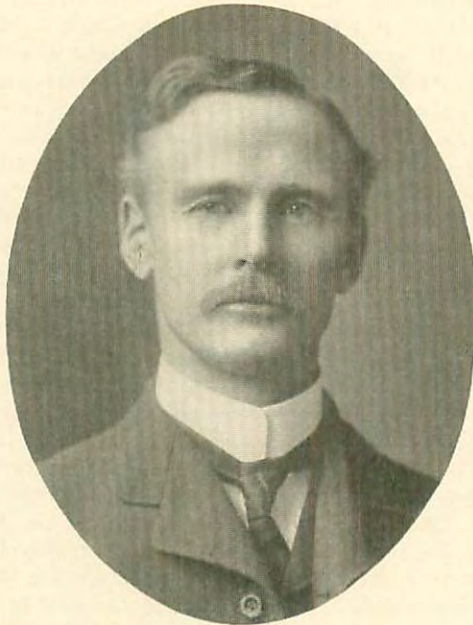


# OUTDOOR LIFE

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No. 1.



J. W. Anthony, who killed  
Old Mose.

## CONQUEST OF THE KING OF GRIZZLIES.

By JACK BELL.

"Old Mose," the most dreaded grizzly bear in the entire United States, met a death befitting his long life of murder and outrage at 4 o'clock Saturday evening, April 30th. His last stand was made in a quaking asp draw within the confines of his home among the broken rocks at the northwest corner of Black Mountain, near Canon City, Colo. He died befitting his rank and lay down in his last sleep with imposing grandeur. Just

think, after being shot through and through times without number, baited with every device and cunning known to the trapper; chased by demon posses of cowboys and ranchers bent upon his extermination, and in all this he has met them with superior generalship, cunning unexcelled, knowledge supreme, and for thirty-five years by actual record of the cattlemen of this middle Southern Colorado country. (It is estimated that

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he was five years old when he first gave evidence of his presence in that section.) His taking away is due solely to the years of training of a pack of incomparable bear dogs, who know their quarry, his habits, mode of attack, retreat, as well as this magnificent animal himself. He was handicapped by this band of intelligent trainers and knew not their circling, pinching, running away tactics. All this was new to the old monarch—the talk of the dogs brought him to a standstill with wonder and amazement. He did not even strike at them, but sat still and seemed to ponder and try to unravel their unknown and untried quality that he had never before been called upon to meet. So he sat and looked and looked, without a growl or even a passing of the murderous paws. J. W. Anthony knew the language of his pack with wonderment, this hunter with over forty bear pelts to his credit, and his amazement grew as he watched the unusual action of the monstrous grizzly.

"Now, what in thunder is that old fellow figuring on? Never in my life did I see such an attitude of utter indifference by any bear towards my dogs," muttered Anthony.

"I'll just take a shot—lemme see—about eighty yards."

Bang! went the carbine carrying a soft-nosed .30-40. Old Mose ignored the shot, although it went through his jaw and cut a quaking asp on the other side. "Too low—damn that dog that was in the way."

The bleeding wound did not even interest the massive animal, and he did not as much as look toward the man with the gun. His interest was centered upon the four dogs snapping around his immense bulk. Very likely he said to himself, "You are not the first that has put bullets in me. I'll attend to you later—at present I must investigate these funny acting little dogs." The second shot went into the left shoulder and passed clear through, and still he stood speculating upon the very little fighters—merely glancing at the man who was firing the death-dealing missiles into his body. The third shot brought the seeming inanimate body into lightning activity. The bullet struck a quaking asp and threw splinters into his face. A sweep of his mighty paw directed though I am not able to write a word about at one of the dogs cost him a claw, and, miss-

ing the dogs, he uprooted an aspen that was six inches in diameter. But never a snarl or a growl from this king of all grizzlies. He, however, in a leisurely manner, without even condescending to notice the dogs, started at a slow walk toward Anthony. The hunter fired his fourth shot, which went a bit high through the shoulders, and "Old Mose" turned and went back to the point where the dogs had stopped him and sat up for a moment, apparently surveying the country, and acted as though there was neither man nor dogs within a thousand miles. The fifth and sixth shots were hurled into the carcass, both taking effect through the shoulders, and never a howl, growl or snarl did he make. He took his medicine in the same manner as he had administered his power for thirty-five years—neither giving nor asking quarter. The sixth shot did not bring forth the expected, the awful death cry of the bear, neither did he by sign or symptom show cowardice or anger.

