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**Molly Whiteface: The Tale of a Cow**

Bruce McCulloch

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THE TALE OF A COW

By BRUCE McCulloch
Omaha, Nebraska, 1935
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In this story of MOLLY WHITEFACE, the tale of a cow, we have enjoyed the intimate and interesting way in which Mr. McCulloch has carried the calf along from her happy home in the West to her ultimate end on the market.

Thinking that you, too, might enjoy reading this narrative and find it both entertaining and instructive to your pupils, we send you the book with our compliments, inclosing extra copies which you can use as gifts or prizes.

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O BEGIN WITH, I want to say that I was born and raised in Wyoming and that I come of a fine family. My father’s ancestors came from Herefordshire, England, where they belonged to the nobility, and my mother’s folks descended from some of the oldest and proudest families of the South.”

It was Molly Whiteface that was speaking, as plump and comely a heifer as ever came out of the West to develop and mature on the rich grasses and yellow grain of the Corn Belt. She was a beautiful creature with a bright and kindly face of pure white, a sprinkling of white along her withers and a dewlap of the same color, these forming a striking and pleasing contrast with the rest of her shapely body which was of a rich, cherry red.

Molly was stopping at Omaha’s big Live Stock hotel and was anxious to impress her neighbors there with her high breeding and fine family. Occupying rooms on all sides were animals of every breed as well as of no particular breed. There were plenty of Whitefaces of
course but no dearth of Shorthorn and Angus stock and quite a sprinkling of Holsteins, Jerseys and Guernseys. Of many of her neighbors it was difficult to say to just what family they belonged.

At any rate Molly was not like some hotel guests, inclined to hold aloof from the others. She was friendly and gossipy. She felt that her own standing in bovine society was secure and therefore she could easily be neighborly and interested without being uppish or condescending. She had listened politely to the stories of her neighbors, telling where they came from, where they had been, what illustrious relatives they had and so forth and she felt that it was her turn to speak.

"Yes," agreed burly Harry Shorthorn, who had edged up to the partition to see and hear what was going on. "You Herefords were always fine folks although there were not so very many of you down in Old Kentucky where I came from. They said that most of the Herefords went West and grew up with the country because they were good rustlers and did not mind occasional spells of bad weather and short rations."

Others gathered around and, one after another, they expressed surprise and admiration for the visitor from the great West of which they had heard so much. Miss Jersey even hinted that, meek and modest as she was, she had an idea she would like it in the West, particularly during pleasant weather. Her whole life had been spent on a farm where someone was handling her from morning until night. She scarcely had a moment to herself until she had left on her trip to the market.

Old Mrs. Blackandwhite said that was how she felt about it. Staying around home day after day with a pleasant, warm barn in winter and all the good food and drink one wanted was all very well in its way, but it got
on one's nerves after a while. Several neighbors seemed to look at it in the same light and Molly, naturally pleased at their friendly curiosity, proceeded to clear her throat and tell her story.
CHAPTER II
Her Home Out On the Range

One of the first things I remember," recounted Molly, "is the way I used to lie for hours at a
time on the soft grass under a little clump of
bushes and wonder what was going on out in
the big new world. I was hidden from any
but the sharpest eyes and it did not take me
very long to learn why mother had been so careful to
find a secure hiding place and had cautioned me not to
move until she was by.

"I had been a blizzard baby. You see, when a
mother cow feels that her baby is about to be born, she
leaves the herd and hunts up a secluded and sheltered
spot. Unfortunately the early spring storms are some-
times very severe and one broke out in all its fury about
the time I came into the-world.

"It was very cold and in spite of all my mother could
do I was covered with snow and so chilled that I could
scarcely move. I would certainly have perished if one
of the cowboys had not happened along just then. He
gathered me up in front of him on his horse and cov-
ered me with a blanket as best he could. My poor dis-
tracted mother staggered along after us in the blizzard and remained as close as she could when the men lifted me from the saddle and carried me into the tent.

"I revived in the warmth by the fire and then they let my mother feed me a little. I was very weak, but protection from the storm, together with the warm meal they let my mother give me, brought me around before long and I was ready to follow good old mother to a hollow where there were a few bushes and trees to break the force of the storm.

