

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### THE END OF THE TRAIL.

By COL. WILLIAM LIGHTFOOT VISSCHER

After Colonel Cody wrote the foregoing narrative he seems to have "dropped out of literature." His business interests grew greatly and he had little time to devote to anything else, though the excitement of his life did not abate in matters pertaining to the Wild West and kindred affairs and his work of improving his beloved frontier regions was redoubled.

At the time of the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago, Colonel Cody and his associates established adjoining the grounds of the fair a vast coliseum in which the Wild West was domiciled, and here for many months, during the existence of the Great White City, the entertainments of the Wild West, with all its appurtenances enlarged and improved amazingly, were given twice daily during the continuance of the exposition. Indeed, the Wild West was little short of being a legitimate part of this the most comprehensive, beautiful and important of all the world shows that have ever been given, and it is not probable that it ever will be surpassed.

The Wild West visited Europe three times: first, that to England in 1887, details of which have been given in Col. Cody's narrative. The second visit was in 1889, to be an attraction at the *Paris Exposition Universelle* of that year. After the Paris engagement the Wild West was taken to Spain, Italy, Austria-Hungary and Germany and returned to America. In 1902 the exhibition was taken to England, thence to Scotland, Wales, France, Italy, Hungary, Austria, Galicia, Slavonia, Bohemia, Croatia, Belgium, Germany and Denmark, for a tour of four years.

Everywhere it was received with wonder and acclaim and then triumphantly returned to America.

Upon the return of the Wild West to America, Col. Visscher apostrophized the great pioneer, scout, showman, and patriot in the following verses, which, to some extent, epitomizes the career of "Buffalo Bill," and for that reason are incorporated here. The verses are as follows:

### A KNIGHT OF THE WEST.

To Colonel Wm. F. Cody ("Buffalo Bill").

By COL. WILLIAM LIGHTFOOT VISSCHER

Who is this gallant cavalier that rides in from the West?  
 His horse, and gun, and trappings are the truest and the best;  
 He strides his noble thoroughbred with manly, easy grace,  
 And sits the saddle like a sheik, and rides a rattling pace;  
 His hair falls white and long adown his shoulders strong and wide,  
 And all his bearing has the poise of manliness and pride.

A sovereign born and citizen of this fair western land,  
 He rose among his fellows in the custom of command;  
 His boyhood heard the wailing that was echo of the yell  
 When the savage made the border seem the environs of hell;  
 With his dying father's spirit, his hunting-knife and gun,  
 He drove the bronze barbarians into the setting sun.

'Mong the willows by the river, on mesa, hill and plain,  
 They fell beneath his horse's hoofs and 'fore his leaden rain;  
 Full well he wreaked his vengeance, and he blazed a western path,  
 With the weapons of his prowess and the scoring of his wrath.  
 From Missouri's murky waters to the white Sierra's crest,  
 This knightly man led dauntless men and empire to the West.

To save the name and legends, and traditions of that land—  
 The wilderness that blossomed—and its story strange and grand,  
 To the wondering sight of millions, and to sing its passing song,  
 He led toward the Orient his motley, nomad throng,  
 With their singing and their dancing, their weapons and their ways,  
 Their riding and their fighting in their tribe to tribe's affrays.

From the canyons of the mountains to the canyons of the deep,  
 And to where the western nations close guard and jealous keep,  
 The monuments and tokens of their ancient rule and state,  
 There the gallant western chieftain rode among the titled great,  
 A fellow prince among the kings, a sovereign by the right  
 Of honest manhood, bred beneath high Liberty's clear light.

Where the altars of the Druids and ancient abbeys lie,  
 'Neath forest-covered ruins, marking centuries gone by,  
 And in places that are cob-webbed with history as old  
 As Britain's first traditions, lying deep in must and mold,  
 There the chieftain and his riders went, and held their hardy games  
 To plaudits of the multitude, lords, kings and royal dames.

By the Tiber, 'neath the shadow of St. Peter's lofty dome,  
 The mighty pile that canopies the hierarch of Rome;  
 Mid monuments and masonry, that crumbling in decay,  
 Teach the vanity of empire—how weak and fleet its way—  
 Here rode the knightly plainsman, and his caballeros sang  
 Where oft, in centuries ago, acclaim to Caesars rang.

'Mong potentates and powers, in the cities of the kings,  
 From where Mahomet's crescent across the Orient swings  
 To where the North sea booms against old Denmark's rugged shores,  
 And back to where dear homeland opened wide to him her doors,  
 Went and came the dashing horseman, and he bore the banner high  
 That Freedom's heroes, for its weal, will dare, and do, and die.