Looking steadfastly at the man refilling the magazine of his rifle for a few seconds, he at last made up his mind that it would be policy to first kill him and then pursue his uninterrupted analysis of these strange dogs that had had the courage to snap at him and tear bunches of his fur from his incomparable coat. Slowly he started toward the hunter, never leaving the awkward, slow walk of his species. His eyes burned as with fire, and his coming was terrorizing to any but the seasoned bear killer. When at about sixty-two feet away he lowered his head with an unsounded challenge, and as his head was bending low, the hunter drew bead at the point between the ears, and, taking a long breath, gently began pressing the trigger. Slowly, as the mountain pine begins to fall under the woodman's ax, Old Mose, the terror of all, man and beast alike, began to settle down. Slowly, slowly, with neither sound nor quiver, the massive king gave up his life as he had lived it, in blood and violence. He met his death with honor, willing to the last to measure his great strength and cunning in mortal combat with that of the hunter, who dared to stand before him and dispute his reign.

Beyond any reasonable doubt, Old Mose has cost the cattlemen thousands of dollars by his depredations. He was seen by a cow-

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Black Mountain, where Old Mose made his headquarters for fifteen years.

*ClassicOutdoorMagazines.com*





The rocky, narrow pass that led across the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, near Alta Rita Peak, used by Old Mose.

boy to run down a three-year-old bull, slap it over the withers, and, while down and struggling, turn it over and sink his wicked teeth through the neck, instantly killing him. Another stunt much in vogue with the old fellow was to spy upon lonely prospectors in the hills, appear before them suddenly, sit up, and let out an unearthly growl, and seemingly enjoy the fright and stampede of the nearly-scared-to-death man.

Jack Ratcliffe, an old-time bear hunter, camped on his trail for years and years. In 1886, with a party of hunters, he got on Old Mose's trail. For ten days they followed his fresh signs all the time. Up in a rough gulch on Tallahassee Mountain Ratcliffe found his den, and while peering down into the box gulch, fell. In a second Old Mose came out of the rocks, twenty-five feet away, and charged the intruder. Ratcliffe fired his Old Henry. He was unable to load and fire again. The bear took one fell swoop of his iron arm and paw, and Ratcliffe fell to the ground, scalp torn completely from his head and cut five gashes entirely down his back,

stripping the flesh from the bones. He fell fainting, and Old Mose walked away. When he revived he began to call and his companions heard him, but, unfortunately, so did the bear, and with another rush he was upon his victim and began his murder. He cuffed and bit him until he was a mass of broken bones and mutilated flesh. Old Mose hit the trail, and when the hunters found their friend they gave up all thought of the bear. He was tenderly carried to Stirrup ranch, and the boys started to Fairplay with the suffering man to obtain the services of the nearest doctor. He died on the way, and the last words he uttered were: "Boys, don't hunt that bear."

James Asher, an old-time hunter, met the same fate as Ratcliffe several years later and in almost the identical manner.

On Cameron Mountain, over in the Greenwood country, a skeleton was found with a rusty rifle beside it. The gun was identified as the one made by Pap Rudolph of Canon City, and Old Mose was credited with the death. Last summer a skeleton was found



on Thirty-Nine-Mile mountain, that of a cowboy, the boots and spurs were beside the bones, and as this was the stamping ground of this mammoth, he was duly credited with the murder.

