omaha, and the prairie country of the East weighed upon his spirits with such monotony—"looked so damn lonesome"—to use his own words, "that I turned right around in my tracks, and came back to the mountains. No, sir, I never tried it again." He ranches 320 acres fifty miles from St. Anthony, Idaho with a wife and four children. His main product is timothy and wild hay, which at the present time is worth around \$14.50 a ton. It has been as high as \$16.00. In the memory of the writer it has been put up and sold in the Canadian Northwest for \$8.00 and \$12.00 a ton.

The artist, offering some question as to the habits of the grizzly bear, is referred to Fred, busy in the cook tent, whence an odor of duck in preparation enticingly circumambiates the evening air. Asking Fred if he is familiar with the habits of the animal in question, Fred responds in a matter of fact way, "I have caught quite a few," and unhurriedly adjusts ham slices in the frying pan.



Jay Whitman



"Fred"

"How many?"

"Maybe five or six," and he turns a slice of ham, shifts it to one side, and lays another beside it. "One pretty nearly gets me once." And as he cuts bread, juggles ham, duck, and fried potatoes on to their respective plates, and makes coffee, with unhurried calm, he proceeds: "I sets a trap—I catches them in traps, you know—and I chains dot trap to a green log. I guess he was five hundert pounds, maybe more as five hundert pounds. Und I don't

see him for two or tree days, und then I thinks I better look at dot trap. Und I goes mit my gun. Und dere was a bear all right. He vas caughted by der forepaw. Und he was mad—py golly, he was mad. He was shoost raising hell in der woods. I hears him a long way off. Und he haf dragged dot green log half a mile from where I set der trap. Und when he sees me he gets madder yet. I reckons I better shoot him. Und I don'd make a good aim, und I only hits him in der leg. It hurts him so he gets so much madder he tear his paw loose from der trap, und he runs to reach me very fast. Py golly, you bet he comes on business. Und he foam at der mouth, und his eyes is red. Und I shoost happens to remember I ain't got only that one more shot in my gun. So I don't afford to dake no chances. Und I has to let him get pretty close so I don't miss. He vas a big bear."

"How close was he when you fired, Fred?"

"Oh, about six feets."

And Fred carries the grub into the messtent, and proceeds to hand it round, with a cheerful care that the diners shall each receive his due share of the fruit of his labors, that shows his pride in his job.

Whitman reports that the storm of which the present

threatening cloudiness is the hangover started last Friday evening, the 11th, after the longest dry spell for this section—over five weeks—in his memory. Fred, worried by an owl that he declared was hooting at him, borrowed Bill's gun and bagged the bird, and thereafter sat down to his own dinner with Jay with a mind apparently much at ease.

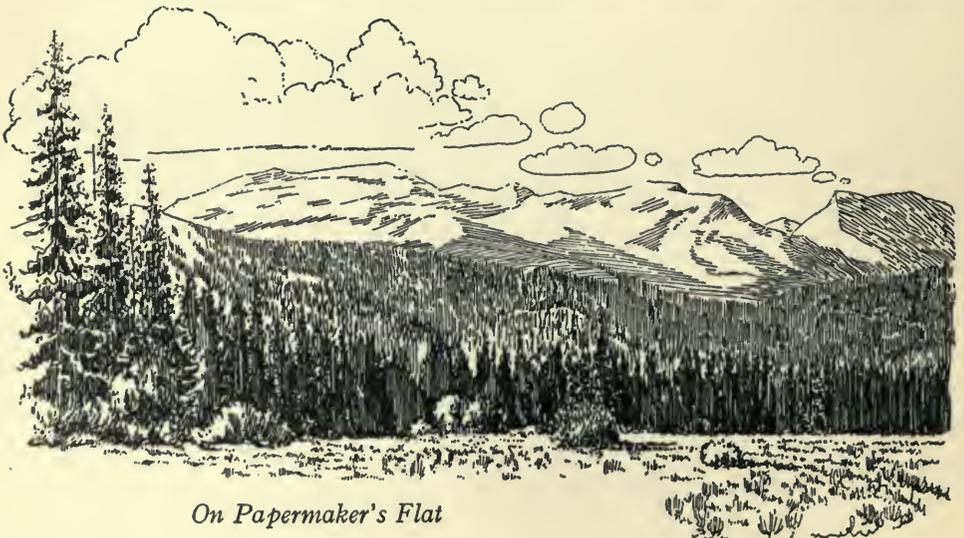
A clear streak of pale orange in the east before, and some light in the west after dinner, seem to promise a scattering of the clouds. At 7:30 p. m. the sky is clearing with clouds drifting from the west. At the ground level what air does stir is from the east. At 9 p. m. comes a fair breeze from the east, and the northern sky is clear though overhead the clouds yet obscure the heavens. This day closes with a blazing campfire, a promise of fair weather on the morrow, and a great peace in the artist's soul.

TWO DAYS TOGETHER

Thursday the seventeenth.

Early astir, in a clear and frosty morning, after a cloudy night, I went with all quietness to the edge of the water, and for some time unobserved, was able to enjoy the spectacle of a considerable flock of ducks close to shore. In the frosty mist, just beginning to thin under the advancing sun, they dived, preened, paddled, talked duck talk, played tag, and every little while some one among them would sit up on his tail in the water and flap his wings for sheer exuberance of good spirits. There is a cheerful sociability about the duck that is very engaging. Some one in the camp stirred noisily, an old drake squawked a note of warning, and with a rush of wings and a multitude of skittering wakes as they rose, the entire flock took flight.

Immediately after breakfast, Bill, Art, and Jay went to repairing the alleged boat, effecting also a more secure seating for the motor at the stern. I went to painting on Papermaker's Flat, above camp. To one fresh from the city, the isolation and silence a few hundred yards from camp is to a degree impressive. And yet it is peopled, for in the absence of all other distractions, one notices subconsciously the slightest movement. The stirring



On Papermaker's Flat

of a spray of sagebrush, be it by the wind or not, the quivering of a tuft of grass, the stirring of a bird in a clump of aspens fifty yards away, the passage of a pair of wild duck down the river just outside the angle of direct vision, the hovering of an eagle high overhead—a mere speck in the sky, a passing butterfly, the rising of a stray trout to a fly two hundred yards away on the river, all such small things bulk as large in consciousness as the passage of a noisy motor van down a quiet residence street in the city, but with a far pleasanter impression upon both mind and nerves.

As I painted, there was a harsh scream close behind and above me. A great squirrel hawk swept over my head and settled on the limb of a tree within ten yards or so. With a fine disregard of my presence he made his morning toilet, spreading his tail and each beautifully barred wing in turn. Little unseen things scurried through the sagebrush. Wrens, black-caps, finches, and yellow-hammers haunted the aspens and willows near at hand. A Colorado magpie or two passed. Late butterflies prospected through the sagebrush, seeking for flowers that had departed, in their number comprising mourning cloaks (the *Vanessa Antiopa*), the orange-tipped brimstone, small painted ladies, and black and yellow swallow-tails. Wasps also were noted. On the river were little clubs of ducks, each after his own kind. An eagle passed overhead, sailing down the wind with still wings, and the effortlessness of his flight was enough to make one cease work and gaze after the diminishing speck till, on a slight shift of vision, it was lost altogether.

Back to camp for lunch, to find that the two papermakers have been out during the morning on the river, and have brought back four ten-inch Loch Leven trout, offspring of those planted, by the government in the National Park twenty-two years since, taken with a black-wing Trude fly. These they insist on the artist's eating for lunch, since, as they aver, they had the fun of catching them. I trust that my enjoyment of them gives them the further pleasure they are entitled to. Jay, who waits on table, regards me with a sympathizing smile, and as he passes the coffee to me, says, "You certn'ly seem to like them trout, Jim."

Again in the afternoon Bill and Art went abroad, this time for duck, while up on the flat the artist carried forward work in the afternoon light projected in the morning. In the late

afternoon a species of brown-winged ephemerid was noted flying on the river, and trout rising to it freely.

The clouds that had scattered in the early morning began to gather again toward evening, and a gray sunset followed. Above the firs that belted the western edge of the flat, the heights of the Madison range showed in cold blues, the snow on their crests and in the hollows in a chilly white, as nearly without color as snow ever is. Behind them rose a great bank of threatening gray cloud, slightly purplish in tone. A little distance above the highest crest, the clouds broke, and with their edges brilliant with pale yellow light, permitted a golden sun to be mistily seen. The landscape below fell into subdued tones of gray, which came into positive color, still toned with gray, only in the near foreground.

Coming toward camp, carrying the pastel sketch of the sunset just made, with eyes still on the western heaven, the light changed within sixty seconds. The erstwhile field of gray cloud broken with pale yellow light where the sun broke through, became a mass of striated somber crimson, dully flaring over half seen deeper tones of violet gray. Over the subdued fire of this there floated feathery flocks of cirrus clouds of flaming scarlet, so glowingly brilliant as to cast a perceptible light upon the tops of the distant pines, and on every light reflecting surface turned to the west. Low down, behind the mountain tops, glowed a broad area of red orange, against which the peaks were darkly defined. A patch or two of clear sky, seen through openings in the clouds glowed in luminous blue-green, with a depth of color and fullness of light hard to suggest with either brush or pen.

"Well, Jimmy," saluted Art, as with Bill he came from the boat, "I think you had the best afternoon of any of us. You got what you went after, and we didn't get anything."

After dinner Fred produced a cribbage board which he had manufactured during the afternoon from a stray piece of smooth scantling that happened to be in camp, marking off the divisions with a stub of lead pencil, and forming the holes with a four-inch wire nail. It was a very satisfactory cribbage board, and set upon the artist's drawing board, on a conveniently short length of log on end, near the fire, furnished diversion for the guides and the painter man. On the messtent table Art and Bill took forward their own special contest a few hundred points further.

A camp without tobacco is unthinkable. The equally efficient substitute for thought has not yet been discovered or devised. Nor is there any known means so effective for bridging the conversational *lacunae* that often occur between even the most sociably inclined of camp dwellers. Art's particular addiction is to a cigarette before breakfast, which he rolls himself from a pouch that contains tobacco and papers both. In the matter of cigars also Art has a discriminating and matured judgment, while the single corona to each that Bill passes out each evening is of a soul-satisfying goodness. Bill does not smoke cigars when he has a job that calls for active use of his hands. At these times he favors a fatbellied briar—an excellent cadging pipe—with a drop stem. The painter, though given to cigarettes, in the field prefers a light straight bitted briar, as needing less attention than any other mode of consuming the weed.

Early to bed is the rule, and so, somewhere around nine, with an overcast sky and no frost in the air the day ends.

Friday the eighteenth.

At half after one this morning, being awake, through the tent door I saw the stars. Brilliant, near, in this high clear sky they lit the night as never in the smoke-shrouded city. It was frosty, and the fire had died down in the stove. Awake for some time, mentally debating whether to mend the fire or, being up, lay on the desired extra coverings that were just out of reach, after various ineffectual attempts to conserve warmth by tucking in the edges of the blankets more tightly, a decision was finally arrived at, to do both. Presently, the fire mended, and with a handy overcoat drawn up to my chin, and much more to my comfort, having disturbed neither of my tentmates, I fell into a comfortable sleep that lasted till well after daybreak.

After breakfast, in a clear and sunny morning, the motor was shipped on the boat, and all three of us started upstream with rods and tackle for two of us and a sketching outfit for the third. The boat ran through a succession of sedgy meadows thicketed with dog willows, from which a heron or two rose, and sailed lazily away to a new stand. Looking downstream to the west, above the tapestried gold and russet of the willow meadows, bounded



Looking back from "a bit farther upstream"

by a line of dark firs, the mountains rose, tier on tier, into a sky of liquid blue.

Landing on a bar below the great cut bank of obsidian sand along whose top the trail from Yellowstone runs, the two fishermen, Art with the spoon and William with sundry flies, tried the riffle at its tail, while the artist went to his own occupation. Art had no success. William reported a big one fooling, but failed to strike him. It was concluded to go a bit farther upstream. Occasional pairs of mallard were seen on the passage of a mile or so to a mid-stream bar with deep water on both sides, in a bend below flat sedge meadows. Here William took two Loch Leven trout in half an hour on a Reuben Wood, two and one-half and one and one-quarter pounds, respectively. The heavier fish was full of roe. No results were had with the spoon. On the road back to camp a single butterball and a squirrel hawk were noticed.

A showery and thunderous afternoon in camp, such as was this, is, or can be made full of small and comfortable employments. Fred was busy in the cook tent, devising ways and means for the greater efficiency of that department; William, a tackle box on his knees, assorting leaders, flies and hooks; the artist at an easel, working with swift decision, fastening down the impressions of

the morning. Arthur contemplated their placid industry regretfully, sighed, shook his head over the perverse busyness of men who apparently hadn't anything better to do, and with an independence of spirit marking the man so far master of his soul as not to be drawn by the magnetism of the multitude, calmly lay down, and went to sleep.

In mid-afternoon, Jay, the pointer, prospecting around the edge of the willow swamp, just back of the messtent, made a point. William, observing it, picked up a gun and strolled over that way. The artist sat still, and painted with one ear a-cock. Presently William's gun spoke.

"What was it? Get him?" queried the artist, as William came by, noting at the same time that Jay, at his heels, was looking a bit puzzled, as if unable to account for something.

"No. Jacksnipe," answered William, as he took down the cleaning rod and an oily rag, making ready to clean the gun, though he had fired but one shot, prior to putting it up.

"Didn't you hold straight?"

"I did, but a jacksnipe doesn't fly straight." And in succinct phrases the artist was made aware of the jacksnipe's dodging, zig-zag flight at high speed, which makes him one of the most difficult tests for the gunner's skill.

A heavy thunder-shower and a high wind came up shortly after, in the face of which William, with Fred for oarsman, took the boat, and went prospecting for duck. Driven back to camp by stress of weather they reported nothing, though a large flight of ducks was seen to pass east, north of camp, in late afternoon.

At sundown the storm ceased. In the east, from the horizon to overhead, and scattering toward the west, there towered a solid bank of deep blue-gray clouds. In thunderously blue depths they filled the heavens, and from a stormy broken gray overhead, down to the eastern horizon they deepened in tone to a gloomy indigo. A scattering rain still sprinkled. In the west the clouds parted, and from the break there came a sudden flood of brilliant golden light which made firs and sagebrush banks rising to the east fairly flame with aureal splendor against the blue depths of the far horizon. At the same instant there sprang forth, crowning it all with a yet more terrible beauty, a perfect rainbow. Its light-born glory, to the eye seeming more than the half circle in height,

spanning the entire visible heaven from north to south, its crown almost at the zenith, shone in a seven fold spectral splendor brighter even than the golden loveliness of the landscape framed within its triumphal sweep.

Slowly the pageant of the heavens departed, and with the fading of the light, the camp, held in silence by the greatness of the thing just seen, found its voice.

"A rainbow in the morning is the seaman's warning. A rainbow at night is the seaman's delight," quoted the artist. "We'll have fair weather to-morrow."

In this assurance the camp went to dinner on the trout taken in the morning, with fresh bread, in place of soda biscuits, sent over by the postmistress at Grayling, brought by Whitman, together with a larger cookstove and camp sundries.

Under a cloudy sky, but secure in the rainbow's promise of fair weather on the morrow, the camp made a peaceful end of another day.

A TRIP FROM CAMP

Saturday the nineteenth.

"What's to-day, Jimmy?" queried Art.

"Saturday."

"Gee. You don't say so. Feels like we'd been away from Chicago seventeen years—not that I miss anything. And the days go fast, too. And we haven't been doing such an awful lot."

"Yes, don't they," regretted the artist. "And I've got only one pair of eyes and one pair of hands."

"The next week will go faster," assured William. "You haven't seen the real stuff yet. We're going over to the north fork this morning." You'd better pack some extra sketching material."

With the boat loaded into the wagon, together with mid-day grub, and shooting, fishing, and sketching "ictas," an early start was made, with Jay for driver, William sharing the front seat with him, and Art and the artist comfortably disposed on the boat, with all the tobacco and matches they needed. The other Jay trotted with vast content beside the wagon, and amused himself hugely on the way by following grouse trails through the sagebrush.

With dexterous care Whitman guided the heavy wagon through fir brush and up the steep bank on to the plateau above. Through fir woods standing in sage, and east of the southern end of a great fir-crowned, rounding rise known as Horse Butte, we came into lovely natural meadows of wild hay, which swept away in long, subtly rolling curves to the crown of the butte south and west, and to the north were bounded by a range of low hills, thickly fir clad, beyond whose heights lies the Tepee basin. Passing the south end of Horse Butte a momentary glimpse is had of Mount Sawtelle, 14,000 feet, far to the southwest, and a little later, passing the pine woods that on the right had masked the view, Mount Holmes, a ten-thousand-foot height in Yellowstone Park, crowns the northern horizon. West, across the low heights of Horse Butte, which extends some miles, marking the southern boundary of the basin of the north fork, extends the great chain

of the main Madison range, a blue wall of many-peaked majesty that crowns and closes a far-stretching ocean of heaved gold that brightens with the slant of sun upon the crown of a rise, and deepens to the pale violet of the hollows, and the passage of a cloud shadow, and in whose coulees and draws the aspens flame in orange and brilliant gold.

Coming down the easy slope to the floor of the valley, the north fork of the Madison, below the level of the prairie, makes a wide and sinuous sweep among reed beds compassing numberless islets of willow brush. Following the south bank to the west end of the valley, a halt was made on the side of a great hill—a northward extension of Horse Butte—above the water, close to the point where, in a deep channel, the north fork leaves the lake. Here, the horses unharnessed and left to graze, the two hunters with Jay took the boat, and left the artist to his own devices.

Lying upon the hillside, one could but look, and look and worship the very beauty of it. I sketched in haste. There was but one pair of hands, and a day all too short. Wild duck passed overhead or skimmed over the water below every few minutes. A splendid fish hawk circled over the lake. A grass snake and a great prairie cricket came up and fraternized with me. A badger came to the mouth of his hole, a few feet in front and gazed curiously at me. The interval before the hunters returned for lunch, bringing back one mallard and a widgeon, was all too short.

After lunch, Art, Bill and Jay again departing in the boat for further sport and exploration, the easel was shifted to a fresh point commanding the far-off Madison canyon. This, a great gap in the line of hills that closed the eastern horizon, marking the point of emergence of the main stream, an ochreously bright sky visible through its depths, combined with near at hand willow banks and reed beds in the stream, snow-threatening clouds overhead drifting across a clear sky, whose reflections were dragged down in the water into long columns of gray light, and scattering breaks of yellow sun marking the fast advancing afternoon, to form a most impressive composition.