When by this mighty inland sea the vast White City gloamed,  
 As radiant as mountain snows, the chieftain's banners streamed  
 Above his wide encampment, and from every clime and land  
 Came men to do him honor and to grasp his manly hand.  
 Even yet he leads his riders, and his lesson's high and strong,  
 And here, saluting him, I sing this heartfelt, homely song.

Tonight, long since these simple lines were writ,  
 Before his pictured face I sadly sit,  
 Mourning that his great heart is stilled  
 And that the mighty soul that thrilled  
 With love of friends and country, true and tried,  
 Has gone, for aye, beyond the Great Divide.

When Cody, who was "Buffalo Bill" for more than fifty years, was such a little fellow that he was called Willie by everybody who knew him, he became the mainstay of his widowed mother's family. His father had been killed by the Indians and his home had been burned by the savages. But all that is another story.

One who knows cannot start out to tell anything about Buffalo Bill's life without being tempted to go off at a tangent, ten times a minute, to relate other stirring tales, and true ones, in that man's strange and eventful career, the incidents chase each other so closely.

But, as I was saying, when Will Cody was a little fellow, not more

than 12 or 14 years old—can you imagine that big, tall, white-haired man, who rides a horse as if man and horse were one animal, and who has been all over North America and Europe time and aagin, introducing to more than a hundred rulers and their people a congress of the Rough Riders of the world; can you imagine such a man as once having been a kid himself? Well, he was, and instead of playing at "kill Indians" with wooden knives and toy guns he had to do the real thing.

GREAT HELP TO HIS MOTHER.

Will Cody had to support his mother and sisters—or at least help a great deal in that direction—and he was cheerfully willing to do it.

In those days, away out where begins what the schoolboys of the time knew as the "Great American Desert," but which is now a land of flourishing cities, towns, villages, farms, homes, gardens, art, literature and all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, there was a trio of good men, partners, who had great caravans crossing and recrossing the desert, opening the way for empire in the western wilderness. Sometimes there were as many as fifty wagons in one of those trains, though generally only twenty-five, and there would be as many as fifteen or twenty of these trains out on the plains at one time, often hundreds of miles apart, coming and going from the Missouri River to the Rocky Mountains and beyond.

These wagons were huge, canvas-covered affairs that were almost as big as the ships in which Columbus first crossed the ocean. They were drawn by many spans of horses or yokes of oxen to each—often from five to ten—and a small army of men, drivers and helpers, accompanied each train.

This trio of partners had the firm name of Russell, Majors & Waddell, and required a number of men to ride as messengers between the trains. The boy, Will Cody, secured one of these places.

On "Cody day" at the trans-Mississippi fair in Omaha in 1900 the writer sat at a banquet table with Colonel Cody, Colonel Alexander Majors, the late United States Senator John M. Thurston, Edward Rosewater, late editor of the Omaha Bee; Major John M. Burke, the governors of Nebraska, Iowa and Missouri and other

notables of the region, and in his speech at the table Colonel Majors told this, among other stories of Colonel Cody, the guest of the occasion:

"One day, away back in the late '50s," said Colonel Majors, "in our Kansas camp, came to me a handsome, wiry lad who said that he had his mother's permission to take a place with us as a messenger. He seemed to think that his mother's permission entirely settled the matter.

"I told him that I thought he was rather young for such strenuous and hazardous work, but he made light of that, and there was about him such an air of self-confidence, in that, and such diffidence and modesty, in other ways, that he captured me at once and I gave him the place, which was one of peril, requiring caution, coolness and endurance. His duty was that of carrying dispatches between our wagon trains upon the march across the plains. Little did I think then that I was starting out in life one who was destined to win fame and fortune throughout the world.

"When 'Little Billy Cody' received his first month's pay, which, I think, was \$40, he took the money, some gold, mostly silver, to his mother and spread it out over the table, gleefully exclaiming: 'Lookee, mother ain't that a big lot of money?'"

At this point in Colonel Major's remarks some one at the table called out:

"Yes! and he's been spreading it ever since."

Continuing, Colonel Majors said: "The firm of Russell, Majors & Waddell required all of its employes to sign a pledge not to indulge in profanity, intoxicating drinks and brawling, and to that the majority kept well, for the most part. This was especially true of young Cody.

