

HOW TO RIDE AN UNRULY HORSE

Woman Bronco Buster Instructs Her Sex on the Management of Outlaws.



ONE FOOT IN THE STIRRUP AND READY TO MOUNT

"WHY, of course I'm going to ride him again."

The speaker was a brown-faced, determined-looking little woman who had just picked herself up from the dust of the arena at a cowboy entertainment in Cheyenne, after being thrown by a big gray horse—a buck of the worst type. She was Miss Bertha Kaepernik, of Sterling, Colo., and she was determined to show the crowd that the hard fall she had just received was merely a slight incident in the life of the only woman in the world who "busts" outlaw horses.

The big gray was brought back, after a long chase down the arena, and Miss Kaepernik once more swung into the saddle. Spurs were sunk and the quirk was brought down on the animal's flank, but the "buck" was all out of the gray, and he merely "stamped," much to the disgust of the daring rider. Urging her horse back to the judges' stand, the fair bronco buster called for another horse. A little roan, containing the combined elevating powers of a volcano and a charge of dynamite, was brought out and doly saddled, after which the animal tried to kill the horse wrangler by striking the man down with iron-shod hoofs. Miss Kaepernik seemed not a whit dismayed by the fierce aspect of the roan, whose eyes were rolling and who was showing the craft of the wild horse by bending slightly toward the ground so that he could be ready for the first wild, skyward jump when the rider had mounted.

Grasping the saddle-horn with one gauntleted hand, and deftly inserting one foot in a stirrup, and then swinging to the saddle with a nicety that left her well balanced for any jump the horse might make, the "lady bronco buster" was away on her rough voyage. The roan proved to be a better buck than the big gray that had thrown the rider. He pitched and "sunfished" and changed ends, but Miss Kaepernik was in the saddle to stay, and she rode upright until the horse fairly wore himself out.

"Yes, I guess I have ridden more bad horses than any other woman in the world," said Miss Kaepernik, after the roan had been turned back among the "wild bunch" in the corral. "It ought to be understood right at the start, however, that I don't advise other women to try this work. It is too hard for the average woman. Why, even the strongest men who bust broncos kill themselves if they stick to the business. I've seen enough of it to bring hemorrhages to the stoutest pair of lungs in time. The average woman couldn't stand those jarring descents.



MISS BERTHA KAEPERNIK WHO 'BUSTS' BRANCOS

Just imagine how it feels when a heavy horse leaps into the air and comes down stiff-legged, without a particle of spring in him. It is just like being hit with a hammer in the back of the neck. So I say to other women with bronco-busting ambitions—"don't!" Here Miss Kaepernik's sun-browned face grew very earnest, but the next instant she set her broad white teeth firmly together and a look of determination crossed her features. "But I will say, too, that I like the game and find it fascinating, even if it is dangerous. I guess I am made of iron, for I never feel any ill effects from a ride. Oh, yes, I get thrown sometimes, and pretty hard, too, but I always make it a rule to climb right on any horse that gets me out of the saddle. It keeps up my own nerve, besides letting the horse know that I am not to be beaten. I have ridden some of the worst outlaw horses in the West, such as Dynamite, Carlie Nation, Johnny-on-the-Spot, Tombstone and Black Beauty. Any bronco buster will tell you what it means to ride those horses.

Her First Experience.
"I really don't remember when I began to ride bad horses," said Miss Kaepernik, in answer to a question.

"You see, I was brought up on a ranch near Sterling, Colo. It is a great cattle country around there, and there have always been lots of broncos that didn't like to be ridden. I had a pony and saddle when I was a tiny girl, but soon that sort of riding didn't suit me. I saw the bronco busters at work taming the horses right off the range. I was a strong, hardy girl, and I knew I could ride as well as any of the men, so it wasn't long until I began to bust broncos. I had to ride the first one in secret, of course, but I tackled some pretty bad ones and subdued them, and then I went right into the corral one day when the men were at work breaking horses, and I showed them what I could do. After that it all came easy. Somebody heard of my ability to ride buckers and offered me an engagement at a Colorado fair. I took part in a bucking contest and rode a couple of outlaws, and since then I have been doing that sort of riding right along.