As I painted, wild bees embarrassed me much by continually lighting on my palette, and diving head first into my colors, getting themselves terribly messed up. Continually I had to lift them out and put them on my coat sleeve, where at one time I had two

or three wiping off the paint and cleaning themselves. They mistook the patches of bright pigment for late wild flowers, I assumed. It was noticeable that they did not, having cleaned themselves, repeat the mistake. It was a long, lonely, perfect afternoon, with such a loveliness of prairie, butte, still river, purple and rose mountains, and towering cloud about one as fed to the full a hungry soul.

Mallards, canvasback, red-head, green-winged teal, and wild geese were reported by the fisher and gunman, who returned at sundown with four mallards, six jacksnipe, one fine cut-throat trout (*Salmo Clarkii*) and a grayling. The trout, between three and three and one-half pounds, was struck by Art at the same moment that William lifted his gun on a fine mallard. The mallard dropped, and as William rowed to get the bird, Arthur landed his fish.

Beaver cuttings were reported. On the road back to camp there came a most splendid burst of rayed light from behind the mountains to the west, which, striking Mount Holmes, made it to glow with a deep rose light against the great drifts of gray clouds that filled the northern sky. The valley below was filled with a purplish haze, slightly broken here and there by fields of sage. The haze deepened in tone toward the northern distance till finally it merged into the deep violet-gray of the pine forests at the base of the mountain. From this pitch of tone the main peak rose in a jewel-like richness of deep toned light that crowned the day with a slowly fading glory.

Reaching camp at dark, the flame of the campfire, seen through the trees as we approached seemed uncommonly homelike



"Arthur landed his fish"

and welcoming. The place where is bed, board, and fire, though it be but a square of cotton cloth on four sticks, is always home.

The trout taken during the afternoon furnished supper. A royal fish, and royally prepared, inspired the artist to say, "God bless the trout—aristocrat and king among fishes."

"We'll move camp to the north fork to-morrow," said William. And with this, in a clear night, with sheet lightning in the north, the camp slept.



“At evening the tones change to deepest violet.”

THE SECOND CAMP

Sunday the twentieth.

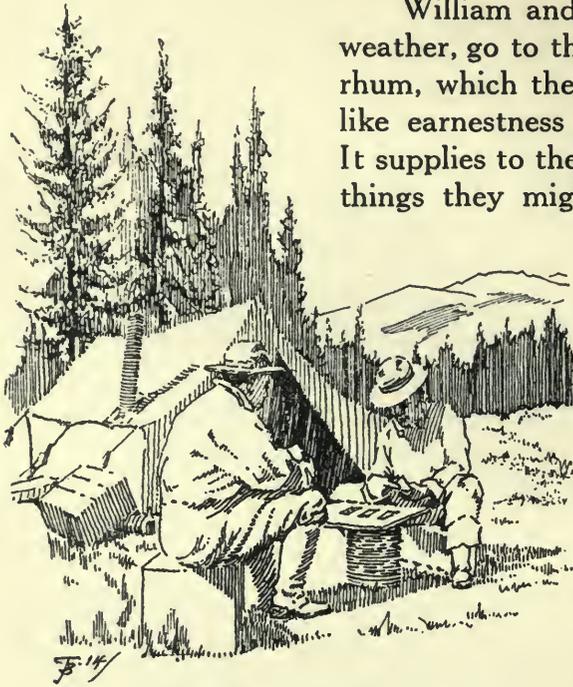
The overcast sky and the easy rain falling this morning were cheerfully disregarded in the immediate prospect of jacksnipe on toast and marmalade for breakfast.

This concluded, Fred went to work with Jay to strike the cook tent, and load it with its stove and provisions into the wagon, as the first load to be taken to the new camp.

This going forward, Bill took a bath and shaved, and desired express mention of the fact in this record for the benefit of whom it might concern. Overhearing this, Art also desired mention of the fact that this was also the day of his annual altogether ablution.

In the middle of the morning strolled in Fred Lamoreaux; a French-Canadian acquaintance of Bill's, from his ranch in the north fork valley. In small occupations and packing of personal belongings the morning went, till the return of the wagon. Then, after lunch, the remaining three tents struck, the boat and all other "ictas" loaded, in a drizzling rain, Art and Jim in their old place on the rear of the load, we bade farewell to the old camp, and set our faces for the new. The rain continued, a steady quiet dropping that promised damp ground, a general steaminess, and the fullest use for the rubber sheets that in this outfit underlie all beds. Camp was reached shortly before mid-afternoon, on the river bottoms just under the big hill at the west end of the valley, on the north side of the river, opposite and some distance up stream from the point visited the day preceding.

In a busy hour and a half after arrival at the new ground, tents were pitched, rubber sheets spread, and beds made with fresh hay brought from a ranch near at hand. There is no wood at hand where we are now camped, merely sage and prairie rose brush. Consequently, we have no campfire. The cook stove in the cook tent, and an ordinary camp stove in the sleeping tent were fed with such wood as could be brought from the old camp, but nevertheless we are very comfortable though the messtent is a bit damp.

*It goes on forever*

William and Arthur, in spite of the weather, go to their sempiternal game of rhum, which they play with a business-like earnestness impressive to observe. It supplies to them the place of all other things they might do, and very much worse, for they are the gentlemen apparently who invented the game. Arthur's great point of play appears to a casual onlooker to be in holding cards, and William's in freely drawing and discarding with an uncanny prescience, be it said, of what he is likely to catch. Arthur's coups take time to

prepare, but they land with the effectiveness of a twelve-inch shell from a siege gun.

Last evening's mallards with boiled potatoes and soda biscuit, and, of course, sundry trimmings from cans and bottles, made dinner. There is a heavy Scotch mist outside. Geese and ducks are haunting the marshes, and helped out by a distant band of coyotes, make the night eerie with their calls. With cheerful company in the messtent, and a warm stove in the sleeping tent, in spite of the weather, all's well.

Monday the twenty-first.

A cloudy, chilly dawn, with a sodden feeling left over from the previous evening's rain, yet presented its own peculiar beauty. Below the lowering clouds in the east, a lovely pale lemon glow filled the width of the Madison canyon, and made its abrupt sides, seen at this distance, loom against the sky with startling impressiveness. From this point of illumination the golden light

diffused under a level ceiling of gray cloud that forwardly overhead broke against clear sky. Against the light low in the east, the rising sage benches retired in gray bulks of successively lighter tone into the distance, with here and there on the crest of a rise, a hint of golden light from the dawn. A half seen wagon trail vanished in a roll of sage. A chill wind stirred. Isolate, still with the stillness of the dawn, it was beautiful in its forsakenness.

Presently a breeze sprang up, dispersing the clouds, the sun came forth in his strength, the cloud flocks gathered themselves into the hollows of the hills to the north, and presently went away. It was warm and clear by mid-morning.

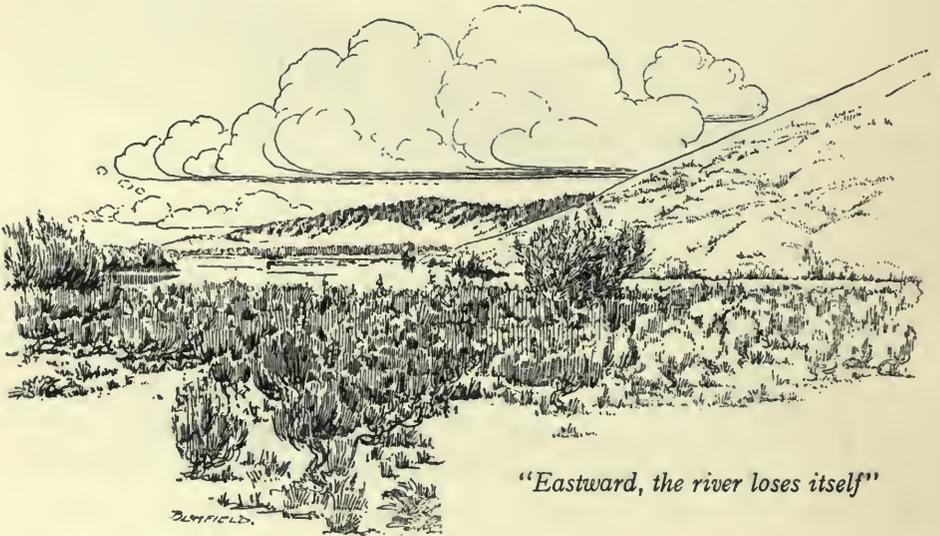
The first thing, of course, was firewood. One evening without a campfire was well enough in its way when it could not be helped, but it could not happen twice with comfort. So, with axe and cross-cut saw loaded, Jay went away early with the wagon to get the week's supply of wood.

Bill and Art were early away in the boat with rod and gun, and the artist to painting on the rise west of camp. Here grouse were plentiful in the sagebrush. Fresh earth was at many badger holes. A pair of eagles were seen in mid-afternoon, tilting and sliding on the wind in great circles till lost sight of in a cloud.

The situation of the camp is of uncommon beauty. The door of the messtent faces the range of mountains that bounds the north side of the valley. West and south of the camp is a field of willow brush, brokenly contouring the edge of the deep channel on the south that separates it from the big hill that shelters it in that quarter, and westward opens into a wide stretch of still water studded with islets of willow near the sloping banks of sage that lie point beyond point to the northwest. To the northwest the view over the water is bounded by the goldenly gray bulk of the western slope of the northern hills, on whose sides in sheltered hollows the aspens flame in golden beauty. The western horizon is closed in by the tail of the southern sheltering hill, and farther off, across the blue water, a part of the Madison range, just a short length visible between the near hills. All day this is a continually shifting and changing harmony of blue and colorful gray, with a splendid flash of copper light on some great shoulder of bare rock as the afternoon sun slants redly down. At evening the tones change to deepest violet as the light leaves the sky, until

in the splendid starlight, one can just make out, and more forcibly, feel, the solemn bulk of the mountains against the heavens.

Eastward, the river loses itself around a curve in a pleasant vista of willow brush and reed beds, its calm surface a sapphire-like blue in contrast to the rich gold of the hay meadows that on its southern bank rise gradually to the crown of Horse Butte,



"Eastward, the river loses itself"

whose eastern end, fir forested, is just visible past the side of the sheltering hill across the water. There is a hint of blue-green sage in the mid-distance, above which rises, across almost the entire eastern horizon a belt of firs, whose darkness renders more distantly blue than ever the low band of hills that marks the eastern horizon, in whose center drops the Madison canyon, a great square-sided gap through whose far depths there sometimes shows an infinitely far-off mass of cloud, minute by distance, glowing in the light that pours through the gap at evening with a preciousness of color that stirs a painter's heart to a fresh thankfulness for sight.

A little after noon Wroe and Pratt returned with eight duck, (one a mallard drake in large flesh and splendid feather), three jacksnipe, and a three and one-half pound cut-throat trout, a magnificent fish, taken on a spoon. The beauty was hooked in both upper and lower jaws. He was played by Arthur for seven or eight minutes before he had his first sight of him. In the next

ten minutes three attempts were made to get the net under him, the speckled warrior fighting fiercely, and still continuing the battle in the boat.

In the late afternoon Jay returned with a wagonload of fir logs for firewood. With axe and saw, in a few minutes a backlog and the lesser members of a properly constituted campfire were ready. With deft hand a piece of dry, straight-grained pine was shaved along one side into affringile filaments. This, and a couple more like it, placed slantingly against the backlog, itself with its side against the wind, had piled slantingly open over them, in a roughly conical form, a few heavier dry sticks, on top of which came two or three light logs, their weight supported by the backlog. A match was struck, and in the sheltering palm applied to the loose filaments of the first prepared pieces. In two minutes a lusty flame was leaping, and with it the nomad's sky-roofed home fairly established. A chill wind from the west, and a snow storm visible on Mount Holmes northeast of camp made the comfort-diffusing blaze the more welcome.

The hunters, out until after sundown, returned with a lean bag. Ducks were passing up and down continually, but the light was bad, and a duck flying low at sundown against a background of gray hill does not offer a very positive mark to sight on.

A clear sky at evening, and a bite to the wind, promising a frosty night and fair weather on the morrow. The light of the messtent, with the still-continuing contest of Art against Bill's unspeakable luck still going on, and the warmth of the fire feel none the less comfortable for the yelling of some unknown number of coyotes within a short distance of camp. It is difficult to accurately estimate their number, for one can make himself sound like fifty. The yelping howl of the coyote is probably the most characteristic night sound of the Montana plains.

COMMENTS AND STORIES

The stars are the glory of a Montana night. At no time perhaps are the heavens so terribly splendid as in the still hours between the after-midnight and the false dawn—the primam luce of Caesar. To see the boreal splendor of the north, the coldly hazy fire of the Milky Way over head, and in the south Orion striding the sky, followed by his dogs in processional glory, the dog star blazing like a nocturnal but far-off sun, brings keenly to mind the dignity of George Sterling's mighty verse:

O armies of eternal night,
How flame your guidons on the dark
Silent we turn from Time to mark
What final orders sway your might.

Cold from colossal ramparts gleam
From their insuperable posts
The seven princes of the hosts
Who guard the holy north supreme.

What music from Capella runs
How hold the Pleiades their bond
How storms the hidden war beyond
Orion's dreadful sword of suns.

.

O Night, what legions serve thy wars
Lo! thy terrific battle line
The rayless bulk, the blazing Sign
The leagued infinity of stars!

So much, at least, may one get for reward of getting up to tend campfire at four o'clock of a frosty morning, even though for that break in the after-sleep, the spreading fire of the dawn be foregone for later slumber. The expectation of this was not realized, for the camp was aroused before sunrise, and settled to breakfast just as the sun showed, a pale gold disk through the frosty haze, in the opening of the Madison gap.

Before the sun, the mist that at dawn had settled on the water began to roll and lift. Distant islets began to show, and on the mirror-like water, whitely still under the hanging vapor,

odd pairs of ducks leisurely paddled. The distant shore still invisible the gray-gold slopes of the hill to the northwest of camp, rose above the retreating cloud. Above its irregularly rolling, slowly changing bulk of white the Madison crests showed clear, coldly blue and seeming infinitely far removed. A ray of sunlight flew clear, above the morning haze on the eastern sage benches, and fell upon the mountain tops. Against the far sky of calm blue-green fire behind them, each peak, each projecting shoulder and crag suddenly flamed in crimson fire, whose flare spread and broadened, and paled under the advancing sun, till with the vanishing of the matin mists, the hills were full clad in their luminously blue livery of the full day.

At breakfast Art was directed by the colonel of the camp to put on his waders and do some real work. The waders, being new, had to now been held by Art for the purpose of admiration, as well by a wholesome fear of a rift in their continuity by possibly getting them snagged. Anyway Arthur put them on, for much the same reason that the artist, comfortably rolled in his blankets, on being asked by William if he would like to have breakfast with the rest of the camp, promptly declared his consuming pleasure at being permitted to do so.

This was a still clear day with no wind till the middle of the afternoon. In the forenoon, a visitor came into camp on a very hairy cayuse, in the person of an exceedingly ragged small boy, with his second crop of teeth perceptibly erupting and who betrayed much interest in the doings of the artist, to whom he confided the fact that he went to school, was in the fourth book and loved to figure. After watching the painter in silence for some time, he ventured a query as to the ultimate disposal of the product on the easel. Being informed that sometimes they were sold, the youngster responded in all honesty: "I didn't know people bought those things."

The motor was shipped on the boat this afternoon, and a line trailed astern with a spoon. Two fine *Salmo Clarkii*, weighing respectively two and two and a half pounds were obtained as a result and furnished supper. A cloudless sky all day and a very nearly clear sky in the west at sunset, no wind, and frost in the air.

After supper, the logs on the campfire were flaming with brilliant and unusual colors: pale violet blue and bluish green. The

hunters played some more rhum to their entire content, the continual interest of Fred and the polite tolerance of the artist.

The artist was rebuked by the camp colonel for being insufficiently provided with socks, and suffered a kindly criticism of the weight and quality of the blankets he had provided himself with. As it appeared that one or two more might have made good their deficiency of weight and substance, he was assured by Fred that "when you comes into this country the thing you need most darn bad is a good pack—golly, you should have a big pack—und it is better you should haf one blanket too many than not enough by one ven you needs him most." Also after supper the artist was warned by the same friendly mentor that he should not "sdick your feet outd of der tent, or, py golly, you gets them cold again as you did last night." From this Fred proceeded to a mention of a winter camp in 50° minus, as an ordinary experience in which was moisture formed frost some three inches thick on the under side of the tent roof, "und if you touch him, py golly, down she comes, und knocks der stuffing outd of you."

From the artist this brought a tale of a western friend who somewhere in the Canadian Selkirks received a military dignity from home who was a big game hunter, and who had unwisely set his heart on a grizzly bear hide in the dead of winter. Regardless of all representations as to the winter habits of the animal and the difficulties and hardships of the trip, he insisted on his point, and accordingly was taken by the guide to the foot of the Asulkan Glacier. An old and hardened man of the open, the guide camped in the snow by the fire, in a sleeping bag, while the major retired to his little tent with a coal-oil stove which kept the ease-loving warrior warm. In the words of the original narrator: "It was cold. It froze whisky solid, but that didn't feaze me. I'd seen it once or twice before. But one night after we had made camp and turned in, me to the bag by the fire, and the major to his tent and his stove, I was just hugging myself and trying to believe I was getting warm when I heard footsteps on the snow close beside me. I lifted the bag flap and peeked out. Here was the major making preparations to camp out in the snow with the rest of us. Says I, 'Major, wouldn't you be better off in your tent?' and he answers, 'I reckon I would,

Redgrave, I reckon I would, but I can't go to sleep with a light burning. I lit a candle a little while ago to read by a while before I went to sleep, and now I can't blow the dam thing out. The flame's froze.'"

In the awed silence that fell upon the camp William took the floor with a recollection of another military big gun and game hunter who was entertained as a special guest at a country house in the Scots Highlands. Among those bidden to meet this colonel at dinner, was a near-by laird, a dourly doubtful and cannily speaking old gentleman. At dinner, the colonel, being asked for a recital of his greatest exploit, enlarged at length, with much circumstantiality of detail, upon the chase and final slaughter of a man-eating tiger of uncommon ferocity and appetite that for long had been the scourge of a dozen native villages in upper India. With breathless interest the listeners followed the colonel to the death, and with awed respect received the incidental detail of the tiger's size, twenty-six feet from nose to tail tip.

