

THE ROUND-UP HAS BEGUN

FASCINATING SEASON ON AMONG THE COWBOYS.

RANGE HUNDREDS OF MILES

A Steer May be Turned Loose at the Ranch House for an Hour and Not be Found Again for Eight Long Years—What "Beef Round-up" is.

The annual "beef round-up" on the western range, out northwest of Norfolk, in the cattle country of western Nebraska and southern South Dakota, will soon begin and ranchmen and cowboys in that region have been getting in readiness for the work. Following the round-up hundreds of trains of sleek cattle will be rushed off the prairie and through Norfolk into South Omaha and Chicago livestock markets to do their share toward supplying the beef demand of the world's dinner table.

Just now in the western hills, ranchmen are making hay with all their energy and as soon as this work is finished the "beef round-up" will begin.

Cattle Wander Far.

There are two round-ups each year, one in the spring and one in the fall. All the year around cattle on the western range are permitted to run at large over the unfenced prairies, seeking a living off the grass that grows wild. Oftentimes these animals, wandering from the ranch house which is their home, will get as far as 100 miles or more away from their headquarters. They are not in any way kept track of during the year and no attempt is made to herd them, since that is too expensive and results in poor progress on the part of the cattle in putting meat on their ribs. A herded cow gathers much less beef than one which is allowed to roam the hills and valleys unguarded and unmolested.

Loose an Hour, Gone Eight Years.

Now and again ranchmen will turn a herd of cattle loose for an hour or so, near the ranch house, not to find them again for seven or eight years. The range country is rolling and the big round hills sweep on and on for miles and miles, like so many tall waves in the ocean's depths, thus affording ideal protection to the cattle unwittingly hiding from the cowpunchers. And so vast and endless are those prairies that the "critter" very frequently gets away from sight of the cowpunchers for a long period of years without ever being found. Some day, though, that animal will be picked up in a round-up. There is no chance of permanently being lost, with all the round-ups that occur, year after year.

Pick Out the Beeves.

The fall round-ups which will soon begin is to pick up and sift out the beeves. Animals which have not put on enough flesh to make them good for the market sales, will be turned loose again to graze for another twelve-month. Those found fat enough will be driven to the nearest railroad station, loaded into cattle cars and run through on passenger-train speed to the Chicago markets. Jack Whipple, one of the old time pioneer ranchmen on the Rosebud reservation, whose ranch house nestles just beneath a hill west of the Cut Meat Issue station, will this fall ship about 2,000 head to market. At \$50.00 per head, his shipments will net him \$100,000. Jack Whipple's cattle are known by the brand "O. S. O." on the right side, and "S. O. S." on the left. And the 2,000 head which will be shipped are but a fraction of those that will be turned back to keep on eating grass off the verdant hills.

Much Land for Whipple.

Jack Whipple, by the way, has more ways than one of economizing in the ranching business. Just at present he has sixteen teams at work, each team half a day at a time, making hay. A mountain of hay cut off the low streaks surrounding the hills, stands out in the barnyard to tell the story of accomplishment. Of the eight men running the hay mowers and rakes, three are employees. Four of them are sons of Jack Whipple and his squaw-wife. The other is Jack, himself. The Whipple ranch gains not alone the work of these four half-breed Indian boys, but six quarter sections of fine land as well. There's one for Mrs. Jack Whipple by virtue of her untainted red blood. There's another for Jack Whipple, her white husband. And there are four more for the four sons, to say nothing of the quarter sections which will be allotted to each ensuing child or grandchild.

The Branding Process.

The new born cattle of the year are gathered in as soon as the snow is off the ground, that their rancher's ownership trademark may be stamped upon them. Nature has decreed that the calf will remain at its mother's side and an unwritten law of the plainmen therefore puts the same brand upon a calf as is found upon the old cow that it follows. An unbranded maverick, roving the prairies, is the property of the man who finds and marks it with his sizzling iron, so that it behooves each ranchman to collect as nearly all of his own calves for each spring's branding process as the deceptive hills will permit.