"There was an abundance of good grass on the range but watering places were few and far between. Along in the middle of the forenoon mother would see that I was well hidden and comfortable and then she would make the long trip to some stream or water hole. There she met other cows that had left their babies hidden when they came down to get a drink.

"In the daytime there was not the slightest danger and I would run along with my mother and the other cattle or lie in the grass and rest as it did not take much exertion to tire me out. Even at night when we heard strange noises and occasionally saw slinking forms prowling around or noticed fierce eyes gleaming through the darkness, I was not afraid because mother was there.

"One night I ran farther away than usual, for I was gradually growing more rugged and headstrong. Some wild animals over in the woods set up an unearthly howling and I got back to mother as quickly as I could. She had been looking all over for me and said it was a pack of coyotes that were doing the howling. She again cautioned me to stay close to her at night as that was the time the cowardly brutes took to do their hunting for helpless little calves.

"I got acquainted with a lot of other little calves and we had great times together racing and bunting one
another around. Our mothers were not keeping us so close to them now and we were left to ourselves a great deal. They never let us get very far away, however, and sounded a warning every now and then to let us know they were watching us.

“Whenever the herd wanted to go to the stream or water hole for a drink they would always leave two or three wise old cows to stand guard over us youngsters until they got back. At such times we were herded more closely than usual and any calf that took it into his head to get smart and run away was quickly rounded up and chased or bunted back into the herd.

“We were a happy, carefree lot of babies and late in the spring we began to enjoy nibbling the tender young grass. Our mothers urged us to do this and told us we’d enjoy it but we did not have to be told. The grass was very sweet and we could almost feel ourselves growing stronger with this pleasing addition to our usual rations.

“I had never seen our owner and the men who looked after us always rode horses and never came near enough to disturb us. But one day the owner showed up. He was a grizzled old fellow but alert and active. They called him Hard Winter Kelly and I heard him say: ‘The prettiest sight in all this world to a cowman is a bunch of white-faced calves lying in the grass in the spring time.’

“He seemed very much pleased that there were so many of us and that we were getting along so well. I also heard him say to some of his men that he thought it was about time we were initiated. White-faced calves have two-legged enemies as well as four-footed hunters and every cattle owner wants to see that his cattle can easily be identified in case they stray away or are stolen.”
CHAPTER III

Branding Iron Leaves Its Mark

Not long after this, a bunch of men on horses came out and rounded us up, cows and calves, in a compact herd and started driving us toward the ranch. Our home place was known far and near as the Rainbow Ranch, taking its name from the beautiful mountain stream that wound through the meadow there.

"All the buildings were low, some of them of logs and some of adobe, while the fences and corrals were made out of poles gathered from the mountains that were only a few miles away. Everything on the place had a weather-beaten appearance, but to us youngsters who had never known anything but the open country, it all had a most business like look that meant no good for us.

"Of course we huddled close to our mothers who seemed to be as nervous and badly scared as we were. There were a lot of men around, some gathered beside a
fire, where they were heating long iron sticks, others catching up and saddling their horses, and it looked very much as if there would soon be something doing. And there was. It was rough work and pretty hard on us calves.

"Those fellows on horses had ropes with loops in them. Suddenly one of the men they called 'cowboys' would dash up to the herd of frightened, milling cows and calves and catch a youngster by the hind leg and drag him up to the fire. Another man would throw him down and sit on his head, holding him quiet and helpless, while still another man would grab one of those hot iron sticks or branding irons right out of the fire and stamp the brand in the skin on the calf's hip. There would be a sizzling sound, a little puff of smoke and the smell of burning hair and hide, while the poor mother cow would add her worried bawling to the agonizing baas of the frightened calf.

"The operation only took a minute, however, and the calf was released and ran to his mother who applied her tongue to his burned hip and otherwise did what she could to comfort and reassure him. We were all given the same treatment and when my turn came I got mine just like the rest and that is how I came to have that 'HWK' on my hip.

"Aside from that painful branding experience and the fact that we were herded in rather close quarters, our stay down at the ranch was not unpleasant, as we had good feed and water and I noticed that those rough cowboys never really hurt us intentionally or unnecessarily. In fact, I heard old Hard Winter tell a ranch neighbor that no man could work for him who would be cruel to any dumb critter on the place.

