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HUNT TIMBER WOLVES IN CHICAGO LUMBER YARDS

By G. BRITAIN LYTTLE

AMONG the articles of peculiar interest in the first issue of *CAMP & TRAIL* at starting out on its profit and pleasure mission nearly three years since, if not the very first illustrated sketch of that highly entertaining number, which as it has turned out was only to be the prototype of all the succeeding editions, up to date, at least, was one by the present writer in relation to an exciting wolf chase in which he had inadvertently had the pleasure to participate on the sacred soil of three sovereign states of the American Union and on the historic grounds that shed a halo of romance about the name of Cumberland Gap in the range of mountains of the same name on the Tennessee, Virginia and Kentucky boundaries. In that instance the chase was only the continuance of a wolf hunt that had been begun in the Smoky Mountains of North Carolina, whence his wolfship had been driven, to the more secure refuge of limestone caves and waste of wilderness of the Cumberland Range. On that occasion the pursuit had been conducted chiefly in automobiles and along the turnpike roads and across railroads, and the very incongruity of the thing, chasing wolves in automobile, and through a thickly populated country with numerous towns and cities, had well-nigh dissuaded the writer from writing up that wolf hunt, lest he should not be believed and the story might tend to detract from the high prospective standards of the forthcoming outing paper to struggle for a leading place among others of its entertaining and helpful order. But supported and encouraged by the truth of the old proverb that "facts are stern things," "thrice armed is he who hath his quarrel just," and so many others of the same purport, I decided to do my part, at all events, and to place the plain, unvarnished tale before the more sagacious editors of that popular weekly paper, and then it would be "up to them" to publish them or not. They, as above intimated, published the story, which as indicated by subsequent notices of it which came under my own observation, attracted very wide notice by the press of the country, being doubted as to its accuracy by only a few publishers, and most of these appeared to think that the animal pursued had been a "large gray fox," or possibly a "wild dog." But it was a genuine wolf. But what will those who were inclined to doubt the full accuracy of that wolf chase have to say of one right in the heart of this little village of ours of over two million population, about the borders of Lake Michigan—one of the "unsalted seas,"

called Chicago, during Holiday Week, and by the same token running from the old year into the new, the writer's participation in the chase having given commencement to his New Year's exercises a little after midnight this morning, he having joined in the general "hue and cry" after the wolf that had been started during the last hours of the old year by some of the watchmen about the extensive lumber yards in the neighborhood of Thirty-fifth street and Wentworth avenue. Being a large gray wolf of the timber variety, the lumber yards naturally "looked good" to him as a rendezvous at which to establish his headquarters while conducting a cold-spell campaign in Chicago and about the lakeshore.

It was early last evening, in fact, that I got the first inkling that there was a wolf hunt afield in the village, but having heard only a day or two previously that a monkey or something had escaped from the Lincoln Park zoo, I concluded that that had probably given rise to the story of a wolf having been seen about the Chicago lumber yards in the locality mentioned. Besides, for several weeks, last fall, a rumor had persisted that a gray eagle had established an aerie somewhere among the sky-scraper buildings in the neighborhood of the "Loop," which at last turned out to have been a hoax of some sort. So one was inclined to accept a gray wolf story so closely on the heels of that canard "with a grain of salt." But as the wolf story persisted rather stronger than that of the proverbial one in which the boy so often fooled his neighbors, I decided a little later in the evening to go around and see the authorities at the zoo to ascertain whether they had lost a wolf, or anything that resembled one, recently. I learned that they had not, and then noticing that the weather had begun to turn bitterly cold, it occurred to me nothing more than likely that the advent of this wolf was probably a premonition of rough weather that had depleted the forests of game further north and brought very likely, a whole gang of hungry wolves to town to compete with those that had been hanging around every poor man's door in the city before the weather had even begun to be so pinching. I had had two of Mr. Finley Hubbard's fox and wolf hounds up here from Kentucky ever since the bench show a few weeks ago, which I had expected to take back to that state on my next visit, sometime during the winter. And as they were in need of a little exercise I concluded to take them out to the lumber yards and at least get a line on the wolf's probable habitat and the occasion of his visit to



Chicago. On arriving on the ground I uncoupled the dogs which at once picked up the trail, giving tongue in that eager and unequivocal manner that leaves no doubt as to the genuineness of the game in the mind of an old hunter. But the yelping of my dogs brought out such a troop of unmuzzled curs and dogs of every degree that it at once became evident that what with the crossing of the street and railroad cars and great number of automobiles out on New Year's eve, it would be the probable loss of a pair of fine hounds to let them get out of my reach on the trail of the wolf. So I got them in, coupled them up again and brought them back home, afterward myself joining in the wolf chase without the hounds.

