



The Roundup

(By Isabel Worrell-Ball.)

"The June round-up is about over, and I would have liked mightily well to take a hand in it, but I couldn't get away."

It was an Eastern lord of high finance who spoke. "I believe that a month on the range would make a new man of me," he added with a sigh, as he turned back to his desk, and gazed longingly at a great painting above his head, the central figure of which was a bucking broncho, surrounded by a lot of howling cowboys, with a horsehead here in the background and the wonderful Western sky in the distance.

country of the cow-puncher, the coyote and the cattle, which have been picturesque features in the landscape of literature for the last 40 years. Life on the range is not a perpetual picnic by any means, but it has its fascinations, exactly as any other kind of a wild life has, and the financier who has ridden in many a round-up will still under the spell when he longed to leave the "bucks" in Wall Street for a bout with another kind of an animal on the range, and one whom he felt that he could conquer.

What a Round-up Is.

What is a "round-up," and why in June? These are questions not to be answered in a few words. The processes of a general round-up involve a tremendous expenditure of labor, time and money. It usually begins in May and runs to the end of June, and again in the Fall, and the purpose in view is the branding of the young calves, and the getting together of the "strays," which may have wandered off into unknown territory. The round-up is carried out on the same plan as a rabbit or wolf hunt—or drive—only on a larger scale, and is engaged in by all the stockmen whose cattle range on the round-up route, each paying pro rata his share of the expenses, as shown by the animals branded by them in the previous round-up.

SADDLING A BRONCHO.

The lord of high finance is not a "cow-boy," but a "cowman," and there is a vast deal of difference; one herds cattle and the other owns the herd. It is quite often the case that the one grows into the other, and so it was with the lord of high finance.

He made his "pile" by "cow punching" and lucky branding of "mavericks." And each Spring the old fever strikes him; he likes the rough riding, the range life and the care-free life; there is health in it, too.

The cattle ranges of the West are not as big as they used to be, but they are yet extensive enough to astonish a tenderfoot with their vastness. People who have never seen above 200 head of cattle in a bunch cannot comprehend the size of a herd of 2,000, and when it leaps up two ciphers they are indeed at sea. So it is with areas. When one has been accustomed to a 50-acre side-lift farm that has to be walked up to keep it from sliding into the river or the little gully called a "valley," one of Uncle Sam's generous 160-acre farms seems a kingdom, especially if it lies as level as a floor and as smooth and free of stumps and stones as the Axminster carpet in the blue room of the White House. Yet there are wheat fields in the West on lands as level as that which would survey 2,000 or 3,000 acres in extent, and alongside of them are rye, oats, corn and hay fields as large, and many that are larger, all belonging to one man. The meadows and "pastures" of an Eastern farmer would not make a corral for the average Western farmer, and when it comes to stock, the "Yankee" simply isn't in it at all.

The Largest Range in the World.

The "Northern Range," as it is called by Western stockmen, is now the most extensive in the United States, and the area has been somewhat curtailed in it is still the largest in the world. This area comprises the whole of Wyoming and Idaho, southern Montana, northern Utah and Colorado, and part of Nebraska and Dakota. This is a territory nearly twice as large as either France or Germany. Wyoming itself is larger than New York and Pennsylvania, and larger than all the New England States combined, with Indiana thrown in for good measure. It is, in fact, almost impossible to give any adequate idea of the extent of this vast grazing territory, over which roamed the "buffalo herds and the elk and the roebuck—the wolves and herds of riderless horses," when Evangeline, like a wraith, passed over them in her search for Gabriel. I think no finer picture of the region has ever been drawn than that made by Longfellow of this country, where—

...the mountains Lift thru perpetual snows their lofty and luminous summits. Down from their jagged deep ravines, where the gorge like a gateway Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's wagon, Westward the Oregon flows and the Walkaway and Owyhee, Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind River Mountains, Thru the Sweetwater Valley precipitate Leaps the Nebraska.

