

former on the ranches, and the latter with the cattle. The chain is broken and Bowie is the first to go.

As ranch superintendent, Bowie had no superior in the west. He had an intimate knowledge, a sort of intuitive affinity for the business and he was marvelous in detail. His place was on the range around his herds of cattle. Here he shone and as conditions changed and hay feeding, which, of course, meant raising it also, was the order of the day, he met these difficulties and mastered them. Many a winter day we spent on the Chug and the Sybille watching the thousands of calves that were wintering there, cozy under the shelter of the mountains and making their beds under the giant cottonwoods and box elders that line the banks of the above streams. Those were happy days and nights too. After a long drive, it was a joyous sight to catch a glimpse of the twinkling lights at the big hospitable ranch house at Chugwater, the warm glow that dwelt inside it, and the easy chairs that felt good after a day on horseback or many miles of rough road in a buggy.

It was Bowie's great bump of human kindness that made him loved by all, more especially by his employees. He was ever ready to share his last crust with them and many a word of good advice he gave to them over the campfire. Then he was simple minded to a degree. It was his nature to trust people, judging them by his own standard, and consequently he was more successful as a superintendent of a ranch than its manager. In the former capacity, he was "at home". His intimate knowledge of the business gave him a commanding position. He was a peer among his fellow workers for he could do anything the occasion required. But when he took the management of the Swan company, he had to go out to the business world where he met men trained in a different school and then miles away in the romantic capital of Scotland.

And so another light of the old ranch day passes. Just as Swan, Sturgis, Gilchrist, and many other men of mark, of delightful personalities, have left us, so Bowie has run his course on this side of the mysterious river. To us that are left, there are fragrant memories of silent hours on wind-swept plains. If there were any faults, they were forgiven, and there remain examples of earnest endeavor and simple thoughtfulness that, like some brilliant star, radiate their light all around.