

# MORE ABOUT THE WONDERS OF WALLOWA—A Paradise for Sportsmen That Has Been Overlooked by Many—Great Opportunities for Outings in This Lovely Section, Where All Manner of Scenic Beauties Exist, Ready for the Tourist to Enjoy.



CABIN OF JOSEPH K. CARPENTER

RANGER ON DUTY

EAGLE CAP 15,000 FT

PATROLING "BILLY MEADOWS" PASTURES

**W**HETHER it be the charm of mountain peaks eternally capped with snow or rugged fastnesses isolated almost beyond human power to penetrate; whether it be waters deep and blue and still or mountain torrents dashing madly toward the sea; whether it be wildness and solitude and forest or a quiet nook where men can "think and think and think" whether it be beauty and fragrance of flora or the crooning of birds in the early twilight hours, whether it be the rank of the first-footed door frightened by the camper's following bound of the taking of the magnificent mountain trout with line and fly, that most attracts and charms and fascinates, Oregon can safely go against the world since the great unknown country known as Wallowa has been connected with civilization and opened to the inspection of critical and educated eyes.

When the people of Oregon shall come to realize that right at their very doors, as part of their wonderful commonwealth in fact, lies a Switzerland which, except for tradition and the Swiss, out-Switzerland Switzerland, a new and fascinating land will show the heart of every true Oregonian. With the rugged prettiness of the Alps, with mountains and valleys of splendid beauty, with lakes as blue and as clear as the delicate hand of Divinity could make them, with a people large-hearted and earnest and progressive, Wallowa promises to carry the fame of Oregon to the remotest parts of the earth where men desire a healthy and a pure pleasure. Meanwhile the people of the northwestern states will be compelled to regard it as their summer playground; their mecca when the call of the wild is great.

**Great Country**  
Wallowa lies in the extreme north-eastern corner of Oregon, east of the

Blue mountains and west of the Snake river because of its rugged character and distance from thoroughfare of trade and commerce, the district was known to the farmers for years after country adjacent had responded to the call of the husbandman. But last year the railroad, the pioneer of development, the sentinel marking the mileposts of progress, invaded the quiet recesses of the valley, and the shrill cry of the locomotive was heard at the foot of the towering mountains, Wallowa was on the map.

Larger than half a dozen of the New England states yet populated by but a few thousand people there is plenty of opportunity for development in Wallowa. The great open ranges upon which have fed for many years great bands of cattle and flock of sheep, are yielding to the call of the lumberman and the natural resources of the country except its scenery are being developed slowly. An awakening of the possibilities of the section as a tourist resort is being felt, and the succeeding decade will see a determined effort to make the Wallowa mountains and valleys before the world in a most striking and convincing manner.

The highest point in the mountain range is Eagle Cap, towering to quite 15,000 feet above sea level, covered with snow since ages gone. The center of the valley is about 4000 feet with an atmosphere beautiful, exhilarating and invigorating. From the mountain tops to the valleys below any desired altitude and climatic condition can be readily secured.

**The Forest Reserve**  
In the Wallowa National forest, comprising 1,500,000 acres of the most valuable timberland in eastern Oregon, 875 acres are reserved for the protection of its game and fish. Ample supervision is maintained over the forests, 16 supervisors being employed to protect the

Union and Baker counties as well as occupying a large part of Wallowa. This forest is the largest in the section and its protection of its timber resources and its game and fish. Ample supervision is maintained over the forests, 16 supervisors being employed to protect the

different sections from fire and from injury through excessive pasturing. Harry W. Harris is supervisor, with offices at Wallowa. The reservation of the forest by the government does not have the effect of closing the district to tourists or camp-

ers. On the other hand the plan is to preserve the natural beauty and grandeur of the country for the enjoyment of the people of future as well as present generations, giving every lover of nature and of sport an opportunity to get away from the "madding crowd" for a

brief period at least and enjoy outdoors to the fullest extent.

The great timber belt in the mountains has been the home of wild animals which have been the bane of stockmen from the earliest days. The government, in setting aside the reserve, also undertook to exterminate the cougar, wild cat, mountain lion and wolf, in which effort hearty cooperation has been extended by the settler in every part of the country. Hundreds of the deadly prowlers have been despatched, and the range has been practically saved from the pest of many years.

