

THE PUNCHER OF TODAY

THE cow puncher, like the poor, is always with us, if not in the flesh, then at least in some of the moving picture shows to be found in every street.

Go where you will in the English speaking world, you cannot get away from the puncher and his exploits. If you don't patronize the picture shows themselves, you cannot fail to notice the man in the "chaps" printed in the gayest of colors on the posters outside—in fact, no picture show seems complete unless it includes in its program at least one cowboy picture.

The pictures usually represent the puncher as a happy, well meaning individual, with a miniature arsenal to sustain the effect, who has little to occupy his time except meddling with other people's business, administering justice with the aid of a tree and a length of rope and being in at the finish of any love affairs which may culminate in his neighborhood. According to the moving picture authorities these latter episodes seem to crop up like mushrooms on a moor in the cow country. All this is very nice and romantic, but, unfortunately, if the truth is to be told, it can not be stamped with the hallmark of veracity.

After viewing these pictures month after month the public must have a very exalted though none the less erroneous idea of the average cowboy and his work. If we leave out the inevitable "girl" some of these pictured exploits might well have been duplicated in real life in the "early" days, but any "long haired" plainsmen who took part in them have now to be content in the recounting of them (with suitable embellishments, probably) to their grand children—if they are lucky enough to have any.

There are no two callings in the world today surrounded by so much romance, and about which so much has been written as those of plainsmen and sailors, and yet withal, the general public has a very hazy and sometimes absurd conception regarding the life and members of both professions. Perhaps the fact that the real work of both callings is done far away from the public ken, thus allowing plenty of latitude for a vivid imagination, is responsible for many of the false impressions concerning them.

In the first place, the average puncher might work on the ranges three or four years and at the end of that period be able to count all the "girls" he had ever seen on the fingers of one hand; and a visit to the "home" ranches would probably reveal as many Chinese as ladies, and it is hard to imagine anything more romantic connected with a Chinese. The "bosses" see to it that while the puncher is on the payroll he has mighty little time for anything outside of hard work.

Again, in these days few punchers pack a gun. Years ago, when cattle rustling was rampant, it was advisable that the stockmen should be provided with guns, as the rustlers themselves went armed; but the real use of the gun dates back to the time when fences and riders were practically unknown. Thus, during some big stampede, when thousands of dollars' worth of beef was running headlong to destruction and all ordinary means had failed to check it, as a last resource the foremost rider would shoot down some of the leaders, thus checking the rush and enabling the riders to "circle" the bunch; that process by which alone big herds can be kept under control, when they show a tendency to be restless. It consists in making the fringe of the herd move in a circle around the rest of the bunch; thus the cattle themselves are made to head off their fellows, until finally the entire herd is one huge revolving mass of flesh.

But at the present time fences and restricted ranges have almost rendered these big stampedes things of the past and the type of men who coped with them and with hostile Indians has disappeared.

While the modern cowboy is called upon in a roundup to do much strenuous work, during which the safety from accident is measured almost entirely by the sure footedness of his pony and his skill as a rider, mischance is the sum total of risk to life he has to run.

Some persons having in mind the "frontier celebration" held at Cheyenne, Wyo., will be inclined to doubt this statement, but it must be remembered that these gatherings, which are held annually in all big cow centers, are simply entertainments for the public's benefit and to demonstrate the skill attained by certain individuals picked out of thousands. Their reckless disregard for limb or life is not general among the punchers. What a man may do in the ordinary course of his work and what he is willing to do for the love of applause or for money, may be two widely different things.

Some of the most skillful and intrepid broncho busters to be seen in exhibitions never go near a cow camp from one year's end to another. Several of these "high priced attractions" are engaged in the sheep shearing business; another drives his own team and "rig" in connection with the transfer business. So these exhibitions must not be taken as a criterion of the character and work of the \$75 a month puncher or the all the year round stock hand. The fact is there is



THEY SURVIVE TO THE BIRTH WITH BAD GRACE.

lose no time in branding them with their own outfit's brand, using a "running iron" which they carry for the purpose.

The herd being now bunched up, fires are lighted and the "hempen rifles" are uncoupled. Calves are roped and dragged to the branding fires, where a couple of men on foot grab and hold the calf, clearing the lariat so that the rider may be free to fetch another one. They then apply the heated irons for two or three seconds. The branding completed, they administer a gentle kick to the bewildered calf to remind him he is free, and they are ready for the next. This goes on until all the calves and yearlings have been branded.

