

THE BIG GAME SITUATION

WILL B. SHORE, GUIDE
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A BUNCH OF MOUNTAIN SHEEP

There is plenty of summer range up in the great meadow and valleys of the park, but the snow is too deep for them to stay all winter, so they must come down to the lower country. Several large bands of domestic sheep have been grazed up to the very boundary of the park, although the supervisor of the Forest Reserve has promised to keep the sheep back five miles from the park line, but he failed to do it. This drives the elk down the Yellowstone Valley. In the last three years great herds of elk have swept down this valley, tearing down fences, eating up the ranchers' hay stacks and in fact eating everything in the line of feed, making the country look as if a bunch of Kansas grasshoppers had suddenly swept down the country. This winter (1910-11) the elk are twenty-five miles down in the ranch country. It is needless to say they won't all of them get to see the beautiful scenery of the great Yellowstone Park again.

The superintendent of the Yellowstone park and chief scout, Mr. McBride, are taking good care of the park antelope, mountain sheep, deer and a small part of the elk. It is impossible to feed 50,000 elk, which is the number in the park, according to the last census.

About 100 tons of hay are fed to the game every year. This is put up by the government. It is alfalfa hay and is grown in the park on an 80-acre flat in front of the town of Gardiner.

There are from 400 to 2,000 elk fed on the flat. The number varies as there is no fence to retain the animals and the game comes and goes at will. If the storm is severe the flat is covered with game; when the weather is mild the feed ground is clear of game.

The antelope that are fed number about 200. The other 200 go down the river, which is their natural range. The scouts and soldiers try to drive them back, but it is a difficult task.

The prettiest sight of all is to see the 50 mountain sheep around the feed racks in the Gardiner Canon. Anyone who has spent all day climbing to the top of some high mountain, thinking he has been very careful to keep under cover and out of sight of a band of mountain sheep, to find the quarry has disappeared, knows how wary the big horn is. But it is different here. The big 16-inch ram which is so hard to get close to in the wilds will come up and almost eat out of your hand. At least, he comes near enough to get a good picture.

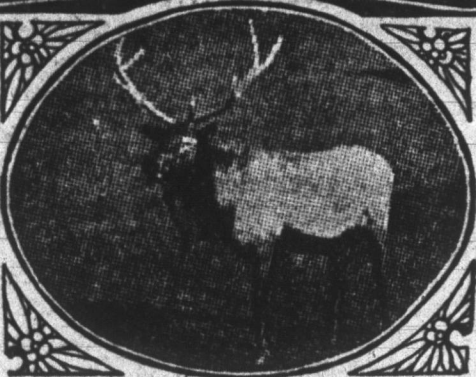
In the past five years the elk in the section of the Montana game fields north of the Yellowstone Park have greatly increased in numbers. It has been observed by many of the hunters in recent years that a larger number of cows have two calves following them than in previous years. The elk are becoming acclimated to the high mountainous country of the park and upper Yellowstone and are growing more hearty in their present environment. In early days before the great valleys and low lands were taken up by the settler the elk were found in the big open country except in late summer months, where they were very often found in the high mountains grazing upon great plateaus. Early explorers and prospectors noted very few elk in the park and section north of that reserve, and in fact very little game except buffalo. This information was obtained from Dr. Reagle, who was with Dr. Hayden in his official expedition in 1871, when most of the geysers were named and angulated.

The elk stay up here in the mountains all winter now, very few of them number trying to do down the valley. They have learned to like the snow, and during the first snow storms will leave the low country where the ground is bare to climb upon the plateaus and benches into a foot of snow. It is not uncommon to see a band of elk making a trail through four feet of snow, taking turn about breaking trail. They will live all winter in this deep snow and will paw out great patches, banking the snow up around them and making it look as though they were penned up in a big corral with a great white fence around it. They are fine rustlers and are busy most of their time pawing the snow down trying to find a bunch of grass.

The calves suffer the most from the long, cold winter and lack of feed, due to the deep snows, but there is not a very large percentage that die, probably about 10 per cent.

They usually meet their fate in March, which is the month the cow starts to wean her calf, which at that time is very weak and thin and in bad condition to rustle for itself.

The large herds of elk start to leave the high mountain meadows of the Yellowstone Park, where the snow



A MONARCH

gets from four to twenty feet deep, for their winter range the latter part of November. The game is very constant in the uses of trails and runs. Each season they go out from their summer range by the very same trails and passes en route to their winter home.

