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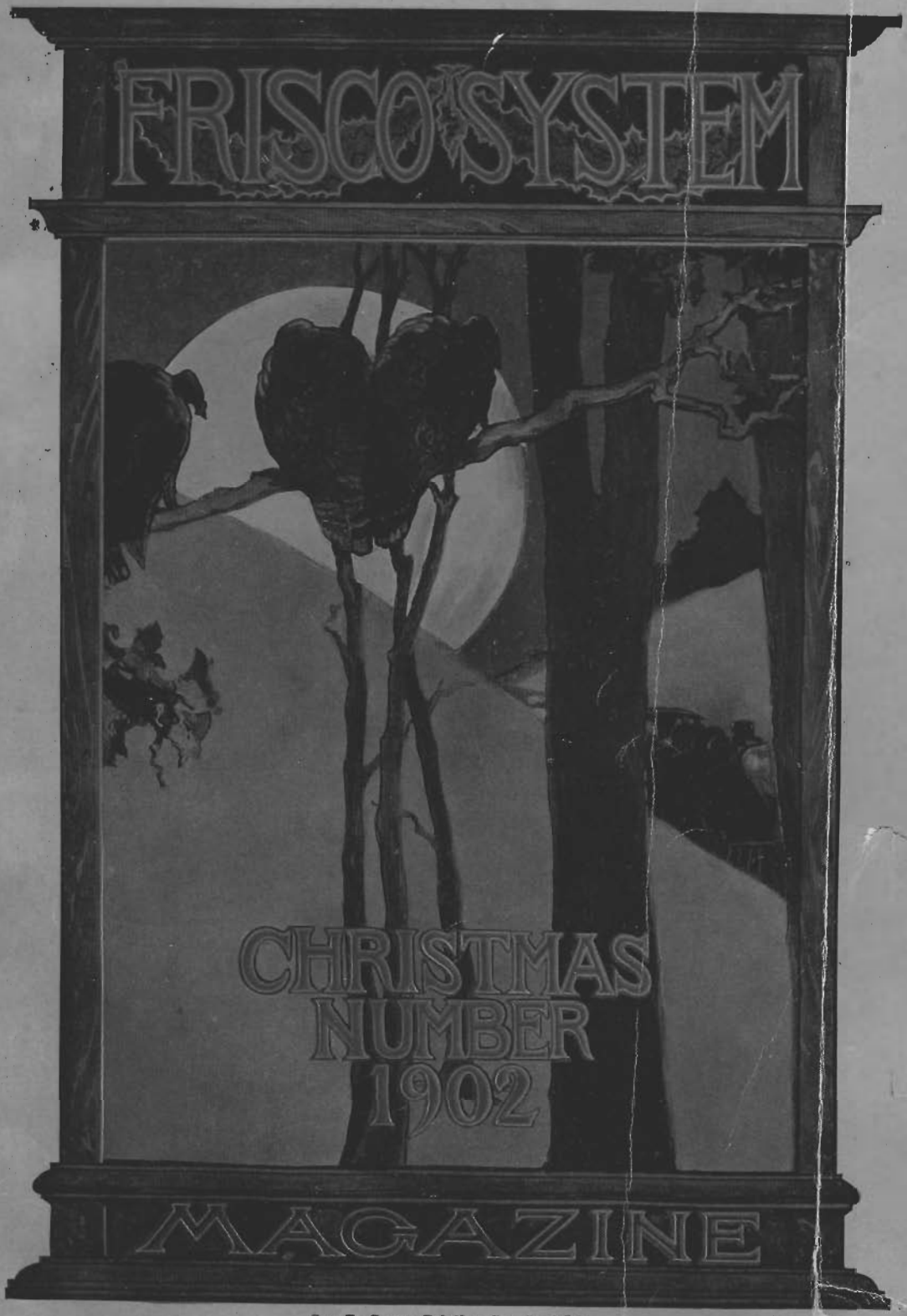

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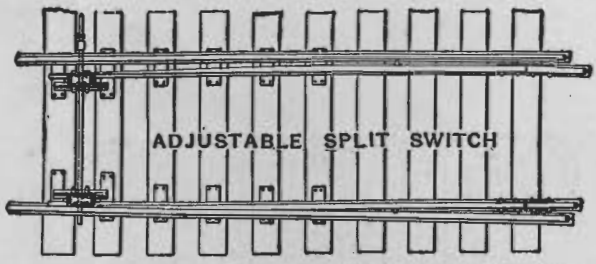

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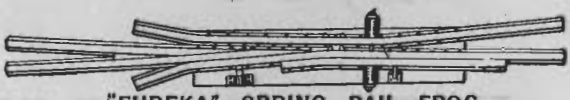

FRISCO SYSTEM

MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1902

ISSUED BY THE
PASSENGER DEPARTMENT
OF THE
ST. LOUIS AND SAN FRANCISCO
RAILROAD

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FRISCO SYSTEM MAGAZINE.

VOLUME I. DECEMBER, 1902. NUMBER 11

CONTENTS.

Front Cover, designed and executed by Mr. S. L. Stoddard and Miss Rhoda Chase, St. Louis		
A Little Journey into Arkansas—Illustrated,	*John H. Raftery.*	11
Jasmine (poem),	*James Jeffrey Roche.*	15
The Great Lead and Zinc Fields—Illustrated,	*Thomas F. Millard.*	16
The Depth of Love,	*Charles Hanson Towne.*	20
Why No. 272 Did Not File—Illustrated,	*A. R. C.*	21
Texas and its Potentialities—Illustrated,	*Louis J. Wortham.*	25
Kansas City to Birmingham—Illustrated,	*J. C. McManima.*	28
Lullaby—(poem),	*Eugene Field.*	34
Profit in Angora Goats—Illustrated,	*Wm. R. Draper.*	35
A Region of Shale,	*Thomas F. Millard.*	40
Delightful Monte Ne—Illustrated,	*W. H. H.*	42
Cotton,		47
The White Flyer,	*E. M. Rhodes.*	48
Good Things About Kansas,	*D. O. McCray.*	51
Mike Feared a Relapse,		53
Holdenville, Indian Territory—Illustrated,	*J. W. Kief.*	54
Fort Smith, Arkansas,		55
North Arkansas,	*Olena Webb.*	56
Land of Health and Wealth—Illustrated,	*F. N. B.*	57
Death to the Peach Moth,		60
Minnette's Eyes,	*William Marion Reedy.*	61
A Deed (poem),	*Robert Loveman.*	63
Realm of Huntsmen,	*A. J. Kendrick.*	64
Cut it Out (poem),	*Willis Clanahan.*	67
To Helen (poem),	*Edgar Allen Poe.*	67
Weleetka, Indian Territory,	*Thomas F. Millard.*	68
Just a Line or Two,		72
A Little Out of the Way,		73
Silence,	*Julien Vordon.*	74
Facts About Indian Territory—Illustrated,	*Thomas F. Millard.*	75
A Night of Terror,	*Maj. Arthur Griffith.*	86
Oklahoma Town Building,	*A. K. W.*	88
The Winter Pool,	*Frank Dempster Sherman*	90
Dont's for Preachers,		91
Newspaper Wit,		92
Extracts from Report of the Governor of Oklahoma,	*Hon. Wm. M. Jenkins.*	93
Eureka Springs as a Resort—Illustrated,	*Miss F. E. Perkins.*	106
Frisco System Pointers,	*J. C. M.*	108

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INDEX TO ADVERTISERS.

	PAGE
A. Leschen & Sons Rope Co.,	Inside frt. cover
Bauer Machine Works,	8
Baldwin Locomotive Works,	8
B. & O. S.-W. R. R.,	9
Central Coal & Coke Co.,	119
Crescent Iron Works,	117
Chicago & Alton,	119
Con. P. Curran Printing Co.,	116
Crescent Hotel,	Inside bk. cover
Dr. J. Harvey Moore, Eye Specialist,	6
Elliot Frog & Switch Co.,	Inside frt. cover
F. E. Schoenberg Mfg. Co.,	6
Fairbanks Standard Scales,	114
First National Bank, Kansas City, Mo.,	117
Geo. Munson,	6
Hopewell Railroad Supply Co.,	Inside frt. cover
Inland Equipment Co.,	114
Joplin Brewing Co.,	118
John F. Meyer & Sons,	117
J. W. Freeman, Mining Machinery,	8
Langenberg Bros. & Co.,	6
Moore Manufacturing Co.,	113
Mobile & Ohio Railroad,	Bk. cover and 8
Pittsburg & Midway Coal Mining Co.,	114
Schlitz, Milwaukee Beer,	114
Simpson-Ladd Co.,	6
The Mirror,	8
The Harnden Seed Co.,	114
The Sporting News Publishing Co.,	9
The Homeseeker & Investor,	Inside bk. cover
The Safety Car Heating & Lighting Co.,	6
The Standard Steel Works Co.,	6
The Keeley Institute,	9
Wells Fargo & Co.,	117
W. B. Hurst & Co.,	119

Real Estate Agents.

	PAGE
Adair & McCurry,	112
A. W. Ollis & Co.,	113
A. W. McKeand,	110
Chas. A. Mitchell,	113
D. H. Beamer,	110
Eastern Kansas Land Co.,	111
Frisco System Townsite Co.,	112
F. H. Humphrey,	111
F. V. Rowland & Co.,	112
Hoover & Kanaga,	112
Henry Morgan,	113
H.C.Williamson Land & Investment Co.	112
Hunter Realty Co.,	112
J. A. Holman,	113
J. V. Fleming Realty Co.,	113
J. P. Butler,	112
J. N. Groesbeeck & Son,	110
Jot. M. Wilson & Son,	113
Joe Hess & Co.,	112
James C. Topliff,	111
Jackson & Foster Land Co.,	114
Long Brothers, Land Men,	111
M. B. Locke & Co.,	110
Mathews & Parks, Real Estate,	111
McKinney & Leavitt,	113
Missouri Lumber & Land Exchange Co.	113
Neal Realty Co.,	112
Parsons & Whitsell,	113
Shivers & Williams,	111
Simmons & Purdy,	113
The Frank J. Hess Real Estate Co.,	111
Wetzel & Weidenbach,	111
W. T. Daniel, Attorney,	114
Wallace & Stevens,	110

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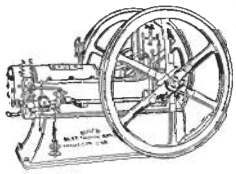

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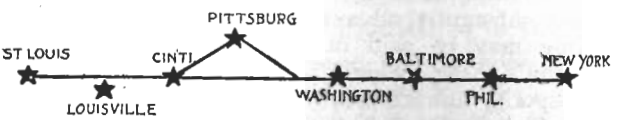

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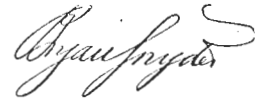
RETROSPECT AND FORECAST

THIS (Christmas) issue marks the end of the calendar year, and almost the end of the first year of existence of the new FRISCO SYSTEM MAGAZINE. In the rehabilitation of this publication, which commenced with the February issue, we announced the intention of placing before our readers a magazine of real facts and figures—one that would appeal to the searcher for information in regard to the constantly enlarging territory traversed by the rails of the Frisco System. This we have endeavored to do, in some instances even to the sacrifice of literary attainment. Many articles bearing the stamp of real literary merit have been rejected, in the belief that they would appear out of place in a publication, the announced intention of which was to promote the interests of the communities served by our lines, and to interest the homeseeker and investor in a new and fast-developing empire—"The Great Southwest." While we have, from time to time, employed writers of practice and known ability, to exploit in these columns the merits of certain localities and industries, there is traceable in most of our work, during the year now closing, the pen of the man who writes, not from attainment in literature, but from direct and intimate knowledge of the subject treated of. The men who write our articles on farming are men who understand, from practical experience, the subject they are handling, and the same rule has, with few exceptions, been followed in the other subjects treated of.

We have only one complaint to make of the treatment accorded us in the conduct of this work—we have not received as many letters of advice and criticism as we could have wished for. It should be borne in mind that this, like other magazines, is conducted for the enlightenment of those perusing its columns; and we are, at all times, glad to investigate and describe in detail the resources and promise of any locality or industry reached by the Frisco System. On the other hand, our columns are open to those interested in the development of any portion of our territory, who desire its capabilities exploited to the homeseeker or investor.

"Motion means money." The pith and point of this axiom was realized by the builders of the southwest years before the man to whom it is attributed achieved prominence. But it is a slogan that may well be adopted by the promoters of an empire that is now drawing to itself the attention of the civilized world. The Southwest today offers greater and more substantial advantages than ever before in its strenuous history. The same may be said of that great territory lying south of Mason and Dixon's Line, which is now enjoying a degree of trade activity and prosperity unknown before.

Taken all in all, the readers of the FRISCO SYSTEM MAGAZINE have every opportunity to familiarize themselves with a territory offering inducements to the most active promoter, and not less to the most conservative investor. The results achieved by this publication during the year now closing, lead us to look forward to another year of still greater usefulness in the conduct of a work calculated to attract attention to a territory deserving of much more than even the world-wide comment its substantial prosperity is now attracting.



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Passenger Department of the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad.

Devoted to the Development of the Resources and the Promotion of the Mercantile, Manufacturing and Agricultural Interests in the Territory of the FRISCO SYSTEM.

Publication Office, Third and Locust Streets, St. Louis. E. P. O'Fallon, Manager.

Vol. 1. DECEMBER, 1902. No. 11

A LITTLE JOURNEY INTO ARKANSAS.

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

It has been my fortune during the past year to spend some months in the famous fruit regions of Michigan and therefore to know, at first hand, something of the native resources of that district and something of the incessant endeavor which has made it famous. The climate is rigorous in spring and winter, often harsh even in summer, and in the autumn as whimsical as a woman's moods. Its beauty—and it IS beautiful—has in it the sting, the poignancy, the threats of the moist winds that whip from the great inland seas which almost surround the state, teasing the nights with chilly shrillings even in summer, and withering the face of nature in the autumn before the Indian summer days of more southerly states have felt the tang of the first frost.

And yet the huddled farmers of that widely praised fruit region of Michigan cling to their small holdings of land with jealous devotion. Something of the Dutch thrift is in their blood; they toil and figure and lay awake o' nights, but they seldom sell out. They have at times pests of insects and visitations of blight which destroy some of their profits, but they stick manfully to their tasks and hold values high. Living is costly, for lumber and coal, cattle and corn are scarce and there the winter bites with fangs of steel. Fifty dollars will not buy a good acre of fruit land in the Michigan belt. The canny husbandmen are wedded to their homes, their farms. They have through the generations and through years of harsh experiences, adapted themselves to the hard accessories of their northern climate and they are happy, prosperous and contented. I think it is well for them that they are a home-keeping race.

I left Michigan in September, when the winds that rush hither and thither across the peninsula have in them those buffetings that make the bones ache and numb the fingers that would dally with rod and reel. And within a few days I was on the southern slope of the Boston mountains, in Crawford county, Arkansas, with a pungent south wind blowing in my face and the wine of a matchless autumn day stirring my blood. I have lived in Colorado, where the mountains, vast and cold, in winter look like the rust-brown fragments of iron desolation; I have fished in Tahoe in the Sierras in the fall when the whole world seemed plumed with mourning timbers, scarred with rushing mountain rivers and innocent of drill or plow. I have stood at the measureless rim of that "inferno, swathed in soft celestial fires," in Arizona, where veteran travelers are mute and terrified in the presence of such pitiless immensity. And in all of these mountains, in

all the splendors of their titanic size, in all the mysteries of their wan abysses, I have never said "Here could be my home!"

But that is what one says, standing upon the verdure-clad mountains of Northwestern Arkansas, looking across the billowing plateaus of Crawford, Washington, Benton and Sebastian counties. There is a winsome tenderness about that region that is not all of the atmosphere, nor all of the magical beauty of the scenery, nor yet all of the bourgeoning sod, but, I guess, some subtle blending of all these, some feat of Nature's necromancy, some spirit of the earth, the sky and air that springs, sun-

and grains that are ripening before the frost is melted in the backward regions of the north.

Now, if I happened to be a Michigan fruit farmer, or any kind of a farmer, I'd be tempted to sell out, pack up and come to Arkansas, and the wonder of it all is that, in spite of its almost unequaled climate, its rare beauty and absolutely incomparable fructivity, these northwestern counties of Arkansas have not yet reached the tenth part of their possibilities, have not known one-seventh of the population which their teeming fields, ore-charged mountains and matchless fruit lands could well sustain.

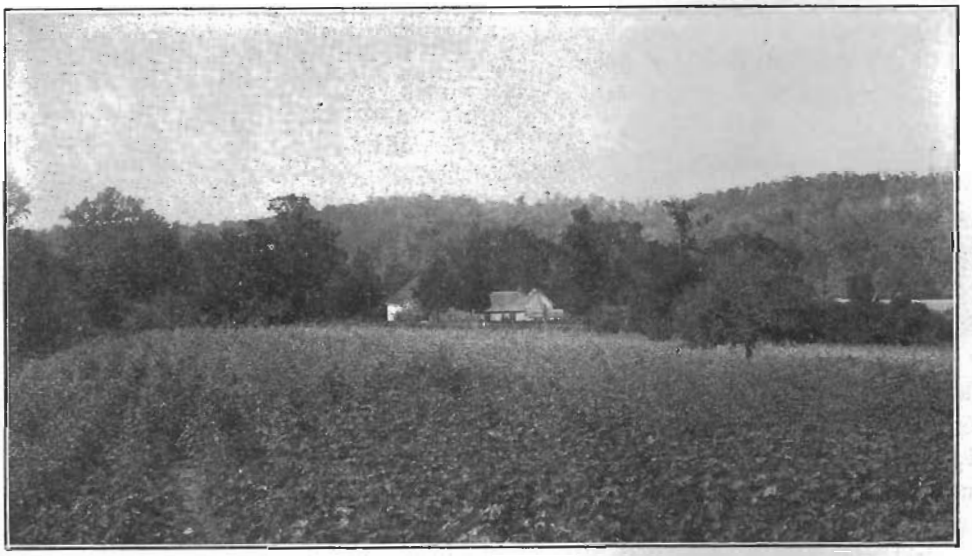
North Arkansas Farm Scene.

touched, from the matchless alembic of those hill-encinctured vales. Here could be my home, you say, looking from hill to hill through the gold-gray haze of the gentle Indian summer; here could be my home, you think, when the frost is in the dry, brisk air of winter like courage in the nostrils of a boy, and the hills stand 'round about the sheltered valleys so that you forget the blight of the blizzards in the northern states; this could be my home, you say again in spring, when the sap is stirring and again when the golden days of summer come crowding on with fruits and flowers

In Crawford county alone there are 400,000 acres, and if the 22,000 people living within its borders were scattered equally throughout its expanse, there would be but one person on every twenty acres. Similar conditions prevail in the other counties of this singularly beautiful region, and even now the great volume of emigration which passes annually over the Frisco System to the western and southwestern wonderlands of Oklahoma, Texas and Indian Territory pauses not for the no less salubrious, equally fertile but far more beautiful farm and orchard lands of Northwestern Arkansas.

It has been said that in Southern California they sell climate by the acre and certainly they get good prices for it. In the rich farming districts of the north you buy land without reference to atmospheric conditions. In the semi-arid regions you must supply water for agriculture by artifice. In the cold regions you must combat the rigors of nature by artifice, too. But in Arkansas, especially in those upper altitudes, those radiant reaches of the hill-district, you will find a climate that is not surpassed in America, a soil that has no superior for fruit, for grain and for every flower, forage, feed or fabric plant that grows in the temperate and semi-tropic zones. When you buy an acre of land, the cubic acre of atmosphere that is "thrown in" is neither the brass-blue rainless air of the desert nor the storm-laden, marrow-piercing climate of the north.

I'm not sure that the average farmer "figures" much on climate. The masculine fruitraiser is apt to be satisfied if he flourishes either by the sweat of his brow or the frost-bite of his ears. But if he can flourish with less labor and without encountering the frozen face, what's the use of remaining a martyr? Benton county, Arkansas, for instance, is said by fruit experts to be capable of producing more apples of a uniformly high quality, than any similar area in the United States. And yet it has not attained more than one-tenth of its limitations in this single particular! Last year the county marketed 9,000 crates of strawberries, delivering them in northern markets from two weeks to two months earlier than rival sections of even the South, and at a profit not excelled in any berry-raising district. The county might just as easily have marketed ninety thousand crates, because the demand for the early strawberries of Arkansas is unlimited, their fame is established and the accessible markets are expanding more rapidly than the supply. Land is more than fifty per cent cheaper, on an average, than the fruit lands of Michigan; the natural precipitation of moisture is greater than in the fruit belt of Texas, the number of rivers and springs of pure water is greater than in any other Southern state, and yet the climate is as equable and as healthy as in the sun-bathed valleys of the Red river.



Cotton Field on Boston Mountains, Ark.

The railroad, educational and social progression of this portion of Arkansas are already years ahead of the tributary popu-

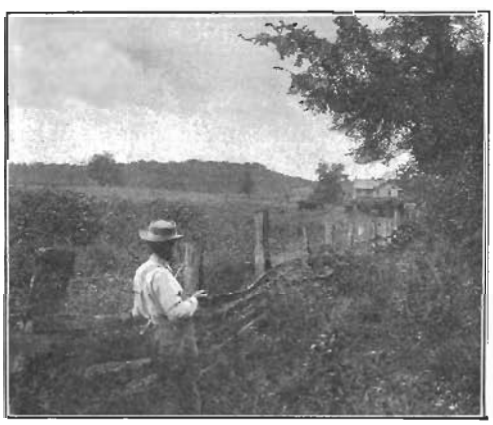
lation. There are colleges and academies at Bentonville, Rogers, Pea Ridge, Mason Valley, Siloam Springs, Gentry and other

towns of Benton county and more than a dozen daily newspapers. A hundred public and private schools offer educational facilities that would not be overtaxed by an immediate access of 25,000 people.

It is not easy to understand why emigrants seeking for cheap lands of proved fructivity will "jump over" a region so singularly blessed with every gift of nature, to go further and perhaps fare worse. If you would write to Mr. Berkely Neal, Van Buren, Crawford county, he would send you a mass of information well calculated to astonish those who do not know that the berry farmers around Van Buren last year netted more than $15,000 from the strawberries sold in that town alone. There are as yet no authentic figures as to the quantities of apples, peaches, pears, cherries, grapes and other small fruits raised in these northwestern counties of the state, but it is a matter of record that at every exhibition, fair, exposition or horticultural display in which the growers of this section have exhibited the examples shown have outranked all others in point of QUALITY. In perfect texture, in color, in flavor, in freedom from scars and diseases, the Arkansas apple is, par excellence, the champion of the world.

Passing southward into Washington county, with its 890 square miles, the paucity of population in this wondrous region becomes even more apparent and more astonishing. There are today more than twenty-five thousand acres of Government lands in this county open to homesteading, and in most cases bearing timber that is worth twice the initial cost of acquiring and perfecting a title. Upon its alluvial soil every cereal known to the temperate latitude will prosper. Washington county is called the "grain belt" of Arkansas because its fields will yield 50 bushels of corn, 20 bushels of wheat or 40 bushels of oats on every acre so planted. In addition to its cereal productivity there are thousands of acres of fruit lands as perfectly adapted for orchards as can be found in the world. Concord, Norton's Virginia, Neosho and Delaware grapes seem to surpass the best performances of their native soils when once installed in the favorable vinelands of Washington county.

Sebastian county, further south, is richer in mineral endowments than any similar area of the southwest. Fort Smith, its chief city, has a population of more than 20,000. It is a hive of factories and foundries, and yet one of the comeliest, cleanest manufacturing towns in this country. The coals of Sebastian county, like the apples of the state, excel all others in qual-



Farm Scene at Miller Springs, on the Big Piney River.

ity. They are smokeless. The Quartermaster General of the United States officially reports that the heating capabilities of Se-

bastian county coal are from 25 to 100 per cent greater than any other in the world with the exception of the Pocahontas coal of West Virginia. The available supply, if not inexhaustible, is so vast that the output of its mines has made no perceptible impression upon the deposits already surveyed. But the mineral wealth of this county has subtracted nothing from its agricultural and horticultural endowments. It yields cotton and wheat, corn and potatoes, of the highest quality and the greatest profusion. It has true forests, including almost every timber known to the middle timber regions. Its topography is the warrant for, and the explanation of, its high sanitary rating.

These are but a few of the facts and salient characteristics of a section of Arkansas that is, I believe, the rarest combination of beautiful scenery, good weather and certain utililty, in the United States. I am told that there are other portions of the state that equal if they do not surpass the four counties which I have briefly mentioned in this writing. I believe it, though I can't prove it. I know that the statements I have made seem tame and trite in print after a short visit to the territory itself. But out of it all I would like to convey some measure of the impression made upon an experienced traveler, by the uniquely gentle beauty of its contour, the caressing tenderness of its sky and air, the alluring commingling of grandeur with simplicity, of freedom and domesticity that distinguishes this portion of Arkansas from any other section of the United States.

Along the White River.

JASMINE.

BY JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

I envied my sweet flower lying
  Upon a breast more sweet and fair,
And it with envy, too, was dying,
  To find its charms transcended there.

When morning came the flower was missing,
  Its bloom and beauty vanished quite.
I envy still; for it perished kissing
  Its life away on her bosom white.

—Smart Set.

THE GREAT LEAD AND ZINC FIELDS.

BY THOS. F. MILLARD.

What the Witwatersrand is to the world as a producer of gold, the great Joplin lead and zinc district is as a producer of those humbler but even more necessary metals. Both camps, if settled communities bubbling with life and business activity may be so termed, are at the head of their class, and they have many points of similarity, even to the more than superficial observer. Entering the Joplin district from the eastward, by way of the Frisco System, I was at once struck with the outward resemblance. In fact, it would have required but little exercise of the imagination to have fancied myself looking from a car window out upon the seething environs of Johannesburg. The landscape is almost identical. There are the wilderness of smoking funnels standing against the sky like a limbless forest, the vast slate-colored dumps of tailings, the labyrinth of car tracks, puffing switch engines and swinging derricks; the succession of "camps," some approaching the dignity of cities, where on every side prospect shafts and mines dispute the surface of the earth with pretentious buildings; the suggestion of a community which at one moment represents all steps along the path of progress; and, pervading it all, the indelible impression of restless, untamable energy.

It is now more than 50 years since lead was discoverd in southwest Missouri, near the Kansas border. The first attempts to mine were made near the present site of Joplin. For many years the business was conducted in the most primitive fashion, and under difficulties of almost overpowering nature. The town of Booneville, on the Missouri river, whence the ore could be shipped via water to market, was the nearest available point located on an avenue of commerce, and it had to be hauled there in wagons. However, in time these adverse conditions were ameliorated, and when the St. Louis & San Francisco railroad penetrated the southwest, capital soon saw its opportunity. From the date of acquirement of railroad facilities, the real development of the mining district began. Since then its story has been one of comparatively uninterrupted progress. The district now supports directly and indirectly, some 200,000 people. From a few acres, it has spread over the greater part of Jasper county, Mo., and across the line into Kansas, covering some 600 square miles. It includes the towns of Joplin, Webb City, Carthage, Carterville, Oronogo, Central City, Duenweg, Spring City, Neck City and Chitwood, in Missouri, and Galena, and a number of small camps in Kansas. Properly the district should include the great coal district lying around Pittsburg, Kansas, for, owing to the fact that it is cheaper to transport lead and zinc than coal, nearly all the smelters have located near the coal mines. Thus it is no exaggeration to say that much of the industry lying within the borders of the Kansas coal district derives its support from the lead and zinc mines.

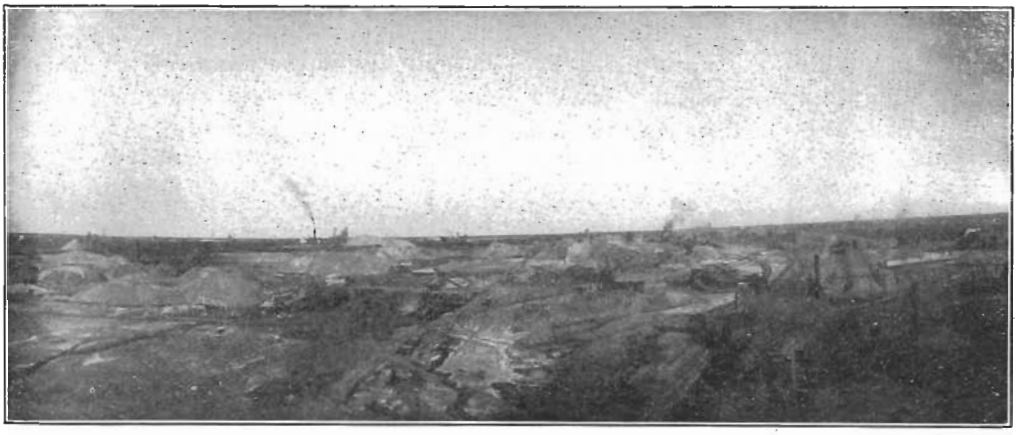
Especially in recent years, the growth of the district has been remarkable. Zinc was not discovered until 1874, when a chemical analysis of some peculiar looking stuff that had been habitually cast upon the waste dumps of the lead mines revealed it to be zinc ore of the highest grade. It was not long before lead mining took a secondary place, as zinc mines were rapidly opened. Reports of the new discovery brought thousands of people into the district, and prospecting began to be extensively carried on. Between 1889 and 1899 the annual output of the district rose from less than $3,000,000 to nearly $11,000,000. Of this, the zinc production furnished probably, on the average, nine-tenths of the value. Since 1899 the output has fallen off slightly in total value, but this has not been due to a decrease in production. The unusual value of the 1899 product was due to extraordinary prices which were more than double those of the previous year, and about 25 per cent greater than at the present time. As

few persons anticipated that the extraordinary prices of 1899 would be maintained the subsequent depression gave the industry no permanent set-back, and the mining community is very well satisfied with prevailing conditions. Present prices are more than 100 per cent greater than prices five years ago, and the general tendency of the market seems to be upward, owing to the constant opening of new markets and uses for zinc products.

In 1898 what was considered a tendency on the part of the zinc smelters to keep down the price of ore, resulted in the organization of the Zinc Miners' Association, with headquarters at Joplin. Conditions at that time were such as to enable the smelters to practically regulate prices, which they did to their own advantage in some instances, and to the disadvantage of the miners. After a season, during which the Miners' Association exported considerable quantities of ore to Belgium at a loss, improved relations with the smelters followed, and relations between the producing and purchasing branches of the industry are now more satisfactory.

The district is frequently referred to as "the poor man's camp," and it seems that the title is not undeserved. In a great majority of mining districts poor men have practically no chance to operate after the field has once been thoroughly "proved up." Once the development stage is past, the poor man finds himself unable to go ahead, and is usually compelled to sell out to persons who can command capital. For years, now, in the Johannesburg field, all claims have been in the hands of a capitalistic combination, composed of multi-millionaires, which, until it is ready to operate them, lets them lie untouched, to the exclusion of any who may desire to work them. Peculiar conditions in the Joplin district render it difficult—some persons say impossible—for any combination that might be formed to control operations in the lead and zinc fields.

"Any company that tries it," said a prominent Joplin capitalist, who is thoroughly conversant with the situation, "will go broke sooner or later, and it probably will be sooner."



Panoramic View near Joplin.

Then he went on to explain.

"One reason—and it is a good one—is that the field is too large. It is difficult to conceive the organization of a company with sufficient capital to purchase or control, at the prices the owners hold it at, 600 square miles of land. Even if the money could be raised for such a purpose, there is no possible way by which dividends on the money invested could be paid. The chances are, on the contrary, that an attempt to develop the field would soon result in bankruptcy. While the entire district is

theoretically mineral bearing land, it is only in certain localities that zinc or lead can—or has been—found in paying quantities. People who have made a study of the field are confident that the whole country is underlaid with both lead and zinc, in practically unlimited quantities; but undoubtedly much, if not most of it, lies at depths beyond present facilities. In time, there is no doubt that we will mine successfully at great depths, but at present, and for years to come, we will be compelled to pick our ground. At present most of the ore being worked lies just beneath the surface of the ground, and mining is rarely conducted at a greater depth than 150 feet.

"The district was developed in the beginning, and is still being developed by poor men. Conditions favor them, or rather, give them opportunity. There is not a property owner within the limits of the district but has a chance of having a lead or zinc deposit under his farm or town lot. It generally happens that these men either lack the means or are reluctant to take the financial risk necessary to prospect for ore. Therefore, they are willing to permit others to prospect on their land, in the hope that a profitable discovery will be made. Here comes the opportunity of the poor man. It does not cost much to sink a prospect shaft, and miners, probably more than any other class of men, are deeply imbued with the speculative spirit. A number of miners, all of them working in the mines for daily wage, will club together, agreeing to pay each a certain sum daily or weekly, out of their earnings, to prospect. They will lease a piece of ground, and set a couple of men to work sinking a shaft. If they make a paying strike, they sell out to an operator, this class being composed of men of limited capital, who are able to work a prospect. If nothing is struck, the project is abandoned, and the miners regard their losses philosophically, taking another chance as soon as they can afford it.

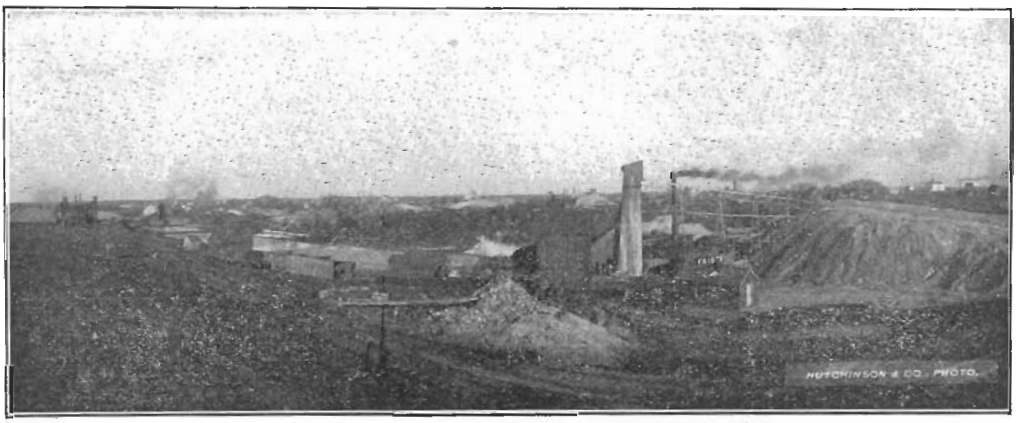
"By this method, the operating mines develop other mines, and a certain percentage of the wages of the district goes toward additional development. Capital is not called upon to risk until it has something tangible to operate upon. Then it takes hold. It is perfectly fair for all parties. If capital attempted to prospect the district, it would fritter its substance away before the real business of ore production began. This has been the experience of those who have tried it, almost without exception. When I tell you that not over five per cent of the known mineral bearing land has been prospected, you will see that the poor man's opportunity has by no means passed away in the district. There will be room for him for a long time to come."

The method of conducting business in the district is unusual, but from its practical working seems entirely satisfactory. Nearly all the mines are operated under leasehold by the terms of which a percentage of the output goes to the owner of the land, and the remainder to the operator. Once a week the buyers for the smelters visit each mine, and bid for the weekly product. These buyers are experts in estimating the value of "jack" as the concentrated ore is locally called, and by merely glancing at a dump can tell almost its exact value. Every Saturday the "jack" purchased during the week is paid for. However, payment is not made to the mine operator, but to the owner of the land, who takes out his percentage and gives the remainder to the lessee. It frequently happens that after a tract of land is leased by a certain party, he will divide it into small lots and sub-let them to small operators. This results in diversifying the interests, and prevents too much power over the destinies of the district from being concentrated.

Promptly at 5 o'clock every Saturday afternoon, the operators pay their help, which constitutes the great working force of the district; the weekly output of all the mines is about $200,000, of which probably $50,000 goes into the hands of the miners. From them it passes on into ordinary channels, and eventually the greater part of it reaches the shops.

It is interesting to be in Joplin on a Sat-

urday night. The city, which is the commercial center of the district, has a population of 30,000, but on a Saturday evening thousands of people who work and reside in the other "camps" pour in to swell the crowds that throng the streets and fill the shops to overflowing. All the principal towns in the district are connected by electric railways, which makes Joplin easy of access from all directions, and from Saturday noon until long after midnight the trolley cars can with difficulty handle the passengers. The banks remain open until 11 o'clock and most of the business houses do not close until midnight. The streets are so densely thronged that one can only make way with the greatest difficulty.



A Joplin Mine.

Gambling places, saloons, and all places that afford amusement are liberally patronized. Fortunately, the miners of the Joplin district, while containing a small disorderly, or "tough" element, are considered the best in the world. The toughs are too much in the minority to seriously affect social conditions, and while an occasional street brawl occurs, the crowds are surprisingly well behaved. On the whole, it is a crowd of excellent appearance. When a miner leaves his drift, he doffs his working garb, and appears on the streets in the costume of a prosperous business man. The superior character of the miners in this district is due to the fact that they are principally drawn from the surrounding country. They came off the farms and out of the villages of Missouri, and their early training makes them good citizens. They are very different from miners in other parts of the world. There are comparatively no foreigners in the district, and labor troubles are almost unknown.