The laird was moved thereby to a recital of the capture of a great skate that for years had been known to be upon the sea bottom in the vicinity of his home. So vast was the fish that a careless cartographer making a survey of the coast, noting its lightness in the depths, had charted it as a sandbank, and a fishing boat or so seeking anchorage, their anchors having caught in its mouth and tormenting it, had been badly broken up by the monster's consequent struggle to free itself, which be it said, had given it no special effort. With Scots particularity, the laird went into the details of the construction of a wrecking-scow, the provision of derricks and winches of a dockyard type, and the devising and forging of grabhooks of an unique pattern for the ultimate capture of the deep-sea monster. From one incident to another, each more grotesquely improbably probable, the laird proceeded to its final landing and its size and weight, some odd forty feet broad by a hundred long, and seventy tons or so. The colonel chose to take the recital as a satirical reflection on his own exploit and protested strongly to his host at the insult that, as he said, had been offered him in the house where he was a guest. He demanded immediate amends as the alternative to his departure. His host went to the laird, and made representation of the state of the case, and asked that he

should make such an amende as would satisfy his guest. In no wise feeling bound to put himself in the wrong because he might or might not have doubted the colonel's tale, and with the story teller's pride in his own successful creation, the old laird with Scots stubbornness rejoined, "Aweel, mon, ye can tell the colonel that if he'll take a bit off the tail of the teeger we'll see what can be doon about the skate."

Amid further desultory talk, Fred, again moved to cold weather reminiscences, instanced an occasion when he froze his nose. To him the artist: "That was surely some cold, Fred, for a man's nose, you know, is reckoned a warm member." "Yes, dot's all right, but, py golly, der trouble is she sdicks oudt so far." A wicked and Shandean burst of laughter greeted this as the artist murmured sotto voce, "I wish the good Tristram could have heard that; he might have added another paragraph to the famous chapter on noses."

Here the camp went to bed, all well, but that the artist was still irrepressibly chuckling.

TWO CASUAL DAYS

Wednesday the twenty-third.

This day was fair and warm, positively hot at noonday, after a frosty fog in the early morning.

After breakfast the two sportsmen went to rifle practice and adjustment of sights. The marksmen were amusedly embarrassed by the excited interest of the artist, who with a pair of field glasses, in their rear, tried to keep tab on shots and call points, such as were made, for them. A heat haze rising from the prairie made the target, a sheet of paper with a three-inch bull's-eye and a ten-inch outer circle, at two hundred yards, waver visibly, making accurate sighting a difficult proposition.

In the afternoon, the artist, with Fred, walked to Grayling postoffice, a mile or so northeast over the prairie, and at the entrance of Red canyon, for so is the great opening in the northern hills named, up which, in a few days more, it is announced, the party will journey over the trail to Tepee basin, fifteen hundred feet higher up.

Grayling postoffice, so named from the fish found plentifully in the nearby river, is a small log building with a tarred felt roof, standing in the dooryard of Peter Kerzenmacher. The postmaster, Peter, is of German birth, twenty-four years in this country and this particular section, a heavyset but active man. He is dark and slow spoken, with an illuminating smile and a handgrip that inspires utter confidence in him as a solid rock of friendly dependability.

The first representative of the Kerzenmacher establishment, official and otherwise,



"Peter"

encountered, however, was Mistress Kerzenmacher herself, when Fred, with the matter-of-course at-home-ness of this section of the West, placed his hand on the knob of the house door, and without knocking, walked into the lady's kitchen, followed by the artist, immediately thereafter presented to its mistress. Mrs. Kerzenmacher, a comely woman well above the average stature, with a fresh clear skin, of an attractive neatness of person and appointments, received her visitors with a fineness of manner that left no sort of doubt of their welcome. The lady's steady, direct gaze, a poise of manner that showed a very complete mastery of all possible exigencies of the life of a rancher's wife, a clear voice of an agreeable pitch, together with a certain dignity of bearing, coupled with a genial and sincere courtesy to her guests, well prepared one for the further discovery that she was of Highland Scots descent, but one generation removed from Gaelic-speaking forbears who had settled in Southern Pennsylvania.

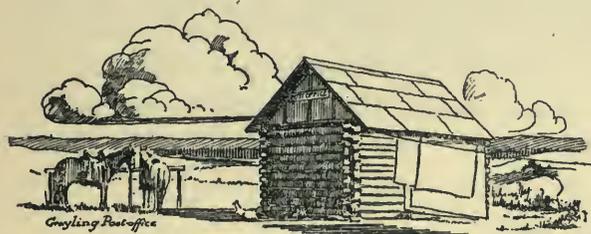
The windows of a bright, fresh kitchen were filled with prize geraniums, products of Mrs. Kerzenmacher's skill and care. Grown in tomato cans, with sturdy, full leafed stems, each plant bore a massive head of bloom, some two or three, with each single floret developed to the full. Ranging in color from the palest rose to the deepest crimson, they were worthy to rank with the finest of prize flowers that the writer could recollect ever having seen at sundry flower shows in past years. Raised in the first instance from seed, and thereafter by slips, from the strongest plants, with a professional gardener's skill shown in crossing the different strains, nursed through the unspeakable chills of Montana winters, a continual feast of perfume and pleasure the year round, they were an eloquent testimony to an innate love of beauty.

Her two boys, fair-haired, blue-eyed, with deep chests and broad shoulders, had a strong fineness of the open air and mountains about them that made the city children imaged freshly in the artist's recollection, appear coarse beside them, or where not that, unhealthy and under-developed.

Other company present in the Kerzenmacher kitchen were Miss Sontag the local school ma'am, Mrs. Fred Lamoureaux with her baby, and Jack Dolan, the mail carrier between Grayling and Lake, Idaho, thirty-five miles away, making the trip three times a week.

From the Kerzenmacher dooryard, the sight of the Madison range, completely closing in the western horizon from north to south, is a sight of dignified splendor. Seen across a widespread foreground of rolling prairie, golden tawny in the afternoon sun, they present a long drawn rampart against the heaven of the loveliest and most variedly luminous blues that the painter may ever note, within which a deeper note shows either some forward-advancing lesser height, on whose slopes the slanting sun may strike a note of deep greenish gold on the crowns of the blue pines, or some tremendous ravine whose depth is to be reckoned perhaps in miles, yet at this distance betrayed by but a slight and airy deepening of the blue harmony. At sundown the blues change to a deep chord of violet that one can almost hear—that does in truth, choir and chant in deep-toned harmony with the glowing sky above. It is not an uncommon thing for a painter, speaking of a successfully achieved color harmony, to say that it sings. Here, if anywhere, is the sound suggestiveness of color made manifest, by the hand of Nature herself.

Among the relics of early days in Gallatin County noted at Peters', was a pair of buffalo horns mounted on the frontal plate of the original skull, twelve inches between the base of the horns, twenty-one and one-half inches wide between the incurving tips, and each horn twelve inches in circumference at the base. Peter kindly offered to give the artist the horns.



Grayling post-office serves a community of a dozen scattered ranches lying in the Madison basin, each a mile or so from its neighbor, and the farthest

perhaps half a dozen miles away from the postoffice. It takes care also of mail of all kinds coming for prospectors, surveyors, hunters, guides, construction engineers and camps, and such like miscellaneous temporary sojourners and passersby within its field of service. The mail service, regular enough in the summer and fall—there is no spring—summer comes with a rush and a bang—is sometimes interrupted for weeks at a time in the winter by

stress of weather. The mail reaches Grayling from Monida, Montana, ninety miles distant by stage and special mail drivers three times a week (in good weather). Monida being the nearest railroad postoffice to which there is train service twelve months in the year. A temperature of fifty degrees below zero is not uncommon, and though in still, dry air, more common in the winter than not, this is bearable, yet the raging fierceness of a storm driven by the thousand-edged wind that comes off the heights about the valley is something the flat-dweller, wrapped about in artificial warmth, can only dimly surmise.

Walking back to camp, the artist made note of the changing beauty of color shown by the sagebrush. In a steady light locally of a pale greenish gray, in wide areas it responds to the sky above, and the changing angle of the sunlight almost as water does. In late afternoon with the sun an hour from the occident, the upper tufts, heaving with the contour of the ground beneath in wave-like rolls, take numberless tones of golden light, from the palest lemon to the ruddiest orange, bathing the middle distance of the prairie in a floating haze of light, broken as it comes near the eye by the violet bloom of the shadowed side of the clumps. A little nearer yet, and the separate clumps show a golden crest upon a lovely violet tone of under foliage, below which again the contorted stems, in their twistings flowing with a marked and typical rhythm, tell in still deeper violet grays against the brightly tawny dried grass between. Not uncommonly when a lemon light falls from the sky, foliage tufts and stems in shadow will show in light and dark tones of red-violet gray. Far off, in the extreme distance, it lies under the sky in pale fields and strips of grayish green, sometimes inclining distinctly to pale blue. The upstanding dried flower stems, visible only near at hand, take always the color of the dominant light.

Arrived back at camp it was found that the sportsmen were out with rod and line just before sundown, but without results. There was teal for dinner, the table graced with geraniums sent to the camp by Mrs. Kerzenmacher, with her compliments. Afterward came letters, and then the sempiternal game of rhum, at which Art effected several ponderous coups, and so to bed, with coyotes yelling on all thirty-six points of the compass.

Thursday the twenty-fourth.

The strengthening sun had barely dissipated the fog and frost of early morning before the camp was honored with a visit from the local game warden. The gentleman, genial enough of personal disposition, yet seemed to take it as an affront to his official dignity that the cook and horse wrangler with the party were not residents of the state of Montana, and was pragmatically insistent on a certain clause of the state game laws providing that any person employed by a hunting party as cook or packer shall be esteemed a guide within the meaning of the act, and therefore liable to a license fee of ten dollars in addition to being as required by the sections covering the licensing of guides, "competent and of good moral character." The act appears incomplete in this section, inasmuch as it does not specify in what the item of competence shall consist. William dug up a copy of the statutes and showed the warden that the act also clearly provided that but one guide to each party was required to be a resident of Montana, and the warden reluctantly admitted that perhaps that was true, though obviously far from satisfied.

The morning was given up to correspondence, and a hot afternoon following to some companionable loafing, and tinkering up the stern of the boat to provide a firmer seating for the motor. Trout were rising freely between four and six o'clock to small midges, of which clouds were in the air over the water. Fewer ducks were observed to-day than at any time previously. They have apparently become aware of the camp and are taking another route in preference to following their accustomed course from the lake along the river.

The persistence of the two men other than the inditer hereof in devotion to their card game has caused the artist to remark that his principal recollection of this trip will be of one sempiternal shuffle, deal and discard against a background of sagebrush, mountains, and evening glows, pointed by alarums and excursions after duck and trout, and coyotes, of which at this present writing there are apparently fifty or so yelping their souls out to the stars within three hundred yards of camp. Jay, absent for a couple of days, came back from Henry Lake to-night. A clear and frosty night, and so ends this day all well.

THE ARTIST GOES A-FISHING

Friday the twenty-fifth.

The morning opened clear with little frost, the matin mist rising from the prairie as the sun reached the horizon, and permitting a clear view of its disk, lemon gold through the haze.

Fred and Jay departed immediately after breakfast to Yellowstone, Fred to be gone for two days. William and Art took their way up the river for fish, and any duck that might come their way. The camp deserted before eight o'clock, the artist spent a long morning alone, elaborating an evening sketch till the return of the fishers some time after one, with five fine trout and a grayling. The heaviest of the trout in the morning's catch weighed three and three-quarters pounds. The average throughout was a trifle over three pounds. The catch was made on a No. 10 Reuben Wood fly, and a No. 8 Jock Scott. Wild geese were reported by the fishers as having passed close overhead while they were close under a bank where the geese did not see them.

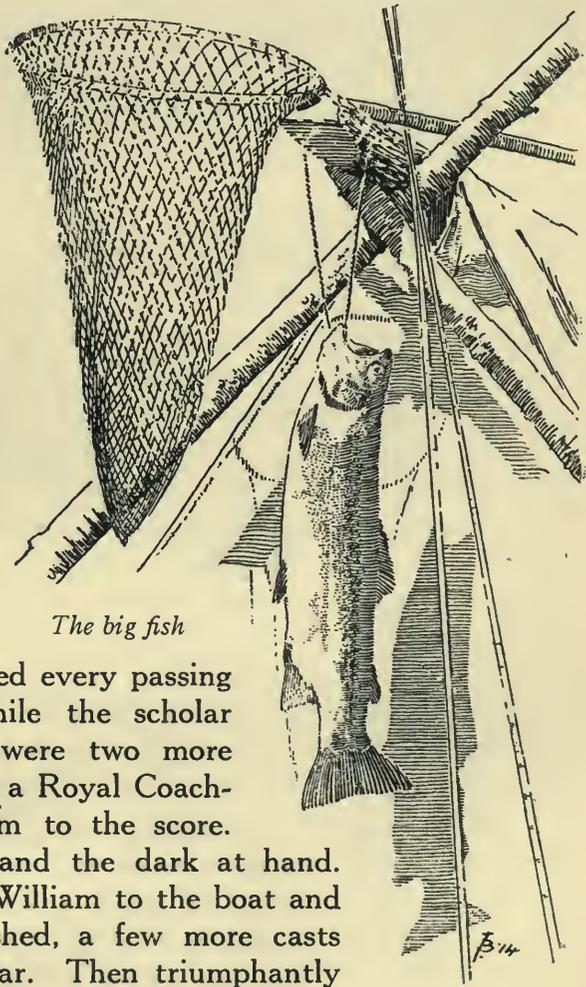
In the afternoon the colonel of the camp took out the artist, who, besides being hard of hearing is chronically and absent-mindedly engrossed in the admiration of the beauties about him. Consequently the colonel as skipper of the transivum expedition had his troubles with the crew, to say nothing of a leaky boat and frequent shallows, which, the crew failing to announce them, at such times being most deeply absorbed in the unfolding vistas of the loveliest little river in the country, necessitated the skipper's quite frequently stepping overboard and towing the boat, foremast hand and all.

At the fishing grounds, with kindly authority, the artist was initiated by William into the mysteries of bending on a leader and its complement of flies, and proceeded in as amateurish a fashion as could well be conceived, to do his best to master the art of casting a fly with a trifle less noise than if he were pitching a ten-penny nail into the water. William's patience was infinite and his large-souled unselfishness in posting his scholar on the most promising water is a sportsmanlike example to all true anglers. Within ten minutes the artist laid aside his rod the better to

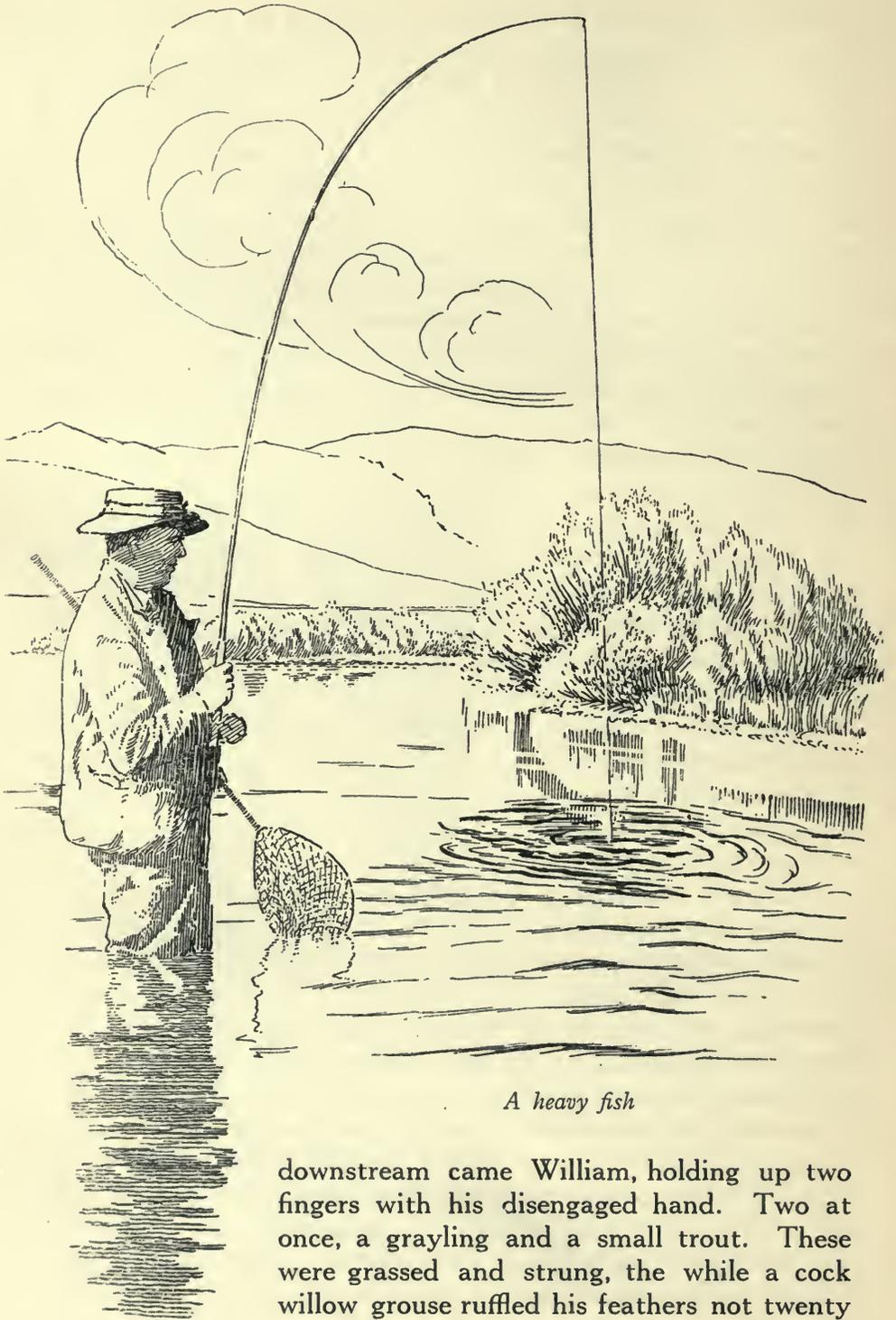
observe the easy grace of William's handling of a big trout that had taken a Queen of the Waters with a rush and a plunge. This one, neatly "grassed" on a shelving bank without troubling the landing net, served as a further means of demonstration to the scholar of the correct mode of grasping, unhooking, stunning, and stringing a fish on a cut willow twig. Back to his casting went the artist mentally repeating the running admonitions of his master in the gentle art. Turning his head a few minutes later, he beheld with fresh delight the graceful arch of the senior's rod as he came down the water from round the bend with yet another great fellow on his line, fairly hooked. To the scholar the rod was handed, the splendid speckled warrior on the line having already been played for ten

minutes, and here, the master's rod and own fish in his hands, was the scholar, under direction, allowed the privilege of finally playing and landing the greatest fish of the afternoon, a four-pound *Salmo Clarkii*. Upstream then a hundred yards, where, at the mouth of a little creek, the water pulsating with a mother-of-pearl iridescence in the evening light, the

great fish rose and leaped every passing minute. Here, the while the scholar practiced his casting, were two more great beauties, taken on a Royal Coachman, added by William to the score. Now it was sundown and the dark at hand. Downstream ahead of William to the boat and the water originally fished, a few more casts were made by the scholar. Then triumphantly



The big fish



A heavy fish

downstream came William, holding up two fingers with his disengaged hand. Two at once, a grayling and a small trout. These were grassed and strung, the while a cock willow grouse ruffled his feathers not twenty

feet away. Darkness was now at hand and a young moon in the sky. William showed a Mississippi pilot's memory for marks, deeps, and shoals, and performed such an excellent job of navigation in the dark as caused Arthur to remark on landing, that he stood in danger of arrest for piloting without a license. The entire day's catch, ten trout and two grayling, averaged two and one-quarter pounds, the heaviest, as recorded, four pounds.

