

DARING COURIERS OF THE FRONTIER

EXPERIENCES OF PONY EXPRESS RIDERS WHO MADE IT IN EIGHT DAYS FROM ST. JOE TO SAN FRANCISCO



PONY EXPRESS SADDLE OWNED BY W. J. CATES, SHOWING LEATHER BOXES IN WHICH DISPATCHES WERE CARRIED



W. J. CATES, THE PONY EXPRESS RIDER WHO CARRIED PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S INAUGURAL MESSAGE FROM ST. JOE

W. J. CATES, better known in the days of the Pony Express as "Bill" Cates, is living in Denver, and is one of the few survivors of the most remarkable band of couriers the world has ever known. Many persons claim to have been Pony Express riders, but, aside from Cates and "Pony Bob" Haslam, it is doubtful if there are half a dozen men who can prove that they were couriers in the days before the telegraph had penetrated the West.

Mr. Cates, who had the honor of being the first rider to carry Lincoln's inaugural message out of St. Joe, is still a strong and active man, and only five or six years ago gave an exhibition Pony Express ride at a Wild West show given by Denver citizens. Among his most prized possessions is the big Pony Express saddle which saw such hard service in the days when iron and horses acted as substitutes for the telegraph.

Mr. Cates' saddle is what is known as the old California "tree"—a model that has since given place to a lighter form. It weighs nearly 50 pounds, and the old saddle-maker who turned it out is still alive in Sacramento, Cal. The saddle-makers of those days put heart and soul into the work, and each saddle was a work of art when it was completed. Mr. Cates' Pony Express saddle is a splendid example of the art of the old California saddle-makers. Only the finest of wood, rawhide and metal enter into its construction. It is covered with a broad sheet of stamped leather, called the moccasins, on the sides of which are fastened the pouches, or heavy leather boxes that contained the Pony Express dispatches. Naturally the dispatches were written on the thinnest of tissues paper, as the Pony Express riders could not burden themselves with any extra weight. The boxes were kept locked between stations. At the relay stations the rider would simply slip his saddle off his tired horse and throw it onto a fresh mount that would be held in readiness.

"I was a young fellow, craving excitement, and when I had a chance to ride Pony Express I leaped at it," said Mr. Cates recently, with a reminiscent glance at his prized saddle. "I had the first ride

the first telegraph line to California the occupation of the brave riders was gone.

The Terrors of One-Night Stands

Drag of Thirty-Two Weeks. Vagabondage for Theatrical Stars.

NOBODY knows the utter misery, the casual joys, the exertions and unrelenting hard work of playing one-night stands except those who have been chained to a route made up of days on railroads and nights in strange habitations, a route given to players for a season or more weeks without even a respite of a Sunday.

This cunningly devised year of misadventures and theatrical calamities has sent a caravan of gyping celebrities out into the towns not on the map, the villages of note, the places reached by a train or a trolley and the big, deep, kind woods where the railroads carry no trucks. Large companies are the only ones exempt and the general transportation authorities have carefully planned enough interstate legislation to scare the bravest plumpers on railroad tickets into counting noses twice before shipping a year-old musical comedy to get away with its original platoon of beauties, comedians and choral attachments. But the stars, especially the woman stars with small companies, are the ones who find among the unexpected things they find is a kind of desultory amusement for themselves out of the despair settled about them.

Among the unexpected things they find is a kind of desultory amusement for themselves out of the despair settled about them. With even modern convenience an undecorated novelty, with trundle beds and kerosene, with mosquito netting screens and lead spoons, with cold coffee and bad grammar and still with it all sort of courageous pleasure of the misery-whole-company variety.

Sometimes the star makes the whole journey a picnic and never shows the white feather from September to June. Lillian Russell, for the first time in her glittering life, has this year been chased out into the tall timbers to carry on a kind of brilliant and smiling brigandage by which the beautiful Lillian is to loot the whole South and West of its hearted wealth and make a fortune in her debt as she is through. She rises at 5 or 4 if necessary, ships aboard with the whole company, is not afraid to take her well-earned rest, and she has a very good example that the health average of the "wildfire" troupe is recorded as unprecedented. If she has been too cold she bustles around and circulates enough to warm up; if she is too warm she sits idly and starts a breezy conversation and tells her such a plain of her bedroom which does not smell of apples and a dining-room which is not rotolent of sandwiches and ginger ale! Clean curtains and windows which will open without an ax, a success of the rumble of the night train and ghostly whistles, clanging bells and bumpety bumps. Maybe I won't stay home when I get there!"—Amy Leslie in *Kalamazoo*.