The reason for the absence of friction between the operators and the men who work in the drifts and mills lies in the fact that almost every miner has a personal interest in the future of the district. I have already mentioned the system under which the field is being developed. When half the miners in the district are directly interested in some prospect or mine, anything like a general strike is impossible. The men are not likely to strike on themselves. There are no miners' unions, not that the men are hostile to unions in general, but because they have not felt the need of them. Another element that makes for harmony between miners and operators is that both belong, generally speaking, in the same social class. Frequently the same man is both a miner and operator, and a great majority of the operators came out of the mines. Bear in mind that an operator in the Joplin district must not be confounded with the men who, from offices in New York city, virtually control the destiny of thousands of miners in the great coal fields. He is altogether

another type. Usually he has not much wealth, and depends on the working of a small piece of ground for his living. He knows the miners intimately, and his point of view is the same as theirs. In fact, to put the matter in a nutshell, in the Joplin district the general policy is "live and let live," and natural conditions seem destined to perpetuate it. There is strong probability that during its existence the great Missouri-Kansas lead and zinc field will always deserve the title, "the poor man's camp."

Fortified against labor troubles, the bete noir of all other mining centers, by a system that gives every man an equal chance, the future of the Joplin district seems bright. In the opinion of experts, the field has hardly been scratched. The ore that lies near the surface is far from exhausted, and deep borings have revealed large ore bodies at great depths. Of course, the expense of mining increases as it goes down, but the introduction of improved methods and machinery have so far about equalized matters. Industries naturally associated with mining, and the manufacture of zinc and lead products, have shown a disposition to gather around the center of production. Seven large foundries and shops, which turn out every kind of mining machinery, are already located in the district, while immense plants which convert the raw product of the mines into marketable form are to be seen on every side. Nearly all the land in the district is extraordinarily rich for agricultural purposes, and it is a common thing to see land producing large crops, while vast quantities of ore are being at the same time taken from underneath the surface. The field has had a wonderful past, but its future promises to be still more wonderful.

THE DEPTH OF LOVE.

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

Because he brought no tears to her dear grave,
Many and many there were
Who whispered, when no single sign he gave,
"He never cared for her."

But down within the silence of his soul
A surging ocean swept:
Yet none could see the current onward roll,
The tides that never slept.

Because I stand in silence when your eyes
Look softly into mine;
Because no words to my poor lips arise,
Because I give no sign;

There are, perchance, those who would dare to say
There is no heart in me
Beloved, let them cry! Be glad that they
Can never sound our sea.

—The Munsey.

WHY NO. 272 DID NOT FILE.

A story of the Great Land Lottery in Oklahoma.

BY A. R. C.

The incidents of the opening of the great Kiowa, Comanche, Apache and Wichita-Caddo Indian reservations in Oklahoma to white settlement in the summer of 1901, are still comparatively fresh in the public mind. The prospective settlers registered at the El Reno and Lawton land offices, after which each name was written on a card, and enclosed in an envelope. These envelopes were placed in two large wheels, each supported on an axis with bearings and cranks by which they were turned until the envelopes were thoroughly mixed and shuffled, and they were then drawn out one at a time, and the person whose name was contained was permitted to make a Homestead Filing at the United States land office in his turn.

Ponca Indians.

Although 163,000 people registered, there were but 13,000 quarter sections of land to dispose of, so that the interest in the drawing was intense. Thousands who came to register in wagons remained in camp until after the drawing, and then, most of them disappointed, took up their toilsome journeys whither they knew not, for many had no homes to which they might return.

It was a few days after the beginning of this drawing that an immigrant wagon, or "prairie schooner," might have been seen passing eastward along the dusty highway, which leads down the beautiful valley of the North Canadian river from El Reno. The wagon was old and very much the worse for wear. Its running gear creaked and rattled under the load which its rickety box loosely over the bows, to ward off the almost vertical rays of the sun, and looped up at the sides, to permit the circulation of the air, was worn and torn and covered with dust. The team, an ill-fed, ill-groomed, ill-matched pair of jaded beasts, pulled but slowly at best under the constant urging and prodding of the driver. Beneath the rear axle-tree, with lolling tongue and limping gait, paced "one yellow cur of low degree," and another mongrel canine of the same general type trotted complacently along, close by the heels of the near horse. Faces of children were visible, peering from beneath the folds of the wagon sheets, faces none too clean, sun-tanned and surmounted by shocks of unkempt yellow hair. Finally the wagon came to a halt in front of a modest-looking farm house which stood at the edge of a grove a few rods back from the road. Then a woman was seen to climb out of the wagon and approach the farm house, while a man, with loose-jointed, slouchy figure, lazily dismounted, looked at the sun, took a generous "chaw" from a large plug of tobacco, and then slowly proceeded to make some needed repairs on the dilapidated harness of the off horse, using the ever-present and always useful "balin-wire" in the operation.

It was noontime in the farm house. The farmer's family was gathered about the table for the midday meal, when a faint rap was heard at the front door. The farmer himself answered the summons to the door, where he found the woman who had come

from the wagon. Her sunbonnet was thrown back on her shoulders, disclosing a sallow, care-worn face, and her tall, spare form was clad in a faded blue calico gown. When the farmer said, "Come in," she remained standing where she was, and timidly asked that she might see the lady of the house. The farmer called his wife, who again invited the stranger to enter the house.

"No'm, I'll not go in," she said. "We're movers an' we're in a heap o' trouble. Ma's sick, an' she's old, an' we must find a place to stop. Can you help us?"

The look of keen distress upon the otherwise expressionless face appealed to the kindly heart of the farmer's wife, who said: "Our house is full, but we can fix a place for your mother in the old 'claim house.' It will be more quiet there, anyway." And so it was that the old "raw-hide" shanty (i. e., made of rough native lumber), which had sheltered the farmer's family for several years after Old Oklahoma was first opened to settlement, was emptied and swept and dusted and prepared for occupancy. Willing hands soon helped to carry the aged sufferer to the snowy bed, close by the little east window where a wild grape vine almost screened out the light. The lines of her thin, wan, stern-featured face relaxed when she looked up into that of the farmer's wife and said:

"You're powerful kind, ma'am. I'm so tired—so tired o' movin' I jes want to rest." Then she went to sleep.

The physician who was called came, and, after asking a few questions and examining the patient, shook his head.

"Worn out," was all that he would say.

Finding that her daughter was somewhat talkative and noting an allusion to the Kiowa-Comanche country, he asked if they had been in that region.

"Yes, we drove purty much all over it after my man registered at El Reno, an' before the drawin' come off."

"How did you like the country down there from what you saw of it?" asked the doctor.

"Didn't like it at all—wouldn't live in it for all of it," said she. "I haint got no use for any country where pawpaws an' sec' fraze can't strike. But then, ma, she did want us to have a home o' our own, and for her sake, I believe I could have lived there, 'cause she didn't want us to move no more."

"Had your mother ever moved before?" asked the doctor.

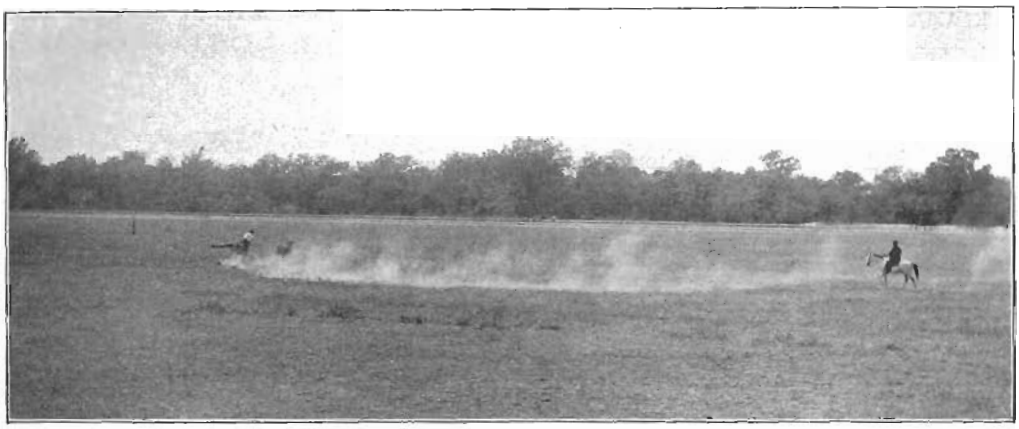
"Lor', yes, I reckon ma never did live long enough in one place so's that she could 'low that she was at home. She was born in a wagon while her folks was movin' through from Indianny to Pike county, Missoury, where they 'lowed to settle. That's mighty nigh on to 75 years ago. They didn't stay settled there all the time, though, for they did a sight of shiftin' 'round while she was a child, the longest move bein' to Texas and back agin. Then, when she was about 16 years old she was married an' moved down to the Ozark country, but she an' pap didn't stay there much more'n a year. Two years afterwards pap 'nlisted with Doniphan an' went off to the war with Mexico, leavin' her to care for two little ones. He come back jes' as the Californy gold fever swept across the country, an' they started an' drove clear through to the coast. But pap didn't find no gold, so they was movin' back in less'n two years.

"While they was crossin' the Nevada desert the baby, Jimmie, who was born in Californy, died an' was buried 'way out on an alkali flat—the lonesomest place in all the world, ma used to say. But poor ma couldn't spend much time mournin' for the dead, when the livin' had to be cared for.

"When Kansas was opened to settlers in '54 they moved out there, an' pap got a fine claim on the Wakarusy, but he soon got tired an' moved back to the ol' stampin' ground in Pike county agin. Then, in '59, when the Pike's Peak gold craze was on, they moved to Colorado, acrost them dreary plains agin. But they wasn't nothin' fer pap in the Californy Gulch diggin's, either, so they took up the trail fer ol' Missoury once more. Then the war broke out and the

folks had to move several times, whether they wanted to or not, for it was neighbor agin neighbor, an' brother agin brother. But, law sakes, movin' was the least of ma's troubles in them days, for her oldest boy, Bud, 'nlisted in the Yankee army an' fell shot through the heart in the charge under Lyon at Wilson's Creek. Then, a couple o' years later next boy, Andy, who'd been one of Joe Shelby's most darin' riders, come back to his ma with one sleeve of his grey jacket hangin' empty, an' he only lived a few months after that.

"A couple o' years after the war pap was fer goin' to Montany an' startin' a cattle ranch. We'd been out there nigh on to three years an' it did seem as if maybe we was all about the wonders and beauties of the Oklahoma country, an' after that nothin' would do but move, an' move he must, an' move he did. Jes after the soldiers had took the boomers back to the Kansas line, pap took down with the 'neumony an' died at Arkansas City. Ma didn't do much movin' after that till '89, when we came back to Oklahoma with her youngest son, Bent. Bent, he had a fine claim on the Cimmarron bottoms, but there was a contest on it, an' one day he went to Guthrie to the land office to see about it, an' that night he didn't come home, an' the next day his dead body was found lyin' by the road, where he'd been shot by some one hid in the brush. Then ma came back to Missouri to us, an' she says to



Roping Cattle on the Plains.

settled at last, when one day the Blackfeet made a raid and cleaned out the ranch. We jes' did escape to Fort Belknap with our lives. Then we moved back to Missouri agin.

"In '73 we moved out to Reno county, Kansas, where pap taken a homestead. But the very next year the grasshoppers lit down an' et up everything, so we took the shortest road leadin' to ol' Pike county once more. In '76 we moved to the Black Hills, but we didn't stay there many months. We stayed in Missoury then until along in the summer of '80, when pap met up with one of ol' Dave Payne's boomers, who told him me, 'Molly,' says she, 'you're all I've got left, an' I don't want to move no more.'

"But my man, he's always been a renter, an' we've generally moved every two or three years. Last spring he heard tell of the wonderful Kiowa country, an' he 'lowed as how that was our chance, an', as we couldn't move off an' leave ma, she got ready to make one more move. She didn't complain, only to say that she was tired, an' that she did hope we'd get a home, an' not have to move no more.

"Yes, ma's shore done right smart of movin' in her time, but if what you 'low is true, she is mighty nigh through movin' now.

Red Granite Gorge and Spring, Wichita Mountains, near Lawton.

She didn't seem to have no heart nor sperrit after she found that my man didn't draw no claim at El Reno—no she didn't even seem to care to live till we could get back to Missoury agin."

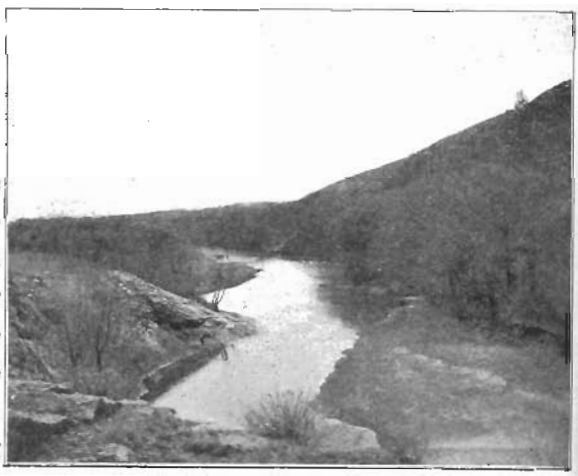
When the farmer's wife came in, just as the narrative was finished, she noticed that the doctor's eyes glistened and that he cleared his throat as he passed out. In fact, he left without saying a word, and others noticed that he was very much pre-occupied during the rest of the day. He came back the next day and was there when the spirit of his aged patient took its flight to the realms of eternal rest, and he was there again when the worn-out body was borne to the hillside burying ground, a mile away. There two sweet-voiced girls sang:

"Oh, think of the home over there,"

after which the clergyman spoke briefly from the text, "In my Father's house are many mansions," and then read the burial service which proclaimed that the wanderings of one life were over and that one longing soul had found its home. The members of the bereaved family were profuse in their expressions of gratitude to the doctor—gratitude was about all they had to give—but he seemed not to hear them. As he drove slowly homeward that warm afternoon, he not only mused but fell to talking to himself as well.

"Died of a disappointment so great that it broke her heart," he exclaimed, "because she could not have a home." And then he continued, as he thought of the El Reno drawing and the lucky number of the envelope which would entitle him to make a homestead entry for a choice quarter section on the third day: "To think that I, who have such a comfortable home in town besides that well improved eighty-acre farm on the river bottom only a mile out, must needs rush in and speculate in what I do not need, while others must remain homeless, yes, and hopeless, too, in consequence!" Then, after a few moments of silence, he exclaimed briskly, "Yes, I know, Morton, that professional relinquishment shark, says that he can guarantee me $1,500 net for that quarter on the Quahada creek bottoms if I can secure it, but—but—ugh!" and he shivered even in that sultry sunlight, "I—can't—take—that—kind—of—money."

And great was the wonder at the government land office several days later because Dr. Clarence Colton did not appear in line when No. 272 was called to file. And the doctor's friends and neighbors have been wondering ever since.



Mountain Lake, Wichita Mountains, near Lawton.

TEXAS AND ITS POTENTIALITIES.

BY LOUIS J. WORTHAM.

The immensity of Texas in point of area is one thing. Its potentiality as a factor in the food and raw material supply for the United States and export trade is another and greater thing. In this latter proposition and upon its truth is predicated the consequence and the glory of Texas.

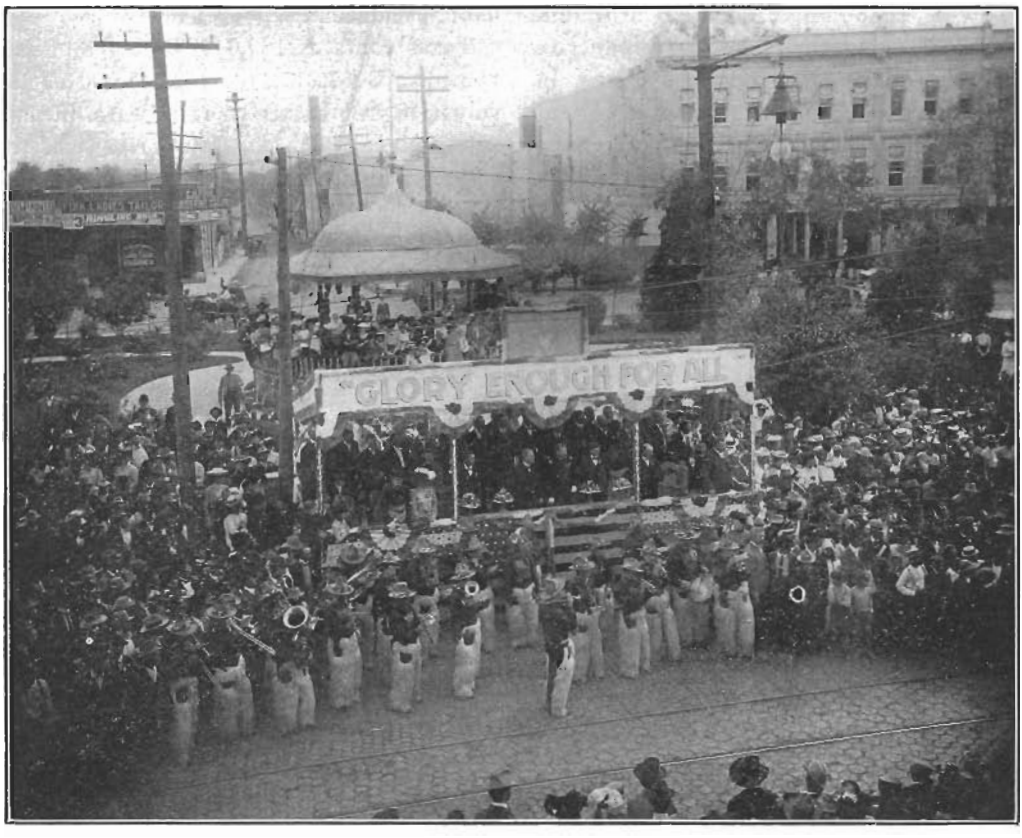
That the founders of the Texas Republic foresaw a time when its vast area, unequaled in extent, as well as productive power by any corresponding territory in the United States, would become a dominant factor in the agricultural, live stock, commercial and manufacturing wealth of the Western Hemisphere is quite obvious in the constitution with which the audacious republic inaugurated its existence. The far-reaching provisions which these men made for institutions of learning and a public free school system, all inherited by the State and constituting its chiefest glory, is quite sufficient to prove the wisdom and confidence with which the fathers looked to the future and calculated upon the coming of a citizenship that would become the custodians of the star of empire. This public free school system today puts education as the gift of the State within the reach of 574,340 white and 165,000 negro children absolutely without partiality or distinction of race. Carefully guarding the heritage from the fathers from the beginning of statehood to the present hour, the permanent free school fund has mounted to the superb fund of nearly $40,000,000, with an annual income of nearly $1,500,000. And still there remains unsold and unleased 2,500,000 acres of school lands that, upon the basis of present land prices, would supplement the public free school fund by not less than $2,500,000. This fund has constructed school houses to the value of $8,460,541, pays salaries to 13,039 teachers and provided for every child within the scholastic age an average of five and one-half months annual free school term. In these unexampled provisions is laid the foundation for that competent and self-reliant citizenship upon which opportunity and potentiality will safely rely for conservation and development.

But let me now come to write of the potentialities of my state. They are so prodigious that they defy the genius of the boldest prophet and stagger the most confident speculation.

Texas contains 189,040,030 acres of land valued at $437,215,410, $14,901,609 of this valuation represents the increase in land values since 1901. Eighty per cent of this acreage, unexcelled in volume and fertility, is capable of producing in abundance and at profit practically every crop known to the temperate zone. France of all civilized nations has more nearly mastered the science of intensive agriculture. Its farming classes are therefore the greatest wealth producers in the world. If Texas were as densely populated as France it would have a population of 38,000,000, instead of 3,350,000, which would make Texas the most prosperous state of all the world and develop it into what geographical, climatic and economic conditions have predestined that it shall become, the strongest eventual factor in sustaining the agricultural and industrial dominance of the United States.

With less than 20,000,000 acres of this stupendous area under cultivation Texas produced in a single year a cereal crop worth $61,979,422, a cotton crop worth $140,000,000, not including the bi-products of cotton seed oil and cake, and a fruit and vegetable crop worth $7,000,000. This cereal crop does not include that of rice of which the State has an acreage in 1902 of 200,000 acres and a rice area of 6,000,000 acres extending in an elipse from the Sabine to the Rio Grande. In its fruit and vegetable industry the State is but in its infancy, since the advent of Texas fruits and vegetables into the markets of the country did not occur until within the preceding four

years. But the demonstrations made show that not even California can long stand ahead of Texas and, moreover, that this new industry is soon to become a conspicuous part of the growing wealth of the State. Add to these productive values the live stock and lumber and mineral capacity of the State. The first represents a value of $116,700,143, the second an output of 800,000,000 feet per annum, and the last the unknown, but enormous, wealth of oil fields like those of the Beaumont and Sour Lake and Corsicana regions, still unexplored, but even now the wonder of the world and the approximate solvents of the fuel problem. But oil discoveries do not conclude the chapter of Texas' mineral wealth. Over in the Llano country, penetrated by the H. & T. C. Ry., within touch of the G. C. & S. F. Ry., and a prospective and happy victim of the far-reaching designs of the audacious St. Louis & San Francisco railroad, are limitless supplies of sandstone, granite and ornamental marbles that, once developed by competent brains and capital, will prove an amazing addition to the State's wealth. Still the story is not told. Iron exists in endless quantities in East and Southeast Texas, and in the Llano region are deposits that rival in quality the best ores of Cuba or Norway and Sweden. In mineral waters, possessed of the best curative and remedial excellence, it is but necessary to mention Marlin, Mineral Wells and Sour Lake to demonstrate to the well informed that Texas leads in these any state in the Union.



Admiral Schley at San Antonio, showing Frisco System Cowboy Band in foreground.

That Texans are coming to understand the value of its resources is demonstrated in the eloquent fact of diversification, and in the advent of the factory. Time was when

cotton and the cereals claimed the attention of the Texas farmer to the exclusion of all things else. That time is passing with the introduction of intensive agriculture. The experimental station and the truck farmer have come to adjust soil and climatic conditions to the propagation of crops for which nature has suited them. Over in East and Southeast Texas and in portions of the southwest the diversifier has discovered that it is waste of time and effort to grow cotton and the cereals, not including rice, upon lands that produce vegetables and fruits that net the producer from $250 to $750 per acre. These sections get into the St. Louis, Chicago and Kansas City markets with fruits and vegetables in advance of any other sections of the United States. Even in the lower Rio Grande country, the erstwhile undisputed domain of cacti, catclaw and mesquite, the rice field and the truck garden have come to the rights they have inherited from nature, and the demonstration has been made that this fertile section was manufactured for the support of the children of men and not for the propagation of coyotes and rattlesnakes. In this connection I dare the prophecy that the next great railroad to be built in Texas will start from Corpus Christi and will not stop until it sticks its nose into Tampico. Such a road will open up a new route to the sea and a new outlet for the products of expanding Texas.

But the best evidence that farseeing capital has encompassed with prophetic vision the wealth that waits on the development of the resources of Texas, to the limit of commercial and manufacturing and export capacity, is in the fact that railroads are spanning the continent from the East to the Southwest on their way to ports of exit on the Texas Gulf Coast. Nor must I omit the packery that has come to the base of meat supply in order to minimize the effort and time necessary to reach, with the finished product, adjacent harbors through which must flow to distant lands the surplus food supply of the southwest which must inevitably in time feed more of the world's population than any corresponding area of the earth's surface. And the packery is but the precursor of other factories to work up into the commercial commodity the almost endless raw material of Texas.

Texas has been kept poor by economic conditions that only time, working through the slow but sure processes of evolution, could change. But evolution has won skirmish after skirmish until now evolution stands almost ready to win the final battle that will veer the State round from an importing to an exporting state. Evolution has compelled the railroads to build and equip for an export trade and is bringing the factory.

Indeed Texas has but to lend its ear to the call of destiny, but to smash the bushel that has so long obscured its effulgent light, but to dig up its talents and apply them to the intelligent development of multiform resources and to the mastery of waiting opportunity, to become the lasting pride of a splendid people and the most powerful state in the American Union.

At St. Louis in 1904 Texas proposes to so exhibit its resources and to so demonstrate its possibilities that the home seeker will come to share and develop the one and capital to expand and utilize the other. Then, Texas, standing beside the Gulf of Mexico in command of its portals to the Atlantic and producing more of the essentials of life than any corresponding territory of the globe, will gather with one energetic hand its vast surplus food, clothing, lumber, fuel and iron supply and with the other courageous hand force it into the markets of continental Europe and upon the Asiatic in the East. This is not prophecy. It is fate, destiny, or the survival of the fittest, as you choose.

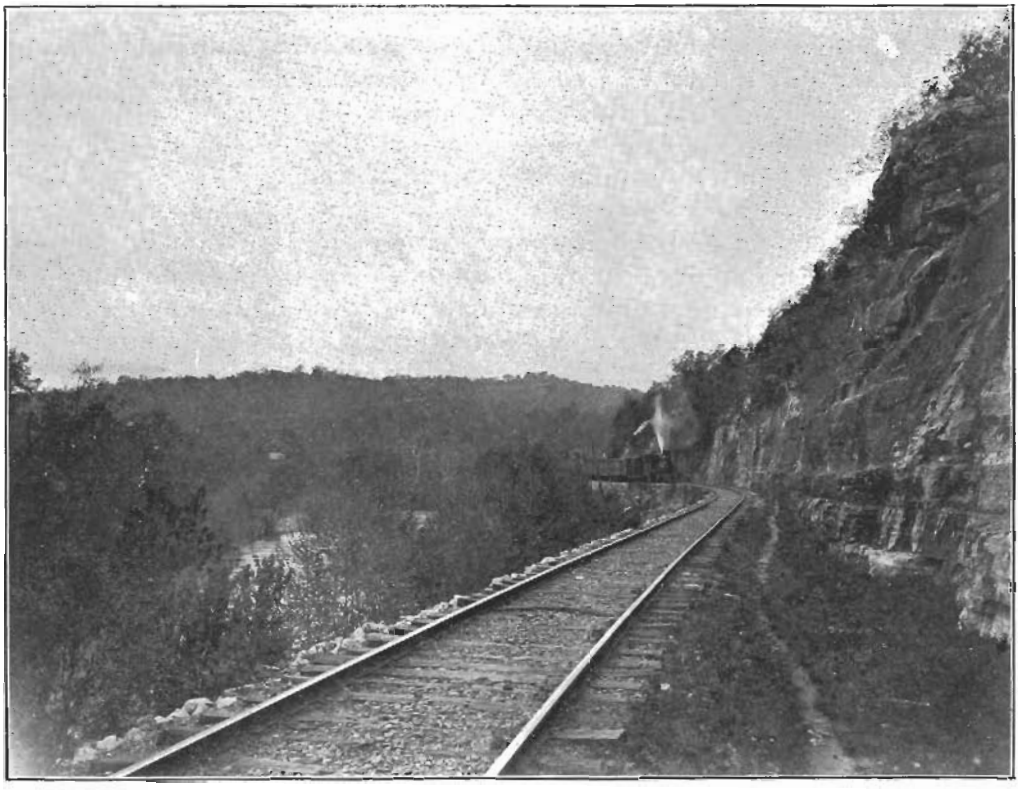
It is safe to say that the white elephants the Crown Prince and heir apparent to the throne of Siam saw during his recent tour of this country did not resemble those of his native heath.

KANSAS CITY TO BIRMINGHAM.

BY J. C. McMANIMA.

Americans are the greatest travelers on earth, and yet comparatively few know their own country. Certain lines of travel seem to be mapped out as the correct ones, and the people, like sheep, follow the beaten path. Lines of travel are too apt to follow parallels of latitude, just as immigration from the older states has generally done. A few years ago it was hardly thought that a railroad could become great unless it followed the east and west lines of tradition, but this theory has long since been exploded. Travel is a liberal educator, and it is well that facilities are growing better and better for going speedily and comfortably from one section of the country to another, and it is well that an increasing number are taking advantage of these facilities.

One of the most instructive trips that can be taken by one who is studying the resources of different sections and who is interested in social and business conditions, is a daylight trip over the Fort Scott and Memphis line of the Frisco System from Kansas City to Birmingham, Ala. While it is true that the distance is only 735 miles, the trip is extremely interesting because of the diversity of country passed through, the historical associations and the various phases of life that are unfolded. Let us spend a short time in considering such a journey from the standpoint of a Northerner, and the Southerner can reverse the trip and experience the same satisfaction. To get full satisfaction out of the trip and see the country as it is, it is best to take a part of three days.



Clear Creek, Boston Mountain.

You will leave Kansas City about the middle of the forenoon from the Union Station, where so many trains arrive and de-

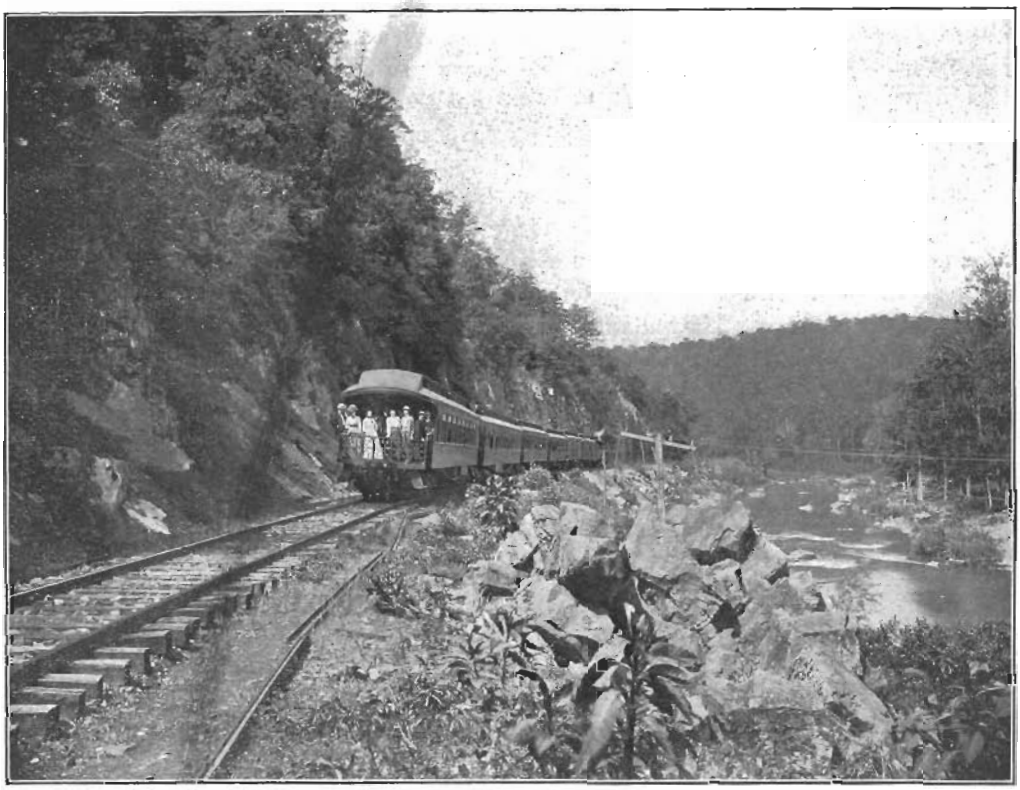
part daily. Soon after leaving the depot you cross the state line into Kansas and go through that state in nearly a southerly direction to and beyond Fort Scott, and then cross back into Missouri and travel in a southeasterly direction to Springfield in the heart of the Ozark mountain region, and 202 miles from Kansas City. After leaving the smoke and noise of Kansas City behind you travel for many miles through as fine an agricultural country as you would care to see. Here you will see farm buildings that would do credit to Illinois or Ohio, herds of fine stock that would cause an Iowa farmer to envy the owner. This section is largely prairie, but what nature left undone in the way of supplying trees man has done by their cultivation, and fine groves are to be seen in all directions. Shortly after passing Fort Scott, we cut across a corner of the great Kansas coal fields, and see evidences of the coal mining industry on all sides. Once again fairly started into Missouri we pass through more fine farming country, but see more trees and more indications of the great fruit industry of the Ozark region. This is a favorite section for Northwestern farmers who seek a milder climate and yet would avoid the low lands and hills further on, and hundreds of them can be found in this region. In this connection it may be said that improved farms can yet be bought in this favored locality at prices that are attractive to Northern farmers. As we approach Springfield we see conclusive evidences that we are in the "Land of the Big Red Apple," for thousands of acres of orchards can be seen from the car windows. To the person making this trip for the first time this is a revelation and is worth the trip in itself. Land is higher here, but yet not high compared with land similarly located in Iowa, Illinois, Indiana and Michigan. On reaching Springfield we find an up-to-date city of 30,000 population, and one can hardly realize that men yet in active life made this a battle ground. As it is nearly night when the train reaches this point, it is best to remain till morning and then pursue the journey to the southeast.

After breakfast we are again on the way through a country full of natural and historical interest. From the summit of the Ozarks at Springfield to the shadows of Red mountain at Birmingham, the tourist on the Southeastern line of the Frisco for the first time is never out of sight of something to interest and attract. Whether skirting the bluffs and gorges of the Ozarks, or speeding through the cotton plantations of Mississippi and Arkansas, the traveler cannot fail to realize that this is a great country. In traveling over this line there is not the sameness and lonesomeness that is experienced on the great plains of the West.

Soon after leaving Springfield the country is more broken and shows more signs of its mountainous nature. While this region is called the Ozarks, it would be more proper to call it a plateau with rugged foothills, for the elevation never reaches much above 1,600 feet. From here the farms are smaller, and more land is found that is still covered with virgin forests. Land is much cheaper in this section, and the number of new farms being opened indicates that people are taking advantage of this condition. There are many good farms through here, but the greater part of the land is too stony and broken for the use of much farm machinery, hence less grain raising and more fruit and grass. This is the part of Missouri where the greatest development has been made in fruit culture, and for 140 miles southeast of Springfield one is scarcely out of sight of orchards, some of which are among the largest in the world.

At Cedar Gap, 41 miles from Springfield, the highest point on the Ozark mountain range, is passed, and soon we are on the down grade, or what is sometimes called the sunny side of the Ozarks. Cedar Gap gets its name from the gap or pass in the mountains which unfolds a view in either direction that once seen is not easily forgotten because of the panorama of hill and valley, and the long distance that can be seen. It

is said that a summer resort is to be created here that will have few equals in this country, and that it will attract summer sojourners from long distances, even from Europe. Mansfield, the next station, contests with Cedar Gap the honor of occupying the crest of the Ozarks. This town is coming into considerable prominence as a mining town, there being some good lead and zinc mines in the vicinity, and there are many who think more valuable metals will yet be found in paying quantities in the surrounding hills. It is here that we see the first real evidences of the lumber industry of South Missouri, and of the oak and pine forests of the Ozarks, and from this point few towns are passed until the Mississippi river is reached that are not supplied with one or more saw mills.



Lancaster Bluffs.

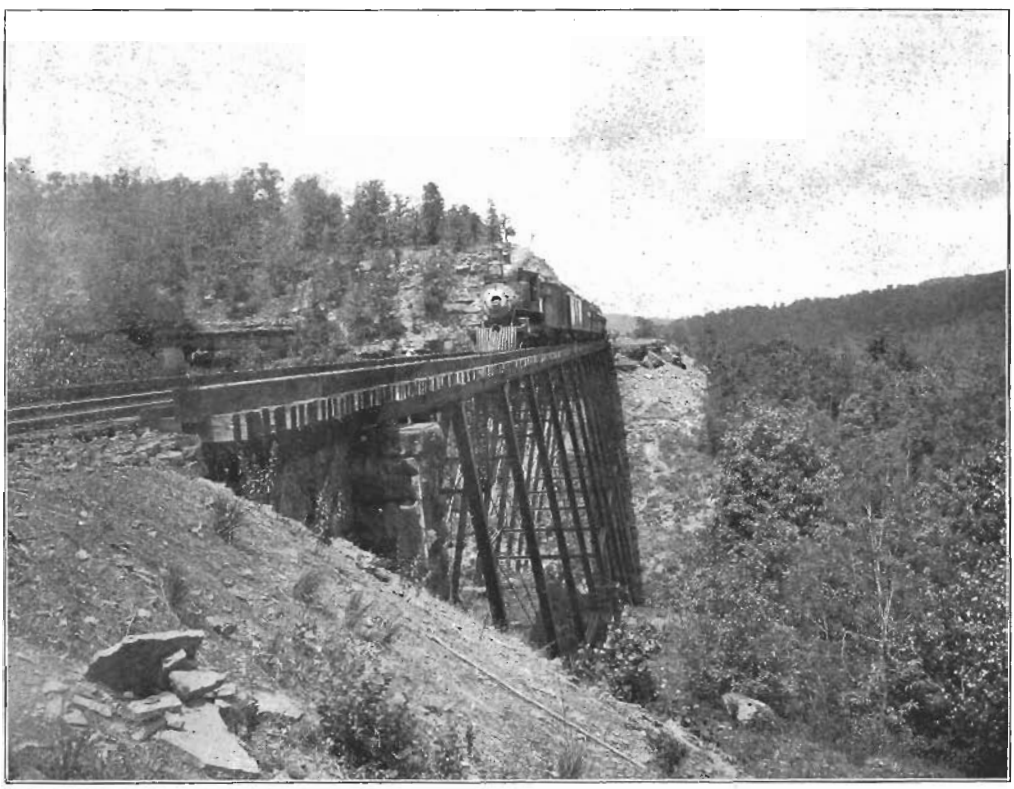
Without going into details as to the various towns, it may be noted that Mountain Grove, 67 miles from Springfield, is a pretty and enterprising town, and the seat of the State Fruit Experiment Station. Fruit culture is the leading industry. At Willow Springs the Current river branch of the Frisco System leaves the main line. This is an important railroad and lumber town. Soon after leaving Willow Springs we pass through Pomona, which has a wide reputation for its fruit interests, and Olden, the seat of one of the largest fruit farms in the world. After passing Olden the next town is West Plains, the county seat of Howell county, and a beautiful and enterprising town of about 4,000, with numerous important interests, including a good college. Here we see the first evidence of the cotton fields that we are soon to enter. This vicinity has some excellent lead and zinc mines, and is backed by a fine farming country. After leaving West Plains we pass through Brandsville and Koshkonong, towns justly celebrated for the quantity and quality of their fruit. Grape culture is here brought to a high state of perfec-

tion, and it has here been demonstrated to a certainty that grape culture is to be one of our most profitable industries in that section. At Thayer, a division station, we are at the state line and soon are in Arkansas. It may properly be added here that thousands upon thousands of acres of these fine fruit lands have never been touched, and can be bought at very low prices, and there is room for thousands of families to secure a foothold in this most pleasant and profitable business.

