

DUDE RANCHING

A NEW INDUSTRY IN THE WEST.

MAKING MEN OF DANDIES PROFITABLE LABOR.

Industry Is Based on Teaching Tenderfeet How to Throw Diamond Hitch, Wear "Chaps" and Ride Wild Broncs—Well Developed Tourist Department Now Part of all the 'Big Ranches. Boys, Too, Are Taught the Vigorous Life of the Western Range and Some Women Take Up Life in the Open—Conducting Hunting Parties as an Industry.



BY WILLIAM ATHERTON DU BUY.

ARE you a dude? If so are you doing anything for it? If not, do you know what to do for it? I do. There are a thousand sanitariums for you in the Rocky Mountains. There are ten thousand graduate cow punchers as attendants. The vacation season is here and the wild is calling. You are or should be tagged an "it" for 30 days or 60 days on a "Dude Ranch." In our own wild and woolly cure guaranteed. If you shave every day, if you wear a necktie, if you live in a city, you come under the classification of "Dude" when you find yourself among the cowboys of the great West. If you deny such an allegation you may be given an opportunity to prove yourself. If you can "rope" a galloping horse by the front feet, if you can throw a diamond hitch upon a pack, if you can pick a handkerchief from the ground while riding at a breakneck pace on a cow pony, you are not a Dude. You are, therefore, proven worthy of some degree of respect in the cow country. Likewise have you proven that you may not be a source of revenue to the "Dude Ranchers" in those parts.

For there is a great new industrial institution known as the "Dude Ranch" that is overrunning the West. "Dude Ranching" is proving a calling that is vying with that of branding the frolicsome maverick that seeks to elude the lariat—that tentacle of the mounted man-creature. Under the old regime, in the work of the open range, the horse wrangler was an important functionary, for he it was who looked after the well being of the herd of mounts. Taking this man as a precedent, the individual who looks after the well being of the "Dude Ranch" is becoming himself temporarily in the wilds is known as a "Dude Wrangler." So has the new industry of "Dude Ranching," and the new calling of "Dude Wrangler" come into being.

Location of Dude Ranches.
All the West is going into the business of Dude Ranching. All that region between Glacier Park, where the Rockies break over into Canada, is a final extravaganza of grandeur, to Brownsville, where the Rio Grande empties into the Gulf and the chapparral overruns the plains, is becoming the home of the Dude Rancher. From historic San Antonio and the plains of San Angelo "where Tom O'Leary was at home," to the top of the earth at Flagstaff, Ariz., and back again to Sheridan, Wyo., are scattered schools in frontier life. They find their perfection, however, on the outskirts of the Yellowstone National Park, where the Rockies of Wyoming still boast regions of greatest isolation from the bustling foot of the locomotive. That greatest of National playgrounds is lost in half a Western state full of scenery as good and furnishes a breeding reserve for more of the wild things of the woods than are to be found elsewhere.

So it is in Wyoming the dude ranching has seen its highest degree of development. A trip of unsurpassed beauty by the Big Horn Mountains, which witnessed the massacres of Custer, sheltered armies of Crow and Sioux Indians, and boasted the Hole-in-the-Wall—that last stand of the desperadoes of the Northwest, do dude ranchers outfit for trips through these regions of romance. At Cody, that town that took its name from Buffalo Bill, and which rests in the shadow of a "hog-back" mountain which is to be the tomb of this frontiersman when he dies, are fitted out other parties that outfit for journeys up the Shoshone River and into National Park by Sylvan pass—a trip of unsurpassed beauty. From Lander, where many have seen summing himself the original Trampas, the gambler who took issue with the Virginian, the plunge may be made into the wilds of the National forest and the park from the

south. Rock Springs gives another opening into the park from the south and into Jackson Hole, that isolated nook into which drift 50,000 of Uncle Sam's elk each winter in flight from the greater cold of the mountain tops.

What Are Dude Ranches?
In the vicinity of all these towns there have been great cattle ranches since white man first took up his home in the West. These ranches are still great in their production of cattle and sheep. But the barbed wire fence is crowding in upon them, the avocation of the men who rode the range is being in a degree usurped and another use is being made of these some of the West.

As the railroads came to reach more nearly all points in the West and those who travel were thus brought more easily in touch with the romance that hovers about its free life, there grew up a demand for men to show those charms to the uninitiate. Gradually accessible ranches became resorts to which occasional travelers came to sojourn for vacation purposes. These told of the wonders they saw and vacation seekers began to knock at the doors of all the ranchmen of the West. These, numbering in their ancestry a frugal Yankee, yielded to this chance of profit.

