

The Kansas picture book

Section 3, Pages 61 - 90

This early picture book of Kansas includes many illustrations promoting Kansas people, places, and events. It may have been funded by the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad to promote immigration and settlement.

Creator: Tewksbury, George E.

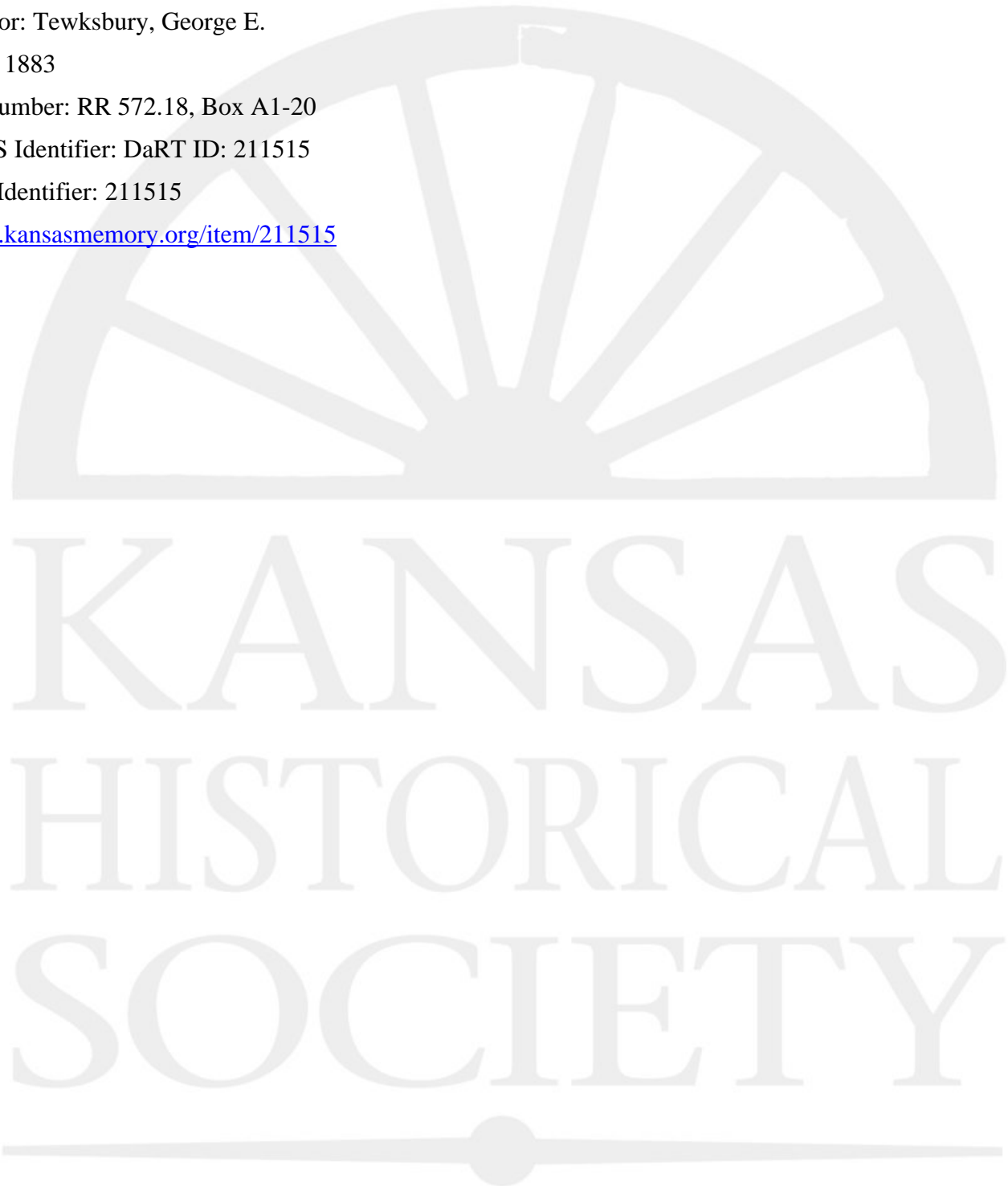
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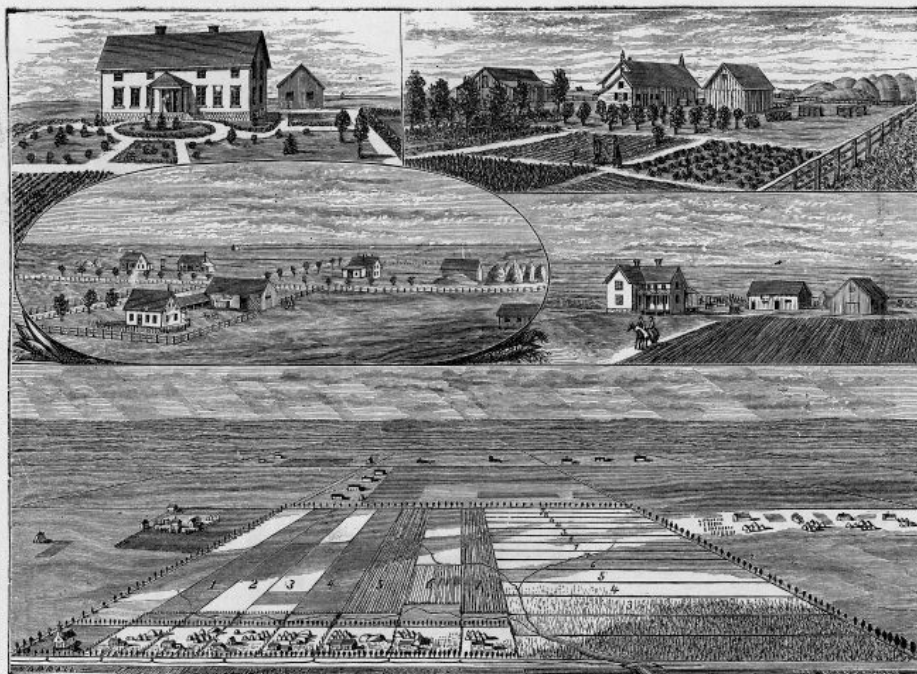
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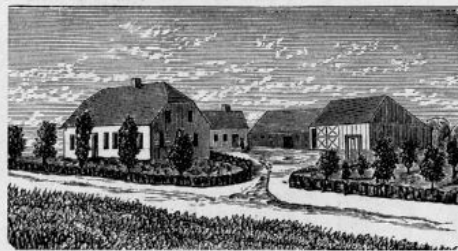
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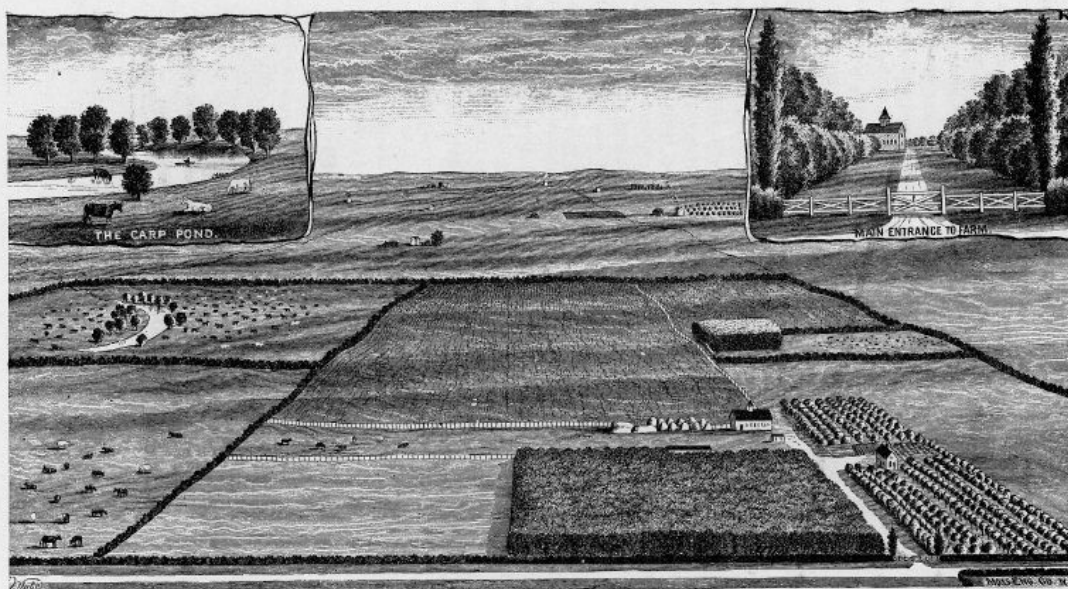


