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Everybody's Magazine



This issue marks the ninth anniversary of the founding of Everybody's Magazine, and the fifth anniversary under the present management. What's past is prologue. For the future, our hope is that we may help to equalize opportunity and to set upon the national altar the high principle of the Common Good, for which men will sacrifice private interest and esteem the sacrifice worthy.

LINCOLN STEFFENS' UNPRECEDENTED ACHIEVEMENT: ROOSEVELT, TAFT, LA FOLLETTE

Discuss the Trouble with America and the Remedy

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Lassoing Lions in the Siwash

By ZANE GREY

With Photographs by the Author and Decorations
by R. Weir Crouch

WE were with Buffalo Jones on the long trail across the Arizona desert to the north rim of the Grand Cañon, where, among the yellow crags of Buckskin Mountain, he assured us that mountain lions would be found in plenty. Jones was after lions, not to kill them, but to lasso them, to prove that such a feat was possible.

That it was impossible had been delicately hinted in New York; and, strange to say, as we traveled westward, meeting prospectors, ranchers, cowboys, this opinion had strengthened and broadened. But the more doubt and ridicule we met, the more Wallace and I determined to stick to the old buffalo hunter who had persuaded us to make the trip. He said that he had lassoed cougars; he vowed he could do it again, and we believed him.

What a chase the tough old plainsman led us! How we stuck to him from the white-capped San Francisco peaks down into the desert of burning days and freezing nights, and out into the barren, delusive world of red mesas, and drifts of painted clay, and dunes of white sand, cannot be told here. We saw the beauty of mirage-haunted levels, and felt the mystery, the wonder, the allurements of the dim, gray-purple haze of distance. We breathed pure, sweet, dry, desert air, which exhilarated like wine in the blood. We felt the silence of the desert, infinite, somber, voiceless. We faced the blinding, moaning sand-storm. We suffered the pangs of the desert—hot, swollen feet and weary, aching bones, the stinging red mist in the eyes, the torture of parched throat and thick tongue.

Ten days of travel brought us to Buckskin Mountain, a long black ridge, nine thousand feet high, covered with a magnificent forest of spruce and pine, and almost inaccessible. Deer and wild horses by the thousand range the cool wooded slopes in summer and go

down into the warm breaks of the cañon in winter.

Jones's buffalo ranch lies at the base of this mountain. As we rode up to the little log cabin, his cowboys ran out to greet us. "Get down, get down, an' come in," said Frank; and Jim added with a slow Southern drawl: "Shore yu must be tired. It's a long way to come for cougars. But the woods is full of them, an' mebbe we'll hit Old Tom's trail." Old Tom's name had grown ominously familiar. At Holbrook we were told of his enormous size; at Flagstaff and Williams, that he had been king of the Grand Cañon for twelve years.

Two days later we made permanent camp on the other side of Buckskin, in what the Indians call the Siwash. A grand open forest, beyond the reach of the lumberman's axe, graced the slopes to the rim-wall of the cañon. Flowers bloomed in riotous confusion, as if fulfilling the fragrant promise of the desert wind. But most thrilling to us was the cougar-sign on every hand. Tracks were thick as autumn leaves. We found Old Tom's imprint in the dust of a beaten trail, and its enormous size made Jones shake his head seriously.

We had a pack of six hounds, not one of which had ever scented a lion track. Don was a deerhound, Sounder had earned his beautiful name baying at coyotes, and old Moze had grown gray over Missouri coon trails; but in a very few days Jones had taught them to pass over coyote, wolf, and deer trails and to stick to a lion trail like weasels after a rabbit. But even with the dogs on the scent we failed to see lions. Morning after morning we chased them, only to have the hounds suddenly cease baying and come back to us.

"It's this way, boys," explained Jones. "The lions take to the trees, and the hounds