"Then it was simply 'Little Billy Cody, the Messenger,' next it became 'Wild Bill, the Pony Express Rider,' then 'Bill Cody, the Wagonmaster,' then 'Buffalo Bill, the Hunter, Scout and Indian Fighter,' now Colonel W. F. Cody, the head of a mighty school of history and ethnology, the friend and associate of statesmen, artists, men of letters, kings, presidents and all manner of potentates and people of importance; the head of one of the greatest enterprises for

the reclamation of arid lands; a true and honest man and a valuable citizen.

"With the inborn gift of a perfect borderman, Buffalo Bill led armies across deserts and over mountains, through most appalling dangers and to the farthest retreats of savages who carried on cruel raids against those who were endeavoring to settle the far West that to this republic has now come to be a source of incalculable wealth and to the world a mighty help.

"This man never sought the reputation of a 'killer,' and was careful to avoid brawls, yet never halted in the discharge of duty, even in the face of direst danger. He fought the Indians to the redskin's last stand, and yet was his friend and has always had the best respect of the warring tribes.

LOVE AND DEVOTION TO HIS MOTHER.

"One of Buffalo Bill's finest characteristics was his love and devotion to his mother, a mother most worthy the devotion of such a son. When he first came to me he had to make his mark when signing the pay roll, and he drew a man's pay because he earned every dollar of it, after his first month. One pay day, his mother being with him, the paymaster told him to come up and make his mark and get his money. The boy's face flushed when he saw tears come into his mother's eyes and heard her whisper, 'Oh, Willie, if you would only learn to write, how happy I would be.'

"A boy's opportunities for education in that region and day were meager enough at best, much less were they for a boy in Cody's place, who lived his days in the saddle, riding hard for duty's sake and often at the risk of his life from the bullet or arrow of the lurking savage. But when young Cody saw the tears in his mother's eyes, because of his lack of letters, he set at work immediately to acquire the art of penmanship, and in a little while he was issuing editions of his name, in different styles, almost anywhere, and sometimes it got him into trouble. 'Will Cody,' 'Little Billy,' 'Billy the Boy Messenger' and 'William Frederic Cody,' were written with the burnt end of a stick, with chalk or charcoal, upon tents, wagon covers and all tempting and available spaces, with great frequency and

appalling crudity, at first, while with hunting knife he carved upon ox yoke, wagon body, bench, door, side of the house, wherever he could find wood enough, the name with which he has since made his mark on a page of history."

"I'm almost the only one left now," he would say. "Almost the only one left. And I guess I haven't so very long to go." And with the death of Buffalo Bill there dies an idol—an idol in the eyes of every boy in the United States, and almost of the world. For Buffalo Bill's fame was not the fame of the United States. It was a fame that extended to Europe, and to Africa, and to Asia. Boys of China have thrilled over the exploits of Buffalo Bill, even though they never have seen him. Boys of Spain have gazed upon the buffalo killer; boys of France and Germany and Hungary and England and Scotland have done likewise, and worshipped his prowess almost as much as the boys of America have done. The news of Buffalo Bill's death will not be confined to the United States. It will travel into the fighting trenches of Europe, into the Orient, and into Africa. For the fame of Pahaska was world-wide.

PAHASKA FRIEND OF THE INDIANS.

But those who will mourn the most are nearer home—up there on the stretches of South Dakota's prairies where live the remainder of the valiant Sioux, the Indians whom he fought and whom he befriended. Perhaps you have thought that the Indian would look upon Buffalo Bill as an enemy, as the man who had fought them and driven them from the plains. But that is not true. Pahaska—they named him that because of his long hair—was their friend, and they accepted him as such. I have seen the time when the braves of the Ogallalah and Sioux tribe have brought their papooses a hundred miles and, with happiness shining in their eyes, lifted them high in the air that the great Pahaska might pat them on the head and give them his blessing.

"He never fought us except when we needed it," old Short Bull, the man who is supposed to have caused the Ghost Dance war, told me one day, "and he was our friend even when he fought us. He killed us because we were bad and because we fought against what

he knew was best for us. And when there was peace, he was our best friend. Did he not talk to the Great White Spirit in Washington and help us? Did he not get food for us when we were starving? Did he not give us money from his own hands that we might live? No, Pahaska has not been our enemy. He has been our friend."

Such are the people who will mourn for Pahaska out on the plains of the Dakotas. And there will be another class also—the class that is almost numberless, the world of the Small Boy.

