

A good book is like a good name—better than riches

IMPROVEMENT ERA

Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Young Men's Mutual
Improvement Associations and the Schools of the
Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

VOLUME NINETEEN

Published by the
General Board Y. M. M. I. A.

“What you young people want, is a magazine that will make a book to be
bound and kept, with something in it worth keeping.”—*Pres. John Taylor.*

EDITED BY JOSEPH F. SMITH AND EDWARD H. ANDERSON
HEBER J. GRANT, MANAGER, MORONI SNOW, ASSISTANT MANAGER

1916

INDEX TO SUBJECTS.

xi

	PAGE
Shakespeare	1061
Significance of the Fall, The..	402
"Silver Greys," The.....	820
Smith, Joseph F.	669
Social Activities in the High School	413
Social Dancing and Its Direc- tion	255
Some Suggestions on Success.	168

STORIES

Adele	308
A-ra	768
Eight Dollars' Worth.....	786
"Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady"	327
Gift, The	117
Great Event, The.....	404
His Mother's Honesty.....	1051
Into the Light—Prize Story.	432
Jed at the Old Academy....	202
Jed's "Schoolin'"	148
Man with a Scar, The.....	145
Miko	501
Mother Passes Through the Shadows	241
Restraining Hands	795
Rumalcowiskeyhol—A Mod- ern Monster	822
School Over the "Tater Hole," The	14
Seer, The—Prize Story.....	994
Speck's Faith	345
Testing of Gilda, The.....	729

STORIES (Cont'd)

Trappers Christmas, The....	102
Valedictorian's Mother, The Prize Story	634
Victims Three	999
What's a Character Worth?.	532
Temple in Hawaii, The.....	953
Thoughts of a Farmer.....	220
Three Points in the War.....	68
Traveling Over Forgotten Trails	350, 512, 601, 689
True Gentleman, The.....	980
United States and Mexico....	584
Use of the Tongue, The.....	720
Verdun and the Russian Drive	871
Villa's Trail, On.....	1015, 1094
Vocations and Industries....	50
Waste in Spelling.....	253
We Walk by Faith.....	608
What Day was Jesus Crucified, On	33
What is "Mormonism?".....	300
What is the Higher Criticism..	620
What Shall We Do on the Sab- bath Day?	859
What the Nations of Europe are Fighting For.....	816
Why Condemn the Tobacco User?	597
Why Not Be Consistent?.....	1047
Why Not Utah "Dry"?.....	643
Winter Evening at Home....	358
World's Debt to Joseph Smith	718
World-Wide Peace	883

INDEX TO AUTHORS

	PAGE
Adamson, Henry Nicol.....	866
Alder, Lydia D.....	249
Allen, Henry J.....	696
Anderson, Edward H.....	99,
173, 447, 537, 540, 784, 933,	951
Anderson, Jane B.....	913
Anderson, J. F.....	950
Anderson, Nephi	729
Baggarley, Maud	343, 1097
Baker, Charles H.....	1056
Barker, F. E.....	776
Beesley, Clarissa	913
Bennett, Fred L. W.....	1107
Bennon, Prof. Milton.....	302
Bleas, Governor	26
Brimhall, Geo. H.....	924
Caldwell, Margaret	1061
Carroll, Elsie Chamberlain....	117, 218, 795, 1078
Chapman	626
Clawson, Rudger	274
Clegg, H. Cardwell.....	714

	PAGE
Coleman, Guy C.....	828, 879
Cope, F. W.....	45
Cowley, Moses F.....	110
Crockett, Fred Waldo.....	546
Crosby, Geo. H., Jr.....	774
Crowther, Edna	48
Cummings, D. W.....	999
Curtis, Theo. E.....	384, 446
Cuthers, John	516
Cutler, Orville W.....	490
Dart, Effie Stewart.....	344
Darter, F. M.....	33
Davenport, T.	552
Denoiian, M. A.....	501
Evans, John Henry.....	720
Evans, William	295
Fisher, Ila	424, 575, 713, 765
Fox, Joseph W.....	145
Fox, Ruth M.....	116
Frisby, H. LeRoy.....	164
Frost, Grace Ingles.....	303, 349, 619, 728

Traveling Over Forgotten Trails

BY HON. ANTHONY W. IVINS

The Pioneer Trail, from the Wyoming border to the Salt Lake Valley, will never be forgotten. Each year people travel it, and say, "Over this trail passed the men who laid the foundation of a western empire. Here they struggled up the mountain; here, crossed the stream; here they cut away the trees and removed the rocks to make possible passage through the canyon, and on this spot they established camp after a weary day's journey."

Other trails, trodden by the feet of men and women as devoted as those who first entered the Salt Lake Valley, are forgotten. No monuments will ever be built to mark their course. The trails are obliterated. The men who made them have passed away. Lest the children forget the sacrifices of the fathers, come and travel with me over some of these forgotten trails.

Since the events here chronicled took place, more than fifty years ago, conditions, social, religious, political and industrial, have so changed that if met by the younger generation of today, they would be scarcely recognizable. Journeys made by mule and ox trains, which required months to accomplish, are now made in a day. The conveniences and comforts of home-life were meager, compared with the present. Communication between settlements was difficult and slow, agricultural, industrial and commercial pursuits were prosecuted under the most disadvantageous circumstances; and, worst of all, the pioneers who blazed the way and established outlying settlements were constantly exposed to the danger of attack by roving bands of Indians who opposed the invasion of their country by white men.

Eternal vigilance was the price of safety, constant industry and rigid economy the price of substance.

In the fall of 1861, the writer passed his ninth birthday. He resided, at the time, with his parents, in the Fifteenth Ward, Salt Lake City. On the same block lived John M. Moody and family, consisting of his wife, Margaret, and her children, Robert, Samuel, William and Mary, the three first being the sons of a former husband whose name was McIntire. They had identified themselves with the Church in Texas; and, like many others, had gathered to Utah to participate in its activities, and share its destinies.

James M. Whitmore and family were also Texas people who had gathered with the Church, and were friends and neighbors of the Moodys. They were people of refinement, and had brought

with them to the Valley property which, by comparison at that time, entitled them to be regarded as possessed of wealth.

One afternoon in October, 1861, the writer was at the home of John M. Moody, playing with other children, when a messenger came with the announcement that the Moody family had been called by the presiding authorities of the Church, to go to Dixie to raise cotton and develop the resources of that part of the territory. Frightened by the thought of such a move, he ran through the block to the home of his parents, and bursting into the house exclaimed to his mother and sister, who were in the room,

“Brother Moody is called to go to Dixie.”

