

## THE MODERN COWBOY ON THE TEXAS RANGE.

William Lingenbrink of St. Louis is one of the great cattle ranches of Texas, the L. S. Ranch, near Tascosa. He has sent to W. L. S. Sachtleben of St. Louis letters and photographs descriptive of life on the ranch.

The L. S. Ranch is one of the largest in Texas. Its pastures are fenced into fields twelve miles long and six miles wide. It counts its hundreds of thousands of hoofs. Twenty cowboys ride in its roundups. It brands 5,000 calves at a single fire. Four times a year its cattle are rounded up—once for vaccination against blackleg; once for shipment to market, and once every spring and fall for branding the calves. Each of these roundups requires from two to four weeks. The ropers are out at 3 o'clock in the morning and ride constantly until 3 in the afternoon, a twelve-hour race which requires for twenty men 140 feet, sound and sure-footed ponies.

This is a new era in Texas cattle raising. It is possibly less picturesque than the old era, and in some respects, less strenuous, but it is not without its interests and charms.

In the olden days the cattle were turned loose on the plains to shift for themselves and were rounded up twice a year, in the spring to brand and in the fall to ship to market. Now the pastures are inclosed with wire fencing; water is provided for the stock by sinking wells or by building dams and reservoirs to hold the overflow; fence riders are daily riding among the herds to see if any animals need attention; salt, in troughs, is distributed along the water courses; hundreds of tons of prairie and lake hay are cut every summer and fed in winter to such animals as require help. The plains country is admirably adapted for the cultivation of Kaffir corn, sorghum, millet, maize and Johnson grass, while the bottoms will grow three cuttings of alfalfa a year with but little cultivation or irrigation.

This change in the cattle business notes the disappearance of the old-time cowboy, and bronco-buster, he of the wild and woolly kind, the man with the long hair and six-shooter, the chap with an unquenchable thirst and a love for faro, and with the bad habit of shooting up the town when occasion afforded. The cowboy of today has different work before him. He not only needs to be a rough rider, to be able to throw a steer or brand a calf, but must be somewhat of a granger as well.

The average pay of a cow-hand is \$25 per month with "grub," the man to furnish his own bedding and saddle. The foreman's pay runs from \$50 to \$100 per month, while a manager's salary runs from \$1,500 to \$3,500 per year. In former days the cowboys were allowed to take their pay in cattle instead of cash, if they chose. As this was in the days when cattle were cheap they were enabled by thrift to acquire quite a bunch in a few years, as cattle increase rapidly and their keep was nothing. At the present time few if any ranchers allow their men to run cattle, and few of the boys stay at it long enough to save a thousand or two thousand dollars to enable them to buy a bunch of their own.

The "roundup" is about the only relic that is left of the oldtime cattle business. Life on one of the large ranches in the spring is indeed a strenuous one. The foreman will get

together his men, about twenty in all, good riders all and ropers every one of them, prepare his "chuck wagon," hire a cook, and away they go on their branding trip. Two men are detailed to wrangle horses, one a day herder the other a night herder. About seven horses are required to the man besides the eight mules for the wagons, thus making quite a respectable bunch of 150 head.

Camp is pitched where water is convenient, tents put up and beds unrolled. The following morning the actual work begins. The boys are rounded out at 3 o'clock sharp by the cook's stentorian call, "come and get it" (breakfast), which consists of black coffee, hot rolls, bacon and oatmeal. By this time the night ranger has brought in the "remuda" (horses) close by, and no time is lost in roping and saddling the required number, a single lariar rope held around the bunch is as effective as a high board fence.

The foreman now divides the squad into twos and threes, and rushes them off to the different corners of the pastures. As each enclosure is twelve miles long by six wide, or seventy-two square miles to be scoured over, some hard riding has to be done. The boys on reaching the far end, gather all cattle and drive them slowly to an appointed place, being careful not to lose the calves from their mammas. This done, fresh horses are saddled and the cutting out of cows with their calves commences. They are then driven to the corrals and branded. The branding itself requires some skill and a great deal of hard work. A big leg fire is started and the irons are well heated. Then two mounted men ride in amongst the herd, lasso a calf and drag it to the fire, where two other men put on the brands and another clips the ear with the owner's particular mark. Speaking of earmarks, it is remarkable how many different earmarks can be made by cropping and splitting the ears. There are thousands in use in Texas today. Each brand must be recorded, and no two alike.