For Buffalo Bill was a man's man and yet a boy's man. He was all that was desired in the form of romantic manhood. His stories were the stories that thrilled—the yarn of his duel with Yellowhand, when the renegade challenged him before thousands of Indians and soldiers, only to meet death at Colonel Cody's hand. Then, too, there were the stories of the Battle of Warbonnet and of Summit Springs. There were the stories of trails and of plains—and many a time I have seen the Colonel, an island in an ocean of small boys, telling them the stories of the past, the stories of days when the warhoop echoed and the tomahawk was something more than a tradition.

And yet another world will honor him—the world of the Army. For there Colonel Cody was respected and honored as a man apart, a man who occupied a niche distinctive in life. From Gen. Nelson A. Miles, for whom he acted as scout in the early days, down to the veriest rooky, the name of William Frederick Cody was a charmed one. And they recognized in him that being which linked the early days of army history in the West to the records of today. The Army and the West and Cody—the three things were inseparable. And with the news of the death of William Frederick Cody the army will sorrow with the small boy and the Sioux as they say:

"Farewell to Pahaska!"

Early one afternoon, a few summers ago, the writer sat with Colonel Cody under the awning of his tent with the Wild West exhibition. The vast affair had moved during the small hours of that morning from a "stand" on the West Side in Chicago to one on the North Side. At the end of a little spell of silent ruminating Colonel Cody looked up and said:

"By Jinks! I'm a scout all right, but dog my cats if I could find the way back to where we came from last night."

On the same occasion, when Colonel Cody was absent for a moment, his little orphan grandson came in and told his foster mother, his Aunt Irma, that grandpa had said he might ride on the Deadwood coach in the arena, if he would hold on tight.

"Well, we will see grandpa about that," said Aunt Irma. At that moment the colonel entered and his daughter inquiringly said: "Willie says that you told him he might ride on the Deadwood stage if he would hold on tight?"

"I said," replied grandpa, "that if he rode on the coach he'd have to hold on dog-gone tight."

Soon the boy was away somewhere among the Indians, Arabs, Cossacks and what-not, and Colonel Cody, calling to a helper about the place, said: "Murphy, put little Mister—er—What's-his-name on the coach."

Then after looking down for a moment he turned with his peculiar far-away smile to those present and said:

"Blame my skeets if I hadn't forgot the boy's name, and he's named after me."

This exhibits Colonel Cody's sulphurous style of swearing, and it was about the only kind of "cussin'" that he did. He was exceedingly fond of children and had a way with them that was wonderfully winning. Often when they were gathered about him one would say:

"Tell me a story, Buffalo Bill!"

And what wonderful stories they would be! What tales he would weave as they clustered about him, back in his little tent at the edge of the great "exhibition top," where he invariably would gather his juvenile audiences in the afternoons! What thrilling yarns of the plains and the crested buttes, of long rides through the snows and sands, of hand to hand encounters with the Injuns—masterpieces they were, for he had lived them—and one by one he would recount them until the shuddering little forms of his excited listeners would gather close to him and hug his big booted legs for protection, yet would repeat with the blood-curdling finale of every narrative:

"Tell us another, Buffalo Bill!"

"What, another?" Once you heard that great, deep, booming voice, with the laughter hidden away in the corners of it, the strong joy of it never faded from the memory. And with that big voice, which thundered in spite of the gentleness it carried, he would ask the question in apparent surprise as he reared back his tremendous shoulders; then with tender strength he would gather his audience close again to him and travel on to the depiction of new thrills, new exploits. And so it is that the eyes of many a child have been wet with tears since the news flashed forth that Buffalo Bill had gone past the last frontier, that many a "Now I lay me" has included the supplicating words of childhood:

"And God—bless Buffalo Bill."

Will Cody was the handsomest young man I ever saw. He was as quiet and unassuming a lad as ever cinched a pony. There was about him a manner of reserve that nearly approached shyness and he would have been almost awkward in personality had it not been for his manliness of form and strength of physique that gave him the graces of nature. This has been true of him all his life, notwithstanding that his career has led him all the way from messenger boy between trains of "prairie schooners," in the early days on the plains, to be the associate of kings, dukes, princes, queens and duchesses, governors, presidents, millionaires, statesmen and men of letters and art for three generations.

Buffalo Bill played a big part in his life, served his country as a soldier, blazed the western way and taught three generations great facts in history and ethnology with his strong object lesson, the Wild West. Withal he proudly bore "Old Glory" wherever he went, to be kissed by the breezes of the Old World and the New.