These four cowboy sons of Jack Whipple, to the saddle born, will take part in the approaching beef round-up over the range. Expert with the lasso and horsemen of the first rank, this round-up for them will be unadulterated sport. It is their life.

Cowboys Riding Range.

In squads the cowboys ride out over the plains, up the hillside and down

into the "draws" searching out the beeves. Around a temporary camp for the day all animals bearing their rancher's brand, found within a radius of say ten miles will be rounded up into a herd. This herd, constantly growing until the whole range has been covered, is watched at all hours of the day and night by a rider who circles round and round to prevent escapes. At night the cowboys take turn about in encircling the herd, the riding tricks being two hours long.

Animals found wearing brands of other ranches within a hundred miles or so are headed toward their own herds or are herded incidentally by neighbor cowboy squads until the owner's ranch is reached. This is a matter of accommodation common among all plainmen and all ranchmen.

It is with hot irons that live stock are branded. There will be perhaps a half dozen "big" ranchmen over a tract of several million acres of range land. Each has his distinctive brand. The animal to be branded is lassoed and driven into a small pen. The bars are closed up tightly on all sides so that there is no room in which to move about. This pen is called "the squeeze." Thus pinioned within the stockade, a hot iron is pressed against the animal's flank and the desired marks seared into the flesh for all time to come. For some days the branded beast is feverish, with high temperature, but the illness does not last long. Acids have been hunted the world over to produce this permanent scar in the flesh but up until now no method save the hot iron has been discovered which will produce a mark that time can not obliterate.

Indians Enjoy Branding.

The young Indians, inheriting just enough cruelty to enjoy the suffering of dumb brutes, take to the branding process like ducks to water and here, for one place, they will work. Beginning at 3 in the morning, they will work like fighters on a man-of-war far into the afternoon, stamping the cattle at the rate of seventy or eighty an hour.

But this frontier ranch life is passing away. The big ranch of thousands of acres is making way before the incoming settlers and the vast and almost limitless plains are being sliced up into smaller and smaller ranches. "It will only be five years before we ranchmen will be driven away," said Jack Whipple to a News man who, with Sam Reynolds and A. H. Kiesau recently made a 200-mile drive over the Rosebud. "Inevitably this country is going to be farmed."

BAIN HAS YELLOW FEVER

NORFOLK CONDUCTOR CONTRACTS THE DISEASE.

IS SICK IN THE CANAL ZONE

Conductor Bain, Who Left the Northwestern Here to Work on the Government Railroad in Panama, Has Been Transferred to Island for Care.

Junction friends regret to hear that Conductor Bain, who left here for Panama, is suffering quite seriously with yellow fever in the canal zone. He has been removed to some island in the hopes of recovering his health. The news has been received by Mrs. Bain.

TOO HOT FOR POLITICS.

United States Senator Dolliver of Iowa Had Lunch in Norfolk.

"It's too hot for politics," said United States Senator J. P. Dolliver of Iowa, stopping in Norfolk for lunch Saturday noon. "Now you know I wouldn't want people to believe that I was thinking and, worse yet, talking politics this hot weather. The public has done nothing to deserve it."

But the Iowa statesman, who had just returned from a Friday evening lecture before the Knox county teachers' institute, was willing to talk institute and to praise the rather unique institute that County Superintendent P. C. Marshall held during the week. "I had a pleasant visit to Niobrara and back," said the Iowa senator, "for I was accompanied by my Norfolk friend, John R. Hays. Mr. Hays in addition to being one of the best men in the world is an old Iowa neighbor of mine and the opportunity of my north Nebraska visit gave me another chance to meet Mr. Hays."

"The teachers' institute at Niobrara was carried out on an unusual scale. There were about 158 teachers registered and the attendance of others than teachers was large. In fact we all voted Mr. Marshall to be the best county superintendent in the west."