**"Billy Meadows"**  
An interesting experiment in the destruction of wild animals was the construction of a specially built fence around the "Billy Meadows," by the department of the interior in 1907. This pasture, which is supposed to be fenced animal tight, covers nearly four sections of land or 2500 acres, and is located 25 miles from the town of Wallowa. The fence is built with the purpose of protecting stock from any wild animal strong enough to do damage, and in the nearly two years of its service but one goat and no other animal of consequence has been able to pass through or over it. The skin of Mr. Bruin is now in the hands of Joseph K. Carpenter, hunter on the reserve under pay of the government.

But the great attraction of the Wallowa Wallowa like a few miles from Joseph, the terminus of the railroad, and such a body of water. Beautiful, placid, untroubled, in storm magnificent always. With cliffs towering hundreds of feet perpendicular here, with banks dipping to the water's edge, with tiny mountain streams pouring

ing down here and a mighty cascade there, with its water pure as crystal and cold as druggings from a snowbank, with its view of mountain and valley and river and town—what more magnificent picture could be painted by the master hand?

**Wanted to Know the Facts.**  
From the Cincinnati Times-Star.  
When the policeman told Patrick Collins that he was before the court, Mr. Collins felt his way up to the wall and spread these hands upon it. His head was completely wrapped in bandages. Just one little peek hole was left, through which a gleam of light penetrated to the inner Collins. He turned his head sidewise, like a battered and very dissolute robin, and peered at the magistrate.

"You are charged with disorderly conduct," Collins said the court.

"I know it," Mr. Collins was understood to mumble. "I want to be held for trial."

"You want to—be—held—for—trial?" gasped the court. "Why not plead guilty now, pay a dollar fine, and go away free?"

"Nup," said Collins, straining language through the collars. "Nup, I want to be held."

"You are in the name of the Great God Tammany—why?" asked the court.

"Because," said Collins through his swollen lips, "the last I can remember was when I was standing peaceful like on a corner. Then the next thing I can remember, my doctors was sewing me together so I wouldn't fall apart before I got to court. I want to be tried and hear the stories of the witnesses. That's the only way I'll ever find out what come of it."

## THE MIGHTIEST HUNTER OF MODERN TIMES

(Continued from First Page of this Section)

every step, and although we ran as hard as we could, we never overtook it.

Among the most enthusiastic of his admirers has always been Mr. Roosevelt, the former president's regard having led him to extend to Mr. Selous the invitation for the hunting which has brought his unerring eye again into the field of African game.

Most of us know what Haggard had to say in his various volumes regarding the fictitious Quartermain, but few have had the opportunity to read what Mr. Roosevelt, the man who has now trading with him in the deep shadows of the African forests.

What Mr. Roosevelt wrote, in fact, of him as the author of his "African Nature Notes," and generously dated "The White House, May 22, 1907," was in reality an extensive review of the man and his work, such as only an ardent admirer and enthusiastic friend could have been moved to write, and indeed, it would almost seem from that time as though his acquaintance with the great African was what determined him upon devoting practically a year of his life to emulation of the African hunter's deeds in the wilderness.

"Mr. Selous," the occupant of the White House wrote, "is the last of the big game hunters of South Africa; the last of the mighty hunters, whose experience lay in the greatest hunting grounds of the world has been since civilized man has appeared there."

"There are still many happy hunting grounds, rosy buffaloes, sand lakes and sand cherts all, in the coloration of their upper parts, harmonized strikingly with the surroundings, while the bold black and white cherts were peculiarly noticeable, and yet, as far as I could see, held their own as well in the struggle for existence."

The common tastes and interests of the two hunters now allied in Africa afforded them ideal companionship and what is more, are likely to insure happily to the advancement of the collection of specimens which Mr. Roosevelt hopes to bring home with him.

Mr. Selous' presence is largely due to the fact that Mr. Roosevelt, in his quest for the extremely rare kudu antelope has hopes that the exceptional experience and knowledge of his ally will bring him within reach of it; and that, in fact, is one of the prime reasons why Mr. Selous consented to take the field again with his friend.

The story Mr. Selous tells of his own search for that rare and beautiful antelope equals anything Haggard ever imagined of Quartermain, and most interesting of all it actually happened to him then, just as, if his luck holds good again, it may be happening now to Mr. Roosevelt.

Arriving at Laurencio Marques, on Delagoa bay, in September, 1896, Mr. Selous sailed up the Maputa river to Amatongaland, where, at the junction of the Umtu and Pongolo rivers, the Maputa proper begins. Here, at the trading store of Mr. Wissels, he saw several horns and skins of kudu, evidently recently killed. After several days' journey, leading a caravan of native carriers, he opened the breach of his rifle, and he came upon the fresh spoor, or tracks, of what were undoubtedly kudu.

