

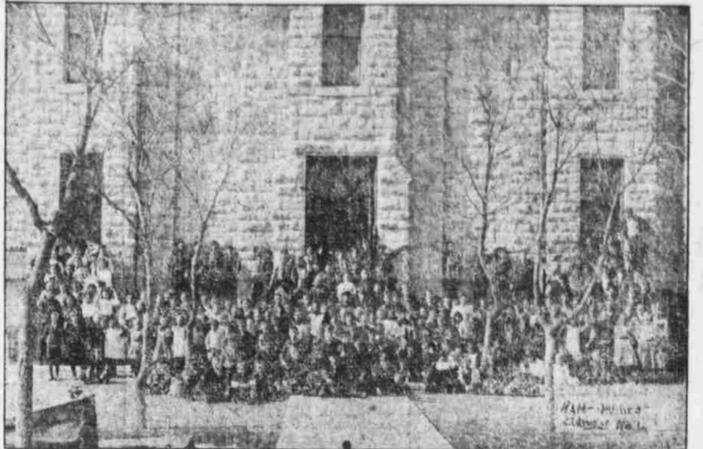
Cheyenne County a Section Where Stockgrower and Farmer Thrive



PUPILS OF THE LODGE POLE SCHOOL, CHEYENNE COUNTY.



SIDNEY HIGH SCHOOL FACULTY.



PUPILS OF THE SIDNEY SCHOOLS.

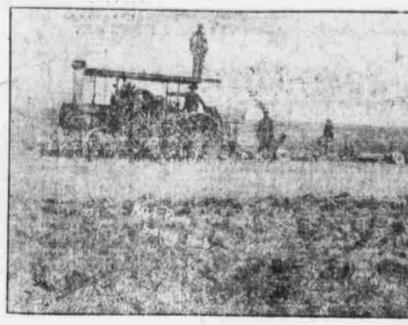
THIS home-making instinct is a well developed trait in Nebraska character. The pioneer of the great plains was the cattleman. In his aimless wandering when he reached Cheyenne county he called a halt. He wanted time to think and the problem before him demanded thought. Most great discoveries are made by accident. This trail drover was a good business man, and certainly no man in all the world ever knew the cow as did he. He could converse with a steer in his own language, and knew the most intimate thoughts of its heart at any hour in the day or night. He knew the cost of each item in his business. And yet this well-equipped business man for a long time did not see further than the end of his nose.

Some cowman—whose name was forgotten if ever known—got to the northern market too late and was obliged to winter a herd of cattle in a northern climate. He found by accident against his will that the buffalo grass, the bunch grass, the various other plains grasses, together with the sharp, cold winter, which forced the animal to put on a provision of tallow for its self-preservation, would cause a Texas steer merely to double in its gross weight.

The first drover who failed to sell his herd set down and wept; he found that, facing sudden ruin, he had found sudden wealth. Two years in the north had multiplied his holdings by four. His animals would weigh almost double, and they would bring almost twice the price by reason of their superior quality in beef. This was a great and remarkable discovery. It became the more interesting in that it took place about the time American railroads began to cross the western plains. This business of the trail drover then is act two of the drama of the Nebraska steer.

In 1868 occurred certain phenomena of interest to students. The corn-belt feeders from the Mississippi valley followed the railroad west. These farmers wanted cattle to feed. The railroads in these days were meek and lowly. They fought for this new business which came up out of the ground. The banks of the middle west got strictly into the game. They would back to any limit the reputable farmer who would go west and buy cows to ship to the corn-belt. Land in 1871 was bought freely in Texas at 25 cents per acre. A milch cow and calf at her side was worth a section of land in Texas. One could drive a cow north to market, but he could not drive a section of land.