The climatic and physical conditions of the country seem to have quite an effect on the cattle running wild. Their breeding propensities vary according to the country.

Each member of a herd seems to know its place, and prefers its own to any other herd, but like all other rules this one is proved by exceptions, and sometimes in a large herd calves will get mixed up and separated from their mothers, and in such cases disputes will arise as to the ownership of the calves. If not satisfactorily settled otherwise, the calf in dispute is taken to the fire and the branding irons applied with not sufficient pressure, however, to make a permanent mark, but sufficiently to burn the calf and make it cry out. In a moment there is an answering bellow from one of the herds, followed by a stir among the cattle, who seem almost to make a gangway for the concerned mother as she rushes to answer the call of her calf. A rope is shot around her hind legs as she leaves the fringe of the herd, allowing her no chance to make any serious objections, her brand is observed and the calf branded accordingly. Justice is served. The cow and calf are turned loose again, and it is a fine sight to watch them "beat it" together for the herd.

The branding done and stock taking finished, the beef ready for shipping is driven to the home range to await actual shipment, and the remainder of the cattle are once more free to wander the hills and plains until the fall, when the big drive will take place. The rounding up of cattle is sometimes difficult, as they, unlike horses, frequently take a notion to split up in bunches and head off in all directions, making much work for the riders. Cattle are not roped as are horses. The latter are thrown by their forelegs, the cattle roped by their hind legs. The reason for these different methods will be readily understood when one remembers that, while a horse rises from the ground with his forelegs, the cattle are able to rise only with their hind legs. In the case of the horses also, they are less liable to be injured or to injure themselves when thrown in this way.

The cow puncher enjoys the chase, the puncher's "halloo-oo!" being to him what the hunter's horn is to the hound. He understands every movement of his rider, who, whether at work or play, seldom touches a bridle rein. Should he wish to gallop he lifts his elbows and he is borne away; if he wishes to go to the right or to the left he leans slightly in either direction, and a gentle touch on the pony's neck is sufficient to pull him up. When the rider is about to make a throw the pony slows up, and when he sees the rope uncoil ahead of him he advances again and finally stops dead as the loop settles about his neck and prepares for the shock, aiding the rider in throwing his victim, and all this of his own accord and without having received any spoken command from his rider.

The kind of cow puncher we read about, who was as indelibly marked with the physical characteristics of his calling as were the cattle he herded with the brand of their owners, has given way to the less hardy and picturesque cowboy or stockhand of today, who may be beating a train tomorrow or driving team in the city.

CORNER FOR THE JUNIORS

FUNNY FACES MADE OF PAPER

Easy Way for Young Artist to Draw Grotesque Pictures—Many Amusing Results Are Obtained.

Here is an easy way for young artists to draw funny and grotesque pictures. Crumple a piece of paper in your hand and place it on a sheet of paper so that a sharply outlined



Crumpled Paper.

shadow will be cast, either from the gas light or a candle placed on the table alongside.

Trace the outline on the paper, and then try to make a human face out of the pencil marks. Many amusing results are thus obtained, and other characters may easily be made either



Funny Faces Result.

by moving the candle to another position or crumpling the paper in a different shape.

These are a few which the artist did just to show the young readers how. Of course only the outlines are furnished, so that the readers must draw in the eyes, hair and ears from their own imagination.

PASTIME OF ONE SYLLABLE

Game to Be Conducted Properly Requires That Company Be Seated in Circle—How Played.

To conduct this game properly the company should be seated in a circle, a lady and gentleman alternately. A lady begins by asking a question of her right-hand neighbor, to which he must reply by a word of ONE SYLLABLE, or he incurs a forfeit for each extra syllable.

First Lady—Permit me, sir, to ask if you love music?

First Gent.—Yes. (He then questions the next person on his right.) Pray, madam, what word do you think the best for making chairs?

Second Lady—Oak. Please tell me, sir, who thinks himself the best and wittiest man in the world?

Second Gent.—I. Tell me, Mary, do you like hot weather?

Third Lady—No. What kind of people do you think prosper most in the world?