"In spite of my soreness I could not help but enjoy seeing and hearing the cowboys as they gathered
around the campfire in the evening. They were rough fellows, but not bad at heart, and they used to sing songs and tell stories long into the night. One tale told by old Hard Winter amused us all quite a bit:

How They Rope Cattle in Arkansaw

" 'Away back in the seventies when I came up from Texas over the old trail we had a hard time with the cattle through the Arkansaw cane brakes and some of our cattle got away there', recounted the grizzled old cowman.

" 'I knew there must be a lot of cattle in them brakes and a year or two later when the winter of '79 wiped out my herd and left me flat, I decided to go back to Arkansaw and see if I couldn't pick up the makin's of another herd.

" 'Of course it would take a good roper and old Two Circle Dot there was as handy a man with a rope as I ever knew. He was willing to go, and so, off we started for Arkansaw.

" 'We found plenty of cattle, but they were wilder than hawks and in the brakes and brush they could get away from the ropes. We had poor luck and had only caught two or three cows when one day a stranger rode up at dinner time. He was on a scrawny, flea-bitten bronc and looked hungry.

" 'Hello stranger, light and have something to eat.

" 'He did not need a second invitation and the way he fell on that grub showed he had not been eating very regular of late. We never ask many questions of strangers, you know, and so we waited until he was ready to talk.

" 'What you doin' in here, looking for cattle?' he
finally asked and we told him that was just what we were there for.

"'Had any luck?' he ventured.

"'No', we told him. We also told him we saw lots of cattle but couldn't rope them on account of the trees and brush.

"'I'll tell you what I'll do,' he said with a laugh. 'I'll hire out to you for two dollars a day and feed and I'll get you plenty of cattle'.

"'Of course we took him up and next morning after breakfast he said he was ready for business. He had no lariat but he must have had a couple of dozen small ropes wrapped around his waist.

"'Want us to go along and help?' I asked.

"'No, I'd rather go alone,' he answered and rode off into the brush.

"That afternoon he came back to camp and found us getting supper ready.

"'Had any luck?' he asked.

"'We admitted we hadn't caught a critter.

"'What luck did you have?' we inquired in turn.

"'Oh, I got about half a dozen, I reckon'.

"'Where are they,' we naturally inquired.

"'I've got 'em hogtied lyin' out there in the brush,' he answered with a laugh.

"'We went with him and found six cattle on the ground, hogtied and helpless, and lost no time in adding them to our small herd.

"'How'd he do it? That's the funny part of it. We went out and watched him next day. That flea-bitten
bronc of his was sure educated. He’d scare up a cow in the brush and the cow, of course, would make a break for one of the little clearings in the woods. Arkansaw would be right after her and as she made the clearing he would reach down, grab her by the long brush of her tail and wrap this around his saddle horn.

“Then he’d put the spurs to his bronc, outrun the cow and the first thing you know he had her up-ended and down on the ground. He was off his bronc in a flash and had the cow hogtied with one of those short ropes he carried around his waist.

“Simple, wasn’t it? We stayed there until we had gathered quite a good-sized herd and then trailed them up to Wyoming. That’s how I got my second start in the cow business.’ ”

* * * * * *

“After the branding, we didn’t stay long at the ranch. In a few days we were all herded together again and driven back to the old range at the foothills of those always beautiful and rugged mountains, where we took up life again much as we had left it. The summer days were long and warm but the nights were always cool and pleasant. All we had to do was to eat and drink and grow and that is just what we did.

“As we became stronger and more reliant we came to depend less and less on our mothers for sustenance and protection. We ate grass like the rest of the cattle and wandered wherever we found the pasturage to be the best. In the heat of the long summer days we would lie and rest in the shelter of the trees or brush where the flies and other insects were not so bad, but in the evenings and mornings we were out on the range trying to satisfy our appetites which were growing as fast as we were.”

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CHAPTER IV
Long Trip to Market

ATE in the summer old Hard Winter Kelly rode up and looked us over. He must have been satisfied with our condition as I heard him say to one of the men who were with him: 'These calves have been doing well and I guess they are ready to go. They're fat and full of sap and that is what they seem to want down on the market. The grass isn't so good now and I think I'll ship them before they begin to lose flesh and go back.'