HOW THE MENNONITES LAY OFF THEIR LAND.

most successful farmers in America. Many of them began with nothing—all are well off now. When they came in 1875 they still retained the “little green flaring wagons” they had brought from Russia, and were attempting to live here under the same rule they followed in Russia. They built sod houses, and burnt straw in their ovens. But they were neat and industrious, and, like the fabled husbandman who understood what the animals said and profited by the gift, they understood the capabilities of Kansas soil and forthwith applied the knowledge. Before coming to Kansas, however, this practical people sent out a delegation of their foremost men to explore the United States for a suitable home. Various states competed for the new colony. It was known that the colonists, many of them, wore “sheepskin coats, ample breeches and bulbous petticoats,” and were otherwise picturesquely attired, that they had views on questions of theology which seemed Quakerish and even stolid, and that, though hospitable to strangers, they were inclined to keep themselves aloof from a gun-firing, oath-taking world; but it was also realized that their frugality and thrift would soon make them a prosperous community, that they cultivated their fields with scrupulous thoroughness, and that in wheat growing they stood peerless. After extensive traveling and a thorough investigation of many localities, the advance few decided that the Arkansas Valley of Kansas was the place for their people: and they chose wisely. What more convincing testimony could be offered of the fertility and adaptability of Kansas soil than this decision, unless it be the uniform success which has followed it? There are other bands of Menonites in the United States as hard working, as frugal as these, but the Kansas colonies—for there are several now—have outstripped them all. The inference is plain.



GERMAN THRIFT.



ROLLING PRAIRIE SCENE, SHOWING FARM OF A. H. McLAIN, NEAR NEWTON.



AN ILLINOIS FARMER.

SIX miles from Newton, in Harvey county, South Central Kansas, is situated the 680 acre farm of Mr. A. H. McLain, formerly of Bond county, Illinois. Mr. McLain came to Kansas in 1872, and bought land of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad Company. He had very little capital except a clear head and stout heart, but these have paid him good dividends. Mr. Curtis, of the Chicago *Inter Ocean*, while in Kansas last spring, visited this farm and wrote the following:

"As you approach the place, you see several acres of cottonwood trees, planted very thickly, which are intended as a protection from the wind for the cattle, and Mr. McLain says it is the best shelter they could possibly have. He has wintered something over a hundred head in that way, feeding them sorghum cane or corn fodder upon the ground.

"The house is surrounded with fruit trees and berry bushes, all famous for their yield, and the entire farm is hedged with Osage orange.

"I asked Mr. McLain why Kansas was a better state for farming than Illinois, and he replied by giving several reasons.

"In the first place," he said, "the climate is perfectly adapted to the cultivation of winter wheat—as much so as Southern Illinois, hence we can get in the biggest part of our crops in the fall, and have the entire spring for corn. We are thus able to cultivate at least a third more ground than in Northern Illinois or Iowa, for example. In addition to this, the winters are so much shorter that we can begin earlier in the spring and work later in the fall. We do most of our plowing in March. Here it is the latter end of March and my spring plowing is almost done. Then again, the ground cultivates easier than any I have ever seen. You can run a 14-inch plow here as easily as you can a 12-inch plow in the Eastern States. We never have excessive hot weather here during the summer months, and the nights are always cool, so the same amount of labor is less exhausting, and the same amount of rest is more gratifying than in other climates."

"But," continued Mr. McLain, "one of the chief advantages of Kansas is the price of the land. You cannot get as good a farm as mine in Illinois for less than \$75 an acre, and it only cost me \$6. Your money will go ten times as far, and you can get land as good as the best."

"But is there other land here as good as yours?"

"Just exactly. Of course the land in this neighborhood is all taken up, but there is plenty of it in the county just as good as mine, that can be bought of the Santa Fé Railroad Company upon the same terms that I got mine."



The Kansas picture book

“Did the railroad company treat you well? Were they fair?”

“I want to say right here that the company offered me inducements and good terms to locate here, and they did exactly as they agreed to do. I know that it is the general opinion that corporations have no souls, and that railroad men are organized to swindle the farmers. They had a splendid chance to swindle me if they wanted to, but they gave me a fair, square show. I bought my land on time, and they had plenty of chances to crush and gouge me if they had wanted to.”

“Mr. McLain showed us about his place, and pointed with pride to the improvements he has made. He had a large herd of fat calves grazing upon a field of winter wheat that looked as fresh and green as the sward of a lawn, and I asked him if he was not afraid they would pull it up, or injure the crop?”

“Oh no,” he said, “I always pasture my calves on the wheat. It is good for the calves and good for the wheat. Last year was a poor year for wheat, but I wintered 106 calves on 100 acres of wheat, and then harvested 1,500 bushels from it. You see it didn’t injure it much.”

