

BEAR HUNTING AS A SPORT FOR WOMEN

INTEREST IN THIS DANGEROUS RECREATION ON THE INCREASE IN COLORADO



A DIANA OF THE BEAR COUNTRY

DENVER, Colo., April 25.—(Special Correspondence of The Sunday Oregonian.)—A young girl clattered into the Colorado resort of Glenwood Springs a few weeks ago, leading a pack horse, across the back of which was tied the body of a huge black bear.

The girl was trim of figure and handsome of face. Her cheeks were tanned by the Colorado sun and wind, but the flush of excitement shone through as she turned her face triumphantly toward her friends on the porch of the big hotel. Her hunting costume was perfection, and her divided skirts allowed her to swing easily and gracefully out of the saddle. A silver-mounted Winchester reposed in its scabbard on one side of her bronco, and the cartridge belt at the girl's waist was armed with brass and leaden messengers of death. At one side the belt sagged with the weight of a heavy revolver of Colt pattern—the smaller weapon being powerful enough to carry death to almost any animal at close quarters.

As for the bear, he was as dead as the proverbial doornail. Two guides, who rode up as the hotel guests began to crowd about the girl and the game, proudly pointed out a dull brown spot on the fur, right over the heart. The spot had once been blood red, but the dust of the road had dulled its color. It served to show where a bullet from the silver-mounted Winchester had entered the bear's immense body, however, and the crowd looked eagerly and then began to ply the girl with questions. But the modern Diana merely laughed as she tripped into the hotel.

"This was the easiest to kill out of the whole six," she said. "I'm going to get another tomorrow, as we saw some fine tracks today. I'm going to telegraph to papa to come right out while the hunting is so good."

One Out of Many.

This young Artemisia, with her modern implements of destruction and her retinue of guides and her pack of bear hounds, was only one out of many Eastern women who have turned to bear-hunting in the Rocky Mountains as the most fascinating and health-giving of sports. Before the advent of the "athletic girl" women hunters of big game were almost unknown in the Rocky Mountains. But today they are to be seen in constantly increasing numbers. Society women from the East, whose health has been impaired by too great a devotion to social duties, or whose lungs are so weak as to necessitate the seeking of pure air, have resorted to the glamor of the chase, and unite with President Roosevelt in declaring bear-hunting "bully." In this sport they have found something more than golf and tennis and other conventional forms of pleasure. The long rides over rough mountain trails serve to put the glow of health into pale cheeks, and the satisfaction that comes with putting a fatal bullet into a huge bear that is standing at bay is something that only the sportswoman herself can realize.

It is at Glenwood Springs that one

can find most of these fair followers of the bear dogs. Glenwood is the most fashionable resort of Colorado. It is more exclusive than Manitou, for the reason that it is rather off the beaten path of tourist travel. A few hours' riding from Denver on the Denver & Rio Grande, through the most wonderful mountain scenery in the world, lands one at Glenwood, in the valley of the Grand River. There is a magnificent hotel here, and the largest and finest hot spring in the world, affording bathing in a great pool. Winter and summer. Here it is that the most exclusive of health and pleasure-seekers from the East gather, and here it is that the ladies of the bear pelts are to be found.

Talk With a Guide.

It is to "Steve" Baxter, of Glenwood, that the huntresses turn when they wish to be initiated into the mysteries of bear-hunting. "Steve" has been guide and hunter in the Rocky Mountains for 15 years and he has the best bear outfit in the State of Colorado. He has a pack of 10 trained dogs, every one of them skilled at the game of following the grizzly or black bear and bringing it at bay. "Steve" knows every foot of the mountains in the big game country around Glenwood Springs, and he has guided

many famous men who have turned to the Rockies for recreation. He is a dead shot, and is familiar with every sign of the trail, and is a master of every detail of camp life and life on the trail. Under his direction many adventure-loving young women have gone forth and slain their first bear.