Now he has gone and is mourned by unnumbered thousands throughout the world. He left on the trail over the Great Divide at Denver, Colorado, January 10th, 1917. Prominent men and women from many states and civilized nations journeyed to Denver to attend his funeral. Cities did him honor and legislatures adjourned for the obsequies. In very many ways the funeral of Colonel Cody attested greater interest on the part of the world than if he had been an important ruler.

On Sunday, January the 14th, 1917, followed by a vast cortege of citizens, persons and societies, the mortal remains of Colonel Cody were taken in Denver to the Capitol of Colorado. The casket in which the body was borne and in which it is to rest is of solid bronze and constructed in the most superbly and appropriately ornamental way. From the residence of Colonel Cody's sister, Mrs. May Cody Decker, on Lafayette street, the procession moved at 9:30 in the morning. The body was immediately escorted by the officers of Denver Lodge No. 17, Benevolent Protective Order of Elks, and the active and honorary pall bearers. Upon the arrival at the state house four members of the B. P. O. E., four members of the Grand Army of the Republic and four members of the Colorado National Guard, took their places about the casket as the guard of honor.

The garrison of United States troops stationed at Fort Logan arrived with the cortege at the capitol and the military band that came with the soldiers played sacred music as the public passed by the catafalque to view for the last time the face of Buffalo Bill. The infantry was formed in two lines facing each other, and these extended from Colfax Avenue on Sherman, through the capitol building to the East Fourteenth Avenue entrance.

OLD AND YOUNG, RICH AND POOR, PAID THEIR TRIBUTE TO MEMORY OF  
 BUFFALO BILL.

They bade good-by to Buffalo Bill—thousands and thousands of persons. They braved the cold and the discomfort of standing to shuffle past his bier and drop a flower or tear. Men of high estate and low; women gowned in fashion's latest word and women who came from humble homes; boys and girls by the hundreds who wished the last look at the face of their idol; statesmen who relinquished the cares of office to pay homage to the famous old frontiersman.

Never in the history of the West has one who lay dead been accorded so great a demonstration of tribute.

In the rotunda of the capitol Buffalo Bill lay, a silent figure deaf to the playing of the band in the gallery, knowing not that the thousands were surging through the doors, with armed soldiers

struggling constantly to prevent their crushing, seeking to stand for a moment or so at his side. It would have warmed the heart of the old scout. His great black eyes would have flashed, his lips would have laughed, he would have given frank expression of joy that so many had come to see and honor him. He would have liked to grip the hands of those old scouts, pals of his in the early days, who murmured their good-bys in voices that broke. He would have delighted in bowing to those governors and state officials from Nebraska and Wyoming and Colorado—the states in which he wrote with daring deeds the fame that was international—who in common with the poorly dressed, the handsomely dressed, the poor and the rich, the humble and the high, stood in the long line to wait their turn. And the children—Buffalo Bill would have liked to pat their heads, tell them a story, put his strong arms about them and clasp them close.

But Buffalo Bill was dead—his horse stood without, the old worn saddle, with its gleaming brass pommel, on his back, the bridle reins sagging loose. The animal champed its bit and pawed the earth and quick-stepped for the throng that passed. Perhaps he waited in expectation for his master to come, to leap with his old-time agility to his back, catch up the reins and, rising in the stirrups, sweep off his broad-brimmed hat and—"Salute from the saddle."

But the horse walked riderless in the procession that left the capitol and followed, through the lanes made by crowds that milled on the sidewalks, the body of Buffalo Bill. And the band played no lively airs that the old scout loved and thrilled to—they played the sorrow-laden marches of death. It was Buffalo Bill's last great triumph—and he knew it not.

At the Elks' Club the entire front of the auditorium was a mass of flowers—floral tributes from every state in the Union, from friends Buffalo Bill had made in every walk of life. Near the casket sat Johnny Baker, head bowed, murmuring tender words he wanted Buffalo Bill, the man whom he loved as a father and by whom he was loved as a son, to hear. With Johnny Baker sat the widow and other members of the famous old plainsman's family.

When the casket was borne into the flower-filled room at the

mortuary, the escort and such of his friends as could find voice, sang after the prayers and eulogies, the soft trailing notes of the song that Pahaska loved, "Tenting Tonight on the Old Camp Ground."

As the song was sung there were tears in the eyes of strong and rugged men who remembered the melody in other days; tears for the love of a comrade gone to the land of the setting sun into the Great Beyond.