“I asked Mr. McLain about profits. He said that the biggest profits were in cattle and sheep, but in mixed farming they were much larger than in the Eastern states. Of course it all depended upon good management, as in every other sort of business, but he knew of no place where the farmer realized so much upon his investment, whether in grain or corn, or hogs, or cattle, or sheep, or poultry, or fruit, as he did in Kansas. Hay costs nothing, beef is cheap, the market is convenient, and the demand is always good. The greatest demand now was for vegetables and fruits for the mining camps. The Santa Fé Railroad gave them direct connection and low freights to the points of supply, and there was no end to the market for poultry, eggs, butter, fruit, vegetables, oats, pressed hay, and everything possible that could be raised in or off the ground. His fruit trees commenced to bear two years ago, and he has already sold \$1,200 worth of fruit from them.

“As to the climate and healthfulness, Mr. McLain thought Kansas could not be surpassed. He couldn’t remember when they had a doctor at his house, except once about three years ago when one of the boys dislocated his arm.”

It would be interesting to reproduce the correspondent’s account of the dinner he afterward begged at a Tuscan-red farm house, where “an uncommonly pretty young lady, in a blue gingham dress and pink cheeks, who was much given to blushing and drooping her eyelids in a distracting sort of way,” ministered to his famished needs—a bride she proved to be, the more’s the pity—but this story, together with a complete and entertaining record of Mr. Curtis’s experience in Kansas, may be obtained free on application to A. S. Johnson, Topeka, Kansas. Designate the *Inter Ocean* letters in writing.

OUR RIVERS.

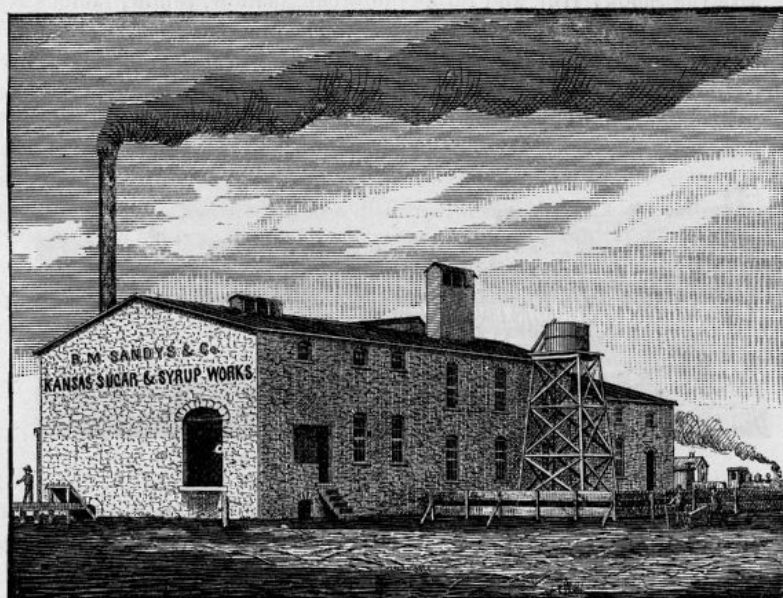
COMMENCING at the Missouri River on the east, and ribboning the luxuriant pastures and wheat-goldened acres of Kansas, a numerous and generally silent family of creeks and rivers. The Missouri itself is navigable almost the entire year by the largest steamboats, and the small part of it forming a share of the eastern boundary of the state is spanned by at least four substantial iron bridges. The Republican, rising in Colorado, crosses into Nebraska, and after draining the border counties reënters Kansas, which it has already watered for a short distance in its course, unites with the Smoky Hill, and forms the broad, shallow, yellow, famous Kaw, or Kansas, which pursues an easterly course to the Missouri River. Though it is not now navigable, small steamboats plied on the river in former days as far west as Fort Riley. The broader, shallower, yellower and more famous Arkansas,



BRIDGE ACROSS THE ARKANSAS RIVER AT LARNED.

after gathering volume from the melting snows of the Rocky Mountains, and tumbling through that mighty cañon which no man ever looked upon except in awe, also enters the state from Colorado, flows gently southward for more than 120 miles, then to the northwest for nearly 75 miles to Great Bend, and then to the southeast for 150 miles, through the best winter-wheat region of the state, and what we honestly believe to be the best farming country in the West, to its crossing into the Indian Territory on its way to the Mississippi. Along the happy valley of this stream stretch for many miles, from horizon to horizon, the thin, bright lines of steel over which passes and repasses the traffic of the A. T. & S. F. Railroad, the modern usurper of the Old Trail. And of all the splendid country through which the hissing

engine rushes, one half, for a stipulated distance on either side, was granted by Act of Congress to the company which discovered this new garden spot to the world. The Cimarron, in the heart of the cattle country, and a multitude of minor feeders of the Arkansas River, drain all the southern counties west and east of this main stream, which receives at last, out of Southeastern Kansas, the fair Neosho, of which the Cottonwood is a tributary. Other important streams are the Blue, Solomon, Marais du Cygne, and Nemaha, while the creeks are too many to count. Nearly all the rivers have excellent water power.



SUGAR MILL AT STERLING.

SORGHUM.

THOUGH a new crop, sorghum is already a staple product of Kansas, where it is raised over a wider area than in any other state of the Union. The Arkansas River Valley is the chief field for the crop. Its sugar and syrup mills are valued at half a million dollars. The soil and the warm dry climate, adapted to the certain production of the highest grade of amber cane, have been found to surpass all others for the growth of sorghum. They assure a plant of better quality, that ripens sooner, and makes a surer crop, than experiment has produced in any other locality. The working season is just double that of any northern state, and this, with the fact that no fuel except waste bagasse is needed for manufacturing, is an advantage which only Kansas holds out to the industry. Sugar-making is no longer an experiment in the Arkansas Valley, and the mills have been making syrup for two years. The Kansas Sugar and Syrup Company, at Sterling, Rice county, whose works are shown in the engraving, has lately sold out to a syndicate of eastern capitalists, most of whom are also interested in the sugar works at Champaign, Ill. The new company will adapt the work to the manufacture of sugar from sorghum syrup according to the Champaign method, in which they will invest \$250,000 in the original plant and auxiliary work, making the Sterling works the main plant for their out-put in Kansas.

The value of the sorghum plant for feeding, however, gives a new wealth to Kansas. An acre of it is everywhere worth an acre of corn. There is no dispute about that; the only question with the stockmen is, how much more it is worth. "I agree with all that has been said in reference to the value of sorghum for a forage plant," writes a Sterling farmer, "only I claim that one acre is equal to two of any other crop I can raise in Kansas. I raised 71 acres in 1881 and 110 acres in 1882, and saved feed both years, and nothing I ever fed will lay on fat so quick, and nothing is relished by stock so well. My horses and mules will not eat any corn when there is sorghum in the manger." To obtain the best results, the seed and fodder should be fed together. The cane will keep green all winter in large shocks, or in stack or rick. If to be stacked, it should be planted late, so as not to be ready to cut before the weather is cool, whereby all danger of heating or souring is avoided. It should also be allowed to partially cure before stacking. A good plan is to shock in the field and then stack late. The Kansas sheep men prefer sorghum for fattening purposes to any other crop.



