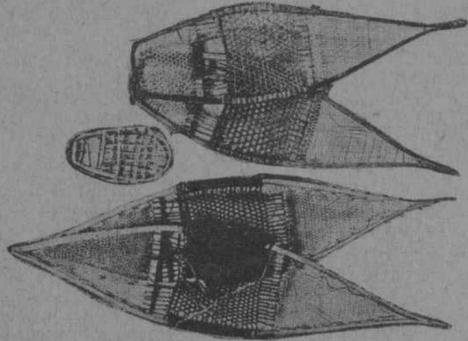


THE WOLF

PARIAH OF THE WILDERNESS

American Sportsmen on Snowshoes, Making a Fad of Shooting This Unpopular and Destructive Animal—Government Estimates Each Wolf on the Average Costs \$4,000 a Year in Property



Ojibway, Alaskan and Child's Snowshoes Used in Far North



Mrs. A. B. Kent, of Adrian, Mich., Who Has Hunted Wolves, as a Business, for Two Winters



A Wolf Hunter's Cabin Near Desbarats, Ontario, Canada, Where Biggest Wolves on Continent Are Taken

Snowshoes at 50 below zero after wolves! That is the proper thing in sport just now. Perhaps it is the result of the heaven which red blooded chaps like Harry Whitney and Paul Rainey have been spreading. Perhaps it is merely the recrudescence of that primal instinct for a rattle with the giant strength of nature which has always been present in strong, virile races.

Anyway, the thing has been done. Pioneers who know their business have been over the ground, blazed the way, and are back with stories that stir the blood. They say the trip can be made in comfort, that it is neither lengthy nor expensive, that there are plenty of wolves and that they are all going again.

But an increasing number feel that the wild game is being killed off too rapidly

putrefaction sets in. Only the very meanness of animals are attracted to the graves of human kind, and these graves are the special interest of the coyote. In this respect, as in others, the coyote is entitled to the name of hyena, for such he really is—the hyena of the plains. There is nothing in common between the wolf and the coyote. They are born enemies. And we bide the coyote upon whose track a wolf once starts in anger! The end can be predicted with absolute certainty. The coward is defeated before the fight.

Wolves on the Increase.

It will surprise the uninformed to hear that wolves are on the increase all over North America and probably in Russia. This is vouched for by the governments of the United States and Canada, and founded on the opinions of cattlemen, Indians and trappers.

Nobody seems to have a good explanation handy. The Western raisers of sheep



Skin to Man's Right Measured Eight Feet Six Inches from Snout to Tail

and that there is danger that some of the best species will become extinct. Some men have already given up the gun for the camera. Others seek only those animals which prey upon man or his possessions.

Here, then, in the wolf is a new, tremendously interesting quarry for the sportsman. Historically famous, or infamous, enemy of man and game, exceedingly difficult of approach, fearless, ferocious, roving, there could hardly be found better qualifications in any object of the hunt.

Nor should the joy of the hunter's tale from the deep pidded recess of the club chair be forgotten. Few animals are surrounded with so much mysterious fascination as the wolf. Theme of wild, weird stories in childhood, honorably vouched for in the sacred pages of McGuffey's Fifth Reader, constantly mentioned in the day's despatches as having taken another choice morsel in the form of a Russian mail carrier, general emblem of all that is bloodthirsty in beast or man, the wolf is enshrined in the legend and history of the world.

Coyote Is Not a Wolf.

No mention will be made in this story of the so-called "prairie wolf," or coyote. The timber wolf, or gray wolf, is the theme here. There is little of interest about the coyote. He is the black sheep of the family, the cur dog of the entire race. He is a coward and a degenerate. The racial difference between the real wolf and the cur coyote is well shown in the characteristic method of carrying the tail.

Where the wolf will content himself with nothing but fresh meat killed by himself, the coyote will feast on any sort of carrion, in many cases killing the game and allowing it to lie untouched until

and cattle say that it is because the bounty for the killing of wolves is so small that nobody will bother to hunt them. A half-breed in far Saskatchewan told me that nature regulates all these things; as soon as the wolves become too numerous for their own good some enemy will be found to kill them off. Probably both are right.

The subject is of such immediate interest that the United States has set experts to analyzing the facts. The Forest Bureau of the Department of Agriculture and the Department of the Interior are gathering data to work out some scheme for the extermination of the pest. Immense business corporations, such as the American Woolen Company, are intensely interested, for the ravages on the property of the latter corporation would hardly be believed.