At 10 o'clock the men are ready for dinner, and while the horses are being brought up the cook lustily calls "chuck away" (dinner). By the time fresh horses are brought up the men are off again to the corrals to finish branding the morning's gather. Three o'clock in the afternoon sees the day's work done, it not being advisable to drive cattle during the heat of the

day. In the cool of the evening a beef is killed, generally a fat, off-color calf or yearling, which furnishes sufficient meat for two or three days, when another is sacrificed to afford a constant supply of fresh meat for the camp.

Riding all day and wrestling with calves gives a man a wonderful appetite. This round-up lasts from two to three weeks, and has to be done from four to five times a year. Twice for branding the calves in the spring and fall, once for vaccinating and weaning and again for shipping to market. Vaccinating is something new. Thousands of cattle die yearly of blackleg, which is most fatal to animals from six months to two years old, after which they are practically immune, the loss, if any, being small. The only practical way of contending the ravages of blackleg is to vaccinate every animal. The government is engaged in making extensive experiments, and is lending valuable aid to the cattlemen in stamping out this disease.

The aim of the ranch owners is to dispose of their increase as calves or yearlings, selling the steers and replacing and increasing the breeding herd with heifers. The increase of beef production in Texas will be not so much an increase in numbers as in the quality of the beef. The best quality and consequently highest priced beef is made on grain. Northern grass fed cattle bring good prices, but Texas is essentially a breeding country. There the ranchman is able to grow cattle at far less cost than obtains amongst the farmers. When equally bred the ranch cattle are equal to eastern stock, but it takes the "feed-lots" of the corn belt to put flesh and fat on them and make "good beef."

Just a few figures to show the extent of the cattle business. The receipts at Chicago alone average over three and a half million a year, which are worth at a low valuation \$100,000,000. The 1900 census shows that Texas supports 4,352,541 cattle, valued at \$77,736,334. The cattle business is a staple one, and is constantly improving. But there is still room for more, and an actual need for more. The demand today for good beef is ahead of the supply.

A correspondent writing from Sauquoit, Conn., says that in that town were born, and lived until quite recently, three brothers, triplets, who all lived to be about 75 years old. They were named Frederick, Franklin and Francis Sherwood and were known as the three F's. They looked so much alike that they were often taken the one for the other. All followed the sea and were for a long time masters of vessels.

Mrs. William Gregory, widow of Governor Gregory of Rhode Island, has become the incorporate head of the mill business which the governor conducted for a great many years in a most successful manner.

of that compulsory military service which is such a drawback to trade and industry.

### TALK ABOUT WOMEN.

Mrs. Indiana Williams has left her Virginia home, 1,500 acres of land and an endowment of \$700,000, for the founding of a school for girls.

An association of women in Honesville, Pa., number among their good works the building of a retaining wall along the river, constructing a river boulevard, a bridge, a fountain and a park, where once a dumping ground threatened public health.

A singular library was collected by Mme. Kaissavov of St. Petersburg, who has recently died. It consists of some 18,000 volumes, all of which were the work of feminine brains. No book by a masculine author was ever allowed in the library.

Mrs. Frances Tallmadge of Sheboygan, Wis., is said to have in her possession what is supposed to be a genuine portrait of Louis XVI. The picture was presented to her ancestors by Eleazar Williams, who claimed to be the real Louis XVI.

Mrs. Wilder P. Walker of Kennebec, Me., has in her possession the punch bowl that was ordered by the town of Salem to be used when Lafayette visited that city during his first trip to America. The first glass served from the bowl was handed to Lafayette. It is of old Dutch blue china.

Mme. Patti says the most prized of all her autographs is the one which she received from Queen Victoria, which reads: "If King Lear spoke the truth when he said that a sweet voice was the most precious gift a woman can possess, you, my dear Adeline, must be the richest woman in the world."

Miss Albertine E. Ridley, one of the first American girls to go to the Philippines as an army nurse, has returned to California. She says American rule has infinitely bettered sanitary and other conditions in Manila and that the natives in that city are very courteous and considerate to the American girls who are administering to the sick and wounded soldiers.

Lady Charles Beresford is quite as remarkable a woman as her husband is distinguished as a man. Dark, and handsome, with her own taste in dress—which sometimes verges on that barbaric which she so much loves in her favorite Cairo—with a keen, incisive speech and a marked sense of humor, she is extremely advanced in the general trend of her opinions, but she detests everything in the shape of new womanhood. She is very musical.

## THE IMMENSE VALUE OF THE AMERICAN HEN.

### The Great Value of the Chicken Industry as Shown By the Census Bureau.

The United States Census Bureau has just made up its statistics of the chicken industry in the United States. The results are so astounding that the American hen must be proclaimed the greatest of birds, now and forevermore.