THE GREAT ARKANSAS VALLEY; HUTCHINSON IN THE DISTANCE.

KING CORN.

CORN grows tall in Kansas, very tall indeed, and the homes sometimes grow short—a preliminary statement which will explain an apparent vagary in the first of our artist's sketches. Possibly you are skeptical, and would like a few facts. A glance at the picture shows two men discussing the probable yield of the crop. One of them, who is the artist (you can tell that by his fashionable coat), has just measured the tallest stalks in the field and finds them to be between fifteen and sixteen feet high. These he afterward had cut for exhibition, and they may be seen in the superb display of Kansas products collected by the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad, in the Industrial Annex to the Agricultural Department, at Washington. How much corn like this do they grow in Kansas? A question hard to answer, but in 1882 the state had 4,441,836 acres under the crop, yielding a little less than 160,000,000 bushels. This product ranks Kansas as one of the four great corn states in the Union. The average yield was thirty-five bushels per acre. We are told that corn is King, and it is. Let us crown the Kansas farmer, then, until some other can show a better average. Nine



GROWN BY AN ENTHUSIAST.

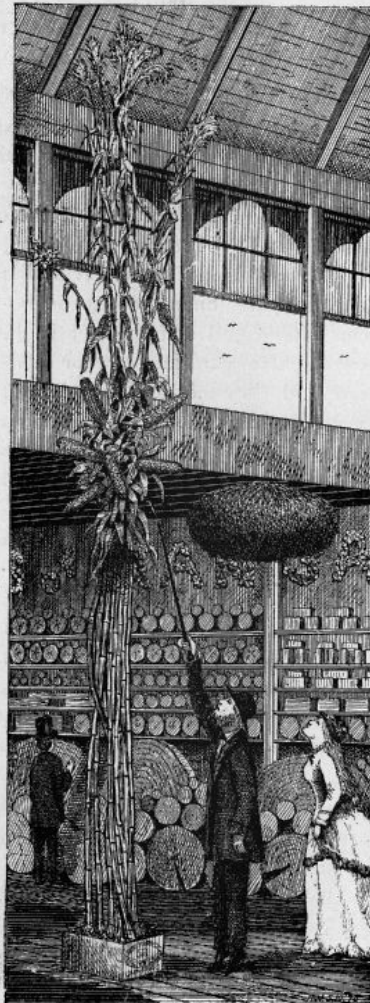


CORN BOTTOMS.

counties in the state had 100,000 acres or thereabouts in corn. Our figures are from the official report by the State Board of Agriculture. A crop of this kind makes fat hogs and fat cattle, fat purses too, and these are things which gladden the farmer's heart. The clean corn bottoms of the Arkansas River are sights worth traveling far to see. The farmers are industrious and intelligent, and clean out the weedy patches, but there is a natural cause working to the cultivator's advantage. In the lowlands of the fertile bottoms

of the South, and of Missouri and Illinois, work in the cornfield, in a broiling summer sun, is irksome and exhausting. The air is sultry and debilitating. But on the high prairies of Kansas, 1,000 to 2,000 feet above sea level, labor is not a burden but a pleasure. The farmer could not lie lazily down during the best part of the day, as his brother in some states is apt to do, supposing even he had the inclination. The result of his industry is a foregone conclusion.

The flood of emigration surges westward. The possibility of obtaining land as a gift lures multitudes to distant parts, but when the average is made up, the densest mass of population is found in the corn belt. No man who wants a snug farm of his own will venture out of it. Especially should those in moderate circumstances keep in the right latitude. Indian corn is the grain above all others for the permanent growth and enrichment of a country, and where it grows the greatest range of production exists. Cattle, horses, sheep and swine keep fat; the climate is best adapted for butter and cheese; the zone is the fruit-bearing zone; it is the golden mean between hot and cold; it presents more varied calls for employment; it combines the largest proportion of desirable things. The flood surges westward along the favored parallel. In the trans-Missouri region the choicest lands will soon be taken, and then the filling-in process will begin. Happy is the man who delays not to secure a home while it can be had cheap. Kansas says, Come. will sound back, Return, we are full.



NOT SO LARGE AS SOME.

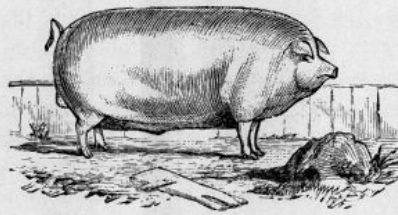
Wait yet a little while, and the echo

A NATURAL RESERVOIR.

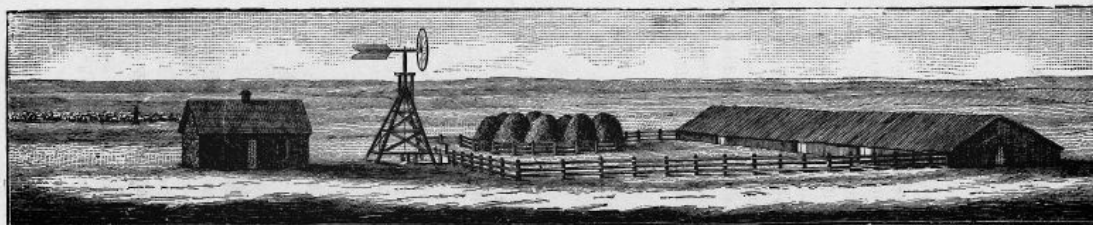
IT is not enough that a land flow with milk and honey if it lack water. A happy provision of nature has secured to the Arkansas Valley an inexhaustible supply. There appears to be a vast aqueous reservoir underlying the entire country, perhaps a bed of quicksand, conducting the waters of the river far inland in all directions. Strike this, and wells never fail; erect a wind-mill and let it work incessantly, you cannot pump it dry. The Arkansas River was never known to overflow its banks—it underflows instead, and so disposes of the surplus in times of heavy rains. When the river rises there is a corresponding rise in the wells, and *vice versa*. The Arkansas starts amid the perpetual snows of the Rocky Mountains—an exhaustless fountain—and no man in Southwest Kansas need lack for pure water, either for himself or his stock, who has industry enough to sink a well. A never failing supply is reached at a depth varying from 20 to 40 feet.

HOGS.