J. W. Anthony came to Canon City from Idaho, where he has hunted bear for years. Last year he took sixteen hides. For years he has read of Old Mose, and came here to take a try at him. With him he brought thirty well-trained bear dogs. W. H. Pigg of Stirrup ranch fame, invited him to his ranch for the purpose of hunting the king. For two months they have scoured the country, and found his trail on the 26th of April, the day he had come out of his winter's sleep. They trailed him faithfully and well. When the dogs gave tongue to the fresh tracks, part of the pack back-trailed and Pigg took his bunch. Anthony was behind and followed the dogs that barked at bay.

Among the well-known hunters who have trailed Old Mose are D. F. Waterhouse, Dall DeWesse, Ira Carrier, Dan Hall, Joe Hall, C. W. Talbot, H. N. Beecher and scores of others.

William Stout and M. B. Waterhouse, two of the oldest pioneers of the Arkansas Valley, have both suffered the loss of over a score of cattle from the depredations of Old Mose, and to one of these men is given the credit of giving the old desperado the name by which he has been known for so many

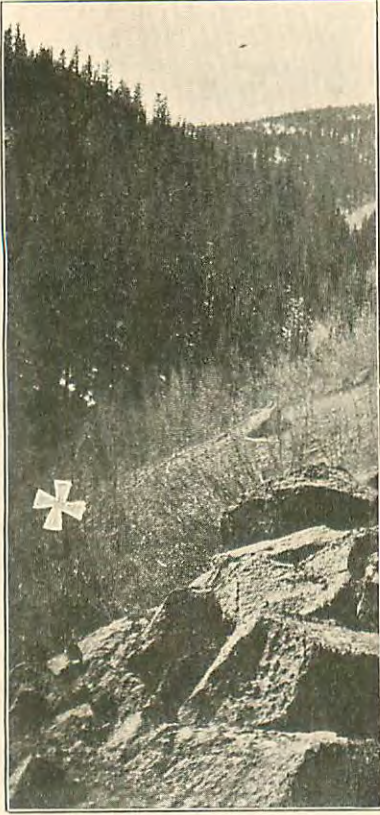
years. What prompted the appellation was the manner in which the bear moseyed toward men he would happen upon—his slowness in leaving a carcass when fired upon, and his general habit of just plain "mosey." He has caused Mr. Stout no small amount of trouble, and many are the partly eaten steers bearing his brand that this bear has pulled down—of course he was always known by the missing toes of the left hind foot, and could be easily identified. A rather strange thing comes to light with the passing of the king. There has been following in his wake of murder a cinnamon bear that measured from the reach on their several rubbing posts, showing but a difference of eight inches in this cinnamon's height and that of the dead bear. This bear has never consorted with the old bandit, but has carefully followed him and taken the leavings that he has left—but never have their trails crossed. Mr. cinnamon has invariably been in the rear. Mr. Anthony has noticed this remarkable thing, as well as the foregoing old-timers.

C. W. Talbot, one of the old-timers in his country, gives the following about Old Mose: "Some fifteen years ago I was down in the Antelope country prospecting. At this time there was a reward of \$500 offered for the carcass of Old Mose. The stockmen and the ranchers in this country were in terror of their lives on account of this big, three-



Above timberline on Tallahassee Mountain, where Old Mose was often sighted.

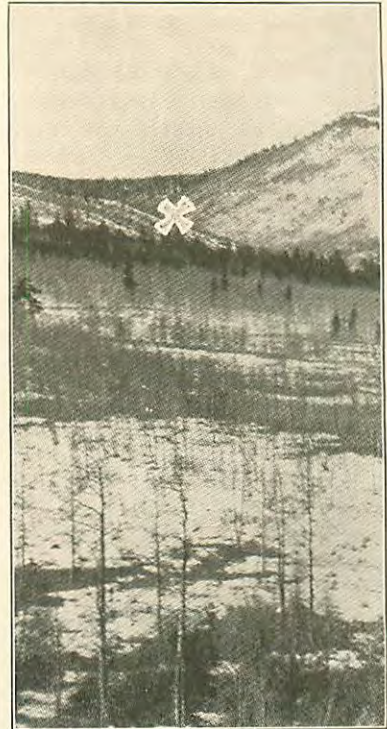




Where skeleton of unknown cowboy was found.

