

RAISING GINSENG IN THE OZARKS.

Perhaps one of the rarest farms in the world is a ginseng farm. Few people have ever seen one and half of the people never even heard of one. The largest ginseng farms in America are located in the Ozark regions along the Frisco System. The culture of ginseng is attracting much attention at present because of the snug fortunes that are being made in growing the plant for exportation to China.

Several big shipments of the dried product from ginseng gardens in the Ozark country recently, mark an era in the experiment of ginseng gardening in the United States and demonstrates the practicability of raising it in this country with success and at great profit.

The crop all goes abroad, for people of civilized lands have found little use for it. And yet 400,000,000 Chinese have the highest opinion of its virtues. With them it stands at the head of remedial agents, and has done so for centuries. Nothing save starvation, in the opinion of this oriental people, can overcome a man stimulated with ginseng essence. In the legends and folklore of the Celestial Empire, strange reference in regard to ginseng is found. It was learned that many credulous Chinese cited the case of a man living at Shangtang during the reign of Wen Ti, Emperor of the Siu dynasty, who used to hear a voice at night calling to him from the field. For years, according to the legend, these mysterious salutations were repeated, but no explanation of their origin could be found until one day there was dug up 600 feet from the man's home, a huge ginseng plant that closely resembled a human being. After that the voice ceased, and all who drank of a tea brewed from the roots of that ginseng plant lived without pain to a patriarchal age.

Certain it is, that though the medical science of the east cannot utilize this plant, there is a market among the hordes of people in China for all that can be raised. The best roots bring as high as \$15.00 per pound

in America. The wild root of ginseng is now practically exterminated and there is big incentive for its culture.

An acre of ginseng roots five years old is said to be worth \$50,000. The profits from a small patch are enormous. As it costs comparatively little to start a garden, quite a number are going into the business. It was first discovered that to attempt to grow the plant without shade invariably resulted in failure. As the Ozarks region was, before the settlement of the country, the natural home of the wild plant, where thousands of dollars had been made by the pioneers and Indians in gathering it, a number of ginseng gardens were established and carried on successfully where the woodman's ax had not felled the native trees. Experiments made by some of the gardeners proved that, while shade was necessary for the profitable growth of the plant, it need not necessarily be that of forest trees. It was demonstrated that with the proper cultivation roots could be produced with artificial shade with much more certainty than with that of the forest. Lattice work, brush, other plants of a climbing character which made a quick and leafy growth were all utilized with good results. Among the largest and best known gardens of the Ozark region are those of the Ozark Ginseng Company, with headquarters at Joplin, Mo. Besides growing ginseng for the dried product the gardens of the Ozark country carry on a considerable trade in nursery stock and export seeds and roots for planting purposes to all parts of the country.

Oklahoma is rounding up another good crop year, but that thing is getting so common out there as to be hardly worthy of comment. The wheat crop was short, but corn, cotton, alfalfa and other crops more than make up the deficiency in wheat. Thus it goes. There is no let-up to the growth and prosperity of the "Land of the Fair God," as the name of Oklahoma signifies.

THE INDIAN MEDICINE PONY.

BY W. R. D.

Billy Bowlegs, the half-breed, had been away all summer with a traveling show. Naturally the Indians of his tribe looked upon him with awe and admiration. Whereas Billy was formerly contented to sit in the shade of his lodge smoking cigarette stubs he had picked up in the agent's office, now his travels had imbued his savage soul with genuine ambition. He actually longed to become chief of his people, the Otoes. To be sure there are more exalted positions, but Billy's mind could not soar too high all in one jump. He agreed with the agent that it was better to take one step at a time.

It was late summer and as it is the custom on every Indian reservation of the southwest, the redskins had given full sway to dancing and feasting upon newly gathered crops. Billy had been counted a good dancer even before his sinewy legs had been trained by the ringmaster. His tall thin form, flesh as flexible as rubber and hard as bone, was declared by athletes to be a model of perfection, but he scorned their offers of future employment, for Billy was thoroughly disgusted with the manners of the palefaces. He was an Indian to the core; he could not content himself among those not of his breed.

"No like show," he said to his friends. "Too much talk, no keep word with red man."

The agent viewed his candidacy with indifference, for it mattered little to him who presided over their medicine feasts and councils so long as he doled out their cash, keeping that which was needed for his own purse. Following after the ideas he had grasped in the show business, Billy longed for the spectacular, the coup d'etat. He claimed to dislike the actor folk because they talked too much about themselves, and yet one could find Billy at most any time discussing his candidacy for the chieftainship. Wherein Bill learned that he had likewise picked up some ideas that were not a part of him before he left the Otoe

country for a turn in the world. Then he decided to use some of this borrowed scheming to his own good.

"Me make good chief," he expostulated in a loud voice to his people, "because me know the white man. Me big man now. The white father know me; he see Billy Bowlegs dance and he say to me: 'Come to my tepee and eat with me.' Billy can do his people great favor in the lodge of his white brother."

