

Real From Beginning to End Is Show, Staged Under Glorious Skies, Making Experience-Sated People Go Mad With Excitement.

BY ANNE SHANNON MONROE

Press Box Place to Sit

When Mr. Furlong, noted author of travel books, went into the arena to see what it really was like to ride a bucking bull, nobody knew him from the rear end of a horse. He was the greatest example of pure democracy on the continent today? C.S. Jackson was greeting friends—Pendleton's his town; H. L. Pittcock was shaking hands with the crowd. The crowd in decades? Mr. McMurray, of the O.W.R. & N. Railway, was beaming on everyone. Tom Lawson rode 156 miles through Eastern Oregon dust to make the rodeo. Nobody rode more professionally, except that they were mighty glad, as man to man, that he made it. Mr. Dewey, of the Houghton-Mifflin Co., was in the crowd, and he had his teeth in a grin of anticipa-

Henry Vogt Throwing a Rider
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who was Bucked
From Hotfoot in one Second.
©1913 by W.S. Bowman

Doubleday &
Garden

cattle man declared, rubbing his hands
and smelling blood.

When 20 or 30 had been captured the real contest began: the spirited pony at one end of the rope choking and gasping, but fighting, every inch of him; the mounted cowboy at the other. The stunt is to hold, bridle, saddle, mount and ride the pony around the ring. Mind you, this is a pony right off the range.

the cowboy afoot, bridle and blinder in hand, cautiously approaches his pony. The pony roars and fights him off; the cowboy tucks up his heels, and the animal flashes back, quick enough to defeat the rider's purpose. He next slips along the rope and gets his arm about the pony's neck. The horse stops, and the performer suddenly down snaps the rope, and goes tearing down the race track. The cowboy banging fast in some cases, he is dragged back by the rope, and under the pony's body, but skillfully avoids the hoofs; but he never gives up—that is, hardly ever. At last the cowboy gets the horse over the hurdle. The law's head, then a blinder—a gunny sack tied across his eyes; sometimes he throws the pony and another cowboy sits on his head while another man holds the saddle.

Ponies Plainly Conquered
This operation is being repeated 20-30 times; you are dizzy trying to watch the progress of them all; and finally they become one writhing, jumping, grasping, throwing, pitching, aspriting, some of it in horse flesh, some in man's flesh. The ponies are all red, raw, and sore. After perhaps half an hour of struggle, the ponies are bridled, blinded and saddled; many stand cowed in their stalls, some are still kicking and rearing. A nervous fear—none are really hurt—each pony has two boys, one at the head, holding fast, the other at the hind stirrups. The signal is given and the ponies are sent plunging across the arena. The ponies are jerked loose, and then begin the biggest time of their whole show. You have been bucking before; well, you hadn't. The little wild outlaws seem to know every twist possible to muscle, tendon and bone. They twist and shiver and shake and corkcreek, they whirl and rear and

"Meanest horse on earth," the old cattle man explodes, his eye on a peculiarly wicked bronco. "the kind that'd beat his wife."

And all the time the buckaroo rides straight up—most of them—into the right hand waving his sombrero, his left gripping the bridle, while he tries to figure out the next move of the mad little beast under him—and get there first! Why they're not killed is the unending question. Every tooth must rattle; eyes must rock in their sockets; bones must be jarred to a jelly. The outlaws grow more frantic with their answers.

Fences Mean Nothing.
They break down the arena fence, jumping through or over it, and the sound of crashing timber mingles with the roar of the multitude. We are close enough to hear the ponies' panting and gasping, to hear the hard, deep breathing of the boys; and down upon it all as the ponies come, or pony after pony, comes the yell of the 20,000 spectators; it comes as from one vast throat that must roar or die. You don't hear many "Let 'er buck!" now; it's got to be too elemental for words.

only sound comes. At last a pony dashes off with his rider—a cowboy has won over the will of the beast; he is greeted with one long deafening roar from the grandstand and bleachers; another wins; then another; and off they go in the long dash around the track.

Time is called: the remaining unconquered ponies are driven off. The crowd, utterly exhausted, drops for a moment back into their seats, no less used up than are the buckaroos and

"And it's a whole year before there's another!" I heard a dignitary from an Eastern college murmur almost despairingly, as I pulled myself limply to my feet, and dazedly followed the crowd away.

BARON'S DAUGHTER AMUSES

Curious Appeal to Lovers of Dumb
Animals Is Heard in Wight.