Three organizations took part in the services—the Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic, the Grand Army of the Republic and the Elks. A flag was placed on the breast of the old scout by Mrs. Fannie D. Hardin of the Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic. The Grand Army of the Republic services ended with the sounding of "taps." John W. Springer pronounced the eulogy for the Elks and Albert U. Mayfield, supreme boss of the National Order of Cowboy Rangers, said a few words of tribute.

The Rev. Charles H. Marshall of the St. Barnabas Episcopal Church conducted the religious services.

And then the casket was closed—the picturesque figure of Buffalo Bill had passed from the view of men. From the Elks' Club the body was taken to the mortuary of George W. Olinger. It will rest there until it is carried to the final resting place—a grave that will overlook the plains he loved so well—on Lookout Mountain. And there the thousands will pass year after year and pause to gaze at the statue of Buffalo Bill that will be erected, and to pay tribute to the memory of a man who helped to build the greatness of the West, who was beloved of kings and presidents and of little children. It will be a fitting place for the body of Buffalo Bill to lie buried—where the world can continue to pay its tribute.

Messages of sympathy and condolence poured in upon the family from all parts of the world. It is thought to be a fitting close for the autobiography to reprint a few of these showing the high esteem in which "Buffalo Bill" was held as a man and friend.

FROM GEN. NELSON A. MILES.

"Colonel Cody was a high-minded gentleman, a brave American and a great scout. He performed a great work in the West for

the pioneers and for the generations coming after them, and his exploits will live forever in history."

FROM THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN CLUB.

The Rocky Mountain Club, an organization of former Western men now living in the East, passed the following resolutions:

The news of the passing away of our fellow member, Col. William F. Cody, brings sorrow to all of us. Colonel Cody was the one remaining hero of all time whose name is indelibly entwined in the redemption of our great West from barbarism and savagery, making it the hand-maiden of civilization and progress. His fame will shine in history in lines of living light with those other pioneer American crusaders, Daniel Boone, Davy Crockett and Kit Carson. He was gentle, sincere, brave, loyal and manly, and the world is the poorer for his passing. His fellow members of the Rocky Mountain Club ask you to present to his widow and family their respectful homage and sympathy.

FROM A BOY.

"Mr. Buffalo Bill, Denver, Colo.: Dear Sir—My grandpa told me this morning you were ready to start for the happy hunting grounds. He said a long time ago they had perhaps given you the end of a golden string and told you to wind it into a ball and you had it most all winded up and it had led you to the happy hunting ground, and after you got there they would lock the gate and throw the key away, as you were the last one they had been waiting for. Mr. Buffalo Bill, I want to go to the happy hunting ground too. It looks to me like a nicer place than just heaven where they have only gold streets and harps and angels and things. Mr. Buffalo Bill, will you please take the key and hold the gate and make room for just me? I am a little fellow and don't take much room nohow, and I will come as soon as I get through here. Then they can lock the gate and throw the key away forever and ever.

"ROBERT CURTISS TALBOTT.

FROM THE SONS OF COLORADO.

Resolutions in memoriam on the life, character and death of William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) were adopted by the Sons of Colorado as follows:

We, the Sons of Colorado, in annual meeting assembled this 11th day of January, 1917, being mindful of the passing of the "Old West," do herewith take cognizance of the death of our boyhood friend and hero, "Buffalo Bill," a product of the "West that was."

Where men's souls were tried to the utmost, where women suffered untold tortures and privations, Buffalo Bill had kept the memories of those days alive as no other could.

By his death the West loses virtually the last of the picturesque figures of those times. His home was the West. No state, no county, city or town could claim him. He belonged to the West.

We recognize, as will history, his wonderful life and activity on the frontiers of this great western empire, the memory of which will live long in the hearts and minds of men of every nation of this earth.

Be it resolved that we, the Sons of Colorado, feel a sense of great loss, that our old friend, Buffalo Bill, is no more.

Be it further resolved that these resolutions be spread upon our minutes and that a copy be sent to the bereaved family.

CHILDREN SEND IN NICKELS FOR MONUMENT TO CODY.

The first contribution to a fund for the building of a monument to Colonel Cody included forty buffalo nickels sent by the pupils of the primary and grammar grades of the Maple Grove school, district No. 69, Arapahoe county, "to build a monument to Buffalo Bill."

The donation was brought to Denver by Principal Robert M. Jones, who, with Orrie M. Heath, teacher in the primary grade, collected the fund.

The subscription was received by a committee consisting of Cody Boles of North Platte, grandson of Colonel Cody; Judge W. L. Walls and Sen. J. M. Schwoob of Cody; H. R. Weston of Laramie, and Sam F. Dutton of Denver.