And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish Sierras, Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the desert, Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the ocean. Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful prairies, Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine.

This is the stockman's paradise, the frequent passes, with hogback foothills, deep gorges and canyons, with long stretches of alkali desert as bleak and as bare of vegetation as the back of your hand, with wide, level plateaus, ragged with sage brush and chaparral, along beds of dry rivers, often wanting water, yet a day's ride from a drop of the precious fluid, again almost swept away by the sudden rise of the treacherous mountain streams; in fact, you can set your imagination to work in any direction you like, so long as it carries you away from civilization and comfort, and your fancy, given good play, cannot lead you astray in depicting the wild rough life led by the cow-puncher on the great Northern Range.



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THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

"THE PEERLESS ONE" DOMINATES IT FROM LINCOLN, NEB.

Great Interest by the Pacific Coast People—Denver a Scene of Excitement, Enthusiasm of Political Manuvering—Bryan Planning the Campaign—The Radical West.

(Special to The National Tribune.)

Denver, July 7.—Great train loads of convention delegates and convention spectators were snorting, dust-covered, into the city this morning, and the great Democratic gathering was called to order and the work of naming a Presidential and Vice Presidential candidate was actually undertaken. The Pacific Coast and Inter-Mountain people have swarmed up over the extensive plateau and thru the defiles in multitudes. They hound into the city enthusiastically, and refresh themselves by their interest in everything that is transpiring. No National Convention has ever come so far West, and the Far Westers are making the most of it. Republicans, men and women—for the women vote at all elections in this State of Colorado, and in a number of States adjoining—have been coming quite as much as Democrats. They want to see the spectacle of a great political convention, even if they do not subscribe to the platform it adopts or support the candidate it nominates.

The traveling press generally, has been a short one for them, something like a day's journey, which is very short according to the standards of Western life. During the trip, however, they detrain has been a striking contrast to the Easterners, who come in worn from living on trains for two or three days, anxious to get out of their rattling rattles of car wheels and out of their eyes the panorama of prairies, stretching with monotonous similarity from sky line to sky line. The attitude of high Denver, according to a popular way of putting it, is a mile above sea level. The clear ozone seems to have an influence upon humans. All visitors step a little livelier and appear to have a zest a little more vivaciously than is their wont, and think a little more rapidly.

Shrewd Devises.

However, this does not promise to speed the deliberations of the convention. It usually begins in May and runs to the end of June, and again in the Fall, and the purpose in view is the branding of the young calves, and the getting together of the "strays," which may have wandered off into unknown territory. The round-up is carried out on the same plan as a rabbit or wolf hunt—or drive—only on a larger scale, and is engaged in by all the stockmen whose cattle range on the round-up route, each paying pro rata his share of the expenses, as shown by the animals branded by them in the previous round-up.

The size of each party depends upon the ground it has to cover. Sometimes there will be 20 or 30, and often 100, and in the whole business there will be over 1,000 men employed. Each cow-puncher has at least seven ponies in his "string," and if the country over which he is to ride is particularly rough he has nine. He rides at least three of these in a day, saving the best ones for night work. Of course, this makes quite a herd of ponies to care for, and somebody has to "ride herd" on them all the time, night and day. The creatures who do this are dubbed "hoss husters" or "wranglers." The work is as hard on the ponies as on the men.

A round-up begins at the south end of the domain to be ridden over, because it is a singular fact that cattle always drift south. They will sometimes drift north before a storm, but they do not stay there, and always feed toward the south. Then the fierce "norther" tend to drive them in a southerly direction, anyhow. They do not stray very wide of the range east or west, either.

All the same, William Jennings Bryan is bossing this convention. No one can tell what will happen before the convention adjourns, two or three days from now, but for the moment Bryan would make as thorough a job of it as did his party opponent in the White House. As things size up now "The Peerless One" is likely to let the Denver Convention get away from him. He will probably be able to prevent its adopting any plank he does not want or would have to approve of with reluctance, and probably, too, it will nominate the running mate he wants, wherein he will be more fortunate than Nominee Taft was.