He had crept about in the brush for an hour when at the further side of a glade, he beheld an ivory doe.

"I could see no other animal near her," Mr. Selous states, "and as I required two specimens of ivory does, the one for the British and the other for the South African museum, I lost no time in firing at the animal in question, which I saw drop instantly at the first shot.

"But, even as she did so, there appeared in her place or very close to where she had stood, a great, black, shaggy form, indistinctly as I could see it in the deep shadows of the bush, I knew was a male ivory— the first that my eyes had ever looked on in the flesh."

"My rifle was a single-barreled one, and before I could fire the shot that might make that rare and beautiful beast mine, I had to open the breach of my rifle, take another cartridge from my belt, slip it into the chamber, close the bolt, and then raise the rifle to my shoulder and take aim.

"All this meant time and noise. Would the ivory, which stood like a statue beside the dead body of his mate, give

me the few seconds I required to take his life, too?"

"I little thought he would, but he did, and as I raised my rifle once more, the fatal missile struck him, and he plunked right to sight in the thick scrub. But I felt sure he carried death with him, and so if proved, for I found him lying dead not 20 yards from where he had stood when the bullet struck him. The fatal missile had passed right through his shoulders, and having expanded on impact, had torn his lungs to pieces."

These antelopes now much depleted in number, even within the few years that have elapsed since Mr. Selous secured his specimens, are about seven feet six inches in total length for the adult male, and three feet, four inches high at the shoulder, elegant and built in form, with horns nearly two feet in length, twisted and having very sharp, polished extremities.

Mr. Roosevelt's hopes of securing a pair or more are greatly encouraged by the aid of Mr. Selous, of whom he believes, as did Capt. Cutler of Jack Bunsby. "If anybody kin, he kin."

And the case which she opened for fresh air is the one you always keep hermetically sealed, and that as a certain breach of etiquette. And certain window shades are never raised nor lowered, and certain chairs are never out of certain nooks. And the cushions and tidies which she distrusted she adjust at variance with yours.

And at the table the guest has little ideas of her own and the salad is dished up in a different fashion when she volunteers to serve, or the butter is a novelty; or the "shakers" and knives and forks are not to the plummet line of your household's precision. Everywhere, no matter how much of a plink of perfection and how thoughtful and careful your visitor is, wherever she lounges, or treads, or employs herself, or enjoys, there is a trail of disturbance or difference of her way from yours, or that is, there will be a trail of disturbance and disturbance if you let these variations in the domestic regime get on your nerves. And that appears to be

the case at present or you never would have hounded so unmercifully upon the pretty case and removed it from the hall to the parlor, mated its accustomed place.

And you never would have approached the ungodly easement, or the shades that are a fixture, and with nervous haste reduced both to their old estate. And you would not live on tenter-hooks, pending the chair into the kitchen, and placing cushions at the same old angle, and fussing over all the small details of table or in the kindly volunteer service, if you were not allowing your nerves to run away with your senses.

Even suppose your visitor were the most troublesome sort, and she is none of this, the disarray of your Lanes and the routine disturbed will be of short duration and nothing vital is involved. While on the other hand there is an opportunity to profit by her taste. There is a chance to compare notes and learn something new, and perhaps more artistic or serviceable, or helpful and convenient than the customs and routine you have indulged for years.

You can always get ideas from a guest, even the duldest visitor in a social way more than repays for your hospitality by bringing a new expression of personal taste into your household. The new expression may be faulty, and it may be far more inartistic and clumsy than yours, but this only brings to your new found host the old ways after your guest has disappeared.

But the emphatic point to remember is, not to allow your delightful transient guest to upset your nerves. Overlook the small disarrangements, or most tastefully and unobtrusively restore order according to your fashion, or best of all, do not notice in reality. Enjoy yourself naturally in accord with new ideas.

**States Neglect Immigrants.**  
From the New York Tribune.

One respect in which the states have not kept abreast of the federal government is in a thing with immigration. The United States treats the immigrant as a problem up to the time he is landed. Then the problem he presents from the time he is landed. The federal authorities have this commission and inspectors to see that only fit immigrants are permitted to come to this country—that the criminal, the diseased and the pauper are excluded. But the states allow the immigrant to shift for himself once he is in this country. They do nothing, practically, to see that he goes where he is most needed and has the best opportunity. They let him gravitate helplessly to the centers of population where he is not needed. The federal government sees to it that he is a fit man, and then the states neglect to see that the fit man has a fit environment.

