

Sportman Favored Above Others by West's Natural Advantages

The world is singing the glories of western United States from a scenic standpoint; capital is seeking entrance to this virgin field as the seat of great future development along industrial and manufacturing lines; railroads are vying with one another for possession of the most favored passageways across the giant mountains; individuals are seeking homes in the new country with so promising a future. But it is left to the out-of-door man, the sportsman with red blood welling up in his veins, the naturalist in quest of new species, to reap the full benefit from the great splendor and diversity of the Creator's provisions for solid enjoyment that are tumbled together in the mountains, the

There seems no limit to the climb from valley to mountaintop. For when you have scaled the first, before you looms another, reaching still farther up into the blue. And from this vantage point or the next you look out upon a seemingly boundless expanse of green forest, now stretching for miles on a level and now reaching out in long undulations to meet some inland lake. And in this limitless expanse of forest lies the secret of its great claim as the sportsman's paradise. For the country is so big as to call forth his utmost skill and cunning. Here he meets the creatures of the wild on an equal footing, his cunning against theirs. No unfair advantage can be taken, for but a

growing grain. Frequently comes the story of the inroads of bruin upon berry patch or supply house, while quail and pheasants are common sights along the country roads.

Trails lead the huntsman wherever he wishes to go. For the forest department has covered the mountains with a network of paths to act both as firebreaks and passages for patrol. So complete a system of trails is maintained by the department that, despite the expanse of country, it is almost impossible to get lost. Rangers' cabins are stationed here and there along the way and signboards are placed to point out the way. As the trail ascends it narrows, due to the infrequency of use,

The Man Who Gets Game Like This May Well Be Proud



streams and the woods of the great mountain section.

Choose what you will, whether a walk through virgin solitude, a tramp to the summit of snow-clad peak, a fishing trip up one of the thousand rushing mountain streams or a hunt in the wilds where bear and panther alone hold sway, and the joy of any or all is yours for the asking. Or seek for a dip in the surf, a camp by the side of the mirror lake, a trip underground through marble caves or an auto ride through fertile valleys. All these are at your command in the great country of the Pacific Northwest. It makes no difference from where you start or in what direction, but few spots in Washington, Idaho or Oregon but have their own distinctive attractions for the out-of-door man. Nestled in the cove between protecting hills lies the lake you want; far up near the source of yon mountain stream is the solitude where bruin lords it over the lesser creatures of the forest; up, up, beyond the limit of the boldest tree the snow line dares you to scale the ice field farther up. Enticing, invigorating atmosphere, icy water and perfume laden woods challenge the sportsman to communion with nature that builds anew the tissues broken down by weeks of toil in the stifling city.

One who has not traversed the expanse of wooded mountains in this section has no conception of its extent.

few moments will carry the quarry far beyond his reach.

Yet game is abundant. On every hand are the midnight lairs of the deer, and hoof marks show clearly the direction taken. In this great expanse of country, even coming down to the very limits of the towns and cities, scarcely a square mile but has its feeding ground or rendezvous. From many counties come complaints annually that deer from the mountains are eating the

save where the lure of perspective calls tourists to the snow line.

Equally inviting is the call of the brook. Rainbow and cutthroat trout abound and challenge the skill of the angler. Far up the speckled beauty sports and leaps with the freedom born of long years without molestation. A few hours of tramping and wading and the basket is full. These are the allurements of the great mountain section.

The Reward of a Good Shot



Ute Uprising Frontier Echo

Indians and Mexicans Fight in Colorado and Treacherous Redskins Openly Defy Law

Down in Colorado a few weeks ago a couple of Ute Indians pitched their camp in the vicinity of some Mexican sheep herders. The Mexicans ordered them to leave, and when they resisted the order a fight ensued. One of the Indians was killed and a Mexican was wounded. Big Rabbit, the surviving Indian, carried his companion back to his tribe, and the story aroused all their warlike instincts. When they learned that the sheriff would come and take Big Rabbit away to answer the charge of shooting the Mexican fifty of them gathered about their tribesman and hurried with him into the mountains. Armed with repeating rifles and with an abundance of ammunition they defied the posse that came to get them and refused to enter into negotiations with Indian Agent Spear for the surrender of the accused Indian. To the Indians there was but one side to the question. They did not appreciate that phase of American law that makes Big Rabbit answerable for his crime, while the surviving Mexicans are responsible for the killing of his tribesman. So they declared they would fight the posse to the death rather than surrender Big Rabbit.

Yet the actual trouble is more deeply seated than the recent shooting affray. For some time friction has been engendered between the Utes and whites because of frequent gibes and taunts hurled back and forth. The warlike action of the fifty Utes is merely the culmination of a long series of real or fancied abuses.

This uprising of the Utes is similar to others that have occurred from time to time since civilization robbed the vanishing Indian of his identity. The last great stand of the American Indian against the inroads of the whites has passed long into history, but a reminder of the days of Phillip and Sitting Bull comes up occasionally in the

form of slight opposition such as this. With the steady advance of civilization across the continent the Indian has gradually become less resistant to its bondage, first adopting the white man's garb and gradually his customs until today he presents very little of the savage of old. Averse to labor, he yet yields to the pressure of its necessity in his new relation to life and only occasionally, as in this instance, reveals the old warlike men that formerly brought terror to his enemy.