It was Blanche Walsh and she was rattling her pretty bones through Chicago en route to a village with a theater up two blocks and a great deal of money had been laid and pitched about in a perfect frenzy of one-night routemaking and a blonde is not the sort of star to take a ride to a village of that kind of treatment. Why does not she get out of it? She has grown thin to emaciation. Her luscious color and crimson lips are whitened as if with frost, and she is just a skeleton in a dress. She is a person who has a wonderful look of supernatural youth upon her miniature face and a tremor of breakdown in her luscious voice.

"I am going to do 'Resurrection' in Kalamazoo. After they reacture I am going home, home, home! Boston! Home! There's such a plain of my bedroom which does not smell of apples and a dining-room which is not rotolent of sandwiches and ginger ale! Clean curtains and windows which will open without an ax, a success of the rumble of the night train and ghostly whistles, clanging bells and bumpety bumps. Maybe I won't stay home when I get there!"—Amy Leslie in *Kalamazoo*.

and Mr. Cates, with the other adventurous souls that took up the dangerous calling, drifted into more peaceful pursuits. "Pony Bob" Haslam, now of Chicago, rode one of the most dangerous routes on the Pony Express line, and probably underwent more narrow escapes than any rider in the service. Bob carried dispatches through a hostile country after the outbreak of the Pal-Ute war in Nevada. On one of his most eventful rides, at the outbreak of that war, he rode from Virginia City to Bucklands, 75 miles, on one horse.

Express stock having been seized by Indians at Bucklands, the rider who was to relieve Bob was afraid to venture out, and Haslam went on 65 miles to Smith's Creek, through a lonely and Indian-infested country. Here he was relieved by Jay Kelley, one of the gamblers that ever threw a leg over a Pony Express saddle. When Bob returned he found that the keeper at Cold Springs had been killed and all the horses taken. He started on, after watering his tired horse, and managed to reach Sand Springs. Here he advised the keeper to accompany him—which advice saved Haslam's life, as the next day the station was attacked. Bob went on and found the Sink of the Carson besieged by 50 Indians. He wormed his way through the besiegers at night and went on to Bucklands, and thence across the Sierra Nevada to Friday's Station. In all he had traveled 250 miles with a few hours of schedule time, and was surrounded by perils on every hand.

After the pony express across the continent was discontinued Bob was employed by the Wells-Fargo people as an express rider between Virginia City and Friday's Station. There the pony express referred to Idaho where he witnessed the outbreak of the Modoc war. On one of his rides he passed the bodies of 90 Chinamen who had been killed by Indians. This was Bob's last experience as a pony express rider. He was killed by Indians on his last trip.

The pony express riders received from \$100 to \$125 per month, small pay for the constant risks they were compelled to face. They were all young, abstemious men, as Colonel Alexander Majors, who organized this great service, had an ironical temperance clause in all his contracts. To maintain the pony express service Colonel Majors hired 80 riders, and had to maintain 190 stations, and more than 500 horses. The enterprise lost money, but it showed that it was possible to maintain an unbroken line of communication with California across the continent, and this fact led Congress to give aid in establishing the overland mail route that succeeded the pony express.

Alex. Carlyle was the first pony express rider to ride out of St. Joe when the line was established April 3, 1860. He was succeeded a few months later by Mr. Cates. Johnny Fry, a famous rider and character, was the second rider and J. H. Keetley was the third—Keetley now being a business man of Salt Lake. Fry was killed by Indians at Baxter's Springs. Jay Kelley died in Denver a few years ago, and it is believed that not over a half dozen of the original pony express riders are alive today—a scanty remnant of the brave company that made so much history.

Denver, Colo., June 2.

Countess Nastasia Tolstoy, niece of the author, is an exclusive interview by his niece the Countess Nastasia Tolstoy.

THE recent reports in European newspapers from New York that the late anarchistic outbreaks in America had been laid at the door of my uncle, Count Leo Tolstoy, suggested the thought that he would be willing to make some statement of his position in regard to the anarchistic and socialistic propaganda. Accordingly I wrote asking for an appointment for an interview, a formally he requires even from his journalistic relatives.

His daughter, Countess Vera, replied by letter: "In spite of some ill health father will be glad to welcome you at any time and have a long talk on the subject, which interests him greatly." Accordingly I made preparations for a journey to his estate, Jasnaja Poljana.

I reached the home of my uncle very early in the morning. The sun was just rising behind the trees which glittered with heavy frost. All at the estate seemed still sleeping except two or three look-outs that face us with loud barking. I drove into the yard with much embarrassment at disturbing the house so early, especially as it was Sunday when what was my astonishment to find my uncle up and, despite his 70 years, attacking a great knotted piece of cordwood with vigorous blows of an axe.