The chickens of the United States in the year 1900 weighed 921,715 tons. To appreciate these figures it must be known that all the big and little fighting ships in the United States navy weigh 133,541 tons. The number of these chickens was 284,000,000, and they laid 10,000,000,000 eggs. The weight of these eggs was 625,933 tons, and their bulk was forty times that of the earth. The value of these eggs would have paid every cent of the expenses of the United States war department for the year.

Missouri is the first state in chickens and eggs. In the year 1900 the hens of Missouri laid more than \$5,000,000 worth of eggs beyond the need of their owners, the egg crop bringing the women of Missouri as much cash as the wheat crop brought the men.

The American hen is the greatest of birds. Plain, plump and possessing no gorgeous plumage, she is still the real bird of paradise, creating a heaven on earth for men.

The wonderful hen of the United States earned more money in the year 1900 than did the United States postal system, though the one had the aid of a great government and the other did her own cackling and feathered her own nest. She receives no handicap over any other institution in the country, being strictly a scratch contestant.

When the census bureau gets all its reports together it promises figures and facts about this diffident creature and her staple product that will make a lot of United States treasury department figures look literally like thirty cents, for that is the proportion some of the biggest items in the budget will bear as compared with the value of the work of the American hen.

In the last year she has laid enough eggs to pay the expenses of the entire war department from top to bottom. She has changed the balance of trade in eggs. She has earned more with her quiet endeavor than the entire postal system did. All the vessels built in the country in the last year do not weigh as much as do the eggs that she laid.

The American hen is a bird. There are enough of her in the country to feed our entire standing army for eleven years, giving each soldier and officer one chicken a day.

If all the chickens in the country were to conceive a passion for roosting only on railroad tracks, there are plenty of them to block every line in the country, for there would be one chicken to every three and a half feet of railway.

If each locomotive in the country were to kill one chicken a day, the railroads would have to keep up the killing for twenty years to annihilate all the chickens.

If all the chickens of the country had to be transported on any one day, almost all the 1,328,084 freight cars in the United States would be needed for the work.

It is lucky that hens are not drinkers of alcoholic liquors. If they were, all the bourbon and rye whisky distilled in the United States in 1900 would be drunk in no time by the American hen and the American tank would have to go dry.

All the distilled spirits made in 1900 in the whole United States would last them only a few days.

The eggs laid by the American hen in 1900 amounted to enough value in dollars to pay the entire expenses for that year of the United States Marine Hospital service, the United States coast and geodetic survey, the steamboat inspection service, the running expenses of forts and fortifications, the bureau of labor and the department of justice, and then there would be plenty left to pay 95 per cent of the total appropriations for 1901 for invalid and other pensions.

The inhabitants of New York City alone ate enough eggs in the year to

out Hawaiians), each human being in the United States and the dependencies would have to carry around with him three chickens, or, to be exact, 3.72 chickens. And each human being would be entitled to 141, or to be exact, 141.352 eggs a year.

The estimate is that in 1900 the United States contained in round numbers 284,000,000 chickens and that the total output of eggs was 10,000,000,000.

The value of the eggs at 16 cents a dozen was \$138,000,000 in round numbers.

These round numbers are well under the sums that are reached by close figuring. They are given because they are not only modest, but easy to remember.

For the mathematical person who loves to pore over figures it may be interesting to know all the exact figures.

Assuming that the increase in chickens in the past ten years had kept in pace with the population, we would have 312,712,613 chickens in the country for 1900. On the basis of the egg exports, however, still allowing to each chicken only the average of 37.998 eggs a year, shown in the figures for 1900, the total number of chickens in 1900 would be only 263,183,653. To be well within the facts, it has been considered safe to assume a mean figure of 283,635,605 chickens for 1900. That this is a very moderate estimate is shown by all the statistics that have been studied. For instance, in assuming that the average annual number of eggs has not been increased largely since 1890, there is probably an underestimate of fact, for the farmers have been devoting more study and time to the egg producing qualities of chickens in the past few years than they ever did before. Again, no allowance has been made for the known increase in hatcheries and the natural rate of increase in production of fowls.

