



ALONG THE
OLD TRAIL




The Cimarron Crossing

NO history of the Santa Fe Trail is complete without reference to the "Cimarron Crossing." According to such competent authority as "Doc" Barton of Ingalls, there were two branches to the Cimarron crossing, one of them being at the location of the present town of Ingalls, Gray County, Kansas, and the other being three miles west of Ingalls and nine miles west of Cimarron, on what is known as the Burns Farm. The accompanying painting represents the latter branch, which is the most important. The gully-washed scars of the Old Trail are here plainly visible. They lead down through a "draw" across the Santa Fe Railway, across the New Santa Fe Trail which parallels the railway, past a neat and attractive farm place, through a field of alfalfa, across the survey of the big Eureka Irrigation project, across the Arkansas river and over the blue hills on the other side in a straight line for the north fork of the Cimarron river, some 70 or 80 miles away, and on to Old Santa Fe. The picture affords a contrast of the old with the new, the honorable scars of the history making thoroughfare with the modern phases of the new western Kansas.

The Cimarron Crossing was sometimes used to save time. It shortened the distance to Santa Fe, but the stretch between this spot and the Cimarron river was without visible water supply, and was dreaded by freighters, and was avoided by some.

As to the mild controversy which has sprung up as to whether the south route or the river route is the real Santa Fe Trail, it would be presumptuous for the authors of this book to venture any assertion, or opinion. Suffice it to say that there is ample evidence to show that both routes were avenues of heavy travel.





The Ginnation Crossing

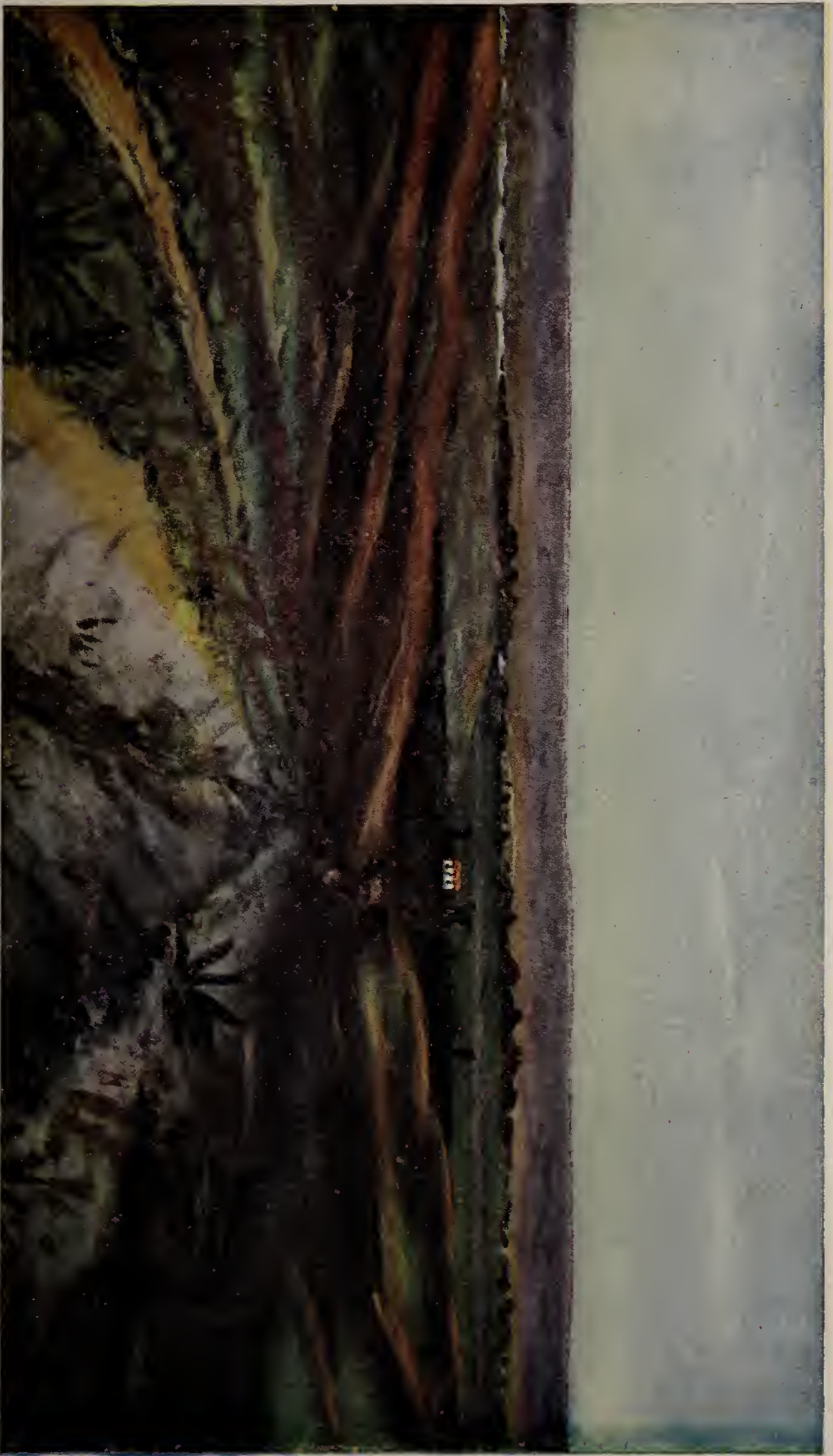
The Ginnation Crossing is a bridge of wood and stone, built by the hands of men and women, who have labored hard to make it a safe and sound structure. It is a bridge of peace and good will, and it is a bridge of hope and faith. It is a bridge that has stood for many years, and it will stand for many more. It is a bridge that has brought many people together, and it will bring many more together. It is a bridge that has made many lives better, and it will make many more lives better. It is a bridge that is a symbol of the human spirit, and it is a symbol of the power of love and kindness.

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THE OLD TRAIL AT THE CIMARRON CROSSING



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ALONG THE OLD TRAIL

A HISTORY OF THE OLD
AND A



STORY OF THE NEW
SANTA FE TRAIL

J. S. Vernon

TUCKER-VERNON COMPANY
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A LONG THE OLD TRAIL BY Joseph S. Vernon

When President Jefferson signed the document that sealed the great Louisiana Purchase, little did he think that he was adding to the territory of the United States a region which would be the scene of incessant strife and bloodshed for more than two generations. Considered, as this great region then was, a vast stretch of barren waste inhabited only by nomadic tribes of wild Indians, it was purchased merely as a buffer territory to protect the western frontier of our country from the possibilities of a Spanish invasion from the west.

This great territory, however, was destined soon to assume an important role in the drama of western life. The trade with Mexico, though at first of little importance, was recognized as a very profitable field of commercial enterprise and a trade route was soon established over these vast prairies which, as a scene of never-ceasing warfare, probably has no equal among the trade route of the world.

Starting from the frontier settlements in western Missouri, this great vein of commerce wound its way through the hilly country in the eastern part of what is now Kansas, and, emerging on the gently rolling prairies to the westward, entered the broad and fertile valley of the Arkansas River near the present location of Hutchinson, Kansas.

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The first traders to make the trip across the plains sought to choose a course that would take them through a region well supplied with water, grass and game. With this in mind they chose wisely in laying the great Santa Fe Trail through the Arkansas Valley, for as long as the traveler stayed in the limits of this fertile valley he seldom suffered for want of these simple necessities of life on the western plains but once we find him disregarding the natural bounties of this beautiful valley and endeavoring to find some shorter route to the far off southern market, the pages of history become black with the tales of indescribable suffering and death at the hands of the demon—thirst.

We must not, however, form the conclusion from the foregoing that travel over the Trail in its course through the Arkansas Valley was unattended by any undesirable features. This is indeed far

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The Successor of Buffalo Grass—Alfalfa

from being the case. The red man who had roamed these western wilds for ages before the coming of the pale face was keenly aware of the bounties nature had bestowed on this beautiful vale and naturally resented the inroads of American commercial enterprise in establishing a trade route through this region. It was an invasion of his ancestral rights and the methods by which he strove to resist and avenge these inroads of civilization have filled the pages of history with deeds of atrocity such as only the red man knows how to commit.

The trade with Mexico received its first great impetus in 1807 on the return of Captain Zebulon Pike from his famous exploring expedition in behalf of the United States government. The glowing accounts which he gave of the country through which he had traveled and of the eager markets opened up for American merchandise were eagerly devoured by over-credulous speculators in the East and served as a great incentive to the rapid development of the Mexican trade which soon followed. Trade with the Indians had been a source of considerable profit up to this time but it was attended with such great risks that conservative financiers had steadily refused to take it up, but when Pike reported that such staples as for instance calico cloth, which cost at that time only a few cents a yard in the States, sold in Santa Fe for from two to three dollars per Mexican



Feeding the Beef Trust, Near Sylvania, Kansas

yard of 33 inches the interest in this lucrative trade became almost feverish in its intensity even among the most careful speculators.

These credulous speculators however, did not know of the unfavorable attitude taken by the Mexican government toward the American tradesmen. A few years after the return of Pike a firm by the name of Knight, Beard & Chambers sent out a supply of goods valued at several thousand dollars. They did not meet with any misfortune worthy of note while crossing the plains but when they arrived within the Mexican boundaries their troubles began. Leaders and all were arrested as spies and thrown into prison at Chihuahua where most of them were kept for a decade. Their goods were confiscated and particular care was taken that no word should reach the United States regarding their fate. Beard and Chambers were finally released and reached St. Louis in 1822. They were so thoroughly convinced of the wonderful prospects in the far-off market that they again organized a company and started on the long and perilous journey across the plains. Winter overtook them with their journey only half completed and they were forced to go into winter quarters on an island in the Arkansas not far from where the town of Cimarron, Kansas, is now situated. During the long and terrible winter months their animals were all lost, either from lack of food or Indian depredations. When warmer weather came they cached their goods on the island and left for Santa Fe on foot where they



Main Street, Cimarron, Twenty-five Years Ago



Cimarron, Kansas, 1910. Contrast with Preceding Illustration

procured a pack train and returning to their caches carried their goods to market.

Many similar expeditions were organized during the early part of the 18th century but their success was, in the main, indifferent. If the tradesman was fortunate enough to arrive in safety at Santa Fe or Taos and dispose of his goods without interference on the part of the Mexican authorities, he made handsome profits, but we too often find that the pages of history are filled with accounts of massacre and rapine committed by bands of marauding Indians, with tales of suffering and woe caused by lack of food and drink and with almost incredible accounts of treachery and deceit on the part of the Mexican government in its treatment of the luckless trader.

The indomitable will, the absolute fearlessness and even the well known reckless courage of the American have never shown themselves more forcibly than during this, the formative period of the development of the Santa Fe trade. The persistency with which the tradesmen of our western frontier continued to defy the almost herculean obstacles to their success soon attracted the attention of the United States government and in 1824 a bill passed Congress authorizing the marking of the Santa Fe Trail as far as Cimarron Crossing on the Arkansas which was then the boundary line between this country and Mexico. Treaties were also made with the Indian tribes along the route and with the Mexican government which insured a partial alleviation, at least, of the dangers that had hitherto attended the trade with Santa Fe.

It seems, however, that there was some hitch in effecting the negotiations with the Comanches, Cheyennes, Pawnees and Kiowas whose territory bordered the trail through the Arkansas Valley and consequently these tribes continued their marauding raids against the caravans and pack trains in as ruthless a manner as ever. It was a very fortunate caravan indeed that completed its journey through this "Valley of Death" without suffering some atrocity at the hands of these blood-thirsty bandits of the plains. Moreover it is pretty generally conceded that the Mexicans, ever jealous of American enterprise, incited the Indians to many of their devilish atrocities. It is for these two reasons that that part of the Trail which lay in the Valley of the Arkansas was the scene of so many raids and massacres and it may here be safely said that there is probably no other region on the face of the globe, certainly no other in the western hemisphere, which has been the scene of as many hellish exhibitions of savage cunning and cruelty as the Arkansas Valley from Cow Creek near Hutchinson, Kansas to old Fort Bent near La Junta, Colorado.

In the spring of 1828 the first wagon expedition that ever crossed the plains started from Franklin, Missouri. It was composed mostly of young men from that vicinity who had heard of the wonderful adventures and thrilling experiences of the plains travel from

a neighbor who had recently returned from Santa Fe. Owing to the friendliness of the Indian tribes as far west as the Arkansas Valley and to an almost unprecedented piece of good luck in being able to evade the marauding tribes after reaching the Valley, they arrived at Santa Fe without any untoward incident. After passing their goods through the custom house and obtaining a selling permit they disposed of their goods at a handsome profit and purchasing some supplies started on their return to the States.