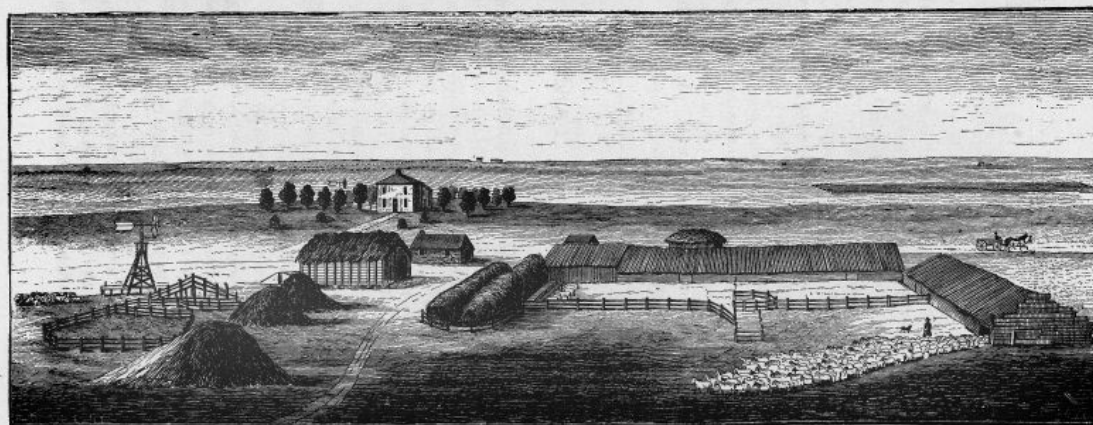
THE rank of second among pork-packing points in the West is freely conceded to Kansas City, which, though geographically in Missouri, is really the mercantile center of the state whose name it bears. The packing last year, in face of a shortage in the crop, reached 750,000 head. In twelve years the number of hogs assessed in Kansas has risen from 206,000 to 1,228,000 head, with a proportionate advance in quality. Of this large number, valued at \$12,286,830, all not consumed at home are marketed and largely packed in Kansas City. Statistics show that hogs packed there yield more lard in proportion to gross weight than any others packed in America. No people have been more energetic and liberal in procuring the best breeding stock than Kansans. Probably four-fifths of the animals now in the hands of the farmers are Poland-Chinas or Berkshires, or their crosses. We never hear of any disease among Kansas hogs, and with its other advantages the corn-producing capacity of the state renders it a peculiarly well adapted field for this branch of stock-raising.



POLAND-CHINA.



MR. WADSWORTH'S SUB-RANCH ON THE RATTLESNAKE.



G. W. WADSWORTH'S SHEEP RANCH, NEAR LARNED.



A MODEL RANGH.

AMONG the first things a man does after coming to Kansas to embark in sheep raising, is to visit Pawnee county and call on Mr. G. H. Wadsworth, who came to Larned to engage in sheep husbandry before the long tract of country extending from Great Bend west to the mountains was so thickly peopled with herdsmen as it is to-day. The fine grasses, pure water, well drained soil, and dry atmosphere, perfectly suited to wool growing, were there years before his coming, but not so many had been and seen as have come since. A good deal of land was running to waste eight years ago that now supports fat herds. Mr. Wadsworth has been adding to his purse every year since he came to Kansas, and his experience is only that of ninety-nine out of a hundred of the men who have gone into sheep with anything like an adequate idea of the work to start with.

What we all care for in these things is hard experience. Elsewhere the reader will find fuller reference to the country about Larned; we will touch here on what Mr. Wadsworth has accomplished. He moved to Kansas in 1875, located his present homestead eleven miles south of Larned, built a sod house, stable, etc., and put 2,000 sheep on the range. Next he built a house for his family, put up needful sheds, and bought 480 acres of land from the railroad. A well was sunk at the corral, which at thirty feet touched a water supply sufficient for 10,000 sheep, and a windmill was erected to do the pumping. That well and windmill are still at work. From such a beginning Mr. Wadsworth made his start; now he has more sheep, or at least he has had in the last few years, than any other wool grower in the county. In 1882 he owned, wholly or in part, 28,000 head, and this year he holds 8,000 of his own, and is interested in many thousand more.

During the first three years of his experience Mr. Wadsworth kept an account by strict business methods of his income and expenditures. He found that the net profits on his original investment of \$4,948 were \$7,420, taking no account of a flock of sheep graded from the original herd and worth \$6,600 in addition. Having already engaged in the sheep business in Iowa and Missouri before coming further west, what he has to say about Southwestern Kansas is worth reading. "I think this country far preferable," he writes, "to any other I know of for the wool business. I am confident that any one can come here with sheep, managing them as he should do, and realize fifty per cent. a year on the investment. There is no trouble whatever with foot-rot and the various diseases that in most localities make the business hazardous."



THE PRAIRIES OF BARTON COUNTY.

The only disease to which Kansas sheep are subject is "scab," they being exposed to that by the steady and heavy importation of herds from Colorado and Missouri into the state, but it is destructive only in cases of carelessness, as dipping twice in a mixture of sulphur and tobacco, or lime and sulphur, assures a cure.

There are twenty other sheep farms in the neighborhood of Larned where as much could be seen and learned as at Mr. Wadsworth's. His has been singled out for illustration, because it is a place visited by everybody who has "sheep in his eye."

MILES OF GREEN PASTURE.

THE growing importance of grass land in Kansas is unmistakable. There are many farmers in the western counties who would gladly exchange their broken ground for the original prairie sod, if they could. The abundance, luxuriance and sterling staying qualities of Kansas grasses have given them a genuine marketable value which no caprice of climate can alter. The buffalo variety is undoubtedly the finest winter grass in the world, and while it grows over a large area of western country, in no other place does the quantity per acre equal that of Kansas. The blue stem is a plentiful and nutritious summer grass. The farmers are paying more attention to the cultivation of tame grasses than hitherto, but in the southwestern counties the abundance and quality of prairie meadow and pasture are such as to remove all desire on the part of the husbandman to supersede them. A great body of Kansas soil has been made by the disintegration of limestone rock, and wherever such is the case Kentucky blue grass thrives even as under its native sky. But the farmer, however anxious he may be before starting out in respect to the possibilities of Southwest Kansas as a blue-grass country, will find, on looking into the matter, that blue grass is inferior to orchard grass, meadow oat grass, clover and alfalfa, for the prairie. In the eastern counties the circumstances are different, but in the West this much talked about pasturage is almost valueless in general farming, giving but scant feed during a limited portion of the year. A mixture of one and one-half bushels of orchard grass seed and two or three quarts of clover seed to the acre of ground will give a stand of grass that should satisfy the most exacting. These varieties find no more congenial climate anywhere, and with the others mentioned make big yields.

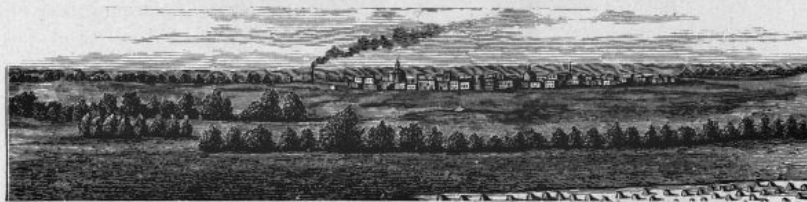


A TRADING POINT.