The pass used in their exit from the park is about a mile from the Aspen Hunting Cabin, on Buffalo Flat, north of Yellowstone Park, and the trail they travel over is a quarter of a mile above the same lodge. During this exodus of elk every morning about the time the sun's first rays of light can be seen radiating in the gray east, on the sky line will be observed vast numbers of moving objects which will be made out to be elk.

Five thousand were estimated to have passed along the trail above the cabin in four days. The cows and calves outnumbered the bulls about five to one. Very few old bulls were noticed, probably because a large percentage of them stay upon Hell-Roaring Creek.

The elk are a nomadic animal and very unlike the deer, seeming to have no particular country or home and are more or less on the move most of the time. Last fall while hunting with a party on a small creek, a branch of Slough Creek, we came upon a large bull in the woods, and one of the party came near shooting him when it was noticed that the elk only had one perfect horn. The other antler was a freak which stuck out from his head like a huge club (not unlike the pictures of Teddy's big stick) and had one small point on it. Later we saw this same bull with the freak head on Palmer Creek, some 50 miles from where we had seen him a month previously. This old bull was finally killed twenty miles down the Yellowstone River.

At the rate the elk are increasing in this section of Montana and the Yellowstone Park, it is becoming a problem to the state of how to take care of the rapidly multiplying herds.

SHOWED OLD BALL LIVELIER

Boston People Experiment After Doubting Resiliency of New Sphere—Test Causes Confusion.

There has been much controversy among baseball players and baseball fans this season regarding the ball now in use in the major leagues, the disputants lining up on the question whether the ball now in use is or is not livelier than the one used last season.

Many claim that the high batting averages of some of the players at the present time are due to the livelier ball, while others claim that they are due to the ineffectiveness of the pitchers and that the ball is no livelier than the one used last season.

Of course, if the manufacturers will not settle the doubt it would be necessary to subject the balls to scientific tests and examination in order to definitely determine the facts, and even then balls which were supposed to be identical in make might show a difference in resiliency because it probably is not possible that any two of them are exactly alike.

Some tests were made the other day with two balls, one of them issued for use in the American league late last season, and one that was issued for the season of 1911. These were dropped from a height of 15 feet simultaneously. They struck a concrete floor at as nearly the same instant as they could be made to do so, and they were photographed at the moment they had reached the extreme height of the rebound.

It was found that the ball issued for last season bounded higher than the one issued for this season, the difference in height being clearly shown in the photograph.

Several other tests were made and invariably the 1910 ball proved to be the livelier. These tests with only two balls are absolutely decisive of nothing as regards the general proposition, but they show clearly enough that the ball that was issued in 1910 was, in this particular case, livelier than the one issued for 1911. Whether a series of experiments more accurately and scientifically made would show the same or opposite results remains to be seen.

The experiment made recently would seem to confuse the problem still further, for the players generally say that the ball is livelier this year than it was last.

IS SURE OF CHAMPIONSHIP

Eddie Collins Says Detroit Has But One Pitcher, and Does Not Fear Tigers in Pennant Race.

List to a few optimistic prophecies from one Eddie Trowbridge Collins. Edward is not one of those given to coarser touches of prophetic language, but he says that the pennant for 1911 is nailed down for the world's champions. Not a team, Detroit, or any-



Pitcher George Mullin.

body else in the American league, can Eddie see has a thing on the Champs.

"I don't like to appear foolish with a lot of talk about the race," shot forth the great midget, "but I want to go on record as saying that we will jam down that pennant as sure as shooting. If our pitchers had been working we would have a lead now that would help a lot."

"Detroit is the team that we will have to beat. We'll do it. It hasn't a man who looks like a twirler except George Mullin, and it can't work him every day. By the first of September we'll have the grand old rag mortgaged, and don't forget it. It is going to be no runaway race, of course, as we have a late start. But we will win as sure as the sun shines. There will be nothing to it."

Percentages Change Often.

So many changes are being made in the percentage column these days it makes fans dizzy to keep track of them.

ANOTHER BASEBALL STAR ON THE STAGE



Pitcher George Wiltse of New York Giants.