This veteran guide is a great believer in hunting—especially bear-hunting—for women. "There's nothing like it to bring a woman back to health and strength," said "Steve" the other day after coming in with a successful party. "Of course, a woman must have a fair amount of strength to start with, and she must be a good horseback rider and a good shot. Bears don't always choose the easiest road to travel when the dogs get after them, and there is bound to be lots of rough riding before a young woman will get a chance to kill the game. Of course, either one of my assistants or myself will be on the ground all the time to see that nothing happens, but when a girl sets out to kill a bear she likes to do the killing herself—that is if she's got any grit."

Two Successful Dianans.

"I think the best bear-hunters I ever took out were two young ladies who killed two bears with me last year. They

were Miss Martha Bowers, of New York, and Miss Mary Curtis, of Boston. Miss Bowers killed the first bear and Miss Curtis the second. We had a fine chase for the bears. I had 18 dogs after the bears and we could see the game and all the dogs for about two hours before the game was finally treed. The girls rode up and killed the bears just as unscathed as any man would have been. They are the best horseback riders and the best rifle shots I ever saw, for women, and they rode up with me all the time on the chase. Sometimes they had to leap their broncos across logs four feet high, as the bears took across rough country. Of course, they were delighted with their experience, and they are coming back this year, with the rest of their party, and spend six weeks in the bear country."

Hardly a week passes at Glenwood that some distinguished party, including women, does not take to the bear trail. Recently a party including J. B. French, president of the Railway Steel Spring Company, of New York; E. T. Hansen, secretary to the president of the New York Central, and J. F. Devereux, Miss H. K. Devereux, Miss Allen Devereux and Miss Bessie Smith, of Cleveland, returned with a fine bear skin, the bear

having been killed by the ladies in the party.

Eastern women do not monopolize this exciting sport, however. Among Western women who hunt all kinds of big game is Mrs. Nellie Bennett, a skilled trap-shooter and an expert rifle shot. Mrs. Bennett, who is connected with a Western sportsman's magazine, is familiar with all the details of bear-hunting and the hunting of smaller game. She has shot in trap-shooting competitions, and has made an admirable record against some of the best shotgun experts in the country. Her aim with the rifle is unerring and she has killed many bears, both black and grizzlies. Mrs. Bennett, like all other women who try hunting as a recreation, declares there is nothing like

John Helford, Asst. Guide, Miss Martha Bowers, of New York, Miss Mary Curtis, of Boston, Steve Baxter, Guide, Miss Livingstone, Al Thompson, Asst. Guide, shooting pelts of bears killed by women.

being killed by the ladies in the party.

Each year sees an increased number of



TEVE BAXTER, FATHER'S GUIDE OF GLENWOOD SPRINGS



DRESSED FOR BIG GAME HUNTING IN COLORADO



BEAR AND CUBS LAID OUT BY A HUNTRESS

PECK'S BAD BOY TRAVELING IN FOREIGN LANDS

FINDS GERMANY VERY MUCH LIKE MILWAUKEE & PLAYS MUMBLETY-PEG WITH THE GERMAN PRINCE

(By Hon. George W. Peck, ex-Governor of Wisconsin, former editor of Peck's Bad Boy, etc. Copyright, 1905, by Joseph H. Bowers.)

BERLIN, Germany.—My Dear Old Pummernickel: Now we have got pretty near home, and you would enjoy it to be with us, because you couldn't tell this town from Milwaukee, except the military precision with which everything is conducted, where you never take a glass of beer without cracking your heels together like a soldier, and giving a military salute to the bartender, who is the commander-in-chief of all who happen to patronize his bar. Everybody here acts like he was at a picnic in the woods, with a large barrel of beer with perspiration oozing down the outside, and a splint of the largest size, which fills a schooner at one turn of the wrist, and every man either smiles or laughs out loud, and you feel as though there was happiness everywhere, and that heaven was right here in this greatest German city. There is laughter everywhere, except when the Emperor drives by, escorted by his bodyguard, on the finest horses in the world, then every citizen on the street stops smiling and laughing, all stand at attention, and every face takes on a solemn, patriotic, almost a fighting look, as though each man would consider it his happiest duty and pleasure to walk right up to the mouth of cannon and die in its tracks for his palefaced, haggard and loved Emperor. And the Emperor never smiles on his subjects in the world, then every street with an expression of agony on his face, but a proud light in his eyes, as though he would say, "Ach, Gott, but they are daisies, and they would fight

for the fatherland with the last breath in their bodies."