"I didn't exactly understand what he meant but I soon found out. The cowboys came out a few days later and rounded all us youngsters up, as well as some of the cows that did not have calves, and headed us down to the ranch. At first I didn't realize what it was all about but when I came to know that it meant leaving mother and the rest of the cows I got to bawling and so did all the other calves. Such a hubbub as we raised and we kept it up day and night. It was the first time any of us had been away from our mothers and I tell you we were a lonesome and frightened lot of calves.

"In the corral where we were herded that evening there were racks full of sweet smelling hay and a big
round iron tank full of water, but we were so homesick and worried that we did very little eating or drinking. We also did very little resting in our strange quarters. The result was that when the cowboys stirred us up in the early morning and started us toward the railroad station we were sleepy, restless and hungry, keeping up a continual bawling all the time.

"At the station we were driven into a big pen and from there were forced up a narrow incline into some stock cars that were standing on the track. These cars were roomy enough and quite airy. It was possible to see between the slats and these openings also let in plenty of air and sunshine. We were pretty closely crowded in these cars and it was not very long until we were frightened by a loud steam whistle and our car began to move, slowly at first, but faster and faster as the train got under way.

"As we caught glimpses through the sides of the car of the country that had long been the only home we had ever known and realized that we were now leaving it forever, a feeling of utter lonesomeness came over us all and we bawled more lustily than ever. It was difficult to get comfortable in the cramped quarters but as we gradually became accustomed to the noise and motion of the train, weariness finally won out and we laid down and slept as best we could, although there was always more or less bawling as some lonely little calf would think of home and the mother he would see no more.

"But even the longest and most comfortless journey must come to an end. We spent a night and a day and part of another night rumbling along over the iron rails to the big market and before the dawn of the second day our train had reached Omaha. Here, after a good
deal of starting and stopping and backing, our car stood still at what they called the unloading chutes.

“We were hardly awake and were tired and sore from our long ride when men began driving us out of the car and down through an inclined runway into some pens. From these pens other men drove us through long alleys until we finally arrived at a big pen that had evidently been prepared for us as there was hay in the manger and water in the trough. It was our first introduction to Omaha’s great Live Stock hotel.”
CHAPTER V
Enjoys Hotel Comforts

REAL first-class live stock hotel was, of course, something entirely new for Molly. It was still dark, but the halls and rooms were brightly lighted so that the courteous attendants had no difficulty in booking her and her companions and showing them to their rooms. There was no hurry, no crowding, no shouting. The attendants seemed to be trying to make their guests feel at home. Thousands of these were arriving by train and truck but with thousands of rooms there was no necessity for undue hurry. The matter of assigning the guests to their suites was accomplished without confusion and they were informed that breakfast would be called very shortly.

Although it was not yet daylight, it was really a wonderful thing to see how methodically the operation of the hotel progressed. There must be no mistakes, no mixups. A complete and accurate record of the guests and their rooms was kept by an army of attendants who looked after their comfort and everything was in
order by the time breakfast was ready. Molly was actually surprised how promptly she was shown to her room and how well everything had been arranged.

"Ah, this is real comfort," said tired Molly White-face, as she munched the sweet hay in the manger after her long ride on the train. "There's nothing like something good to eat and drink at the end of a hard trip."

She was proceeding to make herself quite at home in her hotel. There was a long cement trough full of clear, cold well water along one side of the room, water just like she had been used to up on the ranch, and the rack at the other side of the room was full of nice, clean hay so what more could a handsome young heifer like herself want.

Well, she wanted company, not the companionship of her brothers and sisters that she had been so familiar with and that she had known so long. She was not exactly tired of her old friends and relatives but she was away from home now and when one travels one naturally wants to see new faces and meet new folks.

Fortunately the hotel was so constructed as to make it rather easy to get acquainted with the other guests without permitting them to become too familiar. It was impossible to climb over the partitions between the rooms but it was not at all difficult to see through them and talk through them.

Every young person likes company and it did not take Molly long to discover that a beautiful black heifer in an adjoining room was just as anxious for companionship and gossip as she was. Her neighbor had evidently been in her room some time because she remarked:

"There's nothing I enjoy after a long journey so much as something to eat and drink and enough room to move around and stretch my legs. No matter how
hard the trip has been it always rests me to get into a
good hotel where I can relax."