Not to be outdone by his side partner, Christy Mathewson, George Wiltse, the Giants' clever southpaw, will go on the stage next winter. George will not do a monologue stunt, but will be a member of a quartet composed of three other ball players in the big leagues. Wiltse is in fine form this season, and should the Giants win out the show will receive a big boom.

Wild Base Running Wins.

Wild base running seems the thing which is winning ball games for the Tigers this year.

ON QUESTION OF MANAGERS

Which is More Capable, Bench or Playing?—Largely Matter of Individuals and Personality.

The discussion as to the relative merits of a bench and playing manager for a baseball team is again under way.

"I believe that before long all managers will be bench managers," says Hugh McBrean, treasurer of the Boston Americans. "I think the game is coming to that. Baseball has gone ahead so much and come to be so fast, before long the manager will have all he can do to sit on the bench and direct the play without attempting to get upon the coaching lines. Managers must plan ahead, must be figuring out the next play, and upon the lines they are apt to lose sight of moves ahead they have in their minds in the immediate duties of coaching."

"You see a manager coaching at first base one minute and then a situation arises that takes him over to third base, and it doesn't seem to me that he can make these moves and at the same time plan as clearly as if he were on the bench without anything to bother him except planning. Then, again, by sitting on the bench all the time with the players around him he is constantly getting their ideas and finding out just what they think of what ought to be done."

Now, it just happens that the Boston Americans have a bench manager, which may or may not influence McBrean's opinion; but at any rate it is probable that the officials of the New York, Cincinnati and Brooklyn clubs in the National league, and of the Athletics, Detroit, Chicago and Washington clubs, in the American league would agree with him.

The secretaries of the other major



Ty Cobb says ball players make their own luck.

The poor baseball player is the only one who knows no holidays. Ping Bodie looks a good deal better in the outfield than on second.

"To bean, or not to bean, that is the question," among big league pitchers. Bill Burns has been doing good work for the Phillies since he joined them.

John Collins of the White Sox is doing his best to steal all the home run thunder.

Playing when it is too dark to see the ball does not appeal to the majority of the fans.

Burch of Brooklyn started as a pinch hitter this year, but graduated into a regular berth.

Western teams appear to be the most formidable competitors for both Chicago teams this season.

Catcher Madden, formerly of the Boston Red Sox, has been purchased by the Philadelphia Nationals.

Umpires are beginning to feel that the manly art of self defense is more satisfactory than the levying of fines.

Bobby Wallace has signed a hard hitting collegian in Fred Busch of the Michigan Agricultural college team.

Catcher Lou Criger of the Milwaukee American association baseball team was given his unconditional release.

Good, taken in trade by the Cubs from Boston for Kaiser, has been playing a strong article of baseball so far.

Wagner does not play first with as much grace as he does short, but he gets everything that comes anywhere near him.

Trainer Tuttle of the Detroit Tigers says Jennings' men never bother their heads trying to puffer signals from opposing batteries.

Babe Towne, manager of the Sioux City team and a former White Sox, is leading the batting list of the Western with a .425 average.

Joe O'Brien is being boomed by some of his friends in the American association circuit for the next president of the National league.

Battery of Brothers.

"You hear a lot about brothers pitching and catching and making a battery," says Bob Groom, the toothpick twirler of the Washington Nationals. "Well, I was a member of the Groom brothers battery once, back in Illinois. That was before I entered professional ball. I was known as the 'strikeout king' around St. Louis, not far from my home, and usually I fanned 15 or 16 men in a game. I didn't have much but a wide curve, but, oh, how it used to faze those lads trying to hit it. During the entire season before I entered organized baseball I averaged 15 strikeouts to a game."

"I was billed as one of the Groom brothers battery and people used to come to see us work. Alec Groom and Bob Groom got their names in the papers with great regularity. "But Alec Groom wasn't my brother. He was my cousin. However, few ever knew that, and we passed for a long time as the Groom brothers battery."



Capt. Bobby Wallace.

league teams would probably declare in favor of the playing managers, who are as follows:

Chance, Chicago Cubs, first base; Clarke, Pittsburgh Pirates, left field; Dooin, Phillies, catcher; Brenahan, St. Louis Cardinals, catcher; Tenney, Boston Doves, first base; Chase, Yankees, first base; Wallace, St. Louis Browns, shortstop.

The whole question is, of course, largely a matter of individuals and personality, and will probably be a source for argument as long as the game exists.