toed bear. He ran the cattle ranges without a man's hand raised against him—they were all afraid of the monster. Even this big reward didn't bring out any hunters that were anxious to run foul of him. There were two or three men that had gone to the hills to look for him—and they never returned, and their bodies were never recovered—this was the reason that the scattered residents of the Antelope country were afraid to go into the hills for him. He pulled down cattle wantonly, destroyed calves and colts, tore down fences, chased the people who lived in the country and conducted himself as an outlaw and degenerate. He carried on this reign of terror for several months, and then disappeared from his usual haunts—and I tell you that there was a feeling of relief in this section when he left. The following spring I was on a trip over here on Beaver

Creek—just about twenty miles from Canon City—and as I was going up the stream I was astounded to come upon the track of Old Mose. Now, I have an idea that he would travel at least 200 or 300 miles to get across this country. He would have to follow up the Continental Divide, cross the Sangre de Cristo across the Arkansas River at his old crossing near Spike Buck, up on Tallahassee Mountain, then through the broken hills down there on Beaver. While I was down in Antelope Park the natives say that they heard of his depredations all along the Utah line. Oh, I tell you that he was well known all over the cattle country, and he has cost them thousands and thousands of dollars. I have hunted him for a good many years, but was unsuccessful in even getting a glimpse of him. That old bear was a heap more cunning than a fox—and I have never heard of but a very few hunters that got a shot at him, and then it was at long range. He seemed to know when a man was armed and acted accordingly; unarmed he



Where Old Mose killed Jake Ratcliffe on Tallahassee Mt.



would make his appearance and frighten a man out of a year's growth—armed, he would discreetly withdraw and disappear, although his tracks were still warm. I had a

wholesome respect for him, and after looking his carcass over I am free to say that I am thankful that I never came face to face with him."



Supposed to be the father of Old Mose, killed on 39-Mile Mountain, by J. J. Pike, in 1894. Weight, 397 pounds.

#### WHAT OLD MOSE'S BRAIN SHOWS.

By Dr. E. G. Lancaster of Colorado College.

The brain of "Old Mose."

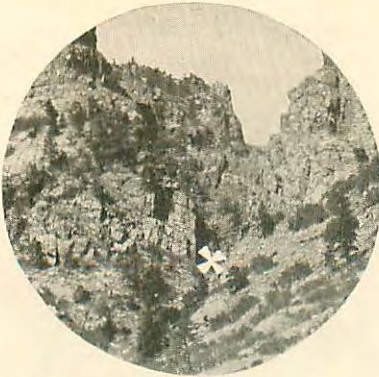
One of the most interesting brains I have ever seen lies on the laboratory table before me. It is the brain of "Old Mose," the huge grizzly which was recently killed on the hills south of Pike's Peak by J. W. Anthony. The brain is six inches long, including the hind brain, four inches in width, and weighs fifteen ounces. The bear was estimated to weigh 1,000 pounds, so that the ratio of his brain to his body is only 1 to 1,000, while that of a new-born babe is 1 to 7. As a matter of fact, the brain of this monster is lighter than that of the babe, about equal to that of a calf a few weeks old. A man has a brain more than three times as heavy. The ratio of a man's brain to his body is 1 to 45.

The ratio of brain to body is usually a

sign of intelligence and hence it is high in the ape—1 to 80—and quite high in other wild and domestic animals which are usually regarded as intelligent. In the dog it is 1 to 164, in case of a large dog, and 1 to 45 in a small dog; 1 to 747 in an elephant and 1 to 22,500 in a whale. The marmoset has the heaviest relative weight except the infant, it being 1 to 18, while the man's is only 1 to 45. The infant's is really 1 to 6, since his total weight is seven pounds, while his brain weighs one pound.

The distribution of parts and the balance between them is the best test, for weight may be so distributed as to give little to the intellectual centers and much to motor. This is the case before us. While this grizzly had almost as high a brain ratio as an elephant,





Cross indicates where James Asher was killed by "Old Mose" on Poncha Mt.

his centers are so balanced as to give little to intelligence and more to smell and hearing, as compared to the elephant's brain, which is highly developed in the frontal lobes and cerebrum, where intelligence is located.