But he is still at large. Although he has been seen for the last three days, it was not until yesterday he was recognized and identified as a beast of the forest, which the action of Mr. Finley Hubbard's hounds confirmed to my entire satisfaction. Three times did the strange visitor reveal himself to citizens who never expected to meet a gray timber wolf in the city of Chicago. But when a reception committee of policemen and volunteer hunters, all armed, sought the lair of the animal within a few feet of the street cars and railroad tracks, there was no gray wolf to be found. There are those, your correspondent among the number, who believe Mr. Lupus is still in the city, though.

When Louis Feinberg, watchman of the Western Wrecking and Lumber Company, Thirty-fifth street and Wentworth avenue, accompanied by his electric searchlight, his fox terrier pup, Joe, and his corn-cob pipe, was making a round of the company's yard at 2:30 o'clock on yesterday morning, Joe discovered the stranger in an alley. Joe barked a friendly sort of New Year eve greeting, like any civilized dog might have done, but received no answer from the unknown. Louis asked what he had seen and Joe barked a reply which directed the watchman to the lean and hungry outline of the wolf standing at the foot of a cliff-like pile of lumber.

Neither Louis nor Joe have had any experience with wolves. They both agreed it was a dog and Joe foolishly ran forward to the visitor. For his impertinence he received a wound in his left side from the scissors-like fangs of the wolf. Feinberg at once rushed to the assistance of his companion, but the wolf leaped to the top of the lumber pile, eight feet high, and momentarily stood there bristling with defiance and wolf wrath. Presently the animal fled, scaling the highest piles of lumber and leaping from one to another, and Feinberg opined that the peculiarly agile dog had cleared the inclosure and left the premises. But at noon when Feinberg was still swearing mighty oaths that some day he would be the death of the wolf that bit his Joe, he ran straight into Mr. Gray Wolf once more. This time he was certain it was the same party he had met during the early morning hours, also that it was no dog but a wild animal, some Wisconsin jungle beast that had come down to the city out of the cold snap for the holiday season.

He was telling his story of adventure about an hour later to Walter Broughton and Billy Crozier, teamsters for the company, and Albert Ehlert, foreman, and was being laughed at when Broughton suddenly stopped laughing and announced that he was converted.

"There he is now," and four men rushed to the window of the wrecking company's office and saw the animal walking casually down an aisle between lumber piles. They ran out. Two marched down the alley toward the wolf and two ran around to attack the visitor from behind. Again the wolf leaped upon a pile of lumber to avoid an attack, flank and rear, and his pursuers saw the beast disappear into a molding sned.

It was then that the wolf hunt began in earnest, with the aid of the police. The

wolf-hunting party, besides your correspondent, consisted of Policemen Dan O'Connor and John Jones, from the West Thirty-fifth street station, who arrived in a patrol wagon. S. I. Shane, president of the Western Wrecking and Lumber Company, who traveled in a forty-horse-power limousine, half a dozen other newspaper men and as many photographers who paid street car fares, and myself, Feinberg and his dog Joe, who appeared on the scene on foot, although I had ridden from my lodgings on Graceland avenue, twelve miles or over distant, in a sulky behind a lively little mule, that for dodging automobile and other vehicles likely to be met with on the Chicago streets certainly bears the palm. It surely was a right cold day for hunting, but the party searched all over that lumber yard for the wolf. Then quite a number of them, at least, went outside and looked in neighborhood saloons, but in vain. One friedly and communicative bartender who dealt only in ammunition to kill colds, recalled the day when Mr. Shane potted a mad dog at Wentworth avenue and Thirty-first street, but that, he said, was the biggest game hunted in those parts. The wolf is still in the lumber yard, it is thought. Mr. Shane swore to kill or trap the beast before tomorrow, when the Webster school, across the street from his yard, opens.

It was reported three days ago that the wolf had been seen in a stone yard at Thirty-fifth and La Salle streets. Just how the first animal got into Chicago is a mystery. But my opinion now is that there is at least a small gang of them within the city limits, with temporary lairs about the lumber yards and other similar inaccessible areas, but to which they come probably only when driven by hunger and cold from their regular habitats further north. It will be fun to note the further attempts of the city Nimrods to pot some of the gang.