On seeing us he stopped, shook hands cordially with both myself and my coachman and said to me half jokingly: "How have you come at just the right moment to help me. I have been trying for half an hour to split this wood. You are younger and stronger than I so take the axe and help me out. The room is very cold and I would not invite you in until there was a fire. I know you will enjoy the work."

He smiled and handed me the axe and I went to work and, having more success than he, he was soon carrying an armful of faggots into the house. The servants were all still sleeping so, rather than disturb them he built the fire himself and soon, with my assistance, the samovar was steaming and began an interview over grateful cups of steaming tea.

"I have read," said the Count, "that some of the American newspapers have blamed me for inciting the anarchists to recent violent outbreaks over there. Such assertions are exactly what one would expect from the American press."

His eyes flashed as he warned to a denunciation of the press.

"The Russian newspapers write of me as a fool and a reactionary, the French papers call me a religious fanatic and the American press seems to be accusing me of promoting anarchy. I am accustomed to lying attacks from the newspapers but it is getting beyond a joke."

"The trouble with the modern newspapers is that it cares little for the truth and a great deal for the profit. It is either a money-making machine or a political propagandist organ. It has no ideals. Its praise is for those who are its political patrons and its attacks for those who are independent. It is because I have stood out uncompromisingly for the truth that I have been the most bitterly attacked of contemporary writers. The novelist who glorifies the life and deed of the rich, of kings and all the upper crust of society is called by them a great man and idolized in the newspapers owned and written by their friends and friends. See how all the drawing-room writers and novelists have their 'ideas,' which are really worth nothing, boomed in the contemporary press. So why should I pay any attention to what the newspapers write for or against me and my ideas? They are inconsequential."

"Today the great question in the minds of upper society is anarchism. When I say that all the enormous wealth is accumulated in a criminal way and call the people whom the rich are abusing and robbing to protest and call them anarchists, they in their turn call me an anarchist."

"It is not that there is so much excitement when a crazy man resorts to violence and assaults somebody, but that when the autocrat millionaires and their trusts evade the law, kill thousands and cause hundreds of thousands to suffer, there is no protest and no excitement. I doubt if there is either in America or in this country a more dangerous anarchist than our czar or an American Rockefeller, Morgan or Carnegie. Society says that I am a fool because I oppose the modern tendencies in art expression. But look to whom belongs modern art expression! Practically to the possessors of predatory wealth to whom it merely a stimulant or pastime, while he has nothing for the poor."

"I cannot pass over the retrogression of morality and conscience under the bad influence of a false civilization based on money and materialism. All the rulers and plutocrats of Europe and America claim to be the followers of Christ and worshippers of a God in heaven, but that

TOLSTOI ON AMERICAN ANARCHISTS, MILLIONAIRES AND NEWSPAPERS.

An exclusive interview by his niece the Countess Nastasia Tolstoy



COUNTESS NASTASIA, NIECE OF THE AUTHOR

the people. The more militaristic is a country, the more it develops anarchism and violence. There is also another fact to be taken into consideration, and that is, the greater the gulf between the rich and the poor the greater tendency there is to terror and anarchy.

"A disgrace to any civilized country is capital punishment, and no nation should dare to call itself civilized which has to maintain order by killing people. No truly Christian or truly civilized country uses violence as law, and when violence is legal in any land I can only call that an anarchistic state, a philosophy of anarchy, but fighting against it."

"I can not be held responsible when men and women assemble in any part of the world, organize the terrorist society and then call it a League of Tolstois. My teaching opposes wholly any such organization."

"As far as I have been able to understand, there are three distinct types of anarchists, and their differences are significant. The first type is the demagogic anarchist, like Prince Kropotkin and Richard Wagner. I should say that even President Roosevelt is in theory, to a considerable extent, a philosophic anarchist, especially in respect to his strongly individualistic ideas. This kind of anarchist is, of course, harmless to society so far as at least as violence is concerned.

"The second type of anarchist is the agitator or demagogic kind. These are like 'bosses' of politics, organizations, dangerous and undesirable. They themselves do not use violence, but they can impel their work minded tools to do anything. A demagogic anarchist does not know the philosophic side and simply seeks an outlook for his own vanity or egotism. This is also largely true of the socialist leaders. Some of these ought to be switched off immediately to other avenues of activity or they will do a great deal of harm.