Indians in speaking of themselves and their adventures are apt to lie; indeed, it becomes them strangely to tell the truth in such instances. Bowlegs spread out tales of wild adventure in which he had taken the leading role until the Otoes were fairly captivated by his prowess. Had the election been held then Billy should not have needed to use his strategy to such length. But the interest of the red man wanes in a campaign just the same as it does with his white brother, and the brass band must keep continually at it to stir their legs in going to the voting precinct.

Eagle Claws, present chief of the Otoes, leered at Bowlegs' wild tales. Mr. Claws was fat and rich and his face fairly beamed with good humor, except when Billy was around. And then every wrinkle became a scowl, every pleasantry a biting sarcasm. Eagle Claws was quite as determined not to give up the chieftaincy as was the retired showman to win it. It promised a battle of wits, and the populace cried disapproval. For when two of the head men of a tribe battle against each other the common people are certain to benefit thereby.

The six medicine men of the Otoes called upon Billy and received a verbal notification that he wished to be considered in the race for chief. He accompanied the announcement with a number of pairs of crimson red tights and boxes of face paint which had been valuable to him; but nothing compared to the office he sought and which it was in their power to give.

It was at the first dance of the season that Eagle Claws opened his powerful batteries upon his opponents. At the conclusion of an exciting medicine "two-step" Claws arose from the ground, pulled his blanket about him tightly, and turning his back upon Billy, withdrew from his bosom and read an alleged letter from the white father in which it was told that he had never seen Billy dance, he had never dined him and that Billy was an imposter and not fit to become chief of the Otoes. It was a telling coup, and it had due effect.

Moons passed before Billy could regain his lost prestige. Then he decided to play his little game fast and furiously. The pale moon had sunk behind the trees before the dancers had fallen in exhaustion, then they sat to the feast. Billy was at one end of the feasting grounds, his opponent at the other. Each was jabbering to his fullest capacity. And then Billy ceased. As he did so a voice called from the darkness:

"The White Father, the White Father, he is looking for Billy Bowlegs."

The Indians drew near each other, and looked in alarm at Billy. His face betrayed no emotion. Other than for the twitching of his cheeks not a muscle seemed to move.

It was but a few minutes until there was a stampede among the ponies which had been loosed in a corral. One pony, and as luck would have it, belonging to the Chief Eagle Claws, broke into the dance grounds and rushed pell mell toward the terrified redskins. The pony had unbuckled its saddle, which hung to one side dangling. Throwing its head high in the air, the animal sniffed and looked at the assemblage, frightened, every hair trembling.

"The White Father has sent me," the pony seemed to say to them and its voice was plainly audible, "to tell you that Eagle Claws has lied to you and that Bowlegs did accept of his food and bed."

The pony tossed its head madly, then dashed away into the night. There was consternation in camp for some time. The festival broke up in a row, Eagle Claws

accusing Billy Bowlegs of having bewitched his pony to deceive the people.

"My people know that I am not possessed of the power of the fox. I can not see my dead nor dream dreams which benefit my people, as our medicine men can," and he waved his hands toward the six prophets who acknowledged the compliment in stoical sullenness. "I am nothing but a common Indian, willing to use my talent for the good of the Otoes. I can only have my opinions."

"Let us have them," shouted the tribe with wild derision.

"The voice of the pony is that of the White Father who has chosen this way of telling you of Eagle Claws' deception. I only ask you to believe the medicine pony a true prophet."

The following day the medicine pony became an object of much importance. Before the medicine chiefs entered their sweat lodge for a final conference as to whom they should choose for chief of the Otoes they called the pony into the circle and proposed a few questions. Each answer came slowly, but giving favor to the ex-showman. The medicine men questioned the animal about Billy, his past life, and learned that his actions had been satisfactory to his employers, that he had pleased the pale faces before whom he performed.

The Indians sat about the medicine men listening with breathless interest. They paid no heed to Billy himself seated on top of a wagonbed paying close attention to the questioning. The conference in the sweat lodge lasted but a few minutes when they came out shouting the name of their future ruler, Billy Bowlegs.

After Bill had duly accepted the high office, treated his people to a few square meals and issued some wonderful promises as to his future policy he retired to his lodge and dreamed that he was once a showman, doing the stunt with a talking horse. His ventriloquism had come in good office; his show life had proven worth while,



FRISCO SYSTEM Land and Immigration Ass'n DEPARTMENT



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Devoted to the interests of the Homeseeker and Investor and the members of this Association Address all inquiries regarding locations in the Great Southwest and land and investments to Frisco System Land and Immigration Association, Publicity Department, Frisco Building, St. Louis, Mo.

MINING IN NEWTON COUNTY, MO.

Over \$1,000,000 is the annual product of the mines of Newton County, Missouri. The historic mining camp at Granby is the pioneer of the country in lead and zinc production, ore having been discovered there in 1854.