CITIES OF THE SOUTHWEST.

THE number and general prosperity of the towns of South Central and Southwest Kansas are a strange sight to one who crossed the plains ten years or more ago, and remembers the eternal sameness of things during the weary months when the "train" moved through that desolate if lovely wilderness.

The Arkansas Valley in those years was solitary beyond the powers of description. The river obeyed the tortuous windings of its treeless banks with a placidness that was awful in its silence, and who followed its meanderings with no companion save his own thoughts, says Colonel Inman, to whom we are indebted for this description, realized in all its intensity the meaning of the word *Alone*. Illimitable as the ocean, the monotonous waste stretched away until lost in the blue of the sky. The mirage created fantastic landscapes and pictured distances that only deceived and annoyed. The shriek of the bittern



THE ARKANSAS VALLEY AT GREAT BEND.

rarely broke upon the air to disturb the quiet of those silent waters, or the sharp whirr of the startled pheasant to grate harshly on the ear; the hare rushed trembling from man's presence, but had no voice to express her alarm; the antelope and buffalo moved quickly away at his coming, but uttered no sound to change the brooding quiet. Yet, despite its loneliness, the picture at times was beautiful, for there were miles of prairie which seemed to have risen like islands out of the sea. These were

* * * the gardens of the desert, these
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
And fresh as the young earth ere man had sinned.

Lo! they stretch
In airy undulations far away,
As if the ocean in his gentlest swell
Stood still, with all his rounded billows fixed
And motionless forever.

And now that memorable silence is broken by the hum of the reaper and the sound of traffic. Sleek cattle roam over what was once a waste, sheep fatten thereon by thousands, and the whole region is instinct with life and human energy. The locomotive has cheated Solitude out of its valley.

Leaving Kansas City and passing Lawrence, or starting from Atchison, the traveler arrives with good speed at Topeka, the capital of the state and one of the most active and prosperous cities in the West. Thence southward and to the west through the coal region of Osage county, he passes the important town of Emporia, and thirteen miles beyond enters the Land Grant of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad, as splendid a tract of land as the National Government ever granted a corporation. Strong City, the first principal station, quarries large quantities of superior limestone, which it ships to all parts of the state. The Capitol at Topeka is built of this stone. Cottonwood Falls, the county seat, is a mile and a half distant. The surrounding country is well suited to agricultural and stock purposes. Then comes Florence in Marion county, with 1,000 or 1,200 people, the center of a famous farming district. Grain and live stock are the chief shipments. Two churches, several religious societies, and a good graded school are supported. Florence has two hotels, one newspaper, a gristmill, an elevator, three quarries, a lime kiln, and other evidences of business life.

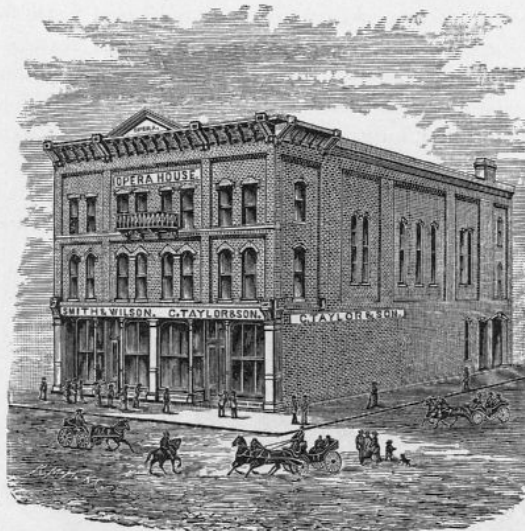


unexcelled in Kansas. Nearly every acre is tillable. It is doubtful if another body of land equaling this in extent, with so small a percentage of waste, can be found in the West.

Newton, the county seat of Harvey county, has a growing population now numbering 3,500. The railroad station cost \$30,000, and the new county jail one third that sum. Besides four churches and two fine school houses, the city sustains five hotels, four banks, three newspapers, three elevators, and shows unmistakable signs of "push."

Thirty-three miles further west the road strikes the Arkansas River at Hutchinson, which stream it follows for over 250 miles to the western line of the state. Hutchinson is in Reno county, and has a shipping prominence that is remarkable for a place of 2,500 people. It contains four churches, a fine graded school, three newspapers, two banks, a brick court house, an elaborately equipped sugar refinery, a creamery, grist mills, hotels, an opera house, etc. A large quantity of railroad land is for sale in Reno county at from \$4 to \$8 per acre. Nickerson and Sterling come next, and then Raymond and Ellinwood, near all of which the stockmen can find good, low priced land.

Nickerson was laid out in October, 1879, but its growth has been accelerated by the location there of important railroad division headquarters. It is also the principal shipping point east of Dodge City for cattle from Indian Territory and the south. Sterling has 2,000 inhabitants, two of the largest sugar and syrup mills in the Arkansas Valley, and plenty of churches, schools, and enterprise. Raymond is a newer station just starting into life, with the rural church, hotel, and good Kansas school; ships hay, live stock, broom corn and produce. Ellinwood stands at the junction of the main line and the McPherson branch of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé, and reports a population of 700, largely German, who have a Catholic and Lutheran church, a public school, several hotels, one brewery, and a flouring mill. This little town shipped 463 carloads of wheat in the last six months of last year, in addition to what was ground up at home, and one-third of the crop which the farmers held. Great Bend is a few miles further on. Between that city and Dodge lies a stretch of country one hundred miles long, perfectly healthful, subject to little cold weather and less snow, and better adapted to cattle and sheep than any other area over which the writer ever traveled. The surface is rolling, the soil well drained, the range from horizon to horizon. The grass, instead of the blue stem and other summer varieties of

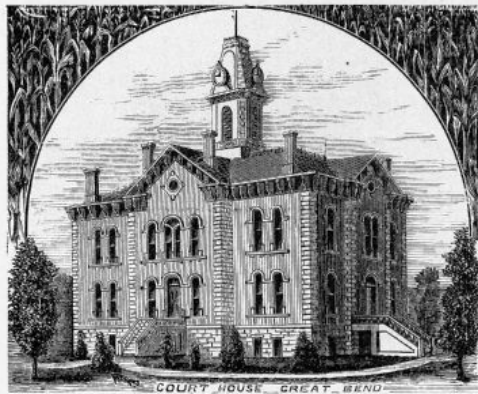


HUTCHINSON OPERA HOUSE.

the eastern counties, is that king of all pasture, the buffalo, rich in saccharine matter and succulent fiber, sought out by animals in summer and winter. The average elevation above the sea is at least 2,000 feet, and to breathe the quickening air of these plains is to insure the body against the ills of ague, asthma, and consumption. And west of Dodge City there is equally good grazing. The characteristic features of Dodge itself (as the great cattle town is familiarly called) are touched upon in other pages of this book, but mention may here be made of its \$10,000 court house, imposing brick school house, said to be unexcelled in the state, its church, banks, mill, tannery, and two bright newspapers. Originally a point from which buffalo hunters drew their supplies, Dodge has grown to become a county seat boasting 1,200 people, with a cattle trade involving millions of dollars. Still onward, and Garden City, a new Metropolis is reached, and the irrigating ditches already seen at intervals from the car window have increased until there seems no limit to them. No greater success has been achieved in Kansas agriculture than farming by irrigation; there is hardly a record of individual failure, even, and the crops raised along the ditches would astonish the best market gardener in the world. Canals now built will water 300,000 acres. Lakin also has irrigating ditches.