In the Deep Forest of the Ozarks.

Shortly after crossing the Arkansas line the town of Mammoth Spring is reached, and it is a most delightful place. The town gets its name from the big spring which bursts from the bluffs, and at the outset forming a river of respectable proportions. This spring is large enough to furnish power sufficient to run a large amount of machinery, and it is only a question of time when this town will be an important manufacturing center, especially of products made from wood and cotton. After leaving Mammoth Spring we follow a fork of Black river for many miles, and the scenery is delightful. This section is well timbered, but development is not far advanced. This is a corn and cotton country, and both crops do well when cultivated, and the leading tame grasses are especially abundant. After getting out of the Ozark hills the country is generally level and in some places low. It it heavily timbered where the timber has not already been cut. The land is unusually rich and capable of producing immense crops, and the price is low enough to be attractive to the poor for homes and the rich for investment. The homeseeker who buys a forest home here has the advantage that the timber will yield ready money, and if good management is used will pay for the land and its clearing, and support the family in the meantime. It is an excellent stock country, also, and this industry is growing rapidly, as the fine grasses, good

corn and short winters all contribute to that end. In the overflow districts there is more or less malaria, but improvement and drainage are rapidly reducing this to a minimum. What has been done for Northern Ohio and Indiana by drainage will soon be done for the flat districts of Northeast Arkansas, and rapid development may be looked for from now forward. The principal town on this line in Northeast Arkansas is Black Rock, a town noted for the industry of getting pearls from fresh-water mussels, and for the manufacture of buttons from the shells. It is said that during the present season not less than $100,000 has been paid for these pearls. Hoxie is a good town at a railroad junction, lumbering being the principal industry. Jonesboro is the largest and most important of these towns, and is a place of much promise. It has good railroad facilities and a good start in various manufacturing enterprises. All through Northeast Arkansas the northern traveler will be interested in the different varieties of timber, the cotton fields, the way houses are built in the overflow districts, and by the dykes that keep the waters of the Mississippi from flooding vast areas at every overflow. About sunset we cross the Father of Waters and steam into Memphis, one of the most important cities of the South, and here we remain over night. At Memphis we enter on the third stage of this delightful journey, though one is never in a hurry to leave Memphis, for it can't be "done" in a day. There is much to see here that will interest the man of business, the lover of beautiful homes and charming drives. Besides the people are so hospitable in every way that one is loth to linger among them. Between St. Louis and New Orleans, Memphis is the most important commercial center in the South. It is growing rapidly in manufacturing enterprises, and there are those who confidently predict that by the next census it will have



Through the Ozark Mountains along the Frisco System.

quite a quarter of a million population.

For a time after leaving Memphis the country is not very interesting except as to historical associations. The first town of importance is Holly Springs, with a population of 3,000. This place ships more cotton probably than any town of its size in the state. A large compress situated near the Frisco System depot reduces thousands of bales from the surrounding country, and during the season in addition to the local dealers there are buyers there from New Orleans, Fall River and other points. Holly Springs also enjoys a reputation far beyond state lines for its excellent schools and the high social tone of its people.

For many miles the road passes through a cotton country, where corn and cotton are in evidence on every hand. Much of this country offers inducements for new northern blood, as land is cheap, and northern methods would soon make it very productive. Of course, there are many fine farms and plantations which show prosperity and progress, but this spirit is not as prevalent as it might be. There are considerable stretches where the country is as yet uncultivated, and these offer good opportunities for new blood. There are numerous good towns along the line, and the prosperity of these towns proves that there is even a more productive country back from the line of railroad than near the road. A stop of a few hours at Tupelo, Miss., would interest any northern tourist. Here could be seen the whole process of manufacturing cotton, from the plant in the field to the finished cloth, or the refined oil from the seed. At Tupelo the United States Government has located a fish hatchery. Tupelo is an interesting and growing town, and has a fine country to support it.

At Amory a branch of the Frisco System extends to the important lumbering city of Aberdeen. The greater portion of Mississippi is well supplied with timber, and there is considerable manufacturing of wood products.

The Frisco System enters Alabama about 100 miles west of Birmingham, and soon after crossing the line the character of the country seems to change and become more hilly. The fields are smaller and valleys narrower. There is some fine scenery to attract the tourist, and some pretty streams are crossed. The land is heavily timbered where it has not been cut off. Soon after entering Alabama we strike the great coal fields, the richest in the world. This is the celebrated Warrior coal field, and it has an area of 7,810 square miles, and the Frisco System passes nearly through its center from east to west. It is estimated that a production of 10,000 tons per day would require 10,275 years to exhaust the coal in this district. It is an excellent quality of coal for steam or coke. This coal basin extends to Birmingham, where it comes in contact with mountains of iron, which makes a combination that is hard to beat for manufacturing purposes. Birmingham is one of the leading manufacturing centers of the country, and is growing faster now than at any time in its history. The city is so located that the manufacture of all articles which require wood, iron or cotton can be made in competition with any place on earth. It would be interesting to the tourist to visit and inspect the immense iron and steel mills and see how these industries are conducted. The cotton factories would also interest, as would also those for wood products. The northern tourist would be surprised to see such an enterprising, modern city, and would still further realize the greatness of the country and the progress that has been made in the South during the present generation.

In this brief, rambling sketch no attempt has been made to go into details as to the various interests, industries and locations, but it was hoped that something herein said may incite the interest and curiosity of readers so that some of them may take the trip and see Southern life as it is today, and look over a country that is so rapidly developing and that is so full of bright prospects. In this trip the traveler will see parts of half a dozen states; he will see the

Southern negro at work in the cotton field; the steamboats plying the Mississippi; the great pine, cypress, gum and hard wood forests of the South; the iron and coal mines of Alabama; the famed fruit belt of the Ozarks, and scores of other things to entertain and educate. It is a trip that once taken is never regretted, but rather repeated. It is well for us all to see and know our own country.

LULLABY.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

What though thy stricken mother weep—
Sleep, O my baby darling, sleep!
The ship goes sailing out afar
  Upon the bosom of the sea;
The moon is singing to a star
  The lullaby I sing to thee,
While angels hover round and keep
Their loving vigils o'er thy sleep.

And, tho' thy little eyelids close,
The wakeful star will not repose;
"Nay, mother moon," it seems to say,
  "I fain would watch the baby face
That drifts upon the ship away,
  While angels guard that holy place
And sing the little soul to sleep,
Upon the bosom of the deep."

What tho' thy stricken mother weep—
Sleep on, O child, thy gentle sleep;
And may thy heart be e'er as light
  In all thy life that is to be
As are thy baby dreams to-night,
  When, floating on the tranquil sea,
The angels and thy mother keep
Their vigils o'er thy quiet sleep!

So hush, my babe, and close thine eyes,
  As, floating on the tranquil sea,
The angels come with lullabies,
  And sing them o'er and o'er to thee.
So hushaby—oh, hushaby.

—Copyright By Julia S. Field.

PROFIT IN ANGORA GOATS.

BY WM. R. DRAPER.

The raising of Angora goats for profit is destined to be one of the main sources of revenue to the farmer of Missouri within a few years to come, especially the farmers who live in hilly sections. And what the Angora goat is doing for the Missouri farmer it is doing throughout the Western country. In the course of time Angora goat raising will be a principal factor in the animal industry of the United States. There is one main reason for this: The demand for goat skins in the United States is enormous. In fact, $35,000,000 is spent annually for these skins, to say nothing of what is spent for goat meat and goat milk. In the United States there are about one-half million Angoras, while 17,000,000 are killed every year for the filling of orders from the United States. Hence there is no danger of over-doing the growing of goats for profit. There will be a market for them for a long time to come.

A wonderful interest is now being manifested by the farmers of Missouri and other southwestern states in the raising of Angora goats. In the Ozark mountain region these animals thrive and grow fat on the underbrush that covers the mountain sides and thus act as clearers of the forests.

A most substantial beginning has been made recently by the organization of the Frisco Live Stock company, which has purchased 8,000 acres of rough land near Cuba, Mo., on the Frisco System, 87 miles from St. Louis. The company has abundant capital and intends to stock the ranch with 50,000 Angoras, to be kept for breeding and sale. It is expected that from this ranch numerous smaller ones will be stocked all through the rugged Ozarks in Southwestern Missouri and Northern Arkansas.

The object of the company is to sell Angoras to farmers in the Ozark region who desire goats but do not care to pay the expenses of a trip to Texas, New Mexico or California to buy a small herd.

Coincident with the organization of this company, it is announced that the National Angora Goat-Breeders' Association will establish in Kansas City a packing house for goat meat, to compete with the beef, mutton and pork packers.

The stockholders and officers of the Frisco Live Stock company are: Zack Mulhall, president; A. B. Hulit, general manager; Isaac H. Orr, treasurer; S. A. Hughes, secretary; W. T. McIntire, W. C. Bailey, H. J. Cantwell, J. L. McCormack and R. B. Hart.

Mr. Bailey, who lives in Kansas City, has been in the Angora goat business 32 years.

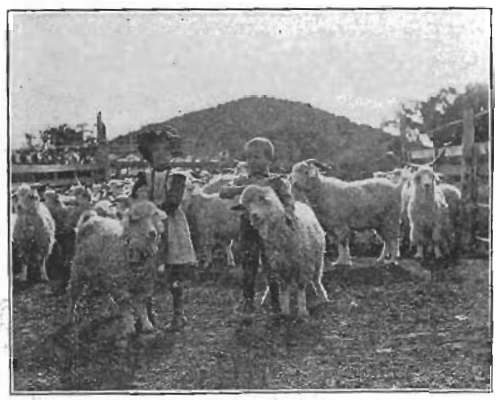
Kids at Play on Teterboard.

Mr. McIntire, also of Kansas City, is secretary of the National Angora Goat-Breeders' Association. Mr. Hart lives in Springfield, Mo., and was the first man to bring a herd of Angoras to the Ozark mountains.

Mr. Hulitt, originally from Chicago, has been engaged in the Angora industry in Texas and New Mexico several years.

The goats of Missouri to-day—that is the Angoras, are to be found in Pulaski, Taney, Stone, Ozark and Greene counties, although the industry is spreading through the Ozark region, and especially along the Frisco system. In Greene county, eight miles from Springfield on the farm of Geo. A. Ramsey,

is a herd of 1,800 Angora goats. These goats belong to F. D. Ougterbaugh of Chicago. The second largest herd at present in Missouri is owned by F. H. Goss of Taney county. Mr. Goss has 500. They are selected stock, and promise to become the most profitable stock on the farm. They roam over 160 acres of rough country and are of little or no trouble. Other farmers in Missouri have some very good-sized herds, but when the 8,000-acre ranch near Cuba, with its 50,000 bleating billies and nannies become an established fact this will be the largest goat ranch in the United States, or anywhere else except in the domain of the Sultan of Turkey, where the Angora is



Friends of Children.

on its native heath. It is a little over half a century ago that the Angoras first made their appearance on American soil. In return for a courtesy shown the Sultan by President Polk in 1849, he presented the President with nine of his choicest Angoras. From that small beginning with partial importations in later years the Angora has grown to be a numerous and much-prized factor in the domestic animal life of America.

The Angoras are pure white, their hair being a foot long. The hair, which is sheared in the same manner as sheeps' wool, is marketable at 35 cents to $1 a pound, and from it are made all the mohair articles of which women are so proud. The hides themselves sell at a high figure, being useful as rug material when the hair is long.

There are three uses to which the Angora goat can be put. First for the skin, the kid leather being used in great quantities; second, for the use of the hair or wool, and third, for the dairy product. Of very recent years many meat markets make a specialty of the meat. Some of the goat raisers of this country are in the business for the purpose of supplying mohair, while others use the goat as a clearer of brushwood. In Missouri the goat is good for both purposes, more than paying for its keeping by the work it accomplishes as a forester. The goat enriches the soil and makes it fit for cultivation while growing into profit for the owner at the same time.

The skins of the Angora, if taken when the hair is about four inches long, make very handsome rugs. There is a great demand for Angora rugs in the United States, which so far has not been supplied by domestic production. These rugs can be purchased at prices ranging from $4 to $8. Another article of manufacture from the skin is the carriage robe, rivaling in beauty and durability the buffalo robe, which is no longer a factor in the market. They are not expensive when the demand for skins is considered, and may be purchased for about $20.

These skins are used largely in the manufacture of children's muffs and as trimmings for coats and capes. The finest kid fleeces adorn the collar and border of some of the ladies' most handsome opera cloaks. In the store they are sold often under some peculiar name which does not inform the purchaser that they are ornamented with the hair of the Angora goat.

The goat industry can be commenced with but very little capital. A herd of twelve good Angoras will cost from $100 to $150. The hair of these goats would weigh about 98 pounds at the annual shearing in April and selling it at an average price of 50 cents per pound, the owner would clear $49. He should pay for his goats in less than two years, for they will increase rapidly. It

costs but little to keep an Angora. The only necessary thing in a goat pasture is plenty of shelter, so they will not have to get wet, and steep hills for them to climb. The average Angora would rather starve than to venture forth in a snow or rain storm. There are thousands of acres of land in Missouri that can be bought for $1.25 an acre that is suitable for a goat ranch, and for that reason the industry is certain to expand and that very rapidly.

A late government census shows there are 24,487 goats in Missouri, valued at $64,786. In Kansas there are 18,388, valued at $71,290; Nebraska, 2,399, valued at $9,126; Illinois, 8,877, valued at $19,932; Indiana, 4,482, valued at $8,290; Indian Territory, 10,529, valued at $21,538; Iowa, 41,468, valued at $146,708; Kentucky, 11,967, valued at $10,008; Minnesota, 3,821, valued at $7,879; North Dakota, 1,122, valued at $5,308; Ohio, 5,432, valued at $16,975; Oklahoma, 3,772, valued at $10,854.

Texas has the largest number of Angora goats of any other state, leading the roll with 85,000, while California has 65,000, and New Mexico, 60,000.

The following advice as to how to raise Angora goats for profit is given by E. D. Ludlow of Lake Valley, N. M., a well-known raiser. Mr. Ludlow says:

"We have always made it a point to cull out all undesirable stock. We have 6,000 Angoras on our ranch, and, of course, have to have a suitable plant for the handling of such a vast number. We have spent much time and money in fitting up corrals, sheds, shearing plant, etc., of which a brief description will be in order. In the first place a suitable shelter for the little fellows will more than pay for itself every year. The Angora cannot stand much cold, wet weather, especially a cold rain ending in hail, directly after they have been sheared, particularly if machine shorn, which means very close shearing. The next thing to be considered is fencing. We use 1x4 inch boards 16 feet long, making them into panels that will dovetail together at the end. Using posts 10 feet apart, with the panels wired to them, gives a rigid fence, and one that can be readily changed or raised up as the corrals fill with the manure. We place the corral on a side hill, so that the goats in passing out trample the bulk of the manure out through the large gate, which we make so that it can be lifted up, instead of a swinging affair, which is being continually clogged up.

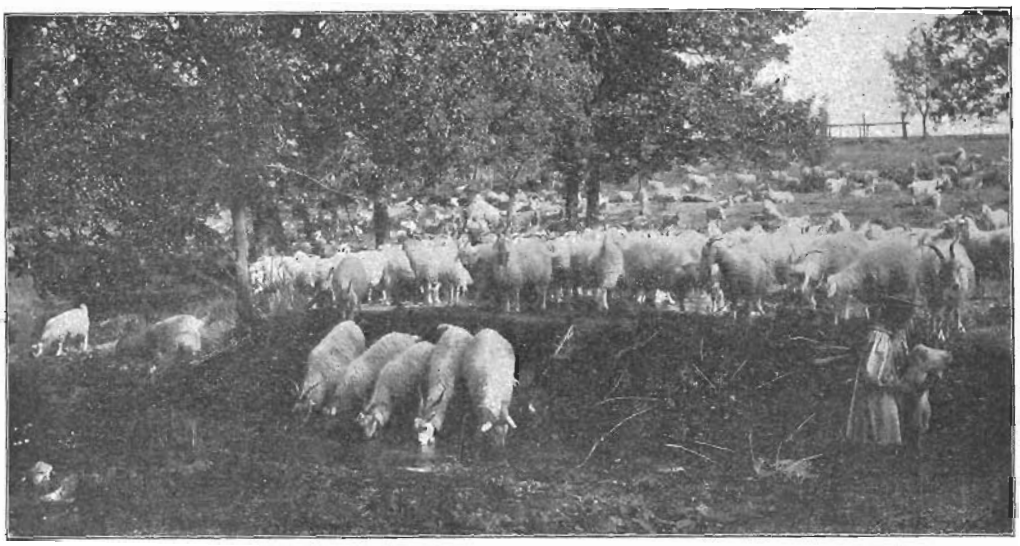
Herd of Angora's on Ludlow Ranch.

The next most important thing is plenty of small pens for handling goats when necessary. Of these we have 18 or 20, with a suitable cutting chute for distributing the goats into the various pens. This we find necessary at kidding and breeding time, and when selling. We have such a chute that we can take a flock of 1,000 head and put them into twenty bunches if necessary, within an hour, or as fast as they can pass through, which they do very quickly after knowing what is wanted of them.

The next thing is a large, commodious shearing house. We use a gasoline engine to drive our shearing machines, in connection with the shearing table designed by ourselves. The goat is sheared on this table and before another is put in its place, the first fleece is all picked up and put on a long table in front of the shearer, a partition of which is provided for each. All tag ends, cactus and other detrimental substances are removed, the fleece rolled up inside out and placed in a baling machine. By this method we get all there is in the mohair out of the business.

Breeding time we consider our most critical and important season, inasmuch as the future crop of kids depends entirely on the judgment of the breeder at this time. We mark all our breeding stock with metal ear tags, numbering consecutively, and keep a record of each and every doe's breeding, the quality of offspring, etc. We also use a tattoo ear marker to good advantage for identification purposes. The metal ear tags we place in various parts of the ear. To illustrate: In front of right ear for one grade, front of left ear for another and back of right and left for other grades, this work being done at shearing time, when goats show their true worth to best advantage.

You can readily see the advantage of this system at breeding time. All the goats are separated into four classes, in separate pens. They are then all gone over, taken one at a time, and a glance at the record shows which buck to breed to, and a record is then made. One buck we spot with red paint, another blue, another green, etc., and the proper number of does to correspond.

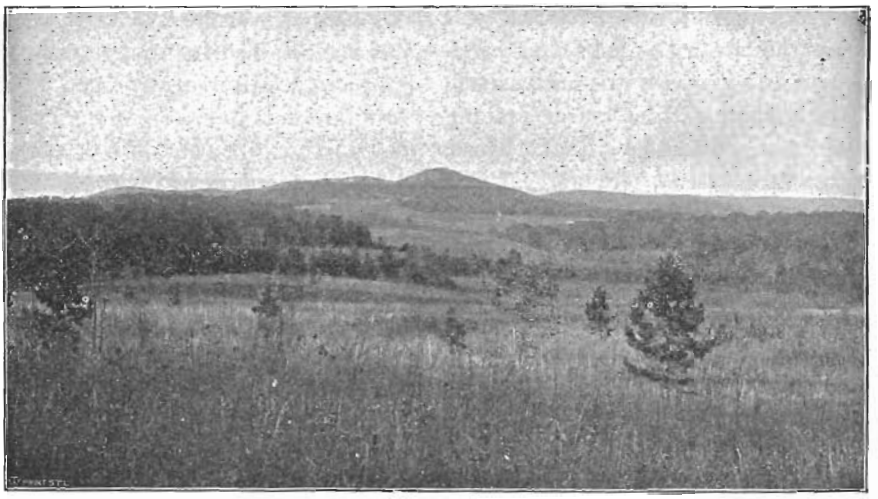


Angora Goats Clearing the Forest.

Our next important season is at kidding, of which much has been written by various breeders. Our method is this: After shearing we take all but the does which are to kid, and send them off to a dry flock or herd, leaving at our kidding ranches nothing but the "dropping herd" to look after. When

the kids begin to come we take the does out at daylight, keeping them out until about 9:30, when they are brought home and placed in a dropping pen, which we have at the upper end of the large corral. Connected therewith we have a large number of small pens, two and a half by three feet, the front of which is made in the fashion of a cow stanchion, by using two pieces of 1x4 fastened at the bottom, so they can be opened from the top, making a V-shape opening to let the does through.

The does and kids are taken from the dropping pen immediately after the birth of the kid and placed in one of these small pens, which we designate as "bummer" boxes and left there by themselves they soon learn to know each other. This is done with all the does and kids for that day. In the afternoon after the kids have quit coming for the day, the herd is taken out and while out a record is made of the kid and doe in a small pocket memorandum for corral use only. We use the system described by J. R. Standley of Platteville, Iowa, the official examiner for the Angora Association. We paint the box number, in which the doe is first placed, on her left side, and make a record in the small book mentioned above. These boxes, of course, all become filled in a short time and must be emptied. Naturally we take all the strongest and oldest kids out first, they being marked as above, and the does painted. We place eight does and kids in a small 14x14 foot pen, of which we have a dozen, where they are left for a day or so, when we double up these pens, placing 16 in each, thus leaving one-half of the pens empty for another lot from the boxes. When all these No. 1 pens, as we call the 14x14, are full, one-half with 16 kids, the other half with 8 kids, we empty the pens with the 16 kids into our No. 2 pens, which will hold about 100 does and kids without crowding. By the time the kids are ready to go into these larger pens, they know their mothers. If any of them do not and are not thrifty and active, they are returned to the bummer box and must start all over. From the large No. 2 pens they go into a pen that will hold about 400 does and kids, and from there into the main corral, where there is no further bother with them. The advantage of kidding in this manner is this: By having proper bum boxes we make the doe own her kid before it is allowed to be out with the other kids. This we do by putting her head through the stanchion on the outside of the



Typical Home for Angoras.

box and fastening it there, holding her fast in case she will not own the kid otherwise. Thus the kid has free access to all the milk it wants and a night or two in the stanchion will make the most obstinate doe think hers is the finest kid in the whole lot.

We have raised this year over 1,300 fine, large kids with less help than others have 600 kids with two or three times the help. So much for the pen system.

When the kids are about six months old we take them away from the does and make a kid flock. This allows the does to dry up and to commence making mohair much faster than they would if the kids were allowed to run with them all winter.

A REGION OF SHALE.

BY THOS. F. MILLARD.

Turn where you will in the Indian Territory, you will be confronted by unmistakable evidence of some extraordinary natural resource. At times the impression will gather force that even the marvelous agricultural capabilities, which are obstrusively obvious, are secondary to advantages along commercial and industrial lines. Here, there, everywhere, is coal, oil, natural gas, and a great variety of minerals; assembled in a contiguity which makes one the complement of the other for industrial purposes. Given these advantages, it is impossible not to promise industrial centers of first magnitude springing up in the new land; especially when so many other co-relative sources of wealth are to be found on every hand, waiting only the touch of developing capital to spring into life.

While the thriving town of Sapulpa, in the northern part of the Creek Nation, has numerous natural advantages upon which to found a hope, nay, a certainty, of future prosperity, recent developments lead to the belief that it will eventually become a great center for the manufacture of brick and kindred products. There is now no doubt that the town lies in the center of what is probably the largest and best shale deposit in the world. Thorough prospecting shows the shale belt to include an area of 15 to 20 square miles, and to contain enough shale to rebuild the cities of New York and London, should those centers of population be leveled to the ground by some overwhelming calamity. This is only another way of saying that the shale beds of Sapulpa are practically inexhaustible.

While the existence of an excellent grade of shale in various parts of the Territory has been known for many years, conditions were not until recently such that any advantage could be taken of the fact. A shale bed in the wilderness is of no particular value, but one lying in immediate proximity to good railroad facilities, and in the heart of a country undergoing the most rapid development the world has ever seen, will not long be overlooked. The extension of the Frisco System into Oklahoma and the southwest, the construction of the Red River division of the same system from Sapulpa into the heart of Texas, and on to the Rio Grande, and the preparations to extend a branch north through the Osage country and on into Kansas, now assures this locality an outlet by rail to all directions. Under these circumstances, a number of enterprising residents of Sapulpa decided to learn something more definite as to the extent and value of the deposits.

An organization was formed for the purpose of prospecting the country thoroughly. A wide range of territory was covered, which established the fact that while shale was to be found in large quantities in many localities of that region, that found in the immediate vicinity of Sapulpa combined advantages of superior quality and quantity, as well as better shipping facilities. This having been ascertained by surface indications, it was determined to discover the real extent

and nature of the beds, and a company was formed for that purpose, in which Fred Pfendler, J. A. Boyd and F. T. Watson were the prime movers. Thus, less than a year ago, systematic development was commenced. Two prospect holes were drilled, each more than 1,600 feet deep. Except for a few thin layers of sandstone, both these wells began and ended in shale. Another hole drilled in the hope of finding artesian water, after passing through 800 feet of shale, struck a fair quality of oil, running from five to seven barrels a day. The fact is that the town of Sapulpa, and the entire surrounding country lies over an immense deposit of shale of unknown depth. Just in the edge of town rises a great hill, more than 100 feet above the level of the landscape, and about 40 acres in extent. It is a solid mass of shale. One blow with a pick will turn up the shale on any part of the hill. There is no superfluous dirt to be removed. The hill has simply to be tunneled and the shale can be stoped directly into cars. This is not the only shale hill in the limits of the belt. There are many others, and one or two are even larger. The huge, conical upheavals a few miles south of Sapulpa, from which the town of Mounds takes its name, are known to be composed entirely of shale. The mounds do not lie so conveniently to the railroad as the Sapulpa hill, but to run a switch to them would be easy and inexpensive. Still farther south, near Weleetka, the Red River division of the Frisco System cuts for nearly half a mile through a solid bank of blue shale.

It was only necessary to call attention to these facts to secure the capital necessary to turn them to practical value. A few months ago the Sapulpa Pressed Brick Company was organized, and immediately took steps to begin operations. Within a few weeks after the company was organized, it had erected a plant and was turning out brick. The output of the plant has already reached 50,000 every ten hours, and a total of over 2,000,000 have been manufactured and distributed. Recently J. A. Daly and C. B. Ritchey, practical brick manufacturers formerly of Nevada, Mo., have secured a controlling interest in the plant, and expect to more than double the capacity as soon as the necessary machinery can be put in. Experts who have examined these shale deposits pronounce them to be of exceptional quality and variety. When exposed to the air, the shale crumbles naturally. Three varieties —yellow, gray and blue—are found. Bricks manufactured from it take a beautiful color and polish. Comparatively limited as have been the operations of the company up to the present time they have amply demonstrated the value of its product, which has found a ready sale in open market competition. Preparations to add machinery for the manufacture of tiles and vitrified brick are now under way. Other companies are being projected, for, while the Sapulpa Pressed Brick company is first on the ground, the field is inexhaustible. There is room for a hundred such companies, so far as a supply of material is concerned, and there is reason in the prophecy, so frequently made by residents of Sapulpa, that the shale belt will, in time, owing to sheer excess of natural advantages, contribute largely to supplying the vast amount of building material necessary to the upbuilding of the great undeveloped empire in the southwest.

Mistress (hearing policeman's voice)—"Nora, didn't I tell you that I would not have strangers in the kitchen?"

Nora—"Yis, mum, come roight down and Oi'll introduce yez awn thin he will be a stranger no longer."

* * *

Sandy—"Why didn't yer let dat hypnotist man make a subject of yer?"

Cinders—"Not on yer life. Last time I was a subject de guy made me read a whole page of 'Help Wanted—Males' an' I was powerless to stop."

* * *

La Montt—"They say her brother made himself heard in Wall street."

LaMoyne—"Ah, a great broker, eh?"

LaMontt—"No, he sold newspapers and yelled 'Extra!'"

DELIGHTFUL MONTE NE.

After all, Nature has a great way of discounting man's devices for pleasure and health.

What artificial amusement can match in zest the beguiling of the wily bass from the clear, swift stream, or the exhilerating rhythm of an early morning gallop over gravelly mountain trails? And one good, deep breath of dry, delicious mountain air at sunrise makes so-called physical culture seem flat, stale and unprofitable! In the same sense that "he that is whole needs not a physician," the well man departs with more or less impunity from the primitive laws of nature. But when he is weary, or ill, there is something 'way down underneath the veneer of civilization that makes him long once more for the simpler existence and the vitalizing influences that can never be summarized in a doctor's bill.

Something of this sort must have passed through the mind of the founder of Monte-Ne, as he first stood upon the steep hillsides that surround this little plateau up in the Ozark mountains of North Arkansas. Familiar as he was with the noted resorts and watering places of America and Europe, he yet perceived something so distinctly charming in the evidences of nature's handiwork at this spot that he believed others could not but be similarly impressed. That his judgment in this matter was unerring has been steadily demonstrated from the first day that visitors began coming to the resort. Nature has provided here with wondrous bounty for the weary and ill.

Think of stepping from a train into a gondola. Who ever heard of such a thing in this lakeless inland region of the southwest! It's enough to make one rub one's eyes and wonder if the glistening water and picturesque craft are real. Think of all the resorts you've ever seen or heard of. Picture the hot, dusty ride from the railway station to the hotel. (That will not be difficult). Then compare the way they do at Monte-Ne —a few steps across the platform, a comfortable seat in a gondola or launch and a dustless, joltless ride over a half-mile stretch of cool, transparent water, alighting close to the veranda of a modern, well-equipped hotel.

Does it sound like a fairy tale?

Well, you shall judge for yourself when you visit this unique resort.

And it is not hard to reach. If you will take a railroad map, place one end of a piece of string in the center of Benton county, Arkansas, and then describe an arc of 300 miles according to the map scale, you will make the interesting discovery that Monte-Ne can be reached readily within twenty-four hours from any town or city on any railroad within that distance. Do you comprehend all that that means? Here is a vast section of country 1,000 miles in diameter, much of which is unbearably hot during the summer months. This tract includes the major portions of Missouri, Kansas, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Oklahoma, Indian Territory and Southern Arkansas. Over these states and territories the hot winds range during the summer months. In St. Louis and Memphis and Kansas City, every summer brings sweltering days and sleepless nights. But right in the center of this vast southwestern country rise the blue stretches of the Ozark mountains of North Arkansas. And 'way up in the midst of these lies the picturesque plateau which holds Monte-Ne. There are no torrid nights here. Indeed, it never becomes so hot but that it's wise to keep plenty of bed clothing handy. Some of it is always required before morning, even during the times when the mercury is striving to break through the top of the tube in nearly every metropolis of the United States. The days, too, are comfortable. The sun gets very warm just as it does elsewhere, but the air is wonderfully clear and dry, and an invariable breeze springs up to temper the atmosphere to the point of comfort. During the season of 1901, a record-breaker everywhere for heat, the highest temperature recorded at Hotel Monte-Ne was 95 degrees. And in the club room,

which is in the basement of the hotel, the thermometer never rose above 78 degrees.

If nature designed this oasis in the center of such a vast heat-laden territory, man has made it wonderfully accessible. Monte-Ne is on a main artery of the Frisco System. One may leave St. Louis, or Kansas City, or Memphis, or Paris, Texas, in the evening, and reach Monte-Ne in good season the following morning. Fast trains, luxuriously equipped with the very latest appointments are in constant daily service from these points all the year 'round. The far-reaching net-work of the Frisco System lines and their connections furnish fast, comfortable service to Monte-Ne, such as few resorts enjoy. Not only is this true, but a special low rate is in effect to Monte-Ne from all points in the United States throughout the year.

Hotel Monte Ne, Silver Springs, Ark.

The name Monte-Ne (pronounced Montee Nay) fits the tongue attractively, somehow. It has an original look in type. It sounds differently, too, from all the various familiar resort titles, with all their confusing similarity, or unpronounceable construction. The name Monte-Ne is a combination of French and Indian, Monte meaning mountain, and Ne, water. Like all distinctive things, this name was only evolved after much thought and research. Had it not been so, some resort would have selected it long ago, without regard for its appropriateness. Its selection for this resort is obviously a happy one. The springs of Monte-Ne are entitled to first consideration among all the many qualities that go to make up the attractiveness of the place. It is hard to believe on first thought that the splendid lagoon of transparent water which meets the gaze as the train reaches the destination is produced by springs, none of which are farther than a foot or two from the banks. Indeed, the rock bed of this winding lake is literally perforated with springs. The wonderful clearness and freshness of this water excites instant comment. Some idea of the volume of these springs may be gained when it is stated that the overflow through the gates provided to keep the lake within bounds reaches the remarkable figure of more than

5,000 gallons per minute. There are times in the year when this overflow is much greater. But even at this minimum figure estimate for yourself the volume of this overflow for a week, or a month, or a year. It is almost incredible!

So much is published annually regarding the medical properties of this spring and that spring that one finally comes to the inevitable conclusion that a large percentage of these statements are made for advertising purposes solely. The physical values of the waters at Monte-Ne admit of so rational and sensible explanation that it is possible to fix their status in a sentence or two. Analytical test proves that Nature has done a very rare thing here, for the waters are almost chemically pure. Experiment and experience have shown that pure water will do more toward relieving the system of

Parlor, Hotel Monte Ne, Silver Springs, Ark.

its various ailments than all of the many waters so heavily impregnated with mineral matter. In other words, the drinking of pure water regularly for a reasonable period of time will cleanse the system, washing away the impurities of the blood and tissues. Monte-Ney water possesses a remarkable "lively quality, an endowment of vitality the secret of which is closely guarded in the subterranean depths of Nature's laboratory. For this reason it never tastes "flat," although it has no distinct flavor, mineral or otherwise. These springs have the same temperature—about 50 degrees—winter and summer, so that the water is delicious to drink, and slakes the thirst perfectly. The place was locally renowned long before the Civil war, and was the objective point for many visitors suffering from rheumatism and organic troubles. It is said by people who live here all the year 'round that these waters have performed many involuntary but effectual cures, resulting from daily use. The larger springs are all appropriately named. One of them, Lithia spring, is, as the title indicates, a natural spring of pure lithia water. Some of the spots where these springs rise are decidedly picturesque. At one point, a considerable stream is formed by the union of seven small springs, known as the Seven Sisters.

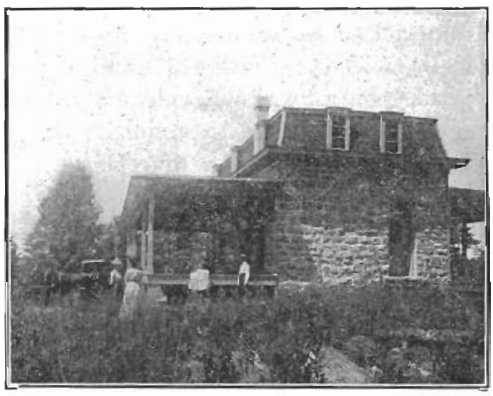
The foliage at Monte-Ne is magnificent. Early spring is gorgeous with blossoms of apple, cherry, peach and plum. Splendid oaks, pines, maples and elms cluster along the valley, and crown the rugged cliff that rises nearly two hundred feet above the quiet waters of the lagoon. There is an abundance of shade for the sunniest days, with the pleasant rustle of the breeze-fanned leaves crooning an accompaniment. Over the cliffs and hills there are excellent trails, and they spread some wonderful views before the vision. There is so much to see at Monte-Ne. Following the narrow valley eastwardly for a little less than a mile one reaches White river. From the crest of its steep palisades, towering more than 200 feet above the swift stream, one is presented a beautiful panorama of miles of hazy valley and timber-bordered hills. From the opposite side of White river the palisades themselves compose a striking picture.

There's a romance of old Spain which throws its glamour over the massive cliffs and glinting water. It has all the flavor of mysterious legend of long ago. The tale is as realistic as the narratives of Capt. Kidd's wealth of hidden treasure, awaiting some lucky searcher. It seems that some three years ago a mysterious Spaniard came to that portion of the White river valley

lying in Benton county. He bore with him a tattered parchment, yellow with age. This parchment was, he said, the key to a magnificent treasure of gold and jewels buried by Spaniards who overran the country after the Mexican invasion of Cortez, three centuries ago. The record stated that a terrific battle was fought between the Spaniards and Indians. The former lost heavily. The survivors placed their treasure in a secret cave at the base of a tall cliff. The parchment declared the gold to be worth $5,000,000, and the jewels of unknown value. The description of the location seemed to fit the palisades of White river in Benton county. It was further stated that the cave had been sealed up, and that over the entrance were buried members of the party who had been killed in battle.