The government has even issued special literature about the wolf, giving startling facts regarding the injury wrought by the wild creatures and the best methods for their capture or killing. This is the first time special literature bearing upon any one wild animal has been issued by this government—interesting evidence that our continent still contains much of primitive wildness.

Damage Wrought by Wolves.

But for the indorsement of the figures by the two leading governments of this continent few would accept the records of havoc wrought by the wolf. The United States government says that every wolf in this country is to be charged with about four thousand dollars damages every year.

One black she wolf, whose tracks were so peculiar she could be accurately traced, was recently killed in Colorado, and sheepmen and cattle ranchers estimated that she had been directly con-



cerned in the destruction of more than fifty thousand dollars' worth of live stock. A cattle company with immense ranches scattered all over Wyoming and Montana reported to the government that the injury to its property through wolves reached a million dollars in a single year.

As between the deaths among wild game wrought by the much abused automatic shotgun or rifle of the sportsmen and those which may be charged to the wolf the animal leads by multiples. One need spend only a few days on snowshoes in the woods of Canada to see with his own eyes the awful havoc. Carcasses of deer, moose and caribou, lie almost untouched.

Things are as bad if not worse in the United States. Michigan is a very nesting ground for the wolf. In some places the State has so suffered that the local

bounty for the killing of one wolf, added to that paid by the State, makes a total of \$50. Even with this premium the State is having a hard time to get the upper hand of the three footed vampire. George Shiras, 3d, of Pittsburg, one of the best known sportsmen in the United States, told the writer in a recent letter that within a radius of ten miles of his camp in Northern Michigan during three winters 118 carcasses of deer were seen which could be definitely laid to the account of the wolf. One young couple made a good living hunting wolves in Northern Michigan for two winters, besides having a most interesting time and storing up rugged health. Sheep, chickens, all forms of cattle, farm stock of every description are the constant prey of the wolf.

When the facts of the wild life of this continent come out there will be many

LAWS FOR ODD CRIMES.

THE Legislatures of our various States, as well as the federal government itself, are forever busying themselves with the framing of new laws.

"I am fined for failure to provide good drinking water on my passenger trains," a Rhode Islander might say; to which a fellow railroader in South Carolina would add:

"In this State a jail sentence follows a neglect to provide cuspidors for every two seats in our cars."

A man in Virginia says: "I killed a partridge on the second day of February, for which I must serve time in jail."

In Wisconsin a baker must serve three weeks in jail for sleeping in his bakery.

In California nurses are punished by fine or imprisonment should they fail in the proper instance to notify the physician of certain phases of illness in their patients.

To water a bicycle path in the State of Ohio is an offence punishable by heavy fine and sometimes imprisonment.

In most of the States it is a penal offence to tap a telegraph wire or to sell kerosene that is not up to the fire test.

STANDARDIZING WORK.

THE work of the Bureau of Standards has been greatly extended of late years. The operations of the office were at first limited for the most part to standards of length, mass, capacity and temperature, but the rapid progress of applied science created new demands which no institution was competent to satisfy.

Photometry, or the measurement of light, is a case in point. Thirty years ago it had no great commercial importance, but the extended use of electricity for lighting purposes, the discovery and manufacture of acetylene gas and the invention of numerous improvements in burners for ordinary illuminating gas have opened up a new field. Photometric apparatus is now necessary in hundreds, or even thousands, of factories.

Not only must the volume of light be accurately measured, but its chromatic composition must be determined. The most desirable light is, of course, that which comes nearest to sunlight in its color composition.

The pitch of tuning forks, of interest to manufacturers of musical instruments; the testing of optical surfaces, which is important to every one who wears glasses; the verification of thermometers, of gas, water and electric meters—in fact, the standardizing of all sorts of measures—are coming more and more within the scope of the Bureau of Standards.

ODD FACTS ABOUT SLEEP.

ALL the organs of life rest in some way or other. The heart has an interval of rest between each combined act of contraction and expansion and the beginning of a fresh act. Between each expiration of the lungs and the succeeding inspiration there is a period of repose. Physiologists have calculated that the heart reposes during about one-fourth of the time.

Certain of the other organs suspend their activity in part during sleep. Old physiologists supposed that sleep was caused by the pressure of the blood on the brain. But modern physiology, with the origin of all force and of all functions of the body, inclines to the view that sleep is caused by a withdrawal of blood from the brain.

As a rule, the larger the brain the more sleep it requires. Webster went to bed at nine o'clock and rose at five. General Grant used to say, during his campaigns, "I can do nothing without nine hours' sleep."

