

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" plainmen who took part in them have now to be content in the counting of them (with suitable embellishments, probably) to their grandchildren—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 plainmen 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 that 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.

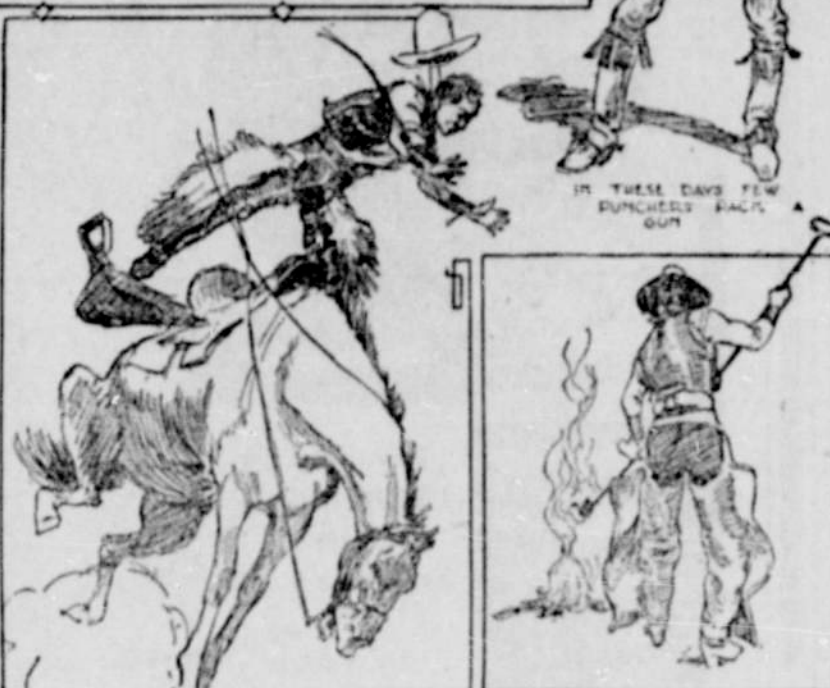
But at the present time fences and restricted ranges have almost rendered these big stampedes things of the past and the type of men who coped with them and with hostile Indians has disappeared.

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



THEY SURMOUNT TO THE GIRTH WITH GRACE.



IN THESE DAYS FEW PUNCHERS PACK GUNS.



THESE ARE THE DAYS WHEN THE PUNCHER MUST STAND ALIKE SEVERE HEAT AND DRENCHING RAINS WHEN AFTER CATTLE, AND THIS WITH NO PROSPECT OF RELIEF UNTIL THE WORK OF THE ROUNDUP IS COMPLETED.

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 as much difference between the modern stockhand and the old timer as there is between a deckhand on a river boat and a deep sea sailor.

The old time cowpuncher considered tearing in any form beneath his dignity, and would have viewed any request to handle the lines much as a present day plumber would regard the suggestion of having a shovel added to his tool bag. For this reason in bygone days the roundup cook had to be an expert teamster; but, as is to be expected, where such an unusual combination of talents is required, that member of outfit's long suit was seldom within the culinary department. While the old cowboy's lot was cast in more strenuous days than now, still he was more independent and enjoyed better opportunities of acquiring his own herd, whereas the present day puncher can hardly expect to attain anything beyond the status of a foreman.

Practically all the cattle ranches of any consequence are now owned or controlled by companies, or perhaps trusts would be a better name.

During the last ten years wages have decreased for range work, and with the decline in wages the work has become more general. Nowadays the cattle owners hire their regular help by the season or the year, and outside their work during the roundup their "job" and surroundings are much the same as those of the farmer's hired man. The states of Montana and Wyoming pay the highest wages for range work, riders receiving \$75 a month and board. On the other side of the line wages are about 20 per cent. lower for the same work. These wages only obtain during the roundup, which time corresponds to the conduct of a cattle ranch to the harvest season of the grain farmer, and many of the punchers work for \$40 a month and less for the rest of the year.

There are two big roundups during the year, the spring roundup and fall, or beef, roundup. The spring roundup, which takes place in May or June, is perhaps the busiest time of the year. A foreman is chosen from each district. Usually he is the son or relative of the manager or owner of the ranch he is attached to. Each foreman or captain brings a number of cowboys with him, the number varying according to the cattle his employer is estimated to have running range.

The riders travel in pairs, as a rule, and much patience, coupled with keen observation, is necessary if their work is to be thorough; watercourses must be followed, and the country carefully searched for stragglers.

Daybreak finds a roundup camp astir, and the saddle horses having been corralled by the night wrangler,

whose duty it is to herd the work ponies during the night, by 6 o'clock the riders have caught and saddled their respective mounts and are away "chasing beef." In the first stages of the roundup they will probably not be back for 15 or 16 hours.

The puncher must stand alike severe heat and drenching rains when after cattle, and this with no prospect of relief until the work of the roundup is completed. When all the cattle apparently have been rounded up to a common center an enumeration is made, beef stock selected and calves branded. It might be mentioned here that if during these expeditions the riders come across any unbranded yearlings, and there is nothing to suggest what outfit they originally belonged to, they 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 lariats 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.

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 trail tomorrow or driving team in the city.

HELD AS GRIP THIEF

SCHOOL TEACHER IS THEN CONVICTED OF LAND FRAUDS.

Suit Case Gives Better Evidence Than Stolen Property—Man Is Given Term in the Leavenworth Prison.

Sioux Falls, S. D.—J. E. Darling, school teacher and alleged professional wholesale grip thief, has been taken to the federal penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kan., to serve a sentence by the United States court of one and a half years for perjury in a land case.