“So are we,” said his sister, between sobs.

His mother said nothing, but tears filled her eyes as she thought of leaving a good home and comfortable surroundings, and of facing the hardships and dangers of frontier life, in the barren country known as Utah's Dixie.

Several hundred families had been so called to go upon this mission. It was the manner in which the affairs of the Church were conducted, at that time—one of the forgotten trails.

Some offered excuses. Some were too poor to go, some were too rich. Some would send substitutes, but the great majority, with that devotion which has characterized the members of the Church from the beginning, silently but resolutely made preparations for the accomplishment of the task assigned them.

Valuable homes were disposed of for but a small part of their real value. Farms were exchanged for teams or live stock which could be driven through to their destination; and the late fall and early winter of 1861 found hundreds of teams on the rough and dreary road to the South, among them the families of John M. Moody and James M. Whitmore.

The road from Salt Lake to the Rio Virgin passed through the country of the Ute, or Utah Indians, a powerful tribe whose territory was bounded on the north by the Shoshones and Cheyennes; on the east by the Cheyennes, Arrapahos and Comanches; the west by the Pah-utes, who occupied a strip of country lying



TSE-NAH-GAHT, (THE MOUNTAIN SHEEP)

The young Pah-ute who refused to surrender to Federal Officers when accused of killing a Mexican Sheep Herder, and whose resistance almost resulted in an Indian war in San Juan county.

between the Rio Virgin, Santa Clara, and Colorado rivers, extending as far east as the San Juan, and separating the Utes proper from the Navajos, Apaches, and Moquis, on the south.

While Wah-ker, Arapeen, Black Hawk and Kanosh were recognized, each in his time, as chief of the Utes, the Pah-utes, in the south, were broken up into fragmentary bands, each with its own chief, but recognizing no general leadership. The Moapas, occupying the Muddy Valley and lower Rio Virgin, were led by To-sho; the Tonaquint and Pa-rusche Indians, on the Santa Clara and Upper Virgin, by Tut-se-gavit; the Kai-bab (Mountain



A NAVAJO INDIAN AND HIS PAH-UTE WIFE

This photograph disposes of the oft repeated statement that other tribes never intermarry with the Pah-utes

That Lies Down) Indians, by the father of Kanab Frank, whose name the writer has forgotten, while a branch of this same tribe, which extended to the San Juan river, and across the Colorado to the borders of the Navajos, was led by the renegade Ute Pah-nish, a bad man, who was responsible for a great part of the trouble which later developed between the settlers of Southern Utah and the Navajos and their Pah-ute neighbors.

In an article published by one of the Salt Lake dailies at the time of the recent uprising of the Indians in San Juan County, which resulted from the attempt to arrest Tse-nah-gaht (The Mountain Sheep), who was accused of the murder of a Mexican, it was stated that the word Pah-ute meant renegade, and that it

had been applied to the tribe occupying the country between the Utes and Navajos, because of their bad character. The Indians themselves say this is not the case. All they know is that it is the name by which they have always been known, and is applied to all of their people. Pah, in the Indian language, is water, and is frequently used by them in the names applied to places and things, for example: Pah-ra-gon, the Indian word for Parowan, means a lake or long body of shallow water, the Little Salt Lake. We have Anglicised it, and call it Parowan, while we apply the Indian word, Pah-ra-gon, to Paragoona which, in the Indian tongue, is Un-coppa, or Red—Red Creek; Pah-rusche, Water That Tastes of Salt, (the Rio Virgin); Pah-reah, Elk Water; Pah-rah-shont, Much Water; Pah-coon, Water Which Keeps Boiling Up. Following this rule, Pah-ute would be Water Ute, or the Utes living along the rivers which constituted the southern boundaries of the tribe.



A TYPICAL NAVAJO WARRIOR

These Pah-utes intermarried with the tribes adjacent to them until they became a kind of mongrel race, recognized neither by the Utes on the north, or the Navajos and

Apaches on the south. They were greatly inferior to their neighbors in intelligence, as the photographs here reproduced will show. Tse-nah-gaht (The Mountain Sheep) is a typical Pah-ute, as is the Pah-ute woman shown with her Navajo husband. Note the difference between the intellectuality of these faces and that of the Navajo husband, and the other here shown. The man and wife disposes of the oft repeated statement that other tribes will not intermarry with the Pah-utes.

The trail of the Dixie pioneers passed, as stated, through the country of the Utes, and into the country of the Pah-utes. While peaceful relations existed between the whites and Indians at this

Note the difference in the intellectuality of his face and that of the Pah-ute woman, or Tse-nah-gaht (The Mountain Sheep)

time, the latter were jealous and suspicious, and it was only by careful diplomacy, and following the wise course outlined by Brigham Young, that it was cheaper to feed than to fight them, that peaceful relations were maintained.

The Whitmore and Moody families, with others, located at St. George, and immediately applied their means and energy to the development of the resources of the country.

In order to provide grazing facilities for his herds of cattle, bands of horses and flocks of sheep, which were noted for their excellent quality, James M. Whitmore located and improved the Pipe Springs ranch, which lies about fifty-five miles east from St. George, and twenty miles west from Kanab. At this ranch, Whitmore passed a portion of his time, and had employed Robert McIntire to assist him in caring for his flocks and herds.

One evening, about the 10th of January, 1866, the people of St. George were gathered at the Social Hall, where a party was to be given. The Whitmore and Moody families were there, with the exception of the head of the former and Robert McIntire, who were at the ranch. The cotillions had been formed, the musicians were tuning their instruments, the people were in a happy mood, when they were unexpectedly called to order. What had occurred to mar the pleasure of the occasion? The writer well remembers the death-like silence which ensued, the suppressed excitement, and deep apprehension manifested by the merry-makers. The manager announced that a messenger had just arrived with despatches stating that a traveler, passing Pipe Springs, had observed that there was no one at the ranch house,