"No, I have never been seriously injured, except one time at an exhibition in Colorado, when I had my arm torn by a bad horse," said Miss Kaepernik. "You see, there is everything in becoming familiar with horse nature, before you take up work like breaking horses. You get so that you instinctively know what



THE WESTERN GIRL PUTS ON A LARIAT



DON'T BE AFRAID OF THE CINCH PULLING TOO TIGHT

a horse is going to do, and you are never off your guard. The horses I break are in many cases right off the range. They have never been roped, except when they are branded, and some of them have never seen a man more than once, or twice in their lives. You can tell a good deal about a horse by his eyes and his ears when you are saddling, and by the way he stands, but, of course, you can't tell what he is going to do when you get in the saddle. There are many different kinds of bucking horses, and you have to



MISS KAEPERNIK SADDLING A BUCKING BRONCO AT A COWBOY CONTEST

get used to every kind of jump. But I suppose it is the element of chance that makes the game so fascinating. It is a good deal like looping the loop, or other circus stunts—you don't want to quit, even though you know that the very next ride may be your last."

Though Miss Kaepernik advises her sisterhood against bronco busting as a profession, she is heartily in favor of horse-back riding as a means of exercise for women.

"In the first place," said Miss Kaepernik, when posing for a series of photographs, illustrating the Western woman's method of saddling, mounting and riding, "there is no use trying to do anything with a side-saddle. That must be understood at the outset. Any girl who wants to become a skilled rider and to acquire confidence when on the back of a spirited horse, must ride cross-saddle. The disadvantages of the side-saddle are so many that there's no use enumerating them. The stock saddle, as the regular cowboy's saddle is known in the West, is ideal for



THE SWING INTO THE SADDLE

women as well as for men. It is broad and roomy enough to be comfortable, and, being so big and fitting the horse so well, it will not give an animal a sore back.

It is well to observe a few simple rules when you start to ride. Do your own saddling. Let somebody else do your work and some day you'll have a bad fall just because your helper forgot to pull the cinch tight or you tell you about a weak bridle. Don't be afraid of cinching too tight. The average horse has a trick of drawing in his breast when he feels the cinch pull. Wait until he exhales his breath and then slip the cinch up another inch or two, or another hole, if you use a buckle cinch. It is best, of course, to have a skilled, careful helper when you are learning to saddle, but after a few trials it will come easy and you will know a heavy stock saddle on your horse's back and make ready without trouble.

How to Mount.

"When you are ready to mount, gather the reins in your left hand and take hold of the saddle horn with the same hand. Turn the stirrup toward you, using the right hand to get it in position, and then insert the foot. It is best to put only the ball of the foot in the stirrup at the start, so if the horse bolts before you are in the saddle your foot can be easily withdrawn. For this reason it is imperative to wear high-heeled boots, so the foot will not slip through. Many a rider has been dragged to death by trying to ride in flat-heeled shoes.

"When the foot is in the stirrup properly, grasp the horn with the right hand and swing into the saddle. By grasping the horn instead of the cantle you can swing yourself into the saddle even when the horse makes a break start as soon as you rise in the stirrup. Sit well back in the saddle and keep your feet firmly braced in the stirrups. Don't have the stirrups so long that you can't brace yourself or so short that your knees are bent. Just follow the cowboy model as well as you can. Our Western cowboys are the finest riders in the world because they never try to assume an attitude that is not easy and graceful. Don't let any Eastern riding teacher take you away from the cowboy model. It is better to have the natural ease and grace of the plains rider than to follow the rules advanced by teachers who insist on the side-saddle for women, and who pull up the knees of men riders until they look like monkeys on sticks. If a woman only starts horseback riding in the right way she will find it the most fascinating sport and exercise in the world, even though she never gets to be a bronco-buster."