Molly accepted the black heifer's friendly advances
in an equally friendly manner by nodding assent and
continuing to munch away at her breakfast with very
evident satisfaction. She was hungry, "famished" she
said, but between mouthfuls informed her neighbor that
the accommodations were much better than they had
been back on her late home place.

"I'll say they're better," replied Blackie. "Back
home we had to walk around in a cloud of dust all sum­
mer or tramp through a lot of mud. You couldn't keep
your coat clean no matter how hard you tried and my
feet were always giving me trouble. These solid cement
floors feel firm and comfortable, particularly after the
slippery and wobbly footing in the big truck that
brought me here."

"Did you have a hard trip?" ventured Molly.

"Well, not particularly," answered Blackie, "but any
trip is hard and I just can't seem to get used to being
coop ed up in a truck, packed in so closely that moving
around is impossible. Perhaps, though, with that truck
swaying and bumping around as it did, it was safer to
be in a crowd than alone. My hips are sore and my ribs
ache but I know that if I had ridden in that truck all by
myself I would never have been able to have kept my
feet."

"That's a fact," returned Molly. "There can be such
a thing as too much of a crowd but in these rapid transit
trucks, when the roads happen to be a little rough, I
would prefer to do my traveling in a company, provided
of course that the company is agreeable."

Molly spoke as if she had had considerable experi­
ence as a traveler. That's a way most folks have when

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talking to casual acquaintances as it seems to offer opportunities for conversation as well as for information. One never likes to appear provincial and then, you know, a much traveled person is somehow or other looked up to.

And Blackie was just like the rest of us. She was interested and curious. She had made the comparatively short journey from her Iowa home just the evening before and she wanted to hear from the more seasoned travelers before telling of her own brief experience and disclosing the fact that this was the first and only time she had ever been so far away from home.

"You've traveled a great deal, I suppose." And Blackie asked the question with just a hint of envy and certainly with the intimation that she would like to hear something of the journeys Molly had taken and of the country and folks she had seen.

"Oh, yes," replied Molly, visibly flattered by the evident admiration of her neighbor. "I have moved about quite a bit both on foot and by train. You see, my home is more than a thousand miles from here, away back in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. Some day I'll be only too glad to tell you all about the beautiful country and the wonderful times I had there."
EVERAL months have now elapsed and Molly finds herself once more at the Stock Yards, in the big Live Stock hotel, after having passed through a number of very interesting experiences. She is quite a bit plumper and heavier than she was when she left her home in Wyoming. Good living and good care on a Corn Belt farm have broadened her vision as well as her body, but she still likes to talk and here is her story:

“When I was here at the hotel nearly a year ago I was so young and inexperienced that I hardly realized what was going on. Out on the range we saw the same cattle every day and very few men at any time, but here the hotel was full of strange cattle and strange men and it took me some time to get accustomed to my surroundings.

“After breakfast it seemed that people were coming into and going out of the pen all morning long, and they all seemed to be talking stockers and feeders and about how well this one or that one would do if placed
on a good Corn Belt farm and given plenty of feed. It sounded odd to me. I couldn’t make much of it, but soon a man singled me out and drove me over to another pen and placed me in with a bunch of other youngsters that were of about my own age and size.

“They were all or nearly all strangers to me but I was not long in getting acquainted. A nice room with plenty of feed helps folks to get to know each other and I was soon touching noses with all of them and finding out what brought them here and where they came from. They came from several western points, Wyoming, Western Nebraska, South Dakota, Colorado, and other far away places.

“Some of them appeared to be nervous and restless. They wanted to get out and get back home to their folks but most of them just tried to make the best of the situation and took things as they were. We came to know each other pretty well and were getting over our feeling of strangeness, lying down comfortably, after eating and drinking all we wanted, when all of a sudden some men threw the door of our room open and chased us out into the hall.

“I hadn’t much of an idea what was coming off but I had learned to go along with the crowd if I wanted to keep out of trouble and so we all walked along the hallway until it turned into a little house. There we were herded quietly into a room and I heard one of the men say ‘Weigh ’em’. I suppose they were getting our weight in order to see how much we were worth.