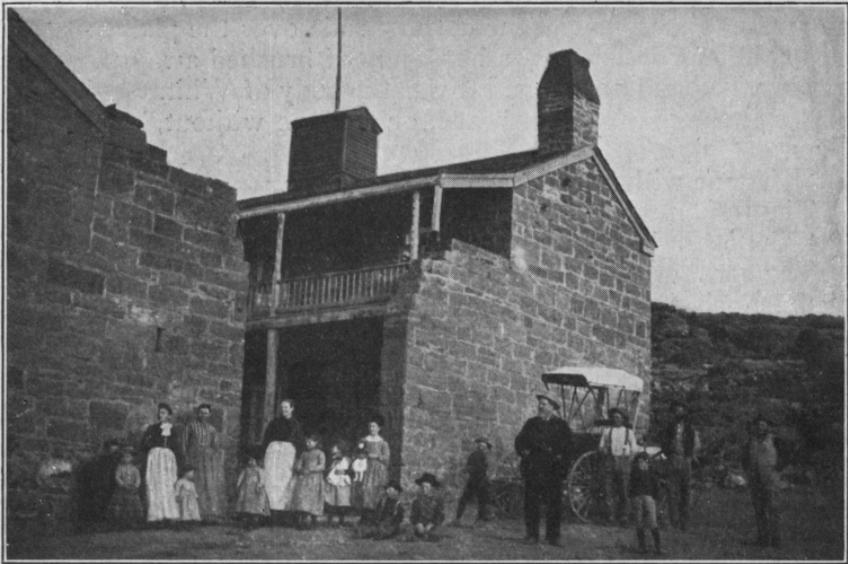


JAMES M. WHITMORE

Killed at Pipe Springs, Arizona, by Pah-ute and Navajo Indians, on the 8th of January, 1866

and that signs indicating the recent presence of Indians were plainly visible.

A call was made for men, armed and equipped, to start at once for Pipe Springs. Silently, hurriedly, the people went to their homes. The remainder of the night was spent in preparation, and the following morning a company of sixty men, a part of the local militia, was ready to start on one of the most trying expeditions ever undertaken by men. They were armed and mounted, that was indispensable, but there were no shelter-tents. The equipment was primitive and inadequate, the commissary scanty. At least one man now living, at the time a mere boy, was mounted on a mule without a saddle, and had no coat. With a few quilts which served as saddle, cloak and bed, in his shirt sleeves, he did a soldier's full duty on the trying campaign.



THE PIPE SPRINGS RANCH AS IT APPEARS TODAY

After the killing of James M. Whitmore and Robert McIntire, as related in this article, a strong stone building was erected there by order of Brigham Young, which was called Winsor Castle.

As stated, the expedition was made up of a part of the local militia, and was commanded by Colonel Daniel D. McArthur, Lieutenant Colonel Angus M. Cannon, Major John D. L. Pierce, and Captains James Andrus and David H. Cannon. Of these men David H. Cannon is the only survivor.

The weather was intensely cold. Snow had fallen, and on the high plateau, at Pipe Springs, it was three feet deep, with the mercury below zero. When Pipe Springs was reached; no trace

could be found of either the ranchers or Indians. Tracks and signs which ordinarily guide the scout were obliterated by the heavy fall of snow. Finally, after several days of scouting, James Andrus found two Indians, an elderly man and a boy, engaged in dressing a beef which they had killed, and brought them to camp. They refused to talk until the following morning, when they admitted that Whitmore and McIntire had been shot by Navajo and Pah-ute Indians, and offered to conduct the soldiers to the place where the bodies were, and to the camp of the hostiles.

Dividing into two companies, one under command of Colonel McArthur, and the other under command of Captain Andrus, the troops left camp, the older Indian leading Colonel McArthur out on the plain, east of Pipe Springs, the boy leading Captain Andrus in a southerly direction to the vicinity of the Kanab Gulch. Captain Andrus encountered the hostiles in their camp, and nine Indians were killed. While the cavalry rode over the plain, searching for the murdered men, a horse's hoof brushed away the snow exposing the hand of a man. It was the body of Whitmore!

"Is it the man with a beard, or the one without," asked the Indian.

"The one with a beard," was the answer.

The Indian walked some distance and, pointing, said,

"The other is there."

The snow was removed, and the body of McIntire found, as stated. Each man had been shot with both bullets and arrows, the body of McIntire having received many wounds, the Indian said, because he had carried a pistol, and had fought desperately for his life.

The remains of the two men were packed in snow and taken to St. George, where impressive funeral services were held.

The details of the tragedy were never known. The Indians admitted that they had attacked the men while they were riding on the range, and had killed them after a short fight. A large number of horses and sheep were driven off by the Navajos, the Pah-utes retaining the personal effects of the murdered men. It was the first depredation in the Dixie country in which white men lost their lives, but they were not the last victims of the long war waged by the Navajos and Pah-utes against the white settlers of southern Utah.

James M. Whitmore was the father of Hon. George C. Whitmore of Nephi, James M. Whitmore of Price, and Brigham Whitmore of Davis county; and Robert McIntire was the elder brother of our fellow townsmen Samuel and William McIntire.

Traveling Over Forgotten Trails

BY HON. ANTHONY W. IVINS

II—A Desert Tragedy

Attack by hostile Indians was not the only danger which confronted the early pioneers of Southern Utah and south-eastern Nevada. The country which they were sent to reclaim was a desert, roads were well nigh impassable, and feed for live stock and teams was exceedingly scarce. Medicine and proper medical attention were not obtainable, and consequently many lives were lost from accident and disease which, under present conditions, might have been saved.

In no part of the south did this condition prevail to a greater extent than in the Muddy valley. It was a country of rocks and sand, ninety miles from St. George, the nearest settlement, and that only an outpost of civilization, and could be reached only over one of the most difficult roads on the continent.

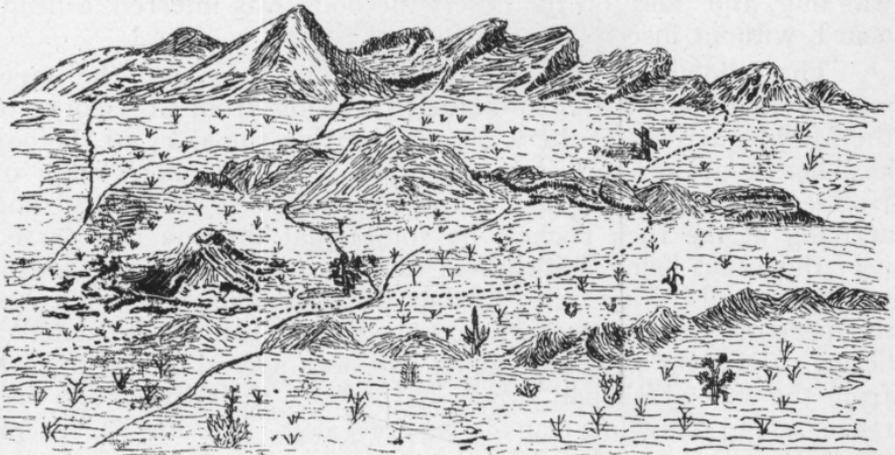
The southern route to California bore south-west from Cedar City to the Mountain Meadows, and from there six miles south-east to Cane Springs, from which point it passed on to the Magotsa and Santa Clara, which it followed to the present site of the copper smelter at Shem, where it turned south to Camp Spring, the only water between the Santa Clara and Beaver Dams, on the Rio Virgen, twenty-five miles away. From the Beaver Dams the road followed the Rio Virgen sixty miles to the present site of St. Thomas, on the Muddy, crossing the river as many as forty times.