First a few ranches arranged to exhibit the West unadorned to a few travelers. Others followed suit. Soon it came to pass that no cattle ranch was complete without a well-developed tourist department course in the wild and woolly before the opportunity is finally gone forever. These ranches are still ranches. The cowboys who live upon them are the real thing. Every season they round up, rope and brand thousands of head of cattle. The dude is given the privilege of seeing this done. He may even participate in the work of the branding pen. The wild horses of the plains are brought to corral, there caught, tamed, ridden. These men of the West go into the woods and bring back bear and elk and antelope and deer as prizes of the hunter. The guest may do likewise if his aim is true and he falls not a victim of "buck fever." Pack trains such as followed Lewis and Clark when they first pushed into this unknown, are made up and excursions lasting weeks are made into the big mountains. The wonders of Yellowstone Park, of the Tetons, of the Big Horns, are revealed. The dude sleeps on his blankets in the depth of great forests, beside splashing waterfalls and hears the scream of the preying mountain lion.

What the Dude Does.
The man of the West arrives at his selected resort after days on the train crossing the great prairie states, after a night in a borderland hotel of a small cattle town, and after three hours' ride in a rocking stagecoach. He has seen the painted faces of an Indian or two from a car window, and expects that this is war paint. He is not allowed to ride long this first day, for his skin and muscles are soft and tender. Instead he is given a fishpole and directed to a peering stream nearby, and through the forenoon he recalls the cunning of his youth in ensnaring the finny denizens of the water. In a week he has learned to ride, has acquired a bit of toughness of muscle, a sunburn, his imitation cowboy clothes have got set to him, and he is championing the bit for an opportunity to conquer the West.

strangely elusive through the weeks

Next morning the Dude is assigned a horse and saddle and bridle all to himself. A guardian cowboy takes him in tow and gives him the first lessons in the art of the plains. He is not allowed to ride long this first day, for his skin and muscles are soft and tender. Instead he is given a fishpole and directed to a peering stream nearby, and through the forenoon he recalls the cunning of his youth in ensnaring the finny denizens of the water. In a week he has learned to ride, has acquired a bit of toughness of muscle, a sunburn, his imitation cowboy clothes have got set to him, and he is championing the bit for an opportunity to conquer the West.

Becoming a Cowboy.
Probably a roundup is on at this time. As a preliminary to that annual gathering in of the herds for branding the yearling must be brought to the corral. Great numbers of horses are needed at roundup season, and the majority of these run wild upon the

range during the remainder of the year. After 10 months' freedom most Western horses are as vicious as when, in their youth, they first fought the pull of the rope. It is the best sort of Wild West show to witness the catching and the riding of these range horses. Likewise are there young horses to be broken each year, and the Dude sees the whole process as it appears in the reality of its first setting. On his gentle plug the tenderfoot jogs along after the cowboys as they encircle through given sections of the mountains on their drives for the cattle. He witnesses the concentration of the cattle at given points. Here he sees the man of the range ride into the herd, single out the unbranded yearling, rope him and drag him to the branding fire. The second cowboy repeats the yearling by the hind feet, their horses pull in opposite directions, the animal falls and is held taut between them while the brand is being seared into its side. Such is the work of the real life of the West.

Mountains, for instance, he may find many a trip that is filled with the interest of the big events of the early West. An excursion may lead to the Crow Indian reservation, where, each Fall, the annual festival is held at the agency and the old traditions of the tribe are again called into being. Nearby is the battlefield where Custer made his last stand and was cut to pieces. The terrible tale of the Petterson massacre is recalled by a visit to the very place of its enactment. Again is the story of the Wagon Box Fight related on the spot where a score of settlers, entrenched behind their wagon boxes kept at bay thousands of savages and took terrible toll of their numbers through the marksmanship that the plains develop.

In Buffalo Bill's Country.
All this is but preliminary, however, for "Dude Wrangling" is the refinement of the ranchman's art and comes as the senior course in the visitor's education. He who wrangles dudes looks after their wellbeing on extensive overland trips.

The best type of the Western town that today exists is Cody, Wyo. Here is a town of 2000 souls pitched in the midst of a vast expanse of plain and hill and mountain and inhabited by as choice an assortment of those active spirits that go to make up the new country as were ever gotten together. Cody is the gate to the Yellowstone Park from the east. Around Cody are Dude Ranches innumerable, and from its vicinity annually wind scores of caudales the membership of which comes from all the world and the objects of the wandering of which is the viewing of that array of natural wonders which so appealed to Uncle Sam that he has set it apart as a playground for his children to the end of time.