And here the writer hereof sets it down, that if there is any thrill greater than that of seeing a master of the gentle craft handle and land a heavy fish, save perhaps that from doing the trick oneself, he has yet to experience it. William's cast is an expression of efficiency in the *nth* power. His rod goes back with an easy sweep of the wrist, with no waste motion, the line unrolls through the air and drops the fly at the destined spot easily as a thistledown. By the results achieved, William's aphorism, "Get your cast to working right and you'll catch fish," is fully justified.

Trout for supper. An overcast sky, a cheerful campfire, two fisherman chaps in their to-be-continued-everlastingly card game, the artist after a royal day sleepy as a tired pup; and with the despatch of all fish more than the camp needed to Kerzenmacher, the local postmaster, and a nearby ranch, so ends this day all well.

Saturday the twenty-sixth.

The day was heavily overcast, with occasional breaks of sun and a strong wind—a good time for sticking around camp and getting away with the dozen or so trifling jobs that have been shifted forward from day to day for an opportunity that would not trench on possible sport. At any rate, so the morning passed. And then it was decided that the artist should again go a-fishing, since he seemed inclined to stick so close to his easel as to run a serious chance of not getting any sport at all unless somebody woke him up, and showed it to him.

"Jimmy and I will take the boat," announced the colonel, "and you'll walk, Art."

"What do I want to walk for? I'd just as soon ride."

"Not this time. You'll have to walk a dozen miles or so a

day, after elk next week, so you might as well get into training now."

Arthur is obedient, be it observed, but to the discerning eye may be seen to have his own thoughts on the matter. There are few who make such a cheerful virtue of necessity.

The passage to the trouting grounds, the same stretch of water as was visited on the day before, was made almost faultlessly, with but a single shoaling, and the cook and captain bold overboard to tow the gallant and sievelike craft off a bar only once. On the way up, a colony of barn-swallows' nests were noted beneath the edge of a cut bank overhanging the water. Bee-hive shaped, of clay, each with its little round doorway at the apex, they stuck out horizontally from the face of the bank. A grebe or two made his jerky twisting plunge, and odd pairs of duck

squawked away before our passage. A heron lazily rose and trailed off over the willow tops to a new solitude. The very spirit of afternoon peace was in the land.

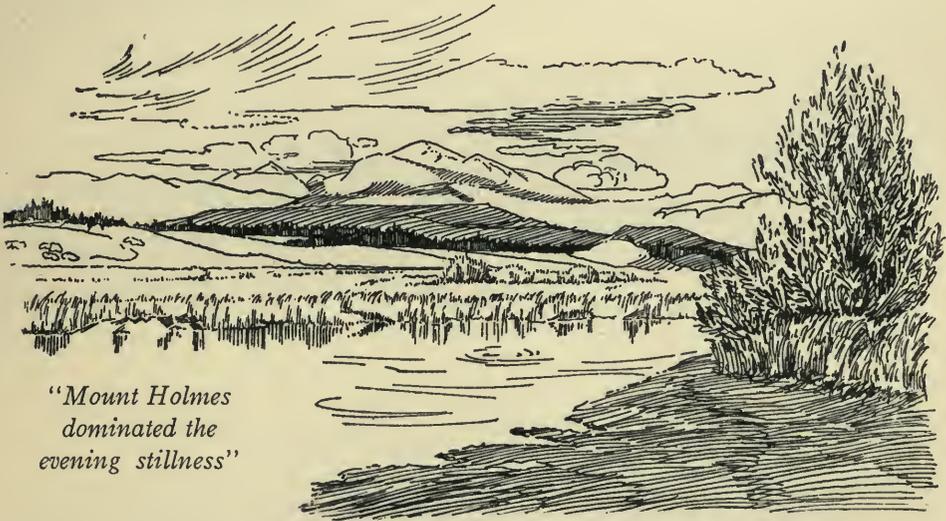
Quite a breeze, fitfully dying down at intervals, ruffled the water on reaching the fishing ground. Rods set up and leaders bent on, the triad went to work, Art working down, and Bill and his scholar upstream, with a passing salutation to a solitary and hopeless rancher on the opposite bank, who was pessimistically experimenting with grasshoppers. There was nothing doing either side of the stream for some minutes. Then the artist and



William simultaneously hooked a two-pound whitefish apiece. In the course of the fishing period William hooked and landed one more, rather to his own and the artist's boredom, for the whitefish is not a pretty fish, with coarse scaling, an evil neutral gray-green color, and a sucker mouth.

The fishers waded and worked under the edge of thick willow brush, its topmost branches a dozen feet high. This called for

some care in making the back cast to avoid fouling the line. Beyond the edge of the shadow thrown by this, the water, still between passing wind ripples, showed a placid beauty of reflected color from the heavens overhead, for it was close on sundown—a quietly heaving sheet of rose pearl, pale green and blue fire, broken with yet deeper blue where a catspaw struck it. At its farther edge, the golden light of the sun-lit reed beds struck vertically down into the sky reflections, making the water appear more brilliant still by complementary opposition.



*"Mount Holmes
dominated the
evening stillness"*

Above reed beds and hay meadows, together a far-stretching sheet of quivering tawny gold, far away the sage hills began to rise, lying east and west in sliding inclines that took the eye, halting here and there on the dark accent of some group or band of distant pines, to the crown of the blue foothills. And from the broken gold of the near ground, the gray gold of the sage hills, the foundational blue of the foothills, in the red, red flame of the large last gleam, majestic against the low lying pale violet clouds of the northern horizon, through whose rifts an elusively pale green sky showed in lesser light, Mount Holmes dominated the evening stillness.

One good trout was hooked and landed by William just after sundown, a three pound cut-throat. This, with the other less desirable fish were passed across stream to the unlucky rancher, who thankfully bore them home. A heavy thunderstorm was

raging on the mountain ranges on the way home, and at supper a stiff wind and some rain struck the camp. At the end of the evening the wind had dropped and the stars were out with a few drifting clouds and a fair promise of a good day on the morrow.



Eastward from camp at evening

A CAMP SUNDAY

Sunday the twenty-seventh.

Noting the cloudy, stormy sky, a feel of rain in the air, and a struggling sun in the east, the artist, before the messtent door, quoted:

“As breaks the sun through overmastering clouds
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the adder better than the eel
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
Or is the jay more precious than the lark
Because his feathers are more beautiful?”

“Gee” commented Art, rolling his ante-breakfast cigarette near by. “You’ve got something like that for most every occasion, haven’t you?”

“Merely a habit of memory” he was assured. “Had it from my dad. The governor was an inveterate quoter, and I believe made a perfect nuisance of himself sometimes.”

This day was William’s birthday, and however the knowledge of it got abroad in the valley, shortly after breakfast arrived the local schoolmistress, fair, curly-haired, spectacled as befitted her official dignity, young and altogether good to look upon, in a divided skirt astride of a dark roan. A scholar on a light bay pony was her attendant squire, bearing a three-layer birthday cake, a friendly tribute to William’s excellence of social quality from the Mistress Kerzenmacher, before-mentioned in the record. A cake “as was a cake,” it signalized the natal day of the camp colonel and graced the board at dinner this evening. In addition to the gastronomic tribute to the colonel’s popularity, the giftbearer brought sundry letters from home, the major part for the honor of William’s natality. These, added to sundry packages and letters entrusted to the artist for delivery on this day, and arranged at William’s place at breakfast, gave affairs in the messtent a busily festive appearance.

The artist ventured that it looked like a good day.

“For what?” inquired William.

“Duck.”

“What makes you think it’s a good day for duck. If I want to get the truth out of you, I have to——.”

The artist broke in. “There was a heavy wind last night, and a storm. That would have driven them from the lake into the shelter of the reed beds and willow channels. It won’t clear till afternoon, if at all, and then you’ll have a chance for the trout again.”

Sceptical or not, William and Arthur took the artist at his word and departed, returning at noon with some fine mallards, one bird rather heavier and fuller fleshed than the rest.

After lunch came out leader boxes, fly books, envelopes of feathers of many kinds and tints, papers of hooks, odd twists of silk floss of gay color, twists of tinsel, gold and silver thread, and all the small impedimenta dear to the fly fisher’s heart. With leaders and snells soaking in a bowl of warm water beside him, to work William went in craftsmanlike fashion, in the contriving of flies of new and strange alluringness to match one taken by the artist from the water the preceding evening, to which the trout were then rising freely. A blunt nosed pair of small scissors hanging on his dexter little finger, for convenience in dividing strands of gut and silk, and trimming feathers, William discoursed of the mysteries of fly building, the while he whipped a bunch of feathers to the shank of a hook. The whipping concluded, came the moment of final trimming. With confident hand the craftsman groped upon the table, as he eyed the all but completed creation upon the snell. “As I was saying—Now, where are those scissors?” And further he rummaged, while Art and the artist exchanged glances. With methodical care the searcher explored the table. “Now, I know I had those scissors a minute ago.” The table searched, in growing resentment at the innate depravity of inanimate things, the search was transferred to the trunk from which the box of fly-making material had come forth. Vocal protest, half breathed, began to make the air blue, and the sulphurous fire began to sizzle along the edges of the woodwork within a sotto voce vocal range. A half-suppressed snicker caught the searcher’s ear. He gazed, his eye traveled to his own minor digit, where the missing implement obediently hung.

“Allright, they’re on me,” and with this neat double

entendre was discomfiture transformed into the triumph of a well turned phrase.

"It wasn't so bad, Bill" comforted the artist. "You might have done worse. You might have mislaid yourself, as an acquaintance of mine did once." And here he proceeded to a recital of the phenomenal absent-mindedness of one Squiggs, one of those quaintly learned, semi-professional specialists on obscure things, who occasionally appear at high fees in the law courts. A precise, methodical man, as befitted his occupation, he was accustomed to leave his office for lunch, at the same time every day to a dot. Having no office boy or stenographer, he was used to hang upon his office door a neatly written card announcing his return at one-thirty. As regularly as he went, he returned, to the second. One day, some unobserved concatenation of circumstances brought him back to his office a full ten minutes before his appointed time. At his office door his eye fell upon the notice. Subconsciously aware that it was not yet the appointed time for his own return, he took out his watch, and noted the time. Equally aware that the man whose name was on the card would return at the announced time, he methodically paced to the head of the nearby stair, and sat down to wait for himself.

Here is added another paragraph to the long roll of trouty capriciousness. This evening the pink-bellied jokers would not even look at the flies tied with care and pains, though the whitefish took them eagerly enough, little to the liking of the fishers, who consequently returned empty handed, nevertheless content with the beauty of the afternoon and evening in the open.

At evening, in the east, against a middle sky of luminous pearly green, was a lower sky of iridescent rose clouds on which were drifts of pale violet. Upon this and rising over its upper border into the clear green above, were two or three long extending level-bottomed cumulus clouds, flaming with pale rose and rose pearl. In the west, the Madison range rose dark against a small area of brilliant pale lemon. About this, and extending upward and outward from it hung dark masses of down-dropping storm clouds, whose lower fringes flamed in burning crimson against the threatening gray, over a leaden lake, down whose center the

reflection of the first light lay in a perpendicular path to the very edge of the near shore.

At sundown Fred returned with a string of saddle and pack horses, for use on the road to Tepee Basin on Tuesday. By him, after two days' absence, the camp received the first news of the progress of the European war since the 17th, and his news was derived from a Salt Lake newspaper of the 24th which he had seen while away from camp, this being the 27th.

There were clouds and a slight sprinkle of rain during the evening; clearing at nine o'clock with a half moon and stars in the sky, and a variable wind from the north.

NEW EXPERIENCES

Monday the twenty-eighth.

"Dot vas your horse, Jim," spoke Fred's voice to the artist, as, over the post-breakfast smoke, the camp dwellers gathered to inspect the saddle and pack animals brought in the evening before, and to have apportioned their respective mounts.

The artist gazed upon an undersized, mild-eyed, black Indian pony, that grazed unconcernedly near a tall large-boned, blazed faced weight-carrier, rather suggesting a cavalry horse in aspect, that obviously was destined for Bill.

"He seems gentle enough," commented the artist.

"Sure," assured Fred. "He vas a children's horse. Dot's vy I gets him for you. You vas so busy looking at eferydings ven you rides, you don'd haf no time to break no buck-jumper."

Still the artist was not satisfied. He somehow felt it an aspersion on his equitatory abilities, though he had not claimed to be a horseman—that he should be mounted upon the smallest bit of horse-flesh in the bunch.

"Isn't he a bit small?" he queried.

"Vell, if you spills off, you don'd haf so far to fall; und ven you do, der liddle horse, he stops und vaits for you to get on again."

Fred's argument appeared unanswerable. Art drew a sedate judicial animal, of leisurely air and meditative habits, belonging to Jay,



"Saddle up"

that at the artist's instance was promptly dubbed "the old Roman," equally in allusion to the shape of his nose and his air of senatorial dignity.

"Think he can carry Art?" asked the artist of Fred.

"You bet. By golly, he carries him all right. Maybe not fast—he vas not built dot vay, but he carries him. It vas not kind to ask him for more."

"Saddle up, you two," directed William, "and go up the road an hour and come back an hour. Jimmy needs hardening to the saddle for the trip to Tepee, and you need training down."

"But, look here, Fred, where's the bridle?" queried Jim, as, ready to start, he observed that his beast had, in place of the accustomed head furnishings, merely a hackamore.

"You don'd need no bridle mit him. Vhen you wants him to go to der left, you shoost slaps him on der neck mit der rope; und vhen you wants him to go der other way, you pulls der rope, not very hard, und he goes. Und if you wants him to get busy und hump himselluf, you kick him in der ribs, und he goes."

"Humph. He must be pretty well trained. Supposing he bolts?"

"Vell, I vas shoost telling you you don'd haf to fall far. If you can't shtop him, you can get off qvick und easy. But you don'd haf to be afraid of that. He vas well trained. Dot's why I gets him for you. You vas not all there all der time"—here the rest of the camp grinned out loud—"you vas looking at things so hard, und thinking aboutt pictures all der time. Und dot liddle horse, he knows his business. You do vot you likes, und leaf him alone, und he dakes care of you."

That was conclusive. The artist mounted his equine custodian, and took it for granted that things were all right.

Fifteen minutes on the way, sufficient for the artist to inwardly congratulate himself upon the easy lope of his beast, and the conveniently short distance from his back to the ground in case of a spill, Art pulled up suddenly, and inquired, indicating his own, "Don't you think this is a hard-gaited horse?" Before the ride was half over, one at least of the two cavaliers had reason to know the evil effects of suddenly and heavily working a set of long-disused muscles, and his principal anxiety was that he should not appear to his riding mate ever to have done anything

else on earth but sit a horse. If Art suffered the protest of unaccustomed knee and thigh muscles to anything like the extent of his fellow on the equitatory excursion, then the only conclusion possible is that he is the champion bluffer of the world.

On the road back, from an excursion over the old wagon road that wound out of sight round the shoulder of the big hill northwest of camp, a wagon drawn by a team was encountered. The governing Jehu, in no wise driving like his scriptural prototype, elderly and spare, with a sparse chin beard, and weather-shrewd eyes that blinked within red rims through spectacles mended with



"Round the shoulder of the big hill"

pack thread, sitting askew upon a thin bridged nose, halted to pass the time of day with the horsemen. In the course of a five-minute talk to the accompaniment of thoughtful mastication of a liberal mouthful of plug tobacco, it was learned that the gentleman guiding the destinies of the team had been in the West some fifty odd years, was seventy years old, and operated a hay ranch on a quarter section some distance northwest of Grayling postoffice.

To the question, "Are you married?" he returned for answer: "H—ll, no. I'm waiting till I get old enough."

"Live alone on your ranch?"

"Yes."

The artist queried, "Don't you get lonesome?"

With a gesture that comprehended mountain, lake, and hillside in its sweep, the answer came:

"H—ll, no. Too much to look at."

It was sufficient. The cavaliers rode on, the artist feeling that he had met a kindred spirit.

In their absence the rest of the camp had aired bedding, blankets, and clothing and made things ready for breaking camp on the morrow. During the morning there were observed in willow brush near the camp, large numbers of bobolinks, meadow larks, and chits, in addition to finches, yellow-hammers, and blackbirds in flocks, obviously migrating south.

In the afternoon, while the artist sketched, Bill and Art went to target practice, and after this up the river for duck—the last trip before breaking camp. After their departure, the artist took advantage of Jay's temporary freedom from pressing duties to obtain a little closer acquaintance with Jay Whitman, the Missourian.

Jay is a strong, kindly soul, very much inclined to take men and things for what they are, and with a simple, direct familiarity of manner that nevertheless never trespasses upon the personal reserve of his interlocutor. The net result of the talk may be better given in this quotation from a letter written by the artist to his wife:

"Let those who will lament the decay of polite conversation—those who think the only things worth talking about are books, art, music, and the cult of culture generally. To h—ll with them. Let them but sit down with open mind and respectful address to a man such as Jay Whitman, and, if they have intelligence enough, exchange with him familiar talk of those things that to him are the main things of life; the cutting and curing of prairie hay, its baling and marketing; plowing and seeding for timothy; the self denials and hardships attendant on the filing and proving up on three hundred and twenty acres of government land—which he now owns—the breeding and grading of cattle and its current price on the hoof;

the handling and care of horses; farm machinery; the difference in climate of different parts of Idaho and Montana; his occasional work as a guide, which helps out with the hay ranch and furnishes vacation as well—it's too high up to grow much else; the price of hay and its variation; and from all this they will gather a tale of human interest, and a vivid picturing of the necessities and needs of human life in the great West, impossible to realize when one talks only of the cultured frills of life.