Third Gent.—Fools. Have you much sand in your composition?

Fourth Lady—None. Are you very romantic?

Fourth Gent.—No. But which is the handsomer, you or me?

Fifth Lady—I. What sort of a girl do you think I am?

Fifth Gent.—Mad. Do you like red or white wine best?

Sixth Lady—Red. Now, Edward, are you fond of sugar-plums?

Sixth Gent.—Rather.

This is a word of two syllables and subjects the speaker to a forfeit.

A forfeit is also incurred when a question or answer once made is repeated.

The game may be continued as long as the interest keeps up.

They Didn't Count.

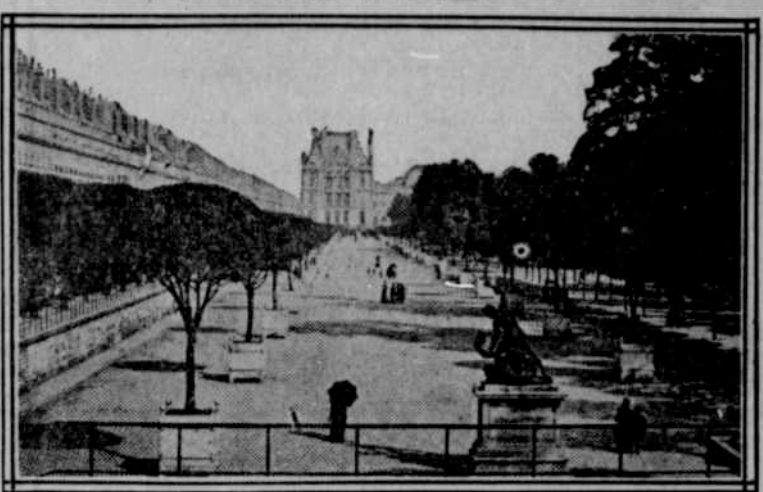
Small Harold was watching a regiment of soldiers marching by, headed by a band. "Mamma," said he, "what's the use of all them soldiers that don't make music?"

What's the Use?

Sunday School Teacher—Scatter seeds of kindness.

Johnny Sububs—What's the use? The chickens will get 'em.

IN THE HEART OF PARIS



GARDEN OF THE TUILERIES, PARIS

WHEN Georgina and I planned our European trip we agreed to give up some of the sight-seeing which other tourists consider essential to proper culture and, instead, stay a month in Paris. Besides, Georgina said she thought we could do it on a dollar a day. Georgina was always optimistic, but some days we almost came within her limit.

We had a letter of introduction to the American Girls' club and when we landed in Paris we gave the cabby directions to take us to No. 6 Rue de Chevreuse, over in the Latin Quarter, near the Gare de Montparnasse. There we found a friendly welcome and a list of inexpensive but clean rooming-houses where American students usually find lodgings.

We had bought a map of Paris at one of the agencies, and with that and the list of addresses we started out to battle with colloquial French in the heart of Paris. We were overjoyed to find that the Parisian women who wish to rent rooms understand the American attempts at the language better than do the policemen on the street corners.

We found two sunny rooms facing east, up three flights of stairs, for seventy francs (\$14) a month, including the service of a femme de menage. We were near the American Girls' club, where the dining room is open to any American woman. The breakfasts of coffee, rolls and butter were only 50 centimes (10c); the luncheons were 25 cents and the dinner of five courses only 30 cents, making only 65 cents for three good meals much better cooked and served than those at some of our American high-priced hotels. So our board and room came to about 85 cents a day and the other 12 cents was easily spent for car fare. But on looking over my account book I find there are many extras, such as laundry, tips, stamps, post cards, books, excursion tickets, etc. However, these can be regulated and kept down if one is careful.

In the beginning we bought an alcohol stove, teapot and saucepan. The concierge supplied us with some dishes and table silver. This we found a very interesting experiment. We went to the patisserie near by and ordered hot rolls every morning at our door for 10 centimes, and a bottle of milk from the cremerie. Our greatest fun was in buying at the grocery store, elbowing the French bourgeoisie while we bargained for a small 5 cents worth of butter or a half loaf of bread. It was a continual amazement to see the small amounts the women bought of staple groceries. We heard they sometimes buy the yolk of an egg separated from the white.