A curious trait has marked men of large brain—that of sleeping at will. Bonaparte used to throw himself on the ground and go to sleep within a space of two minutes. Pitt was a sound sleeper, and slept night after night in the House of Commons while his colleagues watched the debate and roused him when it was necessary that he should speak.

or wonderful keenness of animal sagacity of which a wolf will not avail himself. There is no despicable resource of animal ingenuity which he will not adapt to his ends. Having been hunted by man for centuries with a ferocity born of anger and not out of the need of food, he has learned much of man's ways and how to circumvent them.

How the Wolf Is Taken.

There used to be a delightful chapter in books on wolves telling how the poison was put in the meat, then the wolf devoured the meat and died on the spot. To the man who has camped on the wolf's trail it appears that the writers of his boyhood must have been slightly careless in their language. The poisoning of wolves is the finest proof of skilled woodcraft known to the aged trapper. The strychnine capsule must not be touched with human hand, but with carefully greased wooden patties. The meat must not be touched with greased sticks. Then the poisoned bait must be carried so as not to become contaminated with human odors, to where the wild creatures will not suspect that men have had anything to do with its placing. The taking of wolves with poison is, indeed, no child's play.

While dogs are employed by the wolf hunter in the Western States, the wolf of the Canadian wilds cannot be pursued in winter with such aids. First, because the rigid laws of the Dominion distinctly specify that dogs shall not be used for hunting deer or moose, and fail to state that they can be used for other hunting in winter. Few men would risk taking valuable hunting dogs into the woods with the chance that they might be shot while running deer. The snow of the north is generally too fine and deep to render them of use, and the wolves run in such packs that the dogs would stand little chance for their lives.

Hunting on snowshoes is the chosen if not the only way of taking wolves with any certainty. A good snowshoer, capable of covering from forty to fifty miles in a day, can "walk down" a pack of wolves when the snow is deep and soft. This is the method advocated by the best authorities. Following that, quiet roaming of the woods at dusk will be most likely to furnish the chance shot at a pack. But no man ought to make wolf hunting a game of solitaire unless he is really seeking trouble. While the general opinion among the best poeved wolf men of the north is that wolves will not attack a man unless the man is seen to be stumbling, or nearly overcome, instances are not wanting to prove that little encouragement is needed for an attack when the wolves are short of food. The authenticated instances, however, which are constantly arriving from Russia, of attacks upon human beings by wolves do not seem to be duplicated on this continent.

Hunting at Night.

Startling experiences will come to those who try hunting wolves at night. Moonlight nights are the best for the sport, though any night will give all the sensations one night ought to be crowded with. The wolf, like most all wild animals which find their habitat encroached upon by man, is fast becoming a nocturnal creature. Many wolves prowled about by day, but more in the night. The little outing will not be found a four o'clock tea party and ought not to be attempted by any but hardy men. I have participated in one such function and it stands out conspicuously as the most picturesque incident in twenty years of outdoor life.

The little party starts off following its snowshoe "trail breaker" to the known rendezvous of the wolves in the woods. Then it divides into parties of three each, separating each party a half mile. The trio then dig a big hole in the snow with snowshoes, into which they crawl, seated back to back, and pile the snow all over and about them, up to their shoulders, for snow is much warmer than the air at 30 below zero. Resting on the snowshoes near each man's hand is the arsenal of guns with which to welcome the wolves. Then wait. And if there is any waiting on this earth which ought to be rewarded with what is said to come to all those who wait it is this sort of waiting. You are a hardened sportsman, indeed, if you hear the wolves howling all about you,

even hear them brush against the trees just out of sight, and not feel your hair pushing your hat up just a little bit. This ought to be very successful hunting, but probably it is too exacting for most sportsmen.

Started the Sport.

New Yorkers started the sport of snowshoeing after wolves. Some four years ago the Canadian Camp Club, a group of sportsmen having property near Desbarats, Ontario, Canada, and of which the noted surgeon and scientist Dr. Robert T. Morris is president, organized a wolf hunt, under the leadership of Mr. L. O. Armstrong, a famous sportsman of Montreal. Ten took part in the event, sleeping in tents on the snow when the mercury registered 50 below zero, and bringing back with them three of the largest wolf skins taken in Canada in years.