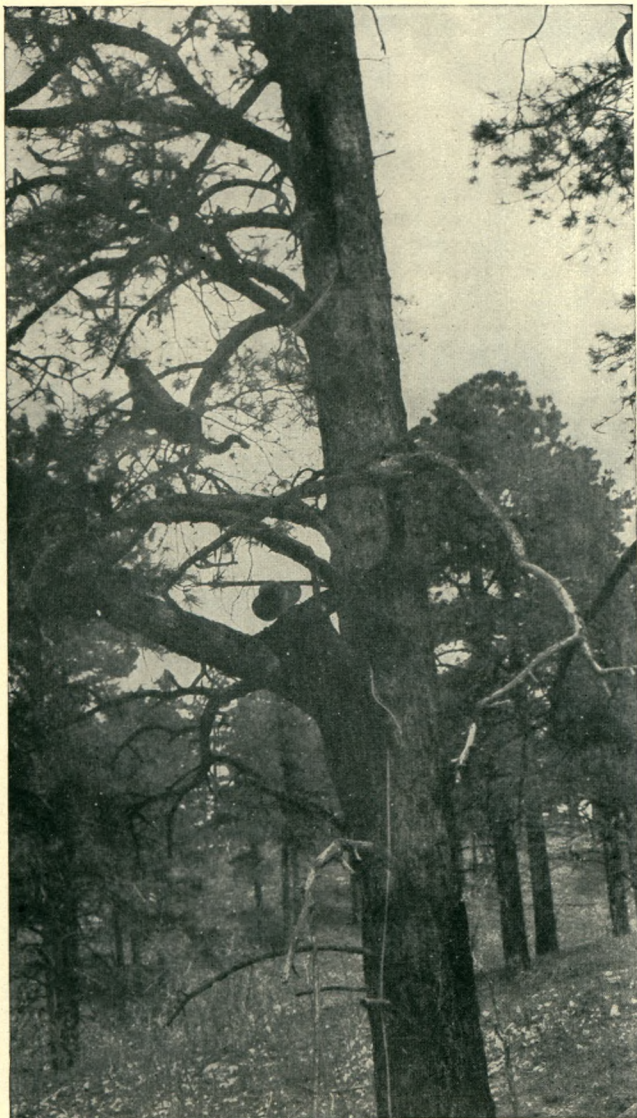
THE LION SPLINTERED THE BARK FROM A PINE
TREE FIFTEEN FEET UP.

R. WEIR CROUCH



JONES KEPT STEADILY ON AND MOZE FOLLOWED
AT HIS HEELS.

R. WEIR CROUCH



SHE PULLED IT AWAY AND BIT IT
SAVAGELY.

R. WEIR CROUCH



THERE SHE HUNG, WRITHING, STRUGGLING, GIVING UTTERANCE TO SOUNDS TERRIBLY HUMAN.

R. WEIR CROUCH



THAT NIGHT SHE WORKED CEASELESSLY FOR THAT
WHICH MAKES LIFE WORTH LIVING—FREEDOM.

R. WEIR CROUCH

lose the scent, and come back. We've got to show them a lion in a tree. Then they'll know."

The very next day the opportunity came. A wild, glorious chase through the aisles of majestic pines, out upon the scrubby ridges, up and down the deer ranges, ended under a stumpy piñon-tree in which, in a thick fork, stood an enormous mountain-lion. Morose and grim he looked, but not frightened. He nodded his great head and swung his tufted tail and watched the leaping, yelping, frantic hounds.

"Old Tom! Old Tom!" bawled Jones. "Get back! He'll jump! Hurry!"

We were all as crazy as the dogs. Moze leaped into the low branches of the tree. Jones ran in and pulled him out, and hauled Wallace back to a safe distance. Then Old Tom sailed out over the dogs and bounded away in long leaps. We chased him over the rim-wall of the cañon, and saw him, at the foot of his mighty throne, enter a dark cave. Leaving Wallace and Jim to guard the break in the rim-wall where Old Tom had descended, Jones directed Frank and me to follow with two of the hounds and my rifle. It was a perilous descent, but we slid down like lizards. At the base of the rim-wall we found Old Tom's huge tracks in the well-beaten trail. The smell of cat was overpowering. At last we stood a hundred feet from the menacing cave, and Jones's voice rang sharp and cold.

"This old lion is cornered, and he'll come out. He can run only two ways, along this trail or down the slide there. I'll take my stand by that scrub piñon so I can get a hitch if I rope him. Frank, when I give the word, let the dogs go. Grey, you block the slide. If he makes at me, even with my rope on him, kill him!"

What a queer numb feeling I had round my heart, what a strange tightening of the skin upon my face! But there was no turning back. I jumped down into the narrow slide of weathered stone and looked up. Jones's stentorian yell rose high above the wild clamor of the hounds. He whirled his lasso. A huge yellow form shot over the trail and hit the top of the slide with a crash. The lasso streaked out with arrowy swiftness, circled, and snapped viciously close to Old Tom's head. Then the lion leaped, seemingly into the air above me. Instinctively I raised my little automatic. I seemed to hear a million bellowing reports. The yellow

body, with its grim, snarling face, blurred in my sight. I heard a roar of sliding stones at my feet; I felt a rush of wind; I caught confused glimpses of a whirling wheel of fur, rolling down the slide.

Jones and Frank were pounding me and yelling I knew not what; from far above came floating a long "Waahoo!" and I saw Wallace and Jim silhouetted against the blue sky. I felt the hot barrel of my rifle, and shuddered at the bloody stones below me—and only then did I realize that Old Tom had jumped at me and had jumped to his death.