“I haven't opened a book or felt any inclination to read since I have been here. The man who can't think a thought or two for himself in this soul-inspiring environment surely has a bum bean.”

The hunters returned after sundown with some mallards, followed a few minutes later by Fred, leading a forsaken looking and melancholy wreck of a horse, destined for bear bait at the new camp. With a clear sunset, after a warm and cloudless day, the evening was given over to packing for departure; and bedtime came with a moon a fortnight old in the sky in conjunction with the evening star, and a cloudless and frosty night, with the wind from the southeast.

HITTING THE TRAIL

Tuesday the twenty-ninth.

This was the great day. "You first, Jim," the colonel's voice commanded, in the sleeping tent at daybreak. "You hit the hay first last night." A frosty morning, a clear sun moving through barred clouds, and a gentle wind from the southwest promised a splendid day for the trip at hand. The artist, meditative at breakfast, the matutinal cigarette thoughtfully poised in his fingers, received yet another reminder of the urgency of the day's business. "Start to eating. We've got to knock this tent down pretty soon."



Last dispatches

Promptly after breakfast camp impedimenta was brought forth from the tents, personal belongings packed, bedding rolled and tents struck. In rolling a pack of bedding William showed himself an adept, distributing folds and thicknesses of material, wrapping, rolling, and cording it away with a mastery and finished craftsmanship that betrayed the man of many pack trails. In the course of forming one masterly pack, he took occasion to emphasize to the artist the importance of laying blankets with the folds alternate, in order to

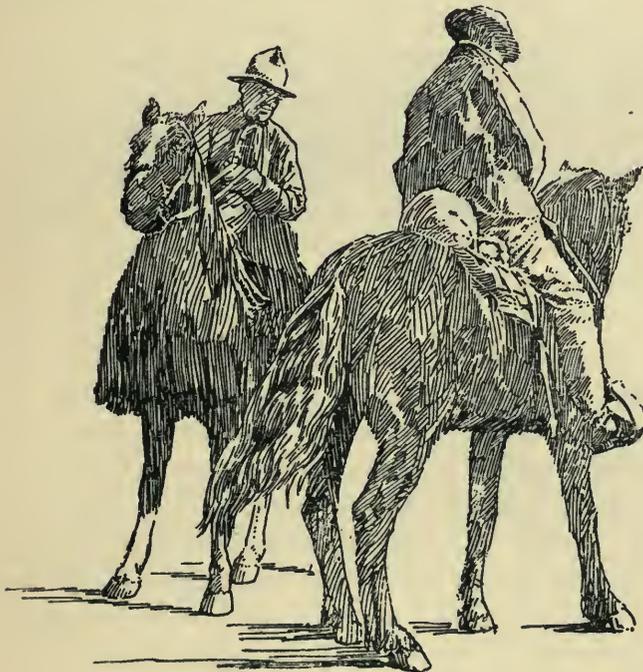
produce an even roll, otherwise they would, rolling on the folds, produce a "conical cone." Pack and saddle animals were brought up and saddled, slickers tied, rifle scabbards hitched to saddle bows, and leaving the guides, with an extra packer who came into camp the night before, to attend to the business of loading the camp kit on the pack animals, and the heavy

impedimenta on the wagon, to be taken to Grayling postoffice, William, Art, and the artist mounted and took a leisurely way to Grayling postoffice. Here, with the matter-of-course hospitality of the West, they joined the company there, some seven in number, at the mid-day dinner. The dinner, with its distinctive "home" quality, derived from the deft hands and culinary taste of the postmistress, formed an epicureanly relished contrast to the camp fare of the preceding fortnight.

Immediately on the conclusion of this the pack train appeared in sight at the mouth of the canyon that faced the

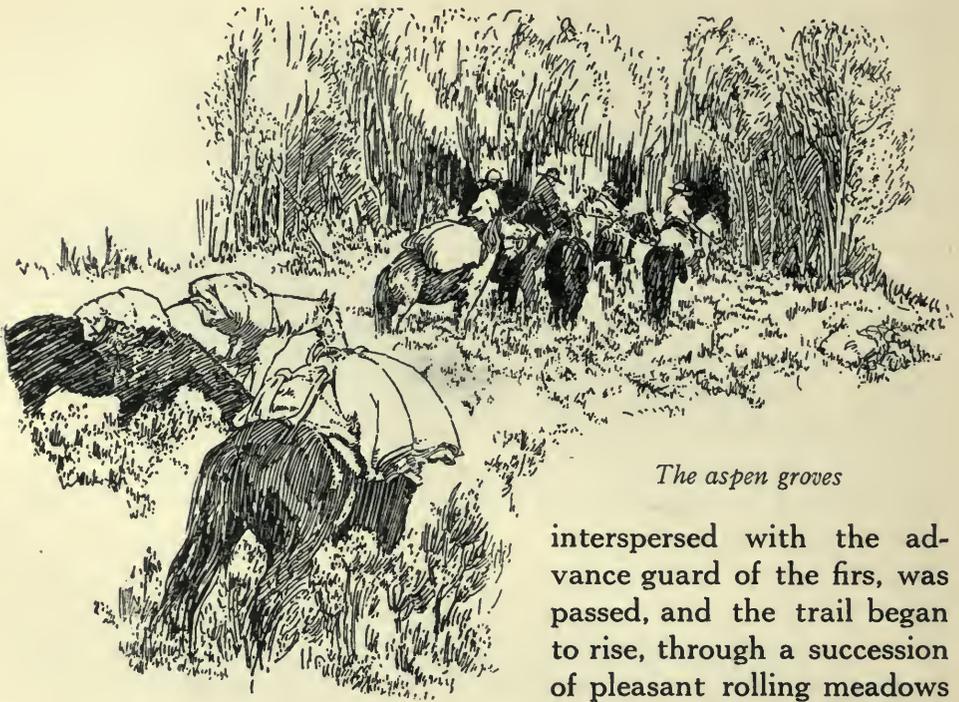


Art writes home



Trying mounts

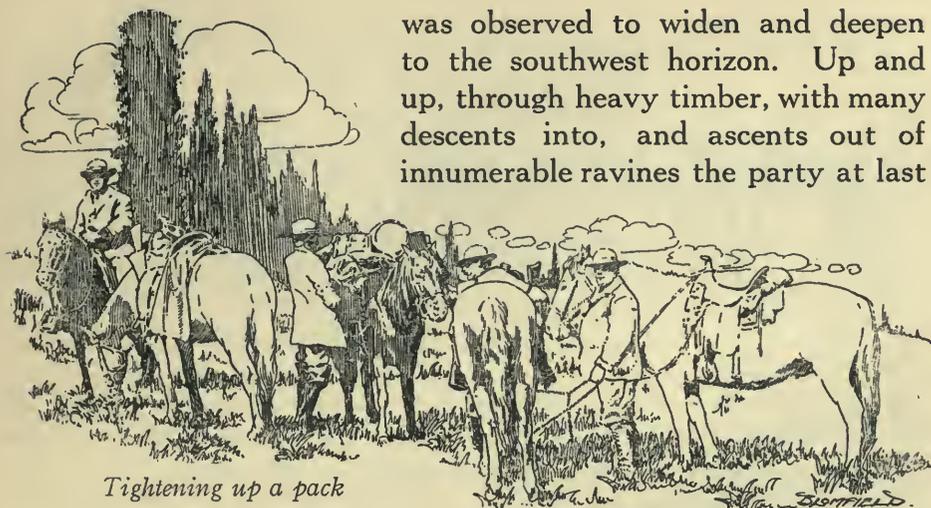
messtent door, a long mile away from the camp just left. And now the march began in earnest, through a pleasant meadow of wild hay, on either side of which the hills of Red canyon rose steeply to fir crowned heights, with great bastions of bare rock, often in vertical strata, showing between them. A grove of aspen



The aspen groves

interspersed with the advance guard of the firs, was passed, and the trail began to rise, through a succession of pleasant rolling meadows cut by trilling streams, in which stood, low descending from the clothed hillsides, noble clumps of pine and red fir. Grouse and pheasant three or four times got up and streamed away before the two advance riders, Jay and Jim, behind whom followed the cavalcade of half a dozen pack horses, and the four remaining cavaliers who completed the party. The trail narrowed, the timber pressed more closely, the ascent became more abrupt, broken by descents into various ravines water-bottomed.

At an angle of the trail, the party passed close under the vertical side of a precipitous outcrop from the mountainside whose sheer face rose a hundred feet or more, and, turning the corner, followed the trail down an abrupt descent of something more than a sixty degree pitch. Across a mud-bottomed torrent at its bottom, the trail turned sharply around the base, and under the overhanging side of a single mass of rock about the size of a Chicago business block, fallen from the heights far above, that, resting with its strata inclined upward, lay in the spot where the stream's former bed had been. A little beyond this point, looking back from a clear knoll, the Madison basin just left



Tightening up a pack

came to an ascent where the entire troop, to ease their horses, dismounted and went up on foot, to the accompaniment of some panting and jesting at their own weakness by the most short-winded climbers. A clump or two of asters still in bloom were noted in sheltered places, though between the trees, on the other side of the depths that lay upon the right hand, snow, left from the storm of ten days since, was still lying.

Open hay meadows, fringed with rising heights, dotted with the noble clumps of the nut pine—to the artist's eye one of the most strongly graceful and beautiful of trees—succeeded, always on a gentle upward slope.

About rose the hills in the golden glow of a slanting sun, below descended the blue depths; and so lost was the artist in his eager contemplation of the beauty about him that it was well for him that, foreseeing his absent-minded weakness, he had been provided with a surefooted and wiseheaded pony.

Here the colonel, riding fifty yards to the right of the northward-tending trail beckoned the artist. The painter man came to the edge of the ridge, and looked. He could not but swing his hat and cheer. Below, blue deeps stretched below deeps to a distant vista of the Madison river basin, whose willow-bordered stream wound as a ribbon of silver through the golden plain, hazily lovely in the diffused light of the afternoon sun. In the far southern horizon floated a noble height of before unseen mountains, luminously blue against a pearl sky. Across the



On the Divide

canyon the fir crowned heights opened to a vista of valleys beyond valleys that terminated in a rose-pearl haze through which showed the snow-marked blue heights which marked the Teton range, eighty miles away.

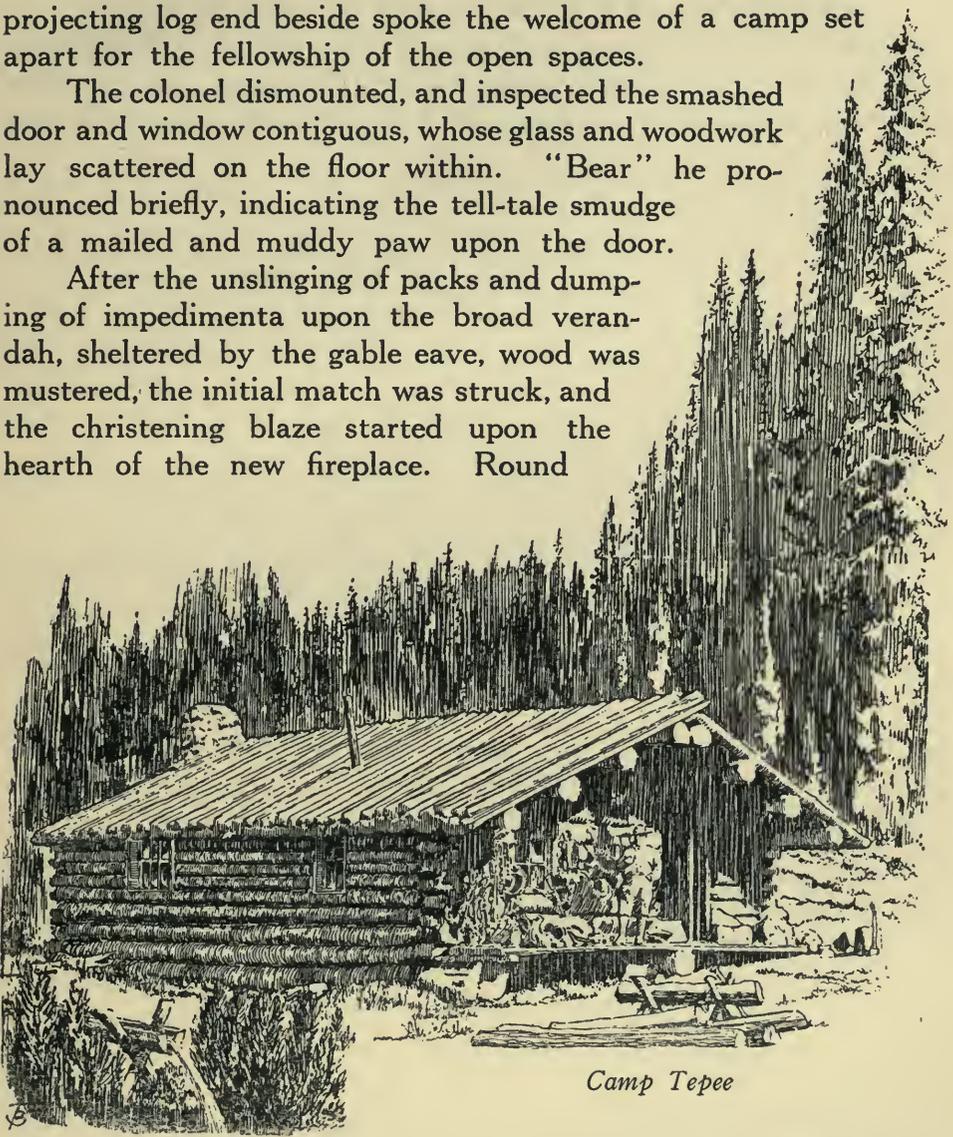
A little further and the leading pair of pack animals, with Jay Whitman riding ahead on the trail, crossing a hay meadow, suddenly cut sharp against the sky, with beyond them the Mount Holmes chain in Yellowstone Park, on the other side of a valley as yet unseen. This was the divide, the apex of things. Now came the descent into Tepee basin. Down, down, down, on a trail that twisted, turned and doubled through close set timber and bush, with fallen trees at all angles and in numbers uncountable. At last, from the crest of a succession of rolling hills, which fell abruptly on one side down into the valley, Tepee creek was seen half hidden in a close thicket of scrub willow. On its other side was a slight footing of open ground, above which rose fir clothed heights against the north.

To the left, at the western end of the valley, rose a splendidly dominating triangular pile, Old Baldy—a true peak—massively and proudly upstanding, lifting its crest into the sky with an abrupt mastery of the surrounding ranges that proclaimed it an aristocrat of the hills. On the plateau, on the further side of the stream, in a sheltering angle of the firs, at the base of the mountain that closed the northern side of the valley lay Camp Tepee, which had been built two years ago by William and two of his Chicago friends, i.e. E. B. Ellicott and W. A. Jackson. Long, low, log built, with generously projecting eaves, and the square pile of the newly added chimney at the further end speaking of the welcoming hearth within, every

projecting log end beside spoke the welcome of a camp set apart for the fellowship of the open spaces.

The colonel dismounted, and inspected the smashed door and window contiguous, whose glass and woodwork lay scattered on the floor within. "Bear" he pronounced briefly, indicating the tell-tale smudge of a mailed and muddy paw upon the door.

After the unslinging of packs and dumping of impedimenta upon the broad verandah, sheltered by the gable eave, wood was mustered, the initial match was struck, and the christening blaze started upon the hearth of the new fireplace. Round



Camp Tepee

arched, of rough-hewn native stone, its chimney, of hillside boulders bedded in cement, drawing as a chimney should, by its hospitable glow was illuminated its own testimonial to the craftsmanship of its architects and builders, Fred Reichenbach and Jay Whitman. The twelve hundred pounds of cement used in its construction, to say nothing of tools, some trifles of squared lumber, and supplies, had all been packed in on horses, twenty-four miles, from Yellowstone.

With the strewing of hay in the bunks, the folding of the blankets, supper, the vespertine card game of the two devotees, the health of the new camp in a deoch and doris, and a settling to sleep, with a clear and frost-filled sky without, ended this day.



Mount Baldy — an aristocrat of the hills

THE HIGH PLACES

Wednesday the thirtieth.

In a sunny frosty morning, the camp still in morning shadow, something to the tolerant amusement of Jay, the Missouri guide, the artist gave himself the aesthetic pleasure of a morning toilet in the open, at the fountain of clear and cold mountain water, carried in a split log conduit, that made its tinkling plunge among its night-grown icicles fifty feet from the cabin door. Through the morning, while other members of the party oiled boots, and were busy with other camp duties, the artist, three hundred yards down the valley, with his sketching kit, alternately lifted color, despaired, and prayed the gods of all beauty as he studied the changing expression of Baldy's face, and sought to indicate the atmospheric depth and mysteries of his attendant regiments of pine and fir.

This afternoon, under guidance of Jay, the colonel, Art and the artist were taken up the camp's protecting mountainside. Leaving a difficult trail through the firs, came a succession of upland parks from which rose noble groups of firs and nut pines. Next to the stubborn dignity of the nut pine, the thing most remarked was the splendid spiring symmetry of the fir families, whose darkly green steeples in ordered irregularity pointed the soaring slopes over which the party rode.

The beauty of the firs and pines is a constant joy. Where the hills break into grass-covered slopes and near-levels, as they do constantly, the firs arrange themselves in beautiful, symmetrical groups, a family of smaller trees round about some towering patriarch from whose seed the circle about him has sprung. Almost invariably there is within the charmed circle a little secluded space of grass and wild flowers, and shade-loving brush and moss, in which the wild birds and wild animals find harborage.

The nut pine, too is another glorious tree. With a nearly smooth trunk, branching irregularly with stubborn strength into a splendid doming mass of foliage, growing always in proud isolation, it is a veritable king of the high levels.