Coolidge is the last town before the railroad crosses into Colorado.

There is no difference of opinion among intelligent men as to the fertility of Kansas soil, but while agriculture has been pursued with degrees of success varying as the farmer's grasp of the needs and resources of his particular section varied—albeit with an aggregate result unsurpassed in the annals of farming—the stockmen have always and every-



where made money, and to the growing stock interests we look for the future wealth of the state. Farming will continue to advance, but great as its rewards are, it cannot hope to overtake the greater increase on the range. The more corn raised, the better for cattle, sheep, and hogs, and the more of these animals the better for the farmers and the state. The amazing increase in the number of live stock is therefore the happiest omen for the future. As there is land enough to dispel all fear of overcrowding, we can utter no wiser counsel, if you have your mind set on a ranch, than "Come on."

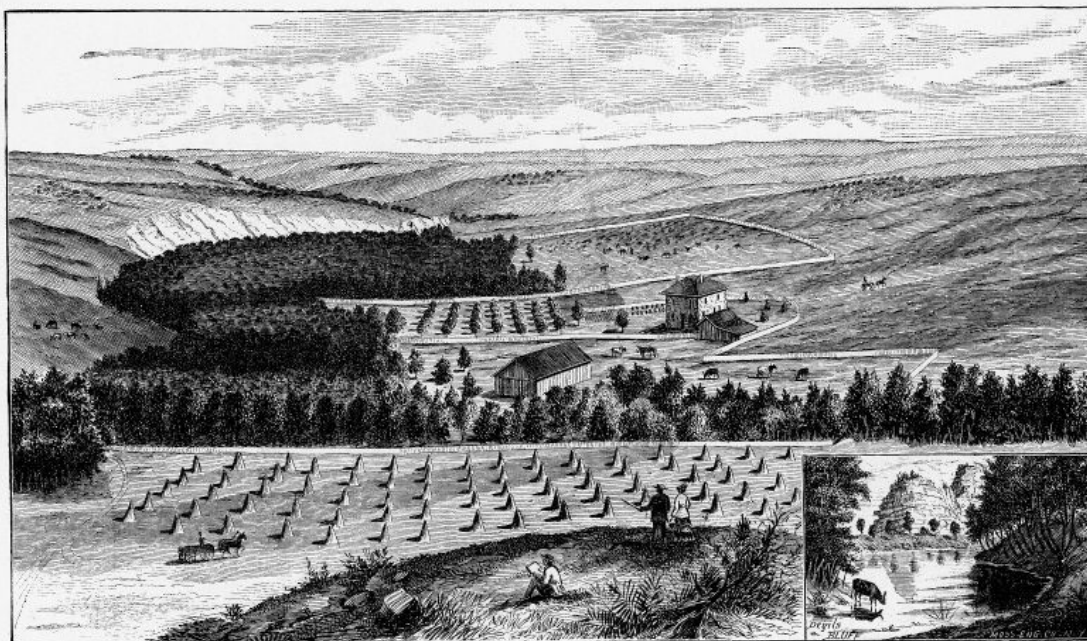
"CATTLE OF THE DAY."

WHILST it is a marvel to find such school houses and so many of them, such churches and so handsome ones, the number and merit of Kansas newspapers afford a similar surprise. Mr. George P. Rowell, of New York city, being asked which state showed the most rapid increase in newspapers, said: "Kansas leads the list by long odds. Its newspapers have increased in number in excess of those of any other state in the Union. Two years ago, when my newspaper directory was out of the print-



er's hands, I congratulated its editor, Mr. Wattemburg, upon the general accuracy with which the statistics had been compiled. 'I am sorry to say,' he said, after having smilingly taken in my remark, 'that the collection is not as accurate as you think. I have here in my pocket the names of eighty-three newspapers that were started in Kansas while the directory was in press.'

The culture and general intelligence of New England is a boast of long standing. The newspapers may be taken as a fair indication in this matter. Yet Maine, New Hampshire, Connecticut and Rhode Island—four out of the six states, including a population of 1,700,000 people, as against 1,000,000 in Kansas—do not have as many papers as does the twenty-one-year-old state standing at the gateway of the Far West.



CATTLE RANCH OF THE MAKIN BROS. (FORMERLY OF LIVERPOOL), NEAR FLORENCE, MARION COUNTY.



ENGLISHMEN IN KANSAS.

THE Makins are young Englishmen who emigrated from Liverpool to America in search of the best locality for stock-raising. They found that spot, they think, three miles south of Florence, in Marion county, Kansas. Buying land of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad Company, they at once set to work putting up buildings and stocking a farm, expending altogether about \$25,000. This was three years ago. Now their splendid farm, stocked with high-bred cattle, together with its comfortable improvements, is worth \$40,000 at least. Readers with a turn for figures can work out the profit on this investment. Mr. Willoughby Makin, who is an active member of the British Club of Kansas, refers to this southwestern country as "the stockman's paradise." There is not a more agreeable place in the state to visit than the Makin ranch, and the boys will forgive us for advising anyone who is about to engage in stock-raising to get an opinion from them as to a stock investment in Southwest Kansas.

NATURAL ROADS.

IT is the universal opinion among farmers who come to the Arkansas Valley from Indiana, Illinois and other states, that Kansas has "the best roads in the world." Making due allowance for all exaggeration, it is still true that the common highways of the state are better than those of other western states, from which a great many settlers have immigrated to the newer West beyond. Some of the local papers lately printed interviews with leading farmers of their districts, and in almost every instance the roads were hit upon for favorable comparison. The rolling face of the country insures good drainage; there are no swamps, and none of those terrors of most flat countries—sloughs. The character of the soil is such that the track becomes very solid and smooth by travel, presenting a surface almost as hard as wood. A little care keeps the roads as they should be the year round. When you come to Kansas it will interest you to notice these splendid natural highways, running in all directions across the prairie and forming an attractive feature about which little has ever been said in print.





A MESSAGE FROM THE NORTH.