In addition to Senator Dolliver A. L. Bixby, poet-philosopher of the Lincoln State Journal appeared on the institute program, which combined chautauqua and institute features.

Spencer School Starts.

Spencer, Neb., Sept. 3.—Special to The News: The Spencer public schools opened here yesterday with the following corps of teachers: Superintendent, Rachel Fairchild; high school principal, Bernice Van Gordon; assistant principal, Jennie Ritchie; grammar, Marguerite Dixon; intermediate, Mary Dennis; first primary, Katherine Linton. The outlook for a very successful school year could not be brighter. With the addition of the normal training provided for by the new law, and the ample equipment being installed into the magnificent new \$20,000 school building, Spencer will offer exceptional advantages.

TRADE PROMOTERS WON

\$45 GOES INTO THEIR TREASURY AS RESULT.

IT WAS DRAMATIC BALL GAME

Eleven Men Were Hit by Pitched Balls. Hazen and Lederer Tried to Occupy the Same Base—Nicola Made a Circus Hand Spring.

It's forty-five dollars into the treasury of the Norfolk Trade Promoters association. It's that much of good ringing coin added to the coffers of the association that is to boost for Norfolk trade, that much added as a result of Friday's big amateur ball game at the driving park. It's a glorious victory shaped along the line of the hopes of the trade boosters and the fears of the lawyer, real estate and insurance combination. It was an eight to five victory.

Sturgeon's White Sox gathered up the game in the third inning, lost their hold on it in the seventh but reached a safe haven in the eighth. It was a game with dramatic features for enthusiasm. In the seventh Mapes' "Own" tied the score, in the eighth the trade men planned their mortgage on the gate receipts.

And there were dramatic plays a plenty. Hazen and Lederer hugging the same base in one wild moment of perplexity. Will Hall carried to the ground by a sensational catch that clinched the "cash," a circus hand spring by Nicola for a fancy pickup of a fast grounder. It was a wild, delirious sort of a game, a joyous, happy sort of a game where earned runs went to the bad and men scored on three strikes, a game where every man was a hero save the umpire, who alone risked his life for the good cause which might be either the library or the trade promoters' association treasury.

Here is the summary of the game:

Mapes' "Own":	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Burt Mapes, c	ss	.6	1	0	3	0
L. Nicola, p		.5	1	1	2	0
O. W. Dolling, lb		.5	1	3	1	2
J. S. Mathewson, 2b		.5	0	0	0	1
W. Powers, ss		.5	1	3	0	2
C. Anderson, 3b		.4	0	0	4	1
L. Lederer, lf		.4	0	1	0	0
B. E. Hoffmaster, cf		.4	0	0	1	0
A. O. Hazen, rf		.4	1	0	0	0

	42	5	6	24	6	7
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T. P. A. White Sox	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
F. Ware, ss		.5	1	1	0	2
J. C. Larkin, c		.5	1	5	1	2
G. H. Burton, lb		.5	1	0	1	0
F. H. Beels, 2b		.4	1	1	1	0
W. Hall, 3b		.4	0	2	1	0
W. P. Logan, lf		.4	0	4	0	0
J. D. Sturgeon, cf		.4	0	0	0	0
A. H. Winder, p		.4	2	1	3	0
W. R. Hoffman, rf		.3	0	0	0	0
E. B. Kauffman, rf		.1	1	0	0	0

	40	8	4	27	8	4
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Summary of the game: Struck out by Nicola 11, by Winder 14; passed balls, by Nicola 3, by Winder 3; hit by pitched ball, by Nicola 5, by Winder 6; earned runs, White Sox 2; two-base hits, Ware, Beels; stolen bases, Nicola, Dolling, Winder; double plays, Mapes to Dolling to Anderson, Winder to Beels, Umpire, W. J. Stadelman. Score keeper, Sam Erskine.