**RELEASE THE NERVE TENSION—By Cara Reese**

**T**HE second boot is not going to drop on the floor overhead. Back on your pillow, startled one, breathe a sigh of relief, release the nerve tension, the second boot is not going to drop on the floor with noise enough to waken the dead, as did the first one.

Because the lugger has remembered; he has suddenly remembered that there are other people in the house besides himself, or he may have but one leg and there is no second place but one leather to drop. Anyhow, he doesn't let go the grip on the nerves, surrenders the leash that has in an instant put your strength to the test, while all faculties are straining to a keen sense of danger, relax a bit.

The second boot is not going to drop as the chandeliers, and make the picture tremble. There is no need, therefore, of losing further sleep, of sitting upright, or of waiting, waiting, waiting for something that is not going to happen, go to sleep.

It is the expectancy of shock that causes the nervous wreck. It is the quick attitude of attention that makes the nerves further alert, of sitting upright, or of waiting, waiting, waiting for something that is not going to happen, go to sleep.

You have been on a strain now longer than is creditable, you have been holding your breath and your perceptions "at attention" without much rest; your ears are strained to the limit of sensation, and for what? Merely waiting until the second boot falls, and encircling a lurid imagination that not even the second may be the last, there may be four legs, or six legs, or eight in the room above, with heavy boots scheduled to drop thunderingly at stated intervals.

"Nonsense, go to sleep. One piece of sole leather is recorded with a thump, never mind about the rest. And the same way with bricks falling down the chimney; once started to aliveness, the "once" should be enough; and the same way with chickens, one squawking "dull thump" and done should be sufficient; you know what it means; then

cutton in your ears for the rest of the night.

And because one blow has been struck at your fireless, your affection, your affections, no wonder you should be at nervous attention for the rest of your life. Recover yourself, release nerve tension; only one boot shall drop on the floor, there is thoughtfulness overhead.

**In Africa.**  
From the Chicago News.

Caroline Kirkland, in her book on "Some African Highways," writes of a night in the Dark Continent: "There is nothing so black as an African night, nothing like that, because the earth, being a deep red, offers no reflection to the faint starlight such as we get in other lands. Instead it swallows up what light there is, and the result gives to the darkness a dense, velvety quality not to be found anywhere else. Overhead the stars glare more brilliantly than in northern latitudes, but they seem to cast no light, and the night is palpable, suffocating, appalling and filled with nameless horror which is quite indescribable.

In a single sentence the same writer gives a foreign idea of the "nerve sickness." "While there is nothing actually distressing about this manner of dying, thinking to equal the terror of other vital diseases like cancer or tuberculosis there is something peculiarly sinister in the slow, stealthy, irresistible approach of death whose course no known remedy can stay or alter."

Of African lions Miss Kirkland writes: "As the lion is the old world's attack human being. They grow decrepit to be able to catch the more agile antelopes who are their lawful prey, so, guided by a hunger which age cannot wither or lessen, they pounce on unwary mortals."

**Women's Gloves.**  
From the Philadelphia Bulletin.

In a recent divorce case in Scotland it was testified that a lady searching her maid's trunks found 200 pairs of her own gloves there.

"Abroad," said a dealer about this happening, "it isn't unusual for a woman of fashion to have 200 pairs of gloves. At the side of the duchess of Somerset's things over 2000 pairs, all as good as new, were put up."

"You see, gloves are cheaper abroad. Over there you'll pay a dollar for an article that would cost you two and a half here. But aside from that, foreign women incline to go in more for gloves—and boots, too—than we do. The foreign woman is likely to be better dressed and booted than her American sister."

**ERRORS IN PRECISION**

**T**HE flower vase has stood in one spot year in and year out, and it is undoubtedly a misdemeanor to disturb it; but your visitor did not know that.

And the easement she opened for fresh air is the one you always keep hermetically sealed, and that as a certain breach of etiquette. And certain window shades are never raised nor lowered, and certain chairs are never out of certain nooks. And the cushions and tidies which she distrusted she adjust at variance with yours.

And at the table the guest has little ideas of her own and the salad is dished up in a different fashion when she volunteers to serve, or the butter is a novelty; or the "shakers" and knives and forks are not to the plummet line of your household's precision. Everywhere, no matter how much of a plink of perfection and how thoughtful and careful your visitor is, wherever she lounges, or treads, or employs herself, or enjoys, there is a trail of disturbance or difference of her way from yours, or that is, there will be a trail of disturbance and disturbance if you let these variations in the domestic regime get on your nerves. And that appears to be