“Well, we changed rooms again and I saw the men who seemed to be looking after us exchange slips of paper. You see, all the rooms at this hotel are numbered and every time we were moved and changed
rooms a record was kept. I suppose that's the only thing that prevented us from getting lost in the maze of alleys, cross alleys, tunnels and bridges. It was all very confusing to us, but pretty soon we were moving again, this time up an incline and almost before we knew it we found ourselves in a fair-sized room on wheels.

"It took us but a few minutes to realize that we were on an auto truck because pretty soon it began moving and soon we were riding through the busy city streets, headed for the country. Of course it was not long until the buildings became scarcer and we could see plenty of open country and good looking farms.

"This was rather pleasing but we rode for hours before we turned into a side road leading to one of these farms. It was not a very large place but we could see at a glance that everything was well kept. There were several fields of grass and corn near by and all the fences and buildings looked neat. I heard someone say they called the place Evergreen farm.

"We left the auto truck by a rather rickety incline and were driven into a small field that had a little stream running through one end. Oh how good that water tasted after our long, dusty ride and how sweet that grass was after we had not had a bite to eat for hours. But best of all we especially enjoyed moving around freely with the good old earth under our feet once more.

"I must say they treated us very nicely at the farm and we were never permitted to want for anything. Through the fall and winter months we browsed around in the pastures, in the woods and in the corn stalk fields. It got to be rather chilly in the fields with snow and rain and freezing weather, but shortly after the first of
the year, when the picking had become pretty slim, we were placed in a big lot that had fine shelter all along the north side.

"Here we really began to enjoy life down on the farm. We had a splendid feed of grain every morning and then had the run of a nice big lot all day. In the evening when we came home we found the bunks full of grain again and the racks loaded with hay so that we enjoyed another good, hearty meal before lying down to rest for the night.

"We came to know the farmer quite well and he walked in and out among us as if he was one of us. We got so we really enjoyed his being there and felt rather hurt if he did not give us a kindly pat on the back or flank as he moved around a bit. His boys and girls and even his two dogs appeared to be just as kind and friendly as he was, so we all got along fine.

"As a matter of fact we got along so fine that one day the farmer came into the feed lot with some other men and almost before we realized what was going on we were hustled up that same rickety incline into an auto truck that was a size or two larger than the one in which we came to the farm. It was rather dark but that seemed to make no difference to anyone and we were soon rolling along the road back to market.

"It was not yet daylight when we got to the city and the Live Stock hotel, but there were lights everywhere and we had no difficulty in getting about. In fact it seemed to me a good deal like getting back home. There was no confusion and the men who looked after us did not hurry us along or prod us with long poles as I had seen them do in some places. We just moved
along quietly until we were politely shown to this very room.

"And that," concluded Molly, "is the story of what happened to me the first time I visited this fine hotel, of the jolting journeys to and from Evergreen farm where I spent so many happy months and of my early morning arrival here in Omaha for the second time. I am a little older now and I hope a little wiser than I was a year ago and I can even notice that I am quite a bit stouter.

"What is going to happen to me this time I have no way of knowing, but of course I have my suspicions. As I came along the hall to my room this morning a wise old cow tossed her head at me and remarked: 'I can see your finish, young lady, you're just the kind they want over at the packing house.' It gave me quite a start but I never was inclined to worry very much and I've found it just as well not to know too much of what was coming."
CHAPTER VII

Live Stock Hotel Guests Well Treated

By the time it was broad daylight most of the early arrivals at the hotel had finished their breakfasts and were looking around to get some idea of their new quarters. Almost as far as the eye could reach there were acres and acres of cattle pens, some empty but most of them occupied by cattle of all colors and all ages. Late arriving guests were being shown to their rooms, the waiters were serving grain and hay to the tourists and the entire hotel presented a scene of well ordered activity.

To the north could be seen many rows of low brick buildings, with saw-tooth roofs, that housed the horses. In the west there was the long, two-story, well lighted brick sheep barn and south of the cattle division were located the fine, well ventilated steel and concrete hog barns. Beyond were the big packing houses with their tall, black chimneys and in the center of the Yards, dominating the whole busy scene, arose majestically the splendid ten-story Exchange. This building fronted on a broad viaduct that bisected the Yards, affording ample...
facilities for commercial traffic without in any way inter­fering with the business of the live stock market.