They had hardly reached the uplands bordering the Arkansas Valley near the present site of Lamar, Colorado, when, on riding to the top of a nearby hill, they found themselves within a few hundred



Our Last Hunt

yards of a large camp of Comanches, who were evidently out on the Trail for the purpose of robbery and murder. Owing to the mountainous nature of the surrounding country they could neither retreat nor go to either side of the encampment, so the only thing left to do was to assume an air of confidence and go right through the camp. The Chief greeted them with very friendly overtures and told them that they must stay with them, that his young men would guard their stock and that they would be fed sumptuously on buffalo steak and venison. Realizing that they were in a serious predicament they endeavored to bolt through the camp without accepting the chief's proffered kindness, but the Indians were not to be evaded by this



Classic Halls of Learning, Cooper College, Sterling, on the Trail

show of boldness and began to seize the reins of the horses and fire on them. A running battle followed which lasted till they were about a mile from the camp when the Indians drew off to await the coming of darkness for them to continue the conflict.

When night came on the Indians resumed their attacks, endeavoring to stampede the horses so that they could chase them off and then capture them. Their attempts were almost successful several times during the night and they were only kept from accomplishing their purpose by tying the bell-mare to one of the wagons and jingling the bell vigorously every time the Indians charged.

The next day the Comanches renewed the attack as vigorously as ever. Forming in a circle they galloped round and round the ill-fated caravan letting out their demoniacal war-whoops in a most fiendish manner. So fierce were the harrassing tactics which they used that the little line of prairie-schooners only succeeded in advancing five miles during the day. This annoyance was kept up night and day for the greater part of a week until the travelers were almost exhausted from loss of sleep.

Finally one day about noon the Indians drew off and retreated as if giving up the conflict. The little party congratulated themselves at having thus out-winded their opponents and decided to stop, cook a square meal once more and let the horses graze a while. Hardly had they turned the animals out when with a hideous whoop the



A View Near Old Fort Aubrey, in Hamilton County, Kansas

marauding rascals came over the top of a nearby hill, and, charging the herd, stampeded them before the luckless travelers could offer any resistance. One of the party, in an endeavor to save some of the stolen stock, was wounded sixteen times but succeeded in getting back to the wagons without any serious injuries. He was shot, tomahawked and speared. The fight continued intermittently for some time but when the good marksmanship of the whites began to tell on the ranks of the painted demons they withdrew to wait for the coming of darkness to finish their work.

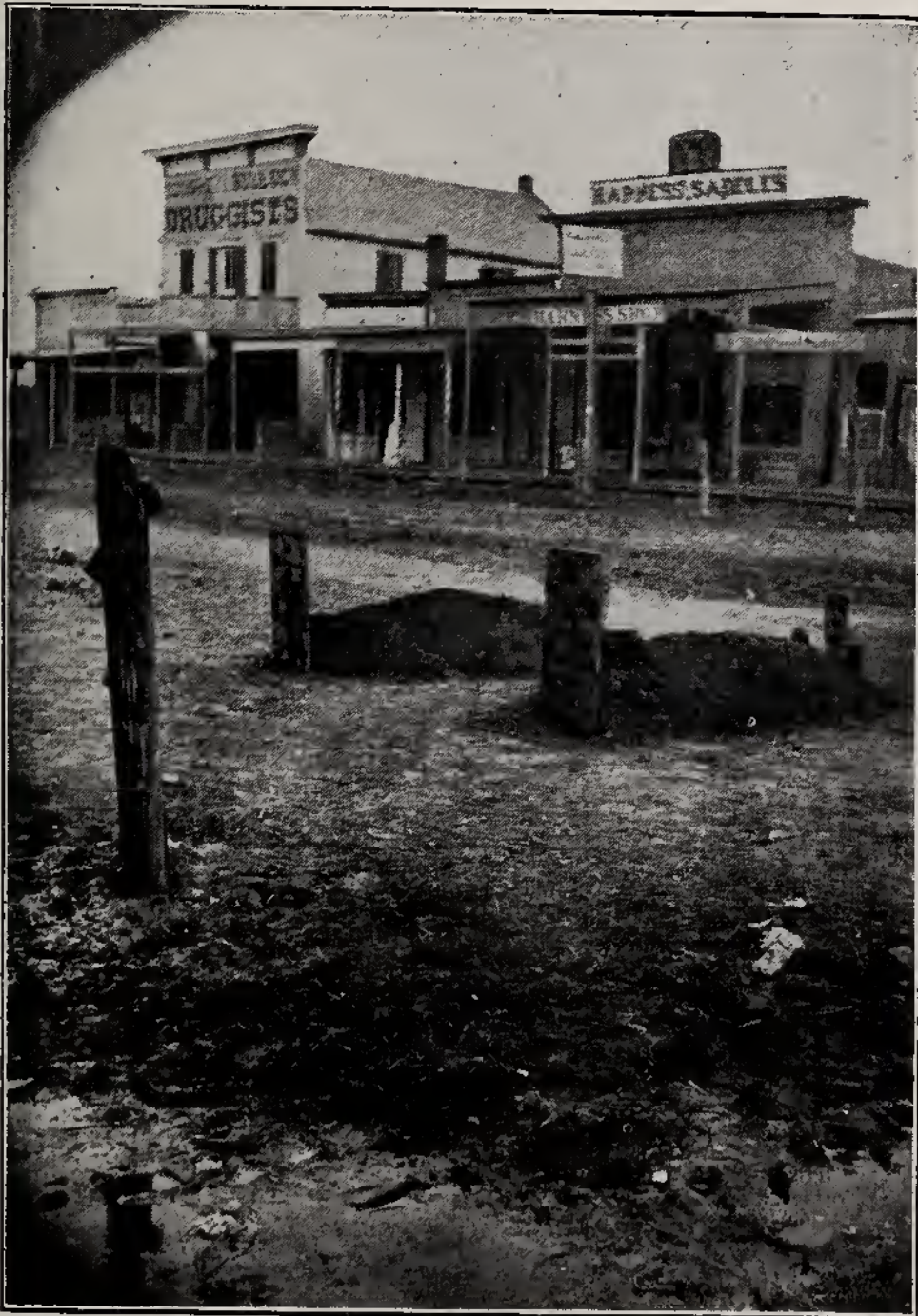
.. The little band was indeed in a most desperate situation. Their wagons, it is true formed a good fortification but there was no way of telling how long the Indians would keep up the siege, knowing as they did that it would only be a matter of time until the whites would be famished for want of water. To remain with their caravan meant certain death if the villians persisted in their attacks. The only alternative was to escape under cover of the friendly darkness. This they decided to do if possible, and, looking the matter squarely in the face, set to work to carry out their resolve.

They had to leave behind several thousand dollars in silver, a part of the money they had received for their goods in Santa Fe, and were only able to take about \$10,000.00 with them.

Their escape was effected with safety and after traveling for two nights and a day with nothing to eat but a few prickly pears they decided to stop and rest for a while. They camped for a few days

on the banks of the Arkansas near the present town-site of Las Animas, Colorado. A number of the party were in a very weak condition after their long and tedious tramp and it was evident that they could no longer stand the weight of their heavy burdens, so it was decided to "cache" the money they had with them, keeping only a small sum for each man. Proceeding to a small island in the river, they buried their treasure between two large cottonwood trees and after carefully obliterating all evidence of the secret hiding place, continued their journey toward the settlements.

After several days of forced marching they reached the famous Pawnee Fork near where the town of Larned, Kansas, is now



A Street Scene in Larned, Kansas, in the Early Days. "On the Morrow of the Battle" between Judge Napoleon Bonaparte Freeland and Hon. R. H. Ballinger, father of the present Secretary of the Interior, over Local Politics.

situated and began to have hopes of falling in with some caravan and obtaining relief from their destitute condition. And indeed they were in a destitute condition. After reaching Cow Creek, near the

present site of Hutchinson, Kansas, the majority of the party were in such an exhausted condition from living on buffalo meat alone that it seemed as though there was nothing for them to do but to lie down and die.

It was at last decided that the best preserved members of the party should push on in advance, reach Independence as soon as possible and send a relief party out in quest of the weaker members who, in the meantime, would struggle on as best they could. The suffering of those who pushed on was terrible indeed. Knowing the lives of the weaker ones whom they had left behind depended on their expeditiousness, they pushed on with all the energy of despair. It was getting late in the fall and they had no blankets to protect them from the rigor of the western winds. Some of them were entirely bare-footed, and their feet became so sore that they left blood stains at every step. The continual over-exertion of their forced march and the lack of wholesome food weakened their condition to such an extent that they became almost wholly deaf, not being able to hear a gun fired at a distance of only a few feet.

Finally, after existing for eleven days on one turkey, a coon, and some wild grapes, they reached the Big Blue river, in Missouri and came upon a backwoods settlement about fifteen miles from Independence. Half-naked, foot-sore, and in an almost complete state of exhaustion, they were taken to Independence where the greatest sympathy was immediately expressed in their behalf.

In less time than it takes to tell, a rescuing party was formed and sent back along the Trail to the belated companions who were by this time scattered along the road for a distance of more than fifty miles. Not more than two of the unfortunate band were found together. They were all brought back but at the time it was doubtful whether they were human beings or merely living skeletons.

After spending several months in Independence under the watchful care of the kindly Missourians they had sufficiently recuperated to begin to think about going back after their treasure.

On learning that the government intended sending a military escort as far as the boundary line with the annual caravan in the spring, they decided not only to go after the money they had cached on the Arkansas but to fit up another wagon train and push on to Santa Fe. The caravan left Fort Leavenworth during the first part of May and arrived at the boundary line without experiencing any serious difficulties. Our little band soon found their hidden treasure and depositing it with the Commander of the U. S. troops, pushed on under the protection of a Mexican consort to Santa Fe. After selling their goods they returned again to the boundary line under the protection of the Mexican troops, and there met the American troops, who were awaiting their return. Late in the fall the entire party arrived safely at Fort Leavenworth and after dividing their treasure, departed for their respective homes.

This was the first military consort ever sent across the plains with a caravan. It was under the command of Major Bennett Riley for whom Fort Riley, near Junction City, Kansas, was afterwards named. The Government was almost forced to this move because of the increased ferocity of the Indian depredations along the trail and especially through the Arkansas Valley. The trade with Santa Fe had increased by leaps and bounds since the marking of the Trail by the Government in 1824 and the hostile tribes of the plains had increased their activities accordingly until the Government realized that it was its duty to provide some sort of protection for this lucrative and ever increasing trade. The Mexican government had assumed



"The Great American Desert"

a favorable attitude toward the American trade by 1829 due to the influence of a Liberalist uprising in that country, and its co-operation was readily secured in the protection of the annual caravan. Major Riley would escort the caravan as far as Chouteau's Island in the Arkansas on the boundary line, and there turn it over to the Mexican consort to be taken to Santa Fe and back. While awaiting the return of the traders he would conduct operations against the hostile plains tribes and in the fall would escort the caravan on its return to the settlements.

This was indeed a very necessary arrangement for the business of plundering caravans had become so lucrative to the Indian tribes



Rock Salt Plant, Lyons, Kansas, on the Old Santa Fe Trail

that the Apaches, Utes and others had already joined the long list of marauders and, it is needless to say, had contributed nothing of the humane to the character of the incessant warfare carried on within the limits of the Arkansas Valley.

