

Bronco Buster Cowgirl Says There Is a Wide Difference Between Managing Men and Horses

"Make Him Believe You Are His Master and You've Got Him."

DIFFERENT WITH MEN.

"You've Got to Make a Man Believe He Is Your Boss to Win Him."

By Nicola Greeley-Smith.

"I've never seen the buckin' horse that couldn't manage, and I've never seen a man I couldn't manage."

These words, Miss Schaeffer, pride of the prairies, the only woman bronco-buster in captivity, summoned from her dinner between performances of Buffalo Bill's Wild West to tell me all she knew of the ungulate art of breaking broncs.

Small and slender, and twenty-two, with a pompadour of light brown hair, topped by a spangled sombrero, and wearing a vivid red and green silk waist that suggested a lettuce-and-tomato salad, Miss Schaeffer's appearance indicated that she might know as much of the latter occupation as she undoubtedly does of the former.

She had marvelled much the night before she saw this little 115-pound wisp of the lean on the back of a wild horse that looked and acted as if he had just allowed a stick of dynamite and a scolded man and there then he decided that he was a mole and wanted to burrow through the earth.

Then, in a quarter of a second, he was a heaven-sent skylark with wings nearer than the roof of Madison Square Garden to stop him. And she, the cowboy, was there in a twinkling, with a cowboy's grip on the reins, and a cowboy's smile on his face.

Just a Case of Fooling Both. He had said it in Major Burke's office, and he left the long line of tables in the room at the red-shirted waiter and cowboy's knees were dining turkey-red table cloths dotted here and there with cut Easter lilies and daisies, which I took to be floral offerings to Col. Cody.

"To manage a buckin' horse," confided the only woman bronco buster, "you've got to make him believe that you're his master. To manage a man you've got to make him believe he's your boss. Both of them have to be fooled."

Some people think our buckin' horses are trained to buck. I wish they could see the back of one of our different breeds. They find out differently. As a rule, a buckin' horse doesn't buck all the time. Sometimes he's tame."

Miss Schaeffer, I noticed, said "buckin' horse" as if it were one word, with an accent where the horse puts it on "buckin'."

"I murmured, encouragingly, 'I like that, too, are they not?'"

"Yes," acquiesced the young cowgirl, "but buck-skinned regulars. 'In' they are. Some of 'em are regular ponies."

"But maybe you don't know the difference between broncos and cowboys? I don't think people do in the L. Lots of folks here have told me they had real Western broncos, and I saw them they were nothing cow ponies."

A Cow Pony With Gold Teeth. "A cow pony," she elucidated, "is one of our saddle horses. 'He's just a L-X ranch, near Fort Apache, where I come from, that two good teeth, and he shows them never I ask him to."

As Schaeffer showed a shining gold tooth of her own as she spoke, I thought of the recollection of the cow pony she had left behind in the L-X ranch, where I come from, that two good teeth, and he shows them never I ask him to."

"I never know at any place that I can stay on either of a second. I just make up my mind to go."

"Managing a buckin' horse is a matter of mind and nerve. There are women to show that weigh twice as much as I do that couldn't get on either of a bronco, much less stay on 'em. I never know how long I'm going to stay."

"You say you men are harder to manage," I reminded her.

"Well," she said, "I know all about horses." "I was born on a ranch and never left it till I came with the show. It's my first time to a big city. I broke my first buckin' horse when I was twelve years old. I've ridden buckin' steers."

"When I want to go anywhere down in Texas, I just go in the field, catch a horse and jump on his back. I seldom use a saddle, as I do up here. Then I come to the range, taking any fence I do that couldn't get on either of a bronco, much less stay on 'em. I never know how long I'm going to stay."

"You say you men are harder to manage," I reminded her.



Miss Schaeffer, the "Bronco Buster" Cowgirl.

CHILD VICTIM'S UNCLE ACCUSED OF AWFUL CRIME

Little One Found Murdered in Bushes Near Home and Man Locked Up.

BENNINGTON, Vt., April 29.—News was brought here today of an unusually atrocious crime in North Bennington last night, the victim of the tragedy, a child three years old, having been assaulted and then murdered.

CALL OF THE WILD TO MINISTER'S SON

Rev. David G. Wylie's Fifteen-Year-Old Boy Starts West.

The call of the wild has been answered by John McWilliam Wylie, the fifteen-year-old son of Rev. David G. Wylie, pastor of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, and Sylvester Gutelius, the fifteen-year-old son of William Gutelius, a newspaper correspondent. Dr. Wylie and Mr. Gutelius visited Police Headquarters together today to report the disappearance of their offspring.

PARIS COOKS JOIN STRIKE

PARIS, April 29.—Premier Clemenceau's efforts to conciliate the striking waiters and their employers have failed. The employees refused to recognize the union and the men voted to continue the strike. Numerous cooks in the principal restaurants have joined the movement.

HERO RISKED LIFE AND SAVED FIVE AT FIRE

Policeman Grogan Badly Burned in Getting Out Woman and Babes.

While rescuing five persons from a blazing tenement at First Avenue and One Hundred and Fifteenth street, Policeman John Grogan was seriously burned late last night. Thirty families were in the building. Most of the occupants escaped, but five were cut off by the flames. Policeman Grogan climbed the fire-escape to the third floor and found Salvatore Devasa, a fifty-year-old man, and a Mrs. Pol, whom he carried out.

WEDDED IN HASTE; PARTED IN A DAY

Young Couple Couldn't Agree on Honeymoon and She Wants a Divorce.