Darling combined his alleged grip stealing with teaching and making entries of homesteads. For a time he taught in a little country school in a remote region in Brule county, a Missouri river county in the central part of the state, and, later, in a country school at Crandall, Brown county, in the north central part of the state.

It was at Crandall that Sheriff Parmley of Brule county found him with a warrant and arrested him on the charge of the larceny of some grips. The sheriff was then unaware of the importance of his capture. Thirty-five grips, it was alleged, were found in Darling's possession, and his arrest on a federal charge followed inspection of the contents of his own grip, in which, it was charged, were found papers showing he had made entry to several homesteads under different names. The federal authorities charged him with perjury and he was indicted on this charge.

For two and a half years grips were stolen at stations in several states. Some of the best railroad detectives in the country were put on the trail of the grip thief, but were unable to catch him because he flitted about the country from place to place and frequent changes in name also helped to baffle the detectives. It was decided that the same grip thief was operating in the states from Ohio to Montana. About two hundred grips were stolen at railroad stations. The grip thief would check stolen grips to himself at some other point, go there, steal the grips again, hide them, and then complain to the depot agent of his loss. Then a claim would be put in against the railroad company, and in many instances he was paid for the grips declared to be lost.

It was while traveling about the country engaged in stealing grips, it was alleged, that he made the various entries of homesteads charged to him. One entry was in the name of William P. Darling, one in the name of Alton J. Darling, another in the name of Earl Darling, and he is said to have assumed the names of Andrew J. Brown and Abraham C. Darling. It was said that he made two homestead entries in the Rapid City (S. D.) land district, and one each in the Belle Fourche and Lemmon land districts in western and northwestern South Dakota.

Darling, it was charged, checked a grip to a small station, where a youth was agent, baggage-master and operator, stole the grip, hid it, and when the boy agent could not honor his check, declared the grip contained \$1,500 worth of jewelry, for which he must be reimbursed or he would have the boy discharged.

The frightened agent, it is said, paid \$50 to Darling and promised to pay the remainder in \$10 monthly payments, several of which were paid. It is alleged, before Darling was arrested and convicted in the land case.

HORSE DIES WITH HIS OWNER

Massachusetts Innkeeper's Will Directs Death by Chloroform for His Faithful Friend.

Boston, Mass.—John Drewsen, for years proprietor of the Hotel Highland, Washington street, Roxbury, who died the other day, directed his executors to chloroform and kill his chestnut horse on the day of his own death. Pursuant to the provisions of the will the executor of the will promptly had the animal chloroformed.

The horse had been in the possession of Mr. Drewsen for many years and there was a strong attachment between the two.

Of recent years the animal was too old and infirm to be taken out of the stable, but Mr. Drewsen visited it frequently day and night.

His Tapeworm Gets Drunk. Danville, Ill. — Lafe McKenzie of Breathitt county, Kentucky, says he has a tapeworm that craves whiskey. He gave this as an excuse in police court in explaining why he was intoxicated. McKenzie said he acquired the tapeworm while young and that the tapeworm in turn soon became fond of whiskey. He said he had a fierce time of it. The judge was not greatly impressed and said the tapeworm's latest "jag" would cost Lafe \$4.10.

ARE YOU FREE FROM—

Headaches, Colds, Indigestion, Pains, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Dizziness? If you are not, the most effective, prompt and pleasant method of getting rid of them is to take, now and then, a desertspoonful of the ever refreshing and truly beneficial laxative remedy—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna. It is well known throughout the world as the best of family laxative remedies, because it acts so gently and strengthens naturally without irritating the system in any way.

To get its beneficial effects it is always necessary to buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., bearing the name of the Company, plainly printed on the front of every package.



FERRY'S

Plant breeding and selecting has been our business for years. We market the results in the shape of thoroughbred vegetable and flower seeds. They grow good crops.

1912 SEED ANNUAL FREE ON REQUEST

D. M. Ferry & Co., Detroit, Mich.

SEEDS

If you use Eye Salve use the best, PETTIT'S EYE SALVE is the standard, is reliable and costs no more than inferior goods that are unknown. Used by Physicians and Oculists, helps where all others fail. It is not the TUBE or BOX that cures, it is the SALVE that does the work. Guaranteed by Howard Bros. under the Government Food and Drugs Act. Don't be deceived or misled. The only really antiseptic Eye Salve that has been in the market for years. Sold by Druggists throughout the known world.

Fine Art of Giving.
"If one waits to find perfection in his friend he will probably wait long, and live and die unfriended at last. The fine art of living, indeed, is to draw from each person his best."—Lillian Whiting.

Reverses Don't Feaze Him.
There are many poets who think themselves unappreciated. But we have noticed that this doesn't keep them from writing more poetry.—Savannah Press.

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS
Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OLESTMENT fails to cure any case of Itching, Biloid, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

Small Sins Only the Beginning.
It is astonishing how soon the whole conscience begins to unravel, if a single stitch drops; one little sin indulged in makes a hole you could put your head through.—Charles Buxton.

Use of the Horse.
Owing to the advancement of science it would be possible to get along without horses now, if it were not for the necessity of having a few of them at the annual horse shows.

100 Years Old **Pettit's Eye Salve**

Enshrined Within the Heart.
It is significant of the spark of divinity within us, that no matter how depraved one may be, one seldom fails to recognize and hold a certain respect for truth and justice.

Fabulous Price for Tulips.
Though orchids frequently bring prices that make the poor man stagger, the highest price for a single flower was given for a tulip in Amsterdam by an enthusiast who paid \$250,000 for it.

Crowded Manhattan.
In one small portion of Manhattan, N. Y., is a population greater than that of Arizona, or of Delaware, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, North Dakota, Oregon, New Hampshire, New Mexico, Rhode Island, Utah, Vermont or Wyoming.