Granby, a town of about 2,000 inhabitants, has been numbered among the best mining camps in the district since ore was first discovered. The land mined comprises nearly 700 acres and larger and better strikes are constantly being developed. At one time, before camps of more extensive scope were developed, the population of Granby was estimated at nearly 10,000 people.

Wentworth, in the eastern part of the county on the Frisco System, is a newer camp and fortunes have already been made from ore taken out at that point. The old mines at Saginaw a few miles north of Neosho have been worked for nearly a quarter century and much money has been made there by different parties engaged in mining.

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Among other mining camps near Neosho where ore has been taken out in paying quantities is Spring City, Redding's Mill, Whiteoak, the Mosely mines, and the old Sibley mine at Seneca. When it is pointed out that such a very small area of Newton County has been prospected, and yet so much fine ore has been mined, it will be seen that magnificent opportunities are open to the man who wishes to prospect for mineral.

Among the new and exceedingly rich camps in Newton County is that located on

and near Stinson land on Sarcoxie prairie, a few miles west of Wentworth. Many experienced miners believe this will prove one of the richest camps in the whole district and it is being worked with much success at the present time.

Although Newton County is the father of the mining industry of Southwest Missouri, new and splendid mines are constantly being developed. These mineral lands are reached by the main line of the Frisco System, and the opportunities for the sudden realization of a dream of wealth are greater here than in many other sections.

Indian Territory wheat has commenced to attract attention from the famous millers of Minneapolis. J. J. Hill, the railroad magnate recently said: "It would surprise the public to know that the millers of Minneapolis have to go to the Indian Territory in order to get enough wheat to grind. The northwestern grain is not sufficient for demands of Australia and China."

At a meeting of the rice growing capitalists of the Texas coast country recently plans have been materialized for the organization of a rice trust. It is the plan of the trust to better educate the country on the value of rice fields as investments, and to establish rice kitchens throughout the country.

Fourteen experiment farmers are to be located in Texas, under the direction of Q. J. Spillman, of the Department of Agriculture. The department has set aside \$20,000 for the object of diversifying Texas crops. There is no state in the Union where

better facilities are offered the farmer than in Texas to study scientific methods of farming as shown by these experiment stations.

“Climatic conditions of the coast country,” is the title of an article on that country of ripe opportunity written by one of the agents of this Association, Mr. Bernard Ludemann, living at El Campo. This department is permitted to quote from Mr. Ludemann as follows: “From the rock-bound and surf beaten shores of old New England to the golden sands of California, and from the great lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, is there a climate that will compare with that of the great coast country of Texas. Where for years has the mercury had a range of only 62 degrees, winter and summer? Compare this with the more northern territory where the range is from 85 to 95 degrees and frequently a range of 60 to 70 degrees takes place in a few hours. Go the world around and see if you can surpass this condition, such as exists in the coast country. Here the climate is so mild that you may gather strawberries from the patch for your Christmas dinner and have flowers in abundance to decorate the home.

Reports from the famous Eagle Chief valley of Oklahoma, state that corn will make 60 bushels per acre, and that five cars of wheat are being shipped out of Carmen per day, during August. Carmen last summer established an excellent market for wheat, and farmers for 20 miles around are bringing their wheat to Carmen for shipment.

J. A. Corray, for some time an active immigration agent at Hoopstown, Ill., has been appointed Division Immigration Agent for the Association at Terre Haute, Indiana. Mr. Corray is one of the most active agents of the association and has met with great success.

Mr. J. T. Thompson, Division Immigration Agent for this Association at Chicago, reports

that a heavy homeseeker's travel is expected in September from the eastern middle states. Farmers in that country are becoming dissatisfied with continued crop failures and high taxes, and are determined to better their conditions in the new and growing southwest.

J. H. Bell and C. H. Lamb, Agents of this Association, attended the land opening at Boonsteel, South Dakota, and secured a large number of homeseekers for Frisco System territory, who failed to draw free farms in the great land lottery.

Seven years ago the safety lines for loans on farm property did not cover that portion of the west including Kansas and Oklahoma, while to-day the farmers of those two sections are so prosperous that they seldom wish to borrow money on their property unless it is for the purpose of buying additional land holdings. One of the hardest pressed business lines in Kansas and Oklahoma is the loan man.

A special dispatch from Brownsville, Texas of recent date has this to say of the purchase of a townsite in that section by prominent capitalists of St. Louis: “B. F. Yoakum, Col. S. W. Fordyce, Thomas H. West, Edwards Whitaker and Robert S. Brooklings of the St. Louis Union Trust Company, who are building the Lott Railroad to Brownsville, have bought a half interest in the Brownsville Land and Town Company, which owns 2,600 acres of land, including part of the townsite of Brownsville. The company is laying off two town sites, one to be called West Brownsville, joining this city, and the other four miles out on the St. Louis, Brownsville and Mexico Railroad. It is traversed by both the Lott road and the irrigating canal. Col. S. W. Fordyce and Edward C. Elliot, chief counsel for the St. Louis Union Trust Company, were elected members of the board of directors of the land and town company, to represent the St. Louis syndicate.”