All the folks that gather at one of these Dude Ranches during the Summer and have served their apprenticeship in the ways of the West and acquired sufficient vigor to ride 30 miles a day on horseback, take up this pilgrimage of wonder-seeing toward the end of the season. Such a cavalcade has traveled but five miles out of Cody until it is in wonderland. It enters as the perpendicular canyon of the Shoshone River which, a few miles further up, is blocked by a vast dam, the highest in the world, which has been erected by the Reclamation Service and which empounds the floods of the Shoshone River that they may irrigate the fertile valleys below. A day's ride further on is Pahaska, the home lodge of Buffalo Bill. Yet another day and the party mounts to snow-capped Bryan Pass, 9000 feet above the sea, and

the center of this wonderland of the world. The party is now in Yellowstone National Park, and for two weeks it follows those routes which the experienced guides know lead past the greatest of those wonders and furnish the most ideal camping. Everywhere it goes the party carries its own provisions, its own force for pitching tents and providing food, and leaves the tourist with only the responsibility of riding the trail or galloping away to view whatever wonder may be present itself. A month of this wandering, Arab fashion, completes the education of the man from the city and turns him back into the ordinary walks of life as brown and strong as an Indian, full of the enthusiasm over a world of which he had previously known nothing and a perpetual advocate of this new method of getting back to nature.

In Land of "The Virginian."
Yet another entrance to Yellowstone National Park is from Lander to the south. It was to Lander that Owen Wister came to gather material for "The Virginian," and it is thereabout that most of the originals for the characters that appear in his book are to be found. There is to be seen a dark-browed, moccasin-shod denizen of the saloons of the town from whom he drew Trampas. There he met Misou Hines, who actually swapped babies at a cowboy dance in this community and gave the idea to Wister for that chapter of his book. On the road beyond Jackson Hole is a log cabin in which a notorious band of horse thieves took refuge and fought to the death with the authorities that sought to capture them, and gave rise to the story of "Steve" and his ultimate execution. The visitor may view the bullets of the battle embedded in the logs of the cabin. The road he travels passed over the graves of the two horse thieves who were that day killed. Every river that is forded by such a party suggests to its members the stream from which the Virginian rescued Molly and thus furnishes the inspiration for many a romance.

This trail likewise leads over Hoback Pass and down into Jackson Hole, that community of them all in the United States that is today most isolated from railroad connection. In Jackson Hole is to be found the west of old still untouched by outside civilization. Here, primarily, is the home of the greatest remnant of American elk in existence today. All the woods roundabout are filled with elk. In the Summer they retreat into the higher mountains and the party mounts to snow-capped Bryan Pass, 9000 feet above the sea, and

ter the deeper snows of the greater elevations crowd them into Jackson Hole, where, before the coming of man, they were accustomed to get their winter provider. Here they still come often in numbers ranging as high as 50,000. When the snows are so deep as to make it difficult for them to get to the grass below they often overrun the farms and are with difficulty kept from devouring all the hay in the settlement. Often, also, does famine take a terrible toll and the carcasses of tens of thousands are sometimes revealed when the snow melts in the Spring.

Hunting Big Game.
In all the haunts of this part of the world is to be found still in greater numbers than elsewhere in the United States the big game that once made the Rocky Mountains famous. There is to be found moose, elk, antelope, deer, mountain sheep, beaver, otter, and many of the smaller creatures of the wilds. There, also, still wanders the stately bear as monarch of the mountain reaches. All these may be shot in season, and no hunter, under the direction of the right sort of guide, need return to his Eastern club without a story to tell of thrilling encounters in the wilderness with any or all of these wild creatures.

Some of these Dude Ranches make a specialty of boys from the age of 15 to 20. The idea is to get these youngsters when they are at the age when the out-of-doors appeals most strongly to them, to give them a vacation that will open up for them all the world of nature, and will, at the same time, develop many traits and hardihood. Some of these ranchmen make large parties of such boys, which are accompanied by instructors and physicians, and which make these extended excursions a thousand miles long through the wild country. Down in Arizona there is a school established on such a basis and maintained the year around. This school is at present attended by Archibald Roosevelt, son of the ex-President, and his cousin, Nicholas Roosevelt.

At practically all of these ranches both men and women are admitted into the mysteries of the West. Woman learns to ride no less readily than does man, and in these extended trips a fact has been developed that has surprised all concerned. Woman has here shown herself to have a greater power of endurance than has man. The women from the homes of the city are able to go thus into the wilds, to immediately take up the life there offered, and to meet the stress of it more promptly than does her brother.

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