It was a dangerous road, and often impassable, because of the treacherous quicksands which prevailed in the river bed. To reach the Muddy valley by any other than the river route, it was necessary to leave the main road twelve miles North of the Beaver Dams and strike off to the west, over a desert country, to the Upper Muddy, at West Point, a distance of sixty miles without water, except at certain seasons of the year when the scant rain fall filled shallow pockets in the rocks, at the To-quop (Tobacco) Wash, about half way across the desert.

In order to avoid the difficult river route, and make the desert road passable, Erastus Snow, who was in charge of the southern settlements at the time, sent men to sink a well at a point on the Beaver Dam Wash, which would reduce the distance between water to fifty miles, over a desert where, in the summer, the heat was almost unbearable.

Among the people who went from Salt Lake to assist in the reclamation of the Muddy valley, and who located at St. Thomas, at the junction of the Muddy with the Rio Virgen, were James Davidson, his wife, daughter, Maggie, and son, a boy twelve years of age. They were from Scotland, without experience in pioneer life, but with that faith which characterized the members of the Church in those early days of its history, willingly undertook the task assigned them.

On the 9th of June, 1869, James Davidson, his wife and son, left St. Thomas, in company with other travelers, to go to St. George. Their conveyance consisted of a light spring wagon, drawn by a single horse. The vehicle was so shrunk by the arid atmosphere that before the family reached St. Joseph, twelve miles up the valley, a tire "ran off" one of the wheels; and they were obliged to stop until it could be reset. This was done by



THE LAY OF THE ROUGH DESERT COUNTRY

The cross to the upper right locates the boy's grave

their son-in-law, B. F. Paddock, and they started to overtake their traveling companions, who had left them and gone on. Paddock, who was an experienced frontiersman, warned them not to attempt to cross the desert alone, but to return home, or wait at St. Joseph for other company, unless they overtook the party in advance. They did not reach St. Joseph until the following day, and remained there Thursday night, one day behind the people with whom they had expected to travel. On Friday morning, heedless of the warning received, they started on alone.

In June and July, the heat on the deserts of Nevada and Arizona is almost unbearable. During the day the sand and rocks, exposed as they are to the scorching sun, become so hot that the heat can be seen rising in waves. Nor does the night bring relief. The unfortunate traveler who is caught on one of

these desert wastes without water has little chance to survive. With the exception of an occasional lizard, which scuttles over the burning sand from one cactus bush to another, there is no sign of living thing. The birds, even the crow and coyote, those scavengers of the desert, seek the few water courses in order to sustain life.

During the night, on the 12th of June, a horse, famishing for water, came staggering in to the camp on the Beaver Dam Wash, where a party of men were at work on the well referred to. He was watered and fed by the men at the camp, and the following morning William Webb, one of the well-diggers, went back on the road, in the direction from which the horses had come, and there, only half a mile from the camp, with a canteen and one gallon keg lying near found the body of a boy, so swollen and distorted by the heat that recognition was impossible. A grave was dug, and there on the desert the body was interred, a head-board, without inscription, marking the spot.

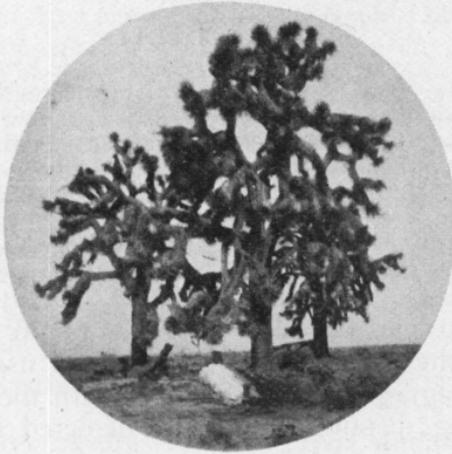
The following Thursday morning, four days after the interment of the body, Lorenzo Young, traveling from St. George to the Muddy, arrived at the well, and, hearing the story of the boy and horse, pressed on over the desert road, his knowledge of frontier life suggesting that a tragedy had been enacted. Upon arriving at the rock pockets he found that the boy had passed near them, but being ignorant of their existence had gone on toward the well. Five miles farther west, he found the bodies of the parents, lying together on a bed they had made under a desert palm, over which a blanket had been spread to shield them from the sun which had slowly burned out their lives. To Lorenzo Young the whole tragedy was revealed. Leaving St. Joseph alone, they had traveled to within five miles of water where the tire had again "run off" the wheel which had then broken down. Helpless, alone, with their meager supply of water exhausted, the boy had mounted the horse, and with the keg and canteen gone to seek a fresh supply; he had missed the water in the pockets, and had heroically struggled on to fall exhausted within sight of his goal.

The suffering from thirst, the anguish of the parents for the welfare of their son, the despair of the boy as he struggled on, knowing that the lives of his parents depended upon his effort, will never be told. They cannot be, for no one but them could feel it.

No beast or bird had disturbed the bodies, but their condition precluded the possibility of their removal, with the means at hand, so men were sent out to bury them where they died.

The road is never traveled now, it is one of the forgotten trails, but the two graves, on opposite sides of the desert, one

covering the remains of the parents, the other the boy, are mute witnesses of the dangers to which the pioneers of the Muddy valley were constantly exposed.



The Life that Counts

(Selected)

The life that counts must toil and fight;
Must hate the wrong and love the right;
Must stand for truth, by day, by night—
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts must hopeful be;
In darkest night make melody;
Must wait the dawn on bended knee—
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts must aim to rise
Above the earth to sunlit skies;
Must fix its gaze on Paradise—
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts must helpful be;
The cares and needs of others see;
Must seek the slaves of sin to free—
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts is linked with God;
And turns not from the cross—the rod;
But walks with joy where Jesus trod—
This is the life that counts.