Jay stopped his horse, looked at the ground beside him, and pointed down. William rode up, and inspected likewise with interest. The artist and Art, curious, followed suit. Elk tracks. Constantly through the afternoon were the guide's eyes upon the ground he traversed. Elk tracks were seen continuously. Some of them, cautiously allowed the guide, might have been made the night before. Trees were shown the artist where the bark had been rubbed clear down to the bare wood, over a span a foot or two in height. These were where some bull elk had rubbed his horns. In the height from the ground at which the rubbing started, and the extent of the abrasion was possible evidence of the height and spread of horn of the animal making it. To himself the artist quoted Scott:

"We can show you where he lies
Fleet of foot and tall of size.
We can show the marks he made
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed."

Presently, upon a noble height, the party looked down upon and across a veritable sea of mountains. Yonder was the Gallatin range. This was Electric Peak. That yonder, indicating a faint blue, silverlaced splendor on the far horizon, seen between the parting of the clouds, was Emigrant Peak. To the south, crowning the blue band that girdled the field of vision, was old Twotop, the mountain the artist had painted at evening but the other day on Madison river, whose peak marked the height of the Continental Divide and the parting of the waters, flowing respectively to the Gulf and the Pacific. Directly in front, seeming near at hand, but miles away through the clear air, rose a tremendous hog-back, its top sere and yellow, with a few dwarf firs and spruces in sheltered spots, its length to be computed in miles, its sides dropping in torn and jagged ribs of rock that rose up from titanic slides, emerging from a forest of fir and pine lost in blue depths that only an eagle's eye might fathom. Along its crest ran the boundary line of the Gallatin Game Preserve, set apart by the State of Montana, the line continuing along the ridges to the west, and bisecting the great peak that dominates Tepee valley, Baldy, whose crown rose another fifteen hundred feet above the ridge, five miles to the west.

The point on which the quartette stood, an upstanding spur of rock whose vertically splintered sides dropped sheer a hundred feet or more to the point of emergence from a great slide that quickly lost itself in obscure deeps of fir and pine, was seamed and torn, with great boulders and lesser fragments of rock hurled about in a cyclopean disorder. There were no heights above from which they could have come down. The slow action of seeping water, and rock splitting frost succeeding, even through long-drawn hundreds of centuries, might not account for but an infinitesimal part of the palaeolithic upheaval. With a slight mental shock one came to a rather awed recognition of the fact that the party looked upon the remains of the initial battle of forces—the debris from the very beginning of the world. There is no word. Thought can only vaguely grope. One can but look at the rocks everlasting, statant to eternity from the primal disorder—noting on their faces the golden flame of lichen that may have caught and sent back the evening glows of a thousand centuries.

With field glasses the sides of the mountain across the canyon were raked slowly and systematically, every craggy ledge, every sun-warmed nook being scanned for bighorn—the mountain sheep of the Rockies. Nothing was seen to move, nor could with any certainty be anything picked out among piles of scattered rock, or in herbage corners that might be reckoned the bodies of sheep couchant. For, as Jay explained: “The mountain sheep matches that pile of rock in color, and unless he stands clear against the sky, or a patch of herbage, or moves, you might take your glasses right over him, and not know he was there. Yes, sir, I reckon he is one of the hardest animals to find there is going, and the greatest of trophies if you happen to get him.”

Evening drawing in, came the descent and return to camp. The prime descent was made almost at the base of Baldy and thence down the valley, following the creek. A cloudy gray sundown and a slight halo around the moon three quarters full promised rain for the morrow.

As a side-light on the sometimes necessary and economical discipline of camp life far from a base of supplies, it may be remarked that the customary coronas handed out by William after dinner were omitted this evening. “We get ’em only every other evening now,” said he.

THE CONTENT OF QUIET DAYS

Thursday, October the first.

William and Art, under the guidance of Jay and Earl Counter, the new guide and packer who came into camp on Monday night, being bent on a try for elk, the camp was early astir, in spite of heavy fog and a feel of approaching rain in the air.

At breakfast, Art to the artist spoke thusly: "I want to apologize to you for reaching across you. I've done it several times before, and expect to do it again several times more, so I want this apology to stand for all the time we are in camp." This comprehensive forestalling of camp life abruptness created a general laugh.

Rain came during the forenoon and a heavy fog after the departure of the hunters. Jay and William came back about 10:30 reporting nothing. A good day for a blazing fire and indoor diversion. Fred's hounds were yawning their heads off. Art and Counter returned upon noon, Counter reporting having seen the fore end of a bull and the after end of a cow elk.

A sunny afternoon, and William and Jay down the valley prospecting for elk, and Fred to set a couple of bear traps, some distance from camp.

Baldy was more splendid than ever in late afternoon, with its northeastern side in the shadow, a great flash of sun on its southern shoulder, cloud shadows lying violet upon its lower forests, the valley below golden in the haze of Indian summer barred with the long cast shadows of sentinel pines. A camp robber (Colorado magpie) with plumage flashing iridescent blue and violet in the sun, was desperately interested in the artist's sketch and on the branch of a convenient tree behind him criticised his painting with the utmost freedom.

On sundown, the artist, desirous of riding down the valley, looking for the black Indian pony he had so far been riding, put a halter on, took the hobbles from, brought into camp and saddled up a horse of corresponding color, ridden by Fred, notoriously difficult to mount. Under the artist's gentling and

soothing conversation the kicker had submitted like a lamb to all preliminary operations and was even rubbing his head against the painter's shoulder as he prepared to mount. At this point, Fred, who from the verandah, placidly puffing at a piratical looking and evil-smelling briar that he affected, had been watching the proceedings with apparent unconcern, interposed:

"Say, hold on there, you've got der wrong horse."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, py golly, that is so, und he might throw you off. If you wants to ride him—I guess you can—all right—but I don'd want to be responsible."

"He's been gentle enough with me so far."

"Yes, dot vas all right, but it's when you goes to get on him, py golly, dot der hell breaks loose—you wants to get on him quick—und then stay."

The writer is not at all ashamed to admit that knowing his own inexpertness as a horseman, he accepted the friendly warning, and desisted from pursuing his mistake in equine identity to a conclusion that would have been suffered by a meanly practical joker in silence, for the enjoyment of another's discomfiture.

A word of counsel given by William to the artist just before turning in is worth noting for the benefit of other city dwellers who may come into the mountain fastnesses. "Don't go into the timber without a guide. Stay in the open and in sight of a mark of camp. Make it a point always to have lots of matches with you. If you do get lost, build a fire, and stick right by it. Stay there if you have to stay there a week. The camp will find you by the smoke."

Friday the second.

The morning broke rainy and misty. At breakfast Fred recited the details of a horse deal he tried to make with an Indian.

"Der Indian, he has a pony dot looks good to me. "He vas a mighty trim liddle pony und I liked him. I think I likes to puy him. Der Indian wanted me to gif him seventy-five dollars. I wouldn't gif him but sixty-five. Der Indian, he shoost grunts und shakes his head. I has some good high-proof whiskey with me, und I thinks may be it softens him up a liddle

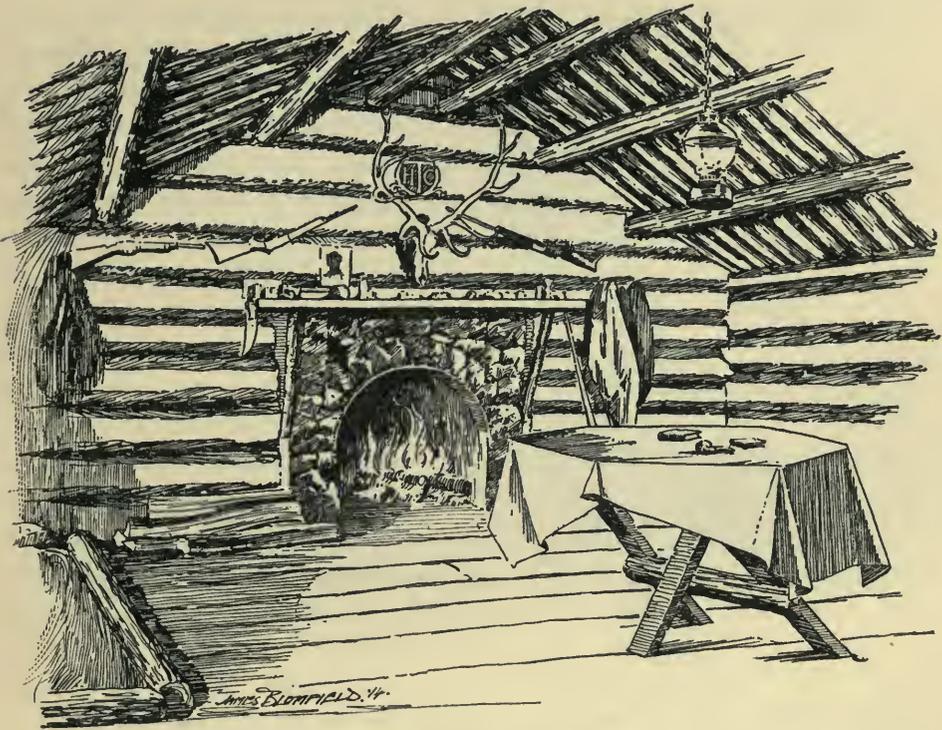
if I gifs him der whiskey. He not get very drunk. He only drinks aboutt a quart und he was not drunk. Und den he asks me for der pony one hundert und fifty dollars."

The following string of definitions was handed out by Earl Counter in a talk on horses. *Cayuse*: an inferior breed of horse of low grade, the word originally Spanish. *Pinto*: a spotted horse, *Broncho*: an unbroken or wild horse. *Mustang*: Mexican for an inferior breed corresponding to the cayuse, running in mesquite brush. The cow pony is not a distinct breed. "I rode in one outfit where they had all kinds of horses from cayuses up to thoroughbreds from imported stallions, and they were all used as cow ponies. And some of them were mean horses. When you get a cross-breed between a cayuse and a thoroughbred you get about the meanest horse going. It's like crossing Indian and white, all the wisdom of the one and the cunning and the savagery of the other."

The only bird life seen to-day was a large California blue-jay, darkly indigo in the rain which continued all day. The camp kept busy within doors, washing towels and underwear, inspecting arms and such trifling occupations. William and Jay were out in the morning tracking elk, but saw none. Art and Counter in the afternoon were also prospecting, and Fred departed to set another bear trap.

A mantel board eight feet long, a foot broad and two inches thick supported on unbarked fir brackets was placed over the fireplace by William and Jay. A noble pair of elk horns, on the original skull, was centered over the mantel, and between the horns, upon the axe-hewn logs the monogram of the Tepee Hunting Club was illuminated in bright colors by the artist. A six sided table, longer than broad, comfortably heavy and solid, was devised and built by the same artificers from some stray planks. With an under-beam of a half log, to which three splayed legs were spiked, two from either end of one side, and one from the center of the other, the outward spread of each leg, from the downward pressure of the table top, was taken up and neutralized by a cross-beam on the line of intersection. It represented a most creditable bit of engineering ingenuity and carpentry combined.

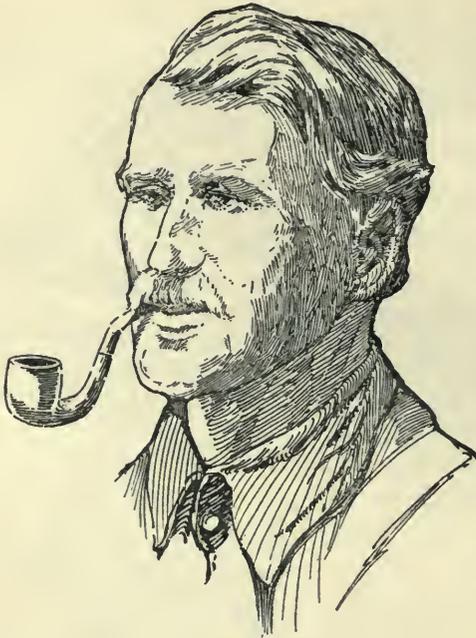
In the person of Earl Counter, after supper, the plainsman



The interior of Camp Tepee

showed himself a keen and acute critic of current magazine fiction dealing with range life. The point of his criticism was directed most forcibly against the idiom and slang put into the mouths of his cattlemen by the author of "Wolfville Days." Cowmen, *vide Counter*, did not habitually use slang in that reckless and superfluous way. In fact, their speech, even allowing for the peculiar nomenclature of their calling, was far freer from perversions of the language than was that of most city dwellers. It was not an uncommon thing to find men of education riding the ranges, but even outside of these the typical rangeman would be, to the "atmosphere-seeking" romance hunter, fed on magazine dope, disappointingly restrained, not to say simple in his speech.

Mr. Counter, born in Kansas, "raised" in Montana, on the range all his life, and Mr. Jay Whitman, born in Missouri, in the West since 1881, equally a rangeman, may, it is assumed, be taken as fairly typical examples of cattlemen and ranchman



"Earl"

respectively. In their speech, save for a few elisions and neutralized negatives, occurs less of slang and fewer perversions than are noticeable among many presumably cultured city dwellers. Of the peculiar slang of their calling, the magazine-bred range idiom and phrasing, there is none. In fact their language is almost classic in its directness and simplicity, and except to a grammatical pragmatist, as pure as it well can be.

To the artist, playing solitaire, comes William: "Oh, Jim, when is a wolf

not a—here, wait a minute." Business of cogitation by William and from the artist—

"Now, now, William, easy; take your time; get that straight, now."

"Oh, ah, I have it. When is a wolf a fox?"

The artist reflects deeply: "I give it up. When is a wolf a fox, Mr. Bones?"

"When he won't be trapped," responds William.

The house grins, and William with the successful joke-makers' just pride, elucidates: "I was suggesting to Fred just now that a wolf might be trapped and Fred said, 'You can't do it. He is too foxy,' and it came to me just like that." Of such trifles are laughter and diversion in camp made.

With a rainy and threatening night outside, a blazing fire, and two card games within, this day ends.

Saturday the third.

A fresh snow and the camp astir at daybreak in expectation of easy tracking at their elk hunting. Counter and Art departed

down the valley, and Jay and William up the hill, southeast and north of camp respectively.

Both parties returned in mid-afternoon. Counter and Arthur reported having trailed a pair of fine bull elks for an hour. As they did not stop to feed, and were gaining all the time, the chase was finally abandoned, it being useless to expect to catch up with them before nightfall. Jay and William struck a fresh track and got within sight and range, but the bull was in close timber where it was impossible to get a clear sight. He started traveling at speed through the timber, and of course could not be followed with the hope of again getting in range after having been once jumped.

Fred went down to Grayling with a pack horse in the afternoon, for mail and supplies. A heavy, wet snow fell all day. About nine in the evening the snow cleared and a struggling moon showed. With cards, cheerful talk, and a hope of fair weather on the morrow the day concludes.

MAINLY OF ELK

Sunday the fourth.

A half clear dawn with the hillsides shrouded in heavy clouds, four inches of snow on the level, and snow again at half-past eight.

Jay and Bill, Art and Earl saddled up. The first two started in spite of heavy snowfall. Art made a bluff at going but concluded that the fireside was a very good place. He stayed there. The artist didn't even make a bluff at going out, but set up a canvas and got busy with a composition of the valley and Mount Baldy in late afternoon light.

Fred arrived from Grayling with the mail and Chicago newspapers, the latest of them seven days old. William and Jay came back shortly before noon, after an eight-mile ride, reporting very heavy snow and high wind on the higher levels where they had been hunting, and no sign of recently moving elk except one track crossed on the way home about three-quarters of a mile back from camp at the foot of the ridge. This track they said was comparatively fresh, and was that of a young bull or cow.

After dinner the snow continued. Art and Earl decided they would go out for a while and take up the fresh track of the young bull mentioned by Jay and William. About four o'clock they returned, carrying the liver of the animal. Art had had his first shot at an elk. It proved to be a fine piece of meat, a young spike bull, 18 to 20 months old, with his spikes which were about fourteen inches long still in the velvet, which condition at this time of year it seems is rare. Earl reported that they had followed him only about a mile and a half when they found him leisurely feeding on some willows at the edge of a spruce thicket, and Art had brought him down with a shoulder shot at about eighty yards, a second shot at closer range breaking the spinal column just back of the head. A royal supper and a congenial evening followed.

This day William took another bath on a rubber sheet spread on the cabin floor before the fireplace. A fire's a comfortable thing anyway, with seven inches of snow on the level outside and perhaps more to come.

Monday the fifth.

Snowing at daybreak, a bluff at clearing up shortly before noon, and again snowing for the rest of the day, with twelve inches on the level and the Camp Tepee bungalow fringed with icicles from eaves to the ground, some over six feet long, is the weather record for this day.

The hobbled horses, grazing loose, are unable to rustle sufficient feed through the snow. A pronouncement is made by the colonel of the camp that unless the storm breaks and clears, the camp must break, and move on the morrow to lower levels where the horses can get feed.

Jay and Counter went into the woods to dismember and bring in the meat of yesterday's kill. In respect of elk horns Counter handed out a rather interesting bit of information, viz. that in the second year the young bull elk gets his first branches—the brow spires, and thereafter an additional spire up to the fourth or fifth year, after which the number of spires may vary; it having come within his knowledge that a six-year-old bull carried only five branches and cases having been reported to him of older bulls having a still less number of branches. It is Counter's opinion that the character of the winter may have effect upon the number of branches, reasoning by analogy from the case of domestic cattle. Herefords and Durhams for instance, according to him, when corralled, sheltered and full fed in winter, develop small horns, but turned loose on the range with only such food as they can pick up, develop large and long horns. Counter disputes the avowal of Mr. Roosevelt that the prairie antelope, as do the deer kind generally, sheds its horns, inasmuch as he has never seen prairie antelope with new horns in the velvet, or bare of horns, nor has he ever seen a shed antelope horn.

With a sketch of the interior of the camp by the artist, the mending of hobbles and pack ropes by the guides, cards, the savoring of elk meat for dinner, and a good deal of pleasant talk, this day within doors passes swiftly to its end, with snow still falling.

GOOD-BYE, CAMP TEPEE

Tuesday the sixth.

This morning there came a temporary cessation of the snow, but the sky is heavily overcast. There were elk meat and hot corn cakes for breakfast.

There is something between twenty and twenty-four inches of snow on the level, the wind from the west, what there is perceptible by the drift of clouds, the temperature a bit below freezing; and it's a question of getting out to-day, and saving the horses, or remaining on a chance of a break and clear, and starving the horses, and risking still greater difficulty in getting out.

The pack and saddle horses got no feed yesterday and there being a limited supply of oats in camp, the horse wranglers are drawing poker hands on the kitchen table to see which saddle horses get the last feed of oats before starting. The starved pack horses were given the hay which had been used in the camp beds.