The score: Mapes' Own.....1 0 0 1 0 0 3 0—5 White Sox.....2 0 2 0 1 0 3x—8

Story of the Game.

Headed by the Norfolk band, followed by Al Johnson, official mascot and hoodoo, by W. J. Stadelman, official umpire, by the lawyers et al. in blue overalls and black and lavender stockings, and by the trade boosters in white stockings, the afternoon was opened by a formal parade up and down Norfolk avenue. At the diamond the players posed for a photograph.

Captain Mapes, first to the bat, was chopped down. Nicola was more fortunate. Hit by the pitcher, he saw first and made home on a wild throw over third. The first score was registered amid applause. "Pills" Ware smashed out a double and his score was put down along with "Tomstone" Larkins' run for the traders.

It was in the second that Nicola turned a handspring to spoil a hit for Hoffman. And it was in the third inning that Winder smashed Nicola's bat with the ball, the bat whirling from Nicola's hands.

In the third after Burt Mapes had tried to carry an appeal from the umpire's decision, Beels scored Burton on a two-bagger and trotted in himself on an error.

There were two brilliant flashes in the fourth, once when Hazen and Lederer both held second base and again when they joined company on third with disastrous results.

Professional spirits revived in the sixth when the White Sox were blocked by a pretty double play from Mapes to Dolling on first and to Anderson on home, the play catching "Edison" Sturgeon making for first and killing Logan on home. And then when the next inning came in the lawyer tide rolled upward. Hazen, Mapes and Dolling scored and though Hall fell over in a sensational catch that blocked the march, the score was tied and sealed with cheers. Dolling made a fast slide home which Powers tried to duplicate but struck the ground far from the haven and was stranded in the open field.

But the trade promoters needed the money and they nailed the coin in the eighth, Logan, Winder and Kauffman sailing into home ports.

And so it was a great game. And along the avenue some are smiling and

some are cheerless but all are stiff. And the list of injured from sudden contacts with the balls is considerable, the pitchers making eleven "hits" to the batters ten. Those who were struck by pitched balls were: Burt Mapes, twice; Lyle Nicola, once; J. S. Mathewson, once; Will Powers, once; Arthur Hazen, once; Jack Larkins, once; W. P. Logan, once; A. H. Winder, twice; E. B. Kauffman, once.

But W. J. Stadelman, who dared to umpire an amateur ball game, is still alive and unscratched, due to the fortunate fact that at no time during the game were more than half the players trying to mob him. Stock in the Norfolk long distance telephone company fell off thirty points as the game progressed. "Now," said Beels, "just look at the hideous sight of those fellows beefing and I not mentioning or hinting at that outrage that robbed me of that man on second when he was 'out' to everything but the umpire's nefarious decision."

Winder and Nicola pitched swift balls and the wire back-stop was given the catching honors of the afternoon.

HE SAW HIGGINS HANGED

FRANK CUMMINS, A NORFOLK DRUMMER, WITNESS.

FOLLOWED MOB IN CORNFIELD

A Passenger on the Train That Carried Higgins to His Doom, Cummins Got Off the Rear End and Followed to the Grossest Scene.

Frank Cummins, a Norfolk commercial traveler, saw Loris R. Higgins hanged from the Logan creek bridge near Bancroft last Monday.

Mr. Cummins was on the train that carried Higgins to his doom. When the mob dragged Higgins off the train, with a rope about his neck, the passengers were commanded to stand back. But after the mob had gone, and before the train started, Cummins got off the rear end of the train and made for a cornfield. Cutting across the cornfields, he walked to within fifty feet of the bridge and, concealed by the tall cornstalks, stood close by when the double murderer swung through space to his noose death.

Saw Higgins Drop, Rope Jerk.

Mr. Cummins saw the mob drag the doomed murderer from a dray, his feet shackled and a rope around his neck. The end of the rope was tied to the tallest beam of the bridge and Higgins was swung off.