That absurd creature, known differently as "homesteader," "stranger," "farmer" or "nester," began to persecute the soul of drovers, north and south. The government at this time bought much beef for the army and the Indians. Note now that they began to demand northern wintered beef. Note also that this range beef, doubly wintered in western Nebraska, began to compete with the corn-fed beef in the middle west. In 1876 Texas land jumped to the awful price of \$100 per section. Eight times to what it was two years earlier. But cows kept up their march along this dusty highway to the west. Bold men pushed into the cattle range



PLOWING BY STEAM POWER ON A CHEYENNE COUNTY FARM.

of Cheyenne county. The American people had formed the beef habit. By this time it had been fully demonstrated that Cheyenne county's cattle range had this faculty of doubling values. The industrious drover was no fool; he began to locate ranges for himself. The Spaniard was the original cattle ranchman in the west and he made progress from the start. You will hardly turn a corner in our dictionary in western Nebraska without running up against him. Yet it gives one a little thrill to find all across the plains country where they left their bones these unobliterated footprints of the pioneers. The live stock interests have undergone a marked change since the organization of Cheyenne county. With the thinning out of the larger ranches, the largely increasing acreages of alfalfa, the inevitable development of the dairying industry is not far off. The Nebraska steer is responsible for hundreds of prosperous homes in all part of Cheyenne county, but little winter feeding is done. The ranch house usually occupies some little valley on a clear stream, and it is an interesting sight and undoubtedly a reassuring sight to the ranchman to view the hundreds of cattle on their first great wave of the prairie—and beyond.

The cowboy of today does not live under the conditions that marked his life a generation ago. The old cattle trail from Oregon City to Ogallala and Sidney has been thoroughly obliterated. The railroads have superseded the trail, and what the railroads left undone the small ranchers have completed. But there is still plenty of work for a good cowboy, and there is no lack of romance in his work. Owing to the breaking up of the great herds, there has come an increased demand for men who know how to care for cattle. Saddle manufacturers are turning out more cowboy saddles today than in the days of the range kings, simply because there are more men in the cattle business and more herds. It is no longer a question of what society one will find in Sidney. Men and women are not far to seek in this thrifty city as gentle in manners, as refined in speech, as clean in life as can be found

anywhere. Life is a little more joyous and light-hearted, we think; there is a little of the frontier, of the picnic about it still, but that will take care of itself in time. The stern law of individual responsibility is in force here. They are busy people in Sidney today, but never too busy to take a look at the past. And if you care to accompany them into the country you will find some of the frontier life remaining, just as it existed years ago. The social atmosphere is characteristically western in its spirit of open hospitality and good fellowship, and is particularly noticeable to the stranger.

The early history of Sidney is the most peculiar of any city in the state of Nebraska. It belongs strictly to the wild and woolly west. The completion of the Union Pacific railroad in 1873 was the beginning of Sidney. The establishment of Fort Sidney soon after had but little tendency to improve the moral tone of society. It was a fair type of western border town, where a frontier element had full sway. Hotels would spring into existence in a day; a bank and an opera house would rise simultaneously, side by side; stores and outfitting establishments of every variety would line the main street, with their quaint signs and emblems of trade. Mechanics and artisans poured in from other parts of the state, and with them came the lawyer and the doctor, both great healing mediums with peculiar methods. They were a part of the rude civilization of frontier life, which paved the way for the gentler influences that follow; to mold the morals of the race that peopled the cities of the prairie. Every store in the city on the Sabbath contracted and carried

on more business than upon any other day of the week. The freighter, cowboy and the fur trader all gathered here, and to each and all the work of developing the west was both a duty and an advantage. The old cattle trail had disappeared forever. The cattle trailer and his herds have faded together, along the great lines of railroad plowing their lightning way through these once vast solitudes. All is life and activity, towns and cities have invaded their silent paths. Men who followed the faint trail of civilization have themselves labeled the great wide roll over their own foot prints and view with wonder its ever advancing ways. Schools, churches and happy homes have appeared to enlighten the multitude and mold to morals of the new born country. The Anglo-Saxon spirit of enterprise laid the hand of industry upon the prairie. The pioneers of the western plains came as a mighty army. They were soldiers of industry, drilled by labor and hardship, and went forth only to industrial conquests. The fruits of the pioneer ripen into the full measure of wealth and refinement, their names may not live in history, no monument of the everlasting hill will bear their fame, but they were the sturdy pioneers and subdued the prairie.

