

# ONLY COWBOY IN AMERICA WHO RIDES A STEER IN PREFERENCE TO A HORSE

THERE is probably only one young man in town who has broken eleven steers and his own jaw. That man is Eddie Sullivan. Other people have tried breaking steers, but they have usually succeeded in breaking only themselves. Smashed noses, battered skulls—very little else for their trouble. But Eddie—Champion Eddie—has never in all his professional career been picked up in fragments. One broken jaw is the amount of his serious injuries and now the jaw is in first-class working trim again. He is as sound as ever and the steers that know him own him master.

He always had a knack about it, even while he was a little fellow on the ranch. He seemed to understand the steers better than any one else did, and they approved of him.

He never learned to ride a horseback as far as he knows. He simply did it as a dog swims when you drop it into the water. Somebody put Eddie on the back of Ramon, the pony, the little bucking stinger, when he was three high to a grass-hopper, and he rode off while Ramon plunged under him like a ship in a storm and he sat on what somebody has called the bronco's hurricane deck. And he sat there, in very truth, and old Carlos, who caught a glimpse of his face, says that it was not one bit paler than usual. "Usual" means a very gorgeous shade of sun-burn. Nor were his eyes at all large nor his mouth at all open. His face was very tight, but there was the jolliest look in it, as if this were great fun. He could barely reach to a full stirrup, but somehow he held on. It was not a quarter of an hour before Ramon saw that it was no use fooling and he settled down to a steady gait.

That was the beginning of Eddie's riding. From that time on he knew much more about horseback than he did about terra firma. But he wasn't a very big boy before he decided that he was ready to graduate from the horse and take to steers.

When Eddie decides upon anything there is, as his comrades say, "something doin'." There is no air castle about his plans. When this wiry, clever youngster—with as much shrewd wit and grit as a



EDDIE SULLIVAN AND BRANDY

reached the record of eleven broken. "I do it the same way I'd break a horse," he says. "There's no way to teach 'em to be rode that's so good as ridin' 'em. I just get on and hang on and they buck and kick like a horse. Most of 'em are a lot uglier than horses, though, and slower to learn. You mustn't mind bumps if you're goin' to break a steer. That's the best way to keep from gettin' 'em. I never had anything bad happen except when I broke my jaw. That wasn't much, but you see that big fellow over there? Well, he tried it once and he broke his nose first thing. That's worse than your jaw."

"Since I left the ranch I've been breakin' steers for people here in town. They're pretty good for ridin', though you can't hitch 'em to a wagon very well. I never use a saddle—only the surcingle and blanket and the bridle."

"Do they go fast? I should say. If it wasn't for that there wouldn't be much use ridin' 'em, 'cause most of 'em are ugly and treacherous. It's pretty hard to be sure you've got 'em broke, even when you think you have."

Brandy, the incumbent, poked an affectionate nose between the two Eddies—Sullivan and Johnson—the latter being the former's understudy in the steer-breaking profession. Brandy looked neither ugly nor treacherous, but very friendly, as if he liked his riders. However, remember the warning.

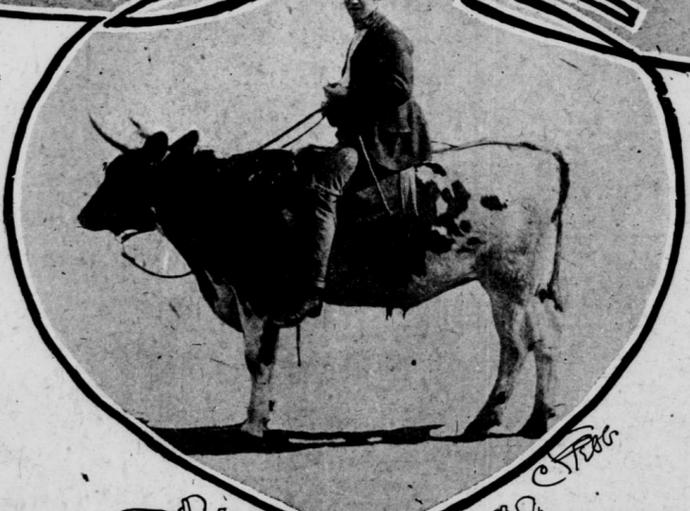
As Eddie, the champion, dashed away down the slope with Brandy at full speed two San Francisco vaqueros on their little California horses rode to meet him. "Race!" they shouted. And with six forefeet on a line with the barn wall they started. Up the sandy road, "Hoopla!" they came, and little boys ran and



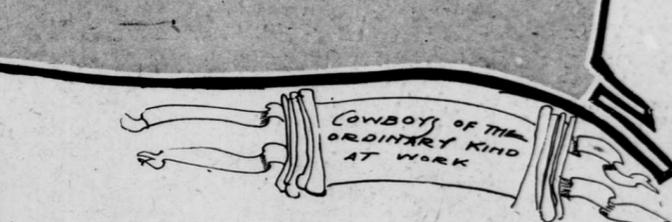
OFF FOR A QUIET TROT



THE RACE



A' GOOD A STEER A' EVER DEOTE CATTLE



COWBOYS OF THE ORDINARY KIND AT WORK

Yankee, combined with the hardihood and training of a Western horseman—set about breaking steers they might as well have understood in the first place that they were going to be broken.