CHAMPIONS OF THE PAST AND THE FUTURE

Bob Fitzsimmons Does a Little Prophecy—Big Fights Hereafter Will Be Shorter.

DIGGING through a lot of old stuff the other day I came across some pictures of the pugilists of a hundred years ago, and they put me in mind of the difference there is between the fellows that stepped into the squared circle in those days and the lads that put the gloves on now.

When a fellow looks back that way he sees a few changes that set him thinking. I don't know how long it is since men got together in a personal encounter to fight with their fists, but I should guess it was about the time that the old swords and dirks went out of fashion, I've been told that the tournament was about the closest thing to modern prize-fighting and there hasn't been a tournament in a long time, but the idea looks reasonable.

Of course, men have fought ever since they've been on the earth, but the fights I am talking about are the ones where there was a purse held up, and a fellow the chaps that fought were not settling some old grudge. As far as I know the first of the regular boxers was Tom Pigg, and he did some tall work from 1710 on to 1720, when a boy named Greeting took his measure. Those were the days when a man stood up against his adversary and did what things he could in his own defense. From all I've been able to find out about, they just used to pound away at each other and a man's ability was gauged by his staying qualities—in other words, on his capacity to take punishment. It was a great game and a fellow didn't go into it unless he could stand the gaff. As the years went on I believe some attention was paid to guards and blows of a different order, but it wasn't until well along into the fifties of last century that the modern fighter began to sit up and take notice.

About this time the rules began to look up and it got to be considered rude to whale a man over the head with a club because you had your money on the other lad. This used to be a favorite pastime when the fights were held on the turf, and I'm told it used to breed some very neat and effective little descenders on the side. However, it was Jim Macsco who was the first man to invent real punches,

sidesteps and the like, and he is to be credited with the modern pugilism, one might say.

The old-time champion was a fellow who would stand up with a funny guard and beat his man down by main strength and not by strategy. It used to be a favorite idea to catch a fellow in a wrestling grip and then grind him down into the mud, but that dropped out after a while. The rules began to provide that a fellow was the thing that was needed, more than strength and the bite and chew, kick-in-the-stomach idea was asked to take a back seat. When certain alleged noblemen used to step a stable of fighters, just like they would horses, things were a lot more brutal than was necessary, because these folks seemed to want blood and lots of it.

Coming down to cases, however, in the last 15 years or so, the game has gone through a lot of changes, and perhaps the difference is more to be noticed during that time than during any other. To go back to 1858 when John L. Sullivan beat Paddy Ryan down in Mississippi, you might say that John was about the last of the old guard of fighters. He was the boy who would stand up and take a beating, and his greatest trouble was in getting the men to stay where he could hit them. London prize-fighting rules were never meant for John, and a lot of people made the mistake of thinking Sullivan was champion of the world. He never was, for he failed to whip Charley Mitchell when they fought at Chantilly in France for the championship. That was the last time I think that the L. P. R. rules were used, and it was a good thing for Mitchell that he fought under them, for Sullivan had him going a while, but he was the champion of the world, and he had been for the rules and the crowd, that made it hot for John, a different story might have been told, and Sullivan might have been the world's champion.

Well, as I was saying, Sullivan was the last of his style. He used to stand up and pound away at his man until he had him down and out, and he was a shifty fighter at that. Was John, but there was a change coming along. Jim Corbett went after Sullivan down in New Orleans, and tried a new system on him, a system that had been growing fast. It was the hit and get away idea, that is said to be the acme of science, and Corbett, then a likely lad, was about as

shifty on his feet as a cat. He soaked Sullivan any time he wanted to, but he was never on the spot when Sullivan wanted to hit him, and poor old John punched himself tired-at nothing. That was the first of the modern changes. The gladiator, the stolid man of muscle, gave way to the shifty man, with the fair punch, who could get in quick, strike quicker and get away again before his man had a chance to counter.