A. W. S.

Traveling Over Forgotten Trails

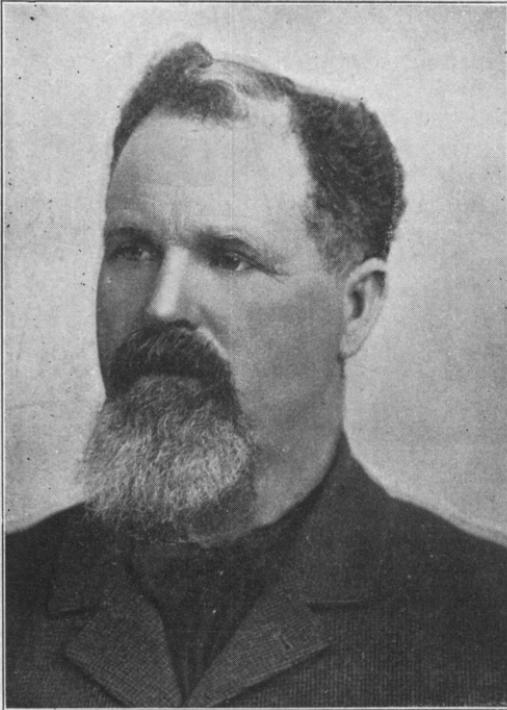
BY HON. ANTHONY W. IVINS

III—Indian Revenge, and a Brother's Devotion

One of the great problems presented to the early settlers of Utah's Dixie was how to obtain merchandise to provide for their necessities, after the meager supply which they were able to take with them from the north had been exhausted. They were far from any base where goods could be obtained, with roads which were well-nigh impassable intervening, and very little money

with which to buy. It was about three hundred fifty miles to Salt Lake City, and when that point was reached, the price of merchandise, all of which was brought from either the Missouri river or from California, by freight teams, was well nigh prohibitive.

During the summer, the trip to St. Joseph, or to Kansas City, Mo., could be made; but when winter came, this route was no longer practicable, so that in the fall and winter months it was not unusual for the mule trains, which had made the journey to the Missouri during



EDWIN D. WOOLLEY, who brought the remains of his brother, who had been killed by Indians, across the desert from California to Utah, as he appeared thirty years after the incident here related.

the summer, to occupy the time with a trip to California.

The road led along the chain of early settlements from Salt Lake City to Nephi, at that time called Salt Creek. From the latter point to Fillmore, Beaver and Cedar, where it forked, going either by way of Pinto, Mountain Meadows, Magotsa and Camp Spring to Beaver Dams, or to Kanarra, Black Ridge, Grape Vine Sand, and St. George, from which latter point it either led up the Santa Clara to Camp Spring, or across Miller's Cut-off to the Beaver Dams.

The overland freight train usually consisted of a sufficient number of teams to assure safety from attack by Indians, each team consisting of from eight to twelve mules hitched to one heavy wagon. The mules were driven with a single line, attached to the bit of the near leader, the driver riding on the near wheeler. Months were consumed by these trains in making the trip from Utah to California and return, a distance now covered by the fast freight in a few days.

Merchandise obtained in California was brought *via* Cape Horn from New York, or other eastern ports, and by the time it reached Utah was sold at extravagant prices. For example, flour sold at St. George for \$25 per cwt., sugar \$1 per pound, tea \$6 per pound, coal oil \$8 per gallon, common domestic \$1 per yard, calico 75 cents per yard, nails \$1.50 per pound, glass \$1 per 10x12 light, lumber \$110 per thousand feet.

In November, 1868, the Southern Utah Co-operative Mercantile Association was formed, under the direction of Erastus Snow, the purpose of the organization being to purchase merchandise in California, and bring it to southern Utah, to supply the necessities of the people. A train was fitted out and started for San Bernardino about February 1, 1869.

Franklin B. Woolley was appointed purchasing agent for this company, and after the train had left St. George, he went to Salt Lake, and from there to San Francisco, where he made his purchases and ordered the merchandise shipped to Wilmington, a sea port near San Diego, where it was to be loaded on the wagons and freighted to St. George.

Among those who were to freight the goods to their destination was Edwin D. Woolley, a younger brother of Frank, who at the time was but twenty-three years of age.

The train reached Wilmington about March 1, where it was met by the agent. The merchandise was loaded, and the return trip commenced. In addition to the teams which had come from Utah, Franklin B. Woolley had purchased another at San Bernardino, and employed a man to drive it through to St. George. The journey was made without incident to San Bernardino, through the Cajon Pass, and over the divide to the Mojave River, where the train camped for the night.

When you go to California over the Salt Lake Route, if you

will look out to the east, after passing the El Oro station, and before reaching the summit, near Victorville, you will see the Mojave river bottom, and know that you are passing the spot where the train camped on that memorable night, probably March 16, and where the combination of circumstances which culminated in the death of one of the foremost citizens of southern Utah had their beginning.

The following morning, when the teams were brought in, three of the horses, which had been purchased at San Bernardino, were missing. The greater part of the day was spent in hunting

for them, but they could not be found, and the conclusion was reached that they had gone back on the road toward their old home. The freighters were anxious to move on, and finally did so, while Frank Woolley, mounted on one of his brother's mules, started back toward San Bernardino, the extra wagon being trailed down the Mojave to a point where the road to Camp Cady, in Arizona, branched off to the east. There was a station at the forks of these roads kept by a half-breed and his wife. At this station E. D. Woolley was left with his wagon load of merchandise, and the train went on.



FRANKLIN B. WOOLLEY, who was killed by Mojave Indians in California, in March, 1869.

Here he remained several days, and as his brother did not return, he became exceedingly anxious for his welfare. It had rained heavily, the river was swollen, and the mail carrier who passed reported that he had seen a hat floating down the stream, which greatly added to the anxiety, as it was feared that in attempting to cross the river, Frank had been drowned. At this time a train passed, going from Camp Cady to San Bernardino, and the young man, unable to bear the suspense longer, and certain that his brother had met with disaster, went back with them, leaving his wagon and merchandise with the station keeper.