The presence of the Spaniard and his parchment caused a furor of excitement. People flocked in for miles from every direction. Tools and workers were promptly voluntered. Excavation was begun at once at the spot indicated. Presently, eight skeletons were unearthed. The natives went wild with excitement. Here was certain evidence of the existence of the treasure. Their cupidity became so great that they drove away the Spaniard, threatening his life so that he fled in mortal terror. But further digging failed to reveal the treasure, or the entrance to the cave. The search was continued at other points without success. The necessity for daily bread cooled the excitement in a large degree. But still the search continues, in a desultory way. Many people in the locality believe implicitly that the wealth is there. Who the Spaniard was, or whence he came, no one knows. He declared when he went away that he would return. He has not yet reappeared. Meanwhile, you may see the various excavations at the base of the palisades, and if you are desirous of finding the hidden fortune yourself, you are privileged to search to your heart's content. Incidentally, if you are interested in physiology, you may examine various portions of the skeletons, which are now pretty generally distributed among the farmers over the county. They, at least, were genuine. Whether they were Spanish or not is purely a matter of conjecture.

There are other things beside hidden treasure here to sharpen one's appetite for exploration. This section abounds in caves. There are at least twenty-five excellent ones within a radius of ten miles. Some of these are of remarkable size and not a few of them have never been thoroughly explored. The entrance to one of them is a stream, and it is possible to row back in for miles. Others contain stalactites and stalagmites of great beauty. One in particular exhibits curious natural phenomena. This is Wind cave, so designated because a steady breeze issues constantly from its entrance. This air current is so strong that it sways the grasses in summer. And the temperature remains invariably 53 degrees



Carl Starck's Home, near Monte Ne.

winter and summer. Thus one may be deliciously cooled on a warm day, or comfortably warmed on a very cold one. This cave extends back into the hill for miles, and no one has ever followed its windings to the end. Wind cave is only a few hundred yards from Hotel Monte-Ne, at the east end of the valley.

There are many points of historical interest to visit near Monte-Ne. One of these is Cross Hollows, a mile and a half to the west, where two ravines intersect the valley. After the famous Civil war battle of

Pea Ridge, the Confederates retreated to this spot. Here a desperate battle was fought, the conflict being almost hand-to-hand, and the mortality fearful in view of the number of combatants engaged. Pea Ridge itself is but a few miles from Monte-Ne, and the drive is a favorite one.

Visitors to Monte-Ne during the early part of the season are delighted with the strawberries and fresh vegetables. The resort is in the heart of one of the finest fruit sections in the world.

It is said that Benton county has sold its apple crop of a single season for over $2,000,000. Think of such an output from a single county! The soil is wonderfully adapted for fruit raising. Peaches, plums, pears and small fruit of every kind are raised with signal success. Late summer offers a perfect feast of fruit for the visitor to Monte Ne.

Half a mile from the resort is the Vinola winery, a fruit farm property belonging to Mr. Starck, a former resident of Washington, D. C. The residence and buildings are located upon a fine knoll, splendidly shaded and commanding an exceptional view of White river valley. Mr. Starck is a close student of nature. He is also an able scientist, and has applied his knowledge to the culitvation and perfecting of many varieties of fruit. Chief, in point of successful development, is his vineyard. From this source he is enabled to produce annually a considerable quantity of native wines. Mr. Starck is authority for the statement that grapes grown in North Arkansas are by actual test the finest wine grapes in the world. He bases this statement on the fact that they exceed the highest test of the saccharometer, the universal instrument for determining the relative qualities of grape sugar.

The accommodations at Monte-Ne are excellent. Hotel Monte-Ne is new, and correspondingly modern. Its table is appetizing; its rooms are ample, well-appointed, and perfectly ventilated. All are outside rooms. For families or parties who so desire there are cottages and tents for rent. Table board may be secured at the hotel if desired. Rates throughout are very reasonable.

And what is there to do at Monte-Ne?

Well, to start with, there are charming walks and drives and rides. A good livery service is maintained, with comfortable carriages, and sure-footed, easy-gaited saddle horses. Then there are bowling alleys, and billiard and pool rooms, and kindred amusements. There is a fine swimming pool, 25x50 feet, with careful appointments. There is an auditorium with a seating capacity of 500. Here during the season may be heard some of the famous speakers, entertainers and concert people of the day. There is a large dancing pavilion where regular parties are given. White river, less than a mile away, affords the best of fishing. It is indeed a poor day when the angler cannot find all the sport he desires here.

At night, Monte-Ne is a veritable fairyland, with the reflection of myriad lights in the lagoon, the echo of laughter and song as the gondoliers wend their way over the winding waters. The evenings here are made to spend out of doors. And listen to this: There are no mosquitoes at Monte-Ne. Can you fancy an inland resort with a body of water without these spiteful pests? Well, it's true here! Isn't that worth remembering?

Monte-Ne has the accommodations and the amusements of other resorts. And beyond all these things, it has a wealth of natural charm distinctly its own. Its wonderful climate and magnificent water are destined to re-invigorate thousands of weary people for the return to labors that are inevitably to be resumed when vacation days are over.

"We all have burdens to bear in this world of sorrow," said the easy-going philosopher.

"But some of us have a double load," remarked the father of twins that were troubled with insomnia.

COTTON.

The cotton blossom is the lotus flower of the South. No matter what new crop may be planted beyond the Potomac or what may come out of its mountains in the way of minerals, or from its forests in lumber, cotton is to the Southern planter what wheat and corn are to the grain farmers of the Western prairies; but, unlike the latter, he has a love for it inherited from long lines of ancestors. The true native of the Southern States cherishes the same feeling for the cotton that his grandfather did years before the war.

The people of the South, indeed, have good reason for this sentiment toward the fleecy staple, for it has done more than anything else in making over the South and bringing its present share of prosperity. A second Birmingham and Sheffield are to be found in Alabama. The world's greatest pine forests are located in Texas. Enough phosphate to fertilize every farm in America underlies the earth's crust in Florida, South Carolina, and Tennessee. Along the Atlantic coast stretches a great garden from Hampton Roads to the Florida capes, which feeds the people of the North and West during the months when their own gardens are covered with snow and ice. But cotton overshadows all of these in its benefits. Even if a 10,000,000-bale crop sends the price down close to the cost of production, nearly a fifth of this goes into the doors of the mills at home every season to be turned into all kinds of fabrics, from the coarsest sheeting to velvets and even carpets. There are plantations in North and South Carolina whose owners haul the contents of the boll to the factory in sight of the field. The men and boys who gather the crop may next season be wearing shirts made from it in the near-by towns, for the cloth was purchased at the mill. The days when nearly every pound went a thousand miles perhaps before being converted into cloth or yarn have passed away, although a large fleet of steamships every season leave the string of seaports from Norfolk to Galveston, carrying it by the thousand packages to England's great spinning center, while long train-loads cross the continent to be placed in ships bound to China and Japan. Perhaps the same trains may carry cargoes of cloth made from the staple which in a few months will be worn by the coolies of eastern Asia, for some of the Southern mills are sending their entire product to the Orient.

Though a fair crop may add $400,000,000 to the wealth of the South in a single season, this is but one item of profit. It represents merely the cotton converted into cash. Machinery is to be found in cotton-growing States, which, when the package or wagon-load is placed in it, cleanses the fleece, separates the berry or seed, rolls the fleece into bats, turns the seed into oil and meal, without the touch of a human hand. The product of the seed itself in a year is worth $60,000,000 to the South, in oil, meal, and "linters," thanks to this wonderful mechanism. About 1,750,000 barrels of cotton oil leave the Southern States yearly, some of it to be used in making salads for the table, some going into soaps and medicines, and some forming the base of various food compounds. Its use to-day is almost world-wide, and it must be admitted that not a little crosses the Atlantic to Europe to be refined and come back in packages labeled as oil from the olive trees of Southern Europe. But chemists and physicians say that it contains no harmful ingredient, and perhaps this deception is not as dangerous as some of the others with which the public is daily victimized.—Harper's Weekly.

Maude—"Which would you rather be—rich or handsome?"

Clara—"Well, I'd like to be rich also."

* * *

"You say Smith's credit is bad?" asked the drummer of the village hotel proprietor.

"Bad!" echoed the v. h. p. "Why, he can't even borrow trouble."

THE WHITE FLYER.

The tale of an Eastern millionaire, and the prominent part he took in the sequel to a Western murder case.

BY E. M. RHODES.

I hardly know whether to begin this story with the great murder and robbery in Bronco City or with the advent of the White Flyer in Leadtown. Each of these events was of major importance in its respective metropolis.

On second thoughts, remembering the deadly rivalry between the two settlements, I deem it wiser to seek a middle course, and begin with the arrival of Simmons, of Broncho City, in the chief hotel of Leadtown on the day of the double excitement.

Simmons was wearing a broad brimmed hat, and had two pistols in his belt, so he supplied just the local color to attract the eye of young Vanderwent, the son of an Eastern multimillionaire, and on his first Western trip.

It was not long before the two were exchanging friendly remarks and young Vanderwent was setting up drinks for them both.

Simmons was a cautious man by nature, but he was a good judge of character withal.

His caution had led him to conceal from the denizens of Leadtown the nature of his errand to that place; but his knowledge of human nature showed him that here was just the ally he needed—a man conventional and law abiding, who would throw his weight on the side of law and order; and at the same time fearless to undertake a hazardous adventure in the cause of right.

So Simmons waited for a chance to propose his plan, and meantime listened to young Vanderwent's confidences, occasionally putting in a word to draw out the young fellow.

He learned that Vanderwent was the son of a railroad president, viewing the West from his father's private car, the White Flyer; that he had been educated abroad and had never before been west of Buffalo; that he was delighted with the West, and especially with the mining towns, and that Leadtown had struck him as so unique that he had switched the White Flyer here, so that he might have a day or two to look about him.

"It is a pretty fine place for the West," assented Simmons. "I'm an Eastern man myself; but I tell you it teaches you to respect Western enterprise when you see the rapid growth of these little towns. Still," he added, with pardonable pride, "Leadtown can't hold a candle to Bronco City."

"Bronco City?" returned Vanderwent. "That's the rival town I've heard so much about."

"Guess you have," said Simmons, smiling. Then he added with sudden seriousness, "I'll bet there's one thing you haven't heard about it."

"What's that?" said Vanderwent.

Simmons looked cautiously around the barroom.

The saloonkeeper had slipped out for a moment into the little room adjoining the bar. There was no one else in sight.

Simmons lowered his voice and said:

"There was a big robbery in Bronco City last night. A fellow from 'Frisco killed one of our most respected citizens and robbed him of eight thousand dollars cash!"

"Did they catch him?"

"Pretty near," said Simmons impressively; "but he shot Potts, the sheriff, through the leg, and made his escape."

"And they lost him?" asked Vanderwent.

Simmons took a long swallow from his glass. Then he placed it on the counter and solemnly winked at Vanderwent.

"They did not lose him," he returned. "The sheriff appointed me his deputy, and I got on his trail and tracked him"—Simmons' voice was low and eloquent—"right here to Leadtown."

"Have you placed him under arrest?" asked Vanderwent, all interest.

"No," said Simmons. "I dassent. He's wanted right here in Leadtown, wanted for horse stealing, and wanted badly. Now, if I

was to arrest him, I'd have to hold him in custody for two hours or more, till the express for Spakone is due.

"Do you suppose Leadtown would see that man in the charge of only one officer for two hours and respect the laws of their country? No, sir; they'd lynch him, that's what they'd do; and neither you nor me could stop them. They're a lawless lot, here in the West. I reckon Sheriff Potts knew his man when he appointed a fellow who was raised in the East for deputy."

"What's your plan?" asked Vanderwent.

He was interested in spite of himself in the Westerner's mastery of circumstances.

"My plan is this," said Simmons. "Thanks—I don't care if I do. Have a light? My plan is this. I know where my man is. I have him where I want him. I'll wait to make that arrest till nearly train time. Then I'll get my man.

"When I've once got him covered, he'll surrender all right. He knows better than to resist and advertise his presence in Leadtown. He's too well known.

"I'll take him by train to Spakone, and I bet he'll be as anxious to get out of Leadtown quietly as you and me to have him. I'll hold him at Spakone till I can send for a posse from Bronco City; and we'll have him back there on the next train."

"Clear as mud," said Vanderwent.

He puffed meditatively at his cigar.

"I see only one drawback. Suppose the arrest should take longer than you think? Suppose your man isn't easily brought to surrender? Or suppose it takes longer than you expect to put the situation to him, and the Spakone express comes and goes in the mean time? What then?"

Simmons' face fell.

"That's my risk," he said. "As you say, that's the one drawback." He looked thoughtful. "By Jinks," he said, "if we should miss that train, nothing could save the prisoner!"

Vanderwent knocked the ash off his cigar.

"What do you say to this? You secure your prisoner. You bring him down to the switch just south of the station. I take you both on the White Flyer to Spakone, and get back before the Spakone express is due, or before the good people of Leadtown know that we're even gone."

"By gum," cried Simmons in delight, bringing his hand down on his knee, "that's the ticket. Western hustle is all right, but give me Eastern brains."

He reached out his rough paw and shook Vanderwent's hand enthusiastically.

The details were soon arranged. The White Flyer was sidetracked beyond the town, an eighth of a mile from the station.

Vanderwent was to see the station agent, make sure of a clear track—without, of course, taking the agent into his confidence—and then give orders to fire up at once, and hold the special train in readiness to move at immediate notice.

Simmons, meantime, was to arrest his man, march him to the station under penalty of a lynching if he resisted—and the plan would be successfully accomplished.

It was with some misgivings that Vanderwent awaited the arrival of the deputy sheriff and his prisoner.

To cope single-handed with a ruffian of such desperate reputation was a big undertaking. Vanderwent wished that he had insisted on giving his orders and then accompanying Simmons to the lair of the prisoner. It was fully half an hour before Vanderwent's eager eyes saw Simmons finally approaching, his prisoner ahead of him.

The man was not handcuffed for fear of attracting attention in case of a chance meeting; but Vanderwent saw that Simmons held a revolver cocked in either hand.

The prisoner was a desperate looking character. He had lowering brows, and his face was disfigured by a broad white scar across the cheek.

He was a sullen, piratical looking figure, a complete contrast to his frank and manly captor.

Simmons guarded him closely until he had reached the train. Indeed, the prisoner showed no desire to escape.

He had a hunted air, and his one aim

seemed to be to hide from the wrath of Leadtown.

The deputy sheriff snapped a pair of handcuffs on the prisoner's wrists, then sat down opposite him.

He never relinquished his watchfulness on the whole trip to Spakone. Vanderwent would have been glad to talk to Simmons and learn details of the capture; but the deputy sheriff seemed to have an exalted idea of the sacredness of his office and gave his full attention to the captive.

At Spakone the car waited while Vanderwent went out to hunt up a hack. The best conveyance he could find was a broken-down 'bus; but Simmons expressed himself as fully satisfied.

He unshackled his prisoner, marched him ahead to the 'bus, and waved a triumphant and almost gleeful farewell to Vanderwent. The Easterner saluted in return, half regretful that his strange adventure had ended so successfully and tamely.

Half an hour later the White Flyer glided past the station at Leadtown, made her switch, and halted on the side track. Vanderwent swung himself off the car and made his way to the station.

The regular train to Spakone was just puffing to a stop as he reached the platform. He speculated on the scene of blood which might have been enacted if Simmons had been dependent on this train to convey his prisoner.

As he stood idly watching the engine, a fierce-looking man with bushy whiskers dropped off the front platform and hailed the station agent.

"Any news of 'em?" he shouted.

"Nope," said the station agent. "I got your wire. What they done?"

"Murder and robbery," answered the whiskered man shortly.

Vanderwent drew near.

The station agent went through a form of introduction.

"Mr. Vanderwent of the White Flyer," he said, "Potts, the sheriff over at Bronco City."

"Mr. Potts!" exclaimed Vanderwent, all excitement. "How's your leg?"

"How's my leg?" retorted Mr. Potts. "My leg's all right—how's yours?"

"Your man's safe, I'm happy to tell you," continued Vanderwent in the same breath.

"Where?" asked the man of few words.

"In Spakone," said Vanderwent. "A dark, villainous looking fellow, isn't he, with a white scar on his cheek?"

"That's him," returned Potts. "That's one of 'em."

"Well, he's all right," said Vanderwent. "Your deputy arrested him, and I took them down to Spakone in my private car."

"Deputy?" said Potts. "I ain't got no deputy."

"A tall man," urged Vanderwent, "big shouldered—frank, cheery smile, and blue eyes—wears a broad-brimmed hat and has two pistols in his belt—isn't that your deputy sheriff, name of Simmons?"

"Simmons!" exploded the sheriff; and then the words which careful economy had accumulated through his past life burst forth in prodigality of invective. "That," cried the sheriff, amid a brilliant setting of expletives, "that's his pal, the man who did the murder!"—The Argosy.

POPULAR FICTION.

A dab or two of history,
  A fragile thread of plot,
Great gobs of talk and love and gore—
  The rest, it matters not.

—Life.

GOOD THINGS ABOUT KANSAS.

BY D. O. McCRAY.

When we think of the birth of Kansas we think of the flag. Both were baptized in blood. Both are synonyms of liberty. The generation which laid the foundation of this commonwealth builded wisely and well. They have given to posterity a glorious record, for

"States are not great,
Except as men may make them;
Men are not great except they do and dare.
But States, like men,
Have destinies that take them—
That bear them on, not knowing why or where."

It is my purpose to here reproduce some of the many good things that have been said about Kansas. Kansas is an inspiration to all who have lived within her borders. It was Senator Ingalls who told the story of Kansas in one line:

"Kansas is the navel of the nation."

These are a few of the sentiments culled from a publication to which Senator Ingalls contributed in 1895:

"Kansas is the nucleus of our political system, around which its forces assemble, to which its energies converge, and from which its energies radiate to the remotest circumference."

"Kansas is the core and kernel of the country, continuing the germs of its growth, and the quickening ideas essential to its perpetuity."

"The history of Kansas is written in capitals. It is punctuated with exclamation points. Its verbs are imperative. Its adjectives are superlative. The commonplace and prosaic are not defined in its lexicon."

"The aspiration of Kansas is to reach the unattainable, its dream is the realization of the impossible. Having vanquished all competitors, Kansas smiles complacently as she surpasses from year to year her own triumphs in growth and glory."

"Other states could be spared without irreparable bereavement, but Kansas is indispensible to the joy, the inspiration, and the improvement of the world. The everyday events of Kansas would be marvels elsewhere, our platitudes would be panegyrics, the trite and commonplace are unknown. There is no other state where the rewards of industry have been so ample, and the conditions of prosperity so abundant, so stable and so secure as in Kansas."

"And this is but the dawn. We stand in the vestibule of the temple. Science will hereafter reinforce the energies of nature, and the achievements of the past will pale into insignificance before the completed glory of the century to come."

With the sod cabin of the plains came the school house. This building is the pride of every town and community. In the early history of Kansas ex-Gov. Osborne said, in a message to the legislature:

"The schools of Kansas are as great an attraction to the immigrant and furnish as strong an inducement for him to settle here as the cheapness of our land, the fertility of the soil, and the salubrity of the climate. Our people take pleasure in placing upon their shoulders the burden of building good school houses and sustaining the best schools. It is the one tax which all Kansans pay without objection."

And this is the splendid record to-day:

8,927 districts; 9,406 buildings; 11,614 teachers; 508,854 school children.

$7,021,958 in permanent school fund.

$52,000 invested annually for public school libraries and apparatus.

$5,377,000 received for school purposes.

Largest State Normal in the world. Largest State Agricultural College in the world. A State University with 80 professors and 1,200 students. Total valuation of all school property, $20,386,158. $10,000,000 expended annually for education.

The location of this great state—a commonwealth whose praises are sung wherever civilization has blazed its pathway—is fittingly described by Secretary Coburn of the Kansas Agricultural department:

"Located in the favored parallel—a dis-

trict that controls the destinies of the globe—a parallel that has been the thread upon which jewels of wealth, plenty, luxury and refinement have been hung from time immemorial. The 37th parallel is the girdle which the genii of civilization have spun around the sphere. Along it lie great cities. Kansas is right in the very path of this prosperity. With as fertile soil as lies out of doors, and with a salubrious climate, it is the fit abode of successful men. Such is Kansas. Such is the land we love and whose greeting we bring."

This man, to whom Kansans are so greatly indebted, pays his tribute to the manhood and citizenship of this Imperial state:

"Kansas is the product of a courage and fortitude never surpassed by the founders of any commonwealth, the builders of any State, and from the beginning has been an object of controversy and an arena for the conflict of ideas, beliefs—convictions.

Having located Kansas on the map of the world, Secretary Coburn graphically describes its metes and bounds and dwells upon its transformation from desert to garden in these lines:

"Four hundred miles long, two hundred and ten miles wide, four thousand miles deep and reaching to the stars; while every morning, during the corn-plowing season, the farmers go into a corn field as large as the whole State of New Jersey; every noon, during the harvest, the harvesters come to dinner from a wheat field of 200,000 acres more than all the state of Delaware and every night Mary calls the cattle home from a pasture larger than Pennsylvania. Once called a desert, the State is now a garden. The mustang is succeeded by the Percheron. The buffalo has abandoned the prairies to the Shorthorn and the Hereford. Corn tassels where the Sioux and the Shawnees danced. Wheat grows over the old prairie-dog village. The sun that crept over wigwam and cottonwood shines on orchard and meadow."

Ex-Gov. Jno. A. Martin uttered one sentence that will live as long as time shall endure. It will live because it is true:

"Kansas is the electric light of the Union."

Seventeen years ago at a banquet in Topeka he described present conditions when he said:

"Kansas is the state of great crops, great herds, great flocks, great railroads, great school houses, great development and great prosperity."

No greater tribute was ever paid to the citizenship of Kansas than that uttered by Governor Martin at a meeting of the pioneers of southwestern Kansas, at Garden City, in 1886. He said:

"This is a great state. It is the heart of the American continent. Its history is a romance of the most thrilling interest. Its development has been without parallel in the record of American commonwealths. It has absorbed, in its population, the best blood and brain of all the civilized nations of the earth. During a campaign of 30 years, waged by the peaceful forces of civilization on the prairies of Kansas, 79,000 square miles of territory have been planted in crops. Six hundred cities and towns dot the map of the state; 6,000 miles of rail are kept bright by the constant friction of a mighty commerce, property worth fully $600,000,000 has been accumulated; 7,000 school houses welcome throngs of eager children; crops valued at over $100,000,000 are annually harvested, and fully a million and a half of intelligent, enterprising and prosperous people have homes within the borders of this state. The black banners of industry float from thousands of mills and factories. Fields and meadows are rich with herds and flocks. Everywhere is growth, improvement, increase; everywhere are the evidences of culture, thrift and enterprise; everywhere the promise of a larger, broader life, and a firmer, deeper faith in the greatness and glory of Kansas. We are just beginning to realize what a great people can accomplish, whom love of country moveth, example teacheth, company comforteth, emulation quickeneth, and glory exalteth."

There is something in the Kansas air that invigorates and inspires. Kansas'

greatest citizen, John J. Ingalls, once said that he could go out into his wooded pasture at Atchison and banish from his mind every recollection of disappointments by communing with Kansas' nature. He illustrated to the writer one day as he sat in his comfortable home at Atchison, how he would wander away into the forest and talk to the trees, and listen to the song of the birds and the rippling rill at his feet. He had represented Kansas in the United States senate 18 years, but the great senatorial pendulum swung over to the other side and left Ingalls a private citizen. Describing the day of his defeat, he said:

"I went over to my pasture and walked through the withered wood. There, in a little grassy glade, sheltered from the autumnal breeze, the sun shining coldly down, I opened the windows of my spirit and let that whole thing in on me, and commanded my fortitude. I sat there in that little dell until the struggle was over, until I was master of myself, until I could talk of it with the same composure as of Napoleon's Waterloo."

This little incident is cited to show the great strength of character of Ingalls. He represented a great state and a great people.

The readers of this Magazine are requested to refer to the map of Kansas and note its central location between the Gulf and the Lakes, and the Atlantic and the Pacific. Here is the garden spot of the nation. Penetrating this rich empire from Monett, Mo., to Ellsworth, Kas., is an arm of the Frisco System tapping the very heart of the Sunflower state. The towns and cities along this line offer a welcome and prosperity to all who are looking for business locations and homes. The rich and productive lands are excelled by no region in the United States. Everything that conduces to man's comfort may here be found.

"WHOSOEVER WILL MAY COME."

MIKE FEARED A RELAPSE.

Joseph Jefferson once played an engagement in a Western town, appearing in Rip Van Winkle. In the hotel at which he stopped was an Irishman, who acted as porter and general assistant. Judged by the deep interest he took in the house, he might have been clerk, lessee and proprietor rolled into one.

At about six o'clock in the morning Mr. Jefferson was startled by a violent thumping on his door. When he struggled into consciousness and realized that he had left no "call" order at the office, he was indignant. But his sleep was spoiled for that morning, so he arose and soon after appeared before the clerk.

"See here," he demanded of that individual, "why was I called at this unearthly hour?"

"I don't know, sir," answered the clerk; "I'll ask Mike."

The Irishman was summoned. Said the clerk:

"Mike, there was no call for Mr. Jefferson. Why did you disturb him?"

Taking the clerk to one side, he said in a mysterious whisper:

"He was snoring like a horse, sor, and Oi'd heerd the b'ys saying as how he were onct afther slaping for twinty years, so Oi ses to mesilf, ses Oi, Mike, it's acooming onto him agin', and it's yer juty to git the craythcr out o' yer house instantly!"—Current Literature.

"The sweet singer sneers at your coffee," said the comedian boarder, "but I will take up for it, madam."

"Oh, thank you," responded the landlady.

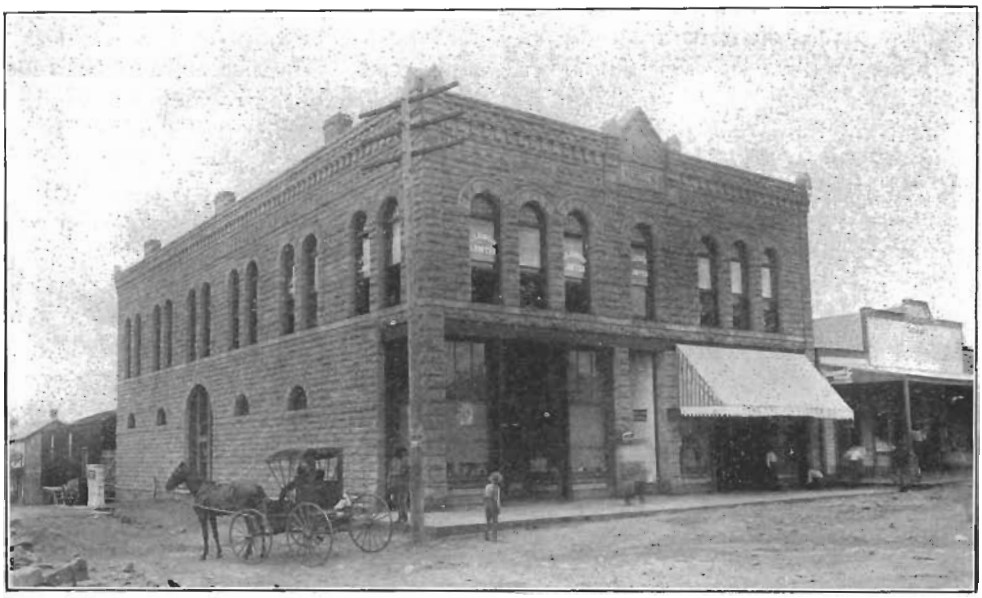
"Yes, I was always taught to take up for the weak."

HOLDENVILLE, INDIAN TERRITORY.

BY J. W. KIEF.

Holdenville is distinctly an American community and one of the few Territory towns that bears an English name. It was founded in 1885, and was named for Mr. J. F. Holden, who has taken a keen interest in every enterprise that would contribute to its growth. Holdenville is in the southwest corner of the Creek Nation, on the Frisco System. It has had a slow, steady, substantial growth from the beginning, despite the anomalous conditions that prevail in the Territory, and today presents many striking evidences of a progressive and enterprising citizenship. An authentic census, just completed, fixes its population at 2,100. It must be remembered that whatever degree of progress is manifested in the career of Indian Territory towns, it has been made despite the unsettled conditions through which they have struggled. Notwithstanding these hindrances, Holdenville has reached its present status and is just emerging from the shadows of uncertainty into the dawn of a new era. The appraisements have been made, titles fixed and deeds to real estate are being issued. The Creek Council has ratified the supplemental treaty, and deeds to Indian lands are being issued to allottees, thus insuring settled conditions and the passing of the lands into the hands of white men with the means and disposition to develop one of the richest and most productive sections of the Southwest.

Holdenville is ready for the new order of things. The town has made gigantic strides through the period of discouragement and takes high rank among the thrifty municipalities of the future great state to be. It is the commercial center of a rich, agricultural section, with no trade rival within a radius of 50 miles. From the natural elevation on which it stands one gets a charming view of the surrounding country. In the distance are heavily wooded hills and well-filled streams, while intervening are rolling plains which richly produce all the cereals and cotton; rich pasture lands on which thousands of cattle are fattening; upwards of five thousand



Mark's Block, Holdenville.

bales of cotton have been ginned and marketed this year; thousands of hogs and cattle shipped to distant markets; corn, wheat, oats and potatoes yield in abundance, while vigorous young orchards and small fruits give evidence of climatic conditions well adapted to their healthy growth and development. These are the sources from which Holdenville draws its substance and prosperity.

A Holdenville Home.

The town is growing rapidly. The business section is hedged in by numerous fine blocks of native stone and brick buildings, which do credit to the energy, push and enterprise of its citizens. The imposing array of handsome residences is an index to the refinement and intelligence of the people. Three solid banks are the pride of the commercial interests and the annual volume of business done by the merchants is ample tribute to their business enterprise. As a wholesale center Holdenville possesses superior advantages. Situated at the crossing of the Frisco System and Choctaw railroad, it has in and out-shipping facilities that have made it a jobbing point of considerable consequence. Already there are three wholesale grocery houses, two flour and feed firms, an ice plant, three packing companies have branch houses here from which they distribute $60,000 worth of their products annually. The town is well supplied with churches and fraternal organizations. Bonds have been voted to build a $10,000 school house. More than 500 children attended the city schools this year, and $4,000 will be expended for school maintenance next year.

A successful telephone system is in operation and an electric light plant is among the near future probabilities. Among the other productive enterprises are three gins, a saw mill, a feed and chop mill, a 20-ton ice plant, a stone quarry and brick yard. Holdenville has pursued a waiting policy, but all these years has been gathering latent energy which, when the thralldom of retarded development is lifted, will enable it to advance to the front rank of Territory towns.

FORT SMITH, ARKANSAS.

Fort Smith, Ark., is one of the towns that always interests the visitor whether he be there only casually or seeking a place for a home, for a place for investment or a business location. It is a city that is handsome as to its residence districts and its broad business streets. It has much to attract the eye and still more to appeal to the business instinct of the man of affairs. It is both a wholesale and a manufacturing center, and is the supply point for a large, rich and rapidly developing country. It has a wide-awake population and is constantly looking out for more productive enterprises. It has an active commercial club to promote the location of factories and to look after the general interests of the city. Always bear in mind that Fort Smith is one of the present as well as one of the future great commercial and manufacturing centers of the Southwest.

NORTH ARKANSAS.

BY OLENA WEBB.

So much has been written on this subject that, inexhaustible as it is, I scarcely know what feature to enlarge upon. So much has been said of the fruit production that the picture in the mind of the average stranger who has never visited the Ozarks is that of a country where all the trees, woods and all grow mighty red apples, with here and there a peach tree interspersed, whose fruit is as large as a tea cup.

While all that has been said of the luscious peach and the juicy, red apple of Carroll, Boone, Newton and Searcy counties is true, it strikes me that some of the other fruits have been rather kept in the background. Just before you cross Crooked Creek is a vineyard whose grapes, they tell me, never fail. And the plums, the raspberries, the blackberries—and in the vegetable line, EVERYTHING!

Harrison itself nestles like a bird's nest among its surrounding hills. Were it not for all the commercial and educational advantages attendant upon the coming of a railroad, it would have seemed to me a pity to intrude upon the serenity of the pretty place. But this would not have pleased its progressive people. Besides this, a market for the country's produce and mineral was an absolute necessity. The St. Louis and North Arkansas Railroad continues to thread its way through the mountains and valleys beyond Harrison, and the work of construction goes rapidly on.

Much has been said about the oil well of St. Joe in Searcy county. I have endeavored to obtain reliable information as to progress and prospects, but all concerned are very reticent, though also apparently very cheerful and hopeful. To paraphrase an old saying, they are drilling hard and saying nothing. They seem to mean business, and I augur final success as the result of the combined well-known oil conditions of St. Joe and the perseverance and determination of the projectors of this enterprise to find the oil.

There have been new developments in the mineral fields in Boone county. One mine near Harrison has been sending in some magnificent specimens. A good lead has been struck, much of the rock carrying fully 90 per cent of zinc. Besides the oil field at St. Joe, should the flattering prospects be realized, the new railroad will furnish a carrier for the output of mineral from the Tomahawk district. This is probably the least developed, the least advertised, and yet the richest ore of all the zinc deposits in this country. We are on the verge of a new era in the mineral history of this section. We have passed the period of prospecting, establishment of claims, speculation, etc., and the work of actual development and active operation has begun. There is much good work being done in Marion county, particularly in the Jemmy's Creek district.

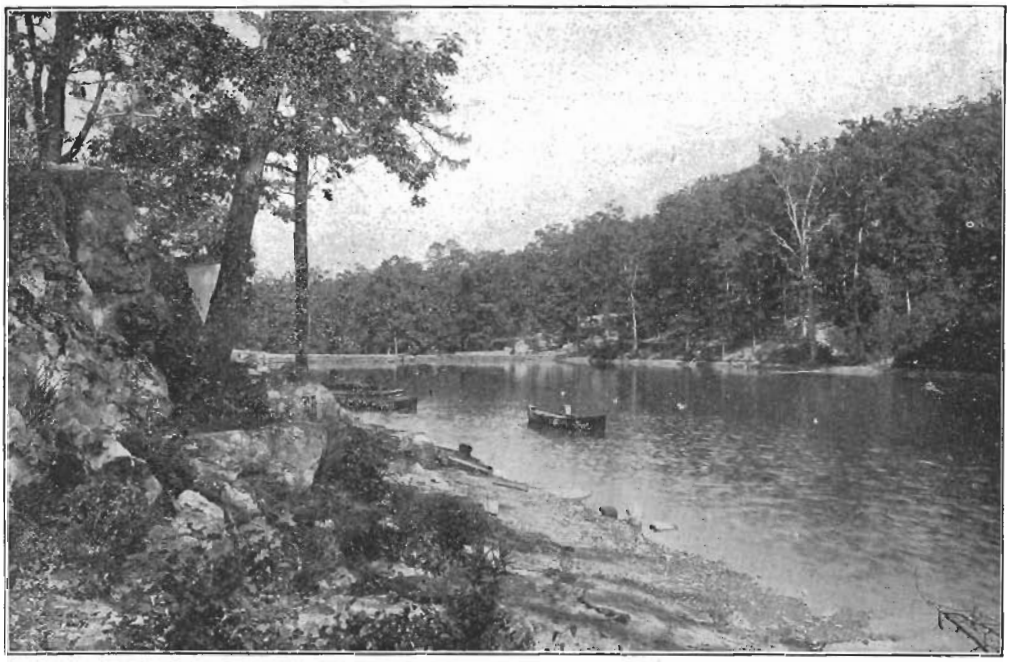
The North Arkansas fruit and mineral resources are becoming so universally known that every word I write seems like so much tautology. But an enthusiastic lady visitor claims there are many features in this country to which justice has never been done. After expatiating at length upon the wonderful Diamond Cave of Newton county, the beautiful Mill Creek cataract at Marble City, the swift rushing waters of Big Buffalo and the fine fishing it affords, the cedar groves about Yellville and beautiful White river, the pride of Arkansas, she exclaimed:

"Why don't you say something about the flowers? Look at that gorgeous red cactus in bloom there in the yard, and that giant begonia! It is like Southern California. And the wild flowers! There is scarcely a flower known whose fac-simile cannot be found in these woods. By all means tell your friends about the flowers and that they are coming to a land of Beauty as well as a land of Plenty when they come to Northern Arkansas.

LAND OF HEALTH AND WEALTH.

BY F. N. B.