For some years that was the ideal school, and then somebody found out that Corbett didn't have any particularly hard punch, and that he mostly wore his men down by letting them work themselves out, putting in a good job here and there to help the work along. I think I can safely say that I was the chap of the new school who made the next change. I took Corbett's measure because I was pretty fast with my hands and feet and I had the punch. Every time I hit a man it hurt, and hurt badly, too, and that did the business for awhile. You see, I'd gone to work on the principle that a combination of the two men who stood at the top—Sullivan and Corbett—would do the trick. If I could move about as fast as Corbett, or nearly as fast, and could hit like Sullivan, I'd stand a fair chance of winning out. I went to work along those lines and they worked out right.

But there was another change coming along, and I didn't see that. I don't think anyone will call me if I say that I couldn't be expected to see it. I was working along easy, with the belief that I could trim any applicant that showed up, but I thought the giants had all been done with. I couldn't know that a young bull was going to come out of the West, who moved pretty fast and who weighed 50 pounds more than I did, and who had been trained by the finest trainer in the business. I didn't think that an elephant—beg pardon, Jim—could move quick, but I found it out at Honey Island, and in just 10 rounds the elephant-herdman again, Jim—had put me away. I say now, just as I said then, that Jeffries was and is an accident. You don't look for many men of his kind in a century. He's not the regular run of men by a whole lot. In fact, I guess he's a sort of a made-to-order boy for the particular

THREE-MINUTE MUSINGS, BY MARCUS W. ROBBINS

On Acquiring Things—No Great Difference Between an Indian and a Modern Master of Finance.

job he had to do. I don't honestly think he's a regular fighter, nor the fighting machine, at least he's the best, however, just now, but if he sticks to the game some fellow is going to get him in time. You see, he's big and stronger than the ordinary, and he hits hard, and then he's fast, too, on his feet and in his movements. He carries out my combination all right, and my hope is right at that, but he's too big for the ordinary man to take a hack at.

Maybe some day in the future there will be a new style of champion who will make use of the present day look like a piece of debased money, but I doubt it. There will be mighty few more of the Jeffries type, and it's my idea that the coming champion will be a man of about 150 pounds, and will combine extreme speed with a hitting quality that will count for something, and who will be as shifty as they make them. The combination, as I have doped it out, ought to whip anything that walks on two legs, barring accidents of the Jeffries kind.

I claim to know Jim Jeffries about as well as any man can know another, and I don't believe there's a man in the business today that can whip him. I worked with Jeffries a lot after our second fight in San Francisco, and I can modestly claim to have taught him something, too. You'll notice as a general rule that championship fights are getting shorter, too. Corbett whipped Sullivan in 21 rounds. I beat Corbett in 14, and Jeffries put me away in 11 the first time and in eight the second time. Of course, if you carried this much further, you'd have a man whipped before he got into the ring, but what I mean when I point that out is that the fight of the future is going to be between speedy men, who will go a short distance. Something like the racing of today. There used to be horses that could travel ten miles at a fast clip, but they held it to the end, with a saving brand of speed for a climax, but today it's the horse with the fast speed for the short distance that brings home the money.

Just the same, it's quite a long step from old Pig down to Jim Jeffries—and, say, did you ever think how many black eyes, cut lips and twisted noses were wrapped up in those years?

ROBERT FITZSIMMONS.

More courteous in its wording than most epigrams is one in a Derbyshire churchyard which, after giving particulars of birth and death, concludes: "I was said he was an honest man."

Oftentimes, about the only difference between a Umatilla Indian and a commission merchant on Front street is a mere matter of dress and complexion. They both have the same old human nature.