When he reached the place where the horses had been lost, he found them grazing on the river bottom, caught one of them, borrowed a saddle, and, leaving the freighters, hurried on to the upper station on the Mojave river, which at that time was kept by Charles Burton, a brother of the late Robert T. Burton, of Salt Lake City. As he neared the station, he observed that there was a large freight train there, headed north, the teamsters, with Mr. Burton and his wife standing in groups watching his approach. He rode up to the man who appeared to be the owner of the train and, addressing him, said: "I am looking for my brother who, several days ago, came back on the road in search of some horses which we had lost, and feel certain you can give me information regarding him." Mrs. Burton burst into tears and went into the house, and the man, whose name was Aiken, told him the following story:

His brother, after leaving the camp on the Mojave, where the horses were lost, had ridden back to Martin's Station, in the Cajon Pass, where he spent the night, and the following day went on to San Bernardino and interviewed the party from whom the horses had been purchased, but could get no trace of them. The man, however, told him that the previous summer they had been pastured at a hay ranch, at the head of the Mojave river, and he thought they had probably gone there. With this information, Frank returned to Martin's Station, where he passed the second night. Mr. Martin directed him to the hay ranch, which was about twenty miles off the main road, and the following morning he started for that point.

Several days later the mail carrier from the north passed the station and told Mr. Martin there was a man up at the forks of the road, with a load of merchandise, and no team, waiting for the return of his brother who had gone to look for their horses, which had strayed away. Just at this time Mr. Aiken arrived at Martin's Station with his train, consisting of ten ten-mule teams. Mr. Martin recounted to him the facts set forth above, and said that he felt certain the man who was looking for the lost horses had met with an accident, or foul play, at the hay ranch, and asked Mr. Aiken to take his teamsters and go with him to investigate. To this the owner of the train at first demurred; he had one hundred mules and ten drivers, expenses were heavy, his supply of grain limited, and he could not replenish it until he reached his destination at Camp Cady. The station keeper replied that he would feed the teams both hay and grain while the investigation was being made, provided his request were granted, and with this understanding the party hurried to the hay ranch, where their worst fears were realized, for there they found the remains of Franklin B. Woolley.

It was evident that he reached his objective point the day

he left Martin's Station, and, as it was raining, had taken a door from the cabin, and, standing it against the stack for a shelter, had pulled out some hay, which served as a bed, and slept there. The following morning fifteen or twenty Indians came to the ranch, and, surrounding him, engaged in a war dance, but either permitted him to go out from the circle, or he had broken through it, as his tracks passed over the moccasin tracks, and he was killed with arrows some distance away. After stripping the clothing from the body, the Indians cut the throat of his mule which was tied to the fence, tore the leather from the saddle, and, killing nine head of horses which were at the ranch, fled to the mountains.

The year before a party of men who were employed to put up hay at the ranch killed three Indians and, decapitating them, placed their heads on the fence posts. Because of this barbarous act the tribe had declared that white men should never again occupy the place, and had made Franklin B. Woolley the innocent victim of their revenge. The remains had been taken to Martin's Station and interred.



EDWIN D. WOOLLEY, as he appeared at the time of the incident here related.

Without hesitation, the young man resolved to recover the remains of his brother, take them to San Bernardino and, after having them properly prepared, carry them across the desert to the waiting wife, children, relatives and friends; but how was this to be accomplished? He was entirely without funds, and among strangers. Calling Mr. Aiken aside, he explained the unfortunate situation, the neces-

sity for immediate action, and asked for assistance. The latter replied that he, too, was without money, that there was no place to use it on the road, but there were at that time three teams at Martin's Station which were going through on the Utah road, and that a Mr. Durkee, who was traveling with them, had \$1,500 with him, although he had published that the money had been sent *via* San Francisco by express, as he feared robbery. "But," he added, "I know he has it with him."

With this information, the boy pressed on to Martin's Station, where he found sympathetic friends, prominent among them an old Italian, who was the owner of the horses which had been killed at the hay ranch. Asking the bystanders to disinter the remains of his brother, the young man looked at the different groups of

men who had collected as he approached, and observing two who were sitting apart from the others, on a wagon tongue, approached them and said, "I understand there is a man in this party who has \$1,500 with him." He watched the faces of the men, and one of them turned ashy white. In a lower tone of voice he said, "Your name is Durkee; you know my circumstances, I must have some money; will you lend it to me?"

"I did have some money," the other replied, "but sent it by exepress, *via* San Francisco."

"Perhaps you kept back a little for expenses," was the rejoinder.

They walked into the house, where Mr. Durkee said, "My sympathies are with you," and the money was handed to the boy, who gave his I. O. U. for it.

In the meantime, the remains had been disinterred, the Italian had hitched his team to a light wagon, and they hurried on to San Bernardino, where a hermetically sealed casket was provided, and the return trip to Martin's Station made. When the station was reached it was found that the people who were traveling north had gone. Mr. Martin pleaded with them to wait, offering to feed their teams if they would do so, but there were women in the party who insisted that they would not cross the desert in company with a wagon which carried a corpse, and they had hurried on. Again the Christian spirit of the old Italian asserted itself, he would go on, he said, as far as necessary. A fresh team was provided, the party ahead overtaken and passed, and by the time they reached the forks of the road the boy was ready to go on with them.

Only those who have traveled from Utah to San Bernardino over the southern route to California can appreciate the difficulties of the journey. From the Mojave river to the Muddy valley, a distance of 265 miles, the road led over a treeless desert of rocks and burning sand, with only the stunted desert vegetation, and but few places where water could be obtained, and that frequently brackish and unpalatable. There were but six of these watering places, Bitter Springs, Kingston Springs, Stump Spring, Mountain Spring, Cottonwood and Las Vegas. The longest stretch without water was fifty miles.

This was the condition which confronted E. D. Woolley when he reached the forks of the road, where he had left his wagon. He was alone, without money, the total amount loaned him by Mr. Durkee having been spent in preparing the remains of his brother for shipment, with a heavy load and a balky team, the desert between him and his destination. But he did not hesitate. He put his trust in a Power higher than that of man, and was not left without succor. An old prospector, a "forty-niner," came up the road, on his way to White Pine, Nevada, where the latest

mining rush was on. He was riding a small mule and leading another which was packed. A harness was improvised, the mules hitched on the lead of the horses, the pack put in the wagon, and thus the long journey over the desert to the Muddy Valley was made. Here the prospector, whose company and assistance had been of such great value, left his companion and went to seek his fortune in the hills of Nevada, while the young man continued his lonely journey.