Happy as we were over our prospects—for the hounds had seen a lion in a tree—we sought our blankets early. But it seemed that my eyelids had scarcely touched when Jones's exasperating yet stimulating yell roused me. Day was breaking. The moon and stars shone with wan luster. A white, snowy frost silvered the forest. Frank came hustling in with the horses. Jim was busy round the camp-fire. My fingers nearly froze while I saddled my horse.

At five o'clock we were trotting up the slope of Buckskin Mountain, bound north for the breaks of the cañon. It was new territory and hard going. The breaks or ravines had to be crossed far up the mountain slope where they had not yet cut into cliff walls. But even at the heads they were very steep. We were hours reaching a comparatively level stretch of ridges. As usual, I fell behind, and did not realize it until I heard a far-off "Waahoo" come faintly on the wind. Then I hurried my big black forward and came suddenly upon Jones, leading his horse through the scrub piñon on the edge of the cañon, and closely scrutinizing the ground.

"What do you think? Are we hunting rabbits?" began Jones. "This beats me all hollow. We jumped four lions in this bunch of piñon. The dogs split. Moze took one north along the rim, but the lion wouldn't tree and got away in the broken cliffs. I saw this lion. Frank saw another. Wallace is following Sounder, and Jim has gone down the cañon after Don. Four cougars playing tag in broad daylight on top of this rim-wall. Hello! Waa-hoo! That's Wallace."

The tall Californian reached us presently with Sounder beside him. He reported that the hound had chased a lion into an impassable break. We then joined Frank on a jutting crag of the cañon wall.

"Waa-hoo!" yelled Jones. There was no

answer except the echo, and it rolled up out of the chasm with strange, hollow mockery.

"Don took a cougar down this slide," said Frank. "I saw the big brute, and Don was making him hump. A-ha! Listen!"

Out of the silent depths came the faint yelp of a hound. "That's Don," cried Jones, "and he's hot on something. Where's Sounder? By George! there he goes down the slide, and he's opened up. Wallace, you go down. Frank and I will climb out on that pointed crag. Grey, you stay here."

From my promontory I watched Wallace go down the slide with gigantic strides, sending the rocks rolling and cracking, saw Jones and Frank crawl out to the end of a crumbling ruin of a yellow wall, which threatened to go splintering down into the abyss.

I wondered, as I listened to the penetrating voice of the hound, if anywhere on earth there could be a grander scene for wild action, wild life. My position afforded a commanding view over a hundred miles of the noblest and most sublime work of nature. The rim-wall where I stood sheered down a thousand feet, to meet a long wooded slope that cut abruptly off into another giant precipice; then a second long bench sloped down and jumped off into what seemed the grave of the world. Most striking in that vast void were the long, irregular points of rim-wall protruding toward the Grand Cañon. There were twelve of them, miles apart, some sharp, some round, some blunt, all rugged and bold. The great chasm in the middle was full of purple smoke. It seemed a mighty sepulcher, from which misty fumes rolled upward. The turrets, mesas, domes, and parapets of yellow and red rock gave the appearance of a gigantic work of hand. The wonderful river of silt, the mystic and sullen Rio Colorado, lay hidden, except in one place, far away, where it glimmered wanly. Thousands of colors were blended before my rapt gaze. Yellow predominated, as the crags lorded it over the lower cliffs; red glared in the sunlight; green softened these two, and purple and violet, gray, blue, all the darker hues shaded away into dim and distant obscurity.

Suddenly, by a trick of the imagination, the beauty faded from the scene and left it terrible. I was seized with fear. The mystery of the earth lay revealed. Its bare ribs stood out, and its racked and convulsed bowels. Earthquake, flood, fire, the war of the elements lost here their mystery. Millions of years of slow, creeping erosion, and

fall of rock, and grind of river were at my feet, and the end was not yet. Eternity breathed there. Desolation spread sable wings. Grim, vast, dead silence guarded the rim in jealous arms.

The spell left me only at excited yells from my companions on the other crag, which recalled me to the living aspect of the scene. Jones was leaning far down in a niche, at seeming great hazard of life, yelling with all the power of his strong lungs. Frank stood still farther out on a cracked point where it made me tremble to see him, and his yell reenforced Jones's. From below rolled up a chorus of thrilling bays and yelps.

Then far down the slide I saw a lion headed for the rim-wall and climbing fast. I added my exultant cry to the medley, and stretching my arms wide to that illimitable void, I gloried in a moment full to the brim of the tingling joy of existence. I did not consider how painful it must have been for the toiling lion. It was only the spell of the wild environment, of perilous yellow crags, of thin dry air, of the voices of man and dog, of the stinging expectation of sharp action.

