

**BOOK OF A  
HUNDRED BEARS**

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Book of a Hundred Bears by F. Dumont Smith

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**F. DUMONT SMITH**

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By F. DUMONT SMITH,  
*Author of "Blue Waters and Green."*

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First Edition  
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RAND McNALLY & COMPANY  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS  
1909.

TO MY DEAR FRIEND

BILLY BEAR

AND THE NINETY-NINE OTHERS, WHOSE FIRST NAMES ARE

TO THE WRITER UNKNOWN, THIS BOOK

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

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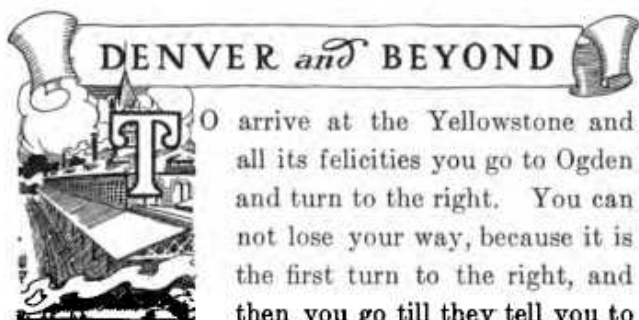
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### BOOK OF A HUNDRED BEARS

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## Chapter 1.



When you arrive at the Yellowstone and all its felicities you go to Ogden and turn to the right. You can not lose your way, because it is the first turn to the right, and then you go till they tell you to get off. This will be at the western entrance of the Park, where the railroad stops. The Conservators of the Park are truly conservative. Nothing less archaic than General Young, the Acting Superintendent, is permitted within its sacred confines. Everything there dates before B. Y. So there are no railroads, steam or electric, within the Park. When you enter there you leave iron rails, and most of your baggage, behind.

To arrive at Ogden you should go to Denver. Providence, the early settlers, who were Wise Guys

and the railroads, have so beneficently arranged matters that, to break through into the Far West, it is most convenient to stop and drop a few dollars in the Denver slot machine. Few escape, nor should you care to do so. You may think you can escape Denver. You may select some railroad leading westward that apparently leaves Denver far to the north or to the south. You embark and, by and by, the porter says, "Denvah, all out," and there you are. You can hardly get away from Denver, and Denver knows it. But why attempt it? To him who has never seen Denver, it is a pure joy. You have come, we will say, from some eastern city, with its packing-houses and factories, smells and smoke, torrid heat and stifling atmosphere, and you step into an air that could not be retailed in any prohibitionist community because of its intoxicating effect. You stand on the streets of a great city, where commerce roars and crashes by you, and raise your eyes to the near peace and solemnity of great snow-clad mountains that seem only a mile away.

You breathe western air and behold the familiar

habitudes and habiliments of the East. The cowboy and the tailor maid elbow each other. Automobiles and pack-mules, motor-cycles and mountain freight-wagons, jostle and crowd each other. It is here that the East and West do meet, although Mr. Kipling says they never can.

And they meet in such a friendly, natural way, they so hobnob and commingle, so change and interchange, putting on and taking off the dress and manner, each of each, that you cannot say whether this is the westernmost part of the East, or the easternmost part of the West, or both.

Denver, when I saw it again, was just recovering from the national democratic convention. Banners and portraits of the Peerless Leader still flaunted the air and insulted republicans. Strange stories were told me of that convention and its doings. But, tut! why should I monger scandal about the democracy? It never injured me, even when I was running for office. Let be!

One great mystery that has long oppressed me was here solved. For long we have vainly asked, "Why a democratic party?" True, once in four