LONDON, Sept. 18.—(Special.)—The following curious appeal to lovers of dumb animals has just been issued by

the Hon. Pauline Cranston to the residents of "the garden island of England"—the Isle of Wight. Pauline Cranston, it may be explained, is a daughter of the eleventh Lord Cranston, whose Scottish barony became extinct when he died in 1869, and she writes:

"A little over two years ago, when the Hon. Pauline Cranstoun's two old carriage horses died, she decided, in memory of the many happy drives they had given the late Lady Cranstoun,

with herself, to fill the vacant places with two poor horses whose useful lives deserved a spot of rest. The cases brought to her notice were so numerous and deserving that in truth she has extended the original number until there are now 13, including donkeys and two pit ponies (one blinded in the pits, the other injured by a cart wheel). Lady Victoria is now known to the list, called the Lady Victoria Kidlet, as a lucky name.

"The means of carrying this work on have been at all times provided for by the Government, and Cranshown, but now that Queen Alexandra has shown her generous appreciation it has been decided to ask the co-operation of the whole island and to place the work on a public

This curious mingling of anobbery, sentimentality, and genuine sympathy has been much laughed at, but the Isle of Wight has taken kindly to it—largely on the strength of the support of Queen Alexandra.

tion just back of a man (there were a
tion in his class) who sneaked into the
town to see the Roundup, because he
Just couldn't stay away; he's wanted
Pendleton—it was no place for him
—but Till Taylor, Sheriff by common
consent, is down there in the ring and
won't see him—maybe; and, besides,
he's a good fellow, is Till. He hauls
the boys off and blankets them down
when they get too ~~any~~ toward day-
light, that's all. Pretty good way, too.

THE TAYLOR DESCRIBED.
Big Bill Taylor! You look into his blue eyes as he rides up to the grandstand—you're just back of it in the press box—and you observe the dimple in his chin—a mild mannered, well-dressed man, none more kind and true, you say; then suddenly you remember about the Sheriff of Umatilla County, how he knows every cattle rustler and horse thief in the country, and how no man will go single-handed and take a horse from a ranchman, or back his man; and you know it must all be so—but that dimple those blue eyes! that soft voice!—it's mighty interesting, the contrasts—but here comes the peanut boy. Ten cents, a

"Peanuts, peanuts, your hat full for a dime!" and out go the hats, Summer races, derbies, New York hats, Mexican hats, Pendleton woolen mills caps—but not a silk one, oh, no! Out they all go, and the boy is game and fills them to the brim, and races on, "Peanuts, peanuts, your hat full for a dime!"—while we break shells and munch and smack our lips and have the best time in the world while waiting—and—

Holy gee, it's begun! Who ever

of a show opening on time before Sharp on the minute the ropers gallop into the arena; splashes of vivid color against the gray of the horses' coats; the sight of the lassos, perfect circles, round and round—taut and perfect—why, the thing must be made of steel. Before your eyes has fully encompassed the scene, the horses are spinning. And you're so close you can catch around the course and line up at the judge's stand for a pony race. Each one seems to have found a special shade for skin, purple, green, yellow, blue, gold—the gorgeous silk shirts flap about their fine, straight shoulders, their wide gray hats are pushed back, and many faces, their beards thrust

forward, the ponies are restive—the signal is given, and they're away!

I wish I might draw it. I'd make a scene of a dozen or so of the crowd and have the crowd cheer; the cowboy in the bright yellow shirt on the livery sorrel is inside and well ahead. But the bay is the star of the show. He's a beauty!! The bay's rider wears a purple shirt. The crowd gets to its feet and stays in spite of yellow yells to cheer. The crowd holds its breath. The bay's chest: he shoots out ahead—he's in! The crowd holds its sides and yells:

You're just getting your breath and the start in the purple shirt when a dozen full-blood Indians dash down the track and line up for the relay race. They're simple people and great artists are alike in this. Each man is known by his flaming shirt. The thing is to make a picture of something, and the Indians make it again, change, and make it again, until four ponies have been ridden, all at breakneck speed. The skill, the speed, the change, the picture of the change than in the riding.

A full-blooded Indian race is a thing to cross oceans to see, even if you're a poor sailor. No money could hire an Indian to throw a ride—they're born racers. The signal, and they're off, launching themselves into the air. They're fast, but the ponies don't need it a bit, for they're in the game, too—you can tell by their eyes and the way they go at it. Striped green shirt is the favorite this time. All the money's on him (figuratively speaking—there is no betting), but though the little son of a b—t may be a swell, I'm not so sure about him. Four times the breathless change is made.

At the last striped green shirt's pony stumbles and throws his rider, who springs up like India rubber, seizes his pony and remounts, but he has lost a second—and seconds count. He loses to the gray, while 20,000 yellows go up and 30,000 teeth gleam white and 30,000 pairs of arms wave drunkenly, madly; then they all drop back, mopping and saying, "I tell you that was some race!"¹⁷⁷

Steers Defeat Ropers.