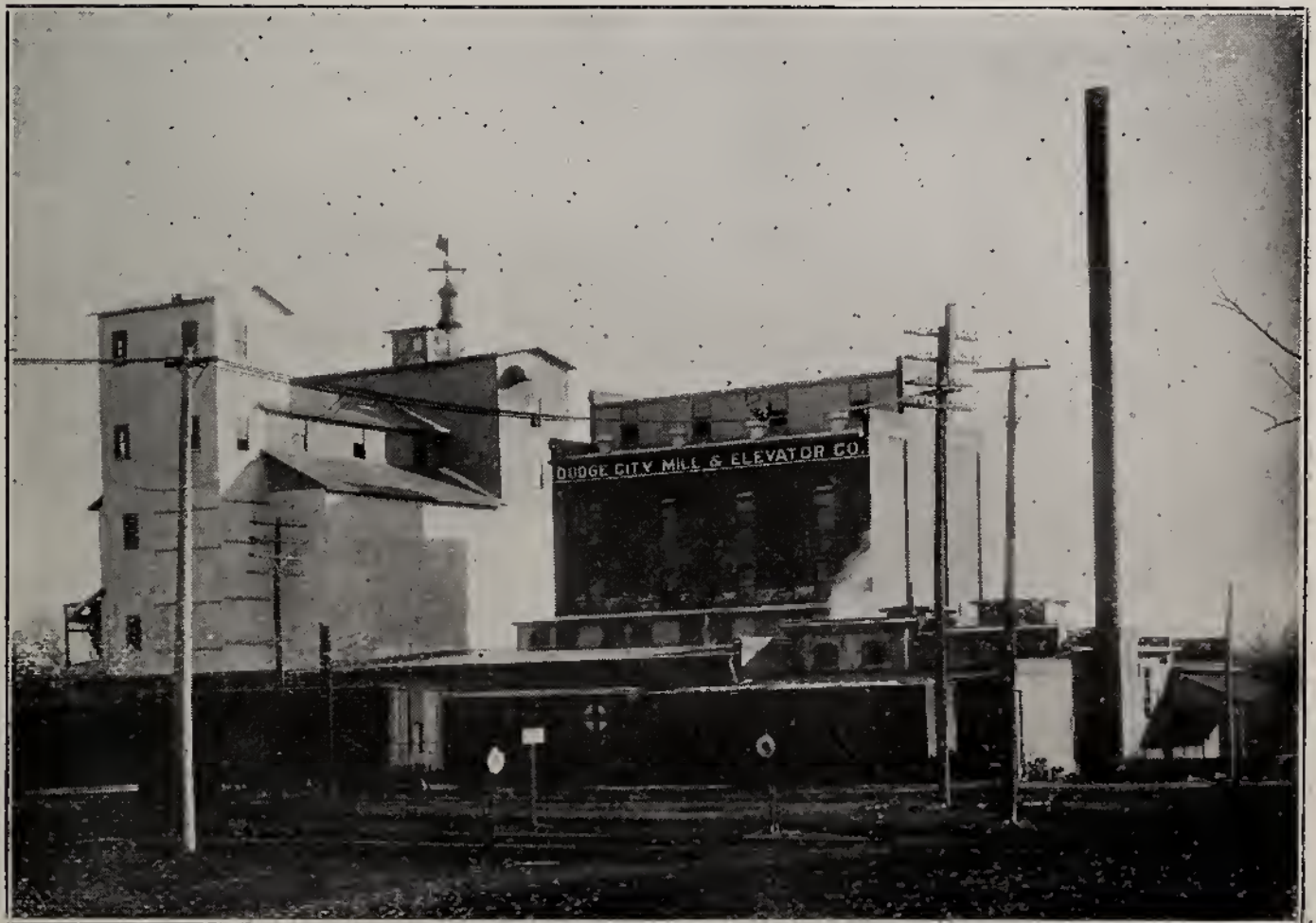
It was not alone by the depredations of the Indian tribes that the Arkansas Valley was to become famous in historical annals. The well-meaning traders of the plains were doomed to suffer at the hands of enemies equally as intent on murder and robbery as their more atrocious opponents among the red men. I refer to the bands of plundering Texans and lower class of whites living on the then western frontier of our country.

Along the latter part of the thirties the Mexican government and the independent state of Texas began to have trouble over their boundary line. Contemporaneous with this dispute came a rapid growth in the number of Mexican merchants who annually sent caravans over the old Trail to the States to buy supplies. The more warlike element in the Texan Republic saw that it was an opportune time to enrich themselves by preying on the caravans of the Mexican Dons and during the early forties many plundering expeditions were organized and sent north to scour the Trail through the famous Arkansas Valley in quest of the enemy's commerce.

Notorious among these marauding bands was one led by a Texan frontiersman by the name of Snively. He left Texas for the Ar-



Beet Sugar Factory at Garden City, Kansas. Cost \$1,000,000.00



kansas sometime in May, 1843, and, on reaching the Trail, was joined by another Texan Colonel by the name of Warfield. Their combined force comprised about two hundred men.

Kit Carson, perhaps the best known Indian fighter that ever roamed the plains, was at that time in the employ of Bent's Fort as hunter. He happened to fall in with a Mexican caravan at the point where the Trail crosses Walnut Creek, about three miles east of the town of Great Bend, Kansas. The caravan had heard of the presence of plundering bands of Texans in the vicinity, and, knowing Carson to be a very dependable man in such a predicament, offered him a considerable sum of money to take a message to the Mexican governor at Santa Fe imploring aid. Kit, who was not very well blessed with filthy lucre at that time, readily undertook the trip, dangerous though it was.

He made the trip through the Valley with safety and soon arrived at Fort Bent in Colorado, from which point he set out across the dry and arid plains to the south. After several thrilling escapes from plundering bands of Indians he arrived safely at his destination and delivered his message.

Governor Armijo immediately dispatched a force of 100 men to the aid of the unfortunate caravan and promised to follow as soon as possible with a force of 1000 more.

Snively and his band were scouring the Trail all this time, and the little force of Mexicans had hardly reached the Valley before they were attacked by his hardy Texans and almost annihilated. One alone escaped to bear the news of the disaster to Armijo who was hot upon their trail. The cowardly General, on hearing the news of the terrible massacre, immediately turned back and left the hapless caravan to its fate. Had it not been for a fortunate meeting with a force of United States Cavalry the entire party would have doubtless been way-laid and murdered by the ruthless Texans.

The Life of General Kit Carson

A story of the Old Trail would not be complete without at least a sketch of the life and experience of Kit Carson. Kit was one of the greatest and certainly the most far-famed characters that has contributed to the history of the great west. He was born in Kentucky, December 4th, 1809, and while still a mere child moved with his parents to Howard county, Missouri, which was then one of the wildest of the wild portions of our western frontier.

As a youth he early distinguished himself as a marksman by proving himself to be the most expert shot in this region.



The Home of Kit Carson, Near Las Animas, Colorado

Howard County contained several back-woods settlements which were, at this early date, the most important starting places of the caravans and mule trains of the Santa Fe Trail. In his youthful days Kit naturally heard many wonderful stories of the old Trail from the caravan parties as they returned to Howard County from their perilous journeys across the plains. In this way there was born and cherished in him an irresistible desire to take a trip across the plains and participate in the thrilling experiences of which he had heard so much.

In 1826 Col. St. Vrain, an agent of some of the prominent fur companies of the east, organized a large caravan which started from Howard County for the Rocky Mountains loaded with goods to trade to the Indians for furs and hides. The Colonel had heard of Carson's prowess with the rifle and endeavored to engage him in the capacity of hunter on the expedition. Kit was only too glad to accept this chance to fulfill his youthful dreams and soon found himself winding his way across the plains.

It was an important day in this great plainman's life when he saw his first real wild Indian. True it is that he had been thrown in with Indians to a great extent in his life in Missouri but they were invariably members of some friendly tribe and Kit found himself about as unsophisticated regarding the tactics of the wild plains tribes of the Arkansas Valley as any amateur who ever ventured out on the Trail.



Scene at Old Fort Lyons, Near Las Animas, Colorado



Surgeon's Quarters, Old Fort Lyons, Near Las Animas, Colorado, where Kit Carson Died. (See page 1)

It did not take long, however, for him to become one of the most famous of plainsmen and it has never been doubted by any authority of note that he amply deserves all the historic prominence he has ever received. It seems that in those attributes which go to make up the noblest of characters Carson has never been found wanting. This bold assertion has not only been borne out times without number by the statements of friends and the admissions of enemies but by all the incidents, both great and small, which have gone to make up the life's history of this great man.

After serving his race and his country in a manner which the sincere tributes of posterity can but meagerly repay; after establishing for himself one of the most remarkable and illustrious reputations that has ever been established by any advance guard of civilization, not only as those attributes which go to make up a character bold and fearless but likewise as those attributes which go to make up the more noble characteristics of the statesman, the diplomat and the leader of men; this great scion of the development of the most prized portion of the greatest of civilized nations breathed his last on the morning of May 22, 1868, at Fort Lyons near the western extremity of the Valley he had so long loved.

An account of his death and burial appeared in the Denver Daily News of the issue of Dec. 15, 1909, extracts from which follow:

By Alfred Damon Runyon.

Work of restoring the ancient tumble-down building at old Fort Lyons, now the United States naval sanitorium, where Kit Carson, greatest of western scouts, died, has been commenced, and within the next two or three months it will be turned over to the Daughters of the American Revolution of Colorado for a museum.

The restoration will bring it back to its original condition in practically every detail and give to the state one of the most historic landmarks which it possesses.

It is an old stone house, warpen and weather-beaten, but in such condition that it can easily be restored. It stands almost in the center of the big group of buildings at the naval sanitorium and the men in charge of that institution are taking deep interest in the work.

It is quite likely that when the restoration is completed that it will be dedicated with appropriate ceremony by the daughters. Already an effort is on foot to collect relics of Carson's day, particularly articles belonging to him personally, and a pistol and inkstand have been secured as a nucleus.

Originally the little old stone building was the medical headquarters of the fort, and Carson had been taken there from his home at Boggsville, some miles from Lyons, a very sick man. The only persons with him when he died were Dr. Tilton, medical officer of the post; first Sergeant Luke Cahill, and a hospital steward, whose name is now forgotten, and of this trio the only one living is Luke Cahill, a resident of Las Animas.



The Room Where Kit Carson was Taken Sick and also Where His Wife Died. Sergeant Luke Cahill, Carson's Bosom Friend, in the Foreground



The Room Where Kit Carson Died. Old Fort Lyons, Near Las Animas

Cahill knew Carson quite well. He had served as his orderly in New Mexico, when Carson was a brigadier general commanding the First New Mexico cavalry. In the spring of 1868 Carson was living at a ranch, three-quarters of a mile from Boggsville, a small place up the Purgatoire river about five miles from Lyons.

His wife died there and Cahill says that his bereavement undoubtedly bore heavily upon Carson, and, perhaps hastened his end. Pneumonia was really the direct cause of his death. When Carson became ill he sent for Cahill, having learned that the sergeant was at Lyons, and Cahill went out to see him. He found the old scout in a serious condition, and so reported to General William H. Penrose, who was commanding the post. Penrose sent an ambulance out to the Carson place, and had him brought to Lyons.

On the morning of May 22, 1868, at about ten o'clock, the famous pioneer breathed his last. He was semi-conscious up to the moment of death, and talked with Tilton, Cahill and the steward, but whatever he said has escaped the remarkable memory of Cahill.

Carson left a family composed of three girls and three boys. They were William, Kit and Charley; Stefanita, Osafita and Teracina. Charley Carson now lies twenty-five miles south of Las Animas; Kit is around Trinidad; Teracina lives at Raton, New Mexico, and the others are dead. Their mother was a Mexican woman.

Very little credence was placed in the reports of the Texan raids by the merchants in Santa Fe. Among those who would not heed the warnings of the incoming caravans was a very wealthy merchant by the name of Don Antonio Jose Chavez. This merchant was in the habit of making one or two trips to St. Louis each season to lay in a supply of goods for his mercantile business.

He necessarily carried with him, on these trips, a large amount of money with which to buy his supplies and cognizance of this fact was readily taken by the lower class of ruffians in and about Westport, Missouri, at which place he made his headquarters while awaiting the arrival of his goods from St. Louis.

A plot was finally formed by about ten residents of the vicinity of Westport and spies were sent out to watch for the coming of the wealthy Don on one of his annual visits. Chavez started on his annual trip for 1843 sometime in February and as soon as the spies could get word to the force of ruffians awaiting their call in Missouri they were off for the Arkansas Valley with their view of carrying out their bloody plot.

The point at which Cow creek enters the Arkansas near the present site of the City of Hutchinson, Kansas, was in those days one of the most dangerous points along the Trail. The leader of the band of cut-throats chose this historic spot as the place for waylaying the wealthy Don, as he would most likely stop there for the night.

Short work was made of the ill-fated caravan on its arrival and all of the party murdered except one, who succeeded in escaping to



Hotel Windsor, Garden City, Kansas, where Once was the Indian Tepee

Fort Leavenworth to bear the news of the disaster. The Don himself was spared long enough to disclose the hiding place of his money, when he was shot down in cold blood and his body thrown into a ravine.

When the garrison at Fort Leavenworth heard of the massacre they immediately sent out a detachment of troops in pursuit of the villains.

John Hobbs, the veteran plainsman, with a number of scouts, happened to be out hunting buffalo near where the Trail crosses Pawnee Creek, close to the present location of Larned, Kansas, and met the soldiers as they were fording the stream. They were readily induced to guide the troopers in search of the culprits. After a search of about four days the bandits were overtaken and captured. Some of them were killed in the skirmish, some were hung later and the remainder were given a prison sentence. The recovered money was sent to the widow of the unfortunate Don.

The first overland mail and stage coach line was started from Independence, Missouri, in the spring of 1849. At first it ran on a monthly schedule but later, as the traffic became greater, the number of coaches was increased until in the early sixties one left each day for Santa Fe. The company holding the government contract established stations along the route at which horses and drivers were changed and meals served to the passengers. An account of the



The Stage Coach in which Greely made his trip across the plains in '59. This coach was purchased by the Las Animas Fair Association and used there on Santa Fe Trail day.

protection provided against Indian attacks is given below, reprinted from the Missouri Commonwealth for July, 1850.

"We briefly alluded, some days since, to the Santa Fe line of stages, which left this city on its first monthly journey on the 1st instant. The stages are got up in elegant style and are each arranged to convey eight passengers. The bodies are beautifully painted and made water-tight, with a view of using them as boats in ferrying streams. The teams consists of six mules to each coach. The mail is guarded by eight men armed as follows: Each man has at his side, fastened in the stage, one of Colt's revolving rifles in a holster below, one of Colt's long revolvers, and in his belt a small Colt's revolver, besides a hunting knife; so that these eight men are ready, in case of attack, to discharge one-hundred and thirty-six shots without having to reload. This is equal to a small army, armed as in ancient times, and from the looks of this escort, ready as they are, either for offensive or defensive warfare with the savages, we have no fear for the safety of the mails."