I watched the lion growing bigger and bigger. Don and Sounder ran from the piñon into the open slide, and I heard their impetuous burst of wild yelps as they saw their game; and then Jones's clarion yell made me bound for my horse. As I was about to mount, Moze came trotting toward me. I caught the old gladiator. When he heard the chorus from below he plunged like a mad bull. With both arms around him I hung on. It would never have done to let him go down that slide. He howled and tore, but I held on. My big black horse, with ears laid back, stood like a rock.

I heard the pattering of little sliding rocks below; then stealthy, padded footsteps and hard, panting breaths, almost like coughs; then the cougar passed out of the slide not twenty feet away. He saw us and sprang into the piñon scrub with the leap of a startled deer.

Samson himself could no longer have held Moze. Away he darted with his short, angry bark. I flung myself into the saddle and rode out to meet Jones. Frank was passing into the piñon, his horse flashing like a white streak. We had followed him scarcely a hundred yards when Don and Sounder passed us.

Frank was a cowboy; Jones had been born in a saddle, and there I was, with a passionate

desire to be at the finish, with the painful certainty that I could not. But my black horse was the fastest, most powerful horse in the outfit. I had always held him in because Jones was afraid he would kill me, but now I let him go. He understood, and with a magnificent bound stretched out. The maddening music of the hounds made him fairly fly. I rode on his neck, on his haunches, in the air—everywhere except in the saddle, but I stuck on.

At the end of the piñon thicket I overhauled Jones, and we entered the open forest together. We saw Frank ahead beginning to circle, so we cut and gained. My horse never turned aside for logs nor windfalls; he sailed over them, up and up, like a bird; he swerved only slightly for the pines, and carried me under branches that almost swept me off.

We closed in on Frank, and saw the hounds, Don leading, Sounder next, and Moze not fifty yards behind a desperate, running lion.

That chase through the open forest, with the quarry in sight, with the splendid action of horses carrying us on the wings of the wind, was glorious. But, like the full, satisfying moments of life, it was brief. The lion, leaping gracefully into the air, splintered the bark from a pine fifteen feet up, and crouched on a limb. The hounds tore madly round the tree.

"Full-grown female," said Jones, calmly, as we dismounted, "and she's ours. We'll call her Kitty."

Kitty was a beautiful creature, long, slender, glossy, with white belly, and black-tipped ears and tail. A low, brooding, menacing murmur that was not a snarl nor a growl came from her. She watched the dogs with bright, steady eyes. They were worth looking at. Don stood straight up with his fore paws beating the air; Sounder had lost his identity—he had been an unsociable dog, but now he leaped into my arms—and Moze attempted to climb a dead pine that had fallen against a drooping branch of the tree in which Kitty had taken refuge.

Jones removed his coat, carefully coiled his lasso, and began to ascend the leaning tree. Moze followed him.

The cougar, becoming uneasy, stood up, reached for another limb, climbed out upon it, and, peering down, spat hissing at Jones. But Jones kept steadily on, and Moze followed at his heels. I snapped my camera on cougar, dog, and man when the cougar was not more than fifteen feet above them. As

Jones reached the snag that upheld the leaning tree, the cougar ran out on her branch and leaped into an adjoining pine. It was a good long jump; and the weight of the animal bent the limb alarmingly.

Jones came down and laboriously climbed the second tree, whereupon the cougar, when Jones got within throwing distance, leaped back into her first perch. Jones descended, and once more crept on hands and knees up the leaning tree. The cougar grew more and more restless, spitting, growling, and swinging her tufted tail faster and faster. Jones got under her this time, close enough to make Frank and me call out warnings, and was recoiling his lasso when the beast ran out on another branch and jumped. This time she fell short, clutched a dead piece that broke, letting her down hard into a bushy branch, from which she hung head downward. For a moment she swung free, then reached toward the tree, caught it with front paws and then back paws, ran down like a squirrel, and leaped off when thirty feet from the ground. The action was as rapid as it was astonishing.

Like a yellow rubber ball she bounded up, and fled with the yelping hounds at her heels. The chase was short. Moze nipped her again and again, and before she had gone a hundred yards she sought safety in another pine. Frank, who had mounted, in anticipation of just what happened, almost rode the dogs down in his eagerness.

This time the cougar was well out upon a low, spreading branch. Jones conceived the idea of raising the loop of his lasso on a long pole, but the cunning beast pawed the rope aside. Then she leaped out over the dogs and ran like a deer down the ravine.