Human nature is the elder brother of all the sciences. It was hoary-headed when we first began to trace out the stars as we lay on our backs on a hillock of sand in the plains of Asia. We understood all its twists and turnings before we ever made a brick or fashioned an earthen jar. It was old when we used to squint around the fire, and glaring at each other across the embers, we cracked the marrow-bones of some mammoth that had mired himself near our cave as he had come down to the spring to drink. Here we watched him until, grown weak from hunger, we sprang at him and beat him to death with clubs and stones, and our clan feasted for many a day.

Thus, in spite of all the centuries that have come between us and our ancestors who lived when the world was young, we are linked together by that intangible human nature.

The satisfaction of egotism is one of the strongest traits of our human nature. We are all desirous of doing things, of owning things, of wearing things that will set us apart from our fellows, something that will give us individuality.

Of course, the first means that we used to accomplish this were very crude, like all first efforts are, but it was the same instinct that is prompting us today.

In that long ago we used to treasure up all the eye teeth and claws of the bears that we managed to kill, and then we would spend hours patiently drilling these teeth and claws, that we might make a necklace to wear about our necks. We thus carried continually about with us evidence of our prowess, and our fellows judged us by the size of our necklace.

Here cupidity and passion often

stepped in. Sometimes a comrade who had killed a bear never came back to his place by the fire, for some brother looking with greedy eyes on those few teeth and claws had met him with a club, and in a day or two his necklaced was a little longer.

While today we do not collect teeth and claws, we still have objects that we chase and long for with an intensity as great as ever shown by naked savages. We call them dollars.

Often people remark at the patience and drudgery shown by savages in the making of a necklace, but could they not find a great deal more patience and drudgery displayed by some of their fellows in the making of a few dollars?

They wear out their lives before desks and behind counters. They bring on the furrows to the temples. The gray hair, the stomach ruined by hot food and quick boiling meals, and at the end it is only failure. A necklace of a dozen claws or so is all they can hold up as a life's work.

We have noted how a greedy brother sometimes took a short cut to get a big necklace. Now for many, many years muscular might made right. The rude philosophers of that time could not see it in any other light. Had not nature given this brother strength of arm and wind, and if he gathered in the treasures of his fellows by this superior strength, it was merely their misfortune.

So today with the Frenzied Financier. It is not strength of arm and wind that gains his victories, but rather those of cunning and trickery. He juggles the stock market up and down, and by this short cut is enabled to add to the length of his necklace of dollars.

The man who killed his bear earned his teeth and claws; likewise the man who raises a crate of strawberries or hammers a horseshoe into shape earns his dollars. But the man who juggles with the necessities of life, day after tomorrow, and thereby makes a dol-

The Barefoot Trail.

Edwin L. Sabin in Saturday Evening Post. Out of the deer front gate it ran. Into the sun and dew and tan; Traversed the dusty, peaceful street; Arched by maples its wayward feet; Crossed the bridge with clover lush; Entered the copse where trilled the thrush; Rumbled, intoned and played—and then Turned to mother and home again.

Never a sun for this trail too hot, Never a moon that knew it not, Twisting and turning from scene to scene, It checked the realm of the gold and green; Passenger—courtesy, hoodlum, slim; Passenger—whistle and tatter-tell; Province—to beckon afar, and then To lead to mother and home again.

Many a secret and many a tale, Ours who followed the Barefoot Trail, Wonders witnessed and marvels heard; Kinship of squirrel and hare and bird. The shortest route to the swimming hole, The fanny spell of the swaying pole, Care-free triumphs and joys—and then (Best) the "mother and home again."

The Country's Attention Secured.
Madras Pioneer.

From an educational standpoint the Exposition has done a great work. Too little was known in other parts of the United States concerning the wonderful advantages of soil and climate which nature has bestowed with such a lavish hand upon the Pacific Northwest, and the Lewis and Clark Exposition has drawn the attention of the entire country to this much favored section. Its benefits will be felt immediately, and the state is unquestionably entering upon an era of growth and development such as it has never before known.