IF you will open the map of Kansas and trace the course which the tide of western immigration has followed, you will find that the first point where the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad really touches the Arkansas River is at Hutchinson, the county seat of Reno county, and the center of a wide and prosperous district. For general farming and stock raising no finer tract of land exists in the West. At the last state fair, Reno county was awarded first honors, again proving how little dream and how much truth there is in all that has been written about the beautiful valley of the Arkansas.

And while bright and winsome Hutchinson—to our prejudice the most interesting and go-ahead town in the Southwest—is the rallying point of as fertile an agricultural tract as the sun shines on, it is also becoming a stock center of more than ordinary importance, for the neighboring country affords many acres of buffalo grass and blue stem range. The general tendency among stockmen to discard the more expensive and unsatisfactory scheme of herding for a fenced pasture, is evident all over this county. But besides being a good place for the tiller and the herdsman, the appended letter would tend to show that Reno is a good county to live in, leastwise that it is not a good county to emigrate from. There may be some who cherish a longing for the far frigid northland. Here is a man who went to Dakota territory from Kansas, and seems to have made a pretty accurate estimate of his new home. The recipient of his letter is Mr. A. H. Moffet, of Hutchinson, and the communication, dated Mayville, D. T., runs as follows:

FRIEND MOFFET: We have been excluded from the outside world by snow for more than four weeks, and as they had to abandon the trains forty-seven miles south of this place last week, the prospects are that we will have to live in exile another long month. I am realizing the fact that I am a good ways from home, out in the snow, without one love near. We shall soon be in a terrible condition for fuel and food. We had a blizzard last week that for magnitude lays over anything in that line I ever dreamt of. Any and all former efforts in that line have paled into insignificance. I am entirely outdone in this last hook. We have been shut out from the world so long that I am unable to tell whether to wear spring or winter clothes. Still interspersed between the moaning of the wind you will occasionally hear some old weather-broken cuss say that he has been out in some trapping time "in wuss storms than this—when you could not see ten foot ahead." We have now on hand snow banks in our streets more than fifteen feet high. Navigation is entirely closed, with the

exception of now and then a Laplander, who comes in on top of the crust on a pair of snow shoes. And still they think we ought to, or should be amiable enough to love this country.

Should I not come out in the spring I want you to have my remains exhumed and shipped to Kansas and interred. You will find my bank account in the left-hand drawer in my desk. I think it will be large enough to defray all expenses. * * *

I am, yours truly,

TED. HALVERSON.



AT ANCHOR.

SPORT ON THE PRAIRIE.

HERE is royal sport to be had on the plains of Western Kansas. Prairie chicken are plentiful, and there is no finer bird in the world for the huntsman. Quail dodge out of every hedge-row, the open fields are alive with them, and they scamper along under your very horse's head, or whistle to their mates "in the standing corn," as you drive by. Great bevies of grouse feed in the grain and stubble fields. The snipe and curlew are easily shot, and so is the wild pigeon. During the spring and fall millions of plover visit the state, remaining with us long enough for sportsmen to capture good bags. Wild ducks and geese fairly swarm about the Arkansas River and its tributaries, and in many instances the farmers resort to



LO! THE POOR BUFFALO.

scare-crows—or shall we call the effigies scare-geese?—to prevent the destruction of their wheat and corn. The Mennonites, who do not believe in the use of fire-arms, send their children into the wheat-fields to frighten away the birds. On a November evening in 1881 the writer witnessed an incident near Burrton, in Harvey county, which will illustrate the abundance of this game. The son of the hotel-keeper took his father's gun and started for a neighboring corn-field where the geese had been swarming all day. Being a youngster and anxious not to return empty-handed, he crept along on his hands and knees close up to the flock. Leveling his weapon he fired, but the cap did not explode, and the birds took to flight upon hearing the click of the hammer. The gun was a double-barreled one, and as soon as he could the boy took aim and fired again, whereupon thirteen geese fell, which he brought in triumph to the

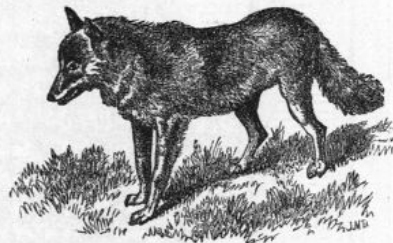
hotel. The market price of the birds last year in towns west of Newton was ten cents apiece, or about what the feathers were worth. But there is larger game to be attended to. Though rapidly disappearing before the encroaching march of the homesteader, the buffalo still pastures in some parts of Western Kansas, and occasionally, says Mr. Porter in "The West," "a herd of wild horses dashes into the southwestern counties." Antelope and deer bound along the picturesque bluffs, and hide in the tall grass and woody selvages of the bottom lands, and there certainly is no finer sport in all the chase than racing the fleet antelope. None, unless it be coursing the bounding jack-rabbit as he flies ahead of the hounds. These "varmints" exist in thousands on the prairies, and a dozen other diverting small fry of the four-legged order afford opportunities to the Nimrod.



AFTER THE ANTELOPE.

A SPECIAL PLEA

GENTLEMEN of the jury: He is an outcast, it is true, but he is also the "oldest inhabitant." He is a thief, but he has been evicted from his stamping ground. He may have purloined your boots or your saddlestraps, but since "he is disowned by the dogs, and not recognized at all by respectable foxes," there is somewhat to be said for his obliquity. Let us reason together. He howls o' nights—so do my neighbor's dogs. He thrusts his "triangular and elongated visage" into other people's affairs when they, perchance, are not about—so do a numerous army of two-legged critters who ought to know better, while they would speak with contempt of this coward. Suppose he has chewed up your lariat, or made away with your harness, did he ever manipulate a "corner," or misappropriate the savings of widows and orphans? Suppose while pursued by hunger he has fallen foul of a covey of young birds, answer me echo of a hundred wanton shots, did he ever kill for the sake of killing? Granted that he waylays the incautious jack-rabbit, which thereupon "takes its last lesson in gnawing subjectively"—with a less defensible end have you not found coursing the jack fair sport? When game is afoot this lop-eared and large-jointed creature gathers together the best of his clan, that they too may lick their chops in expectation—is such unselfishness universal? He was suckled by penury and reared in want and adversity, school-mothers of thieftom everywhere—how much better pupils do we rear under such tutelage? He is patient under great provocation—I wish we all were. You call him craven and a poltroon, but my word for it, let your dog corner him and ye shall know the mettle of his pasture. The fox now is a royal fellow, nevertheless he has more cunning than the prisoner at the bar. Would you apply to quadrupeds the human law making it a disgrace only to be detected in wrong-doing? The fox is sly and escapes—he is a good fellow; the coyote is sly, but he has the courage of his theft, and so he and all his yelping progeny are dastards. It is true he *does* yelp, and his discordant clangor fills the wilderness, but we are disinheriting the savages now—the coyote, the buffalo, and the red Indian—and who—who would not make his voice heard under such distressing circumstances?



"A THOROUGHLY VAGABOND OUTCAST IN GRAY."