Oranges are handed out by William, who advised us thusly: "Put the peel in your pocket to chew on going down." A little earlier he had advised the artist, busy before a mirror, that it wasn't an absolute necessity for him to shave, he might be a bit more comfortable without, since, as spoken a trifle later "This is the morning we make the dash for the pole." It was apparent to all that William was most reluctant to leave camp and descend to the lower levels. It meant the abandonment of a two or three-day trip on Old Baldy and the adjoining ridges, planned by himself and Jay, for bighorn, but there was now at least three feet of snow on Old Baldy and no grass for the horses. William was observed to put his nightcap in his pocket, and the artist likewise, for, as William explained: "It will be a mighty comfortable thing to tie around your ears if there's any wind going over those snow slopes on the way down.

The business of packing and saddling succeeded. The tying of a pack, it is almost a commonplace to observe, is an art by itself, attained in its perfection only after numberless trials, and comprehending within its purview a variety of knots, hitches and throws, almost as many in number as those a seaman is supposed to master. The points aimed for by the packer, as gathered by

the observing scribe, are balanced distribution of weight upon the animal's back, and such a securing of the pack with the packline that every unexpected stress and strain caused by motion upon an uneven and steep trail, is taken up in every direction, each part of the line stressing upon every other part in such a way as to keep all taut. As a minor incident of the entire business is to be noted again, William's peculiarly workmanlike mode of forming a close, compact, and solid bedding roll, enclosing rifles and other such impedimenta awkward to stow of themselves. The pack bags, oblong floored, high sided canvas bags reinforced at the corners and lips with leather, with projecting iron rings for the passage of the packline, and holding provisions, kitchen utensils, and like small items, are to be noted as a necessary part of pack-traveling equipment.

A hasty lunch, the final securing of provisions left behind from roof rafters, beyond the reach of small wild animals that might gain entry, and the dousing of the fire, and the march commenced. Crossing the creek, the artist waved a farewell to Mount Baldy, brilliantly white in the sun against drifting clouds, and fell thereafter to observing the flashing hues of refracted light from melted snowdrops on the hindquarters of the pack horse immediately before him. Through the snow the pack animals plunged and tango stepped, following the colonel of the camp and Jay, breaking trail. The snow slopes, blinding in sunny brilliance, showed in sharp cut shadow the plodding forms of the pack train. Heavily snow-weighted fir trees beside the trail bent over into fantastic suggestions of white hooded, mysterious figures. Sometimes a quaint grotesque, causing an inward smile was encountered. Advancing to a rise, William turned in his saddle and waved a hand to the artist to make sure of his seeing a noble group of firs, sculpturesquely draped in alban purity, that dominated the eminence. Jay was observed to check his horse and look down upon his right. The artist did so likewise on reaching the same point, and for some further distance meditated upon the curious recognitory thrill that comes to one identifying for the first time the trail of the bull elk in the snow. Presently, in the woods, up and down the slopes, occasional small avalanches of powdered snow descended from branches overhead, barely poised, needing but the passage of a pack horse to disturb them. One noted again

the white silence of the forested heights. It was not threatening, not fearful; rather it conveyed a sense of utter impassivity, the self-containedness of the wilds.

None of the great upland plateaus nor notable descents of the trip in were encountered and the artist quickly recognized that the party was going out by a new trail, and presently began to pick up a succession of blazes on the tree trunks; and to entertain himself by the endeavor to pick the trail as far ahead as possible by blazes alone. Though it is to be noted with emphasis, that picking up blazes, comfortably saddled on the back of a smart and quiet Indian pony treading with assurance in the trail made by a preceding train is a vastly different business from that of identifying blazes on a trail traveled *de novo*. Elk tracks were frequent, crossing the trail repeatedly. Weazel and marten trails also were noted, twisting and winding on themselves in characteristic fashion.

Two hours out from Camp Tepee, a party of three was encountered, equipped for elk hunting, but really on the more serious business of searching for the father of the man encountered fishing above the Madison river camp some days previously, who had gone after elk, and had been lost since Sunday. As detailed by William later in the evening, though better things were strenuously hoped for, the chances were, that overcome by terror of being lost, the unfortunate had lost his head, and, instead of building a fire, and waiting to be found, had, with the deadly fear that sometimes overmasters those lost in the woods, kept on traveling, searching for shelter, and by that rendering much more difficult the task of those searching for him.

Some hour and a half before sunset, debouching upon the easier slopes, the windings of the north fork of the Madison were recognized amid the snow-covered plain. The surrounding hills, Twotop notably, and later, Coffin Mountain, had been hailed sometime previously. And along a bit of road, across a rise; and with some skirmishing by Jay and Fred to round up rebellious pack animals at a fence corner, the party came to the Oliver Johnson ranch. In the dooryard was an elk calf, curious, standoffish in manner, and with a thick pelt that spoke eloquently of the youngster's provision for the winter.

Received by Mrs. Johnson, a handsome, clear skinned woman, fair haired, of height and presence, and a genially fine manner, and by her sister-in-law, Mrs. Gladstone, whose Scheherazade-like head-dress gave a piquantly oriental touch to her own Saxon good looks, the party settled comfortably down for the evening by a box stove, between two windows, one commanding the south and east, the other the west.

A winter sunset came, flaming in orange gold, clear gold and green gold in succession beneath the overhead gray, rose-shot clouds, the snow sheeted valley and low hills bounding it lying under it in pale violet, the mountains closing the horizon in deep blue violet, with still deeper bands where the fir forests crowned the near foothills. Just beneath the windows, a bend of the nearby creek, spreading broad in the violet snow, flamed to the evening sky like a spread jewel. From one window to the other the artist walked, neglecting his supper, his fellows at the table kindly tolerant of his little peculiarity, and interested in his hurried sketching.

A solidly bound quarto Shakespeare, in good workmanlike calf, its pages thumbed, lay upon a table and amid a medley of other books were noted a well bound set of Dumas, a novel or two by E. P. Roe, a sea story of Clark Russell's, Scott's *St. Ronan's Well*, Ebers' *Uarda*, and some odd volumes of Stevenson and Byron. Best sellers were not. A couple of fine bearskins on the walls, the interspaces occupied by plates from *Life*, some calendar pictures, and a miscellany of valentines, postcards, Christmas cards, and photographs in groups gave evidence of the native hunger for the expression of beauty in some form. To this a gramophone on a table in one corner whose first record roll, picked up at random, was titled "Mayflower Polka" also testified, together with geranium slips rooting strongly in tomato cans in the south window.

Presently arrived Mr. Johnson, a bearded fair man of middle height, compactly built, with the brow and eyes of a student and poet, coupled with the reserved resource of the plainsman. His local soubriquet, "Snowshoe" Johnson, is derived from his having been the champion ski-runner and snowshoe walker of the district for successive winters.

Some mail arrived from the Grayling postoffice a mile west.

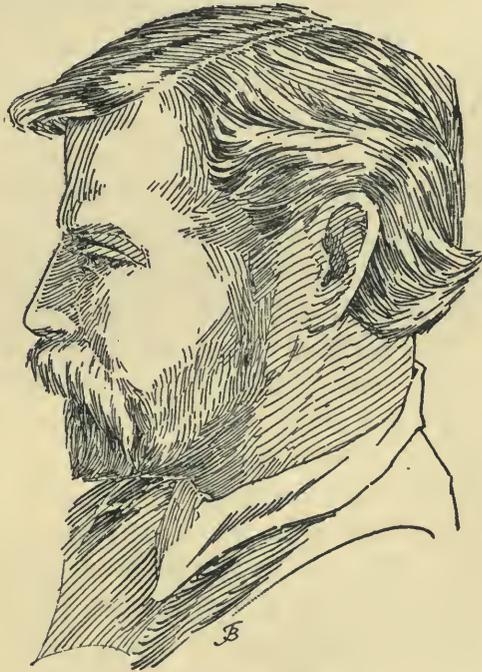
And with thankful weariness the travelers went to bed, on real mattresses, and between sheets, William choosing the artist for a bunk-mate, on the ground of his being a quiet sleeper.

THREE QUIET DAYS

Wednesday the seventh.

At breakfast this morning the artist commented to Mr. Johnson on the excellence of the Shakespeare he had handled the evening before, and found he had touched a match to a mine. Comment, quotation and counter quotation, appreciation of characters, and anecdotes of great players were exchanged from the ends of the table, with a reciprocal pleasure and something to the tolerant amusement of those who listened to the Shakespeare fans' diversion.

On this bleak hillside lives this man, face to face each day with the stern necessity of merely living, on ground so high that little save prairie hay may be raised during a growing season a little over eight weeks long; hardened with toil and exposure to weather whose grim bitterness in winter can be but faintly imagined by the city dweller in a heated flat; remote from any town—his nearest railway point thirteen miles away—and a train there during seven months of the year only; his neighbors, a mile on either side, too engrossed, as himself, with the daily work of living to have time or inclination for the cultivation of a kindred taste. In this mental and physical isolation, amid the hardships and unending daily toil of the pioneer ranchman, he has found opportunity to make himself a scholar of the great dramatist, whose direct and familiar acquaintance with and



"Snowshoe" Johnson

appreciation of his finenesses might shame many a professor of literature.

Fred, detailed by the colonel, was away early into the hills through which we came yesterday, to aid in the search for the missing man. Jay and William followed, intent on both man and elk hunting, as also Art and Counter still later.

This was a gloriously clear day, warm at mid-day, the hillside clay under the sun and melting snow, which at this lower level was not more than three inches deep, developing a quality of slip and slide of the *nth* degree of lubricity. Though he would rather have been without doors the artist bound himself to his conceived duty, that of record of the sunset splendor, quietly glowing in gold over a violet snow plain, observed the evening before.

The evening of this day was no less splendid, and the play of rose light on the shoulders and bosses of the hills to the south-east, their hollows toned with pure cobalt, under a goldenly green sky, on whose lower border piled low, rose-glowing cumulus clouds, beneath long streamers of violet-gray cirrus, was unspeakably beautiful, viewed from the hillside above the house. The band of distant firs next succeeding the hills toward the foreground, showed in the evening light a deep greenish blue. Next them lay a broad strip of sage, luminously green gray, almost as the sky, but of a deeper tone. Then came a broad band of willow bush marking the course of the hidden stream, deep red violet, with a hint of orange here and there. Immediately below lay a patch of snow-covered prairie, pale orange gold in the last sun, with the long-lying shadows of a near haystack clear violet upon it, changing as the sun left it to pale blue violet, as the rose light mentioned came upon the hills far beyond. In the extreme east, lay a low, long bank of cumulus clouds in rose and violet, and in the west, floating bars of brilliant gold in a green-gold sky above the violet blue bulk of the mountains made one to feel the futility of words.

A boulder upon the hillside, its sides embroidered with the lichen that had wrought its slow patterning a thousand centuries before man ever set foot in this valley—in looking upon it, its sides riven with the slow process of summer heat, fall rain and

winter frost through a lapse of time that baffled one's attempt to grasp: what was it but a document of the very beginning of things, that made man's pride in his history-recorded antiquities a foolish and a childish thing.

Just after sundown a blue heron settled in the creek a hundred yards from the house door. Through field glasses he was observed to lay his head sideways to the water, well below his shoulders. After half a minute he struck, sideways, his head traveling to the water on a slight incline, almost horizontally. Four times he was observed to strike, and not once with a direct up and down blow, always sideways, from an almost horizontal position of the head just above the water.

At sundown Art and Counter returned reporting no luck. Shortly after came William and Jay. William had had the felicity to observe a band of cow elks and calves, clear against the sky upon a high ridge, for some minutes; a pretty sight, and one that stirred his innate love of animals to the utmost. They had found any number of bull tracks, but, desirous of obtaining an extra large head, had chosen only the very largest, and had made a long and difficult trail, confident of obtaining the boss elk head of the range. Suddenly to their disgust the trail went clear between a couple of young firs, barely three feet apart, and their barks were unscratched. No animal with a spread of horns worth bothering about was going through that gap, for all the size of his feet. So there the chase was abandoned.

After dark arrived Fred, from a long day's search for the missing man. Fred had found his trail, some thirty-six hours old—as nearly as could be judged, this side of Tepee. He had lain down, and had his gun with him, for the print of it was observed in the snow where he had rested. He was chewing tobacco—had built no fire, which argued he had no matches, and was taking short steps, which indicated exhaustion. The approach of darkness put an end to the search to be taken up again on the morrow.

Newspapers and mail were brought in from Grayling post-office by Mr. Johnson—the newest Chicago paper a week old—and from Salt Lake City three days old. Everybody went to bed early, with the weather clouding up outside.

Thursday the eighth.

Fred was away early into the hills to the north to again take up the search for the missing man. William and Jay followed him shortly, still intent on elk.

During the forenoon, the carcass of a large cow elk was brought in by "Snowshoe," and butchered for the winter meat supply. It appears that the salting and drying of elk meat for this purpose is a regular practice of many ranchers in this part of the country.

There was a semi-clear sky at sundown, with a lovely pile of cumulus clouds on the southern horizon, and a great deal of snow gone from the warmth of mid-day, a prospect of cloud and perhaps snow on the morrow.

Some hours after supper William and Jay came in, having ridden and trailed about thirty miles in the day, on a tremendous track, which darkness compelled them to abandon within a mile of our Tepee camp, as the animal was traveling, not stopping to feed. Any number of minor chances presented themselves, but as William expressed it: "I don't want to kill another bull, merely for the sake of killing him: but only if he has a bigger head than the one I have." Fred met them at the cabin just as they left, with no news of the missing man, and proposing to stay there all night.

This evening the gathering at the Johnson ranch received a notable addition in the person of Mr. Benjamin Franklin Frohman, of Dillon, Montana, specifically, and of the West in general since 1864, in which year he crossed the plains in an emigrant train of sixty-six wagons. A man of height, weight and presence; with a faintly grizzling brown beard and mustache, a heavy shock of still black hair gives the lie to his confessed sixty-seven years. "Ben" as by now he is familiarly called by all the party, is a living witness to the health and youth conserving power of an active life without-doors in the West. An Indian fighter of repute, claiming thirty-seven scalps, and hoping to get a few more before he quits, his point of view toward the primitive people of the plains is essentially that of a man personally witness to acts of cold-blooded treachery and cruelty on their part to those who had benefited them, and who has himself been compelled to defense against attack unprovoked. To such a man the larger ethical aspects of

the case, the probability that the Indian, offended by one white man, childlike, thereafter conceives all whites his natural enemy, and his quite human resentment of the usurpation of his hunting grounds by a strange people, do not exist. By his own account, scout and fighter in several Indian wars, witness of every refinement of aboriginal cruelty, Mr. Frohman was emphatic in confirmation of the old aphorism of the plains, that "the only good Injun is a dead one," and to him the slaughter of an Indian was of less consequence than the killing of a partridge. Passing over the stated inference, drawn from his own remarks, that the Indian was not to be considered a human being at all, Mr. Frohman frankly could not account for the fact that the Canadian Government had had no such trouble with its Indians as had the United States, and that the history of settlement in the Canadian west showed no such record of massacres



"Ben"

and uprisings as did the western states. To the statement that entire communities in Canada were of Indian nationality, farming, operating factories, electing town officers and voting at parliamentary elections, taking the responsibility of citizenship as fully as their white neighbors, he responded: "There must have been some white blood in them."

Mr. Frohman, with a companion, a dentist with a taste for hunting, had just come down from the hills with his winter supply of elk meat, the hindquarters of one carcass in which weighed two hundred and fifty pounds, and the forequarters thickly lined with the whitest and purest fat, hard and firm. "Just over the first joint above the knee, and three inches forward, and you'll get

the heart of an elk every time" was his statement of the aiming point for the elk hunter. He was proud to say that hunter though he was, he had never killed merely for the sports' sake. He had never wasted a pound of meat—fish, flesh, or fowl.

"Why, one time I killed as many as sixteen elk in one day up in the hills here; but I used every one of them. I sold four hundred and eighty dollars worth that season at from seventeen to twenty-five cents a pound, and the rest I shipped to friends in want of meat.

"No, you can't tell anything about an elk's age from the spikes on his horns after the fourth or fifth year. I've known an elk in captivity over twenty-five years that had not more than six spikes on his horns.

"Prairie antelope? I've seen as many as from fifteen hundred to two thousand in a bunch, but I doubt now if you would see more than five in a bunch. They are getting scarce. Yes, some of them may have been killed wastefully, but I reckon the settlement of the country drove them up into the hills, and as the antelope is a prairie animal, in the deep snow of the timber, they can't get food freely, and of course a great many must have been starved out. They shed the outer covering of the horns, but the bony core is permanent."

Handing out a couple of small soft-nosed shells, he commented: "Thirty-five—thirty-five. The old large caliber rifles are mostly on the scrapheap. I shot that cow to-day with this small gun. The bullet where it entered made a hole you couldn't see, but it struck a bone, and mushroomed, and where it came out you could put your three fingers in. She didn't go further than from here to the door before she laid down. And now they tell me there's a twenty-two that shoots a mile. Good at a thousand yards, they say. I hear a lot of sportsmen talking about these long range high power rifles. But back here in Idaho, in the last twenty-five years, I've seen more deer killed at a hundred yards and under than over—three times as many more. My own gun is safe up to four hundred yards—I'm certain of it up to that range. And I don't ever have occasion to use it that far. That cow I killed to-day was got at thirty-five paces. I counted 'em when I went over—just a hundred and five feet I made it, or a little under. No, you don't usually get a sight in timber much over a hundred yards, though you may of course get a long shot at one clear on

the sky line, on a hill or something like that, but that don't come often enough to cut any ice."

Friday the ninth.

In spite of light snow following a rose and gray sunrise, William and Jay, optimistic and persistent, were again away at the morning's earliest infancy, still intent upon the big head. Art and Counter also, Art cheerfully and contagiously hopeful, shortly followed them on the same quest.

Shortly before sundown the quartette returned, with a report of "nothing doing." Later in the evening William expressed his conviction, contemplating his score against Arthur in their sempiternal amusement, that the chief reason for his being unlucky in the hunt for the big head lay in his particularly good luck at cards. As two bodies could not occupy the same position in space at one time, by analogous reasoning it clearly followed that a man could not expect to be lucky in two things at the one time. A philosophic piece of comfort.

From Peter Kerzenmacher at Grayling in the late afternoon it was learned that the missing man had been found this morning, living, but in a state of utter exhaustion, and delirious, something like forty miles from the point where he was missed. He was being cared for under shelter, and would be brought into camp at Grayling to-morrow.*

Mr. Ben Frohman this evening made some comments on gambling, speaking from the standpoint of one who had run a gambling game for twenty-five years.