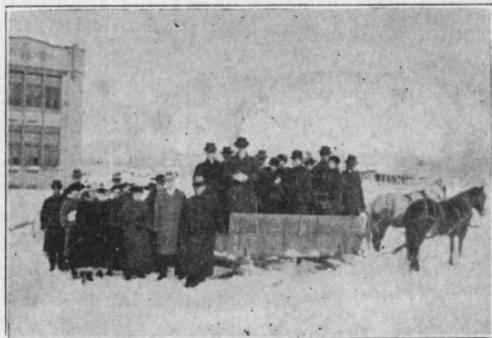
In the meantime, the freight train had reached St. George. The teamsters knew nothing of the whereabouts of the Woolley brothers. They only knew that Frank had gone back from the Mojave to look for his lost horses, and that his brother had been left at the last camping place on the river, alone, with his wagon-load of merchandise and no team, to await his return. They had gone on, supposing that the horses would soon be found and the brothers overtake them.

Telegrams were sent to Salt Lake and from there to San Francisco, asking for information regarding the missing men, but none was obtainable.

As time passed, the feeling of apprehension increased to such an extent that it was decided to send out a relief expedition, with instructions to follow back on the road, as far as California, if necessary, but at all hazards to find the missing men. The expedition started, and fifteen miles out from St. George met E. D. Woolley.

True to his pledge, he had brought the remains of his brother home, where they were interred with impressive services, by his sorrowing family and friends. The load of precious freight he had also brought safely through.

No man had ever before crossed the desert under similar conditions, none has since done so, no other one ever will. The devotion, faith and courage of the younger brother, furnish an example of duty performed under adverse conditions which has few parallels.



A SLEIGHRIDE

After a special M. I. A. Officers' Convention, in Morgan, Utah, Feb., 1916.



A trustworthy cowboy, a successful cattleman, merchant and banker, a wise statesman, and tried soldier, this man did his full part in the winning of the West; and keeping pace with its development, was at home either at the old-time round-up or the new. Is the type disappearing as our civilization changes?

Traveling Over Forgotten Trails

BY HON. ANTHONY W. IVINS

IV—The Old Time Round-up

Only by contrast can the great changes which have occurred in human affairs during the lives of men now living be appreciated.

I well remember that my father mowed with a scythe the grass which grew on his meadow; cut the grain which grew in his field, with a cradle, and threshed it with a flail. I have worn clothing made by my mother from cotton and wool which she carded, spun and wove, and have studied by the light of a tallow dip, or a pine knot, because there was nothing better to be obtained.

A man now sits on a machine and cuts ten acres of grass with less fatigue than he formerly mowed one; at one operation he cuts, threshes, and sacks his grain. The cards, spinning-wheel, and loom have disappeared, and when one needs light, he presses a button, and the electric current does the rest.

In nothing is this contrast more sharply drawn than between the old-time round-up and the new. The word is derived from the

Spanish verb *rodear*, to collect together, *rodeo* signifying the time and place where flocks and herds are to be gathered, in order that they may be inspected, classified, and counted.

Notice is given that a new round-up is to be held at Logan, or Provo, that trains arrive and depart every two hours, that hotel accommodation is ample, charges reasonable, and the admission fee to the lectures only one dollar. We arrive with a rattling of car wheels, blowing of locomotive whistles, and the ringing of bells. The reception committee bids us welcome, while the band



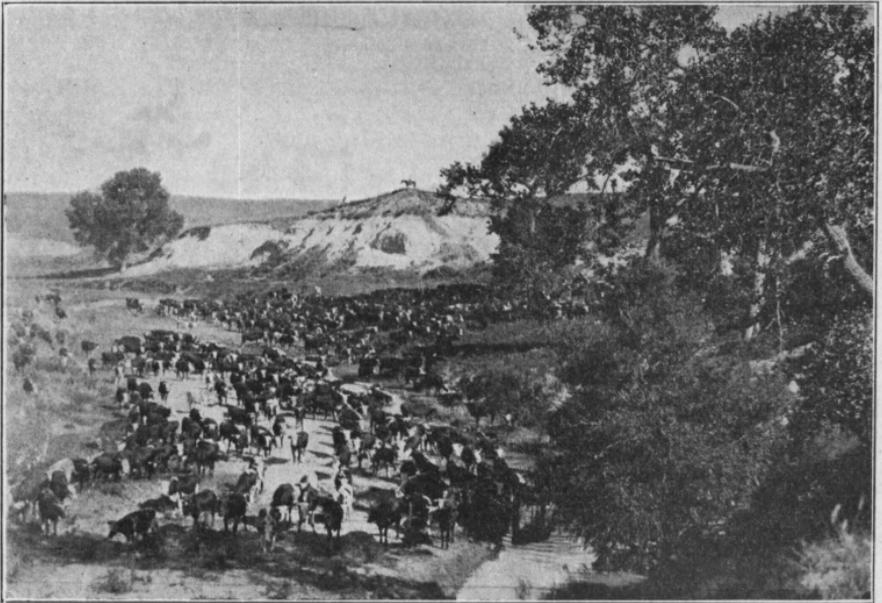
This man knew little of soil analysis, or the rotation of crops; but at the old-time round-up, the management of the herd, and the boys who handled it, was an easy task, no matter what the circumstances, or how great the number.

plays, "It's a long way to Tipperary." We go to our hotel, brush the dust from our clothing, put on a clean collar; and, taking from our grip the equipment which we have brought, a note book and several newly sharpened lead pencils, take our place in the lecture room, where a spectacled professor tells us how to make our land produce greater crops of potatoes, corn and wheat; which are the best breeds of cattle, horses and swine; how to cure roup in chickens, and prevent scabbies in sheep. In the evening, we attend a grand ball. It is storming outside, but we do not mind it, for within the ball-room it is dry and warm.

The place designated for the old-time round-up was at some spring, on the plains, or on the bank of a mountain stream. There was no rattling of car wheels nor screeching of whistles, no reception committee, no brass band. The gathering of the clans was heralded by the neighing of horses, the champing of bits, the jingle of spurs, and the shouting of orders, as the round-up boss assigned to each contingent its proper camping place. The boots

and clothing were strong and serviceable. A linen collar, or spectacles, would have created a sensation greater than sombrero, chaps, and jingling spurs would at Logan, and the wearer would have taken the chance of rough but good-natured handling by his companions.

The evening was spent in adjusting equipment. A good horse, a strong saddle; instead of a note book, a lariat; for sharpened pencils, sharpened spurs. These were the indispensables. If it rained, we got wet; and after the storm was over, we dried ourselves by the fire. Each man or party of men carried his own commissary and cooked his own food—not always according to the latest methods taught in domestic science. After the horses had been hobbled and turned out to graze, the camp was soon asleep, with the possible exception of a cowboy who drummed a jews-harp, played a harmonica, or hummed Annie Rooney, to



Copyright, Detroit Photographic Co.

