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**On  
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## AS YOU TAKE IT

Tough times for timber wolves are looming up in the future. The latest scheme for ridding the White River cattle country of these four-legged marauders is to let the Indians do it. And this appears to be the best notion yet.

When it comes to trapping or shooting wolves and locating their dens an Indian knows what a white man would never find out, so now the plan is to invite the Utes up from the reservation in the southern part of the State and their cousins from over in Utah and turn them loose to start a wolf massacre in Rio Blanco and Garfield counties.

The idea originated with Charles T. Limburg, of Leadville, a prominent cattleman and banker. He has taken the matter up with the office of the State Game and Fish Commissioners, where the possibilities of his suggestion were recognized at once. Various schemes have been devised for getting rid of the big gray wolves which slaughter so many yearling steers in the White River country every summer, and so many deer in the winter.

The wolves of the White River timber country are exceptionally large and fierce. A head of one of them shows them to have heavy, capacious jaws and long, keen teeth which look as if they could snap a dog's backbone in with a single crunch. It looks as if it were up to the Indians, and it is believed that they will enjoy the outing with great pleasure, particularly since it means getting all the food they want while they are away from home, with the chance of bounty money thrown in. —Denver Republican.

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In his earlier years as an illustrator and painter Frederic Remington, who died a few days ago as a result of an operation for appendicitis, used to say that when he died he wanted some one to carve on his tombstone: "He knew the horse." Probably he long ago formed other views as to a suitable synopsis of his career, yet it is as a painter of horses that most people know and first think of him. He first fixed his personality on the public mind by his representations of horses, which even gave rise to a considerable controversy as to whether he used a camera or whether on the other hand he painted horses in impossible postures. It remained for an improved camera to demonstrate that

Remington had seen correctly and accurately. One admirer wrote of him: "He knows a horse from the prick of his ears to the frogs of his feet." Another wrote: "He knows every hair on a pony, and you need only to put Remington the writer and Remington the artist together to make the greatest pony that ever galloped up and down the pages of a book with a cowboy on his back."

Remington was known as an illustrator, a writer, a painter and a sculptor. He had been a clerk, a cowboy and a football player. He was a hard worker, a good player and devoted to the open air.

Fred Remington was born in New York state. His father was a newspaper man and political factor whose editorials had a rank of their own among county newspapers. His home was at Canton, St. Lawrence county, and there his son was born on October 1, 1861.

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He was a sewing machine agent of the most aggressive type. For twenty minutes the lady of the house had been awaiting an opportunity to say she already possessed one.

At last he paused. Only long enough, however, to thrust a card into the lady's hand.

The bit of pasteboard was certainly a novelty.

"My name is Sellem," it read, "of the firm of Blang and Co., sewing machine manufacturers, and I intend to prove to you that it is madness to defer purchasing one of our unequalled machines."

After a long description of the machine came the following:

"You may plead that you are unable to work a machine. I will remove that objection in fifteen minutes, or in three lessons. Will call next Wednesday."

When the agent called again, a six foot man opened the door and blandly remarked:

"You're the sewing machine man, I suppose?"

"Yes; I called last week, and—"

"Yes, I know," interrupted the big man. "You don't know me, I suppose? My name's Bury, of Bury and Keepem, undertakers, and I intend to prove to you that it is madness to defer purchasing one of our unequalled coffins."

The agent began to edge away.

"You may plead that you are scarcely qualified for a coffin," the big man went on. "I will remove that objection in ten seconds."

But the agent simply tore from the house.