The record of suicides in this country during the past year tells a sad story. In 1901 7,245 persons "shuffled off this mortal coil," as compared with 6,755 in 1900. The steady increase in the suicide habit, largely due to the ease with which poison may be obtained, this being the most common agency employed, is shown by the following record of cases in a series of years: In 1890, 2,040; 1891, 3,531; 1892, 3,860; 1893, 4,436; 1894, 4,912; 1895, 5,759; 1896, 6,530; 1897, 6,600; 1898, 5,920; 1899, 5,340; 1900, 6,755; 1901, 7,245.

The action of the United States in acting on the principle that tuberculosis is contagious, has been strongly criticised by Dr. S. A. Knopf, the consumption expert. He holds that tuberculosis is not contagious if the sputum is correctly collected and disposed of. He recommends that the government appoint a commission to give the matter an exhaustive investigation.

The London Times in a recent issue publishes three papers which it says were secured from the Chinese government by Dr. Ular, a prominent scholar, and which show the existence of a bargain between Russia and Li Hung Chang, by which Russia was to occupy Manchuria and in return would protect the dowager empress against the eastern powers.

From Manila comes the startling report that breakdowns of government employes have been frequently noticed, including members of the United States commission. They are feeling the effects of overwork. A meeting of the commission will be held to consider the matter and a Saturday half holiday will be inaugurated.

Brooklyn Life: Judge—What are your grounds for divorce, sir? Plaintiff—My wife married me to reform me, and after we settled down didn't have sense enough to give up the idea. Judge—Granted.

## Where Divorces Flourish.

MARK TWAIN said he would like to make a little visit to hades, because he wanted to meet some of the entertaining people that were there. In the same way, Sioux Falls is not a good place, but might be interesting for those who like that sort of thing. For it is the greatest divorce colony in the United States.

The young men who married there, the young women who would have been good wives to other husbands; the middle-agers, who had stood their spouses half a lifetime, but who could not go another step; and the old roués who never should have married at all, are all there, and mostly at the same hotel. What yarns could be swapped on that hotel piazza; between the women boarders, and across the little round, polished tables in the cafe, if the guests of that hotel would only loosen up and talk.

Some of the rich easterners, who have learned that one can get a divorce after seven months' residence in South Dakota, with a codicil on the decree to be used as a license for another marriage, pay seven months' board at the hotel, thereby establishing their residence, and live back home. These absentee residents are warned in clarion tones by the South Dakota press that they had better really live in the state (and unwind their greenback bales) lest, when they take new spouses they discover suddenly they are bigamists.

The law was made with the frank avowal that it would attract "spenders" to the state and thereby increase the volume of current circulation of South Dakota. Its effect is thus described by the Sioux Falls Journal: "The divorce colony as a whole is a pretty good thing for the merchants of this city. They are all money spenders, and those who have the coin want the best there is going. They are naturally a restless lot, having nothing in particular with which to interest themselves during their sojourn here, and are naturally ready for anything that will pass the time, which accounts for some of them getting reputations for being gay." A peculiarity about the women applicants for single blessedness which is constantly noticed is that every single (or would-be single) one of them is good looking. The explanation has never been satisfactorily made, but a number of them have been attempted. One is that a plain woman gets so many causes for divorce at home that she can easily get a decree any time without having to travel clear to the cow country. The male colonists, however, are not even good looking. The Sioux Falls paper says of them with some warmth and much truth: "Among the male divorcees there are some that certainly need to be caged. It would undoubtedly be a disagreeable experience for them if they should be riding in the country and meet some farmer lad who was out hunting. The farmer lad would be justified in thinking he saw some new

species of something and take a shot at it. Then there are the female divorcees, nearly all of whom are good looking. Some are quiet and demure sort of individuals, and have their brothers (?) with them, while there are others who are trying to turn the heads of some of the traveling men and gay members of this city, and are apparently succeeding in pretty good shape."

Detroit Journal: A St. Louis divine, Rev. Charles L. Kloss, pastor of a fashionable church in that city, started in his pulpit that he advised the young women to propose marriage to the young men. It is not known yet whether Mr. Kloss was safely married before he made that statement or whether he is one of the shy young men that is too timid and modest to offer himself to a young woman, or it may be there are so many lovely young women in his flock that he cannot decide on one. Whatever it is, he has so declared himself, and henceforth he will be the "dear pastor," or he can withstand the avalanche of proposals he will probably receive or not remains to be seen. It may be that marriage fees were slow in his congregation and he wanted to hurry them up. It is said that his theory is that if the men refuse to propose to the girls, the latter will be more disposed to marriage.

Chicago Tribune: "Amelia," faltered the young man, "I love you." "Oh, Herbert!" she said, clasping her hands together. "What a long, long time it has taken you to say so."