Apparently, more of the delegates and leaders have been in recent conference with the Comptroller at Lincoln than got into personal touch with Theodore Roosevelt before the Chicago matter of geography has made it very convenient for the convention travelers to stop off at Lincoln en route. The railroad companies obligingly arranged it so that travelers could rest a night or a day at Lincoln without paying extra fare. This enabled them to journey to Fairview, Bryan's home, which is four miles from Lincoln, and receive the glad hand from the leader of the Democratic Party.

Lincoln, altho a Republican city, extended a cordial and most cordial welcome to all such comers. There have been citizens' committees to look after the comfort of travelers and even to carry baggage for a distance to Fairview. Whatever be the result of the November elections, there is no question about this Far Western section of the United States warming up to Bryan materially in recent times. They think better of him than ever before, and are showing much enthusiasm over the methodical way he is going about his campaign. It is believed to be a political principle that he believed in 12 years ago, when suddenly and unexpectedly elevated to the leadership of his party in a Presidential campaign. But he has matured. He is more tactful, more conciliatory of others who differ with him, more cautious, more thoughtful. He is completely imbued with the idea that he is going to win

the campaign, altho it should be said that that has been a Bryan characteristic in the previous campaigns, when he has been the candidate. In the old days he had no patience whatever with the bolting wing of his party. Now he is seeking by every honorable means he can devise to win all factions to his standard, and to induce them to vote the Democratic ticket in the Autumn.

Gold Democrats Welcome.

Gold Democrats were never more welcome at Fairview. They are taken into the inner councils, enjoy the Newcomer's confidence and find that he is willing to concede something to them, provided it does not run counter to certain well-defined political principles with which, as a public man, he has become identified.

How far Mr. Bryan is succeeding in this one can tell for the present. There will be some indication of his success in the direction of conciliation, by the time this convention has adjourned. If he succeeds fairly well in having a harmonious convention, and in getting a ticket and a platform that half way pleases the Conservative Democrats, radical the Presidential candidate and the platform may be, he will have made a long start toward giving Nominee Taft a terrific campaign. Such a convention and such an outcome will infuse new spirit into all factions of the party, that, "Warren" Henry Watterson, once said in an eloquent outburst, was never beaten when it was united.

The attitude and the conversation of the political groups, departing from Lincoln en route for Denver, have been truly one of the very interesting phases of the Democratic Convention period. These Democratic leaders, Conservatives and Radicals, have seen and heard enough in Lincoln en route, to keep them thinking and, on the whole, to keep them meditating about party matters in an amiable, generally a hopeful, frame of mind. These travelers talk over the train, in the smoking rooms of the trains during the 14 hours of travel from Lincoln to this city, and when they have arrived here they talk it over some more.

Bryan's Home.

Probably no country gentleman in the West lives more comfortably at home than does Mr. Bryan, altho some may live more sumptuously. His residence and its surroundings are very beautiful. His fields are well cultivated. Plenty abounds on every side. And then the place has been beautified in numerous ways, both by nature and by art. His residence, which is a large and is built of brick, an unusual thing for a country house in that section. The house is said to have cost \$25,000, and is furnished with furniture about \$5,000 more. The entire establishment has been greatly extended and improved since 1896, when Mr. Bryan's home was an exceedingly plain affair, and had no special features beyond what was found in many a farm house of that vicinity.

Quite as interesting to the travelers as their visits at Fairview and their conversations with Bryan have been their efforts to sound the sentiment of this Western country with reference to Presidential candidates. The Democrats are in a rampant state of feeling in respect to the stories which went out after the Chicago Convention, that the West was very radical this year, that it followed Roosevelt in preference to Bryan, that there was danger it might follow Bryan in preference to all others, now that Roosevelt's retirement to private life in eight months is a certainty. With the conservatism that prevails in the East, these stories were naturally accepted with reserve. They buoyed the Democrats up with hope, because it added one more possibility of victory to the West, including Bryan, to whom Bryan in preference to Taft, and the Eastern Republicans insist upon regarding as a conservative.