But there's not a moment to think about it; here comes a steer, a long-horned Texas steer; the kind we'd run from in the open. He is galloping toward us, two riders after him, lassoes in hand. He's to be roped and tied in two minutes or it's all off; it was all

A black and white illustration of a rider on a bucking horse, enclosed in a decorative arched frame. The horse is in a dynamic, rearing position, and the rider is leaning back. The background shows a simple landscape with a fence and trees.

*Riding Long Tom in
Bucking Contest.*

off—four times. The steers got the better of the boys and seemed to be having the time of their lives doing it. Everybody enjoys the Roundup—steers, bulls, bronks, cowboys, Indians, spectators—everybody!

Next three pretty cowgirls rode into

the arena—oh, there's no pause between stunts; it all goes with the dash and speed of the cattle range itself and fairly laps you up in its movement and intensity. The cowgirls looked for all the world like Owen Wister's little schoolmarm—so modest and dainty and sweet. One little tip-tilted chin fascinated me—and two wonderful braids of golden-red hair. They were to ride Rambling Jimmie, Snake and Brown.

It takes your breath: you almost wish they wouldn't—and lean forward to see every detail when they do. Cowboys are holding the ponies, saddled

and bridled and blinded; one has hopped down, sitting on his head. The pair of the stirrup, swings her leg over her mount, the wrangler jerks off the blinder and springs back with one arm and a whip, and looks over his shoulder as she sticks. Did you ever, when a youngster, step into a hornet's nest? Do you remember how you ran screaming and crying, jumping and kicking and flailing your body, and tossing your head, in a veritable convulsion, trying to rid yourself of a thousand painful stings? Well, that's what you're doing, in imitation of a bucking Umatilla outfit, trying to get rid of a plucky cowboy who is determined to ride him. Is it a sex race? The girl is a sure rider, and the blond-haired girl should dare to conquer him?

You're glad when the girls risk a quick buck, and the wranglers ride and pull them from the broncos' backs. And you almost forget the girls the next instant, for a group of cowboys dash in the lead, and the girls follow, as in the Indian relay, only in a sudden, to make it harder, the riders must unsaddle and saddle at each change.

Then comes the bulldozing; a lone

horns of the steer is turned loose, a cowbo
after him; his play is to overtake the
steer, slip from his pony down to the
steer's back, seize him by the horns
spring off and by a skillful twist thro
the animal and hold him prostrate wit
his teeth, while his hands are lifted i
the air. There is nothing cruel about
it, as you can easily see, for Mr. Stee
springs up and goes loping off unhur
a moment later.

Events Fast and Furious.
Fast and furious, one after another

came next the pony express, the cow-
girls' race, trick riding—when these
wonderful cowboys and cowgirls gal-
loping about the racetrack on an ear-
a head, a knee, a toe—any part of
their anatomy will do. In a circus you
gasp over the antics of the riders with
their broad-backed, slow-galloping
Normandy horses trained for the work
but here in the open, I want to tell

you riding narrow, razor-backed ponies that are full of tricks, the rider matching every trick of the pony with a wilder one—well, Madison Square Garden in its palmiest days was a suburban back yard in comparison with the Pendleton arena.

The mounted grand march of cowboys, cowgirls and Indians comes just

sign, genuine exquisite head dress; to
above the exquisite assemblage of co
the hair, the hair, the hair, the hair
serene, dignified—oh, there is no su
dignity in all the world as radiates
from this last of a dying race, rise
for the white man to see us their a
century rode for their own glorificati
the white man to see us their a
killed us off—you—your? And we lo
about us, at each other and at ou
selves, frivolous and cynical, and ba
the white man to see us their a
In slow decline, head up, facing
Great Stillness—looking out calm
with dignity, with assurance—and
the white man to see us their a
looks away—and then looks back aga
with something—not dust—in the ey
And still they come on, hunched
handlessly caparisoned, all riding
with that calm dignity—hundreds
they. They wind into the arena, for
in huge verities, and the battle be
like lions for inspection. You ha
killed us"—that is what the exhib
says. "You think we were not wor
to the race of men? Very well
We go."

You And yourself gulping—I don't

Excitement Begins Again.

turesque names: Crooked River, Cass
Jones, Cyclone, Bear Cat, Speedball,
Mrs. Wiggs, Skyscraper, Sealion,
Lake, Handsome Harry, Sledge Ham-
mer, Hot Foot, Long Tom, Whirlwind,
Butter Creek and Gaviotta. The audi-
ence was on its feet again, yelling
itself black in the face; and then the
were more Indian races and quick
change races, standing races, and last
of all, as a grand windup, the w

If you have ever seen a bunch of ponies on the range, heads up, manes and tails flying, nostrils sniffling, it's challenging, you can imagine what it is like when such a bunch came tearing along the race track, the cowboys after them full tilt with ropes ready. "Bad horses, every one of 'em."

conquered ponies are driven off the crowd, utterly exhausted, drops their moment back into their seats, no longer used up than are the buckaroos at the ponies.

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