It was indeed a lively moving picture and as Molly stood, lost in amazement at the colossal spectacle, it oc­curred to her that these were rather extensive and elabo­rate accommodations for a live stock market. In fact, she said as much to one of the attendants who happened to be passing at the time.

"Yes," said he, "and the really remarkable thing about it is that this elegant big live stock hotel is a de­velopment of twentieth century conditions and strictly an American idea. No other country on earth has any­thing to compare with it either in size or appointments and, by the way, Omaha has long been famous for pos­sessing one of the largest and best equipped hotels of them all.

"I can easily believe it," asserted Molly, "as I have been trying to see how far these pens extended in every direction and I still have very little idea as to how much ground is covered and how much live stock is handled here in the course of a year."

"The ground actually in use for taking care of live stock is something more than half a section of land," replied the young man after thinking it over a bit, "but the company owns a great deal of land that is being held in reserve for expansion. Some additions and im­provements are made every year because, you know, any business that is not constantly increasing its equipment and facilities is not keeping up with the times."

"I know," said Molly, "but these thousands and thousands of cattle, horses, hogs and sheep that I see here today, how in the world do you manage to take care of them without getting them mixed or lost?"

"That's easy," replied the man, "when you are
equipped for the purpose. You see, we have in this Live Stock hotel over four thousand four hundred rooms to take care of our guests. Then we have more than twenty miles of halls or alleys so connected that passage is always possible from one part of the hotel to another. Of course, you have noticed the large number of doors or gates. We have nearly eight thousand of these in all and that is one reason why it is a very rare thing to have such a thing as a loss or a mixup.”

“I think I catch the idea,” exclaimed the amazed Molly, “but I never saw so much lumber in all my life as you have used in building these long halls and partitions. There seems to be no end to them.”

“Come to think of it, I guess there just isn’t any end to them,” laughed the amused attendant. “They are all connected up in one way or another, but I understand that if these fences and gates were stretched out in a straight line they would extend a distance of almost seventy miles. No wonder you think it took a lot of lumber. Notice how high the fences are and how strongly both they and the gates are constructed. It certainly has taken a lot of lumber.”

“There’s another thing that I’ve been wondering about,” continued Molly as she stamped a foot on the ground. “These floors, they seem strong and smooth and they seem to be everywhere. Out in the country we have nothing but the earth for walking on and I found this to be true of most of the smaller hotels I visited.”

“You must admit that the floors of solid concrete, these ‘all weather’ floors, are a very decided improvement over the bare ground,” answered the polite young man. “How long do you suppose earthen floors would last in this hotel with thousands of live stock tramping
over them every day? We just have to have these solid floors.

“One of our men who has figured it up tells me that if the concrete used in these pens and alleys had been used on a road sixteen feet wide, the paved street would extend a distance of more than seventy miles. And that’s a lot of concrete.”

“I’ll say it is,” agreed the inquisitive Molly, “but that leads me to another question, How do you manage to feed all these cattle, hogs and sheep? That used to be one of the biggest chores at our place and the men seemed to be busy on the job all the time.”

“That’s another case where good equipment and thorough organization make the work comparatively simple,” declared her informant rather proudly. “You see those feed racks and mangers in every pen? Well, we have more than twenty-five miles of them; enough to feed a live stock army at any time without any overcrowding. What’s more, we keep a supply of three thousand five hundred tons of hay on hand at all times and in the neighborhood of thirty thousand bushels of grain. I never heard of any of our guests ever having to go hungry.

“Then in the matter of water, you notice those long, concrete troughs in each pen. Millions of gallons of well water are pumped to the big reservoir up on the hill daily and from there it is led by gravity to the pens. No hotel has any better, purer water for its guests and it may perhaps interest you to know that the average consumption of water here in the Omaha Live Stock hotel is more than four million gallons a day. And that’s some water.”

“My,” exclaimed the wide-eyed Molly. “I don’t believe that many of the folks who stop at this hotel have

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any idea how enormous this business of taking care of the live stock at the market really is. How much live stock did you handle last year?"

“Well, the figures are pretty big,” said the young man, consulting a small book that he carried. “Last year we received over seven million head of live stock of all kinds and as we have been in business here for a little more than fifty years you can see for yourself that we have taken care of nearly three hundred million head of stock in that time. And that’s a lot of live stock.”

“By the way, Mister, wasn’t that a poor, sick cow that I saw in that cart that just went by?”