But, while the existence of the radical view is unquestioned, it is not clear yet that Mr. Bryan will be the more attractive figure. These Western people want the corporations prosecuted. They would like to have Bryan's Attorney General in charge of the work. Many of them are convinced that it would be more thoroughly done and with better results, by far, than have yet been realized. They want to see some magnates behind jail bars, they want the physical valuation of railroads determined, they want campaign contributions made public, and so on thru a radical list.

However, they have not abandoned the idea that Theodore Roosevelt's man, Nominee Taft, will do those things. They are a little suspicious about it, altho it is still possible for the Republican leaders to ally their suspicions and to keep them within the Republican Party till after election day. If President Roosevelt were to come out here and deliver a few speeches, provided there develops a serious disaffection, he could probably hold these Republicans in line. It is very unlikely that he will do that. He would hurt Taft's campaign in other quarters. Already protests are known to have been pouring in upon the President, altho he has been showing his hand too boldly, and the voters resent his choosing and electing a President for them.

The Potent "H."

If Gov. Cummins, of Iowa, or Senator LaFollette, of Wisconsin, had been nominated for Vice President with Taft, the West, apparently, would have been satisfied and would have given



Little Willie's Cheerful Certainty.

something like its normal Republican majority. But neither of these men was nominated, much to the disgust of the President and also Mr. Taft. But both Cummins and LaFollette will be in tremendous demand during this campaign. It is nothing unusual to hear men out here say that if anything can make a Republican majority in Kansas, Nebraska, Wisconsin and one or two other States, including Iowa, certain, it will be for Gov. Cummins and Senator LaFollette to go upon the stump for Taft. The voters in those States know Cummins and LaFollette, and believe in them. That Wisconsin is thoroughly permeated with LaFolletteism is well known. But the same is also true of Kansas, Nebraska and other adjacent States. LaFolletteism, altho the locally Republican, is almost identical with Bryanism.

In Nebraska, for instance, the Republican leaders are already talking about the necessity of persuading Senator LaFollette to make a few speeches during the campaign. Radical as the Wisconsin Senator is, he always makes his fights within the Republican Party, and always supports the Republican platform adopted at Chicago. There is no doubt, on the other hand, about his supporting Mr. Taft, and probably the radical Western communities will be able to persuade him to make a whirlwind tour of these States to the west of the Mississippi.

Just at present Gov. Cummins is in a blue funk because of the way the Iowa stalwarts have treated him, but it is quite probable that he will decide not to execute his threat to resign and go back to private life, and also it is likely that he will be out on the stump for November. The Democrats are up tremendously for Taft and Sherman, and telling the people of the West that in his judgment they would make a great political mistake to vote for Bryan and the panning mate whose name has not been determined at this writing.

One thing that cheers the Republicans and discourages the Democrats hereabouts is that, while the defection to Bryan seems quite marked among the voters, the Republican Party workers are all in an aggressive spirit. There is no sulking among their numbers. They have their armor on and are ready for the clash of combat. This attitude will help materially as the weeks of the campaign wear on.

Bryan Planning the Campaign.

Mr. Bryan is quite as well aware of all these Western conditions as are the delegates and spectators who throng the hotel lobbies here in Denver this convention week. He and his friends are planning the campaign with special reference to those conditions. They will have a radical platform and will outdo the Republican platform in radicalism, quite as much because of the demands of these Western farmers as because of the demand of laboring people in the Eastern States, where there is less hope of getting electoral votes. What-ever speaking Mr. Bryan does in the campaign, the heart of it will be done in these Western States. He probably will decide to cross swords with LaFollette and Cummins, if they go out championing Taft and Sherman. He will make it hot for them, because he stands high in Western favor.