Perhaps they did. Perhaps they merely thought to have as much fun as possible at Eddie's expense first, knowing that they must surrender in the end.

Silvershine was the first one he tried to ride. Silvershine was all animation from his white nose down to the tip of his flossy white tail. He looked surprised when a blanket and a surcingle were put upon him, and he made a remark about the bridle. However, Eddie was firmly seated on his back before he came to open rebellion.

They had started down the road that led past the door, and it looked for a while like smooth sailing. The cook came out to see and wave a congratulatory apron toward the two as they approached. Perhaps it was the apron that did it. Or perhaps a sudden realization of his wrongs overcame Silvershine, and he rose in protest. At any rate he rose. In front of the kitchen door he reared and he bucked,

he ducked and he kicked, and the cook's apron was waved now in panic that only added to Silvershine's excitement. The family came running from the house, and a cowboy pertaining to the ranch came breakneck to Eddie's rescue. The dust of the road was in a cloud about the steer, and through it could be caught only quick glimpses of the boy and the beast in chaos together. Into the midst of this somebody threw a lasso, with the result that nothing was caught and Eddie was enraged.

"I don't want none of your old ropes," they heard him shout through the dust. "I'm runnin' this business. You leave me alone."

The rescuers drew back to a respectful distance and left him alone. Somehow, nobody knows how, through all the plunging and lunging he kept upon the steer's back. Gradually the creature grew quiet as he tired, and finally stood stock still before the door, with Eddie sitting upright on his back and shouting triumphantly.

"Didn't need to use much rope around this steer, did you, Buster?"

"Too bad you wasted your prayers on me, Martha."

"Who was it that said I'd be picked up in twenty-nine pieces? Seems like I'm pretty much one piece now."

Then he dismounted and hitched Silvershine, who accepted the hitching meekly and stood breathing long, resigned sighs, tokens of weariness and surrender. Somebody tried to hug Eddie, but he is not particularly fond of being hugged. Women are so queer.

So it came to pass that Silvershine was broken to the bridle, the surcingle, the blanket and the rider. In course of time he came to be as gentle a steer as one need ask, and he and Eddie were lifelong chums. This, alas, meant only too short a time, for Silvershine died of an injury while he was yet in his prime.

Here lies the body of Silvershine, because he is dead is why I reprove. Was Martha's suggestion, but Eddie composed and preferred:

Poor old Silvershine was game. I wish more people were the same.

Somehow Eddie didn't care to ride anything but horses for a while after his steer was gone, but at last he came to recognize other steers, and he has now

screamed and little dogs ran and barked, and the race was on.

When the goal at the upper barn was reached Brandy was his own length ahead.

In Frankfurt, Germany, official tests have been made of fireproof stairs for apartment houses. Fires fed with a material which gave forth an intense heat were built in the yard of one of the Fire Department houses and over these fires the stairs were placed. The longest resistance was shown by the stairs which had a covering of plaster and it was found that they could be used for twenty-five minutes after the fire was started. The stairs covered with fireproof paint were made of so many different materials and of such varying strength that no definite results could be arrived at, but they were serviceable after five or ten minutes in the heat. Of the stairs of wood and not covered with fireproof paint those of oak withstood the fire the longest.

## How the Royalty of the World Is Guarded by the Police

EUROPEAN royalty may pick and choose society to a certain extent, but the private police, like the poor, rulers have always with them. Some sovereigns object strenuously to the surveillance. A few manage to escape it. Leopold II of Belgium occasionally accomplishes that feat by making his movements so sudden and unexpected that his vigilant protectors do not know he is going until he has gone. He frequently scurries off to his shooting box in the Ardennes quite alone, and often drives through his capital in a closed carriage unattended; but his police are conscientious when they have the chance. At all public appearances he is guarded by a large squad of plain-clothes men, and at night an armed and trusty valet locks the monarch in his room and sleeps in the anteroom, whose door is also locked and guarded. The royal family of Denmark sets aside