This over confidence in the efficiency of the protection afforded the stages proved to be unfounded for there probably is no other feature of plains life that has contributed so many tales of vindictive cruelty as the ruthless attacks on the stages by the bloodthirsty In-



Pioneer Settler on the Old Santa Fe Trail, Near Garden City, Kansas

dians. It was a lucky coach indeed that succeeded in traveling the length of the Arkansas Valley during troublesome times without suffering some inconvenience by the harassing bands of marauders that continually watched the Trail in search of likely plunder. In latter years as the savages became accustomed to the use of money, they paid more attention than ever to robbing stages, and led on in many instances by renegade whites or half-breeds, they committed some of the most atrocious crimes that the pages of history record.

Perhaps there is no other one region on American soil that has been the scene of as bitter and relentless warfare as the beautiful tract of land which emanates in all directions from the famous and historical Pawnee Rock. Formed by nature into a gently rolling meadow land for miles on all sides and blessed by her bounty each year with a profuse growth of verdant grass, it formed in the early days one of the most famous pasturages of buffalo then existing on the western plains. As may be well supposed, this valuable hunting ground was a continual "bone of contention" between all the Indian tribes within a radius of several hundred miles. No one tribe ever considered itself sufficiently strong to attempt to hold this valuable territory against all claimants but whenever parties of braves would meet there on their annual hunting expeditions a bloody fight was the inevitable result.

Nor is this all. The scenes of bloody carnage were not always indulged in by the red man alone. Standing as it did, a proud citadel of the plains, in the very heart of a region famous as a rendezvous of all the blood-thirsty tribes of the plains, towering as it did with undisputed majesty, a sombre guard of the only vein of commerce between the producing East and the consuming West, Pawnee Rock has gone down in history as one of the most hotly contested points of vantage which the white man has ever been forced to wrest from the American aborigine.

The great Santa Fe Trail ran directly beneath the natural fortification of the plains and it was here that the atrocious savages were wont to lay in wait for the richly laden caravans as they passed on their journey to the southwest, and swooping down like a hawk upon an unsuspecting prey, to ply their work of rapine and murder to their hearts content, despoiling the caravan, massacring the men in a most brutal manner, and carrying the women off into a captivity far worse than death.

It was here that in days gone by many a fleeing band of trappers or hardy traders sought refuge from the harrassing tactics of their murderous pursuers, and in the siege that inevitably followed would wreck their vengeance in advance for the horrible death that was almost sure to be their lot by sending many a hapless brave to the happy hunting grounds before they were overcome by overwhelming odds.



WONDERFUL PAWNEE ROCK

By Robt. M. Wright.

"This article is taken by permission of the Woman's Kansas Day Club from 'Echos of Pawnee Rock,' a little book written by Kansas authors for the benefit of the Pawnee Rock Improvement Fund."

On a beautiful spring morning in early May, 1859, I was awakened at the break of day—having gone into camp the preceding evening after dusk—by the singing of birds and lowing of cattle, and last, but not least, the harsh and discordant voice of the wagon boss—of whom I stood in wholesome fear—calling "Roll out! roll out!" to



Historic Old Pawnee Rock as it Appeared 1865 (Copyright applied for)

the men as the cattle were driven into the corral to yoke up and get started. Indeed all nature seemed alive and pouring out the sweetest notes on that lovely morning when I first saw the great rock.

It was, indeed, a curious freak of nature, rising abruptly out of a fertile stretch of bottom land several miles wide, three or four



Pawnee Rock, 1910

miles north of the Arkansas River, which flowed sluggishly along its way, its muddy current on its usual spring rise caused by the melting of snow in the mountains. The time of the year the ideal weather and the lovely greensward, interspersed with the most beautiful variegated wild flowers, combined to make one of the most beautiful sights I ever witnessed. The scene impressed itself not only upon me, but the other drivers—"Bull whackers," we are called—shared my admiration, and through our united petition to the wagon boss, the train was halted long enough to allow our going to the rock, from the summit of which I obtained the grand view that so impressed me. It seemed as if I could never tire of gazing on the wonderful panorama that spread before me.

The road, if recollection serves me right, ran only a few hundred feet south of the base of the rock, parallel to its face. The rock faced the south, rearing itself abruptly, and presenting almost a perpendicular front with a comparatively smooth surface, having thousands of names inscribed on its face, and also on a great many slabs that had, in the process of time and exposure to the elements, been detached from its top and sides and lay flat at its base. Most of the names were those of "Forty-niners" who had taken that route in their mad rush for the gold fields of California during that memorable year. Among the names cut in the rock were those of officers and enlisted men in the United States army as well as a number of famous men and frontiersmen.



A Farm Home on the Old Santa Fe Trail, Near Kinsley, Kansas

There were also a great many Indian paintings, or pictographs, and hieroglyphics done by the red man—crude and laughable, and some of them extraordinary funny, but I have been told since there was a great deal of significance attached to these paintings, some of them portraying important tribal history, others representing brave and heroic deeds, performed by members of the tribes.

Of course, there were a great many stories told of the rock, romances the most of them, I suppose.

An old plainsman and mountaineer told me that the name "Pawnee Rock" was taken from a great fight lasting several days, between the Pawnees and their life-long enemies, the Plains Indians composed of a mixed band of Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Kiowas, Comanches and a few Sioux, all pitted against the Pawnees, and numbering more than ten to one. What a desperate battle it was!

The Pawnees had come over to the Arkansas on their usual buffalo hunt, and, incidentally, to steal horses from their enemies, the Plains Indians. They crossed the river and proceeded south, penetrating deep into the enemy's country, where a big herd of ponies grazed and lived in supposed security. The Pawnees reached the herd without arousing the least suspicion of the owners that the animals were in danger. Surrounding and cutting out what they wanted, they started on the return trip, greatly elated over their easy success, and reached the Arkansas river without meeting with the



Plowing in the Arkansas Valley, on the Old Santa Fe Trail

slightest resistance, but found the river very high and out of its banks. Then their trouble began. The ponies refused to take the river, which delayed them considerably. In the meantime, the band of Indians, composed of Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Kiowas, Comanches and a few Sioux, was on a buffalo hunt, too, when some of them discovered the trail of the Pawnees and quickly notified the others. They all gave chase, overtaking the Pawnees just as they were crossing the Arkansas. The Pawnees might still have gotten away had they abandoned the stolen horses; but this they refused to do until it was too late.

Finally, pressed on all sides by overwhelming odds, they were glad to retreat to the rock where they made a final stand, fortifying themselves as best they could by erecting mounds of loose rock, and loading and firing from behind this crude shelter with such daring and bravery that their enemies were kept at bay. They were sorely in need of water. Of meat they had plenty, as they lived upon the flesh of their dead horses. At night, some of them usually crept through the line of sentinels that guarded them and made their way to the river, filling canteens of tanned hide or skins and working their way back to their besieged friends.

The fight was kept up for three days and nights, the Cheyennes and allies making frequent charges during the day, but always being compelled to fall back with severe loss, until they had almost anni-



"Young Buffalo," the modern "Buffalo Bill."

hilated the little band of Pawnees. On the fourth night they were reduced to three or four men. Knowing their desperate situation and realizing that there was no chance for any of them to escape, they determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Every man stripped stark naked, and, watching his opportunity, when the guards were less vigilant than usual, crept stealthily toward the foes. Having approached as near as they could without detection, the Pawnees burst upon the enemy with all the fury of desperate men going to their death, and, with blood-curdling yells, fought as never men fought before. One of them was armed with a long spear and knife only. (These spears were used in killing buffaloes.) Many a man went down before the weapon, but, finally the Pawnee drove it so deeply into one of his victims that he could not withdraw it. Then he fell back on his butcher knife and made terrible havoc with it,



Along the Old Trail Near Dodge City, Kansas

until, overpowered by numbers, he died a warrior's glorious death, reeking with the blood of his enemies. He certainly had sufficient revenge.

The time we camped at the foot of the rock we did not go into camp until after nightfall. Another man and I were placed on first guard around the grazing cattle. After being out some time, we were startled by something dropping, zip! zip! into the grass around us and near us. We thought it was Indians shooting at us with arrows. There were all sorts of rumors of attacks from Indians, and this certainly was a great Indian camping ground and country, so we were greatly alarmed and continually on the lookout, expecting at any time to be attacked. We finally concluded to go to camp and notify the wagon boss. He came back with us and for a long time believed that Indians were shooting at us, but the question was, where were they concealed? The mystery was finally solved: The peculiar sound was made by the little birds called sky-larks, flying up and alighting, striking the earth with such force that the noise seemed like that produced by the fall of an arrow or of a stone. The sky-larks and meadow-larks sang at all hours of the night on the Plains.

The great Pawnee Rock has found its way into the history of the West. Around its rugged base was many a desperate battle fought and won; and many a mystic rite, performed within its



Smiling Valleys on the Saw-Log, North of Dodge City

shadow, has stamped upon the grand old mass the wierd and tragic nature of the children of the Plains.

It was in the immediate vicinity of the Rock that I inadvertently started one of the most disastrous stampedes in the history of the Plains.

In the fall of 1862, I was going back East with one of the large ox trains of Majors Russel and Waddel. I think we had thirty or forty wagons with six yoke of oxen to the wagon. Our wagons were strung five or six together, and one team of six yoke of oxen attached to each string.

It was the latter part of November, and we were traveling along the Arkansas bottom about ten miles west of where the Great Bend is located. It was a very hot afternoon, more like summer than winter—one of those warm spells that we frequently had in the fall on the plains.

I was driving the loose cattle. The Mexicans always drove their loose cattle in front of the trains, while the Americans invariably drove theirs behind. I wore a heavy linsey woolsey coat manufactured from the loom in Missouri. The body was lined with yellow stuff and the sleeves with red. Because of the heat, I pulled off my coat, and in the process turned it inside out.

We had an old ox named Dan—a big old fellow with rather large horns, and so gentle that we used him as a horse in crossing streams. Dan was always lagging behind, and this day more than

usual on account of the heat. The idea of making him carry the coat struck me. I caught him and, by dint of a little stretching, placed the sleeves over his horns and let the coat flop down in front. I scarcely realized what I had done until I took a front view of him. He presented a ludicrous appearance with his great horns covered with red, and the yellow coat flapping down over his face. Unconscious of the appearance he presented, he trudged along. I prodded him with repeated punches of my long driving pole; for in dressing him up, he had gotten behind. I could not but laugh at the ridiculous sight; but my laughter was soon turned to regret. No sooner did old Dan make his appearance among the cattle than a young steer bawled out in the steer language, as plain as good English, "Great Scott, what monstrosity is this coming to destroy us?" and with one long, loud, beseeching bawl, put all possible distance between himself and the terror behind him. All his brothers followed his example—each one seeing how much louder he could bawl than his neighbor, and each one trying to out-run the rest. I thought to myself, "Great Guns! What have I done now?" I quickly and quietly stepped up to old Dan, fearing that he too might get away, and with the evidence of my guilt. I took from his horns and head what had caused one of the greatest stampedes ever seen on the plains, and placed it on my back where it belonged.

In the meantime, the loose cattle had caught up with the wagons and those attached to the vehicles took fright. In spite of all the drivers could do, they lost control of their teams, and away they went, making a thundering noise. One could see nothing but a big cloud of dust, and the ground seemed to tremble. Nothing was left but Dan and me after the dust had subsided, and I poked him along with my driving pole as fast as possible, for I was anxious to find out what damage was done. We traveled miles and miles, and it seemed hours and hours before I espied the wagon boss riding toward us like mad. When he came up and demanded the cause of the stampede, I replied that I could not tell unless a wolf had run in front of the cattle and frightened all except Dan whom I held, thinking I would save all I could out of the wreck. There stood old Dan—a mute witness to my lies. Indeed, I thought, at times, he gave me a sly wink, as much as to say "You lie out of it well, but I am ashamed of you." I thought that God was merciful in not giving this dumb animal speech, for if He had, they would certainly have hung me. As it was, the wagon boss remarked, "I know it was the cussed wolves, because I saw several this afternoon while riding in front of the train. "Well," he continued, "that wolf didn't do a thing but wreck six or eight wagons in Walnut Creek, and from there on for the next five miles, ten or twelve more; and the most of them will never see the States again, they are so completely broken and bruised up. Three steers have their legs broken, and the front



One of the Last of the Old Trail Outfits, Passing Through Lewis, Kansas

cattle were fifteen miles from where we are now when I overtook them."