The pride of the people in that mustached young man, with the look of suffering, is only equaled by the pride of the Emperor in every German in Germany, or anywhere on the face of the globe. There is none of the "Hello, Bill," such as we have in America, when the President drives through his people; many of them yell "Hello, Teddy," while he shows his teeth and laughs and stands up in his carriage, and says "Hello, Mike," as he recognizes an acquaintance. But these same "Hello Bill!" Americans are probably just as loyal to their chief, wherever he may be, and would fight as hard as the loving Germans would for their hereditary Emperor.

I suppose there is somebody working in Berlin, but it seems to me that the whole population, so far as can be seen, is bent on enjoying every minute, walking the streets, in good clothes, giving military salutes, and drinking beer between meals, and talking about what the Germans would do to an enemy if the ever-present chip on the shoulder should be knocked off, even accidentally. But they all seem to love America, and when we registered at the hotel from Milwaukee, Wis., U. S. A., citizens began to gather around us and ask about relatives at home. They seem to think that every German who has settled in Milwaukee owns a brewery, and that all are rich, and that some day they will come back to Germany and spend the money and fight for the Emperor.

They knew how many Germans in America were unfamiliar with the makeup of the German flag, and that they only see it occasionally, when some celebration of German days takes place.

Well, when I saw the German Emperor drive down the great street and get a look at his face, he said: "Hennery, I have got to see that young man and advise him to go and consult a doctor," and so we made arrangements to go to the palace and see the Emperor and his son, the Crown Prince, who will be long take the empire on his shoulders if William is as sick as he looks. You don't have to hire any masquerade clothes to call on the Emperor of Germany, like you do when you visit royalty in Turkey and Egypt, for a good frock coat and a silk hat will take you anywhere in the daytime, and a swallow-tail is legal tender at night, so I did put on his frock coat and silk hat, just as he would go and attend an afternoon wedding at home, and we were ushered into a regular parlor, where the Emperor was having fun with his children and the Empress was doing some needlework.

Dad supposed we would have to talk to the Emperor and the Prince through an interpreter, and we stood there waiting for some one to break the ice, when some one told the Emperor that an American gentleman and his boy wanted to pay their respects, and the Emperor, who were an ordinary dark suit, with no military frills, took one of the young Princes he had been playing with across his knee and gave him a couple of easy spansks, in fun, and the whole family was laughing, and the spanked boy "tackled" the Emperor around the legs, below the knee, like a football player, and the other Princes pulled him off, and the Emperor came up to dad, smiling as though he was having the time of his life, and spoke to dad in the purest English, and said he was glad to see the "Bad Boy" man, because he had read all about the pranks of the bad boy and bid dad welcome to

Germany, and he didn't look sick at all.

Dad was taken all of aheap, and didn't know what to make of the German Emperor talking English, but when the ruler of Germany turned to me and said, "And so this is the champion little devil of America," and patted me on the head, dad felt that he had struck a friend of the family and he sat down with the Emperor and talked for half an hour.



"And so this is the champion little devil."

while the young Princes gathered around me, and we sat down on the floor, and the boys got out their knives and we played mumblety-peg on the carpet. Just as though we were at home, and all the boys talked English, and we had a bully time. The Princes had all read "Peck's Bad Boy," and I think the Emperor and Empress had encouraged them in their wickedness, for the boys told me of several tricks they had played on their father, the Emperor, which they had copied from the "Bad Boy," and it made me blush when they told of imitating their

father into the Masons, the way my chum and I initiated dad into the Masons with the aid of a goat.