The Ozark country was famous in the pioneer days of the Louisiana Purchase as a hunter's paradise. The region abounded in the finest of game known to the American continent and the flintlock rifle of the early settler supplied at all times of the year the household of the tamer of the wilderness with plenty of meat. The little patches of ground cleared and planted in corn furnished a sufficient supply of bread for the hardy mountaineers. The soil was so fertile that the light cultivation required to make a corn crop was no more than pastime for the hunter-farmer and his sons. The climate was mild and healthful, the scenery of the diversified landscape bold and picturesque, and the water that gushed out of a thousand everlasting springs as pure as was ever distilled in the earth's granite reservoirs. No wonder that the strong men who built their cabins in the majestic forests of Southwest Misouri sixty years ago were pleased with the hunting grounds then but recently wrested from the Delaware, Osage and Kickapoo Indians. Every letter sent back to friends and relatives east of the Mississippi river by the new settlers bore messages of hope and invitation to the lovers of adventure in the older states, and the covered wagons thronged the highways leading to the Missouri frontier. The country settled up rapidly with the resolute men who feel charmed by the solitudes of the border land of civilization and count physical peril one of the best gifts of life.



Sanitarium Lake.

The first settlers of the Ozark region had but little idea of the great resources of the land that so easily fell into their possession. The pioneer farmer hardly quickened the latent treasure of the soil. He knew the virgin land would yield corn and wheat and fruits and vegetables with very slight cultivation. There were no markets then for surplus farm products, and to raise more of any crop than the fam-

ily could consume would have been useless labor. There was no incentive to test the fullest possibilities of the soil for many years, and until after the Civil war farming in the Ozarks was very simple.

Today Southwest Missouri, which includes most of the Ozark country, challenges the wonder of every visitor who enters its borders between May and October with the great variety and richness of the products of the soil. Few sections of the earth can match this country in the scope of farm productions successfully grown.

Outing party at Cave Springs.

There are corn states, wheat states, tobacco states and dairy states, but the Ozark country combines all of these agricultural industries and then adds to its prestige the fame of the "Land of the Big Red Apple." There is hardly a useful crop grown in the temperate zone that may not be raised in Southwest Missouri. All the staple crops of the middle section of the Union do well here. There can be no complete crop failure in a country where corn, wheat, oats, rye, barley, clover, timothy, blue grass, millet, flax, sorghum, tobacco and all kinds of vegetables and fruits grow on every acre of soil. This is why the people of the Ozark country are getting rich so rapidly of late. They can always have something to sell. A dry season may blight some crop, but another product yields a surplus. Last year when the drouth withered the corn fields over half of the Mississippi valley and destitution threatened thousands of families, the farmer of the Ozarks was adding to his bank account by selling the largest wheat crop ever harvested in Southwest Missouri. Later on when the apple crop matured the owners of small orchards put another $1,000 aside without doing much work. The fruit buyer came to their homes, estimated the yield of the orchards and paid the cash for the privilege of gathering the apples.

The fruit interests of the Ozarks have increased so rapidly of late years that none but the painstaking statistician can more than loosely estimate the progress of this important industry. The apple orchards of Southwest Missouri are among the largest in the world. Some of the mammoth fruit farms of this region have become famous over half the world. They are so vast in extent of area that their owners do not see all of the trees once in a year. All of the southern half of Missouri abounds in fruit, but the following counties comprise most of that section of the state which has been called the "Land of the Big Red Apple:" Greene, Webster, Wright, Texas, Howell, Oregon, Ozark, Douglas, Taney, Christian, Stone, Barry, Lawrence, McDonald, Newton, Jasper, Dade, Polk, Dallas, Laclede, Pulaski, Phelps and Dent. Within this territory, lying on either side of the watershed dividing the Osage and White rivers, the horticulturalist finds a soil that will produce every kind of fruit except those indigenous to tropical or semitropical lands. Here is the home of the apple, peach, pear, apricot, plum, cherry, strawberry, blackberry, raspberry, mulberry, gooseberry, currant, grape and various other varieties of useful and marketable fruits.

The strawberry of the Ozarks is the finest grown in America and the plant here attains its greatest fertility. The strawberry harvest in Southwest Missouri has become an industrial festival which the young folks look forward to from year to year with much pleasant anticipation. The picking season brings light and remunerative work to thousands of boys and girls who earn as much money in the berry fields as do

the more stalwart hands of the wheat harvest.

Horticulture is the poetry of husbandry and the fruit grower ranks highest in point of intelligence and refinement among the tillers of the soil. To attend a meeting of the fruit men of the Ozarks, listen to their scientific discussions, see their wives and daughters participating in these industrial parliaments, and then at noon share the bountiful and elegant dinners spread in the public hall, is to realize what a noble pursuit the horticulturalist follows. All over Southwest Missouri the fruit raisers have their societies, and these periodical meetings furnish a great deal of social entertainment as well as diffuse the latest scientific knowledge about the business of taking care of trees and plants.

The Frisco System traverses with two main lines and several branches this great fruit region of Missouri. From the car windows the passenger can behold in the springtime thousands of acres of blooming trees. The perfume of apple, peach and plum blossoms fills the air. Later on in the season the ripening fruit makes a picture of beauty and wealth which no artist can adequately portray with pencil or brush. When the big peach orchards south of the summit of the Ozarks are bending with ripe fruit and the armies of pickers and packers are busy gathering the luscious harvest the sight is one worth going many miles to see.

From Cedar Gap, the highest point of the Ozark plateau, on the railroad, down to the edge of the Arkansas swamps, the prospect that invites the eye of the traveler is a panorama of delight. This is indeed a fairyland of wholesome industry. At Cedar Gap the tributaries of White river and the Gasconade are parted by a narrow watershed not much wider than the railroad track. On either side of the summit of the mountain range the spectator has a view over many miles of country. A thousand blue peaks of the Ozarks dot the landscape and many of these little mountains have peach orchards up to their very crests.

Redmond's Artificial Lake and Fish Pond, five miles north of Sarcoxie, Mo.

But the Ozark country has other sources of wealth than its diversified agricultural and fruit products. Without any other natural advantages than its fertile soil the region would be a land of thrift for industrious people. Added to wealth of the grain fields and orchards are the richest mines of useful ores on the continent. The mineral district of Southwest Missouri has been but partly developed because much of it lies beyond the reach of present railroad transportation. The world of commerce knows something about the wealth of the Joplin district. The output of these mines has been reported by the daily papers for

years. But there are hundreds of good prospects in Southwest Missouri which lack only transportation facilities to make them profitable mining camps. The White river counties abound in lead, zinc, copper and other valuable ores that will some day be successfully mined. In north Arkansas there are mountains of mineral wealth that have not been touched because of the remoteness of these great deposits of ores from railway traffic. Besides the undeveloped mines of the Arkansas section of the Ozarks the marble quarries of the country would supply building material for a thousand cities. This beautiful stone, of which eight or ten distinct varieties have been discovered, will some day constitute an important element of the resources of the White river region.

The timber of the Ozarks is abundant and valuable. The largest forests of hardwood in the United States lie between Springfield, Missouri, and the cotton belt of Arkansas. Most of the big pine forests have been cut over, but the supply of oak timber is large enough to furnish a constant traffic for many years. Aside from the material wealth of this country, yet new in its resources, there are many attractions to invite people who have money to invest in picturesque homes. As has been said, the scenery in the Ozarks has a grandeur of its own. Some of the enthusiastic admirers of the White river region have called the border of Missouri and Arkansas "The Switzerland of America." In the fall of the year when mountain woods are aglow with the tints of the fading leaf the picture is one of indescribable charm and Indian summer casts a spell of beauty over the country that makes it a dreamland for weeks.

DEATH TO THE PEACH MOTH.

The peach moth has long been the bane of peach growers everywhere, and how best to destroy the pestiferous insect, a problem that horticulturists and scientists have devoted much time to solve. It is an insidious insect that buries itself under the tender bark of the twigs, and at its appointed time bursts forth to do its worst upon the orchards. Just what time of year was best to forestall the ravenous moth before it could begin its destruction has been a long mooted question.

But it seems that Prof. Warren T. Clark, assistant entomologist of the University of California, has at last solved the problem and suggested the weapon for a successful warfare on the peach moth. Prof. Clark gives his discovery in a concise bulletin that cannot fail to be instructive to peach growers everywhere as well as in the fruit belt of California, to which it is mainly directed.

Believing that the most successful fight against the pest could be carried on in the first flush of the Spring's modified temperature, Mr. Clark undertook to simulate the balmy breath of May by carrying about on his person an assortment of twigs containing larvae of the destructive insect.

The unsuspecting anarsia lintella, believing that it was time to begin business operations, burst from their coverings of bark and thus betrayed to the keen scientist the secret which is to be their undoing.

From these strictly personal investigations Mr. Clark is now enabled to announce in his bulletin that the time to catch the pestiferous insects is at the budding time in early Spring.

By the application of an emulsion of lime, salt and sulphur, at this time, he guarantees that the former loss of 75 per cent will be reduced to 1 per cent.

Prof. Clark's bulletin has attracted the special attention of the Secretary of Agriculture, who feels that after the many costly experiments the government has made in this direction a satisfactory solution of it is at last at hand. The remedy suggested is simple and trifling in cost, and no doubt will be hailed with the thanks of peach growers in every section of the country.

MINETTE'S EYES.

BY WILLIAM MARION REEDY.

She sat at the dining room table alone. Her gown was bright in the morning light that filtered through the lattices and laces. He stood in the door, drawing on his gloves, and looked at her. She looked up at him from her cup, and the great brown eyes were soft with tears. There was a perceptible quiver of the lips, a tremor of the cheeks, and he almost felt a temptation to kiss them. He flung a letter on the table, strode through the parlors and out on the street.

Duykin had broken with Minette forever—the Minette he had met in Paris, had brought with him over-sea, and had loved with tireless, if illicit, devotion for five long years. He stood at the corner and looked at the house. He made as if to come back again, but he mastered himself and boarded the next car down town.

Minette, at the window, saw him disappear, leaned her white, low brow against the cool pane, and simply gasped "Oh!" Then she went in the parlor, sat in a rocker, and closed her eyes. His crayon portrait smiled down on her.

Duykin had done "the proper thing." There were no two ways about that. Everybody told him so, and what everybody says must be true. It was one of those attachments that had to be broken sometime, and now was the time to subscribe to the universal law. He was about to marry the beautiul heiress, Miss Boulder. She had I know not how many millions in her own right even if she did not possess Minette's subtile grace, the pervading perfume of her, the everlasting sensation she gave one of a desire to let her nestle on his breast, the eyes—the eyes of Minette.

Those eyes! As he remembered them, they seemed like sobs coined in soft light. Their helplessness reproached him, and he felt somehow as if there was a film of cotton around his heart and chocking it, as he thought of them.

When did he not think of them? Even at the altar, as the marriage ceremony made Miss Boulder Mrs. Duykin was being performed, he though of them. He felt himself nervous because of a desire to look around and see whether Minette was not in some corner of the church, with those eyes fastened upon him. He looked for her as he walked out of the Church of the Holy Pyx, but he did not see her. She was not there.

She had left town three days before and it was a bit of laughable gossip all around town that her house on Elvin Street was being sold out at auction while Duykin was being married. Boulder pere had to subscribe $500 to the stock of a sensational publication to keep the interesting account of the auction and the marriage out of the sheet in question. It had been in type and was headed "Two Sales." In the language of that charming piece of suppressed literature, "Duykin had the blood and Boulder had the 'bood', and between them they made a bargain."

The reporter who wrote the article was so disgusted at its non-appearance that he got drunk and was discharged, and told the whole story.

"By God," he exclaimed, "I just let myself out on a description of Minette's eyes. If it had come out, Dana would have sent for me and given me $75 per week on the Sun."

I, the chronicler, regret that I could not get him sober enough to reproduce this description of the eyes for me. I might have used it and got the job from Dana myself.

No one knew what had become of Minette. After his marriage, Duykin used to allude to her, now and then, in an offhand sort of way, in the hope of learning of her, but he heard never a word. Mr. and Mrs. Duykin led the social world in everything. Duykin blossomed forth

as a capitalist, a director in several companies and a general man of affairs.

* * * * * *

Mr. and Mrs. George Duykin were in Paris. They cut quite a figure there in the American colony and were much exploited in the local papers because they were the first St. Louisans who had ever risen from obscurity in that strange company of exiles, more or less temporary, who want to go to Paris while they live and don't care where they go when they die. The splurge they made was somewhat noted even in Paris. There was only one subject that divided with it the honors of conversation among the chroniquers and flaneurs.

That subject was the new light among the Parisian horizontales. Her name was Minette—Minette of the beautiful eyes. De Maupassant had declared, just before he began to think he was being smothered in roses, that he would write a novel about her beaux yeux. Catulle Mendes had perpetrated a satanically beautiful pastel in prose on the subject, and even M. Aurelien Scholl had touched upon them illustratively in a critique that delighted the boulevards for two days.

Of course, Mr. George Duykin heard of this, and, of course, being a cad, he having determined that she was the same Minette he had known, boasted that he had taken her up as a grisette, and "taught her all she knew."

If all report said of "Minette of the beautiful eyes" was true, then what George Duykin had taught her made him the most ineffable wretch in creation. He met her. She received him graciously without a reference to their former connection. She checked him when he would have reminded her of it. He became her slave but he was kept at a distance.

He smiled when he heard his younger brother, Tom, talking of Minette, and with a humorously sage wagging of the finger in his brother's face, he said, "Tom, I've had the experience. Beware of Minette."

Tom was just turning twenty. He had never heard of his brother's attachment at home. The constant chatter about Minette inflamed him in his desire to see the woman. He had more money, thanks to his brother's generosity, than brains. He was living a wild life in Paris, under the pretense of being a student. He managed to meet Minette—but it was only after he had had a "tip" that he had "better not be too free there; he might be treading on old family preserves."

So he was introduced as Mons. Thomas Filters of Chicago, and he conducted himself as such—in the usual brutally bourgeoise fashion. The old Duykin blood had gotten mighty thin by the time it had gotten down to Tom. The Minette took him in. The money he spent! The way he spent it! He soon found that his brother was also in her train, and he kept from the salon of Minette when he knew his brother was to be there.

When, one day, Mr. George Duykin informed his bankers that a check for 60,000 francs, signed by him, and paid by them. was a forgery, there was talk. The check had been paid to the faultlessly attired souteneur who posed in a filthily brilliant background as Minette's husband. To Minette recourse was had for information as to the utterer of the paper.

Mons. Thomas Fitler had given it her, she said, as a birthday present.

The Department of Justice soon established the identity of Mons. Thomas Fitler and Mr. Thomas Duykin. The fact reported to Mr. Thomas Duykin stunned him temporarily. He seized the check from the hand of the officer with whom he was consulting and tore to the Maison Minette. He stormed his way into her presence. She arose and looked at him. He put his hand out as if to shut out her eyes.

"Harlot!" he screamed.

"Yes!" she said simply as if answering her name.

"This is your revenge. You strike at

me through my brother—through a boy. You fiend!"

He struck her. She fell and lay stretched out on the floor, a stream of blood issuing from a wound in her head, where she had struck upon the corner of an onyx lamp-table.

* * * * * *

Minette lay white in her little bed that looked too spotless for the shames it knew. Mr. George Duykin stood by it, his face hard set. He had come reluctantly on a summons.

"I wish to speak with you," she whispered, opening her eyes, at which he glanced only to turn away.

"Well!"

"I forged that—that check to—to—to stab you. Your little brother is guiltless."

"Thank God!"

"Do you, George, dear George, do you forgive me?"

"Yes," he said, at a nod from the doctor. Then he went out of the room. She sat up to listen to his retreating footsteps. Then she lay back and smiled once more.

* * * * * *

The gamins crying the evening papers announced the death of Minette of the beautiful eyes, and mots on her were in the making in all cafes before sundown.

George Duykin, upon reaching his hotel, found his brother there. He said: "Have you heard the news?"

"I have."

"It is well she confessed before she died. It showed there was some good in her."

"Confessed! What?"

"That she forged the check herself."

Tom arose bolt upright. He lurched back again upon the divan, and George, bending down to help him, heard but a gasp:

"She lied! Not for me though! For you."

While Tom Duykin lay unconscious in his room, his brother George went out on the streets that the air might cool his brain. He walked and walked, as one in a trance might walk. He found himself before Minette's.

He stood and looked up at the stars and said something to himself. Then he pulled out his handkerchief, wiped his face and entered the house.

Into Minette's room he went and gazed upon her there, dead.

The little hands he had often toyed with were crossed upon her breast.

He bent over and kissed her on her beautiful eyes.

A DEED.

BY ROBERT LOVEMAN.

He did a deed, a gracious deed—
He ministered to men in need;
He bound a wound, he spoke a word
That God and every angel heard.

He did a deed, a loving deed;
Oh, souls that suffer and that bleed,
He did a deed, and on his way
A bird sang in his heart all day.

—The Argosy.

REALM OF HUNTSMEN.

BY A. J. KENDRICK.

That sportsmen who wants to find the best hunting in the Indian Territory, or in the Southwest, for that matter, will betake himself to the wild and woolly section of country located in the southeast corner of the Choctaw nation.

In truth it is exceedingly doubtful if any where in the United States he will find better sport involving the use of rod, dog and gun than that which awaits him in this portion of the territory, owned by the Choctaw Indians. There is hunting elsewhere in the Indian Territory, of course, but the cream of it is in this section mentioned. The rest of it, in comparison, is as skimmed milk.

It is a wild, rough, mountainous country, along which lie the rails of the Frisco System, but it is a country that is full of game and almost every kind of game at that. Here the man with the gun will find deer, bears, panthers. wild cats, cougars or mountain lions, coons, foxes, wild turkeys, pheasants, etc., to say nothing of the humble but nimble squirrels. In short if the hunter will penetrate far enough into these mountain fastnesses, he will find his paradise. But it will not be obtained without some hard work on his part.

Perhaps it is just as well to mention that point right here and now.

When in the early 30's the government began to move the Cherokees and Choctaws with their other red-skinned brethren to the Territory, the Indians found there such hunting grounds as he had never dreamed of in his Southern home, east of the Mississippi. In addition to the varieties mentioned, he beheld the buffalo roaming in great herds over the vast plains of the territory. The Indian is a good hunter when game is plenty and can be brought down without much exertion; and in those days the pleasures of the chase were attained by him without much exertion. Today one can still find old-time Indians in the Territory, who will tell you, as their dim eyes glisten for a moment, of those good old days. But now it is very much different. Game is scarcer than in the early times. To the successful Nimrod a stout pair of legs is as essential as a good gun or a bountiful supply of ammunition. And so it happens that the Indian of the B. I. T. today amounts to little or nothing as a hunter, and his white brother enjoys a practical monopoly of the pleasures of the chase. Perhaps it is just as well that this is so, if you look at the matter from the standpoint of the Nimrod from the city, who boards a train with dog and gun, and sets forth to enjoy a season of sport in the paradise aforesaid. For if the Indian were as industrious in this line as he might be, he would leave mighty poor picking for his white brother.

Before writing in detail of the game country of the Indian Territory, it will be of interest to sportsmen to refer to the law governing hunting in the Indian Territory. There has been an idea in some quarters, that it is necessary to get a permit before killing game in the Indian country. This is not true, for the simple reason that Indian Agent Shoenfeldt will not issue permits. Col. Oscar L. Miles, the well known railroad attorney of Fort Smith, himself a sportsman of no little prowess—looked up the matter thoroughly not long ago, and in conversation with the writer he said:

"The Indian agent has made two constructions of the law regarding the matter of hunting in the Territory. His first construction was, that men who hunted for profit, that is, for the purpose of killing game and shipping it out of the Territory to be sold on the market, must be excluded, but that those persons who hunted for pleasure need not be molested. It was found, however, that his construction of the law did not serve to keep out the pot-hunters, who slaughtered game indiscriminately. So the Indian agent has made a second interpretation of the law, which prohibits hunting of any kind in the Territory.

However, it is generally understood that if a hunting party goes into the Territory and hunts purely for pleasure, killing only such game as it can reasonably use, its members will not be molested. I myself have been hunting in the Territory since the second ruling was made and so have many of my friends. None of us have been molested. Indian Agent Shoenfeldt is a broad-minded, liberal man, and his only object is to prevent the ruthless and reckless slaughter of game in the country under his jurisdiction. Personally, as a sportsman, I heartily endorse his action. I believe all true sportsmen will do the same. There has been in the past a frightful destruction of game in the Indian Territory. A year or so ago I was in Mena and noticed a big lot of deer-skins hanging up in a hide and fur store. The proprietor of the place told me they numbered 300, and that he had already that season shipped out 400 more of them, also some 1,500 coon and fox skins. That is simply one incident giving an idea of how the game in the Indian Territory is being decimated."

No thorough sportsman will hold a grudge against Indian Agent Shoenfeldt for his attitude in this matter, and no hunter who will act within the bounds of reason in killing Territory game need fear trouble. It may be mentioned in this connection, that one of the most ardent hunters who visits the Territory with his gun is a certain Federal Judge of the Southwestern District, who would be the last person on earth to break the laws.

The legal side of the question having thus been disposed of, the hunter may gather up his hunting traps, leash his dogs and board a Frisco train. That is, if he is wise, he will board one of the trains of that system, for there is something to hunt as well as something to see along the Frisco. Shortly after leaving Ft. Smith the Choctaw nation is reached and the mountainous country comes in sight. The game belt may be said to begin with Winding Stair Mountain and to extend to Hugo, I. T. In this zone, extending 30 or 40 miles on either side of the Frisco, is to be found the finest hunting in the United States, because of the variety of game to be found there. Deer, bear, wild turkeys, pheasants, wild cats, panthers, mountain lions, foxes, coons, all these in addition to the smaller game, are here to be found. Not that this game is so plentiful as in earlier days. By no means. The Choctaw Nation has been the hunting ground of too many skillful Nimrods for that. But still there is plenty of sport to be enjoyed, even if it is coupled with considerable brain work and not a little leg work. The best deer hunting in this section is found along the creeks, of which may be mentioned Cloudy Creek, Wild Horse Creek, Frazier Creek, Nochonubbee, Eagle Fork, Boketukolo and others. This general section is extremely mountainous, and for rugged grandeur it is almost without an equal in the country. Among the principal mountains and mountain ranges, which afford unequalled hunting grounds, are the Keamichi, Winding Stair, Eagle Fork, Blue Bouncer, Black Fork and Rich Mountain. While many hunting parties go into this country in wagons, if one wishes to get to the points where game is the most plentiful, he will provide himself with pack ponies. He can thus reach places inaccessible to a wagon outfit.

Arriving at Tuskahoma, or going further down to Antlers, the hunter can rest over night and then start for the mountain fastnesses. If he is wise he will take along some good hunter or guide, who is familiar with the stamping ground of the deer or other game. With such a companion, skilled in the arts of woodcraft, success is much more certain.

Speaking of deer, one of the methods of hunting that animal employed by old-time woodsmen in this section, is that of fire-hunting, a plan familiar to most lovers of the chase.

"Fire-hunting is my stronghold when it comes to killing deer," said one native, who has been hunting in the Kiamichi country for 20 years, to the writer, the other day, "Gimme a good strong light, a dark night

and my winchester and I can bring 'em down every time."

The old-fashioned method of fire-hunting was to have one man carry in a pan fastened to a stick thrown over his shoulder some blazing pine knots. These would be renewed from time to time, and the bright light would reveal the presence of the deer by showing his eyes, first as a single ball of fire, and then, as the hunter drew nearer, two balls of fire. "Never shoot until the single ball of fire becomes two balls," is the rule of the hunter who stalks the deer at night. The bright light seems to fascinate or hypnotize the animal and he falls an easy prey to the hunter's bullet. The same method is successfully employed in hunting the coon.

Then there is the black bear, a cowardly cuss, and very little of a fighter unless he gets into a corner and is compelled to give battle. But then, even a cow will fight under those circumstances. To use the expression of an old hunter who has for years been bringing down all sorts of game in the Choctaw Nation, the Territory black bear is "God Almighty's race horse," when he gets to running away from an enemy. He will jump from crag to crag, and from boulder to boulder, as though he had wings. It is not the easiest thing in the world to kill a bear, for his vulnerable spots are not numerous. If you get a chance to shoot him squarely in the head, the chances are that you will not bring him down, for he has an acute angled frontispiece from which the bullets have a distressing knack of gliding harmlessly, and, moreover, his skull is like adamant. The old-time hunter will tell you that the best way to bring down a bear is to shoot him in the brown spot back of the ear, which will send the bullet into his brain, or to shoot him in the lights back of the shoulder. All of which, of course, requires no small degree of skill, for if Mr. Bear is not punctured in the proper place, he will amble away and give you the horse-laugh, or rather the bear-laugh.

The turkey hunter finds his hands full when he gets into this section. The turkey here attains an enormous size, and 25 and 30-pounders are by no means uncommon. During the "gobbling" season, in the month of April, is of course the best time to hunt this species of game, for then both the gobbler and the hen may be the more easily summoned by the deceptive call of the hunter. Still, at other seasons of the year wild turkeys are plentiful enough to afford the best sort of sport. And it is enough to make the mouth of an epicure water to hear old campers talk of killing 25-pound turkeys so big and full of meat, that steaks were sliced off them and broiled just as one would broil a porterhouse. You never get the full benefit of wild turkey flesh until you have it served up in this fashion by a good old darky camp chef who properly understands his business.

Quails and prairie chickens, it is hardly necessary to say, are found in great quantities in the Indian Territory, more particularly, of course, in the level country. In truth, in the scope of this brief article it is impossible to dwell in detail upon the various forms of game-shooting that here await the hunter. Let him seek that game in the right places and at the right time and his efforts will be amply rewarded. Furthermore, he will find in this section ideal camping grounds, for mountain streams, carrying an abundance of pure, fresh water are here in plenty.

In concluding this article, it may be mentioned that it has been proposed by those interested in the subject that the government fence off a game preserve, say 40 miles square, in the section of the Choctaw Nation referred to. Such a reservation, cornering about eight miles from Tuskahoma, would include every variety of game to be found in the Territory. If such a tract were enclosed and retained under government control—having first been secured by purchase from the Choctaw Indians—hunters would be excluded from that section, just as they are excluded from Yellowstone Park. But such a plan carried out would be of inestimable benefit in preserving the game which exists in such variety in this

section of the Southwest—something which would be hailed with great satisfaction by every sportsman. It is not at all improbable that this matter will be brought to the attention of Congress at its next session, and those who favor such a plan believe that President Roosevelt, great lover of the pleasures of the chase as he is, may be relied upon to do everything in his power to put the project into execution. "Protect American game" ought to be as much of a national slogan as "Protect American forests." Perhaps, in the near future, it will be.

TO HELEN.

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Helen, thy beauty is to me
  Like those Nicean barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
  The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
  To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
  Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
  To the glory that was Greece
  And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
  How statue-like I see thee stand,
  The agate lamp within thy hand!
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
  Are Holy Land!

CUT IT OUT.

If you have an inclination
  To be savage, cross and mean,
Careless in your conversation,
  Full of bitterness and spleen,
Put aside this wicked habit;
  Charge upon it with a shout!
Seize it—grab it! Stick it—stab it!
    Cut it out!

If you see some clever verses
  Such as poets often write,
Where the bard his soul immerses
  In a flood of golden light,
Take the poem—take and save it;
  It will help you, past a doubt;
You in after years may crave it,
    Cut it out!

—Willis Clanahan.

WELEETKA, INDIAN TERRITORY.

BY THOS. F. MILLARD.

I am prompted to write the history of Weleetka because it illustrates as well, if not better, than any other I have encountered, the wonderful development which is with almost inconceivable rapidity converting the Indian Territory into a center of modern civilization. Readers of the Frisco System Magazine are fully aware that such development is going on. Things are happening in this country. Important events in a steady progress so press upon one another that they seem to lose importance, and become commonplace. In this atmosphere it requires a striking performance to command attention. The story of Weleetka is one of such. Even in a country where people habitually "do things," it stands out as a type of aggressive strenuosity.

The story of Weleetka is not a long one—indeed, its history dates but a few months back—but there is plenty to tell about it. Early in the present year—1902—it occurred to two young men that the new and almost unscratched region that had been made accessible by the Red River division of the Frisco system could support another town besides those that had already sprung up along the route. Having the idea, they proceeded to act upon it, and began to look for a location. After a few weeks spent in looking over the country, they selected a point on the north fork of the Canadian river. There the river makes a great loop to the southward, and after zig-zaging around for a long distance, returns to within a short distance of where the loop began. It is over 30 miles around the "boot," as the loop is locally termed, and it is but little over two miles across the neck. The railroad enters the neck at its top, and crosses the river at the southern extremity of the "boot."

Another element of advantage suggested this location. The survey of a new railroad the Fort Smith & Western, had been commenced. This road, it was understood, was to be built between Fort Smith, Ark., and Guthrie, Okla. While the exact course of the road was not, of course, known even to the engineers commissioned to select it, it was generally surmised that it would pass through Muskogee and thence westward across the Creek Nation to the Oklahoma line. It required no unusual foresight to realize that a town of some importance would be likely to spring up at the point where the new road crossed the Frisco, and speculation was rife as to where this crossing would be made. Efforts were naturally made to bring the crossing to one of the towns already established on the Frisco System, notably Okmulgee, which seemed to lie almost in a direct route between Muskogee and Guthrie. Okmulgee is the capital of the Creek Nation, is a thriving town and her enterprising citizens realized the desirability of additional railroad facilities.

Such was the situation when Lake Moore and J. F. Clark, the men who had a scheme for the establishment of a new town in mind, set to work. Whether they got a "straight tip" or not is a matter of speculation, but the consensus of opinion is that they simply exercised their own intelligence. At any rate, after a careful examination of the surrounding country, they decided to their own satisfaction that the Fort Smith & Western would be practically compelled, by the nature of the territory, to cross the Frisco System just where it enters the "boot" of the Canadian River. Here, then, they decided to found their town. But their difficulties had only commenced. All attempts to secure permission of the government to create a townsite at that point failed completely. Not in the least daunted, they managed to secure anticipatory leases on a tract of land sufficiently extensive for their purpose. Of course, they had to take a chance on the validity of the word of honor of the Indians to whom the land had been

alloted. But this is generally a pretty certain proposition with an Indian, and they did not hesitate to take the chance. It illustrates the load progress is now compelled to carry in the Territory, and it is saying much for its vitality to remark that it carries it, all right.

A townsite was surveyed and given the name of Weleetka, which in the Creek language means "running water." The clear, swift-running Canadian, which washes the limits of the townsite, gave the place its poetic name. Then came the struggle to "make good," as they say in the Territory. The town was laid out in March, 1902. It consisted at that time of a tiny log cabin and a cotton field, occupying a small clearing on an elevation overlooking the river. The Frisco System tracks skirt the hill, along the river bottom, but there was no station. There was a station and switch two miles below, called Alabama. As soon as it was definitely settled that the Fort Smith & Western would cross at that point—and it did cross there—Moore and Clark set to work to have the station at Alabama moved up to Weleetka. This they succeeded in doing. The station house was placed on a flat car, and taken to Weleetka. A further arrangement was affected, by which the Fort Smith & Western should use the same station house, thus making a joint terminal.

Thus was Weleetka born. Seven months ago the first house was built. Today the town has a population of 1,500, and more are coming every day. More than 40 people got off the train by which I left the town. Of course, all these do not come to stay. A majority are "prospecting;" that is, looking for a place to locate. Thousands of "prospectors" are now in the Territory. One encounters them at every step. Many remain. Others return home, having probably selected a place to locate, with the intention of coming here as soon as allotment makes land available under secure title tenure.

While the railroad terminals lie in the bottom, the town has an admirable location on heights which command a view of the country for miles in all directions. A very little investigation demonstrates the wisdom displayed in the selection of the site. Crooked about and almost circling the townsite is Alabama creek, a lively little stream, of sufficient volume and current to make it an ideal drainage canal. This creek, fortunately, does not empty into the river for several miles below the town, an advantage to be appreciated when the matter of waterworks comes up.

Waterworks? A town not yet out of its swaddling clothes talking about waterworks? Yes, indeed. And in a short time it will have them, too. You, perhaps, are living in a long-settled community, and do not know how they do things in the strenuous southwest. Though only months, as yet, are required to number its age, Weleetka is a corporation, with a full set of municipal officers, and propositions for waterworks and an electric lighting plant are already maturing. There is already a good telephone system, with long distance connections in all directions. Weleetka feels the necessity of preparing for its future population. Six months ago its population numbered three. Today it is 1,500. Next year it will be 2,500, and in three years it will be disappointed if fully 5,000 people do not call it home.

Are such expectations unwarranted? Let us consider. Owing to the great "boot," fully 60 miles of river bottom averaging two miles in width and not subject to overflow, are within ten miles of the town. It inadequately describes this land to say that probably no finer farming country is to be found in the world. The bulk of this land is virgin soil, less than ten per cent being in cultivation at the present time. Even the uplands are exceedingly fertile. Contrary to popular opinion, this country cannot be regarded as a prairie land. In this locality fully 60 per cent of the land is timbered, in the bottoms heavily. Weleetka is built in the woods. This comes as a relief after the flat monotony of the prairie towns, which stand

out in all their crude nakedness. It will never become necessary to plant shade trees in Weleetka. At this writing the streets are plentifully dotted with stumps, even in the business part of town, while in the residence sections trees by the hundred are still standing. Anyone who will take out the stumps is permitted, nay, encouraged, to cut all the firewood or timber he wants, provided he confines his operations to the streets. In this way broad avenues are rapidly opening through the woods in all directions. It requires no very vivid imagination to see, on a day soon to be here, a remarkably attractive little city in this fine natural grove.

Fifty a week is the average rate at which investors have come to Weleetka during the past few months, and there are at present no indications of a cessation of the influx. A great majority are farmers, who are looking for a chance to locate on the vacant lands. As soon as the Indians secure their deeds, all the land will be occupied by men whose purpose will be to raise something on it. Cotton and corn are the two best products, and a majority of the farmers seeking locations come from the cotton raising parts of Texas and Louisiana. Land just cleared and used for the first time this season has produced a bale of cotton to the acre. The timber is very valuable, and a plant to manufacture staves, tool handles and ties has already been established at Weleetka. The prairies, while not so rich as the bottoms, afford excellent farming and grazing land. Small fruits do especially well on the slopes of the hills and this culture offers a promising field. There is no reason why this should be a one-crop country, as small grains thrive on the ridges and up-lands. On the whole, the agriculturist could scarcely desire a prettier piece of virgin soil in which to pitch his habitation. While it at present seems destined to be chiefly an agricultural region, other natural resources are not lacking. Providence, so prodigal in its gifts to the Territory everywhere, has placed coal and oil fields at Henryetta, only 11 miles north of Weleetka. The mines at Henryetta are already placing a considerable output on the market, although it is not two years since operations were begun, and insecure tenure has there, as everywhere in this country, retarded development.

It is interesting to note the progress of one of these quick-growth towns. Three phases usually manifest themselves—tent, hut and cottage. All three phases are in evidence in Weleetka now. Although the town contains three large lumber companies it is impossible to erect houses fast enough to supply the demand. The town is not being built by the townsite company. All improvements are the result of individual enterprise. Investors are erecting habitations as rapidly as possible, but hundreds will be compelled to spend the coming winter in tents. The town contains two banks, two hotels, a score or so of business houses, two factories and a cotton gin which turned out 1,000 bales this season. This gin is doubling its capacity, and two other gins will be in operation by next year, prepared to care for the anticipated crop. By that time it is expected that an oil mill will be prepared to handle the cotton seed. And all this has been accomplished without the accelerating influence of the Fort Smith & Western railway, which has not yet reached the town. But its coming will not be long now. The grading of the roadbed is completed, and the day I was at Weleetka a large force of men were unloading steel and cross-ties, preparatory to laying the track. The bridge work is finished, and trains will probably be running in a few months. As Weleetka is equidistant from Fort Smith and Guthrie, it is regarded as the natural location for the freight division of the new road, and, by the erection of a large and expensive pumping station and the laying out of extensive yards, the company indicates a purpose to place it here.

Not all the residents of Weleetka are living in tents and temporary structures, though such habitations at present predominate. The time has been short, but it has sufficed for the erection of a number of substantial brick and stone business blocks, and many residences, which in both external and inter-

nal appointments would be a credit to long-established communities. A two-storied public school building is about finished. It will be provided with four large class rooms, equipped with all modern appliances. One church is completed and others in course of construction. In the main business street, a curious contrast, emphasizing the rapid growth of the town, is presented. The First National Bank occupies a tiny, one-room hut, while adjoining its cramped quarters is a handsome stone structure nearing completion, soon to be the new home of the institution. It is the spirit of the southwest at a glance, and, thinking of what it all means, one forgets the rawness of it all in profound wonderment.

Situated as it is, in the neck of the "boot" of the Canadian and washed on one side by the river the town is scarcely two miles from the other edge of the loop. This peculiar condition has given life to a somewhat pretentious project. Between these two points, but two miles apart, the river bed has a fall of over 100 feet. A plan has been advanced to connect the two points by cutting across the neck, and thus secure an immense water power. The plan is perfectly feasible from an engineering point of view, and only needs capital to carry it out. If the population that is pouring into the country comes to realize the importance and far-reaching possibilities embodied in the project, they will undoubtedly subscribe the necessary funds. Such a movement has already gained considerable headway. The power thus developed would provide for unlimited manufacturing facilties.

Weleetka is a familiar name to the Indian residents of this part of the Creek Nation. Just in the edge of the present townsite is the long-used religious camping ground of "Running Water." For half a century, or ever since their removal into this region, have the Creeks assembled once a year at this praying place for the purpose of religious communion. These assemblies were almost identical and were probably modeled after the old-fashioned camp meeting of our forefathers. The camping ground lies in a pretty grove near the river bank. There are rough shelters for the people scattered about, under which they sleep and eat and seek protection from inclement weather. The only building is a small hut for cooking and the storing of provisions. Here in the wilderness—for it was a literal wilderness only yesterday—they came and, for weeks at a time, listened to the exhortations of their preachers or humbled themselves in prayer. Since the railroad came, three years ago, the annual meetings have been abandoned, and the structures are rapidly falling into decay.