private police, as it disregards many other irksome royal traditions, and, save on unusual occasions, goes about unattended and simply. But the members of the family who have become sovereigns of other countries do not live so humbly. The Dowager Czarina, who was a Princess of Denmark, stepped into an atmosphere of private police. The Czar of Russia is guarded more strictly than any other monarch of Europe save Abdul Hamid, the Sultan. Nicholas II chafes against the attendance but recognizes the necessity, and wherever he moves he is surrounded by secret guards as well as openly authorized attendants. If he walks in the forest at Peterhof he cannot flatter himself that he is alone, for posted behind trees, leaning over bridges, studying fountains, are inconspicuous men, absorbingly interested in the landscape. When he travels or rides or drives the same precautions are ob-

served. In his palace his every movement is watched, his every step followed. The story is told that on his last visit to Queen Victoria at Balmoral the Czar mistook the path in the forest and was obliged to ask his way from a peasant whom he met. The man answered him in Russian. He was one of the Czar's own private detectives. William of Germany until recently was the only living ruler in Europe upon whose life no attempt had been made. Ill-natured critics say that he didn't enjoy the distinction—that, in fact, he deeply resented it, and that the recent assault was balm to his soul. Dramatic danger a sensational monarch may endure, but to be ignored! In spite of his apparent immunity, the German Emperor has always been surrounded by elaborate precautions. His private police service is large and efficient, and his famous six-foot bodyguard,

looking tremendously spectacular in their eighteenth century hats and coats, are always in evidence in the royal antechamber. When the Emperor travels he causes almost as much of a stir as the Czar. Every mile of the railroad, every bridge, tunnel and rail is examined. Special guards are stationed along the route and the train is well guarded. It is only fair to say that the Emperor himself seems altogether fearless, and makes so many sudden moves without reference to safeguards that his secret police are chronically out of breath. The English King has a bodyguard corresponding to the German bodyguard; but the Honorable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms and the Yeomen of the Guard do not work for their salaries as their German prototypes do. They are for ornamental purposes only, and never are on duty except at state functions. The real work of looking after English royalty is in the hands of Superintendent Fraser and his private police. The late

Queen was always guarded in public, but less apprehension was felt about her than about the Prince of Wales, whose democratic fashion of appearing here, there, and everywhere, made him an easy mark for attack and kept his police attendants busy. Superintendent Winkler, who had special charge of the Prince's person, was not allowed to accompany him to Hamburg last year, and insists that if that exception had not been made Slipido's attack would never have come off. The Duke of York has his own private police, much to his disgust, and his children are constantly guarded, even in their play, by detectives. Humbert of Italy was one of the monarchs who most cordantly detested the necessity of police attendance and avoided it whenever that was possible. He insisted upon driving about even the most squallid parts of Rome and Naples in an open carriage with only one attendant and would not listen to the constant protests against his reckless exposure of his life. His police service was carefully organized and guarded him in spite of his objec-

tions. Whenever one met the handsome King driving in his dashing fashion one was sure to meet at a discreet distance behind the royal carriage an inconspicuous cab in hot pursuit, and in the cab was the Queen, dark face of the head of the secret police. In the palace the King had a special guard, a gigantic Piedmontese, who slept at his door and was always near him. The present King of Italy is much more strictly guarded than Humbert was, but the Dowager Queen Margherita goes wherever she chooses in carriage or on foot, and scorns all idea of surveillance. The Empress Elizabeth of Austria was as democratic in her actions as Queen Margherita and always objected to public attendance, which was, nevertheless, imposed. The Austrian Emperor, whose life has not been attacked since he was 12, is carefully guarded, and the late Empress was always intensely anxious in regard to his safety, though absolutely unconcerned about herself. The personal defense of the royal fam-

ily of Spain is entrusted to a bodyguard of men from Espinosa, this town he enjoyed the honor for hundreds of years. These men of Espinosa accompany the members of the royal family. One of them sleeps at the door of each royal bedchamber and the rest of the guard in noiseless slippers pace the halls of the palace. But the hardest worked police in the world is the private force of the Sultan Abdul Hamid. A Frenchman, M. Bonnin, is at the head of the service, and if ever a policeman earned his wages, he does. The Sultan has a firm and fixed belief that he is to die a violent death; and this cheerful certainty he contemplates with anything but Oriental calm. He refuses to move without a small army to protect him. When he goes to the Great Mosque 20,000 soldiers are turned out to guard the route and a troop of picked men surrounds the carriage closely. In his palace he has fifty bedrooms, all with iron doors and complicated locks, and he circulates around them like an Arabian Nights' monarch of guilty conscience.—New York Sun.