I have seen many stampedes since, but never anything equal to that. I have seen a great wagon train heavily loaded struggling along with drivers pounding and swearing to get the cattle out of a snail's pace, and one would think the train too heavily loaded; it seemed such a strain on the cattle to draw it. If a run-away horse or something unusual came up suddenly behind them, the frightened cattle in the yoke would set up a bawl, pick up those heavily loaded wagons and set off with them at a pace that was astounding, running for miles and frequently overturning wagons. The boss in front, where he was always supposed to be, would give the order to rough lock both wheels, which would probably be done to a few of the first wagons. Even those double locked wagons would be hauled along for a mile or two before the cattle's strength was exhausted; and seemingly the whole earth would shake in their vicinity.

About the middle of the century the Government began to follow a more rigorous policy in the treatment of the plains tribes. Several things conspired to make this step necessary. The rapid increase in the productivity of the east made the profitable market in the southwest an object of general interest and brought about

an increase in the amount of trade carried on. The establishment of a regular stage-coach line over the Trail and the subsequent numerous robberies and massacres which followed made it necessary for the Government to take a hand in the protection of the mails. Finally the acquisition of that enormous tract of land comprising the present states of California, Nevada, Utah and Arizona and parts of the states of Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico, together with annexation of Texas, which followed as a result of the Mexican war, and the subsequent discovery of the gold in California started an enormous stream of emigrants and gold-seekers across the rolling prairies to the far west and made it necessary for the Government to establish some system of patrol along the Santa Fe Trail in its ever dangerous course through the famous Arkansas Valley.

That the government considered this region the most dangerous along the entire course of the Trail is well shown by the fact that here it established the only chain of forts of any consequence ever built in the west. Beginning with Fort Zarah on the east, near the present location of Great Bend, Kansas, this chain of posts included Fort Larned on the Pawnee, some seven miles west of the present town-site, of Larned, Kansas, Fort Dodge, about sixty miles farther west, near where Dodge City, Kansas, is now situated, Fort Aubry, about fifteen miles west of "Chouteau's" island, then on the boundary line between the United States and Mexico and near the present location of Lamar, Colorado, and at the western extremity of the course of the Trail through the Valley, Bent's Fort some miles east of La Junta, Colorado, and near the present location of Las Animas in the same state.

A story is told by Col. W. F. Cody, (Buffalo Bill) of one of his first thrilling experiences while in the employ of General Hazen as special scout at Fort Larned. The general decided one morning to go to Fort Zarah, near where Great Bend, Kansas, is now located, and Cody was chosen to guide the party. They arrived at Fort Zarah about noon and as the General proposed to remain there for a few days he ordered Cody back to Fort Larned that afternoon. He immediately started on the return trip and got as far as Pawnee Rock, a distance of about thirteen miles without any interruption. At this point, however, he was suddenly jumped by a band of about forty Kiowas, captured, and taken to the Indian camp on the opposite side of the river.

He was hurried before a council of the more important chiefs of the tribe and, as the tribe was then on the war-path, he well knew his time had come unless he could in some way lie out of his predicament. At this juncture a happy thought struck him. The Indians had gone on the war-path because of the tardiness of the government in furnishing them with their annual supply of cattle. Cody informed the council, in a very friendly manner, that he had been sent

by General Hazen to inform them that the cattle were close at hand and wanted to know to what point on the river he should drive them.

On hearing this good news the Indians became very friendly and apologized with all sincerity for the rude treatment they had accorded him. He was immediately released in order that he might go after the herd of cattle but as soon as he had placed the river between himself and his captors he struck out for Fort Larned as fast as his mule could carry him.

The Indians seeing that they had been fooled, struck out in hot pursuit and it soon became evident that, at the rate they were gaining, they would overtake him before he could reach the distant Fort. As he plunged across the ford of the Trail at Pawnee Fork, the Indians were scarcely a quarter of a mile behind him and still coming at a break-neck speed.



Fort Dodge in 1893

Just as he gained the opposite bank of the stream he luckily ran into a party of hunters from the Fort. There was no time to be lost. Plunging into the underbrush on either side of the rock they quickly formed an ambush, and, when the Indians came dashing by, slaughtered them without mercy.

The site for the location of Fort Dodge was selected because it was where the wet route and the dry route intersected. The dry route came across the divide from Fort Larned, on the Pawnee, while the wet route came around by the river, supposed to be about



Steel Bridge Spanning the Arkansas on the New Trail, Dodge City, Kansas

fifteen miles further. The dry route was often without water the whole distance, and trains would lay up to recruit after making the passage, which caused this point on the Arkansas river to become a great camping-ground. Of course the Indians found this out, to their delight, and made it one of their haunts, to pounce down upon the unwary imigrant and freighter. Numerous were their attacks in this vicinity, and many were their victims. Men were butchered in the most horrible manner, stock were killed, and women taken into captivity more terrible than death, and even trains and wagons were burned. Some of the diabolical work I have witnessed with my own eyes and will speak of some of it later.

The government was obliged to erect a fort here, but even then the Indians struggled for the mastery, and made many attacks, not only on passing trains, but on the troops themselves. I witnessed the running off of over 100 horses, those of Capt. William Thompson's troop of the Seventh United States cavalry. The savages killed the guard and then defied the garrison, as they knew the soldiers had no horses on which to follow them. Several times have I seen them run right into the fort, cut off and gather up what loose stock there was around, and kill and dismount and deliberately scalp one or more victims, whom they had caught outside the garrison, before the soldiers could mount and follow.

Early one very foggy morning they made a decent on a large body of troops, mostly infantry, with a big lot of transportation. At this time the government was preparing for a campaign against them. It was a bold thing to do, but they made a brave dash right into and among the big mule trains. It was so dark and foggy that nothing was seen of them until they were in the camp, and they made a reign of bedlam for a short time. They succeeded in cutting about fifty mules loose from the wagons and getting away with them, and killing, scalping and mutilating an old hunter named Ralph, just as he was in the act of killing a coyote he had caught in a steel trap, not 300 yards from the mule camp. Of course they shot him with arrows, and then speared him, so that no report should be heard from the camp. "Boots and saddles" were soon sounded and away went two companies of cavalry, some scouts following, or at least acting as flankers, I among the latter. The cavalry kept to the road while we took the hills. In the course of time we came up to the Indians—the fog still very heavy—and were right in among them before we knew it. Then came the chase. First we ran them, and they turned and chased us. They outnumbered us ten to one. More than once did we draw them down with a mile or two of the cavalry, when we would send one of our number back and plead with the captain to help us; but his reply was that he had orders to the contrary, and could not disobey. I did not think he acted from fear or was a coward, but I told him afterwards he lost an opportunity that day to make his mark and put a feather in his cap; and I believe he thought so too, and regretted he had not made a charge regardless of orders.

In the fall the Indians would come in, make a treaty, and draw rations, and break the treaty as soon as the grass was green in the spring. I have seen the Arkansas bottom for miles above and below Fort Dodge covered with Indians' tepees and ponies—thousands of the former and many thousands of the latter—the Indians all drawing rations, and the whole country full of game, black with buffalo and large bands of antelope, with deer on the islands and in the brush, and not a few elk in the breaks and rough country. I have indeed traveled through buffaloes along the Arkansas river for 200 miles, almost one continuous herd, as close together as it is customary to herd cattle. You might go north or south as far as you pleased and there would seem no diminution of their numbers. When they were suddenly frightened or stampeded they made a roar like thunder and the ground seemed to tremble. When, after nightfall, they came to the river, particularly when it was in flood, their immense numbers, in their headlong plunge, would make you think, by the thunderous noise, that they had dashed all the water from the river. They often went without water one and two days in summer, and much longer in winter. No one had any idea of their number.

One day a Mexican Indian or at least a Mexican who had been brought up by the Indians, came in and said his train had been attacked at the mouth of Mulberry creek, the stock run off, and every one killed but him. This was the first outbreak that spring. We afterwards learned this Mexican had been taken in his youth and adopted by the Indians, and had participated in killing his brothers. In fact, he had been sent to the train to tell them the Indians were friendly. They captured the train and murdered every one in it without giving them the ghost of a show. The Mexican was then sent to Fort Dodge to spy and find out what was going on there, because he could speak Spanish. Major Douglas sent a detachment down, and true enough there lay the train and dead Mexicans, with the mules and harness gone. The wagons were afterwards burned. The train had passed over the old Fort Bascom trail from New Mexico, a favorite route, as it was much shorter than the Santa Fe trail and avoided the mountains, but scarce of water and very dangerous. At last it became so dangerous that it had to be abandoned. The trail which came into the Arkansas four miles west of the town of Cimarron had to be abandoned for the same reason.

Many attacks were made along the route, and three trains that I know of were burned, and several had to be abandoned and stock driven into the Arkansas river on account of the scarcity of water. The route was called the "Hornado de Muerti" (the journey of death; very significant was its name). At one time you could have followed the route, even if the wagon trail had been obliterated, by the bleaching bones. There are two places now in Grant or Stevens county, on the Dry Cimarron, known as Wagon Bed Springs and Barrel Springs. One was named because the thirsty freighters had sunk a wagon bed in the quick sand to get water; in the other place because they had sunk a barrel. Sixty miles above where this route came into the Arkansas there was another called the Aubrey route, which was less dangerous because less subject to Indian attacks and water was more plentiful. Col. F. X. Aubrey, a famous freighter, established this route, and it became more famous on account of a large wager that he could make, the distance on horseback from Santa Fe to Independence, Mo., in eight days. He won the wager, and had several hours to spare. Colonel Aubrey had fresh horses stationed with his trains at different places along the whole route. He afterwards made his famous trip down through the wilds of Arizona and California, accompanied by a single Indian, and came back to Santa Fe, after a six months journey, with marvelous stories of the rich finds he had made. He had the proof with him in the shape of quartz and nuggets. When some gentleman questioned his veracity, immediately a duel was fought in which the Colonel was killed. No money, bribes, threats or coaxing could induce that Indian to go back and show where these riches lay. He said: "No, I have had enough. Nothing can tempt me again to undergo the hard-



Grain Elevators, Garfield, Kansas

ships I have endured for want of food and water and the dangers I have escaped. Death at once would be preferable."

A few miles east of where the Aubrey trail comes into the Arkansas is what is known as the "Gold Banks." Old wagon bosses have told me that along in the early fifties a party of miners, returning from California richly laden, was attacked by Indians. The white men took to the bluffs and stood them off for several days and made a great fight; but after a number were killed and the others starved for water, they buried their treasure, abandoned their pack animals, and got away in the night, and some of the party came back afterwards and recovered their buried riches. Another version of the story says that they were all killed before they reached the States. At any rate, long years ago there were many searches made, and great excitement was always going on over these bluffs. In 1859 I saw a lot of Californian miners prospecting in the bluffs and along the dry branches that put into the Arkansas; and I was told they got rich color in several places, but not enough to pay. In this vicinity, and east of the bluffs, is what is named Choteau's island, named after the great Indian trader of St. Louis, the father of all the Choteaus. Here he made one of his largest camps and took in the rich furs, not only of the plains, but of the mountains also.

"Many times in the early days of Fort Dodge I have picked up little bunches of cattle wandering on the plains aimlessly that had been run off by the Indians as well as horses and mules, and turned them over to some Mexican train from which they had been stampeded. Once I found a buggy all smashed to pieces in the timbered breaks of

Duck creek, but we could never discover whom the unfortunate occupants had been. They had been killed and dumped out, no doubt, miles from where the vehicle was wrecked. One day I found one of the most beautiful horses I ever saw, with a fine saddle on his back. The saddle was completely saturated with blood.

"In 1863, the fall before Fort Dodge was established, on the bluffs where you first get a sight of the Arkansas on the dry route from Fort Larned, a little Mexican train of ten or twelve wagons loaded with corn, groceries, and other goods, many sacks of flour, together with a feather bed or two, camped one day to get dinner. Soon after they had corralled a band of Indians rode up, with the customary 'How-how,' 'Heap hungry,' and wanted some 'chuck-a-way.' After gorging themselves, and had sat around the small fire of buffalo chips smoking, they arose shook hands all around, mounted their ponies, and, as they arrived at the rear corral, suddenly turned and killed every one of the Mexicans, excepting the day herder, who had started off in advance to his animals that were quietly grazing in the grassy bottoms. The moment he heard the firing he lit out mighty lively for Fort Lyon, closely followed by the red devils, but he managed to escape; the only one left to tell the horrid tale.

"We camped with the mail enroute several times that winter, and fed our mules on corn and ourselves ate of the canned goods that were scattered all over the trail. It was certainly a curious spectacle, and could be seen for quite a distance, where the savages had cut open feather beds and scattered their contents around, which had caught in the weeds and grass of the prairie. They also emptied many sacks of flour to get the sacks for breech-clouts. In nearly the same spot, and in the vicinity, have I many times helped bury the mutilated and scalped remains of men who had been ruthlessly murdered there by the Indians.

"On the bottom immediately opposite is where Colonel Thompson's horses of the troop of the Seventh cavalry were run off by the Indians. One of the herders on duty jumped into the river and was killed; the other unfortunately or fortunately was chased by the savages right into the parade-ground of the fort before the last Indian leaving him, grabbing at his bridle-rein in his determined effort to get the soldier's horse. The persistent savage had fired all his arrows at the trooper, and the latter, when taken to the hospital, had two or three of the cruel shafts stuck in his back from the effects of which wounds he died in a few hours.