Here, as elsewhere, the past is giving way to the present. In another year the old camping ground will probably be cut up into factory sites or town lots. Weleetka—the new Weleetka—latest representative of the marvelous growth of the southwest, will claim her own, and her claims are urged with an insistence that, judging from her brief but strenuous past, are not to be denied.

THEN AND NOW.

Sir Isaac Newton sat one day
  Beneath an apple-tree,
He saw the fruit fall to the ground—
  Quoth he, "That's gravity,"
If Ike could live again to-day,
  Methinks he'd show surprise,
And hedge his bet, to see the way
  The fruit now takes a rise.

JUST A LINE OR TWO.

The fellow who has to make new resolutions the first of every year usually does not keep any of them over thirty days.

* * *

There is a whole lot of danger in skates besides the kind you glide over ice with.

* * *

Hamlin Garland wants Uncle Sam to compel the Indians to assume American names. Impossible. The alphabet has already been twisted upside down to exhaustion by the whites.

* * *

Nothing is beyond American reach. The captain of a government exploring boat in the South Pacific has recently caught a fish at a depth of 6,000 feet.

* * *

Snow balls furnish lots of fun, but they will never become as popular as "high balls."

* * *

"Christmas may bring all the joy we hear so much about, but as for me, give me "The good old summer time," waileth the tramp.

* * *

The person who thinks that the inventive genius of Americans is on the wane should inspect a toy store.

* * *

You can travel for many hundred miles over the Frisco System where the "Last Rose of Summer" is known only in song. Roses bloom in those parts all the year 'round.

* * *

A New York banker proposes to settle the threatened international imbroglio in Venezuela by refinancing her national debt, so that the Europeans can get their money —if this government will back him. Sure, and we will do the same thing.

* * *

The hunter who shoots a lame duck is not a true sportsman. Moral: Never kick a man when he's on the down grade.

Of course, the fifteen-year-old St. Louis wife who is suing for a divorce should be permitted to go back to her ma.

* * *

The voters of Wyoming have clothed a woman with the judicial ermine, but she refuses to adopt the Dr. Mary Walker costume, in order to make it fit her like a man.

* * *

Well, it all may be over sooner than we expect. Astronomers report that comet 999, bigger than the sun—discovered by Prof. Perrine—is swooping down on this old world at the rate of 1,000,000 miles a day.

* * *

It is to be hoped that the "bulls" and "bears" will leave the farmers enough corn to raise another record-breaking crop on.

* * *

Denizens of the mountains in Kentucky and Tennessee are beginning to think that the millenium is near at hand. The year is closing, and there is not the sign of a feud in sight.

* * *

If a man could only borrow money as easily as he does trouble, his troubles would be few and soon forgotten.

* * *

Especially about Christmas time do so many young men get a lot of rye mixed with their wild oats.

* * *

It is but natural for a mountaineer to take a peak when he is trying to obtain a good view.

* * *

It is not always the longest stocking that draws the richest prizes from Santa Claus.

* * *

Figures are awful prosy but it would be interesting to see a census of the people in this world who would be miserable if they could not be finding fault with somebody about a dozen times a day.

* * *

A man with winning ways is often a heavy lose ..

A LITTLE OUT OF THE WAY.

She was sitting in the front chamber—a small, fragile figure half hidden in a pink chintz easy-chair, with the most inviting of footstools under her helpless feet. There was a pale pink bow in her dainty cap to match the ribbon at the throat of her white wrapper. The sunlight, flowing through the broad window to ripple placidly on the walls, seemed a very different thing from the blinding dazzle on the library dome—it was mellow and tranquil—the golden heart of the sun poured out there to delight and cheer those faded blue eyes.

"I'll take myself off and leave you ladies together," said the squire. He bustled away with a great assumption of hurried responsibility. We three talked awhile of old friends, happy associations, and beloved places. She forgot a great deal, repeated herself very often, and cried softly from time to time, as she stroked our hands, and told us how glad she was that we had come. We could see how much she had failed since we were here last, but her wrinkled face was prettier than many a girl's, with both beauty of feature and the immortal loveliness of a gentle nature and a pure, sweet soul.

We had always called her husband "The Squire". The title traveled with him from his own little town when he first came to Congress. He was a rugged old fellow, of pronounced views—often as narrow as they were positive—but the man was genuine through and through; there was not an ounce of expediency in his being. When he clung with savage energy to some position which seemed—and probably was—retrogressive to younger, broader men, it was never a matter of cautious policy or a weighing of possible benefits, but the defense of a proud conviction. By and by they did not return him to Congress. That was after his wife began to fail. His career was her glory. He put off telling her again and again. At last the usual time came for them to move to Washington, and she began to wonder at the delay. He made a sudden, desperate resolve—she should never know at all. The packing began, the journey was taken, and this small house rented on the outskirts of the city. He picked up a little law practice here and there, through interested friends, and his real ability. Those of us who were likely to see his wife, he requested not to mention his defeat before her.

It was slow, hard work for him, but even in his native town, through his long absences, he was no longer in the current of things, and it was perhaps almost as easy to gain a modest income here.

I sat where I could see him filing papers in the next room. With nervous fingers he pored them over, and fastened them carefully into neat packages with the rubber bands which are a sine qua non to every man who has once been a Congressman. His eyes wandered from time to time toward the little figure in the front window, and I saw for the first time on that grim face an undisguised look of yearning tenderness. And then he silently drifted back into our room again, "to put things to rights on the mantel-piece."

A few more moments, and he was standing behind her chair, forgetting that he had ever tried to stay away. She reached a soft wrinkled hand up to him without a word, and he covered it in both of his. Then we all went on quietly talking.

"Ezra had to go up to the house today," she said, "and the morning was a whole year long without him. I'm a selfish old woman, for I know the country needs him, and I'm afraid his committee work is getting behind—but it isn't going to be for long—and I want him so. Ezra, you mustn't ever leave me again!" She turned to look back at him, with anxious, clinging, dependent worship in her eyes. He lifted a loop of the little bow on her cap over his finger, and bent to kiss it.

"No, no, wife, never again. We'll let Congress go." He half turned toward us as he spoke, and there was a pleading inquiry in the motion. It said: "You will spare her?—and help me pretend?"

Proud and sensitive, defeated and set aside, he chose to bear it all alone.

"Your husband can afford to stay away awhile now," I said quickly. "He has won his reputation, you know. Don't you remember I happened to be beside you in the gallery the day he was called the best parliamentarian on the floor?" (He had defeated the consideration of a very popular measure, which he considered extravagant, by a clever and pertinacious use of points of order). I have always been so glad I was there that day, for as I spoke, his old back straightened, and the "official" poise came back.

"Ah, yes, yes, I remember that day well," he said, with a gratified ring in his voice. She said nothing, but watched him proudly.

As we went away he escorted us downstairs, but first he kissed her, and she clung to him as if he were going from her on a long journey. She called down to us, "Come again soon. Perhaps if you can spend the morning some day, I would let Ezra go up to Congress—but I don't know—I don't believe they need him as much as I do—just now."

And with smiling, patient bravery, as if she could see him from her chamber, he called back cheerily, "I don't believe they do, wife—just now!"—Atlantic Monthly.

SILENCE.

BY JULIEN VORDEN.
(Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger.)

Let silence reign. There needs no further word
To voice or blame or praise. Let clamor cease
Between us twain, and never more be heard
Aught but the hush of unimagined peace.
With parted lips Faith wings a wounded flight,
Beating the wind rent by a trickster's skill,
Her life blood oozing in the poisoned blight
Which fells its victim to earth's conquering chill.
Let no red drop plash on that frozen ground
To stain the hand that sped the cruel dart;
Let no loud cry escape, nor any sound
Break from the stillness of the quivering heart.
Tho' an ignoble line thy 'scutcheon bars—
The world moves onward, and, above, the stars. —Metropolitan.

FACTS ABOUT INDIAN TERRITORY.

BY THOMAS F. MILLARD.

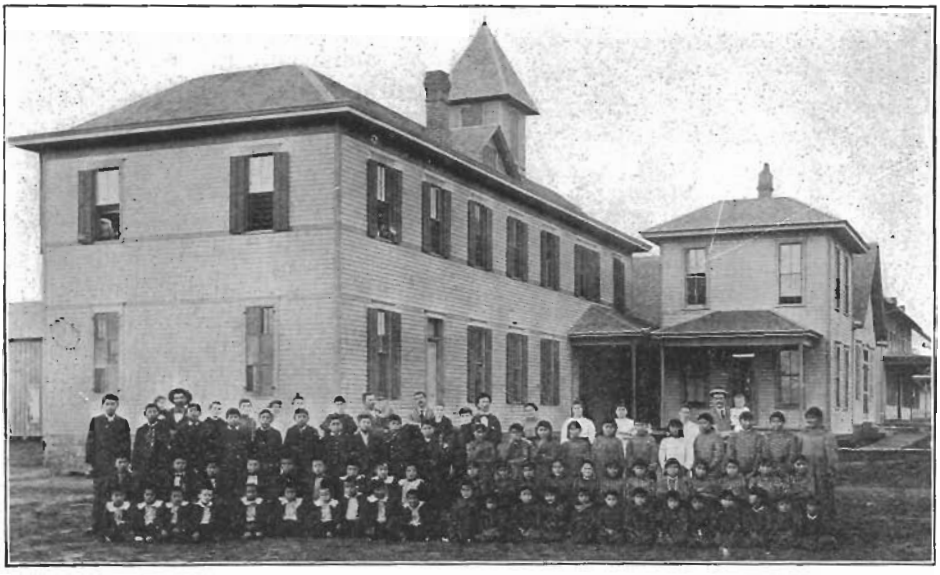
Probably more people now have their eyes turned expectantly toward the Indian Territory, in anticipation of a settlement within its boundaries, than to any other part of the world. For many years this region has seemed to possess extraordinary attractions to the home-seeker. This widespread sentiment had its beginning soon after the removal of the five civilized tribes from their lands east of the Mississippi, and has propagated with truly remarkable fecundity ever since. The average mortal has only to be debarred from anywhere, to at once feel his curiosity and desire stimulated. Scarcely had the Indians settled on their new possessions, than white intruders, tempted by the fertility of the lands, invaded the Territory, and here they have remained, notwithstanding all efforts to eject them.

Choctaw Fullblood Family.

The settlement of the Territory in spite of steady opposition, both from the Indian governments within and the United States government without, presents a curious anomaly in the development of a country, and one that may well puzzle the student of such evolution. It must truly be an unusual attraction that will induce 350,000 intelligent people to move into a country where they are expressly told they are not wanted, where they can own no real property, where to remain means to sacrifice all political rights and absolute exclusion from participation in affairs of either local or national government, and where they must live under a constant threat of eviction. Yet all this has happened. And the reason is not hard to discover. To say that under such circumstances, the charms of the Territory have apparently outweighed those of other sections of our broad domain, is to pay the natural resources of the country a compliment which would be difficult to parallel.

Is this compliment to the Territory deserved? Well, a fact is not easy to get around. The great states of Missouri, Kansas, Texas and Arkansas surround the region originally set aside in perpetuity for the Indians to live upon and enjoy the fruits thereof. These states are not lacking in attractions to settlers. Their resources may properly be termed extraordinary, since they have sufficed, in the half century they have been included within the confines of civilization, to attract and hold a population of approximately eight millions, and there is ample room for twice as many more. In those states residents have all the advantages that modern civilization is able to confer. In many of these advantages the Territory, owing to its peculiar situation, has been deficient. Yet it has drawn, or, to speak correctly, been unable to exclude, a population now exceeding, with the

tribal citizenship, 400,000, and thousands of others but await a betterment of conditions, say rather a removal of the ban—to join the constantly swelling tide of immigration. Within the period mentioned, a considerable segment of the Indian Territory has been alienated, by purchase, and thrown open to settlement. It detracts no whit from the marvelous achievement that is the story of Oklahoma, to say that, notwithstanding comparative disadvantages, the Territory now stands nearly even with her in material development and population. Oklahoma has thrown open her doors, and the response of energetic upbuilders has carried her almost within a decade to the verge of statehood. With doors that must be forced by those seeking admission, the Territory has nevertheless kept pace with the vigorous stride of her friendly rival. The fundamental vitality back of this accomplishment must be indeed remarkable, even in a land of all on this earth the most favored by nature.



Indian School in the Creek Country.

The reason for the present concentration of the interest of homeseekers upon this country is to be found in the fact that in the near future the adverse conditions that have operated in the Territory are to be amelioriated. The ban is to be removed. Settlers will no longer have the door slammed in their faces, or, when once inside, be in perpetual fear of the bouncer. They may come, and welcome. The lands of the Indians are to be allotted, and once that is done a large percentage will be available for occupation. And in view of this prospect, thousands of prospective immigrants are anxious to ascertain the terms under which the lands may be obtained. The present territorial possessions of the five civilized nations comprise approximately 20,000,000 acres. These lands, which have been held in common, are now to be distributed. each Indian citizen to receive a share. Deeds will be issued, and, under certain restrictions and reservations, the lands will be thrown open to occupation and tillage under terms that will afford a reasonable security to the occupant. Owing to the fact that conditions vary in each of the five nations, separate allotment treaties were necesary, but the system and spirit of all the treaties is practically the

same. The general theory of the treaties is to give each tribal citizen his or her fair share of the tribal estate, and in order to accomplish this the government decided that it was necessary to classify and appraise the lands, according to their character and value. In all the treaties it was deemed prudent, for the protection of a people who had not been accustomed to hold land in severalty, and who were consequently presumed to be unacquainted with its values, to make a certain homestead inalienable for at least a generation, and to throw safeguards around the remainder during a brief period. It becomes important, therefore, for anyone desiring to settle in the territory upon any of the tribal lands to be informed fully as to the terms and conditions imposed by the treaties. While, as I have said, the treaties differ somewhat in minor details, their general principles are the same, and an examination of the principal provisions of one will give an insight into the workings of the others. Let us, then, take a cursory glance at the terms of the treaty between the United States government and the Cherokee Nation providing for the allotment of the national lands.

On a basis of a pro rata division, each Cherokee citizen is entitled to approximately 110 acres of land, but the method of equalization adopted by the Dawes Commission will cause a great variance in the allotments. A citizen who selects comparatively valuable land, according to the appraisement, will naturally receive much less than one whose selection embraces land that is comparatively inferior. It thus happens that allotments in the Cherokee Nation will probably vary from 80 to 640 acres, according to location. Improvements are not taken into consideration in the appraisement, for they go to the credit of the man who made them, and their value is considered as apart from the natural value of the land. In all cases, each citizen is given a prior opportunity to claim the place where he has lived, and which he has probably improved. When a citizen makes his selection he is required to designate a homestead equal to 40 acres of the average land in the nation, and under the provisions of the treaty he cannot alienate this homestead in any way for 21 years after he secures his deed. Within this period, this homestead cannot be encumbered, or taken or seized for debt or any other obligation. All other lands in excess of the homestead may be alienated at any time after five years, and valid titles given. It should be borne in mind that, under no circumstances, as the law is at present, can valid titles be secured to lands within the Territory until five years after they are allotted. But the lands may be leased just a soon as the allotment is made. This section of the treaty, which has now been enacted into law by Congress, reads as follows:

"Cherokee citizens may rent their allotments when selected, for a term not to exceed one year for grazing purposes only, and for a period not to exceed five years for agricultural purposes, but without any stipulation or obligation to renew the same; but leases for a longer period than one year for grazing purposes and for a period longer than five years for agricultural purposes and for mineral purposes may also be made with the approval of the Secretary of the Interior, and not otherwise. Any agreement or lease of any kind or character violative of this section shall be absolutely void and not susceptible of ratification in any manner and no rule of estoppel shall ever prevent the assertion of its invalidity. Cattle grazed upon leased allotments shall not be liable to any tribal tax, but when cattle are introduced into the Cherokee Nation and grazed on lands not selected as allotments by citizens the Secretary of the Interior shall collect from the owners thereof a reasonable grazing tax for the benefit of the tribe."

It will be noticed that short leases may be made without the consent of the Secretary of the Interior, but long leases must be approved at Washington. No agreement entered into by a Cherokee citizen prior to the expiration of the time limit to sell his land as soon as it shall be alienable will be valid. It will be easily understood that the reason for these restrictions is to prevent the Indians from selling the land before they have an idea of its value. However, one great difficulty has been removed. It will be possible to

secure valid leases, for a limited period without interference from Washington, and an unlimited period with the consent of the Secretary of the Interior, and under these leases the lands can be cultivated with as much security of possession as in any of the states. This is a long step in advance, and an immense immigration to occupy the millions of acres that have never felt the plow is sure to come.

For about eight years, now, the Commission to the Five Civilized Tribes, popularly known as the Dawes Commission, has been preparing the way to allotment, with the result that the work is nearly done. The land in the Seminole Nation has been allotted, that in the Creek Nation is nearing completion, while in the Cherokee, Choctaw and Chickasaw nations it is rapidly progressing. While it is at present impossible to fix a date when this tremendous and difficult labor will be finished, it now seems probable that another year will suffice. The Secretary of the Interior has been quoted as saying that the Territory will be thrown open to settlement within two years, and he knows if anyone does. He probably means that all deeds will be issued by that time, and all disputed claims settled. From the time that is done, valid leases can be secured. One hears in the Territory a great deal of more or less bitter criticism of the delay of the government in perfecting allotment. This criticism comes from all classes, but it seems to be founded rather on impatience than upon dereliction of the Interior Department. Accusations that every possible means to delay the issuance of deeds are employed by those in authority are freely bandied about. It is difficult to determine the justice or injustice of these charges, but to me they do not seem to be well founded. Perhaps the most that can be said about the attitude of the government is that it shows no disposition to accelerate matters beyond the normal rate of progress. This normal headway will finish the job in a comparatively short time now.

While the situation respecting land tenure in the Territory stands in this shape just now, it is highly probable that by the time the allotment is finished some supplemental legislation will be enacted, by which the time limits within which titles may not be conveyed will be modified, or in many cases done away with altogether. The reason for these limitations has already been explained. The portion of Indian citizens who are even theoretically assumed to need a temporary guardian does not exceed 20,000, out of a total tribal citizenship of about 85,000. This portion consists chiefly of full-bloods, who have been backward in learning the ways of the white man. It may be that it will be to the advantage of this class of Indian, to prevent him from selling his homestead for a generation, but such a theory can scarcely be assumed to apply to the practically "white Indians," of mixed blood, who constitute fully three-fourths of the tribal population. These people are as capable of managing their own business now as they ever will be, and they deeply resent being tied up as wards in chancery. They want to be able to do as they please with their property, and no one who is at all familiar with their situation will think of denying the justice of their position. It would be just as reasonable for the government to prevent a Pennsylvania or Illinois farmer from selling his land on the theory that he was not capable of managing his own business. I assume that the Secretary of the Interior and Congress fully realize this, and will consent to a modification of some of the provisions of the treaties. The only difficulty in the way of supplementary legislation is how to determine who is and who is not entitled to exemption. Two methods have been suggested: The first, that the Territorial courts be given jurisdiction to determine such competency, on presentation of evidence; second, that this

power be given to the Secretary of the Interior. Either plan would answer, although public opinion in the Territory is overwhelmingly in favor of delegating this office to the courts, as being the most satisfactory and expedient. At any rate, some legislation of this nature is looked for, and if it is enacted fully three-fourths of the land in the Territory will be at once placed on the same footing as land in any of the states.

Conditions in the towns are entirely different, being regulated by separate provisions of the treaties. To put the matter in a nutshell, all townsites are to be located—in fact, all in existence have already been located—by the Dawes Commission. The town lots are to be allotted to whoever can establish a valid claim before the townsite commissions, and all lots that are unclaimed are to be sold at auction, the money to be turned into the tribal treasuries. In many of the towns the allotments have already been made, and some of the sales held. A great majority of the principal towns, however, are yet to be allotted, and persons who desire to secure good property for business or manufacturing purposes in the towns should take note of the public sales, which will all be duly advertised. Whether bought at one of these sales, or from the holder of the deed after all claims have been settled, titles on town property will be entirely free from any restrictions from the beginning. While the practical benefit to the Indians of the equalization undertaken by the Dawes Commission, viewed broadly, may well be doubted, it affords a remarkably good means of determining the character of the 20,000,000 acres of tribal lands, that comparatively unscathed empire toward which so many eager eyes are now turned. A general impression seems to prevail that the Indian Territory is almost entirely prairie. As a matter of fact, about 65 per cent of the present area is timbered land. The general character of the landscape does not materially differ from large portions of Indiana, Illinois or Missouri. While there are, particularly in the northern part, wide stretches of prairie, the river bottoms and almost the whole of the Choctaw and Chickasaw nations are liberally supplied with a fine growth of timber. The general topography is an undulating upland, plentifully watered by the great streams of the Arkansas, Canadian and Red Rivers, and their numerous

Ispurhecker, a fullblood Creek, formerly Chief of Creeks, known as "Grand Old Man of Creeks."

tributaries. The river bottoms, of which there are millions of acres, are equal in richness to any in the world, while the prairies and upland are of almost equal fertility.

Notwithstanding that less than one-sixth of the land is now being cultivated, the output of agricultural products is so great that the railroads are pushed to handle the surplus. The demand for cars at all shipping points is so great that ship-

pers are compelled to file applications weeks in advance, and then await their turn. One day recently that I spent at Vinita, in the Cherokee Nation, 700 wagon loads of corn were brought to town, and the daily average at this season is from 200 to 300 loads. It is not uncommon for wagons to stand all night at the mills waiting for a chance to unload. The shipments of hay from thissame placeare also astonishing. Stations where one would scarcely expect trains to stop, so few are the external evidences of population, to say nothing of life, send out daily several car loads of produce. In the more southern portion of the territory, cars to handle the cotton crop can be secured only with difficulty, although all the railroads in the Territory are making every effort to meet the demands of traffic. Think of this, and the earth hardly scratched. One would expect, as is the case in most new countries, that the imports would greatly exceed the exports. Already the reverse is true of the Territory. The "empties", as railroad men call unloaded cars, are hauled into, not away from, the Territory. This curious reversal of the ordinary course of traffic is a surprise, and somewhat of a puzzle, to railroad operators, and they are already wondering what they will do when the country is settled. However, railroad construction is being pushed everywhere with extraordinary activity, and there is no doubt that the problem will be solved.

As would naturally follow, the compliment to this agricultural production is to be found in the obvious commercial activity that everywhere pervades the towns. In this connection, a somewhat curious condition is apparent. It is estimated that four-fifths of the present population of the Territory resides in the towns. This seeming disproportion, in a country where manufactures are as yet a minor element in industry, would indicate that a majority of the people are "living off each other", as a resident put it. Yet there is no evidence of the stagnation that would be the inevitable result if that situation really existed. The capital that is daily coming in with the tide of immigration is probably what preserves the balance now, but bankers and those in touch with the business situation profess to feel not the slightest uneasiness as to the ultimate outcome. They confidently predict that development will keep pace with the immigration, the concentration of the population in the towns being more apparent than real, and due to the fact that the country is passing through a critical formative

A White Settler's Home in the Indian Country.

period, and that production will more than equalize matters before any strain is felt. Observing conditions on the spot, I am inclined to accept this explanation as a just one. There are not apparent, either on the surface or in the forthcoming sequence of events, any indications of a reaction. The present rate of development in the Territory is sound, for the land is here to support it.

For purposes of appraisement, the Dawes Commission has classified all the lands in the Territory according to schedules. The land in the Seminole Nation, which is not extensive, was divided into only three grades, and allotted on that basis. However, in the other four nations the land was of such extent and diversity of character that more minute divisions were deemed necessary. The remainder of the Territory was divided into two parts, one consisting of the Cherokee and Creek Nations, and the other of the Choctaw and Chickasaw nations, and a schedule for each devised to fit the land as near as possible. I believe these schedules will be of value to persons anticipating a location in the Territory, especially if they intend to cultivate a farm, and so I will insert them.

Following is the classification sched- for the Creek and Cherokee nations:

Class 1. Natural open bottom land.
Class 2. Best black prairie land.
Class 3 (a). Bottom land covered with timber and thickets.
Class 3 (b). Best prairie land other than black.
Class 4 (a). Bottom land subject to overflow.
Class 4 (b). Prairie land, smooth and tillable.
Class 5 (a). Rough land free from rocks.
Class 5 (b). Rolling land free from rocks.
Class 6 (a). Rocky prairie land.
Class 6 (b). Sandy prairie land.
Class 7 (a). Alkali prairie land.
Class 7 (b). Hilly and rocky land.
Class 8 (a). Swamp land.
Class 8 (b). Mountain pasture land.
Class 9 (a). Mountain land, sandy loam.
Class 9 (b). Mountain land, silicious.
Class 10 (a). Rough and rocky mountain land.
Class 10 (b). Flint hills.

The following table shows the lands of the Creek nation, as classified under the above schedule. Fractions of acres are omitted.

	Acres.
Class 1	12,410
Class 2	1,739
Class 3 (a)	194,596
Class 3 (b)	124,400
Class 4 (a)	112,385
Class 4 (b)	571,803
Class 5 (a)	298,507
Class 5 (b)	770,756
Class 6 (a)	202,744
Class 6 (b)	46,783
Class 7 (a)	31,135
Class 7 (b)	512,282
Class 8 (a)	25,469
Class 8 (b)	91,310
Class 9 (a)	15,477
Class 9 (b)	1,464
Class 10 (a)	59,546
Total	3,072,813

The following table gives the lands of the Cherokee Nation, as classified under the schedule, fractions omitted.

	Acres.
Class 1	11,646
Class 2	1,623
Class 3 (a)	143,836
Class 3 (b)	231,900
Class 4 (a)	213,903
Class 4 (b)	899,207
Class 5 (a)	322,555
Class 5 (b)	634,948
Class 6 (a)	414,899
Class 6 (b)	5,673
Class 7 (a)	7,700
Class 7 (b)	614,362
Class 8 (a)	15,540
Class 8 (b)	159,394
Class 9 (a)	12,062
Class 9 (b)	41,142
Class 10 (a)	220,341
Class 10 (b)	469,330
Total acreage	4,420,070

Following is the classification schedule for the Choctaw and Chickasaw nations:

Class 1. Natural open bottom land.
Class 2 (a). Cleared bottom land.
Class 2 (b). Best black prairie land.
Class 3. Bottom land covered with timber and thickets. (If the timber is of commercial value, it will be appraised separately.)
Class 4 (a). Best prairie land, other than black.
Class 4 (b). Bottom land subject to overflow.
Class 5 (a). Prairie land, smooth and tillable.
Class 5 (b). Swamp land easily drainable.
Class 6 (a). Rough prairie land.
Class 6 (b). Upland with hard timber. (If the timber is of commercial value, it will be appraised separately.)
Class 7 (a). Rocky prairie land.
Class 7 (b). Swamp land not easily drainable.
Class 8 (a). Alkali prairie land.
Class 8 (b). Hilly and rocky land.
Class 8 (c). Swamp land not profitably drainable.
Class 8 (d). Mountain pasture land.
Class 9 (a). Sandy land with pine timber. (If

the timber is of commercial value, it will be appraised separately.)

Class 9 (b). Mountain land with pine timber. (If the timber is of commercial value, it will be appraised separately.)

Class 10. Rough mountain land.

The following table shows the lands of the Choctaw nation, as classified under the above schedule, fractions of acres omitted.

	Acres.
Class 1	1,065
Class 2 (a)	3,399
Class 2 (b)	35,235
Class 3	286,190
Class 4 (a)	89,764
Class 4 (b)	281,234
Class 5 (a)	526,187
Class 5 (b)	21,281
Class 6 (a)	129,020
Class 6 (b)	2,134,427
Class 7 (a)	145,313
Class 7 (b)	37,587
Class 8 (a)	19,125
Class 8 (b)	1,390,480
Class 8 (c)	14,665
Class 8 (d)	289,276
Class 9 (a)	265,594
Class 9 (b)	765,895
Class 10	514,296
Total	6,950,043

The following table gives the lands of the Chickasaw nation, as classified under the schedule, fractions omitted.

	Acres.
Class 1	83,176
Class 2 (a)	15,014
Class 2 (b)	29,974
Class 3	145,458
Class 4 (a)	173,026
Class 4 (b)	182,819
Class 5 (a)	1,505,116
Class 5 (b)	12,381
Class 6 (a)	223,800
Class 6 (b)	1,748,513
Class 7 (a)	191,995
Class 7 (b)	3,673
Class 8 (a)	22,285
Class 8 (b)	307,962
Class 8 (c)	2,214
Class 8 (d)	53,181
Class 9 (a)	0
Class 9 (b)	0
Class 10	2,512
Total	4,703,108

From this classification it appears that about four-fifths of the total area of the Territory is arable, and most of the remainder is valuable for other purposes. A large part of the land not classed as arable is designated as swamp land, susceptible to drainage, so there is no doubt that in time it will be reclaimed and added to the producing part of the Territory. In fact, it is highly probable that this land may become exceedingly valuable, for it is peculiarly adapted for the culture of rice, which industry is being the means of reclaiming the swamp lands of Louisiana and eastern Texas. It is said that rice growers already have their eyes on this country, with a view to developing it as soon as they can secure possession under valid leases. Much of the land is very valuable for its timber and for other natural resources, such as coal and oil deposits, which are to be found almost everywhere in the Territory, and the great shale deposits at Sapulpa, which are already the foundation upon which great manufacturing enterprises are being predicated. The whole of the Territory lies well within the rain belt, and the impression that has got abroad that this is an arid country is entirely erroneous. Severe drouths are rare, even more so than in the neighboring states of Missouri, Kansas and Texas. The notion that the country has a deficient rainfall probably arises out of the false impression that it is poorly timbered, which I have already shown to be incorrect. The tables given are the result of the work of skilled observers, who covered every mile of the Territory and examined every acre of the land, and may be depended upon to delineate the character of the lands with reasonable accuracy. As to climate, it is very similar to that of Tennessee, the winters being mild, with very little snowfall, and the summers of moderate heat.

As yet the land has not been appraised; that is, no value in dollars and cents has been placed upon the various grades, except in the small Seminole country. It will not be long, however, before this appraisement is made, and when it is, it will enable one to get a very fair idea of the value of the land, if one fully understands the system under which the valua-

tions are determined. The rules governing the classification of the lands give a clue to the method employed. These rules follow:

1. Lands shall be valued in the appraisement as if in their original condition, excluding improvements.

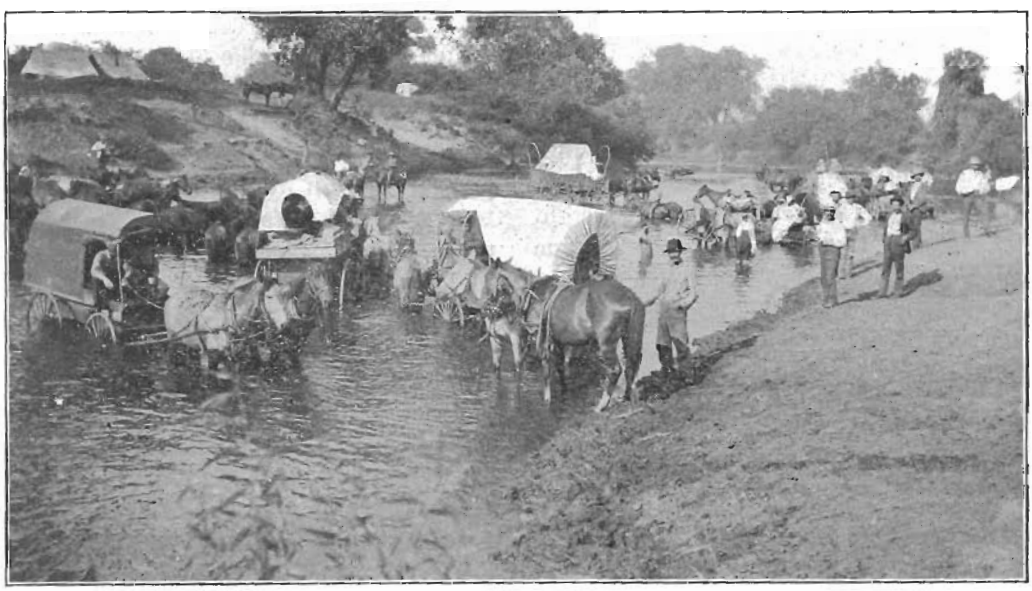
2. Appraisers will grade and appraise lands without regard to their location and proximity to market.

3. Land will be graded and appraised by quarter sections except in cases where a part of a quarter is of a different grade from the rest. In such cases of the quarter sections will be graded and appraised in smaller parcels, but no parcel to be less than 40 acres.

4. If timber is of commercial value, the quantity will be carefully estimated and the variety stated, and it will be valued separately; and if not generally distributed over the tracts, its location will be given.

5. Upon completion of this work the values will be adjusted by the Commission to the Five Civilized Tribes on the basis of the values fixed for each class and the location of the lands and their proximity to market.

Given the rules governing the classification, the classification tables, the classification schedules, and the definite appraisement, all of which, except the appraisement, are here reproduced, and a prospective purchaser of lands in the Territory will be able to determine with tolerable accuracy the character and value of a piece of land in any locality. Of course, he must first learn how the land he fancies is classified, and that can be done by referring to the completed allotment lists of the Dawes Commission, whenever those lists are completed. Moreover, by a judicious study of the tables, one may without difficulty select approximately the kind of land one desires. Do you desire natural open bottom land? There is a certain stated amount to be had, and a little inquiry will reveal where it is located. Do you prefer black prairie land? You will find it classified and marked out for your inspection. Are you looking for heavily timbered land on which to operate a saw mill, or mountain pasture land on which to locate a goat ranch? Both are available. In fact, you can pay your money and take your choice. And, bear in mind, this estimate of the character and value of the lands is not that of the proprietor, but that of impartial experts employed by the United States government. It is to be presumed that appraisements will not represent actual market values, but will be within the usual limitation imposed by similar circumstances. It is probable that the ap-



Homeseekers Camp on a Ford in Cherokee County.

praisement will be comparative rather than specific, for its only object is to afford a basis of comparison on which to equalize the allotments, but it will nevertheless give a considerable insight into actual values as conditions are today, with the exceptions as to improvements and locality noted by the rules. Those are advantages to be weighed by prospective purchasers, and will fluctuate in value according to individual desires.

Within the year just past, thousands of persons have taken advantage of favorable opportunities afforded by the railroads entering the Territory to inspect the country. I have encountered these "prospectors" everywhere. Few, indeed, are disappointed with what they see, but I find that many had before coming an erroneous impression as to the conditions under which the Territory is soon to be thrown open to settlement. Many thought that, as soon as the Dawes Commission has finished its work, the lands may be purchased outright. Some, when they learn the facts, feel a sense of disappointment and are somewhat averse to locating upon land they cannot, at least for a time, own. That this consideration will cause many who had entertained a pro ject to remove to the Territory to change their mind, or defer moving in the matter, is certain. In a country where no man is so poor but he may, if he really wishes to own some land, many are disinclined to settle upon ground to which they do not hold a title. However, unless one is swayed chiefly by sentimental considerations, such objections must fall to the ground in this instance. Owing to the fact that the lands of the small tribes that occupy the Quapah Agency, in the northeast part of the Territory, have been allotted for over ten years under almost exactly similar provisions as will obtain in the Five Nations, we may observe how the system operates when put into practice. Nearly all the land in the Quapah Agency is cultivated by white persons under leases, and the arrangement has worked with complete satisfaction to all parties concerned.

Take the Five Nations. Here practically all the land that is in cultivation has been tilled by white men, the interlopers whose presence gave perpetual offense. These lands were cultivated under conditions where not even valid leases could be obtained, where all improvements became the property of the tribes, and where the tenants were in constant fear of eviction which they would have been powerless to resist. Yet the lands found men willing to cultivate them. What more need be said? There is no scarcity of land as yet in the United States. There is land in plenty. But some is more desirable than others. The fact that white men cultivated the Indian lands under insecure tenure, or no tenure at all, is absolute proof that they found it profitable to do so. If they found it profitable under no tenure, is it not reasonable to assume that under secure leaseholds, with a prospect of eventual possession, it will also be profitable? Moreover, conditions are vastly more favorable in other respects. Formerly this region was isolated from the world's markets. Now it is rapidly becoming a network of railway lines. Within five years a railroad map of the Territory will look like a spider's web, If the present rate of construction continues, and there is no doubt that it will. Five great systems now reach the Territory, and all have the building fever. The railroads are getting into shape to handle the traffic that will result when the additional million, expected to arrive within the next ten years, gets on the ground and to work.

So the "prospector" who comes to the Territory now will have no just cause to regret his journey. He is a seeker for opportunity, and opportunity is here. If he be a farmer looking for land, he may find himself just a little ahead of time, but to be ahead of time is generally estimated an advantage. The man who is ahead of time is infinitely better off than

the man who is behind time. But is the "prospector" who comes to the Territory now ahead of time? I should say, decidedly not. A man does not, or should not, change his home without good cause. He must see, or think he sees, a fair chance to better his condition. If he is wise, he will "prospect" a little before taking the plunge; and if he expects his "prospecting" trip to result in anything, he must certainly not be behind time, or he will find that others have seized the opportunity he sought, while it was yet newborn from the womb of progress.