Thus with this remarkable political condition almost right at the convention doors, the Democrats are trying to surpass their Republican brethren in shrewdness and in capacity for holding a great and orderly convention that will make a favorable popular impression. The preliminaries have progressed favorably, quite as favorably as did the preliminaries of the Chicago Convention. There has been no steam roller working day and night for a week at Denver and thus far has been little show of ill feeling among Democratic partisans. There has been no standing around the hotel corridors, as there was with Republicans at Chicago, and predicting that the opposite political party was going to win. True, there have been some jibes for Bryan hereabouts, but they are a feeling among the Democrats assembled, but on the whole there has been a spirit of helpfulness and of harmony, which is attributable to some part to Bryan's herculean efforts to bring all the factions together. Some three days of the convention yet remain, however,

CAN IT BE AVOIDED?

Democrats Mainly Anxious to Get Thru the Convention Without a Row.

(Special to The National Tribune.)

Denver, Colo., July 7.—The city "up in the air" is thronged with Democrats. They are whirling in the hotel lobbies, talking it over, and then crowding the convention hall by day, and progressing toward the nomination of a candidate for President and a candidate for Vice President. The lions and the lambs of the party have been walking side by side. It has been harmonious, thick enough to be cut with a knife.

But everybody has been wondering what moment there would be a growl among the lions and some of the lambs would be devoured. For Democratic National Conventions have come to be regarded as occasions for fray. The first day's session of the convention was 10-day (Tuesday), but it was brief, because adjournment was taken out of respect to the memory of ex-President Cleveland. That seemed a fitting tribute and it was paid impressively. At one time it promised to open a terrific fight over Democratic past, Alton B. Parker, of New York, ex-Chief Justice of Kansas and Appeal and the Democratic standard bearer four years ago, as good as announced a resolution for the convention that would declare all that Cleveland had ever did, especially in maintaining the gold standard, right and wise. That would have made the lions growl. And there would have been a time of it sure enough.

Judge Parker.

Just as soon as Judge Parker got to the public with that, Editor Henry Watterson, of Louisville, who has become a Bryan convert, and who is apparently to be the scourge of Bryan's enemies in this campaign, took his pen and wrote an editorial which the delegates here in Denver roughly alluded to as "a hide peeler." It was carried far and wide by the press associations, and Mr. Parker read it while his Pullman car was thundering on its way and making a great cloud of dust over the arid prairies of Kansas and Colorado. It brought the former jurist up standing, and no sooner had he landed in his hotel here than he issued a statement, denying that he had proposed to offer any offensive resolutions.

The general run of delegates do not seem to take very kindly to Judge Parker. He is received with respect on every hand, but there is a feeling that he stands for the gold bugs of the East and this Bryan convention, therefore, does not want to fraternize with him.

The New York chiefs have come to the convention in force. They have brought their Democrats who are skilled in oratory and also their Democrats who are crafty in politics. "Charlie" Murphy, boss of Tammany Hall, and "Pat" McCarren, lean and lank of Brooklyn, are facing the music and determining whether Murphy or McCarren shall rule across the river, or in other words, whether the tiger is to cross into Brooklyn. Martin Lewis S. Nixon, once Boss of Tammany, nominated Parker for President, and made a good speech, too; Bird S. Coler, the Brooklyn Democrat who came very near being Democratic Governor of New York in 1902, and who, the wise ones say, could have beaten Odell, had he not been so stingy about putting out some money up the State; Lewis S. Nixon, once Boss of Tammany for a while, and always a consistent Bryan man, and many, many other eminent New York Democrats, even as Fingy Connors, have been on the ground early.

They have been wearing the olive branch in the laps of their coats. Much to the surprise of all concerned, their mission has been one of peace, as far as the general contest is concerned. "We came not for war, but for peace, I assure you, quoth Murphy as soon as he arrived in Denver, which was in great contrast to the Hon. "Jim" Guffey, of Pennsylvania, who came breathing defiance and an-

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