“Sure, that’s our ambulance,” explained the attendant. “We have several of them and any time one of our guests becomes sick or injured we promptly call the ambulance and a doctor just as in any other good hotel. Our doctors are called veterinarians and we have a good many of them here, as we find it much better to prevent disease than to try to cure it. We also find it more humane to take care of an injured animal than to permit it to suffer and possibly die.”

“Thanks, young man, many thanks for your courtesy and for the information you have given me about this big hotel,” said Molly as she turned from the gate and went back to the manger. “It just goes to show that if you want to learn anything in this world you must travel around a bit, keep your eyes open and not hesitate to ask questions occasionally.”
I DECLARE I never was so jostled and thumped and shoved around in my life,” complained Molly, as she was driven first to one side of the pen and then to the other as men came in, some on horseback and some on foot, to look the cattle over and talk over them.

You see, Molly didn’t realize that that was just what she had been sent to the Live Stock hotel for, to be sold to the buyer who offered the most money for her. That is the final goal of all good cattle and it was for this that she had been so well brought up out on the ranch in Wyoming and later so well fed and cared for at Evergreen farm.

All the stock that is sent to the hotel is consigned to live stock commission firms for sale and it is the business of the commission man to secure the best price possible. For this reason Ben, the commission firm’s salesman, had been hunting up all the buyers who might need the kind of stock he had for sale.

First there were the regular local packing house buy-
ers, then the buyers for the big packing plants located in the East, next the order buyers who purchased cattle for packers located in the Middle West and South as well as in the Far West. There was a regular procession of these buyers all morning and they were not content to merely look at the cattle. They pushed them around to see that there was no lameness or other defects, they pinched their hides to see that the skin was free and they felt the flesh for firmness and fat. They used all their skill to ascertain just what was under the hide. Every last one of them also noticed that 'HWK' brand on Molly's hip.

Molly stood it all with as good grace as possible and so did her companions. It was all a part of the big plan and cattle were schooled to submit to such inspections from the time they are mere calves. Buyers see a lot more in cattle than the average person sees because it is their business.

At last the ordeal appeared to be over, as one of the packer buyers who had visited the pen earlier in the day came back and inquired:

"Changed your mind, Ben? Do I get 'em?"

"No, I'm still satisfied these heifers are worth every penny I've asked for them," replied the salesman. "They have the quality and they have the flesh. I know I'm pricing 'em cheap at $7.50 and I'm going to stick to it."

"You're asking too much. I bid you $7.00. You've had everybody looking at them and you've not had anybody that would raise my bid," countered the packer buyer. "I want the cattle and I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll split the difference. What do you say?"

It was now Ben's turn to look over his charges again and in the meantime do a little thinking.
“You are not buying these heifers, you’re stealing them,” he grumbled, “but I’ve given them a good work-out and that’s the best price I’m bid. Sold, $7.25.”

The deal was over. Molly and her companions had a new owner and some men quickly had them out in the alley and on their way to the scales. They were driven to the scale house and held a minute there until the weighmaster rang his bell and then they were taken to another pen. The men who were driving them exchanged tickets as usual, to prevent any error or mixup.

Molly now had another chance to rest a while and look around a bit. On all sides of them cattle were confined in rather small pens. There were no mangers full of sweet smelling hay, no long concrete troughs full of cool, clear water. Evidently these hotel rooms were not intended for guests who were to remain any great length of time.

“Come on, get out of here and let’s get going,” said a voice and so once more the cattle were on their way along the alley. The men were not dressed the same as those she had met up to this time. They wore long white gowns or “smocks” and they seemed to mean business.

Still there was no fear in Molly’s heart. She was a really beautiful creature with a mild eye and a trusting countenance. Since arriving at the hotel she had received nothing but kindly treatment. In her dumb way she regarded all men as her masters, but she also considered them her friends. She wondered. She couldn’t understand what it was all about but she had not the slightest idea of the fate that awaited her.

With perfectly natural timidity, but still trusting fully in the good faith of her human friends, the beau-
tiful heifer went along with her companions down the long alley and up the final steep incline leading into the dark interior of the big brick building with the tall smokestacks. She did not know that no cow that entered that packing house ever came back alive. How could she know? She was courageous and friendly to the very end.