The men who participated in this hunt voted it a novel and delightful outing, with every comfort thrown in. Not a man had a finger, ear, nose or toe frost bitten and every one came back tough as a nail and thoroughly convinced that a new fine sport had been added to the list. Several of those who were in this hunt organized later similar wolf hunts, and one man, John A. Hope, of Sowerby, Ontario, has practically made a business of wolf hunting, with and without guests, for the last three winters. Mr. Hope has been very successful at the sport and last season killed, unaided, seven wolves in three weeks.

Where the Wolves Are.

The best places for wolf hunting for the man of the big Eastern cities will be found either at Nomining, Province of Quebec, or the vicinity of Desbarats, or Kipawa, Ontario, or in Algonquin National Park, Ontario. Any of these places will yield its full quota of wolves. Nomining is but a hundred miles north of Montreal, Kipawa and Desbarats are easily accessible by rail and Algonquin Park has all the year round hotel accommodations, which can be used as a base and rendezvous.

Nomining has the picturesque French habitant still to be studied and excellent guides. Desbarats is the home of such famous guides as George Linklater, for twenty years brigade leader for the Hudson's Bay Company; Donald Bell, "Caribou Jack" McLeod and Harry Spurway, whose two young daughters have probably killed more game than any other two women in Canada. There is a good outfitting store in Desbarats and the country to the north is full of giant wolves. It was here that the party of which the writer was a member got their big wolf.

Kipawa has excellent outfitting stores, but guides or hunters ought to be obtained in advance, since few make the town their winter headquarters.

In Algonquin National Park permits for hunting the wolf would have to be obtained from the superintendent, George Bartlett, Algonquin Park station, owing to the strict regulations regarding the carrying of firearms in the park. But the wolves are here in great numbers and the place has many attractions for the winter wolf hunter. The superintendent himself is a devotee of this annual sport.

The Right Rig for the Sport.

The rig is tremendously important. Heavy woolen underwear, thick, strong woolen clothing, a dozen pairs of inch thick woolen socks, with just a trace of real Eskimo or Arctic stuff in addition, will furnish the sportsman who makes the trip with an outfit which will be the envy of his friends for years. Mr. Anthony Fiala, commander of the Fiala-Ziegler Arctic expedition, has been devising equipment for some wealthy New Yorkers who are bound North this winter, and his achievements are worth attention by the prospective wolf hunter. He has invented a sleeping bag of wolfskin, another of llama wool which weighs less than five pounds and a suit of the same material which weighs less than two pounds, with a helmet of skin and wool which is both light, warm and adaptable to various uses. This outfit will also be used by Professor H. C. Parker on his forthcoming attack on Mount McKinley.

The smaller calibre rides are appropriate, with the .25-35 Savage carbine taking preference. Automatic pistols of .38 calibre are well adapted to the game, and the shotgun of .12 gauge, loaded with buckshot, is also used by some. A compass, heavy hunting knife, field glasses and perhaps a tiny camera are all the traveller will need to carry, in addition to the above, relying upon the local outfitting establishment to furnish a more appropriate outfit than can be bought in New York.

Famous Hunters Have Tried It.

Among the many well known hunters who have tried the new sport are some who have hunted almost every "varmint" that runs on four legs. Charles H. Deutschnan, of Revelstoke, B. C., came three thousand miles to hunt the Canadian wolf in midwinter, and said that it beat the pursuit of the grizzly for excitement and interest. He spent one whole night alone on a wolf trail, cutting a V into a big pine tree and backing up against it. But the wolves must have seen him first, for even his skill went unrewarded.

Tom Barrett, of Big Moose, in the Adirondacks, has spent some time at the new sport, in Canadian territory, and votes it far and away more exciting than anything he has tried. Barrett spent last winter at Desbarats for the purpose of hunting wolves.

Lieutenant G. H. Payne, of the United States army, Fort Brady, Mich., is another who has tried the sport. Lieutenant Payne is owner of the famous wolf hunting dog Trim, and essayed to introduce Trim to the sport in Canada. But some of his friends told the Lieutenant of the Texas farmer who was asked by the wolf dog owner if he had seen the dog. "Well, yes," said the farmer. "They were all running fast, with the dog slightly ahead!" So the Lieutenant's dog was left at home.

Others who have been initiated into the sport and are ready to go again are Charles Wake and Edward B. Brooks, of New York; George V. Fisher, Gloucester, Mass.; G. H. Chapman, Game Warden of Michigan; L. O. Armstrong, Ernest Tremblay, Louis Lafferriere, Captain Landault and Forbes Southland, of Montreal; Major J. H. Morrison, Ottawa, and Robert McCree, Cleveland.