His frame dropped seven or eight feet. Then he came to the end of the rope, there was a sudden jerk, and the man was dead.

A dozen shots were fired at the body after that.

After witnessing the gruesome spectacle, Cummins walked back to town. "While I don't believe in mob law," said Mr. Cummins, "that fellow got what he deserved. I thought I'd see that fellow hanged."

The serious condition of the Copley girl, whom Higgins mistreated, added to the bitter feeling at Bancroft.

A MYSTERIOUS STRANGER

MAKES BIG DEPOSITS IN NORTH NEBRASKA BANKS.

GAVE SEVERAL STRANGE NAMES

Beginning at Tilden, This Queer Individual Worked West Through Neligh, Clearwater, Ewing and O'Neill, Making \$1,000 Deposits for a Year.

Neligh, Neb., Sept. 3.—Special to The News: For the past week or two the banks in this section of the state have had a novel experience with a quiet appearing stranger.

He would present himself at a bank, stating that he desired to make a deposit, and counting out \$1,000 take a certificate of deposit for the amount, making it payable one year from date.

It is known that he commenced operations as far east as Tilden, and presumably other points. He favored all the banks he visited with like amounts, and the same is true of the Atlas and Neligh National of this city, and other points heard from west, including Clearwater, Ewing and O'Neill. How much farther his trip extended is unknown.

At Ewing he made his deposit with two \$500 bills, while at the other towns the money was invariably in bills of \$100 denomination, and perfectly new. What seems to be the most peculiar feature of the transaction was at the various banks the stranger gave different names.

After completing his business he would depart without making any statement whatever about himself, and giving no clue to his real identity.

Spencer Ready For Fair.

Spencer, Neb., Sept. 3.—Special to The News: The fair to be held here next week promises to be a success. The entry of stock is very large.

Left Town.

Verdigris, Neb., Sept. 3.—Special to The News: Mrs. Frank Bicek left home Sunday night and has not returned. It is said that she left a note and also that she took her own valuables and papers with her. Mrs. Bicek conducted a millinery store here. The family has always stood well in the community.

GROSS CROWD AT PIERCE

THE ATTENDANCE FOR FRIDAY REACHED 3,000.

PERFECT WEATHER HAS COME

Plainview Won the Ball Game Over Creighton, Nine to Five—King Woodford, a Pierce Horse, Succeeded in Cleaning up the 2:27 Trot.

Pierce, Neb., Aug. 31.—Special to The News: The Norfolk News man who wished for better luck for Pierce yesterday and today got his wish and again demonstrated the value of The News. Yesterday and today were perfect, the track was fast and attendance 3,000.

Race results yesterday were:

2:20 trot or pace—Edith F. first; Miss Gund, second; Storm Cloud third. Best time 2:25.
2:27 trot—King Woodford first, Lady V second, White Wings third. Best time 2:31½.
2:25 trot or pace—Van S first, Shady O'Neill second, Billy Onward third, Harry Patten fourth. Best time 2:27. Ball game—Plainview 9, Creighton 5.

SATURDAY SIFTINGS.

N. W. Clover went to Omaha Saturday noon.

Roy Hutchins of Wayne was in Norfolk yesterday.

C. C. Marsh of Battle Creek is in Norfolk today.

George Hutchens of Plainview is in Norfolk today.

C. G. Whipple of Niobrara was in the city yesterday.

L. A. Fischer of Oakdale was in the city yesterday.

P. A. Clark of Spencer stopped in the city yesterday.

E. B. Girton was a Wayne visitor in Norfolk yesterday.

J. W. Long of Butte was a visitor in Norfolk yesterday.

W. S. Dickerson of Wayne was in the city yesterday.

N. S. Destrope of Norfolk spent yesterday in Norfolk.

Father Alberts arrived home Saturday noon from Neligh.