In a short time, now, this fertile region will open its arms to embrace the men whose destiny is to convert its teeming resources to the uses of mankind. It is, indeed, fortunate that this brief interim will intervene. It means that home-seekers will have ample opportunity to look over the ground, decide upon a location, and prepare for removal. It means that the new territory will not start handicapped by the unsettled conditions that always follow a "rush." Its "boom" will be more gradual, but will lose no impetus on that account. The foundations are well laid, the results certain. I have had occasion, during the past few years, to traverse a large part of the earth's surface, and if I were asked today to name the locality most likely in my opinion, to enjoy during the forthcoming decade the most substantial development, I should, without hesitation, reply:

"The Indian Territory."

Master Johnny Leaf, a brave young Cherokee.

Ya ho-la, the bright little son of Chinnubbie Harjo, the Indian Poet.

Courtesy of Twin Territories Magazine.

AN ARKANSAS YARN.

"And you mean to tell me the hailstones were as large as hen eggs?" queried the stranger in Arkansas.

"Yes, sir," responded the native without blinking, "and our hens were so much deceived that they sat on them."

"H'm! Guess you are going to say they hatched out something."

"Yes, stranger, they hatched out frozen chickens."

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITH.

This is an absolutely true tale. I could, if called upon, give chapter and verse for it, the name of the place in which the terrible incident occurred, the name also of the principal actors.

It happened at a famous old hotel in a great seaport city—an hotel known to all the world, a well-managed, highly respectable hotel. I will tell the story as I heard it.

A family party was staying at this hostelry—father, mother, two daughters, and a son. They were about to embark upon a long voyage by an ocean steamer, and they had come down the night before departure.

They had dined quietly, and after an hour or two in the drawing-room the ladies had retired for the night, each to her own bedroom. What is coming affects one of the daughters, whom I will call Laura, the eldest of the family.

Laura had fallen off to sleep very soon after she got into bed—the sound, dreamless sleep of a healthy, unemotional girl who had had a hard day's traveling, enough to induce physical fatigue, and with nothing on her mind to cause wakefulness.

Yet she awoke suddenly and with a shock, with intense but nameless, inexplicable terror. She became conscious of something serious impending, something that foreboded evil to herself, something so awful and so near that she shivered under the bedclothes in horribly acute fright.

Her first impulse—the most natural in a weak woman—was to hide her head. She might have cried out to give the alarm, to appeal for help, but she was voiceless, quite incapable of action, almost paralyzed in thought. Her room was not absolutely dark. As is often the case in hotel bedrooms, a faint pencil of light came over the door from the lamp in the corridor; it was not sufficient to make things perfectly clear, but at least it was not darkness.

Now a fresh paroxysm of terror supervened, having a most distinct and tangible basis—that of sound. Although buried beneath the blankets, she could not escape the noise that now came and went in regular pulsation—a wheezing, coughing, sepulchral utterance, rising and falling painfully, hideously, but increasing always in volume, as though it was steadily approaching her room.

What was it, this horrible, unearthly, supernatural sound? It was so dreadful, so sickening, that she was constrained, in spite of herself, to look across the dimly-lighted room for any visible explanation.

There was none at first nor for some time. All that she knew and with positive certainty was that the sound came nearer and nearer. It was in the passage or corridor, moving slowly forward, till now at last it paused and hung for a moment plainly and unmistakably at her very door. She waited breathlessly, eagerly hoping it would pass on, when—

All at once she remembered she had not bolted her door. It was only left on the latch. She had neither bolted it nor put the chain up. She was thus at the mercy of any intruder.

She was now frantic, quite beside herself with alarm. Yet in this her last and greatest extremity, when she was on the point of jumping up to set all and every bell jangling and shriek aloud for help, she saw it was too late.

The handle of her door turned, the door itself opened, it was gradually but distinctly pushed in by some unseen hand or agency from the other side. Through the wide open door crawled a formless mass, a living creature, having some human semblance, clothed, but moving close to the ground on all fours, like a beast of

the field. And continually the same dread sound proceeded from it, the stertorous wheezing of some one breathing hard. A voice it must be, laden with menace, but unable to frame a syllable of intelligible speech.

The climax was soon reached. This Thing so mysterious and so terrible quickly crossed the floor till it came to the bottom of the bed, and then, with one bound, the spring of a wild animal instinct with fierce energy, it sprang up and settled in a heavy, inert mass across the poor girl's feet.

So far it was Laura herself who subsequently recounted the awful adventure. She could tell no more, for she lost consciousness at the supreme moment, fainting dead away.

The sequel comes from others. It was to have been an early start, and the chambermaid who was to call Laura should have reached her door at seven A. M. But as she was flying along the corridor, as usual in a desperate hurry, her foot slipped on some soft, greasy substance, and she fell. When she regained her feet and looked for the cause of the accident, she found, to her horror, that she had been treading in blood.

With a shriek she could not restrain, she ran back for assistance, and now, backed by the chambermaid of the next floor, made a further inspection. There was a trail of blood, great gouts of it on the stairs, along the corridor, and to the very door of Laura's room. Her door was still ajar, and the track of blood was followed inside to the foot of the bed, where it gathered into a stagnant pool.

The Thing on the bed was a man—dead. His throat was cut from ear to ear—a hideous and appalling sight.

Laura still lay senseless, and nothing could rouse her till her mother and sister came with tender care to win her back to life. No mention was made to her of the horrible occurrence. The dead body had been removed, with all suggestion of the horrifying episode, and when her memory returned sufficiently to tell the tale it was treated as a vision, a strange black nightmare, a baseless dream.

For herself, some suspicion of the agony through which she had passed must have been evoked, for the first glance at her glass showed that her hair had turned snow-white in the night.

The real truth was known only to a few. The deceased had committed suicide. The dread act had been performed in the smoking room, but death was not immediate, and the man, struggling now for the life he had thrown away, crept upstairs to die. He no doubt mistook Laura's room for his own, and there expired. —Metropolitan.

The Current River division of the Frisco penetrates one of the best fruit sections of Missouri, and it is a wonder that there is not much more development in that direction than there is. It may also be said that there is much fine corn and wheat land on this line also. It is true that the lumber industry predominates now, but after the lumber is all worked up the land will remain, and it will be utilized and bring in large returns.

* * *

Immigration into Oklahoma never seems to check up. Like a mighty river it keeps on flowing forever, and can neither be dammed nor turned from its course. The best of it is that the great mass of people who have gone to Oklahoma have prospered.

* * *

Land in South Missouri is increasing in value, and the low prices of the past few years will never be experienced again. The sensible man is he who takes advantage of present prices and gets the benefit of the rise that is now under way, and will continue for years to come. A delay of a month may make a material difference.

OKLAHOMA TOWN BUILDING.

BY A. K. W.

The commercial axiom, "Towns do not grow, they are built," is being accentuated every day in the marvelous development of the Great Southwest. The sun rises there on a houseless plain and sets on rows of buildings, with families snugly ensconced in comfortable cottages, and plenteous meals cooked therein to celebrate their first day in the new home in a new land. This building of towns in a day has been going on in the West—in Oklahoma especially—for some years, but the people are not through with it yet. Immigration sufficient to make a good sized town flows into that Territory every day, and yet there is room for more. These opportunities for settlements of from 1,000 to 5,000 have been made possible by the network of railways that the Frisco System has been and is spreading throughout not only Oklahoma but the Southeast and Southwest. The material for the houses, stores and shops is hauled to the proposed new site, every household utensil and furniture is shipped in advance, and when the day comes for the "opening," or rather sale of lots, train load after train load of people are hurried to the chosen spot. There is no "riffraff" among them; they are men and women with the money to pay spot cash for what they want, and have come to make not only a new home, but better fortune for themselves and children.

These observations are most pointedly and practically pertinent to the growth of urban communities in Oklahoma. Since last August four new towns have been made there within a distance of not a hundred miles. Prior to that time there was scarcely a village of a dozen persons to be found along the route. The reason why is easily explained. The building of the Blackwell, Enid and Southwestern from Beaumont, Kas., to Vernon, Texas, and the Oklahoma and Western from Oklahoma City to Quanah, Texas, both divisions of the Frisco System, opened up a broad and fertile section that had hitherto been sparsely settled by ranchmen and not a few farmers. There were many excellent locations along these routes for thriving towns and the most advantageous were chosen by the founders. These new towns each now number from 800 to 2,000 population, and every day newcomers arrive.

The first of the young and vigorous municipal quartette was Thomas City in Custer County. This town was promoted by the Oklahoma Railway Townsite Company, which is composed of a number of the leading citizens of Clinton, Mo. They purchased 580 acres of land and offered 2,000 lots for sale at the low price of $20 per lot. The company retained every other lot. The purchasers of $20 lots drew for location, and it was a novel lottery. Two nail kegs, one containing the lot number, the other the names of purchasers were placed on pivots, and as the kegs were whirled around the numbers were drawn. One man cleared $1000 before the close of the day by buying and selling lots. The Farmer's and Merchants' Bank of Thomas City paid $1250 for a corner lot. The next morning Thomas City was ready for business with two banks, two newspapers and about fifty different other industries. Among its first shipments to the outside world were nine car loads of cattle.

Custer City was the next to come forth full panoplied in municipal garb. This was on November 18. The founder of this town is Mr. D. F. Nicholson and several associates of Lamona, Ia. The town was platted on 420 acres, and the lots disposed of on the same plan as had been followed in Thomas City. When the sale of lots had been concluded Custer City had a bona fide population of 800 people,

and the town has grown rapidly since.

The third to rise on the prairie was Eagle City. The birth of this town was on December 3, and is so graphically described, along with other pertinent comment on Western town building in the *Globe-Democrat* a few days afterwards that the entire editorial is reproduced. It says:

"Some time between midnight and sunrise on December 4, 1902, a new town was placed on the map of Oklahoma. Its name is Eagle City, and it has several thousand people by this time. What was a stretch of vacant prairie on the evening of December 3 had many residences and business houses in course of construction at sunrise on the 4th. It had a daily newspaper, the Eagle City Star, in operation on the latter day, with several lumber yards, restaurants, hotels, a long-distance telephone system, a big city hall, with other accessories and accompaniments of civilization. A city government will soon be at work there. Uncle Sam's mails are delivered in it with as much regularity as in any other part of the West. Another name will be added to the country's gazetteers. In the politics and social economy of Oklahoma, territory and state, henceforward Eagle City will have to be reckoned with.

"What would Boone, Harrod, Logan, Robertson, Sevier and the rest of the founders of Kentucky and Tennessee have thought if they had heard of the establishment of a town in a few hours, with connections with every other community in the United States, and with most of the conveniences of civilization? What even would the founders of Kansas, who came on the scene two-thirds of a century after Boone and his compatriots had done their work, have thought of this feat of the citizens of Eagle City? In Kansas' case many towns were established after laborious preparation which disappeared in quicker time than they were created, and have long since dropped off the gazetteers and the maps. Some ambitious Kansas towns with imposing names back in the 50s and 60s are now corn fields. History has forgotten them. Even tradition is a little dubious as to the spots on which they stood.

"But no such fate is likely to come to Eagle City. Lawton and several other towns in Oklahoma in recent years had as swift a rise as this latest—except Snyder, which was born a day afterward —accession to that territory's map. All are on the map still. All are flourishing. In fact Oklahoma itself was a lightning creation. The place that we call Oklahoma, which, at a certain noontime in April, 1889, had not a single inhabitant, possessed a permanent population of 50,000 before sunset on that day, with residences, hotels, restaurants, stores, banks, printing offices and the general equipment of a modern community. Its 61,000 people in 1890 were found by Uncle Sam's census-takers in 1900 to have increased to 398,000. Probably they number 450,000 or 500,000 now. The growth of Jonah's gourd was slow compared with the creation of scores of Oklahoma's towns of the past dozen years and the towns, unlike the gourd, stick. Aladdin's marvels seem less marvelous than they did before Missouri's Southwestern neighbor appeared. Nothing else in the history of the building of the West and nothing in the annals of any other part of the world equals the swiftness with which the prairie wilderness of Oklahoma has been transformed into the homes of hundreds of thousands of people who have built up communities possessing all the accompaniments of civilization in its most modern phase."

Snyder covers an entire section—640 acres of land. The sale of lots took place on December 5, and on the next morning 1200 people awoke to claim it as their future home. They were gratified almost beyond expression to hear newsboys

crying "The Snyder Daily Star" on the streets, but there it was with all the incidents of the "opening" and other news. The lots in Snyder were sold at auction and fetched from $250 to $1250 a lot. So far lots aggregating $90,000 have been deeded. Snyder bids fair to outstrip all of its three young sisters from the advantageous fact that it is situated at the junction of the Blackwell, Enid and Southwestern, and Oklahoma City and Western Divisions of the Frisco System. The founders of Snyder were Mayor C. G. Jones, Oklahoma City, and several other capitalists.

The country contiguous to all of these new towns is of a deep black loamy soil, very productive of corn, wheat, cotton and all the fruits that abound in the temperate climate of the Southwest.

WAR HORSE BALKED.

"Uncle," said little Johnny, "tell me how you charged with your war horse up the San Juan hill at the head of your troops." "Well," said the battle-scarred veteran, "I mounted the fiery animal, drew my sword from its scabbard, rose in my stirrups, cried, 'Forward!' and sunk the spurs deep in the quivering flanks of my gallant steed." "Yes!" exclaimed the boy, breathlessly. "Go on, uncle. Tell me the rest of it." "There isn't any more to tell, Johnny," said his uncle, with a pensive sigh. "The horse balked."—Exchange.

THE WINTER POOL.

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

Deep in the woods, amid the giant trees,
It lies alone within an open space,
Beloved in summer by the sylvan race
Of God's best poets—birds and golden bees;
Diana's mirror, full of memories
Of all the nameless wonder of her face
And of the myriad jewel-stars that grace
Orion's glory and the Pleiades.

Behold it now, all ghostly white and still
Shut in the shadow of the ice and snow,
A solitary, sad, forsaken thing;
Bereft of beauty, marred and dark until
Diana comes again and looks to know
Her living smile—the loveliness of Spring!

—Cosmopolitan.

TYPES OF THE NEW WEST.

Geographically the new West coincides with the old. It is met at the Mississippi, supposing the observant, initiated traveler comes from the East. He will, sure enough, catch glimpses of it through Southern Indiana and across Illinois, where there is likely to be a loosening of talk in the Pullman, and a kind of taken for-granted-you-are-a-gentleman fellowship that is alien to New York and Buffalo train loads. But the big Union Station at St. Louis scatters the Eastern travelers into isolated groups and breaks down their reserve. From St. Louis west the observant traveler may study his types without first breaking tediously through the habitual barrier of polite snubbing.

For the man of this new Empire is busy; he is open to new influences; what the casual stranger has to say as he drops into the seat beside him may affect him and his business. He is courteous but there is no sense in spending half an hour talking about the discomforts of travel and the varieties of landscape when there is information to be gained of the process of manufacturing shoes, or the study of Latin in the Eastern colleges, or the fertilization of thin soil.—Leslie's Weekly.

DONT'S FOR PREACHERS.

The Rev. Stephen A. Northrup in the Ram's Horn is writing a good deal of bright and pithy logic, especially in his "dont's" to preachers. In a late issue of that excellent paper he sagely observes:

Don't exaggerate.

Don't fool with doubts.

Don't let success tip you over.

Don't dabble in business ventures.

Don't snub anybody—not even a book-agent.

Don't get the dumps. Live in the sunshine.

Don't jolt in ruts. Vary your services and methods.

Don't make long pulpit prayers. Tedious petitions drag heavily.

Don't imitate others. Better be a poor original than a fine copy.

Don't mumble your words. Chew your food, but not your language.

Don't preach long sermons. No conversions after the first half hour.

Don't speak in monotone. The voice has numerous keys; play on as many as possible.

Don't be untidy. You cannot teach men to become clean inside if you are unclean outside.

"Don't grow weary in well doing." Kill yourself with work, and pray yourself alive again!

Don't harp too much on one string. Variety is pleasing, and God's Word gives ample choice of themes.

Don't tire people out with long introductions. You can spoil the appetite for dinner by too much thin soup.

Don't hesitate to speak on public questions of the day—and all evils too—but do not introduce party politics in the pulpit.

Don't seek the praise of men. Preach in such a way that they will not be so much pleased with you as they are displeased with themselves.

Don't exalt post mortem virtues. The dead can't smell flowers. "Roses on caskets laid impart no sweetness to departing days."

Don't bawl or scream. Too much water stops mill wheels, and too much voice drowns sense. Thunder is harmless, lightning strikes.

Don't scold your congregation or the burden bearers. Attack measures and hit people only when they stand between you and the devil.

NEWSPAPER WIT.

Hix—"I was surprised to hear that Sleek had been arrested for picking pockets."

Dix—"Yes, poor fellow. He used to have fits of abstraction when a boy, and I suppose he never outgrew them."

* * *

"Have you the inspiration of the muses to-day?" asked the caller of the poet.

"No," replied the long-haired party, "I'm sorry to say the bottle is empty."

* * *

He—"When poverty comes in at the door what is it love does?"

She—"Why, it flies out of the dining room window, of course."

* * *

She—"Did you enjoy the breakers at the sea shore?"

He—"Can't say that I did. Those summer girls break a fellow too quick to suit me."

* * *

Biggs—"They say young Squanderleigh is unable to hoe his own row."

Diggs—"Naturally: He's a rake."

* * *

"Did I understand you to say," queried the young physician who had taken over the old doctor's practice, "that Growells is a chronic invalid?"

"Something like that," replied the venerable M. D. "He has worn out three wives taking care of him."

* * *

Diggs—"What is young Softed doing now?"

Biggs—"Running a soda fountain. He has made a failure of everything else he ever tried."

Diggs—"And at the soda fountain he is bound to make a fizzle."

* * *

"Ethel used to say her husband was a 'bird' before their marriage and she finds that he is a bird now."

"What kind of a bird?"

"A night owl."

"Will you marry me?" he said, suddenly looking up from the paper which he had been studying. "Wh—why," she replied, "how you startled me. What has caused you to ask me such an important question so suddenly?" "I've been looking over the taxlist." "I can't see what the tax list has to do with our love?" "Your father's name isn't on it. He must be very rich."

* * *

"Wasn't it a terrifying experience," asked his friend, "when you lost your foothold and went sliding down the mountain side?" "It was exciting, but extremely interesting," said the college professor. "I could not help noticing, all the way down, with what absolute accuracy I was following along the line of least resistance."

* * *

"What kind of little stories are you going to put in your advertising booklet?" asked the caller.

"Ghost," responded the agent of the hair restorer concern.

"Why ghost?"

"Because they are hair-raising."

* * *

"You eat your breakfast food so slowly, Mr. Beaks," remarked the landlady.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the star boarder, "and it reminds me of a kiss through a telephone."

"In what way?"

"Goes a long way and tasteless."

* * *

"I wonder what makes it so warm in here," asked the young bride, as they journeyed toward Niagara.

"Perhaps it is because we are passing near a mountain range," chuckled the young man by her side.

* * *

Rodrick—"No women would never make good soldiers. They would show their heels on the battlefield."

Van Albert—"Yes, if they happened to wear that fancy French kind."

EXTRACTS FROM REPORT OF THE GOVERNOR OF OKLAHOMA.

BY HON. WM. M. JENKINS.

Historically considered, Oklahoma as a Territory is of recent origin, but as a small portion of the great tract of Southwestern country, known at various times and under various circumstances as Louisiana, Mandan Territory, the great American desert, uninhabitable lands, and the Indian Territory, it has a place in the history of the nation dating back to the days of the Spanish explorers, who sought in the great Southwest unknown empires and their reputed fabulous wealth.

Following the course of travel described in many early Spanish manuscripts and books, one is readily convinced that the original Oklahoma boomers were the little army of adventurous spirits who traversed the Southwest under the leadership of De Soto, and that they were followed by Jesuits and others, who sought wealth in the mineral veins of the mountains and hills of the Territory, there are unmistakable signs in lately discovered ruins of mines and places of early abode.

Lewis and Clarke visited the Territory in one of their early exploring expeditions, and the prairies and valleys of the Territory were the hunting grounds of the early tribes of Indians, from the earliest time of which there is record of the movements of the aboriginal Americans.

When the Indian Territory was created as a home for all of the Indian tribes and with the intention of some day building there a great Indian State, most of what is now Oklahoma Territory was included within its bounds, and Washington Irving, who, in 1834, made a hunting trip here, describes most graphically the beauty and wealth of Oklahoma's natural endowments in his sketch, A Tour of the Prairies.

Some time early in the seventies the name of Oklahoma first appears, in political history, the occasion being the introduction in Congress of a bill to create a Territory out of a portion of the Indian Territory to be known as Oklahoma. The measure failed of passage, and for more than a decade little or nothing was heard of this country.

Then came the agitation started by Payne and Couch and kept up by their intrepid little band of boomers until, in March, 1889, in the dying hours of Congress, an amendment was tacked on the Indian appropriation bill providing for the opening to homestead settlement of the little area of land then known as Oklahoma, embracing less than 3,000,000 acres, now lying in the heart of a great Territory.

This land was opened on April 22, 1889, and then occurred the first great Oklahoma rush. The brief legislation opening the land provided no form of government, and for over a year the people of the Territory were a law unto themselves. The only government during this period was that created and maintained by common consent, yet there was no lawlessness or outlawry and property and life were adequately protected at all times.

In June, 1890, the Territorial government came into existence and by the same act of Congress the strip of country known as "No Man's Land," embracing 3,681,000 acres, was added as Beaver County. In September of the same year the 1,282,434 acres embraced in the Sauk and Fox, Iowa and Pottawatomi reservations in the eastern part of the Territory were opened to settlement, and the following spring came the 4,297,771 acres of Cheyenne and Arapaho land. September 16, 1893, the Cherokee Strip was

opened to settlement and the counties of Kay, Grant, Woods, Woodward, Garfield, Noble and Pawnee created from its 6,014,-239 acres of fertile land; in 1895 the Kickapoo Reservation of 206,662 acres was settled and the year following Greer County, which had been previous to that considered a portion of Texas, was given to the Territory by a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States.

All these, with the Kiowa, Comanche and Apache and Wichita Indian reservations just opened, give the Territory a settled area of 24,000,000 acres, 1,725,-646 acres still being included in Indian reservations.

This, in brief, is the story of the creation of Oklahoma Territory, but of the long struggles to secure the various enactments of Congress required to bring it about, of the successive great rushes of settlers to the country, of the struggles to build up here an ideal American commonwealth, and of the great measure of success attained, volumes might be written.

In the little more than a decade which has elapsed since the creation of the Territory the people have accomplished here more than any other community had ever accomplished in a quarter of a century. The story of the achievements of this people, whose progressiveness, energy, industry, and American citizenship have never been equaled, reads almost like a fairy tale, and the great and lasting results attained can only be realized by him who comes and views and ponders.

Looking back over the brief but eventful history of their Territory, recounting their struggles and triumphs, and complacently viewing their comfortable and prosperous surroundings, the people of Oklahoma are well satisfied with their present conditions and believe their future prospects are brighter and greater than those of any people on earth.

With an area a little greater than that of the State of Indiana, with a climate whose health-giving breezes are nowhere excelled, with an altitude invigorating and inspiring; geographically of the South, but politically of the North; with a mixture of Northern push and energy with Southern comfort and hospitality; with scenery of rugged mountain and valley, far-stretching prairie and wooded hill; with soil as fertile as the valley of the Nile; with rainfall and other climatic conditions favorable to the successful growing of all of the crops of the temperate zone, here is the ideal location for a home and the opportunity for agricultural and commercial enterprise.

And when to the natural advantages with which the Territory has been so richly endowed the people have added thriving cities, growing business enterprises, successful farms and orchards and vineyards, school houses and churches, colleges and universities, comfortable and permanent homes surrounded by all the social advantages of a purely American community, is it any wonder that they are envied by countless thousands with less favorable surroundings in the crowded communities of the other States? Is it strange that the railway trains are loaded with home seekers, whose destination is Oklahoma, and the wagon roads are constantly traversed with white-topped wagons loaded with families discouraged or disheartened at the adverse conditions in many older communities, and seeking the opportunities and advantages which all enjoy here in this new commonwealth?

To all who have come Oklahoma has extended a welcome hand, and to countless thousands who are weary of the ceaseless grind, the galling bond of conventionality and class and the overcrowding of all lines of business, professions and agriculture, she extends an invitation to come and participate in the freedom and prosperity and opportunities of the past, as well as the possibilities of a future whose limits seem boundless.

Had any man dared ten years ago to foretell for Oklahoma but a small portion of what is today a reality he would undoubtedly have been classed with Munchausen or adjudged a fit subject of restraint in some asylum for the insane.

And in view of what has been accomplished in these ten years in a new and untried land by a people who had little capital save their strong right arms and active brains, who dares predict for the future, now that the success of all lines of agriculture and business is assured, the lesson of experience has been learned, and not only people, but capital and wealth are coming and taking hold on every hand to make the future far eclipse the rapid progress of the past.

Here today is a growing, progressive American community of more than half a million people, successful in all lines of life work, with schools and colleges and universities beyond those of half the States; with a code of laws equal to those of any State; with a taxable wealth sufficient to carry on all of the functions and institutions of self-government without burdening the people.

Who, then, can give any good reason why all the rights and privileges of self-government should not be accorded these people?

Let him who disputes the claim of Oklahoma to a place in the galaxy of States carefully peruse the pages of this report as showing the past progress, present conditions, and future possibilities of the Territory, and he can not but be convinced, even against his will, of her right to Statehood.

With a population several times greater than that of any Territory ever admitted to Statehood and greater than that of thirteen different States of the Union at this time; with a taxable valuation greater than that of any State of the Union at its admission; with a school population almost double the average population of all of the States when granted self-government; with an area almost equal to that of the State of Ohio, and greater than that of thirteen other States; with a free school within easy distance of every home and a higher college or university education offered without price to all of the youth of the Territory, of whatever race or sex or condition; with well-governed cities and counties and laws enforced in every way; with a people 96 per cent American born and all loyal and patriotic citizens; with an annual production of 25,000,000 bushels of wheat, 60,000,000 bushels of corn, 150,000 bales of cotton, other agricultural products in proportion and herds that pass the million mark; with a financial record without a stain of default or repudiation; with a financial, commercial and business growth equaled by no other State or Territory, is not Oklahoma clearly entitled to admission to the sisterhood of States?

And if it be that the lawmakers of the nation decide that Oklahoma and Indian Territory shall be admitted only as one State, how much stronger is our claim for immediate recognition.

For the Indian Territory has a population almost equal to that of Oklahoma, and, combined, the State would have a population exceeding a million, or about eighteen times the average population of the States of Vermont, Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, Louisiana, Indiana, Mississippi, Illinois, Alabama, Missouri, Arkansas, Michigan, Florida, Iowa, Wisconsin, California, Minnesota, Oregon, Kansas, Nevada, Nebraska, or Colorado when admitted as States.

It is claimed by many that the conditions are not right in the Indian Territory for Statehood, and it is true that there are conditions there which present a serious problem for the future, but they can be worked out as well, or even better, under State government.

True, there is no land to tax at present, but the time is rapidly coming when there will be, and, as shown elsewhere in this report, a careful and very conservative estimate of the property there that would be taxable before Statehood could be fully completed were an enabling act passed this winter $25,000,000, which is greater than the taxable valuation of the States of Arkansas, Florida, Iowa, California, Oregon, or Kansas at the time of their admission, and 25 per cent greater than the taxable valuation of Oklahoma five years after its organization as a Territory.

And we find there prosperous cities and towns, rapidly increasing agricultural and mineral development, and a people fully capable of assuming the responsibilities and privileges of Statehood.

In view of all these facts, and of the many more convincing arguments to be deducted from the statistics and information upon every subject which follow in this report, it seems to me that no reasonable objection can be made to the immediate creation of a State either of Oklahoma alone or of Oklahoma and Indian Territories combined.

Oklahoma Territory lies between the thirty-fourth and thirty-seventh parallels north latitude and mostly between 96 degrees 30 minutes and 100 degrees west longitude. Its location north and south coincides with that of Tennessee; east and west with central Kansas and Texas.

The Frisco System Cowboy Band, of Mulhall, O. T.

In general the surface is rolling prairie, with timber-skirted streams throughout, some considerable timber area in the east, rough hills in the central west, and rugged mountains in the southwest.

The climate is healthful, the rainfall

sufficient for agriculture and horticulture, the whole area well watered with streams, and good water found throughout the Territory at a depth ranging from 20 to 100 feet.

Many misinformed people in the States look upon Oklahoma as the home of the savage and scene of outlawry and barbarism, when nothing can be further from the truth. The people of the Territory, as a rule, are intelligent, cultivated and educated to a degree beyond those of the majority of the older communities. Social life has much the same aspects as in the States, and yet there is a difference; for there are no distinctions of caste or class to be found here.

Oklahoma has been settled by a remarkably strong, self-reliant, and energetic people—the more active and enterprising element from all the States—who brought with them neither "purse nor scrip," settled upon homesteads of 160 acres, each man relying upon his own resources, often consisting of but a strong right arm and an intelligent mind, to build for himself a home surrounded by the comforts and privileges of a civilized life.

Our progress has been phenomenal, and the wisdom of the homestead law, which encourages the citizen to own his own home and successfully employ his own labor, has been fully demonstrated here.

We have here a thoroughly democratic community, where all have equal opportunities for advancement and preferment, and where all are prosperous. We have neither any very rich nor any pauper class, and the homes of all our people are reasonably supplied with the comforts of life.

Every community has its churches, schools, and social, political, and fraternal organizations, and our cities and towns have the lecture and the theater and practically all the privileges of the older States.

The population of Oklahoma Territory in 1900, as given by the United States Census Bureau, was 398,331, as compared with the population in 1890 of 61,834, representing an increase during the decade of 336,497, or 544.2 per cent. No other State or Territory in the Union ever made so great a percentage of gain in population in ten years. The population of Oklahoma in 1900 is more than six times as large as it was in 1890. The total land surface of the Territory is 38,830 miles. The average number of persons to the square mile at the census of 1890 and 1900 being as follows: 1890, 1.6; 1900, 10.3. No other Territory has ever been able to show so dense a population. A large number of Western States contain a much smaller average population to the square mile. I give below the population of each county for 1900 and also 1890, as far as it is possible so to give:

Counties.	1900.	1890.
Beaver	3,051	2,674
Blaine	10,658	.....
Canadian	15,981	7,158
Cleveland	16,388	6,605
Custer	12,264	.....
Day	2,173	.....
Dewey	8,819	.....
Garfield	22,076	.....
Grant	17,273	.....
Greer	17,922	5,338
Kay	22,530	.....
Kingfisher	18,501	8,332
Lincoln	27,007	.....
Logan	26,563	12,770
Noble	14,015	.....
Oklahoma	25,915	11,742
Pawnee	12,366	.....
Payne	20,909	7,215
Pottawatomie	26,412	.....
Roger Mills	6,190	.....
Washita	15,001	.....
Woods	34,975	.....
Woodward	7,469	.....
Kaw Indian Reservation	768	.....
Kiowa, Comanche and Apache Indian Reservation	4,968	.....
Osage Indian Reservation	6,717	.....
Wichita Indian Reservation	1,420	.....
Total	398,331	61,834

While the growth of Oklahoma in the past has been most phenomenal I believe that the increase of population will be still more rapid in the future. The fact that almost a million and a quarter acres of land were filed upon for homesteads in the various organized counties of the Territory during the past year would indicate an increase in population, by the taking of these homestead lands, of from

35,000 to 40,000, and the growth of the cities and towns and of rural communities—as well as in the localities where there was no homestead land—in addition to these, would indicate an increase over the figures of the 1900 census sufficient to make the population of the Territory at this time fully 460,000, and the opening of a large area of Indian land to settlement within the next sixty days will bring another great influx of people, carrying the aggregate population of the Territory to a point in excess of half a million inside of ninety days.

The people of Oklahoma are cosmopolitan, coming from every section of the nation, and a few from foreign lands. They are energetic, progressive and industrious to an extent that has caused them to build up in the space of a decade a commonwealth which has never been equaled for progress anywhere in the history of the world. They are distinctively American, with less than 5 per cent of foreign birth, and with a per cent of illiteracy less than that of three-fourths of the States in the Union. They are hospitable and open-hearted, patriotic and loyal, not only to the nation, but to their own rising young commonwealth, which every man, woman and child resident therein believes to be superior to any other under similar conditions, and a coming State which shall be equaled by few and eclipsed by none.

The total valuation of all property of the Territory as returned for taxation in 1901 was $60,464,696, an increase of $11,126,035 over 1900. Of this amount $4,538,375 was railway property, $17,279,809 farm lands, $8,062,567 town property, $2,552,932 moneys and credits, and $28,631,013 other personal property.

Farm lands were returned at an average of $3.45 per acre, cattle at $12.58, horses at $17.14, sheep at $1.30, and hogs at $2.46, which shows that property is returned at a very small part of its real value.

The taxes in any new country where there are so many things to be inaugurated are apt to be somewhat higher than in old settled communities, but the Territorial tax of Oklahoma has been an exception to this rule, having always been less than the State taxes of most of the States. The Territorial tax levy for 1901 is 7 1-2 mills, divided as follows:

Territorial Tax Levy 1901.	Mills.
General fund	3.
University support	0.5
University building	.7
University preparatory school	.2
Normal, Edmond, support	.5
Normal, Alva, support	.5
Alva normal building	.25
Agricultural and Mechanical College support.	.1
Agricultural and Mechanical College building	.3
Agricultural and Normal University support.	.1
Agricultural and Normal University building	.3
Southwest Normal building	.4
Deaf and Dumb Institute	.4
Bond interest	.25
Total	7.5

This is an increase of 2.35 mills over last year's rate, the increase being wholly for the erection and payment of buildings for the various educational institutions.

The amount of tax for Territorial purposes this levy will produce in the various counties of the Territories is as follows:

Beaver	$12,105.59
Blaine	7,470.73
Canadian	37,284.21
Cleveland	16,331.42
Custer	12,388.02
Day	3,584.34
Dewey	6,080.44
Garfield	23,293.50
Grant	20,442.15
Greer	25,223.24
Kay	27,207.23
Kingfisher	24,462.79
Lincoln	19,699.35
Logan	35,198.11
Noble	15,224.57
Oklahoma	35,536.00
Pawnee	16,165.03
Payne	24,117.30
Pottawatomie	22,133.06
Roger Mills	6,852.84
Washita	10,749.80
Woods	36,361.51
Woodward	15,593.36
Total	$453,485.09

Owing to the fact that no taxes whatever were collected the first two years after the Territory's settlement, the local taxes in some of the communities were excessively high for a year or two, but

every county and city, and almost every school district, is now on a cash basis and the taxes are no higher than in any active, progressive community. While in some instances the tax rate at first glance would seem to be high, when it is taken into consideration that both real and personal property is listed at about one-third its actual value, it will be seen that the rate was comparatively a very moderate one. It is a significant fact that the tax rate in the majority of the counties of the Territory had been reduced the past year.

The total Territorial indebtedness of Oklahoma on June 30, 1901, was $466,220.13, or about $1 per capita. Of this indebtedness $48,000 is in bonds issued for educational purposes in the first year of the Territory's history. The balance is in warrant indebtedness accumulating by a casual deficit each year, and mostly caused by the failure to realize sufficient from the general-fund levy of 3 mills to meet the warrants authorized to be drawn upon that fund. This does not include the indebtedness incurred in the erection of the Northwestern Normal School, amounting, with interest, to a little over $100,000, and provision for the payment of which was made at the last session of the legislature by the levying of a special tax. All this indebtedness bears 6 per cent interest, but it could be funded into long-time bonds at a very much lower rate. This procedure would, I believe, be advisable and of great benefit to the Territory, in that the annual interest charge would be greatly reduced and all of the Territorial business be put on a cash basis.

The present Territorial revenues are adequate to meet all expenditures, and the rapid growth of taxable wealth would make it easy to accumulate a sinking fund to take up the bonds when due.

"A child, more than all other gifts
That earth can offer to declining man,
Brings hope with it, and forward looking
thoughts."

The public school system of Oklahoma is at once the pride and glory of the rising Commonwealth. Its remarkable development has kept pace with the phenomenal material progress of the growing State.

Legendo recounts that that Athene sprang, fully armed, from the brain of Zeus; so our public school system seems to have sprung into existence fully developed.

One of the first acts of the legislative assembly a decade ago was to enact comprehensive laws for the establishment and support of a public-school system. Indeed, the organic act passed by the General Government appropriated $50,000 to assist in establishing public schools, most of which was expended in teachers' salaries.

At first the township was the unit of organization; later it was displaced by the district system. Today the public-school system embraces rural, town, and city systems, together with higher educational institutions, including a university, agricultural college, and normal schools.

In each county there is a county superintendent, elected every two years, whose duty it is to see that the school laws are enforced in the counties, to visit and inspect the schools, to hold public gatherings, to encourage education, and to make full and complete reports of educational conditions and progress. There is also a Territorial superintendent, appointed by the governor, who has general supervision and management of the schools, under such limitations and restrictions as the law may prescribe.