On opening the skull the first strange thing about the brain of "Old Mose" is its location in the head. The brain of dogs and such animals usually runs forward nearly to the line of the eyes, and fills the skull cavity. With this bear at least the brain occupies only a small part of the head, which is

fifteen inches long in a straight line from the back of skull to end of lower jaw, and is fourteen inches wide after the skin is removed.

The front end of the brain was about four inches behind the eyes and all the intervening space was filled with a porous, or cellular, structure of bone, with scores of cavities large enough to insert the tips of the fingers into the cells or chambers. This is interesting to the hunter. It explains why he finds it so hard to kill the grizzly by firing a ball into the front of the head. The chances are that it would not reach the brain and a dozen bullets might lodge in those chambers and do little damage to the life of the bear. The bullet must strike between or just back of the eyes and take a downward course to hit the brain.

On the sides of the head, moreover, the masseter and temporal muscles are four inches thick by actual measurement, and hence a bullet unless fired at close range would hardly pass through them and penetrate the skull, which slopes on the sides like the roof of a house from the top or ridge of the head down to the base. On the ridge the skull is quite thick, but it is a surprise to find that the skull is only three-sixteenths of an inch thick on the sides, or about as thick as the skull of a man. Its shape and



Old Mose's size compared to that of a man.



the thickness of the muscles give the well-known protection to the brain of the grizzly. From the side the bullet would tend to glance upward and miss the brain unless fired downward at an angle of fifteen to twenty-five degrees.

It is a well-known fact that the habits of an animal have a close relationship to its brain. For this reason the intelligence and life of an animal can only be understood fully when we see the brain and study the relation of part to part. For example, the brains of animals living by sight are largely given up to visual centers. The best example at hand is the brain of the trout, which is largely made up of optic lobes. They occupy about three-fourths of the brain cavity, while the cerebrum is almost wanting. In the shark and skate, on the other hand, most of the brain is devoted to smell and the olfactory bulbs are extremely large, relative to other parts. One can tell by the way a fish bites whether its taste center or eye center is most prominently developed. The eye-minded fish will bite on the run, while the other will nibble the bait.

Now, in the brain of "Old Mose," two centers are enormously developed. They are the centers of smell and hearing, both of which are in the temporal lobe. To our surprise the optic nerve is small and the optic centers very poorly developed. Technically speaking, the upper pair of the corpora quadrigemina, the lowest center of sight, are very much smaller than the lower pair, or the lowest center of hearing. But the olfactory bulbs are developed beyond all comparison. The coyote has been the standard in our laboratory for acute sense of smell, judging by the size of the olfactory bulbs, but he has a weak sense of smell compared to the bear.

The brain is also wide at the back, or across the motor centers, so that the bear had three good faculties—smell, hearing and motor power, while he used his eyes only for objects near at hand and for those probably which are not dangerous to his life. In a word, when his nose said "trap" or "hunter" or "food" he obeyed the word. He lived by this sense very largely, and no doubt his keenness of scent has kept his feet out of many a trap and his body from many a rifle ball.

This bear never did much thinking. Yet

we wonder how a grizzly could live forty years inside of a circle of cities, none of which were more than fifty miles from him, killing cattle by hundreds and sometimes men for variety. Yesterday a man came to look at his hide and fairly wept when he told how his best friend was killed by this old terror of the mountains. Hunters have been after him for years. Traps have been set and all plans known have been executed against his life. He was evidently cunning but not intelligent. It was all instinctive with him.

We do not appreciate his keenness of scent. Lloyd Morgan threw a stone over a bank into loose rock, in the night time, and his dog brought it back eleven times in twenty minutes, depending on his sense of smell for finding it, save as he got the direction from the thrower. The coyote has a much keener scent than the dog, but this old bear would surpass either of them as easily as Sherlock Holmes would surpass the average man in detective work.