F. E. Morrow and family of Fullerton are in Norfolk today.

D. F. Masten and Otto Kamrath were up from Madison yesterday.

N. C. Abbott of Tekamah was in the city yesterday between trains.

F. L. Patrick of Dallas was in Norfolk for a few hours yesterday.

Miss Pauline Fechner of Stanton has returned home after a week's visit in the city.

E. M. Huntington made the round trip to Tilden and back today.

Arnold Pasewalk and Ernest Raasch went to Pierce to take in the races.

Miss Mamie Ward has succeeded Miss Georgia Austin as stenographer in the office of Dr. O. R. Meredith.

Miss Austin will attend the Wayne normal during the coming year.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Lightner of Lynch spent yesterday in Norfolk.

Miss Jennie Mills arrived home last evening from a visit in Sioux City.

Miss Glennie Shippee left Friday evening for her school near Tilden.

C. V. Reed of Fairfax was a South Dakota visitor in Norfolk yesterday.

Mrs. W. R. Hoffman arrived home yesterday from several weeks spent in Omaha.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Anthes returned Saturday noon from a trip to Omaha and St. Joseph.

Mike Christensen and John Peterson of Verdler were in Norfolk between trains yesterday.

Mrs. John Stuart and daughter, Miss Olga Stuart, of Omaha are in Norfolk on a visit with relatives.

Misses Mattie E. Patrick of Pawnee City and Florence Hoy of West Point were in Norfolk yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bush and daughter Madge of the Rosebud reservation are visiting with Mrs. Bush's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Long.

Misses Lillian Anderson of St. Paul and Ione C. Chappell of Brady were Norfolk visitors yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Rossing of Bode, Iowa, visited between trains with Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Huntington.

Misses Florence G. Judd of Dawson and Margaret Lambert of Fairbury were in Norfolk this morning.

Miss Lizzie Schram went to Pierce Saturday, the school near Pierce which she is to teach opening Tuesday.

Frank A. Peterson, candidate for the republican primary nomination for county treasurer, is up from Madison.

Miss Joela Sharp, niece of Mrs. E. M. Huntington, arrived last night from Douglas, Okla. She will attend school here.

Mrs. Frederick F. Teal and three children, after a visit with Mrs. G. A. Young, returned to Omaha yesterday afternoon.

Representative John V. Ellerman of Fairfax, S. D., was in Norfolk yesterday, returning from a visit to Hot Springs, S. D.

Father F. J. Guesen of Burke was in Norfolk yesterday on his way to Lead City. In Norfolk Father Guesen spent part of the day with John F. Flynn.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Morrow of Muncie, Ind., who are here visiting Mr. Morrow's father, J. S. Morrow, are on their way home from a trip to Colorado.

W. P. Logan leaves Monday for a short visit to Ponca and St. James. At St. James Mr. Logan will attend a meeting of the directors of the Farmers' state bank of which he is president.

Mrs. L. M. Ray, C. H. Ray and Ben E. Bierer of Oakdale were in Norfolk

Friday enroute on an automobile cross-country ride to Kansas. The party were making their trip south in a Rambler touring car.

John R. Hays went to Niobrara Friday noon to meet his friend, Senator Dolliver of Iowa who was on the program for an evening address Friday at the Knox county teachers' institute and chautauqua.

Miss Imo Huntington, who has been visiting with Miss Birdie Kuhl for several days, will leave for her home in Fremont Monday. Miss Floy Faucett entertained at a dinner party last evening for Miss Huntington. This evening Miss Birdie Kuhl will entertain for Miss Huntington. After the dinner she will take the guests out riding.

A week's camp of the Ray farm by the Elkhorn river was broken Saturday by a party of boys who have been enjoying a camping week with S. F. Erskine. The boys who have been with Mr. Erskine are Charles Durland, Lowell Erskine, Carl Johnson, Lloyd Pasewalk, Ralph Ludkart and Alex Bear. The rain the first of the week did not prevent a jolly camping week. The temperature got up to 92° in Norfolk yesterday.