The general educational policy of the Territory is molded by the Territorial board of education, consisting of the Territorial superintendent, the president of the university, the president of the normal school located at Edmond, and one city superintendent and one county superintendent appointed by the gov-

ernor. This board grants Territorial certificates and diplomas, certificates to instructors and conductors of normal institutes, and prepares the questions for Territorial, county, and city teachers' examinations.

Some years ago the Territorial board outlined a graded course of study for the rural schools, which has since been put in active operation by the various county superintendents. This course of study graduates into the high schools and the preparatory departments of the higher institutions of learning. Last year over 700 students took the examination; about 312 passed. Since the system was inaugurated some 1,332 pupils have graduated. Our cities have first-class graded schools, equal in efficiency to those of cities of corresponding size in older States. Laws authorizing township and county high schools are upon the statutes. So far none have been organized. It is hoped that every county will organize a county high school at an early date. A few comparative statistics will show the rapid growth of the public school system. In 1891 there were 9,395 pupils enumerated; in 1900, 114,737. In 1891 there were 438 teachers employed; in 1900, 2,343. In 1891 the estimated value of school property was $12,085; in 1900, $760,972. In 1891 there were 109 schoolhouses; in 1900, 1,930. In 1891 there were 358 school districts sustaining schools; in 1900, 2,096. In 1891 the amount received for school purposes was $44,664, while in 1900, $774,176 was received. These statistics are based upon the 1900 report, as the 1901 report will not be due until October 1.

In Oklahoma the district-school system prevails. The district school is managed by a school board consisting of a director, clerk, and treasurer, each of whom holds his office for a period of three years. The district board has charge of the schoolhouse, of the finance of the district, employment of teachers, provides the necessary apparatus, doing all those things which will promote the interest and efficiency of the school. In July each year there is an annual meeting in each district at which a member of the school board is regularly elected, the length of school term determined, and the amount of annual tax voted.

The qualifications for teachers are similar to those required by the States. Examinations for applicants to teach in the rural schools are held quarterly under the direction of the county examining board, consisting of the county superintendent and two associate examiners appointed by the county commissioners. Three grades of county certificates are issued—first, second, and third grades. The first grade is good for three years, the second for two years, and the third for one year. Under certain conditions temporary certificates are sometimes issued. A normal institute lasting from three to six weeks is held in each county annually. A three-years' graded course of study has been outlined by the Territorial board of education and introduced by the country superintendents. Graduates of this course of study are given normal-institute diplomas. Teachers who hold first-grade certificates, normal-institute diplomas, and two teachers' reading-circle certificates are granted high-class professional certificates by the county examining boards.

The average length of school term last year was four and one-half months. In Pawnee County the average length of term was six and one-half months. As the wealth of the people gradually accumulates the length of the term increases. Throughout Oklahoma a system of separate schools has been planned and is now maintained. The advantages of the races are, however, identical. Our schools are free, and a uniform system of text-books has been used for ten years.

In each county there is a teachers' association, which usually meets monthly.

At these meetings educational topics are discussed by the teachers and patrons of the schools. There is also a Territorial teachers' association which meets annually, usually during the Christmas holidays, at some central point.

"Books are the negative pictures of thought and the more sensitive the mind that receives their images the more nicely the finest lines are produced."

The legislature, by enactment, has made provision for a library in every school district. Each year a stipulated sum is set aside to increase the library. Very many of the districts are accumulating a list of most excellent books for general reference and for literary study. The county examining boards recommend a list of suitable books and the district boards and teachers make selections therefrom. In each county there are also teachers' and students' reading circles. Pedagogical and general culture books are recommended by the Territorial board, which the teachers study.

Oklahoma has looked well to her schools. Foreigners who are contemplating moving into Oklahoma will find that the system now in vogue is equal to the best system in the land.

Our people are enthusiastic and our teachers ambitious to lay well the foundation for a great public school system and build thereon a magnificent superstructure worthy of a great State. Without hesitation I commend its efficiency and completeness.

HOBART, OKLAHOMA.

Hobart is the county seat of Kiowa County, the best and most productive county in the new country. It has a population of 4,000 inhabitants, and only 13 months since it was a cattle pasture, and today it is farther advanced in everything that tends to make it double its population within the next few years than many cities that have been in existence for the past fifty years. It has the wealth, location and soil and men of energy and push to make it the metropolis of the new southwest in the next few years. Today we have two railroads, the St. Louis and San Francisco, and the Rock Island, and a good prospect for two more. We also have graded streets, one electric light plant, one ice plant, two large cotton gins now running. Wagoner & Co. are now constructing one of the largest cotton seed oil mills here that are in the South, at a cost of $150,000. Among the other large buildings in the course of construction is a 250-barrel capacity flouring mill and two grain elevators. We have two graded schools also building, and are now constructing the third building at a cost of twenty thousand dollars. We have now nine church organizations, and five of them have good church buildings. All the leading fraternal orders are represented here. We also have several wholesale houses carrying different lines of goods, and almost every other line of business that goes in the make up of a good substantial city.

KIOWA COUNTY.

This is one of the three new counties that was opened for settlement by the lottery plan on the 6th day of August, 1901, and is the best part of the famous Kiowa, Comanche and Apache Indian reservation, known as the cream of all lands formerly owned by the Red Man. This county is bounded by the Washita River on the northeast, and by the Red River on the west and the two Elk Rivers, which are ever running rivers, being fed by springs running from north to south through the center of our county. The new settlers are of the better class, coming from every State in the Union, and are thrifty, industrious, church-going, law-abiding citizens.

Those who have tested the adaptability of the soil in the past season affirm that the soil of Kiowa and adjoining counties will yield bountifully of the following cereals. Corn, wheat, oats, Kaffir corn,

broom corn and cotton, and among the grasses grown here are millet, Hungarian cane and alfalfa, and the writer believes that as our land is put in cultivation this will prove to be one of the greatest alfalfa growing countries in the west, as we have any amount of sub-irrigated land, and at one of our missions, south of Hobart, that has been running for ten years, on high land they are now harvesting two good crops per season. We also have the native grass, that is harvested in abundance for such stock as does not run on pasture.

This is eminently a fruit country. Oklahoma fruits, such as peaches, apples, apricots, cherries and grapes, are known the world over for their size and fine flavor. Grapes never fail and are next to the California grape in quality and flavor. No country can produce a greater and more perfect variety of apples. Peaches are another crop that never fails in this part of Oklahoma.

All kinds of vegetables can be grown here to perfection by proper planting and cultivating. Potatoes and cabbage are as fine in quality as the Michigan grown. The melon crops here are equal to the Georgia grown. The writer observed on the streets of Hobart today a wagon load of 54 watermelons that averaged 84 pounds to the melon. This is the home of the sweet potato, and the flavor will surpass the New Jersey variety that has the wide world's name of "Perfection."

The climate is pleasant, ranging in temperature between the extreme heat of the South and the rigid cold of the North. The winters are mild and short, enabling stock to live on the native grasses. The days are warm here in summer, but the nights are cool. This climate should be a guarantee that this section is a healthful home for the prudent and wise liver. The elevation is 1,545 feet above sea level. From the government records of the past the average rain fall was from 1880 to 1889 33.66 inches per annum. The air is pure and a health-builder for the invalid.

This is the home of cattle and hogs. As the writer has stated before, this is the cattle man's paradise of the past, and many have made fortunes on leased lands for grazing. The winters are mild and short, enabling stock to live and do well on grass through the winter. Besides this the farmer has his large wheat fields to pasture his stock on in winter, and they will grow fat on the same.

Hogs are healthy in this climate, and the writer predicts, after having 25 years' experience in the stock business, that this new country will prove to be one of the greatest hog and alfalfa growing countries in the West. One has only to go six miles north of us, to Washita County which has been settled 12 years, also to Greer County, 12 miles west of us, to prove the above statements.

To the miner or investor, Kiowa County presents an inviting field. It is well known that the range of mountains running diagonally through the south part of the county, is rich in precious metals, as recent developments have conclusively shown. Mining companies have chartered and pay ore has been struck at a very shallow depth. The assays prove the richness that can not be doubted, and will undoubtedly increase in value at a greater depth. Oil and asphaltum have been discovered at many points, and the writer predicts that it will only be a few years until our mills and factories will be running with oil for fuel, as at the present time we have greater prospects for oil than they did at the celebrated Beaumont gushers a few years since.

The timber in Kiowa County is confined mostly to the water courses of the lower bottom lands. Prairie fires have no doubt been the main destructive forces against the growth of timber over all the prairie country, but along the water courses the timber consists of pecan, walnut, oak,

hickory, hackberry, elm, cottonwood and mesquite.

CHANDLER.

Chandler (population 3,500) is the county seat and largest town in Lincoln County (population 30,000), and is the largest local cotton market in Oklahoma. In 1901 it shipped 14,500 bales of cotton, which yielded more than $600,000 to the farmers. The cotton seed from the same crop amounted to 8,000 tons and found a ready sale in Chandler at the big cottonseed oil mill, yielding $140,000 more to the cotton grower. Do not lose sight of the fact that less than one-half of the Lincoln County crop was marketed in Chandler. This is but one of the many crops that are successfully and profitably grown here. In season cantaloupes and peaches and other fruit are shipped by the car, and the success of this fruit industry is established beyond question. Chandler ranks well as a market for live stock and for all kinds of grain and produce. It has the largest and most successful pressed brick plant in Oklahoma, with an output of three cars per day. It has three cotton gins, two mills, and many smaller industries. Numerous fine buildings have been erected by private enterprise, and the city has two fine brick school houses, costing $16,000, and numerous churches. Among the many conveniences may be mentioned the system of water works, owned by the city, a good telephone exchange and numerous long-distance lines. The business men of Chandler are enterprising and energetic, and its banking and other institutions are solid and reliable. Besides the Frisco, the Rock Island Railroad also runs through Chandler. Business in all lines is rapidly increasing in volume, and it is apparent that Chandler is destined to be one of the leading cities of Oklahoma. At this time exceptional opportunities are offered for profitable investments, either in business lines or in farm property. Chandler has an ice plant, 15 tons daily capacity, and a steam laundry, electric light plant and canning factory are to be established in the near future.

LAWTON.

Lawton, the "magic city of mountain and plain", is situated on a beautiful elevation overlooking the Cache Creek Valley with the magnificent Wichita Mountains in the background. It is three miles south of Ft. Sill, the famous military reservation, and six miles from the mountain. It was founded Aug. 6, 1901. The townsite, comprising a half section of land, sold at public auction for $414,000, $130,000 of which goes to the city for municipal improvements and the remainder to the county to erect court house, build roads, bridges, etc. Four hundred acres of land have since been platted for townsite purposes, adjoining the city.

March, 1902, the population of Lawton, according to the assessor's returns, was 7,082. Lawton has two railroads, five banks which have on deposit more than six hundred thousand dollars, a splendid system of graded schools, nine church congregations with six church edifices, some of them costing as much as five thousand dollars, electric light, a fine system of water works and sewerage. The property of the municipality will soon be in course of construction. Lawton is the seat of the U. S. Land Office, U. S. court, near the center of a large agricultural country and a good flow of gas, also many evidences of oil and valuable mineral have been discovered. Lawton is the largest city in southwestern Oklahoma, the Indian Territory or northwest Texas. It is well situated geographically to become a manufacturing and distributing point of importance and if the stories of gold, silver and copper in the Wichita Mountains prove to be true, some of the hundreds of prospectors will be richly rewarded and Lawton will become the largest city in Oklahoma.

The Lawton Commercial Club is a wide

awake aggregation, and the secretary will take pleasure in answering your questions and giving any information relative to this wonderful young city and unopened Comanche country.

This city is known as the metropolis of the "New Country", which is that portion of Oklahoma Territory opened for settlement August 6, 1901. The district so designated is composed of Comanche, Kiowa and Caddo counties. Lawton is situated in Comanche county, one of the largest in the Territory. It is one of the three cities of the first-class in Oklahoma, the other two being Oklahoma City and Guthrie.

The growth of Lawton has been marvelous. Fourteen months ago the townsite as well as the surrounding country was bare prairie. Nine months later, when the census was taken, the city's population numbered eight thousand. A steady and sturdy growth continues. There is every evidence to warrant the hope of a great city in the near future.

The professions, industries and trades are all flourishing. An electric light plant has been in operation since July 1, giving excellent service to both business and resident portions of the city.

There are several brick-yards which furnish an excellent article for building purposes, and a plant is now started to make vitrified brick from a shale found west of town which produces the very finest quality for paving.

The native stone is beautiful and durable. There is also a red granite which takes a very high polish. All the buildings at Ft. Sill are of Comanche County stone. Also many of Lawton's substantial structures are of this material.

Lawton already boasts a number of manufacturing plants, a cold storage house, a cotton gin, and many other industrial enterprises.

Many of the churches have built their own houses of worship, and the schools are such as would be a credit to a much more mature city. The most substantial business men have interested themselves in the public schools, with the result that teachers and educators have been employed who are second to none. Many of them have come from the larger cities of the country, where they had put in years of faithful work along the same line.

The liberal provision made for the public schools of Oklahoma by the laws of the Territory results in the best of educational privileges. At present there are three school buildings, and more room must be found at once. Three new additions, comprising four hundred acres, are now asking for admittance to the city.

We have four excellent daily newspapers, each on a sound financial basis, and each well patronized.

The post-office receipts are sufficiently large to warrant free mail delivery, which will soon be an accomplished fact.

Lawton has not the appearance of a "new" town. There are several excellent hotels, and very many handsome and commodious buildings have been erected.

In driving over Comanche County, it scarcely seems possible that it can be a part of what was once known as "The Great American Desert." It is certainly a striking example of the "desert blossoming as the rose." Substantial farmhouses and barns together with cultivated fields give the country the appearance of having been inhabited for years. The copious rains have enabled the farmers to do well in even this first year and the "new country" is fairly on the way to prosperity.

Every variety of fruit does well here, and all the cereals have produced excellent crops. Experimental farming at the Indian School indicates that the soil and climate of this country are especially adapted to the growth of wheat, oats and cotton.

Farms are held at prices ranging from one thousand to thirty-five hundred dollars. One farmer south of town has a

twelve hundred dollar house and a fifteen hundred dollar barn on his quarter section. The hard times wail of most newly-settled countries is here conspicuous by its absence.

Beginning with October, the land-office in Lawton will be a decidedly busy place, as the farmers will at that time begin to prove up on their lands.

At present the oil and mining interests of the county are attracting much attention. Oil wells have been sunk near Lawton, and the interest is being pushed and outside capital invested in order to develop the field. Miners are busily at work in the Wichita Mountains and claim to have found ore in paying quantities.

Of the natural beauties and social privileges of Lawton and Comanche County much could be said. The roads are excellent and many bridges are being built, so that driving is one of the favorite diversions. The Wichita Mountains, twelve miles from Lawton, form an objective point for many pleasure seekers. The scenery is most varied and picturesque.

The Comanche and Apache Blanket Indians are of much interest to tourists. They cling to their bright colors, and retain many of their tribal customs, in spite of the industrial training their children receive in the Indian School near Lawton. They seldom cultivate their land, but rent to the white men. The Comanches are also quite a source of revenue to the city, as each one draws about one hundred dollars per year from the government, and they number about two thousand.

Ft. Sill is about five miles from Lawton and is a place of much interest. It is one of the old frontier posts, and has of late been much enlarged and improved.

Lawton people count the coming of the Frisco as the most fortunate event in the history of their city. It gives them a direct route to Kansas City, St. Louis, Memphis and Birmingham. It is also the shortest line to any of these points. It furnishes accommodations equaled by no other road. The wise officials who govern the policy of this road are determined that it shall be thoroughly "up-to-date" in every particular. Wherever its track is laid, cities spring into existence. Already, since this great system entered Comanche County, twelve towns have started into being along its right of way.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Sometimes it is his lie-abilities that increase a man's assets.

* * *

Any small boy in his first pair of trousers feels sorry for his mother.

* * *

The skin-deep beauty of the rhinoceros isn't calculated to make him vain.

* * *

When it comes to the final show down it is the undertaker who lays the champion pugilist out.

UNNECESSARY.

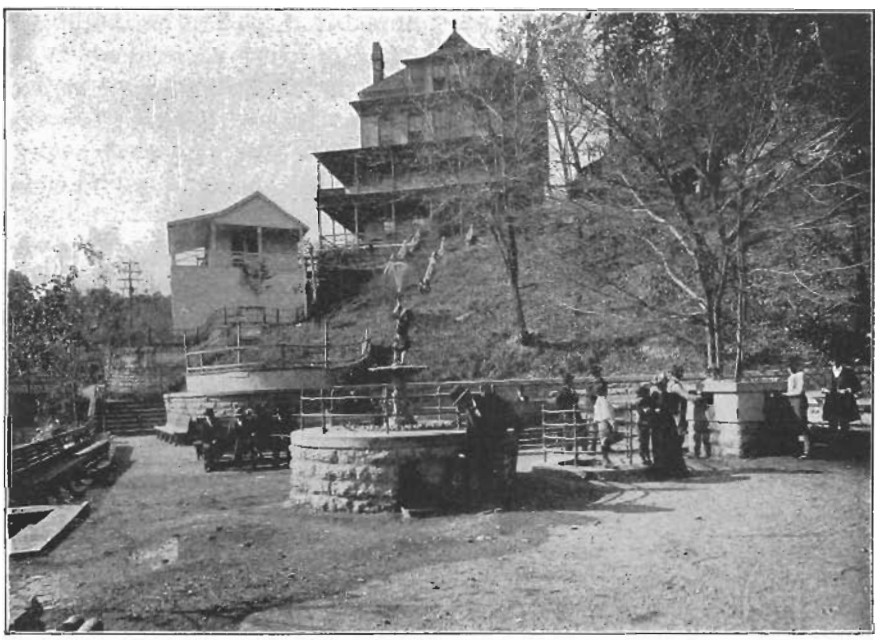
Men are apt to fret and worry,
But what's the use?
When too late they always hurry,
But what's the use?
Just to keep business boomin'
Men do lots of things inhuman—
Even argue with a woman.
But what's the use?

EUREKA SPRINGS AS A RESORT.

BY MISS F. E. PERKINS.

To close the eyes on the smokes of the city and open them among the hills, this is what the Frisco System makes possible to the dweller in St. Louis or Kansas City. On all other sides surrounded by almost limitless prairies, in this direction there is an easy escape to the uplands, where the eye rests with relief upon a broken sky-line. Hither, too, comes the man from Texas, Alabama, Mississippi or Louisiana on a similar errand.

Follow any path, and it will lead you to one of the springs for which this region is famed. Clear, cool, health-giving water it is, with medicinal properties but no unpleasant medicinal taste. The Basin spring is the most central, and is the daily resort of all the seekers after health and most of the seekers after pleasure, to whom it affords an excuse for a pleasant little stroll down the main street of the town, a stroll which usually ends in the purchase of souvenirs in some one of the many attractive stores. Within easy reach are the Harding spring, the Sweet spring, the Crescent spring and the Grotto springs, the latter a particular favorite with the amateur photographer. Further off, but still within walking distance, are the Magnetic spring, Oil spring, Moss spring and many others.



Basin Spring.

The approach to Eureka Springs is a gradual preparation for the romantic beauty of the resort itself. One's first impression of Eureka Springs is of a town on end. Houses one story high in front may be three or four stories in the rear. An electric car which winds in and out around the hills is a welcome sight to the tired climber. Conspicuous from every point the Crescent Hotel lifts its white walls and shows its crescent moon, the highest point of the town.

To get a good general idea of the plan of the town one has only to take the elevator in the Crescent Hotel and be carried to the

tower. There such a panorama is spread out as is not often seen. A valley stretching north and south diverges into two and is intersected by half a dozen lesser valleys. In and out winds the electric car, climbing the mountain on which we stand. The Basin spring, with the surrounding buildings forming the nucleus of the town, lies to the southwest. To the southeast is the railway station, completely hidden by the trees.

For one who loves nature with a constant affection there is no need for amusement other than the free life of out of doors affords. But some of us are more fickle. We love nature, too, but there are other things we love, and above all we crave variety. All kinds of people can find their favorite amusement at Eureka Springs. Tennis courts are provided in the beautiful grounds of the Crescent Hotel. Black bass, perch and other fish are found in White and King's rivers, and there is abundance of game for the sportsman. For those who do not care to go so far afield there is the bowling alley, a favorite resort for all ages. Weekly dances are given at the Crescent Hotel and occasional dances at the smaller houses.

But the thing in which Eureka Spring easily leads its rivals is in the facilities it affords for horseback riding. The stables are good and are adapted to the wants of those unaccustomed to riding as well as to the experienced. At this season of the year the sumac has turned and the woods are glorious. The list of attractions to be visited is a long one and includes Silver Lake, the Goat Ranch and Blue Springs, the latter at a distance of nine miles, the others three and five miles respectively. There are caves to be explored and nuts to be gathered. There are precipitous places to be climbed and there are woody paths in which to walk the horse and drink in the odor of the pines. To many of the points of interest it is possible to take a carriage or a tallyho. Others there are, like Pivot Rock, a miniature of the famous Balance Rock of the Garden of the Gods, which are to be reached only by a horseman.

While the tide of pleasure seekers at Eureka Springs rises to its height during the summer and early fall, every season of the year has its peculiar charms, and the hotels and boarding houses keep open all the year round, the glorious climate insuring patronage. To those who have never journeyed in this direction, and who believe and teach that there is nothing worth a journey between the Catskills and the Rockies, should visit Eureka Springs and see with their own eyes its picturesqueness and be invigorated by its healthful waters.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Patience is a great virtue but a fellow loses a whole lot of time if he cultivates it too closely.

* * *

The young man who recently had his broken neck mended in a Philadelphia hospital may yet live to regret it.

* * *

Her lips were a luscious red
Her eyes a sparkling black
And all hands fell dead
When she bet a blue stack.

* * *

Laundrymen should make good farmers because they too make their living out of the soil.

* * *

A cynic is a man whose disappointment is due to the fact that the world was made without his advice.

* * *

A great deal of the charity that begins at home is too weak-kneed to reach the next neighbor's door.

* * *

If it is true that the good die young it is up to the oldest inhabitant to offer an explanation.

* * *

It sometimes happens that a man puts both money and confidence in a bank—and later draws out his confidence.

FRISCO SYSTEM POINTERS.

Small Items, but Interesting—Read Them—They Will Do You Good.

It is estimated that there is coal enough in the Warrior coal fields of Alabama to last 10,275 years if mined at the rate of 10,000 tons per day. Does the reader realize all that this means? If he does he can look forward with a prophetic eye to future possibilities for that section. That immense coal field has an area of 7,810 square miles, every square mile of which is tributary to Birmingham and to the Frisco System, as the Frisco crosses this field almost in its center. There are other coal fields near Birmingham, but the Warrior field has no rival.

At Birmingham, Alabama, conditions are nearly ideal for a great manufacturing center. In this vicinity are found exhaustless fields of coal, mountains of iron and vast forests of timber, and all in a climate that is at once healthful and mild. This city is having a good growth at present and is adding productive enterprises all the time, but if its advantages were more generally understood its growth would be much more rapid.

Texas has the constitutional privilege of dividing into five states, a privilege which has been granted to no other state. However, no man has yet been found with the hardihood to seriously advocate the division of the state. Texas is large, but her citizens are large minded, and to a man they are proud of the very bigness of the state, and would vigorously oppose any effort to take from her any of the glory of being so large and so great.

Indian Territory continues to develop, notwithstanding the many vexatious delays that have come up to postpone the day of white ownership of land. The great cattle ranches are fast becoming things of the past, and are giving way to corn, cotton and wheat fields, even though the cultivators must lease of and pay tribute to the Indian and negro citizens. Soon the gates will be thrown open to white citizens, and whites will own their own farms and make valuable permanent improvements thereon. Then will Indian Territory blossom as the rose, and then will development take on a phase that has been impossible as yet.

Arkansas has surprised the country repeatedly of late years. It was a surprise to the world when fortunes were made out of the pearl fisheries of Black river. It was a surprise when it was learned that lead and zinc were to be found in endless quantities in the hills of north Arkansas. It was a surprise to learn that the heaviest forests of pine and hard wood timber were to be found within her borders. It was a surprise to learn that the heretofore neglected overflow districts of northeastern Arkansas could hardly be equaled for cotton production. It was a surprise when Arkansas came to the front with anthracite coal nearly equal to that of Pennsylvania, during the late disastrous strike. It was a surprise to visitors at Ft. Smith and other points to see smokeless coal running large factories. It was a surprise to many to see sparkling streams and pure springs so common in many parts of the state. It was a surprise to learn that Arkansas offered so many inducements for investors and home seekers, and it may be said that she has still further surprises in store for those who do not know her at all, or but slightly.

The Angora goat has come to the Ozark mountain region to stay. The goat industry is not a fad or a passing fancy, for it has been demonstrated that this is the animal for our tree-covered hills. The Angora will aid the fruit grower and the farmer in clearing such land as is suitable for orchard and farm, and will reserve for himself such tracts as are too rough for either, for he delights in hills. Under the intelligent su-

pervision of man, the Angora will clear the way for farms and orchards by his industrious habits.

More commercial orchards are now being planted or arranged for in Southwest Missouri and Northwest Arkansas than ever before dreamed of. Now that it has been demonstrated that there is a good market for all the apples we can raise, there is no longer any hesitation in putting labor and money into orchards, and thousands are going into commercial orcharding as a business. As yet good fruit land can be bought at prices that make them attractive investments for capitalists as well as offering the poor man an opportunity to secure a home and a foothold in the world.

The Southeast must not be overlooked by northern people who are seeking a change of location. Those gray-haired men who marched with Sherman "From Atlanta to the sea" would recognize but few familiar scenes were they to now take the trip from Atlanta to Savannah. The whole south is being revolutionized and rejuvenated. The natural resources of the country are being developed; manufactories are being removed from New England and planted in the south; farms are being improved and mines operated as never before. With such opportunities as the south offers, why is it that people continue going to the bleak and inhospitable northwest? The south extends a kindly greeting to all.

The Frisco System is so big now that all kinds of good country can be found along its various lines. Pick out the kind of country you want, and you can find it through the immigration department of the Frisco.

Dykes and drainage are making the overflow land of Northeastern Arkansas one of the most productive and reliable spots on earth, and also making it a good place for a permanent home.

Northern Mississippi offers a good field for northern farmers who know how to use fertilizers and otherwise reclaim land that has been worn too much for its own good. The opening is good and worthy of investigation.

Black Rock, Arkansas, is a good town, and is noted for its pearl industry, the pearls being taken from the fresh water mussels that abound in Black river. There is also growing up there a big industry in the manufacture of buttons and ornaments from mussel shells.

Osceola, Arkansas, is a "hummer" for a town of its size, and is having a growth that is most pleasing to those especially interested in it. Quite a good many Iowa people are coming in and buying the rich land of Mississippi county, and some of these days you will hear of record-breaking crops of corn and hay, where cotton is the main product now.

Tupelo, Mississippi, is one of the growing towns of the state, and is surrounded by a fine country. This town is now a cotton center, having one of the most complete cotton mills in the state, and also an up-to-date cotton seed oil mill.

If it is true that fish are the best brain food, Tupelo, Mississippi, should produce the brainiest lot of people that can be found, for Uncle Sam is establishing a fish hatchery there, and the citizens have already made a large artificial lake that is stocked with all kinds of fish.

No section of our country offers better inducements for the location of manufacturing establishments than Birmingham, Alabama. This is especially true of all products in which iron forms an important part. It may also be noted that the citizens of Birmingham are not the kind that "sleep on their rights," but are actively at work bringing in new enterprises.

The Grandin fruit farm at Hunter, Missouri, on the Current River division, is worth a considerable trip to see. The orchards on this farm show what intelligent care and culture will do for fruit raising in the Ozark hills. Nothing will pay better.

Why don't more people in the Ozark mountain region invest in Angora goats? These animals are money-makers from start to finish. They play an important part in clearing land, are hardy, easily handled and yield two crops a year. They will thrive on land that is too hilly and rocky for cultivation, and in fact our Ozark region should be full of them.

Autumn in the Ozarks is a season that has its share of attractions. The climate is nearly perfect, and the foliage of trees presents a scene that words are not able to describe.

The Southeastern states were neglected for many years by northern immigration, but such is not the case now. It is true that there is not the rush there that is sometimes seen in the West, but every year adds a fair increase of population from the states further north. Our northern people have discovered that these states offer superior advantages in many respects in addition to the decided advantages of climate. The Southeast will bear the closest investigation.

If there is any better cotton country any place than northeastern Arkansas, a reward will be given to the person who points it out.

An early crop—the small boy's first hair cut.

With some 5-cent cigars you get at least six scents.

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I am in position to negotiate definitely with parties desiring investment in large tract of land carrying six to eight feet Semi-Anthracite Smokeless Coal. These lands also carry two and one-half foot vein Arkansas Anthracite, along with valuable pine and oak timber. Located one to five miles from three railroads, and is all proved coal lands. Address D. H. BEAMER, Lamar, Mo.

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For investments in new towns along the Oklahoma City and Western (Frisco Extension), between Oklahoma City and Quanah, Texas, you should write us at once. We can't give you particulars here, but invite your investigation. There are rare opportunities. Don't miss them.

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Kay County, Oklahoma,

has 2,600 farms; harvested 5,000,000 bushels of wheat in 1897, nearly as much in 1898, and 7,000,000 bushels in 1900 and 1901; corn run 20 to 80 bushels per acre, besides oats, millet, cane, kaffir corn, potatoes, rye and cotton, growing abundantly side by side. **BLACKWELL** is the market and is the most important city in northern Oklahoma, and is located in the center of Kay County, on the famous Chikaskia river. It has 4,000 population, over 100 business houses, large flouring mills, elevators, water works, ice and electric light plants, elegant school buildings and churches, the Baptist State College, abundance of pure, soft water, at a depth of 15 to 30 feet. The great Frisco and Santa Fe Systems of railroad give us the best of railroad facilities. Now is the time to make good, safe investments in land and city property. We have been here since the opening and feel entitled to your confidence and business. Kay County has never had a failure. Write us.

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Are you interested in the Southern Ozark Country? If so, investigate Howell County, the best county in this region. Howell County is so located as to get off the top of the Ozarks and down on the extreme southern slope. Winters short and mild, summers not as warm as in the northern states. The county is out of debt and taxes are low, and is noted for its large orchards, good facilities for general farming and stock raising, good schools and churches and hospitable people. WEST PLAINS, the county seat and metroplis of South Missouri, is a thriving town of 3,500 people. Is located on the Memphis Division of the Frisco System. Main line to Memphis, St. Louis, Kansas City and other points. We have improved fruit farms, bottom, valley and upland farms and unimproved land for sale. Now is the time to invest as property is continually advancing. We ask every reader of this card to send for a copy of the Homeseeker's Review, which will tell all about it. Reliable information furnished. Address **SIMMONS & PURDY,**
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Southwest Missouri Lands.

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Write us for circulars.

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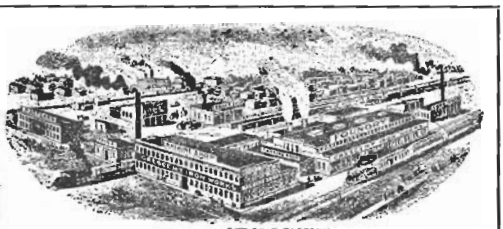

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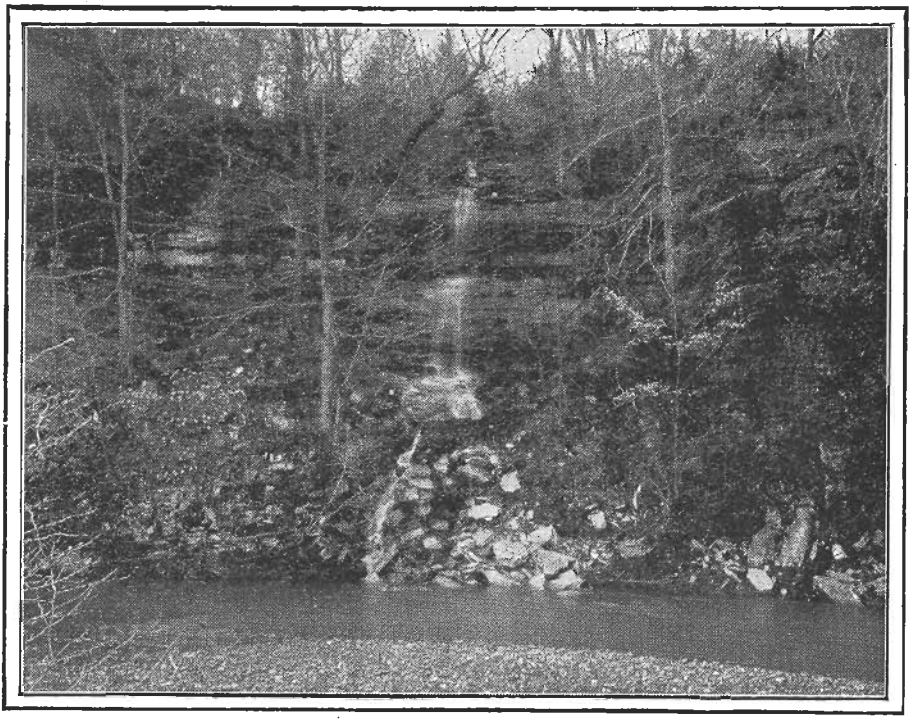

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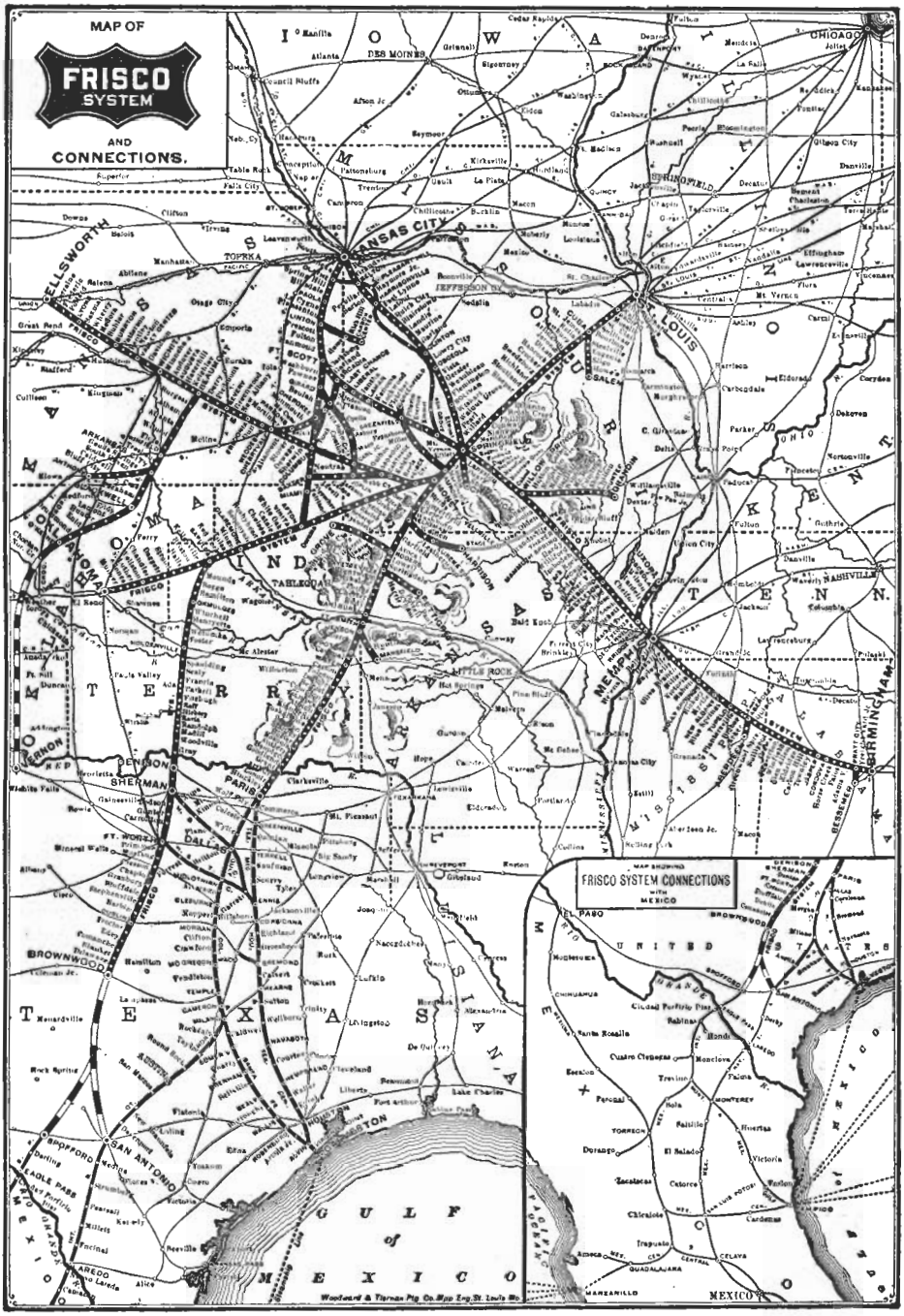
MAP OF
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SYSTEM
AND
CONNECTIONS.
FRISCO SYSTEM CONNECTIONS
WITH
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ST. LOUIS
KANSAS CITY
TOPEKA
DES MOINES
SPRINGFIELD
MEMPHIS
LITTLE ROCK
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