Such is the rule of nature. The survival of the fittest has nowhere been so demonstrated as in the extermination of the North American Indian as a race. Intermarriage with the whites has so far blotted out his identity that the number of pure blood Indian marriages is less than a hundred a year. The Indian is being absorbed by the white, and another decade will be sufficient to make his name only a memory. It is rather a sad story and one fraught with much cruelty and injustice. Yet the Indian is no doubt better off as he is than as he was. The younger generations think so at least, for they take well to education and modern methods of industrial work. Occasionally the old warlike instincts will arise, but the resistance will be feeble and in a decade will cease entirely.

Not an Ill Wind.

Apropos of the bumper crop of 1912, Secretary Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture, said in Washington:

"I heard a story the other day about a long-headed farmer. An auctioneer was to auction off his fields of standing grain, and the farmer said to him:

"I hope to goodness we have a good stiff breeze the day of the

auction."

"A good stiff breeze? What use will that be?" asked the auctioneer.

"You must be green, young fellow," said the farmer. "Don't you know that when grain's waving in the breeze it always seems to look a lot thicker—you see the same heads two and three times over."—Country Gentleman.

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F. H. STONEBURN, Professor of Poultry Husbandry, Connecticut Agriculture College.

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Jewish Might Felt Abroad?

Mystery Is Connected With
Journey of Banker to
Land of Czar

The recent departure of Levy Mayer, wealthy Jewish banker of Chicago, on a secret financial mission to Russia has revived the question of Russian attitude toward the Jews and has given rise to much speculation as to the real import of the mission. Whether it has to do with the general well-being of his Russian countrymen or is connected with the possible troubles arising from Balkan difficulties is a matter of conjecture.

In no other country where the Jews are numerous has the treatment of them been fraught with so much cruelty and inhumanity. More intelligent than the average Russian but less strong physically, they have been beaten, robbed, ravished, massacred and driven from the rural districts into closely crowded cities and towns where the means of sustenance are so meager that for many of them the starvation line is at hand all the time. Disease, vice, hunger and squalor make their cities the curse of Russia, but the government does nothing to remedy the conditions, for the mistaken notion prevails that the integrity of the nation is threatened in the growing Jewish population. Much as Russia respects the military genius of the Jap, the menace of the Jewish cradle is feared far more. That is why the May laws of 1882, restricting Jewish settlement to the cities and towns, were enforced in 1890.

So fearful is Russia of the influence of the Jews that she has repeatedly refused admittance to prominent American Jews who wished to travel there. In fact she allowed the abrogation of her commercial treaty of 1832 with this country rather than alter her policy toward the Jews. She makes no distinction as to wealth, so great is her fear that assistance or enlightenment will come to those within her borders. Yet she is always ready and willing to use the Jew's money.

Should serious difficulties arise out of the Balkan dispute Russia would find herself unprepared financially to hold her own beside Austria and Germany. Many times in the past money has been furnished the government by Jewish bankers to defray the expenses of campaigns, and there seems considerable reason to believe that the present mission of Mr. Mayer may be vitally connected with this matter. In order to avoid the strict passport regulations arrangements were completed for a meeting in Paris with Curtis Guild, American ambassador, and a subsequent journey across the border as a member of the diplomat's party. This gives additional importance to the mission when it is remembered that such prominent American Jews as Julius Rosenwald and Nelson Morris of Chicago failed of admittance a few years ago.

Should the Jews in a crucial moment see fit to withhold financial aid from Russia that country would find herself in serious difficulties. Yet in spite of this she has made no pretenses at rectifying abuses within her borders. The Jewish population of the world is increasing rapidly. They are very successful in a business way and are gathering power financially with remarkable rapidity. Confident that their race will some day regain the position it held 2000 years ago, they are quietly accumulating strength, though scattered over the entire world, and where given the ballot will some day make their influence felt. In fact, it is freely predicted that some day there will be a great movement toward a common center and the Jewish nation will once more assume its integrity. Peaceable and opposed to warfare, they will use the weapons of business to accomplish their end, which might come out of an opportunity of withholding financial aid from such a power as Russia. To see her greatest enemy defeated for lack of funds would be indeed a great victory.

In the light of past events it is not surprising then that prominent Jewish bankers should be called upon to assist an embarrassed government. It is no more surprising that the Jews should welcome the opportunity, for they are looking far into the future. Intelligent, quick, loyal to racial traditions, they are a unit in promoting the welfare of their race. One day they will cease to be looked upon as a money-grasping people and will receive the respect for their industry that is their due.

White-Egg American Fowl

Prove Prize Winners in Production and Are Boon
to Market Carters

Of interest to poultry raisers and breeders is the announcement of Mr. Albert Angell, Jr., that he has originated and perfected a hen which he has named the "White-Egg American Fowl," and which, he states, will fill a long-felt want in the poultry market. The fowl, as the name implies, lays a large white egg and a great many of them. But in addition to supplying the egg of desired color, the breed is large and a splendid market fowl. Mr. Angell does not relate how he secured the new variety, which is white, but is very enthusiastic over his success. The hen combines the market qualities of the Plymouth Rock with the egg-laying propensities of the Leghorn. It is, according to its originator, strictly a utility bird, though it will attract the eye of the fancier as well. In speaking of the marketable value of the new breed, Mr. Angell says: "The cockerels, when marketed, bring the highest market price. When caponized these cockerels weigh ten pounds in eight months. By reason of their bright, orange-colored legs and skin and very plump bodies they command the highest prices."

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