It is interesting to build up the character of such an animal as this from his brain. It is easy. He had no moral nature, he did not reason, he did not love or hate, probably. If let alone he was mild and peaceable. If frightened, or injured, or hungry, his instincts said run, crush or kill, and he did it. He lived a purely instinctive life and every animal instinctively tries to preserve its own life. Instincts are for that purpose only. This bear, like some criminals, could not be moved by reason or high motives. He would do the thing that would satisfy his appetite and passions and follow his instincts for self-preservation when pursued. His whole life began and ended within this narrow mental horizon.

#### SHORT BIOGRAPHY OF OLD MOSE.

Age, forty years.

Weight, 1,000 pounds.

Killed: three men, 800 head of cattle, horses, colts, etc.

Shot over one hundred times.

Reward offered for him for thirty years.

Cost of his depredations, \$30,000.

Identified by two toes missing on left hind foot.

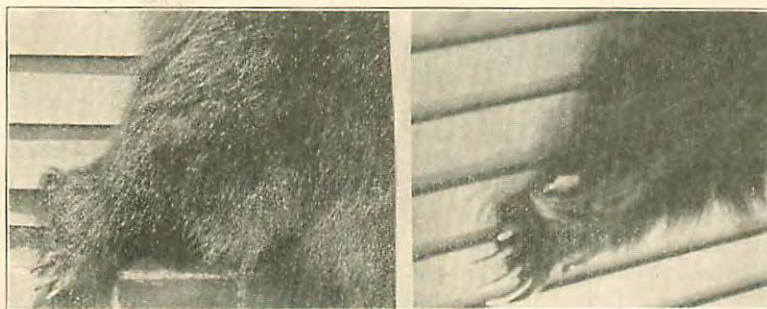
Killed April 30, 1904.



(We personally inspected the hide of "Old Mose" at the Arvada Tannery after it had been tanned, and herewith show a cut of the hide and relative size of man. The man is Mr. L. Klumker, proprietor of the Arvada Tannery, who stands 5 feet 10 inches and weighs 180 pounds. The hide measured 10 feet from tip of nose to tip of tail; 9 feet 6 inches from tip of front claw to tip of front claw, across shoulders; from tip to tip of ears across the head (hide measure), 18 inches; length of ear (hide measurement), 5

inches (which is small for a grizzly of his weight); width of front foot, 8 inches. The hide was dark and in splendid condition, the fur being of very uniform length. The two inside toes and claws of the left hind foot were gone. The head hide was full of the splintered bullet particles, before it was tanned.—Editor.)

We are indebted to the Denver Post for much of the data and many of the photos published herewith.



A study in bears' claws. The cut to the right is that of the front right foot of Old Mose, showing one claw broken in flight; the one to left is the left hind foot, showing the three claws and part of foot from which the other two claws are missing.

## The Fisherman's Dream.

By LORENA M. PAGE

Oh, for a camp, on the river's side  
Where the stream is calmly flowing,  
Mirroring white in its crystal tide  
All the sycamores, closely growing,  
Then, for tackle strong, and buoyant boat,  
To follow each winding sally—  
And, forgetting all, to gaily float  
'Long the fair Miami valley.

Thus to follow the beautiful stream  
With my line behind me shifting;  
And nothing to do but float and dream,  
My boat with the current drifting,  
Oh, for a pull on the trolling line,  
As gamey fish strove to rally—  
To give him line, and know he was mine,  
In the wide Miami valley.

Oh, for some nook by the wide stream's sweep,  
The world forgot, or forgetting,  
To drop my line in the waters deep—  
A snare for the shy fish setting,  
To lie, and almost forget to dream,  
And have naught to do but dally;  
Lulled to rest by the murmuring stream,  
In the still Miami valley.

Then, for a tug—a swish—and a swirl;  
As some fish took the bait, deep-lying;  
To wake to the tune of the reel's gay whirl,  
Ere I pulled him in for frying,  
Then a long, strong pull, against the tide,  
Thro' ripple—and rally—and sally—  
To my canvas home by the river's side,  
In the deep Miami valley.