"The creeks, when the fort was first started, were all heavily wooded with hackberry, ash, box-elder, cottonwood, and elm. We cut 1500 cords of wood almost in one body on a little creek six miles north of the fort, all hackberry. There were a good many thousand cords cut on the Sawlog, which stream is properly the south fork of the Pawnee, but the soldiers would go out to the old Hays crossing, chop down a big tree, hitch a string of large mules to it, haul it up on the

bank near the ford, and, after stripping off its top and limbs, leave its huge trunk there. In consequence thousands of immense logs accumulated, making the place look as if a sawmill had been established; and these great trunks were sawlogs ready to be cut into lumber. The early buffalo-hunters called the creek Sawlog, which name it bears to this day.

“Just above the crossing was a great resort and covert for elk. I have seen as many as fifty in a single band at one time. Every spring we would go out there and capture young ones. That region was also the heart of the buffalo range as well as that of the antelope. I have seen 2000 of the latter graceful animals in single bunch driven right into Fort Dodge against the buildings by a storm. I have shot buffalo from the walls of my corral at the fort and so many of them were there in sight it appeared impossible to count them. It was a difficult problem to determine just how many buffalo I saw at one time. I have traveled through a herd of them days and days, never out of sight of them; in fact, it might be correctly called one continuous gathering of the great, shaggy monsters. I have been present at many a cattle round-up, and have seen 10,000 head in one herd and under complete control of their drivers; but I have seen herds of buffalo so immense in number that the vast aggregation of domestic cattle I have mentioned seemed as none at all compared with them.

Although Dodge City itself had practically nothing to do with the history of the Old Trail it was not a history producing community until after the decline of the Trail, yet no history of the early days in the Great Arkansas Valley could be complete without at least some mention of the character of life in this historic frontier settlement whose famous Boot Hill, so-called because of the hundreds of hardy frontiersmen who died there “with their boots on,” has gone down in history as one of the most memorable spots in the central west. The character of life at Dodge, “The Wickedest Town in the World,” is ably portrayed by “Bob” Wright in the following article:

“I have been to several mining camps where rich strikes had been made, but I never saw any town to equal Dodge. A good hunter would make \$100 a day. Every one had money to throw at the birds. There was no article less than a quarter—a drink was a quarter, a shave was a quarter, a paper of pins a quarter, and needles the same. In fact, that was the smallest change.

“Of course every one has heard of wicked Dodge; but a great deal has been said and written about it that is not true. Its good side has never been told, and I cannot give it space here. Many reckless, bad men came to Dodge and many brave men. These had to be met by officers equally brave and reckless. As the old saying goes, ‘You must fight the devil with fire!’ The officers gave them the south side of the railroad-track, but the north side must be kept respectable, and it was. There never was any such thing as shooting at plug hats. On the contrary, every stranger that came to Dodge City and behaved himself



was treated with politeness; but woe be unto the man who came seeking a fight. He was soon accommodated in any way, shape or form that he wished. Often have I seen chivalry extended to ladies on the streets, from these rough men that would have done credit to the knight of old. When some man a little drunk, and perhaps unintentionally, would jostle a lady in a crowd, he was soon brought to his senses by being knocked down by one of his companions, who remarked: 'Never let me see you insult a lady again.'

"Governor St. John was in Dodge once, when he was notified that a terrible cyclone had visited a little town close to the Kansas line, in Nebraska. In two hours I raised \$1000, which we wired them. Our first calaboose in Dodge City was a well fifteen feet deep, into which the drunkards were let down and allowed to remain until they were sober. Sometimes there were several in it at once. It served the purpose well for a time.

A True Story of Wicked Dodge.

Once upon a time, a long while ago, when Dodge was young and very wicked, there came a man to town, an itinerant preacher. In the present age you would call him an evangelist. Well, anyway, he possessed a wonderful magnetic power, he was marvelously gifted that way; he would cast his spell over the people, and draw crowds that no one ever dreamed of doing before, in fact he captured some of the toughest of the toughs of wicked Dodge, and from the very first he set his heart on the capture of one Dave Mathews,—alias, Mysterious Dave—who was city marshall at the time, said to be a very wicked

man, a killer of killers. And it was and is an undoubted fact that Dave had more dead men to his credit, at that time, than any other man in the West. Seven by actual count in one night, in one house, and all at one sitting. Indeed he was more remarkable in his way than the preacher was in his.

Well, as I said, he set his heart on Dave, and he went after him regularly every morning, much to the disgust of Dave. Indeed he was so persistent, that Dave began to hate him. In the meantime, the people began to feel the power of the preacher, for he had about him an unexplainable something that they could not resist, and the one little lone church was so crowded they had to get another building, and this soon would not hold half the audience. Finally they got a large hall known as the "Lady Gay Dance Hall" and fitted it up with boards laid across empty boxes for seats. There was a small stage at the rear of the building, and on this was placed a goods box for a pulpit for the preacher. Now whether or not Dave had become infected by the general complaint that seized the people, or whether the earnest persistence of the preacher had captured him I know not. Anyhow, certain it was, he promised the preacher to attend the meeting that night, and certain it was, Dave would not break his word. He was never known to do that. If he promised a man he would kill him, Dave was sure to do it.

It was soon noised around by the old "he pillars" of the church, and the "she pillars" too that Dave was captured at last, and what a crowd turned out that night to see the wonderful work of God brought about through the agency of the preacher—the capture of Mysterious Dave.

Soon the hall was filled to its utmost capacity, and Dave, true to his promise was seen to enter. He was at once conducted to the front, and given the seat of honor reserved for him in front of the preacher, and Oh! how that preacher preached straight at him. He told how wonderful was the ways of providence in softening the heart of wicked Dave Mathews, and what rejoicing there would be in heaven over the conversion of such a man. Then he appealed to the faithful ones, the old "he pillars" of the church, and said to them, now he was ready to die. He had accomplished the one grand object of his life. He had converted the wickedest man in the country, and was willing now and at once to die, for he knew he would go right straight to heaven. Then he called upon the faithful ones to arise and give in their experience, which they did, each one singly, and said, they too, like the preacher, were willing to die right now and here, for they knew that they too would go right straight to heaven for helping to carry out this great work. In fact, most of them said, like the preacher, that they wanted to die right now so they could all go to heaven rejoicing together. Dave sat there silent with bowed head. He told me afterwards, he never in all his scrapes was in such a hot box in his life. He said he would much rather to have been in a hot all around fight with a dozen fellows



Threshing the Golden Grain near Sterling, Kansas

popping at him all at once, than to have been there. He said he would have been more at ease, and felt more at home, and I expect he told the truth.

Finally he raised to his feet and acknowledged he had been hard hit and the bullet had struck a vital spot, and at last religion had been poured into him; that he felt it tingling from his toes through his whole body, even to his finger tips, and he knew he had religion now sure, and if he died now would surely go to heaven, and pulling both of his six shooters in from of him, he said further, for fear that some of the brothers here tonight might backslide and thereby lose their chance of heaven he thought they had better all die tonight together as they had so expressed themselves, and the best plan he said would be for him to kill them all, and then kill himself. Suddenly jerking out a pistol in each hand, he said to the preacher, "I will send you first" firing over the preachers head. Wheeling quickly he fired several shots into the air, in the direction of the faithful ones.

The much frightened preacher fell flat behind the dry goods box, as also did the faithful ones who ducked down as low as they could. Then Dave proceeded to shoot out the lights, remarking as he walked towards the door, "You are all a set of liars and frauds, you don't want to go to heaven with me at all." This broke up the meeting, and destroyed the usefulness of that preacher in this vicinity. His power was gone, and he reparted for new fields, and I am sorry to relate, the people went back to their backsliding and wickedness.

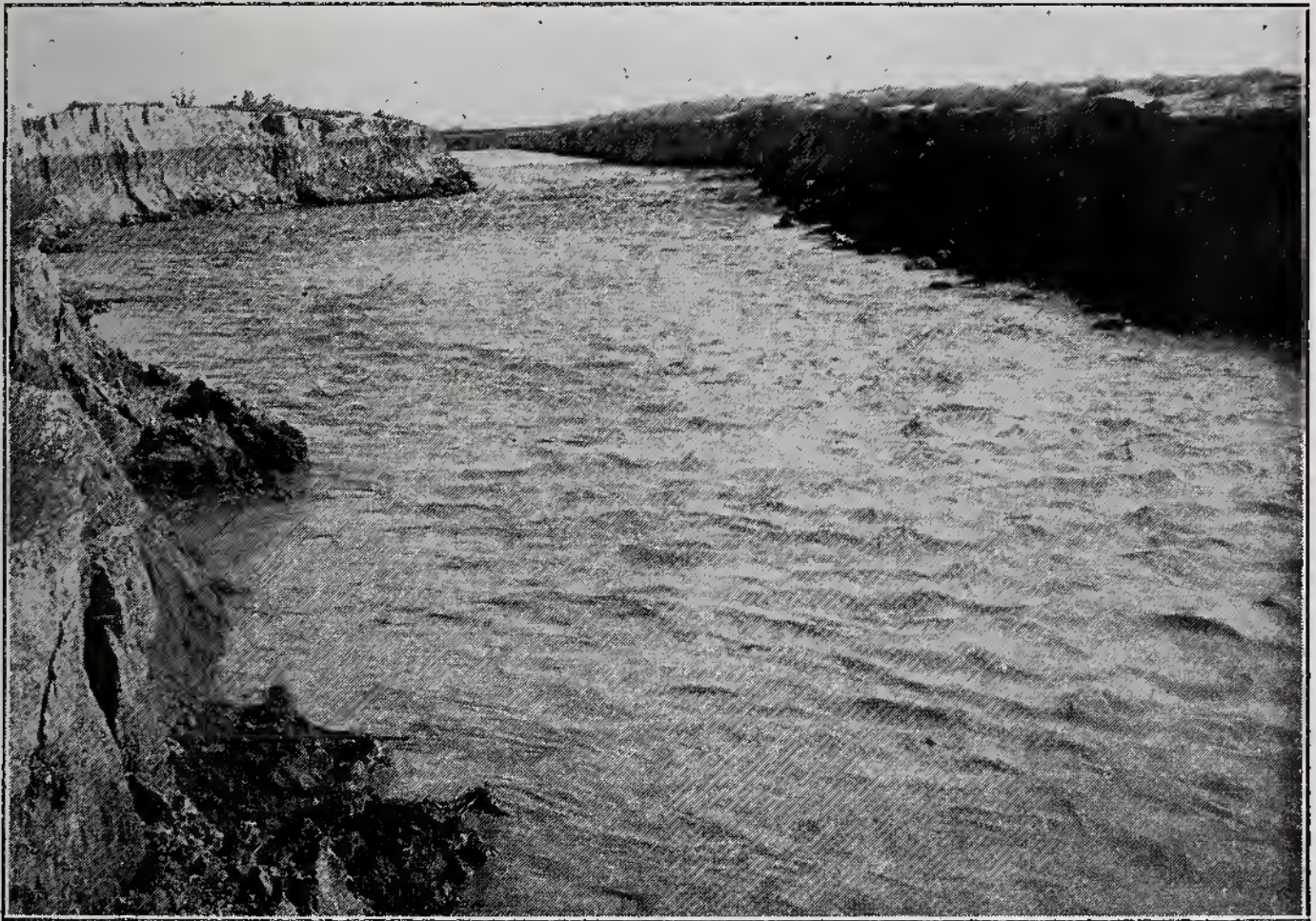


Street Scene, Swink, Colorado. Loading Supplies for Ditch Camp

Mr. Wright in his "Personal Reminiscences" gives the following startling account illustrative of the unmitigated cruelty practiced by the savages of the plains along the Old Santa Fe Trail:

"I have seen with my glass from the lookout on top of my building at the ranch 200 or 300 wagons and 2000 head of mules and oxen, all waiting for the river to run down, so that they could cross; and I have watched a band of Indians charge upon them like an avalanche, kill the poor panic-stricken Mexican drivers as easily and unmercifully as a bunch of hungry wolves would destroy a flock of sheep. Then the savages would jump off their horses long enough to tear the reeking scalps from their victims' heads and dash away after fresh prey. They of course, drove off many of the horses and cattle. Sometimes the owners would succeed in getting the majority of their stock into the corrals, and for days and weeks afterward the miserable mutilated oxen would struggle back to the river for water, some with their tails cut off close, some with ears gone, some with great strips of hide stripped from their bodies, others with arrows sticking out of them, the cruel shafts sunk deep into their paunches half way up to the feathers. The Indians did not care anything for the cattle as long as there was plenty of buffalo; they mutilated the poor creatures to show their damnable meanness. The horses, of course, they valued.