Previous to 1870 Cheyenne county was attached to Lincoln county for revenue and judicial purposes. The first regular election of the county was held in October, 1871, one year after its organization. The first school district was organized in Sidney in 1871. The first school was taught in the winter of 1871 and 1872 by Mrs. Irene Sherwood, at her residence. In 1882 Cheyenne county had 8,072 square miles,

GATHERING OF NEIGHBORS IN CHEYENNE COUNTY.

and but three school districts. At the present time the county has 1,194 square miles and seventy school districts. The first marriage of white persons in the county was that of Henry Neuman and Miss McMurry, who were married in September, 1868. The first newspaper established in the county was the Sidney Telegraph, the first number of which was issued in May, 1873, by L. J. Connell. The military post at Sidney was established in 1867, and during the following year Fort Sidney was established. The first large herd of cattle was brought into the county in 1869, when Edward Creighton started a stock ranch, bringing in a herd of several thousand head. Previous to this time the danger of the Indians was so great that cattle had to be personally guarded to prevent them from being stolen. In 1882 there were 300,000 head of cattle in Cheyenne county, but the county long since ceased to be strictly a cattle country, and diversified farming is now the order of the day. Good farm homes are seen in every direction, and in many places good and commodious barns are to be seen. Last year the farmers shipped out 14,118 head of cattle, besides 1,427 fat hogs, 1,569 head of horses and mules and 700 head of mutton sheep. Besides using grain enough in fattening the stock, these farmers shipped out 3,555 bushels of corn, 135,500 bushels of wheat, 6,000 bushels of oats, 3,000 bushels of barley and 55,500 bushels of rye, and it is stated by the county officers that there is more grain on hand, being held by the farmers, than at any time in the history of the county. The farmers of the county are making rapid progress along the dairy industry. At the present time these farmers have 3,700 acres seeded in alfalfa, and

from these farms last year they sold 42,000 pounds of butter and 42,000 gallons of cream. These farmers have on their farms at the present time over 5,000 milch cows, and at the present time are using 23 cream separators. Besides this they have 102,000 stock cattle on their farms. The poultry industry of this county is of no small importance. Last year the farmers sold 307,000 dozen of eggs and 20,000 pounds of dressed poultry.

Cheyenne county has a population of 6,500, with a valuation of \$8,438,328. The county is well supplied with railroads, as the main line of the Union Pacific passes through it from east to west, and the Denver and Black Hills line of the Burlington from north to south, making seventy-five miles of railroad, with five freight stations in the county.

Cheyenne is one of the leading counties of western Nebraska, in point of interest taken in public schools. It has forty-seven school buildings, with sixty-six teachers, with average of salary running from \$45 to \$61 per month. Miss Edith H. Morrison has lately been appointed by the county commissioners as superintendent of schools. There are about forty counties of the state having women for county superintendents.

Agriculture is attracting more attention today than at any other time in the history of the county. Homeseekers are coming in and building up new agriculture communities of considerable importance, and it must not be forgotten that they are bringing with them, order, social life, and the modern home. One of the surprising distinctions of the visitor to Cheyenne county, who is looking for newness and something western, is that he cannot find any of the new things described in "western" stories. There is energy, quickness of apprehension and action and character; there is also courtesy, good manners, and good clothes. This evolution in rural life has, of course, had the effect of enhancing land values and it can be truly said that the free delivery and the telephone have added hundreds of thousands of dollars to the value of agricultural lands in this county.

Sidney, the county seat of Cheyenne county, is a town of about 1,500 population, and a division station of the Union Pacific. It has all the modern improvements, as the accompanying cuts will show. Its two banks have a deposit of \$500,000 and the county is entirely out of debt and has money in its treasury.