With our alcohol stove we led an independent life. If we were out in the evening and inclined to sleep the next morning, we staid in our rooms and made a hot cup of tea, boiled an egg and with fresh fruit and hot rolls were quite satisfied. Or when we came in tired from a day's tramp and did not wish to dress for dinner, some cold meat, fruit and tea made a good evening meal, while we sat around the table in our kimonos and relaxed.

On Sundays we were always glad to get as far away from the Americans as possible and mingle with the French crowd in their holiday-making. One day we went up to St. Cloud on a river boat. The Seine was a lively stream with its boats passing and re-passing, crowded to the edge with happy, laughing people. The river sparkled, the sun shone and farther from the city the boat slipped by green banks shaded with chestnut trees and beautiful villas whose lawns sloped down to the water's edge. Paris has many parks and inexpensive pleasure resorts where the working men and his family can go for a day's picnic. The round-trip ticket to St. Cloud costs 80 centimes or about 16 cents. The fare to Versailles and back (I think we went second-class) was 36 cents. The account book shows that Fontainebleau was the most expensive trip and came to 95 cents.

We took our lunch to Fontainebleau and ate under the trees of the far-famed forest. Our disappointment was very great, for the trees could not compare with the dense, cathedral groves of Japan or our own gigantic redwoods.

Wandering back to the place we stood looking over the balustrade at the lake, when I noticed two oriental-looking men and a small boy, the latter very uncomfortable in his European clothes.

I said to Georgina: "I wonder if

those men are Japanese! The lower part of their faces are different, but their eyes are similar. I am going to listen to their conversation."

They stood facing me and for an excuse to draw nearer I got out my camera and moved along pretending to hunt for a good view. When they saw my camera the men gave me a most withering, contemptuous look and turned their backs.

Georgina laughed. "Well, of all the conceits!" I said, "do they think I would waste a film on two such ugly faces?"

The next morning Georgina was reading the Paris Herald.

"Look here!" she said suddenly. "Here's the picture of your Japanese friend. He's the King of Siam traveling incognito with the Crown Prince."

That is about as close as Georgina and I got to royalty.

We had one charming experience not given many tourists who are "doing Europe" in three months. This was an invitation to a real old French chateau in the country. The owners were an American artist and wife who had lived in Paris about fifteen years. We were met at the station by a quaint old peasant and a carriage as quiet and as old as himself. After driving through several miles of golden grain studded with brilliant red poppies and blue corn flowers, we came to a one-street village winding around a high stone wall and entered immediately the atmosphere of the age of chivalry.

The house was about 500 years old and proved to be as medieval looking inside as we had hoped. The floors downstairs were flagged. Each

wing was built with the upper story at a different level, so in going through the winding halls it was necessary to keep one's eye on the floor, as sometimes an unexpected step led up and sometimes down.

In front the French doors of the large hall opened onto a stone terrace facing about five acres of lawn, hedged with a great variety of old trees. It was the most beautiful landscape garden we had seen. At the side a long avenue of linden trees led to a kitchen garden inclosed by a stone wall. All the fruit trees were planted against the north wall and tied up like vines to get the south exposure.

There was the most glorious moonlight while we were there. They drew the piano up to the French doors and our evenings were spent on the terrace overlooking fairyland, while a young musician played for us the soft, dreamy music of Beethoven.

A French play was given in costume one afternoon out in the garden. Instead of moving the stage scenery the audience picked up their chairs and moved the "house." The first scene was on the stone terrace and the next two down under the linden avenue. One night we played Halloween and hung large paper lanterns on five-foot poles. We marched down among the old forest trees before the moon came up and our weird lights bobbing in and out among the dark, gloomy shadows made the creeps come over the Irish side of my nature. They showed us the old moat around the chateau and the place where the drawbridge had been. We came back to our "garret in Paris" feeling we had been royally entertained.

We went to the opera also and feel satisfied that we did better at the box window than buying through a broker. They showed us the floor plan and we chose very fair loge seats for \$1.40 each. We learned by experience to go early, stand in line, hurry to the entrance door of the loge and tip the concierge quickly in order to get the front seats, as the six seats of each loge are unreserved.

On the whole, we enjoyed our economizing and felt drawn closer to the real French people.



The Arch of Triumph.

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