"The third type of anarchist is the terrorist fellow who assaults or kills any one whom he thinks to be responsible for some social or his own personal troubles. In the majority of cases these men are entirely irrational and mentally unbalanced. Society ought to keep them either in a special moral school away from city life or in an asylum until they are cured. In the majority of cases this class of terrorist anarchists is the tool of the demagogic agitators.

"Socialism is, of course, an entirely different doctrine from anarchism, but I think it is much more of a menace to humanity. Socialism is materialistic and is based entirely on egoistic social life. The socialists are really demanding the imperialism and bureaucracy which they pretend to fight. A socialist in the majority of cases does not understand. He is wrong who says that Christ was in his ideas a socialist. He was a philosophic anarchist like Buddha, and an ascetic, but a great teacher of brotherhood and truth but never a socialist."

We were interrupted by the call to breakfast. The Countess said that she had finished his discussion and suggested that we turn the lively topics. The old novelist ate with great appetite and said that eating was a great pleasure to him since he became a vegetarian and totalitar. He drank buttermilk, ate black bread, eggs, potatoes and honey. He said that for writers buttermilk and honey were the most natural and effective stimulants and nourishment and that such food gave him much strength for writing. Each member of the family had his own sort of meal but no meat or alcoholic drinks were on the table. During the meal the Count told with a very humorous touch of what he had imagined the scene of Thomas Edison and John Bigelow to be like from their work and how he was grievously disappointed to find them both entirely devoid of anything he had imagined. After spending the entire day with the great author and his family, I left in the evening. As we drove out in the sled from the yard the Count accompanied us to the gates with his big wolf hounds. There, giving us his hand warmly, he said good-by and with a smile full of humor, added:

"Remember my example and drink always buttermilk and honey, for they keep you pretty and young."



COUNT LEO TOLSTOI.

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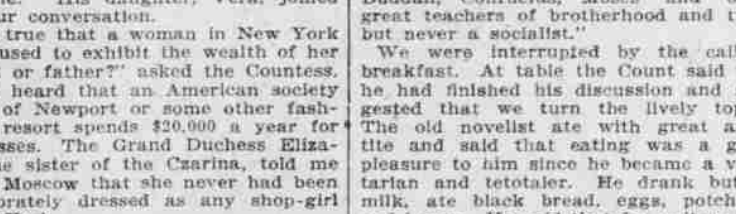
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COUNTESS VERA TOLSTOI, THE AUTHOR'S DAUGHTER

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Books Added to library

- BIOGRAPHY.**
Charles the Bold—The Bold, last Duke of Burgundy, by Ruth Putnam, 1908.
Margaret of Austria—The high and puissant princess Marguerite of Austria, princess dowager of Spain, regent of The Netherlands, by Christopher Hale, 1907.
Shoret—Imperial memoirs, 1907.
- BOOKS IN FOREIGN LANGUAGES.**
Schubert—La lagune de Faigle.
Keller—Walden aus den schweizerischen bergen.
Kraus—Eine geologische studie.
- DESCRIPTION AND TRAVEL.**
Dubois—Hindu manners, customs and ceremonies, tr. by H. K. Beauchamp, Ed. 3, 1908.
Keller—Walden aus den schweizerischen bergen, record of a shooting trip, 1908.
Kraus—On the Spanish main, or some English forays on the Indian Ocean, 1908.
- FICTION.**
Carver—Captain Courtney.
Kinnear—Boyhood days on the farm.
Sturges—The lonely house; tr. by Mrs. A. L. Wister.
- LITERATURE.**
Armes—Old English ballads and folk songs, 1907.
Pope—ed.—British poets of the nineteenth century, 1908.
- FINE ARTS.**
Hasslock, ed.—The construction, tuning and repair, 1908.
Pemberton—Roses; their history, development and cultivation, 1908.
Robinson—The garden, 1908.
- HISTORY.**
Pollard—Factors in modern history, 1907.
Hobbs—Earthquakes, 1907.
- SCIENCE.**
Day—A history of commerce, 1907.
Gilbert—Trade currency in early Oregon, 1907.
Mallock—A critical examination of socialism, 1907.
Henson—The good neighbor in the modern city, 1908.
- USEFUL ARTS.**
Hasslock, ed.—Caswell's carpentry and joinery, 1907.
Henderson—Sign painting, 1908.
Laughlin, ed.—The complete dressmaker, with simple directions for home millinery, 1907.
Mazurkin—How to measure up woodwork for buildings, 1907.
Mason—ed.—British state telegraphs, 1907.
Turrance & Manser—Principles of reinforced concrete construction, 1908.

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