"Once, while a train of wagons was waiting to cross, three or four of them having already made the passage, leaving the Mexican drivers on this side with the wagons loaded with loose wool, a lot of Indians swooped down upon them. When the men saw the savages, the poor defenseless wretches made for their wagons and concealed themselves under the wool, but the Indians followed them in and killed the last



Along the Great Amity Canal, Colorado

one with an old camp ax belonging to the train, afterwards mutilating their bodies in their usual barbarous manner.”

Probably one of the greatest reasons why the plains Indians so resented the inroads of civilization was on account of the continuous slaughter of the buffalo carried on by the white traders and immigrants. The buffalo was the main dependence of the Indian for food and he took great care not to slaughter them ruthlessly as the white man did. The great Trail ran right through the heart of the best hunting grounds of the plains and from the endeavor of each tribe to control this desirable region there resulted a continuous warfare not only between the various tribes themselves but between each tribe and the traders as well. A very good account of this king of the plains is given below, taken from an article read before the Kansas State Historical Society by R. M. Wright of Dodge City, Kansas, at the twenty-fifth annual meeting of that body on January 15, 1901.

“I want to say something of the buffalo and its habits. The buffalo-wallow is caused by the buffalo pawing and licking the salty alkali earth, and when the sod is once broken the dirt is wafted away by the action of the wind; then, year after year, by more pawing and licking and rolling or wallowing by the animals, more wind wafts the loose dirt away, and soon there is a large hole in the prairie. Now there is a much more curious spectacle to be seen every year when the grass starts up; is even plainly to be seen yet when spring time



Looking East Toward Sugar Factory at Swink, Colorado, from Water Tank

arrives. These rings on the prairie; and there are thousands of them—yes, millions. From the first of April and until the middle of May was our wet season on the plains; this was always the case; you could depend upon it with almost the certainty of the sun and moon rising at the proper time. This was the calving season of the buffalo; the buffalo, not like our domestic cattle, only rutted one month, neither more nor less than it was all over. I want to interpolate a statement here, that no man living I ever heard of or saw ever witnessed the act of copulation by the buffalo. It was all done after night. Then was the only time that the buffalo made any noise or fuss; but at this season they would keep up a low roaring sound all night, and, as a consequence, the cows all calved in a month. This was the wet month. At that time there were a great many gray wolves in the country as well as the little coyote. While the cows were in labor, the bulls kept guard to drive off the wolves, and, in their beat, made the rings referred to. I have had people argue to me that they were caused by lightning striking the earth; but it is certainly strange that lightning should only strike at these breeding places and nowhere else. Others would argue that the Indians had their wardances there, which is just about as absurd a statement as the other. Others even say that two bulls get their heads together in battle and push each other round and round in a ring until a circle is formed. Buffaloes live to a great age. I have heard it from best authority that some of them live to be seventy-five or eighty years old, and it is quite common for them to live thirty or forty years; in fact, I think I have seen many a bull's head that I thought to be over thirty years old. After a storm, when we would go in search of our lost cattle, we could tell the buffalo tracks from



Apiary Industry, Dodge City, Kansas

our cattle tracks because the buffalo tracks would be going against the storm every time, while our domestic cattle would invariably go with it. You see the buffalo is much more thinly clad behind than in front; nearly all of his coat is on his head, shoulders and hump, and, when our cattle would turn tail the buffalo would naturally face the storm.

“Another terror of the plains was mad wolves. Several times were the different forts visited by them, and they not only did great damage to stock, but frequently to human beings. One ran into Fort Larned one night, but the officer of the day, Lieutenant Thompson, and two soldiers, and I think two or three employees of the government. Thompson went east and put himself under treatment, but he never was the same man afterward. It is doubtful whether it was the treatment he underwent that affected him, or the continual dread. The others all died.

The last in the great line of forts in the Valley of the Arkansas was located at the point where the Trail leaves the Valley to wind its way across the “Great American Desert” to the south. It cannot be called a government fort as it was founded years before the government began patrolling the Trail by three brothers by the name of Bent, as a rendezvous for trappers, Indian traders, and Santa Fe caravans.

It was not long before it became the most popular rendezvous of this nature along the entire Trail and was frequented annually by the most important trappers and traders of the plains.



A Farm Scene Near Dodge City, Kansas

Improvident by nature, the trappers would here congregate at the end of the season, each with perhaps a thousand dollar's worth of furs, and all set in for a hilarious time. Few, if any, of them ever succeeded in getting away with any of their hard earned wealth, but were swindled out of their season's earnings by a gang of professional gamblers who made Bent's their hangout. All the skin-games which the ingenuity of these western confidence men could devise were brought into play to beat the pleasure loving plainsmen out of their money and furs. It was indeed a veritable Monte Carlo of the west.

As the popularity of this rendezvous increased, the Indian tribes of this region began to make annual visits to the place for the purpose of trading. They too were swindled without stint and it is probably due only to the Herculean efforts of Colonel William Bent, the "officer in command" of the place, that good order was generally maintained during these annual visits. Whiskey the Indians must have whenever they came to the fort, but Colonel Bent stolidly refused to give them enough to make them disorderly.

An amusing incident is told of one of the visits of the Cheyennes to the fort. The first day they were there the owners of the fort allowed them to drink rather heavily so that they could be more easily swindled out of the valuable lot of furs they had brought along to trade. However, when they had consumed enough "red licker" to get demonstrative the supply was immediately cut off so that no trouble



The Amity Canal, Dam and Headgate



Orchard Near Lakin, Kansas



Fruit Raised in Ford County, Kansas

would ensue. After a day of very profitable trading the owners of the fort decided to take the chief through the fortifications and show him how easily the fort could be held against an almost innumerable host of besiegers. After taking him through the fort they decided to show him some of the cannon on the parapet and see what he thought of such large fire-arms. On seeing them he immediately wanted one shot off to satisfy his curiosity and one was accordingly loaded with a blank charge and his desire complied with. The surprise of the chief was in itself startling, but that of his followers outside the fort was even greater. Still under the influence of liquor, they superstitiously believed that the curse of "The Great Spirit" was upon them and fled in dismay. Women and all hid in the fastness of the sandhills in the vicinity and it was several days before they were all rounded up and persuaded to return.

A few years after the conclusion of the war with Mexico Fort Bent was sold to the United States government, and from that time till the Indians were forced to live in peace on their reservations in the latter sixties it was one of the most important centers from which army operations were carried on in the west.

With the establishing of this line of forts by the government and the increased vigor with which the Indian wars were prosecuted the character of life in the Arkansas Valley gradually became more peaceful until after the successful outcome of the memorable winter cam-



Scene West of Cimarron, Kansas



Birdseye View of Lewis, Kansas



On the Great American Desert Near Kinsley, Kansas

paign conducted against the allied plains tribes in 1868 by General Sheridan, the Indians were finally forced back in their allotted reservations and history had once more repeated itself through the predominance of a stronger over a weaker race.

The establishment of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad in 1872-3 opened up practically all the country bordering on the old Trail to settlement and the restless spirits in the overcrowded east were not long in coming to the great west and settling.

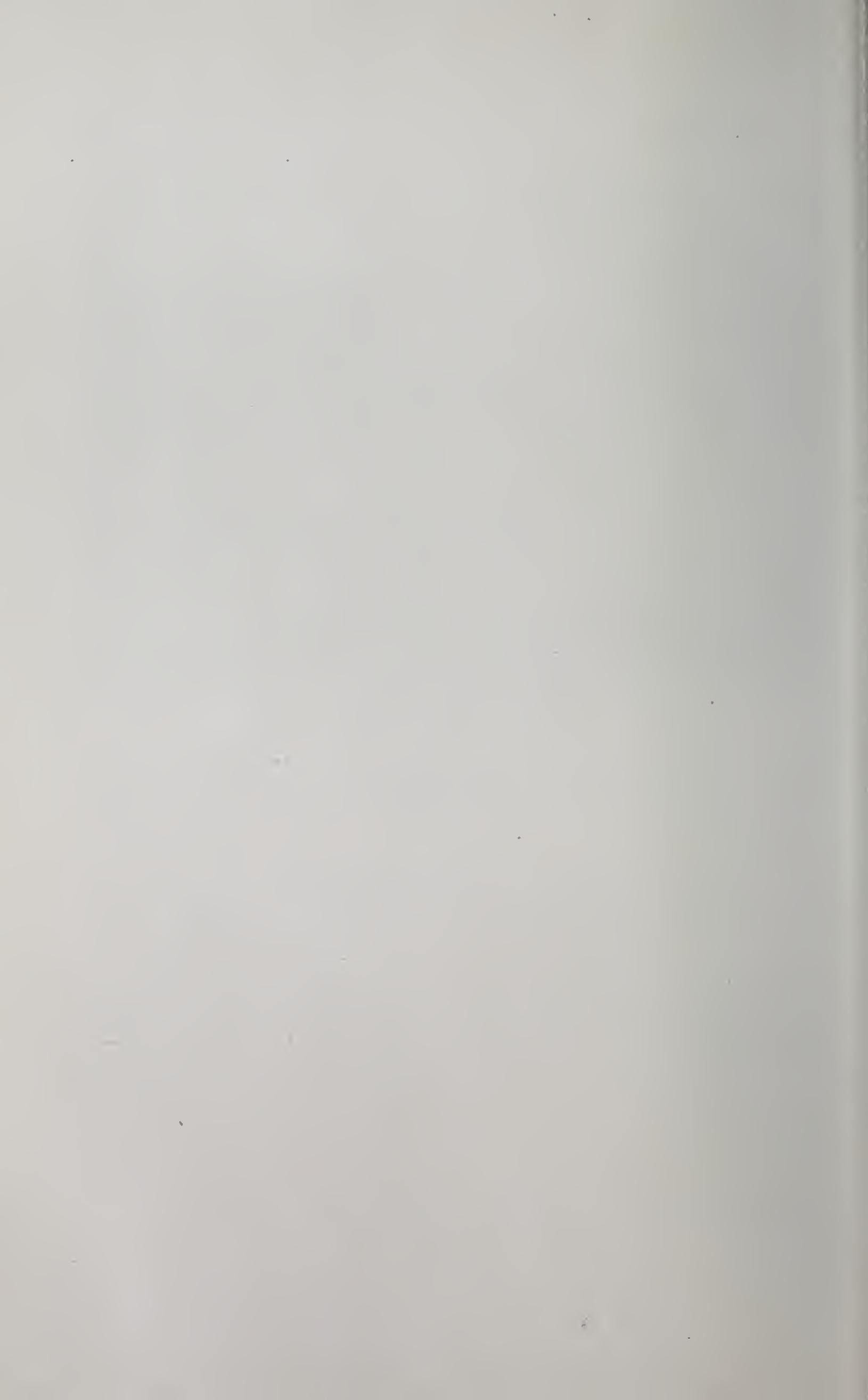
Just as in the ages gone by the fertile valley of the Arkansas had been a disputed territory for the various plains tribes; just as in the early days of the Santa Fe trade the natural bounties of this beautiful vale made it the most hotly contested portion of the Trail; so since the coming of the easterner the natural fertility of its soil has made it's broad acres the most coveted of any on the western plains.



PART II

Along the New
Santa Fe
Trail

Compiled by JOSEPH S. VERNON



PREFACE.

Forty years ago practically all that part of the United States lying west of the Mississippi river was an unsettled public domain. Hundreds of thousands of acres of valuable land, comprising the present states of Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Oklahoma, and a large part of Missouri, Texas and other states besides the vast regions on the Pacific slope of the rocky mountains, were lying in idleness awaiting the coming of the immigrant to give forth to the world each year a portion of the abundant wealth which nature had stored up in their fertile soil.

At that time the population of the United States was barely 40,000,000, but even with this small population as a basis we have in forty years settled and improved this vast empire of the west until at the present time it is one of the most prized portions of our national domain. From the day the first white man set foot on the North American continent there has always been an abundance of land open to the settler and home-seeker gratis. Today there is none. The pages of history have never recorded the settlement of any other tract of land anywhere near this size in so short a time. The celerity with which this vast expanse of public domain was appropriated to private ownership is in itself the highest tribute that can be paid to its natural fertility.

What should be more natural than that the brunt of this development should fall on the country along the routes of travel. What should be more natural than that the settler with all these vast myriads of acres to choose from should pick for his home a region blessed alike by a lack of all those deterring conditions which retard progress and by an abundance of natural resources which can be depended on as a fountain head of a never-ceasing prosperity. Such a region was the great Arkansas Valley. We have seen that for centuries before the coming of the white man this fertile vale was the cause of a never ending warfare between the savage tribes of the plains. Since the coming of the white man it has continued to be coveted territory and over it have been waged alike the bloody Indian wars, the lawless feuds of the cow-boy days, and the present vigorous competition among speculators for the titular possession of its broad and fertile acres.

True it is that the early settlers of this region experienced many discouraging hard times. Their fondest hopes were often nipped in the bud by the death-dealing persecution of a scorching drouth. Their crops disappeared as if by magic under the inroads of the grasshopper pest. Their stock at times succumbed by thousands to the rigor of the western winters and the wealth they had accumulated during the intermittent periods of prosperity fell a victim of the curse of rampant speculation.