Having met her affinity one day, married him the next, and parted from him when the honeymoon was only forty-eight hours old, Clara Martha Lotie Scherf, a handsome young woman with golden hair, who claims to be a lineal descendant of Count von Schottler of Bavaria, is now suing for a divorce.

BOY KILLED IN RUNAWAY

ROCHESTER, N. Y., April 29.—Starved, aged twelve years, was killed and William Gase, another lad of about the same age, was injured in a runaway at Moravia last night.

WOMAN FIGHTS ARMED BURGLAR IN HER HOME

Knocks Fellow Down With a Chair, but He Gets Away With \$1,600 Loot.

Mrs. John Frazer, widow of thirty-five, who is reputed wealthy, told today how she was attacked in her home on East Chester road, the Bronx, by two midnight burglars and robbed of \$1,600 in cash and jewelry worth several hundred dollars.

WIFE-BEATER BAD BOND SPECULATION

Magistrate Walsh Declares That Peace Guarantee Is Forfeited.

Magistrate Walsh, in West Side Court today, held a heavy bondman responsible for a peace bond he had given on which and which had been forfeited. John Lehane, of No. 89 Ninth avenue, beat his wife. She swore out a warrant before Magistrate Whitman, who was sitting in West Side Court. That was Jan. 4, but owing to a cessation of wife-beating the warrant was not served until April 25.

FOUND PIN LODGED IN WOMAN'S APPENDIX

While surgeons at Flower Hospital were performing an operation on Mrs. Anna Altheim, of No. 48 East Fifty-first street, for appendicitis, a pin was found lodged in her appendix. The operation was a success, and she is recovering.

SAYS 'HEALERS' STARVED HER DYING SISTER

Mrs. Alice Chesam Arrested for Making Scene in House of Mourning.

WILL DEMAND REDRESS. Mrs. McBride, Victim of Pneumonia, Relied on Christian Science.

Mrs. Alice Chesam, member of the Professional Women's League, writer and lecturer of note, was arraigned in West Side Court today following the disturbance she raised when she discovered that her sister, Mrs. Clara E. McBride, wife of Robert McBride, was dead, having been refused medical attention because under the care of Christian Science healers.

Mrs. Chesam's arrest was brought about by her brother-in-law, Robert McBride, manager of the Varuna apartment-house, Eighty-ninth street and Broadway. This house was once owned by Mrs. McBride. McBride and his wife had both been members of the First Church of Christ, Scientist.

WOMAN DEFIES BURGLAR'S PISTOL WITH IRON CLUB

Mrs. Hartman Tackles Big Intruder While Her Hubby Snores.

Every night for years and years Mrs. Bertha Hartman has been slipping a long iron bar under the bed in the sleeping room back of the ice cream depot which she and her husband, David, operate at No. 115 Harrison avenue, Williamsburg. She thought maybe a burglar would come along some time, and then the iron bar would be a handy thing to have.

POLICEMAN'S WIFE INSULTED; AVENGED.

Benjamin Heinsman, Seventeen Years Old, Hit West One Hundred and Thirty-ninth Street, Was Fined \$10 by Magistrate Cornell.

Benjamin Heinsman, seventeen years old, of No. 100 West One Hundred and Thirty-ninth street, was fined \$10 by Magistrate Cornell, in Harlem Court, today, on complaint of Joseph Cavanaugh, a mounted policeman, who alleged he had caught Heinsman annoying women at Fort George yesterday.

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Woman Who Died Under Faith Cure and Her Sister



Mrs. ALICE CHESAM

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ZOO FOX LOSES LEG IN FEUD WITH WOLF

Keeper's Club Couldn't Break Dandy's Grip—Victim Has to Be Killed.

"Jimmie," one of the most valuable specimens of red foxes in the Bronx Zoo, was put to death today after he had lost a leg in a fight with "Dandy," a gray wolf.

Troubles of Vision

often result from the coffee habit. Before consulting the optician, quit coffee and try POSTUM. "There's a Reason"

LETTERS ADD TO MYSTERY OF VANISHING GIRL

One Says Lizzie Grady Is Safe and Will Return Unharmed.

OTHER NOTES HIDDEN.

Parents and Police Now Believe the Missing Girl Was Kidnapped.

Captain Kruescher, of the West One Hundred and Fifty-second street station, after devoting all of Sunday to a personal investigation of the mysterious disappearance of fourteen-year-old Elizabeth Grady, the daughter of Andrew Grady, of One Hundred and Eighty-seventh street and Washington avenue, said today that he is as far from a solution of the mystery as ever.

Mother Believes Girl is a Captive.

Mrs. Grady said to an Evening World reporter today that she felt desperate about her daughter. She feels sure that the child is held captive somewhere and that whenever the opportunity offers she will escape and come home. She does not believe the auto-story told by Helen Jenks, of No. 465 Broadway, who repeated again today that she saw her little child enjoying a ride in his touring car five days after she vanished from home.

UNHURT, BUT BLED TO DEATH

Farmer's Blood Oozed from Skin Till He Was Exhausted.

LEXINGTON, Ky., April 29.—J. Harlan May, a prosperous farmer of McGuffin County, began to lose his blood two weeks ago, as he was working in the woods of his farm. The efforts of physicians were unavailing, and the farmer died of exhaustion in a hospital.

White Rose Ceylon Tea

Double Strength Saves 50%



La Grecque Tailored Underwear

Smoothfitting shaped-to-the-figure undergarments that give a feeling of absolute comfort and add immensely to the style and shapeliness of your form. Has no gathering strings or superfluous fullness to baffle the waistline. Fits the form like a tailored gown.

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