For several hundred yards she outran the hounds, then they began to close upon her. Don, who was swiftest, nipped her tail and checked her. A blow on the side of the head sent him reeling. Sounder closed in, tried to hold the cougar, but she eluded him, and dashing up the side of the ravine, leaped upon the first tree. It was a half-dead pine with short snags low down, and a big branch extending out over the ravine.

"I think we can hold her in this tree," said Jones, and he began the ascent of the trunk. As he went up, the cougar started to move upon the snags, crawled up one after another, and seemed to be trying to get upon the big branch. It was plainly evident she was afraid of falling, but she succeeded, presently, in getting upon the large limb.

Jones worked up to a position about even with her and then cast his lasso. It caught on a snag. Again and again he recoiled and recast, only to fail.

"Rope those dead twigs an' break them off," yelled Frank.

It was a good suggestion, which Jones at once carried out. At his next throw the lasso fell upon the cougar. Angrily she shook it off. Again he sent the noose flying. She pulled it away from her back and bit it savagely. Jones jerked back so hard he nearly lost his balance. The noose caught on her front paw and slipped.

"That's what I want," called Jones; "if I can get her front paw, she's ours. My idea is to pull her off the limb, let her hang there, and then lasso her hind legs."

He made at least twenty attempts, every one of which was futile. Finally a successful cast settled the noose perfectly round her neck. She chewed on the rope with her front teeth, and appeared to have difficulty in holding it. Cautiously Jones took up the slack, and slowly the rope tightened; the noose narrowed until a quick jerk fastened it close round her neck. We made the forest ring with our yells of triumph.

That triumph was short-lived. Jones had hardly moved when the cougar shot straight out into the air. The lasso caught on the branch, hauling her up short, and there she hung in mid-air, writhing, struggling, giving utterance to sounds terribly human. For several seconds she swung, slowly descending, while Jones bawled unintelligible commands to us. Then came a crash, and Jones fell out of the tree. The lasso was wrenched from his hands, and the cougar dropped into the bunch of waiting, howling dogs.

For a moment it was impossible to distinguish what took place. A great flutter of leaves whirled round a swiftly changing mass of brown and black and yellow, from which came a fiendish clamor.

I saw Jones plunge down the hill and try to grasp the whipping lasso. I lost my footing, stumbled, and fell prone on my face into the ravine, and rolled over and over until I brought up with a bump against a stone.

What a tableau riveted my gaze! It rattled me so I never thought of my camera. The cougar sat on her haunches with body well drawn back by the taut lasso to which Jones held wildly and grimly. Don was standing with her, upheld by her hooked claws in his head. The cougar had her

paws outstretched; her mouth was wide, showing great white fangs; she was trying to pull the head of the dog to her. The other hounds were tussling round her body. Suddenly both ears of the dog pulled out, slit into ribbons. Don had never uttered a sound, and, once free, he made at her again with open jaws. One blow sent him stunned and bleeding. Then began again that terrible wrestling whirl.

Frank and I seized clubs and ran in upon the confused furry mass. We fought all over the bottom of the ravine, crashing through the bushes, over logs and stones. At last we pulled Sounder and Moze to where Don lay half stunned, and I held them while Frank turned to help Jones.

The panting cougar crouched low on the ground with eyes of purple fire.

"For God's sake get a half-hitch on that sapling!" called the cowboy.

His quick grasp of the situation averted a tragedy. As the cougar sprang, Jones threw his lasso round the sapling. The cougar missed him, although her left front paw stretched alarmingly near his face. She came to the ground with a heavy thud. A flash of Jones's big hands fastened the lasso, and Kitty was a prisoner. While she fought, rolled, twisted, bounded, writhed with hissing fury, Jones sat mopping his face. Her efforts were futile; she began to weaken from choking.

Another lasso stretched her out helpless between two saplings; and then the old buffalo hunter calmly took her paws in his powerful grip and clipped off her dangerous claws. Forcing her mouth open with a stick and pressing her head back on the ground, he strapped a collar round her neck and snapped a chain to that. Then, unaided, he muzzled her with a wire round her jaws, held in place by a little bar of iron thrust back of her big canines—and Kitty was a subject of pity.

That night she crouched close beside a pine-tree not fifty feet from our camp-fire, and worked ceaselessly for that thing which, to man and beast alike, makes life worth living—freedom.

Kitty was not the only mountain lion we brought alive to camp. The following days were fruitful of adventures with cougars, and with wild horses; of discoveries in that wonderful isolated section of the Grand Cañon. And as I look back now on those days of stirring life, of vivid color, I recall with keen pleasure the success of a ridiculed expedition and the vindication of Buffalo Jones.