Sidney, indeed, has many attractive features. Her wide streets, her elegant homes, her substantial business blocks and her abundant trees make her a beautiful city. Her schools and churches, so essential to good society and good government, command the appreciation of anyone who has ever enjoyed even a temporary residence here. Sidney is fortunate, too, in having high grade business and professional men, who stand together in support of every proposition looking to the welfare of the town. We know of no city in the state which has relatively fewer knickers. Everybody here seems to be pushing and helping their home town.

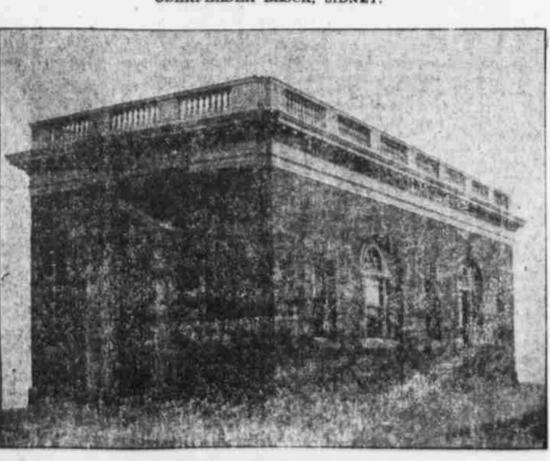
HIGH SCHOOL, SIDNEY, NEB.



GOOD EXAMPLE OF SIDNEY'S BUSINESS BLOCKS.



OBERFELDER BLOCK, SIDNEY.



AMERICAN BANK, SIDNEY.

Gossip and Stories About Noted People

Dickinson's Heroism.
HERE'S an incident in the life of M. Dickinson, the new secretary of war, which is a modesty will not permit him to discuss.

It happened some twelve or fifteen years ago, the year the American bar association met at Detroit, relates the Cincinnati Times-Star. The business session had come to a close, and that evening the party went up to the Detroit river in a launch for an excursion. They were late returning. It was pitch dark.

One of the members of the party was James F. Joy, then a man about 80 years of age, one of the prominent and distinguished men of Detroit, president of the Michigan Central railroad, and otherwise identified with the best commercial, social and political interests of his state. He died some years ago. On the evening in question, Mr. Joy started to leave the boat off the gangplank. The darkness deceived him, and what he supposed was the wharf was one of the shadows cast athwart the water. He stepped from the boat out into space. There was a splash, a muffled scream, then silence.

Dickinson, who is now secretary of war, was directly behind Joy. He did not hesitate an instant. There was no time to pull off a coat or kick off shoes. It was a case of instant action, or no action whatever. An expert swimmer, a man of daring and judgment, Dickinson required no preparation. He plunged into the darkness and the waters below to save a life if to save it were possible. For a moment the waters closed over him, then he came to the surface, treading water, and looking about. Within a few seconds he spied Joy, who was supported by the great coat he wore, ballooning about him. The octogenarian was growing feebly, and help came in time. Dickinson seized the cape of the coat that enveloped Joy and held him above water. The greatest danger that threatened now was that he might be crushed between the wharf and the boat. In the meantime the excitement of the situation had communicated itself to the other members of the party, and the engineer was warned in the nick of time. Dickinson's son, then a boy, now a man engaged in business in Seattle, was the first to render practical assistance. He caught up a coil of rope and threw one end over. His father grasped it, the boat's searchlight having been turned on to aid him in his work of rescue, and gave it to Joy, who was yet able to cling to it and help in some slight measure those who then pulled him out of the water. Dickinson kept himself above water until Joy had been rescued and his own turn came. They, his wet clothes sticking to him and the water running from them, he, too, was pulled aboard. He was hurried into the cabin. The first man to enter it was William Howard Taft, one of the members of the bar as-

sociation. He didn't care how wet Dickinson was. He just threw both arms around him and hugged him in the exuberance of his joy and admiration.

"That was a splendid thing you did tonight, old man," he shouted.

The next day everybody made a hero of Dickinson. The whole town wanted to tell him what it thought of him. But Dickinson couldn't stand it. It was entirely too much for him. He just took a train and sneaked away.