"I think gambling should be legalized and open. If it's open, it's got to be on the square, which it just naturally can't be behind closed doors. Now they's a law prohibiting gambling but here they let these horse races, poolrooms and bucket shops go right along, and they're worse, for on a horse race a man ain't got a chance in the world to win—they's so many ways of fixing a horse; but on a square gambling game he anyway gets an even break for his money. Yes sir, I reckon I would rather take a chance on a faro game or a dog fight than on a horse race. If I ever bet on a

*It was later learned that this was a false report. Up to the time the party left the Johnson ranch, no trace whatever had been found of the missing man, and as the snow was deep in the hills and more coming, it was not likely that any trace would be found, if at all, till spring. The writer is informed that this is the third man lost in three successive years in the same section, which fact gives a strong emphasis to the caution given him by William in an earlier chapter.

horse race, it'll be on my own horse, and he'll run for blood. No, I don't recognize that there's any moral principle at all involved in a gamble. If I've got a hundred dollars, and you've got a hundred dollars, and I like to put my hundred against yours that I kin play a game better'n you can, I reckon that ain't any one else's business but ours. Yes, I think gambling should be made legal for anyone who wants to buck the game and can afford it. They's a lot of rich men around that don't know anything else to do with their money, and it gets a lot of money in circulation that otherways would never move. The man who has a family dependent on him and who can't afford to, and for their sakes shouldn't gamble, should be punished. The single man who ain't responsible to no one but himself, he should be permitted, and when he's broke, let him go to work again.

"I ain't been in a church for thirty years, and then I was pall bearer at the funeral of a friend who had a misunderstanding with a deputy sheriff. There was a church started in Dillon long before that, and the hat was passed for contributions for the building, and they came to me and the other game keepers, and we all put up—and we wasn't mean about it. When the church was finished and the preacher started business—Methodist it was—my wife wanted to go one night, and I went with her. And there was a lot of the other men that with me had put up for it in there too. And the preacher preached straight at us as gamblers and publicans, and damned us so far into hell we have never got out of it, and after he'd taken our money too. Now, wasn't that enough to make any man quit?"

"Look here, Ben" the artist wanted to know; "would you consider it sportsmanlike to bet on a sure thing?"

"I don't know about its being sportsmanlike," responded Ben; "but I'd reckon it darn good judgment."

"But, say," persisted the artist; "would you reckon that a gamble?"

"Why not?"

"If you're betting on a dead sure thing, there is no element of chance in the proposition; and when you don't take a chance, it isn't a gamble."

"Oh, yes it is," concluded Ben. "I never knew a thing so sure yet, but a man could slip up on it some way or other."

A little later, Mr. Frohman made a series of statements that may be commended to the serious consideration of ambitious sports who may entertain any idea of "breaking the bank" in the "square gambling game" mentioned earlier by the same gentleman.

"You prided yourself on running a straight game?" he was asked.

"No. It wasn't a straight game," frankly responded Mr. Frohman. "It couldn't be."

"Give me a little more information, Ben?" requested his interlocutor.

"Well, you see, if you're running a game—keeping a bank—you've got to pay rent, and porter hire, janitor service, pay the case keeper and the lookout, your own salary, and square the police, and pay interest on the capital invested. And if you're going to pay all those running expenses, outside of getting anything for yourself, you've got to have a percentage in favor of the bank, and a good big one, or you can't stay in business. That's why there ain't no such thing as a straight game. There can't be. Gambling's a business, and the man keeping the bank has to make his profit on it the same as any other man in business; and that's why there can't be any such thing as a straight game."

To-morrow, the tenth, the camp moves to Yellowstone, to await the good pleasure of the more or less uncertain train expected to leave on the eleventh—at eleven in the morning, or six in the evening. There is an unconfirmed rumor that it has been known to leave at eleven a. m. but nobody seems to think the possibility of its leaving at all enough of a sporting chance to make a bet on.

AN INTERLUDE

Saturday the tenth.

This day the party came into Yellowstone in a heavy hail storm, that lasted nearly all the way in. William and Jay departed first under a half clear sky, riding south, and round by Horse Butte on the chance of scaring up the big head. The storm broke after Art and the artist, under convoy of Counter, were some three miles or so on the way. The forerunners were found awaiting the latter three at the Madison Hotel on arrival at Yellowstone, in the evening, they having given up the idea of hunting as soon as the storm broke, and pushed full speed for Yellowstone. Fred drove in the wagon with the heavy trunks and camp impedimenta.

At the Madison was a company of hunters, fishers, ranchmen and packers, about a dozen in number including our own party. A comfortable log building, with access to the bedrooms obtained from a gallery running round three sides of the central hall, it was a most acceptable haven for the evening, aided by a comfortably warm box stove, cards, and a piano, lightly and tentatively fingered by the artist in various fragments of church music, chants, and a reminiscence of classical balladry. A gramophone on the center table was tended by Miss Stevens, school teacher, a spectacled, curly haired Montana girl, with ambitions of a university course and newspaper work subsequently; coupled with a yearning for European travel. Under her ministration the evening was enlivened by a continual succession of vocal solos, arias, and duets from the great continental operas. Talk of cattle, hunting, and fishing, mingled with some typical western stories floated about meanwhile. And when bedtime came, William and the artist bunking together: "A-a-ah" yawned the artist, recreant to all the traditions of the Red Gods, as he comfortably disposed himself for repose upon a spring mattress with a crisp pillow beneath his head, "This is comfort." And then came the kindly sleep that, vide the immortal Sancho, "covers one all over like a cloak."

Sunday the eleventh.

"Well, William," yawned the artist after lying awake for an hour, "I guess we might as well get up. There doesn't seem anything else we can do." Subsequently retailing this to Art at breakfast the Rabelaisian William put the emphasis on the "we."

Venison and bear steak for breakfast. Venison for dinner the evening before strengthened the artist's conviction, expressed to Jay, that he wouldn't be able to look a deer in the face for the next seventeen years. Then followed repacking of grips, changing of clothes, and various light employments in preparation for the expected train, which might or might not come at eleven or two, or any other time God might please to send it.

At dinner announcement was made of the train's arrival at two o'clock, interpreted by the wise ones as meaning somewhere about six if it didn't break down on the way across the divide. At last came the train, at half past three. Then followed the business of personally checking baggage, and negotiations for a ticket for the artist to Ogden, the other two men going on to Seattle via Idaho Falls and Spokane, and the trio got aboard. And while the two older travelers, wise in past experience, peacefully continued the game that goes on forever, and the artist by turns roved up and down the car and slept, the engine played pussy-wants-a-corner with sundry freight cars and the one passenger and baggage car around the freight yard for the next two hours.

The peculiar isolation of the handful of dwellers in Yellowstone, the tourist season closed, is well covered by the statement that after to-day there are only two trains more, on the 18th and 25th of October, on which last date the station agent comes out. After that there is no railroad communication with the outer world until some time in May, when the snow leaves the mountain passes sufficiently to permit traffic. The local general store carries in its warehouse a six or seven months' stock of the standard necessities and sundries of the district for the winter.

At nearly half past five the train made a start for Ashton, some sixty miles south, over the continental divide. At eight o'clock this evening after a supper of canned pork and beans, and cheese on crackers, washed down with strong liquors and

water, some distance south of Ray's pass (the crest of the divide), the engineer pushed a couple of flat cars off the track on a side switch. All freight and passenger business was promptly abandoned. The train crew turned itself into an impromptu wrecking crew. For the next hour and a quarter, while passengers yawned and queried, slept or talked, or played cards, as did William and Art, all unmindful of mundane exigencies without the warm, comfortable and smoky baggage car, the train crew worked to restore the errant cars to their straight and narrow way.

Here's a helva clamor of iron upon iron as this is written, made by the chains, bars, slip-ups and other wrecking apparatus, being again loaded into the baggage car. Train hands in sleet dripping waterproofs and hats clamber aboard, a welcome promise of being again upon our way. They slap their gloves, they gather about the stove, they stack their lanterns. Some one laughs. Through the open baggage car door, over my left shoulder I see a lantern swinging. The engine hoots—far off—for it is a long freight train with the baggage and passenger coach at the end. We start and everybody looks pleased and speaks cheerfully.

Men gather at the baggage car door and vainly peer into the pitchy depths of a sheer walled thousand foot cleft, along whose brink the train runs for a number of miles, and whose invisible river is faintly heard from the void above the rattle of the train, recalling Kipling's Song of the Banjo.

“Through the gorge that gives the stars at noonday clear;
Up the pass that packs the scud beneath the wheel.
Round the bluff that sinks her thousand fathom sheer.
Down the valley with the guttering brakes a-squeal;
Where the trestle groans and quivers in the snow,
And the many shedded levels loop and twine:
So I lead my reckless children from below
To sing the song of Roland to the pine

*With my tink-a-tink-a-tink-a-tink-a-tink-a-tink-a-tink,
Till the ax has cleared the mountain, croup and crest;
And we ride the iron stallions down to drink
Through the canyons to the waters of the west.”*

It is ten-thirty-five. The train is fifteen miles from Ashton. In five hours it has come forty-five miles. If we do not strike another car off the track we will be there a little before

midnight. The train from Ashton leaves at seven-fifteen in the morning. We meditate on the prospects of supper and sleep.

"Ashton." Thus the brakeman.

William commands the situation; "I am going to beat it for the hotel. I know where it is. There's a crowd on the train and they'll all be wanting rooms. You and Art take your time and bring along the baggage. I'll have the room for you." It was so done.

The baggage was deposited at the hotel, startlingly bright with light, and wide awake at the deserted midnight of a small mountain town. Then, with William still with a generals' grasp upon all phases of the situation, we walked up one side of the main street and down the other in confident quest of supper. The street is wide and muddy. The buildings are mostly one story frame store types. There is the inevitable postcard-photograph foundry and a shooting gallery. A cloudy sky is overhead, there is a warm air, and a star or two is visible under the far edge of the clouds.

At a half lighted window we stopped. At the far end of a lunch counter, in a greasily smoky atmosphere, was a group of fellow travelers in impassioned negotiation with a sleepy but polite Jap in undershirt and trousers. His day was ended. He was politely averse to reopening for business at dead midnight. A dozen hungry men argued and displayed money in vain. William came quietly into the group and fixed the impassively polite gentleman of the orient with a persuasive eye. He pulled forward Art and the artist, and pointing to them held up three fingers and comprehended the rest of the famished gathering within a sweep of his hand that terminated with a half seen swift gesture that made one search memory as to just where had that been seen before. What freemasonry lay between them is unknown. Whatever understanding passed, it was sufficient. The Jap's face lighted with a recognitory gleam. He bowed: "The honorable gentlemen should be fed without delay, at a most estimable speed. The honorable pot should boil, the distinguished T Bone should fry. In half the honorable hour."

"How do you reckon he does it, Art?" queried the artist, in the interim before the accomplishment of the meal.

"Search me, but people do do things for Bill, don't they? I reckon he must own that Jap. Anyhow, lets be thankful we're with him."

"He's put it on a cold plate" commented the artist, some-time later, contemplating a T-bone steak set before him.

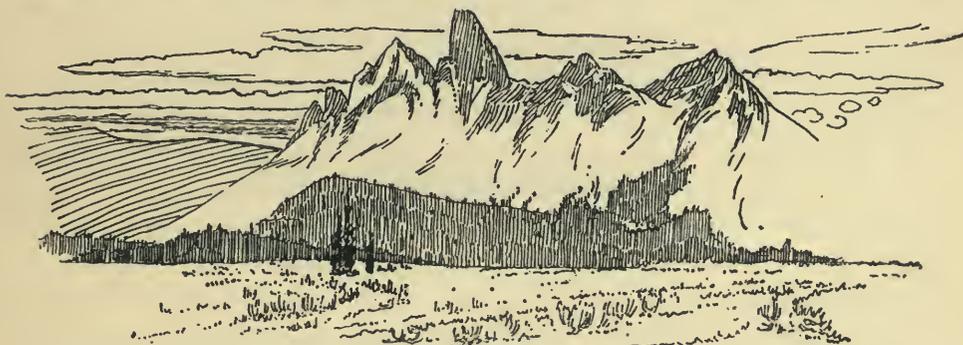
"Don't holler," sternly rebuked Bill "You ought to be blanked thankful you're getting anything at all to eat any way at all, after the whole outfit's gone to bed. That Jap didn't want to feed anybody. Jim's getting fussy, coming out from camp." he went on, addressing Art: "Up at the hotel just now, when we took our bags up to our room, he went sniffing around with his nose in the air, and put up a roar because the windows hadn't been opened since the last traveler slept there day before yesterday. And that when he didn't know if he was going to sleep at all to-night. Camp life isn't a good thing for Jimmy. It's too luxurious—makes him too soft to buck the hardships of the return to civilization."

We ate. We slept.

FAREWELL TO THE MOUNTAINS

Monday the twelfth.

Probably the most impressive thing the early morning stroller may see from Ashton is the Fingers, the three great up-standing peaks of the Teton range, that before breakfast, in October one may see dark against the sunrise. They rise from the plain with a dominant abruptness. One feels their height, and by the darkness of the soaring points above the snowfields of the lower slopes, the sheer precipitousness of their sides. The



The "Fingers" from Ashton

highest point, presenting on one side a dead vertical line, and on the other an abrupt descent, dominates its fellows and the plain about with a stern majesty that holds long in memory.

Waiting for the train, a man from Pocatello who had been observed to get on at Yellowstone with a creel, apparently weighty, mentioned to the artist having taken Loch Leven trout of four and one-half pounds, and rainbow trout of six pounds on the main stream of the Madison. Then, perceiving the artist's occupation, came the inevitable question. Almost invariably people speaking to an artist during the first few minutes after meeting him as such, ask him if he knows such and such another one, probably in their home town, very celebrated for painting sheep, flowers, or dead poultry, or they tell him of a maiden aunt who is inexpressibly clever at watercolor.

From Ashton to Pocatello was observed a pleasant farming country, lying in mountain-bounded, level-floored valleys. For

some distance before reaching Blackfoot, Idaho, the train ran through the reservation of the Idaho Blackfoot Indians, whose farm lands with their dwellings showed a good deal of care and thrift.

A bunch of tribesmen got on the train at Blackfoot, and promptly congregated by themselves at the forward end of the car. The artist, having some slight acquaintance with the Chinook dialect, which at one time formed a universal language over the northwest quarter of the continent, went forward, and tried to open communication. With Indian taciturnity they refused response.

"The moments fly
And the hour is nigh
When thou and I must part,
My dear,
When thou and I must part."

So sang the artist.

"I'm sorry," remarked Art to the artist, "my right side is going to feel pretty darn lonesome." The artist, throughout the expedition had at meals sat at Art's right hand.

"Pocatello!"

"Good-bye, Jimmy. Tell 'em in Chicago we'll be home on the twenty-second. You change at Ogden, and pick up the Los Angeles limited for home if you can."

And hence, William and Arthur going on to Spokane and Seattle, the artist journeyed alone through the Idaho valleys. Below Pocatello came a splendid succession of mountain ranges, floating blue in the Indian summer air, across distant benches of hay land and sage. Asters were still in bloom, and willows and cottonwoods in full leaf below Pocatello. At Cache Creek, 4,425 feet above sea level, and forty-nine miles from Ogden, stray butterflies were still on the wing.

A young Kentuckian, from Cumberland Gap, dropping into the artist's seat, entertained him for a few miles with a tale of his courtship of a belle of the district, known locally as the Queen of the Cumberland Mountains. With circumstantiality of detail it was set forth how other suitors had tried to run him out of the country, with various pot shots from behind fences and rocks. And further, how one evening he had gone calling upon the queen

of his affections with a Colt seven shot automatic pistol under his arm, and a Winchester sixteen shot rifle as a staff. He was bombarded from the darkness as he left the girl's front gate, dropped behind a provident rock and answered in the general direction of the fusillade. The engagement lasted for twenty matter-of-fact minutes. He failed to specify casualties, if any, or if he eventually married the lady. His main convictions were that it was a manly thing to carry arms, and that everybody who held a job better than his own in the railroad service (he was a freight clerk when he was working) did so by power of pull and favoritism, the actual work of the position being done by the men below. He gave this astonishing parting dictum to the artist: "If you ever go to Kentucky, you want to go armed. A man feels quite good with a pistol on his hip or under his arm."

The orchards of Salt Lake valley show apples hanging like jewels among the foliage. The traveler is impressed with the orderly, gardened, and kept appearance of it all. It is a thrifty smiling land, eloquent of industry and prosperity. Everywhere is the Lombardy poplar, in rows and groups. Every dwelling and dooryard is sentineled by them, and with them are most noble groves of cottonwoods, yet in the green of summer. The Colorado magpie is frequently seen, and flocks of other wild birds rise continually to the train's passing. The gray hillsides, hazy in Indian summer, show the aspen and willow groves in bright gold and orange.

At Baker's were great flats covered with water. The mountains distant in the west sweep to their heights above the flats in a blue and still splendor.

At Brigham, 4,310 feet, twenty-one miles from Ogden, the orchards are heavily loaded with red apples. The peaks of the Wasatch range here rise sheerly from the fruitful plain to snow capped summits. Their sides show a pale coppery red, with the hollows in a luminous blue shadow. There is no vegetation upon them, save aspen and cottonwood, but they are beautiful in their bareness. In the south, the sun being in the west, the mountains show the same copper red, but seen through a blue haze of atmosphere.

Winter has been left behind at Yellowstone, and one has come down into summer in the Salt Lake plain. The grass is goldenly

withered, the sunflowers and cat tails have seeded, the crops have been carried, the fruit, red-ripe, hangs heavy on the trees, but summer still lingers.

At Ogden, the Los Angeles limited, bound east, was picked up on time, the traveler merely walking across a track from one train to the other.

After leaving Ogden came a succession of fresh splendors. Vista on vista of ranges behind ranges, the eastern faces of the mountains above the valley blazing with the reddening evening light, the near foreground bluely luminous in shadow, the western shoulders and crags, crowning in some heaven-piercing point, in violet silhouette against the light-flooded western heaven, and the far off distance at the end of the pass float-



The last glimpse

ing in a golden haze. On the observation platform the departing sojourner sat, and looked upon the parting splendor, and made farewell to the mountains, with a fresh and growing thankfulness for the kindly fellowship, the appreciative care and sympathetic friendliness of "Art" and of "Bill," whose guest the artist was, whose debtor he is.

