

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

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



Typical Home for Angoras.

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

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

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 obtrusively 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 say-

ing 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 exhilarating 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

tion. 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



Hotel Monte Ne, Silver Springs, Ark.

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.

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 construc-

tion. 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