Recently I called on Secretary Dickinson and charged him with the act of heroism in question. He didn't want to talk about it. He just laughed.

"If you want to know what really happened," he said, "ask President Taft. He was there."

Roosevelt and Blaine.
"Former President Roosevelt's whole public career has shown a startling independence of thought and action," remarked Arnold C. Scheer, former auditor of West Virginia, quoted by the Washington Post.

"To me it has been one of the most interesting in this generation. My first knowledge of Mr. Roosevelt was in the republican national convention in Chicago in 1884, when James G. Blaine was nominated. I was a delegate to the convention from West Virginia, and the New York delegation was seated not far away from me. Mr. Roosevelt, then a member of the New York assembly, was chairman of the delegation, if my memory is correct. The New Yorkers were supposed to favor Blaine's nomination, but Mr. Roosevelt was an ardent supporter of Senator Edmunds of Vermont. He then was but twenty-six years old, but he took a leading part in the convention. That was the convention which confirmed the action of a previous convention abrogating the unit rule.

"Former Senator Sabine, who was chairman of the national committee, sought to control the convention by voting the state delegations as a unit, and after he arose and rapped for order he announced that inasmuch as the chairman of the various delegations had voted for General Powell Clayton as temporary chairman, he would declare General Clayton elected.

"Mr. Roosevelt was quickly on his feet and vigorously denounced the action of Chairman Sabine, saying that the unit rule had been forever abrogated in republican conventions. He thereupon placed in nomination John R. Lynch of Mississippi.

"Mr. Roosevelt and they won their point. Young Roosevelt did all he could to bring about the nomination of Senator Edmunds, but when the late editor Gorman, the confident of Roscoe Conkling, appeared among the Blaine supporters it was evident that Blaine would win.

"When the convention nominated him, Mr. Roosevelt walked out of the convention hall and declared that he would bolt the ticket. He went back to New York and then hid himself o his ranch in the Dakotas. He did not bolt the republican ticket, but he did not support it. Neither did George William Curtis."

Candid Tribute to Booth.
Edwin Booth used to tell the story of the most candid tribute he ever received:

"We opened our engagement in Atlanta, Ga., with 'Othello,' said Mr. Booth, 'and I played Othello. After the performance my friend, Mr. Malone, and I went to the Kimball house for some refreshment. The long bar was so crowded that we had to go around the corner of it before we could find a vacant space. While we were waiting to be served we couldn't help hearing the conversation of two fine looking old boys, splendid old fellows with soft hats, flowing mustaches and chin tufts, black string ties and all the other paraphernalia.

"I didn't see you at the theater this evening, Cunnel," said one.

"No," replied the other, "I didn't buy seats until this mornin', and the best we could get were six rows back in the balcony. I presume, sah, you were in the orchestra."

"Yes, Cunnel, I was in the orchestra," said the first man, 'Madame and the girls were with me. We all agreed that we nevah attended a mo' thrillin' play. The company was good, too; excellent company. And do you know, Cunnel, in my opinion that damned nigger did about as well as any of 'em!'"

How a Lawyer Lost a Fee.
According to Texas old timers, the late Colonel Bob Taylor of Bonham once met a woman in the road as he was riding on horseback to hold court in Delta county, he being then district judge. The woman had a jug of water and the judge was thirsty, relates the Dallas Times.

Being a man with a cheery word for everyone, the colonel stopped her.

"My dear madam," he said, smiling, "if you will give me a drink of cool water from your jug, I will see that a divorce from your husband I will see that it costs you nothing."

"Are you a lawyer?" inquired the woman, handing him the jug.

The colonel explained that he was and, waving a farewell, departed, leaving the woman gazing after him.

The very next morning the woman showed up in the court room and asked for him. She explained that she wanted a divorce. She had been separated from her husband for a long while and the colonel had put an idea into her head.

The colonel was game, however. He procured a lawyer at his own expense and in due course of law the woman was given a divorce, and Colonel Taylor would tell the joke on himself often.