Unpaid Genius of Theodor Schwann

BY M. A. LANE, SC. B.,

(Former Research Fellow in Physiology, University of Illinois.)

One day in a great German university a teacher of physiology was demonstrating to a small class of medical students certain peculiar facts about the contraction of muscle. To do this the teacher was in need of a little instrument, simple, and yet not easy to make "by hand." The instructor, however, was busy in an effort to put the thing together with bits of wood and wire.

Among the students who were watching him was an undersized young fellow of 21 who, after noting several failures on the part of the instructor, ventured a criticism.

"Doctor," he said, "we have three or four fine instruments of that kind in the case. They are perfect. Why not use one of them?"

Now the instructor knew well enough of the existence of the factory-made instruments in the laboratory, but he was improvising the thing in order to teach his men self-reliance and the use of their brain and hands. He glanced somewhat contemptuously at the young student and replied:

"I want to show I am able to do what any other man has done. Don't you?"

"No," answered the young man. "I want to do what no other man has been able to do before me."

This young man was Theodor Schwann, afterwards discoverer of the most startling fact known to modern science—the fact that the human body consists of an inconceivably vast number of microscopic animals called cells, all working harmoniously together for the common good of all.

We cannot see these little animals that form our bodies because of their exceedingly minute size. It is as if we were looking at the Sahara desert from a balloon three or four miles above the surface of the earth, whence it would be impossible to distinguish the separate grains of sand.

Before Schwann made his wonderful discovery it was known that the bodies of plants were composed of cells, and

one day it "just flashed" upon Schwann that the animal body might be built upon a similar plan. Investigation proved that he was right, and the great "cell theory" was announced—not so much a theory as a fact, and one of the simplest and most natural facts in the world when understood even superficially, the only way in which science, after the lapse of 75 years, has been able to master its causes.

Schwann was a poor boy who worked his way through school with little help from his father. He became the pupil of the "father of modern physiology," Johannes Mueller, and for seven years—the very years during which he made every one of his great discoveries—he was employed as caretaker of the museum at the University of Berlin. At 28, when he published the announcement of his cell theory, he still held the same job, and was earning the same pay he had received from the beginning—\$7 per month!

In those years—at the magnificent salary of an office boy—often in want of a square meal, never with a decent suit of clothes to his back, Theodor Schwann dug from the rich soil of nature certain grand nuggets of knowledge, of which everybody has heard, while the name of the digger is scarcely known popularly, even to the vast majority of medical doctors.

It was Schwann who discovered the gastric ferment pepsin, and gave it its name. Schwann was the first to show that life could not come into being except through the agency of pre-existing living bodies. To Schwann's original work the famed Pasteur owes all his immortality; and were it not for Schwann's discovery of the minute structure of the animal body there had been no modern medicine.

The poor German boy became the most honored man in Europe. Kings gave him decorations, every learned society placed him on its roll of members, and at 29 he was nominated professor of anatomy at the University of Louvain, and later at Liege, where he

remained until his death. In that capacity he was paid probably about \$35 or \$40 a week. After considerable search I have not been able to find any printed record that he ever married. You could hardly blame the poor man—on that pay.

The prosperous American business man will probably say that Schwann was a fool to waste his time in a profession that paid him so poorly. It is certainly a fact that nobody thought his work worth paying for; and it is a serious question whether work that nobody wants to pay for is really worth doing at all. There are no Schwanns in this country. Had Schwann lived here he would have gone into the doctor business and built up for himself a big practice. Schwann's bust in marble illuminates the university in which he was so long a teacher. But the bank discount on a marble bust—when a man is dead—is hardly a reward for the best efforts of genius.

Will the time ever come when governments will take care that men who do fine and useful things for glory alone will get gold as well as glory in the bargain?

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Beau Brummell and the Brewer.

Brooks' club in London, whose dignity seems to have been offended by its association with paper bag cookery, was not always the ultra-respectable and quintessential superior place it now professes to be, in spite of the story that dining there was like dining at a duke's with the duke lying dead upstairs.

In the days that were earlier it was a great place for gaming for high stakes and many anecdotes attest the kind of company that was kept there. For instance, when "Beau" Brummell had won large sums from Alderman Combe the brewer, he patronizingly said that he would never drink any other porter but his opponent's, whereupon the alderman, whose temper seems to have been lost with his money, retorted, "I wish every other blackguard in England would tell me the same."