It appears that Mayor Harrison's attention has not yet been called to the subject of ridding the city of wolves. But as that gentleman is descended from Kentucky stock, the land of Daniel Boone, and is said to be fond of outdoor sports himself, it is reasonable to anticipate that when he does get official notice of the matter the gang will be cleaned out along with a "few other gangs," which his Excellency has been busy regulating, even before the cold snap had descended upon our city.

Below is the sequel to the foregoing article, clipped from the Chicago Tribune:

"The wolf hunt in the yards of the Western Wrecking and Lumber Company, Wentworth avenue and Thirty-fifth street, which began 'auspiciously' late last night, came to an inglorious end when the new year was about six and a half hours old.

"The wolf was caught in a meat trap and killed. It proved to be only a puppy, probably brought from its native wilds by some lover of animals, who had hoped to elevate it to the estate of a dog.

"S. I. Shane, president of the Wrecking Company, had his employes working overtime devising traps, set with alluring baits of meats. Unfortunately, the gray animal of the forest did not even get the meat. It was stolen by Joe, the dog cousin of the untutored savage wolf pup. Joe helps Louis Feinberg, night watchman in the yard, to patrol the property at night.

"Feinberg was timid about making his rounds, but at 6:30 a. m., when there was light enough to insure safety from sudden attacks from ambush, he walked the alleys between the lumber piles and came upon a yelping wolf pup caught in one of the traps.

"The watchman drew his six shooter and from a safe distance shot the wolf in the hind legs. John Reibling, an employe of the company who had laid all the traps, heard the shooting, but arrived too late to save the wolf.

"I put the poor puppy out of its misery after I had dragged him from the hole," said

Reibling. "Then I started to look for the watchman, but he was gone. I am glad now I did not find him. If I had I might have started the New Year rather badly."

"The wolf's body is on exhibition at the office of the Wrecking Company."

TO MAKE GAME LAWS REAL

More than \$3,000, mostly in \$1 yearly membership dues, already received by the newly organized American Game Protective and Propagation Association is an indication that sportsmen are eager to join a national movement for the enforcement of adequate game laws in the states. According to a report, just issued from the offices of the association, 111 Broadway, New York, the subscriptions are from almost every state in the Union and from Canada, and include a number of club and life memberships.

The ineffectiveness of state laws for the protection of game and fish principally is due to political influence retarding their enforcement, the national association has found. Local wardens are hampered in pressing prosecutions by fear of political disfavor and in a number of states, notably Missouri, there is little real game law enforcement except in restricting the sale of wild game.

It is the purpose of the association to remedy that condition by sending special agents on request to localities where their services may be required to obtain evidence, and effect the punishment of violators of the law. How much can be accomplished by that method is shown by a test in one state, where an agent spent ten days in that time obtained more convictions than had been procured by local officers in ten months.

John B. Burnham, president of the national association, an authority of game protection, has been asked by the state of New York to assist in codifying its laws.

With the prospect of enrolling several hundred thousand yearly members and with the income of \$25,000 subscribed by manufacturers of sporting goods, the national association is not likely to lack funds for its fight for game protection and propagation. The work is being directed by representative men, and the association is headed by such sportsmen as Theodore Roosevelt and Dr. Henry Van Dyke.

WISCONSIN HUNTERS WANT CHANGE IN LAWS

In all probability the next legislature will be confronted with a concerted demand by trappers and hunters from northern Wisconsin to amend the game bounty law so that it will not be necessary to spoil valuable hides with established market values in order to get the bounty.

In Marinette County the amount realized in bounties in a year is considerable. William Dettman, of Marinette, made application for a wolf killed in Porterfield. He will get \$20. Dan Fraker, of Amberg, who makes a business of killing wolves for the county, presented application for bounties on the three wolves. The three wolves will net him \$60 in bounties. Joseph Meyers, of Porterfield, made application for the bounty on a wild cat. He will get \$6.00.

Hunters assert that under the present law, which makes it necessary to cut off an animal's head to establish the claim for bounty, they are annually losing considerable on the sale of hides. They hold that the hide about the head could be cut in such a way as to establish positively the species of the animal killed without destroying the commercial value of the hides. One hunter says Marinette taxidermists would pay \$2.00 more than they do for wolf hides if it was not necessary to cut the heads off to get the bounties. They say money is also lost on wild cats.