I asked the boys how their dad took it, and told them from what we in America heard about the Emperor of Germany we would think he would kill anybody that played a trick on him, but they said he would stand anything from children and enjoy it, but if grown men attempted to monkey with him he would fly. The Crown Prince came in and was introduced to me, and he seemed proud to see me, 'cause his uncle, Prince Henry, had told him about being in Milwaukee, and how all the women in that town were the handsomest he had ever seen in his trip around the world, and he asked me if it was so. I referred him to dad, and dad told him the women were the greatest in the world, and then dad made his usual break. He said: "Look a-here, Mister Prince, you have got to be married some day and raise a family to hand the German Empire down to, and my advice to you is not to let them saw off on to you no Duchesse or Princess as homely as a hedge fence, with no ginger in her blood, but you skip out to America, and come to Milwaukee, and I will introduce you to girls that are as handsome as you will make you toe the mark, and if you marry one of them she will raise a family of healthy young royalty with no humor in the blood, and you won't have to go off and be gay away from home, 'cause an American wife will take you by the ear if you show any signs of wandering from your own fire side, like lots of your relatives have done."

Gee, but that made the Emperor hot, and he said dad needs'nt insult any of his American ideas into the German nobility, as he could run things all right without any help, and dad got ready to go, 'cause the atmosphere was getting sort of chilly, but the Emperor soon got over his huff, and told dad not to hurry, and then he turned to me and said: "Now, little American dad boy, what

kind of trick are you going to play on me, 'cause from what I have read of you I know you will never go out of this house without giving me a benefit, and all my boys expect it, and will enjoy it, the same as I will; now let us go."

I felt that it was up to me to do something to maintain the reputation I had made, so I said: "Your majesty, I will now proceed to make it interesting for you, if you and the boys will kindly be seated in a circle around me." They got into a circle, all laughing, and I took out of my pistol pocket a half-pint flask of glass, covered with leather, and with a stopper that opened by touching a spring, and I walked around in front of each one of the royal family, mumbling "Ene-mene-miny-mo," and opening the flask in front of each one, and pretty soon they all began to get nervous and scratch themselves, and the Emperor slapped his leg and pinched his arm and put his fingers down his collar and scratched his neck, and the Crown Prince jumped up and kicked his leg and scratched his back, and said: "Say, kid, you are not hypnotizing us, are you?" and I said: "Ene-mene-miny-mo," and kept on touching the stopper.

By and by they all got to scratching, and the Emperor turned sort of pale, but he was going to see the show through to the end, as long as he had a ticket, and he said "What is the joke, anyway?" and I kept on saying "Ene-mene-miny-mo," and walking around in front of them, and dad began to dance around, too, and dig under his shirt bosom and scratch his leg, and they all scratched in unison and laughed, and a little prince asked how long before they would know what it was all about, and I said my ene-mene, and looked solemn, and dad said: "What you giving us?" and I said: "Never you mind, this is my show and I am the whole push," and everybody had raised up out of his chair and each was scratching for all that was out, and finally the Emperor said: "I like a joke as well as

anybody, but I can't laugh until I know what I am laughing about," and he told dad to make me show what was in the bottle, and I showed the bottle and there was nothing in it, and there they stood scratching themselves, and I told dad we better excuse ourselves and go, and we were going all right enough when dad said: "What is it you are doing?" and as we got almost to the door I said: "Your majesty, I have distributed, impartially, I trust, in the royal family of Germany a half a pint of the hungriest fleas that Egypt can produce, for they have been in that flask three weeks with nothing to eat except themselves, and I estimate that there were a million Cairo fleas in the flask, enough to set up housekeeping in your palace, with enough to stock the palace of your Crown Prince when he is married, and this is that you may remember the visit of Peck's Bad Boy and his dad."

The Emperor was mad at first, but he laughed, and when we got out of the palace dad leaned against a lamp-post and scratched his neck and said to me: "Hennery, you never ought to have did it," and I said: "What could a poor boy do when called upon suddenly to do something to entertain royalty?"

"Well," says dad, "I don't care for myself, but this thing is apt to bring on international complications," and I said: "Yes, it will bring Persia into it, 'cause they will have to use Persian insect powder to get rid of them," and then we went to our hotel and fought fleas all night, and thought of the sleepless night the royal family were having.

Its Origin.

The first college yell known in any female school or college belongs to a Western institution. It was invented by a girl who found a mouse in her stocking.—Montgomery Advertiser.