A ROUND-UP ON A TEXAS RANCH

the accompaniment of a mocking-bird which sang from the top of a nearby tree, or to the distant howl of a coyote. Not many audible prayers were said. The old-time cowboy was not a Pharisee who prayed on the corners to be heard of men, but many silent petitions went up to the Throne of Grace in thanksgiving for favors received and blessings desired. The cowboy told the Lord he'd never lived where churches grow. He loved creation better as it stood on the day He finished it, so long ago, and looked upon His work and called it good. He knew that others found the Lord in light that's sifted down through tinted window panes,

and that he, too, had often found Him near in the dim, quiet starlight on the plains.

He thanked the Lord that he'd been placed so well, that he had made his freedom so complete, that he was not a slave of whistle, clock or bell, or week-eyed prisoner in a walled up street. He prayed that he might live his life as he'd begun, that work be given open to the sky, that he might be a pardner of the wind and sun, and he'd not ask a place that's soft or high, to make him square and generous with all; he knew that he was careless sometimes, when in town, but never let them call him mean or small. He asked the Lord to make him big and open, like the plains on which he rode, to make him honest, like the horse he loved so well; clean like the wind which blows behind the rain, free as the hawk that circles down the breeze. He prayed to be forgiven when sometimes he forgot, the Lord knew the reasons which were hid, he knew about the things that gall and fret, he knew him better than his mother did. "Just keep an eye on all that's done and said," he prayed, "just right me always when I turn aside, and guide me on the long, dim trail ahead, which stretches upward toward the Great Divide."

Such was the old-time cowboy. Not all alike, there were good and bad among them, as there are among merchants and bankers, doctors and lawyers, preachers and politicians.

We were camped at Green Spring, on a high, volcanic plateau covered with thick forests of cedar and scattering pine trees. Our plans for the following day included a drive from Pen's Pockets and Kelly's Spring, which would take us to the rim of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. We knew that it would be a day of action, for the cattle were wild and the country rough. The boys were my own employees, as trustworthy, brave and competent as ever rode the range. Al, Eph, Andrew, Jimmie, Johnnie, George, Dave, Jode, Charley and Henry, each one a worker and an expert in his line.

The morning star was still shining, the first streaks of day showed in the east, when Charley called, "Chuck." Soon after, Jode and Johnnie came in with the horses, and by the time it was fairly light, we were mounted and on the trail. The country was covered with grass, and appeared comparatively smooth, but we knew that underneath the grass were treacherous reefs of volcanic rocks, which made fast riding dangerous, and in some places impossible.

Below Pen's Pockets we came out on one of those open parks, so common in the mountains, covered with grass and a few scattering trees, and bordered by a heavy growth of cedars. As we entered it, a herd of wild cattle broke from the timber and went thundering down the slope. We knew them well, the old white cow and her red companion, neither of which had ever been

marked nor branded, and each with several generations of her own offspring, as wild as the antelope of the plains. With heads down and tails flying they dashed down the flat, while we, separating into two parties, started in pursuit.

A dozen quirts were flying, a dozen horses, each as eager as his rider to be the first to cut those cattle off from the timber, swept down the park. I was riding on the east side, and by me rode Jode, on Sorrel Johnnie, one of my best horses. As he gradually drew away from me, Jode smiled; he would be the first to head the herd, but just then I saw one of those hidden piles of rocks in the grass, and reined my horse to the left. Jode saw it, Johnnie saw it, but too late. With a mighty bound he tried to clear it, but failed; his horse stumbled and fell with such force that



Copyright, Detroit Photographic Co.

DRIVING A BUNCH ON A TEXAS RANCH

his neck was broken as his head struck the rocks. Jode, with the dexterity characteristic of the real cowboy, freed himself from the saddle and was but slightly hurt. I called to him to return to camp and get another horse, and rode on.

As we neared the herd, ropes were untied from the forks of saddles, and loops prepared. Dave, who was mounted on Mark, dashed before the onrushing herd, and the red cow, with a vicious lunge, drove her horn into the horse's shoulder. As Henry, on Chug, rode in from the opposite side, his horse fell in a pile of rocks, rolling him a number of yards, fortunately in the direction of a small tree, for the white cow, with horns set, was after him, and he only avoided her by scrambling behind the cedar.

By this time we were all there. Ropes hissed through the air and settled with unerring accuracy over the heads and feet of the leaders of the herd. In less time than it has taken to tell the story, the worst of the cattle were hog-tied on the ground, and the remainder running in a circle on the flat.

Henry, looking from behind the Cedar tree, said: "Boss, if

you don't knock that white cow's horns off before you let her up, I want my time; I'm going home."

One horse killed, two injured, two men somewhat damaged, but still on the job, a number of wild cattle tied down, and the remainder of the herd under control, the boys declared it to have been twenty minutes of life worth living.

That was the real, old-time round-up.

It is gone forever. The evolution of the age has brought other conditions; we have learned better ways of accomplishing the things we have to do. The Shorthorn and Hereford have taken the place of the Longhorn; the Saddler, of the Cow Pony. The homesteader and dry-farmer have driven the big cattle man from the ranges, and the college graduate has taken the place of the picturesque, old-time cowboy, but we must admit that the cattleman and cowboy, with the old-time round-up, had their place in the winning of the West, and that they filled that place with honor!

It Can be Done

Somebody said that it couldn't be done,
 But he, with a chuckle, replied
 That maybe it couldn't but he would be one
 Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.
 So he buckled right in, with the trace of a grin
 On his face—if he worried, he hid it;
 He started to sing as he tackled the thing
 That couldn't be done—and he did it.

Somebody scoffed, "Oh, you'll never do that—
 At least, no one has ever done it."
 But he took off his coat, and he took off his hat,
 And the first thing we knew he'd begun it.
 With the lift of his chin and a bit of a grin,
 Without any doubting or quiddit,
 He started to sing as he tackled the thing
 That couldn't be done—and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done,
 There are thousands to prophesy failure;
 There are thousands to point out to you, one by one,
 The dangers that wait to assail you.
 But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,
 Then take off your coat and go to it;
 Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing
 That "cannot be done"—and you'll do it.

—From *The Medical Herald* (Author unknown).