For over a quarter of a century after the civil war this country was at times an irresistible drawing card to the home-seekers and speculators of the east and at times a seeming parched and arid waste that people were only too glad to leave. But in the last two decades things have changed. The country that was once the scene of the most sanguinary Indian massacres that the pages of history record; the broad valley which for more than a score of years had been productive of but an intermittent prosperity, is now one of the most coveted garden spots of the west.

This remarkable change has not been brought about in a day nor by any but the most tedious perseverance. The hard times through which the great Valley of Content has risen to its present state of prosperity will never be forgotten by those who have shared the vicissitudes of its fortunes. Indeed it seems as though providence itself has been its guiding hand directed to this great Valley men who were endowed in a remarkable degree with a spirit of optimism, and fortified to meet and overcome the most herculean of obstacles by a remarkable perseverance, were the chosen scions of the remarkable prosperity which now blesses this great Vale from east to west. To the early settlers of this region, the "old timers" as they are called, the present generation owes the fact that out of many periods of doubt and despair, yea almost utter hopelessness, this beautiful Valley has come to its own and now blesses us with a prosperity that in truth amply deserves the name the "Valley of Content."


Where once roamed the Buffalo in countless herds we now find the lowing kine grazing contentedly on the richest of meadow lands. Where once the ears of the hardy pioneers were greeted with the barking of the coyote, the howling of the wolf, and the demonical war whoop of the red man as he wrenched the reeking scalp from the head of his luckless victim, we now hear the singing of the wind through fields of golden grain, the busy whir of the factory wheel and the "toot" of the automobile horn.

This remarkable change has been brought about by remarkable men in a remarkable land. It has been a change that is almost incomprehensible to any but the men who have cast their fortunes with the fate of this great Valley and striven with a determination of steel to make it the garden spot it now is.

The present prosperity of this beautiful Valley is ably set forth in the following articles by men who are intimately connected with this region and the prosperous condition it now enjoys.



A WHEAT FIELD IN THE VALLEY OF CONTENT



ALONG THE NEW TRAIL

The Greatest Highway of the West Traverses the Most Fertile
Section of the West.

By R. H. FAXON, Garden City, Kansas, editor of *The Evening Telegram* and President of *The New Santa Fe Trail* and the *Arkansas Valley Commercial Association*:

It is a great road through a great valley.

The New Santa Fe Trail, the most important roadmaking effort in the West and possibly in the entire country today, does honor to the Arkansas valley—"The Valley of Content"—which is the most favorable section of the West; and the Valley of Content confers equal distinction on the New Santa Fe Trail.

Inseparable they, are, their destinies and achievements and traditions linked together.

Jointly they are important factors in the upbuilding of the West today, in the Big Business of the West, in the movement that is making out of this favored section, this formerly Great Plains area, this semi-arid country, this scope of territory west of the old Dead Line—the One Hundredth meridian—the granary of the continent, the hope of the future, the mainstay of future generations.

The New Santa Fe Trail has added glory because it follows the grooves and paths of the Old Santa Fe Trail. But where the patient oxen of yesteryear dragged the heavy-wheeled cart and typified the then march of civilization, there now speeds the motor car of the pleasure seeker and the comfortable farmer, or the great wagons and the buggies of trade and commerce and affluence.

It takes better roads for the travel of today than for that of the years that have come and gone. Men are more careful as to their manner of living, as to their concomitants of life. So the highways must be improved. The natural dirt road, already good, must be made better. The sandy stretches must be clayed and built up like macadam and the city setreet. The drainage must be perfect. The crooked must be made straight. The streams and irrigation ditches must be



Scene on the Worden Ranch Near Syracuse, Kansas

spanned, not with the rickety, dangerous, unsightly frame bridges and culverts of yore, but of that modern material, concrete.

To do all this there must be propelling agency, a directing force. That, in this modern day, means nothing more nor less than organization. Organization is the keynote, the watchword, of the age. Without it, nothing is accomplished. Humans must have a cohesive force behind them. So, after all the talk in the commercial organizations, after the papers had printed columns—for you know these are the two great forces of civilization: Commercial bodies and newspapers—then it was time for a conference, a gathering, and the resulting permanent organization. So the conference was held at Hutchinson in January, 1909, that decided on the New Santa Fe Trail. It had 350 accredited delegates in it. Who were these, do you suppose? Representatives of commercial and motor organizations, of farmers institutes, county commissioners and mayors, delegates appointed by them, newspapermen, and public-spirited citizens generally. And yet out of that number, one-half and more were real farmers. Let this suffice for him who says the farmer has no interest in modern roads.

The conference gave forth a plan that was striking, and its resolutions became the Magna Charta of good roads making in the West. An organization was perfected, officers selected, and within 24 hours, work was begun. At least three counties in the original territory had



Sugar Factory, Holly, Colorado, Showing Cattle Feeding on Beet Pulp

road meetings for Trail-building within twenty-four hours from the adjournment of the Hutchinson conference.

The original Trail extended from Hutchinson to the Kansas-Colorado state line. Then Newton and Wichita became the eastern termini. Then Colorado was admitted, as far up as Canon City, with its glorious skyline drive, the finest lofty drive in the world save that at Caracas. Later still, the territory in Kansas up to and including Kansas City, Missouri, eastward from Newton, was taken in. Then three grand divisions were created: The Eastern Kansas, the Western Kansas, the Colorado. Under the administration of vice-presidents work is progressing along this 700-mile highway today.

Perhaps such a work, such a splendid achievement, could not have been undertaken elsewhere than in the Valley of Content. The Valley of Content is that splendid area of the Arkansas valley westward from Dodge City, out into Colorado, under irrigation, ranging from one to three miles on each side of the river, broad acres of alfalfa, sugar beets, fruit, truck and cereals. Smiling, happy, contented, prosperous, full of hope and spirit, intensive in the farming area, highly developed in agriculture and horticulture—there is but one Valley of Content!



Scene Near Syracuse, Kansas. The Gentleman in this Picture Drove the First Spike in the Railroad West of Newton, Kansas

The hope of the future in this country lies in the West. Out of it will come its mighty men for statescraft, for invention, for arts and science, and—get this, too—for the bread of the succeeding generations. For this country, strange though it may seem to the unthinking, by reason of its prodigality, its soil which heretofore has needed but little care, its lack of preparation for seeding and harvest, has passed rapidly to the stage where it behooves every American citizen to take thought of the future. Do you know that our annual acreage production of wheat is but thirteen bushels, as against twenty-six for Germany? Do you know that, though our fruit production increases amazingly, the price does not decrease, conclusive proof of the growing demand for this output? Do you know that we shall be importing beef cattle from South America in a few years unless we mend our ways? Do you know that, even taking our own insular possessions into consideration, and Cuba by reason of its beneficial sugar tariff, we have to import between one-third and one-half of our sugar consumption annually?

If you do not know these things, think of them, for they are well worth while. To the studious, to the thoughtful, then, comes the suggestion, "Where shall we find our future products?"

The answer is, "In the mighty West," and in that mighty West, try to decide if you can—but you can't—any more propitious section than our own beloved Valley of Content.



A Street Scene, Holly, Colorado

Therefore, the untamed spirit of the Valley of Content, the spirit that has builded modern towns and citizens of character on these Great Plains, that has made an empire where once was desert, that has made a garden out of a dreary sand, that is building highways for the East to wonder at, that is supporting seven sugar mills for its contribution toward the sentiment of making enough sugar at home for our demand that is leading the world in excellence of alfalfa and sending that seed around the world, that is calling attention to itself in every field of effort—therefore, say I, this spirit of the Valley of Content and this spirit of the New Santa Fe Trail will lead on to the proudest position any people in this republic can ever occupy.

Hail Trail, Hail Valley of Content!

The Arkansas Valley

By Elmer T. Peterson, Editor Cimarron (Kansas) Jacksonian.

Owen Wister, the great American novelist, recently passed through Kansas City, and an ever watchful reporter asked him about his impression of things in general. "I was in El Paso ten years ago," said the author of 'The Virginian' and 'Lady Baltimore.' "Then they had mule cars. Now they have electric cars. That's the West. It's been



Plowing on a 1,000 Acre Beet Ranch Near Holly, Colorado

growing just at that rate. Yes, I wrote a story of the Old South, but the "Old West" is a better subject. The great American novel will have its setting in the West.

"Where is the West?" the reporter asked. "Right out there in Kansas. That is the West. If you want to pick a country for scenery or romance go out in Kansas—go down the Arkansas River Valley from Garden City to Winfield. I did, and it's the finest in the world."

What Owen Wister's impressions were of Kansas would also be his impressions of this Valley in Colorado, up past historic old Bent's Fort, Las Animas, and the home of Kit Carson, Pueblo, the famous old town of the frontier, and a dozen other places.

The first part of this book has dealt with the historic interest of this valley, from Pueblo down to the lower stretches. The latter part deals more with the material things and the scenic beauties of the Valley, that has been dignified by a renowned author's approbation.

And there is no question that the material, the cash-producing element, is as strong as the historic.

The Old Santa Fe Trail was pushed out over the plains for the purpose of opening up a new empire. The Argonauts of 1849, with their ox-teams and prairie-schooners, have faded into the mists of the past. The New Santa Fe Trail has been laid out over almost the exact route of the Old Trail by the twentieth century boosters, the new



Head of the Great Farmer's Canal, Garden City, Kansas

Argonauts the men who believe in the new empire of the West, the empire of corn and wheat and sugar beets and cattle and alfalfa.

The New Trail serves to cement the Arkansas Valley boosters of the sister commonwealths, Kansas and Colorado, for it is a great interstate highway, an artery which mingles the commercial blood of the two states. By means of this highway the state line will be forgotten as such in the united effort to make the Valley of Content, as one writer calls the Arkansas Valley, known to all the world.

Indians once fought over this territory, for they saw its rich possibilities with the instinct of the true sons of the plains. Their successors are coming to realize its tremendous value, its strategic situation with regard to the markets, its unbounded fertility and its surpassing beauty.

Pueblo and Wichita, the two capitals of the Valley, stand at either end of the empire of which we write. Between these two cities, each one of about 60,000 population, there is a district whose tremendous potentiality is rapidly merging into an actuality which is almost romantic in its fulfillment of pioneer' dreams.

In the old, stern days, when the last of the Indians were being gradually despoiled of their heritage, of which the Arkansas Valley was one of their last strongholds, and the new civilization was struggling with the tough white element which followed as a parasite the happy-go-lucky, money-careless cow-boys and tradesmen, there were



Scene in Lamar, Colorado

prophets who saw here a promised land and outlet for the people of the congested East.

They foresaw a splendid agricultural empire. For many years there were heart-breaking struggles, the readjustment of the old natural order was not agreeable to witness in its throes. The transfiguration of a million year old wild Nature to a cultivated, forested field was not easy. It was a time for strong men, men with a clear vision, men with boundless optimism and faith, optimism of youth and strength of maturity. Wild Nature found this section a stronghold and at times seemed to mock man's puny efforts.

But man won.

Now Nature, as if in admiration of man's persistence, has shown him the treasure of the Valley, and the reward is being gathered.

The men who came to western Kansas and eastern Colorado from the other side of the Mississippi Basin had to learn that buffalo sod, the prairie grass and John J. Ingalls shows to be a wild thing, is a thing to be overcome. The "trampled pavement of the sod," packed for thousands of years by buffaloes and torrential rains, and baked by thousands of years of sun, must all be loosened, so as to absorb the rains. The ground is fertile beyond all hopes of the pioneers, but it needed taming. The old sod would radiate heat into the air and the air would become a hot wind, the old sod would shed water rapidly into the streams. The new ground, loosened and covered with verdure, holds



Irrigation Scene Near Cimarron, Kansas

the moisture, prevents radiation of heat, cools the air and equalizes the atmospheric moisture, much as a soaked sponge keeps the air in a cigar case moist.

Success is contagious. Agricultural success is culmative. The more you plow and raise crops, the more crops you can raise, and the easier it is to raise crops. Forestration makes more trees grow better. A patch of corn in the middle of a section of buffalo sod will not thrive anywhere in Kansas. The same patch in the midst of other corn or wheat or alfalfa will thrive with the same amount of care.

Irrigation, one of the oldest sciences of men, and one still capable of the greatest development, has reached a very high if not the highest state of perfection in eastern Colorado and the western edge of Kansas, especially in the Arkansas Valley. The soil, naturally very fertile, responds promptly to the touch of the irrigator and bursts forth in verdure. This is one of the things that made Owen Wister admire this vale. The whole valley, from Pueblo to Wichita, is a mass of verdure, By this it should not be assumed that the immediate banks of the river constitute the Valley. A territory a hundred miles wide or right belongs to the valley and each part is developing mightily.

There have been pessimists in the past who have asserted that there is a "dead-line" in this part of the United States beyond which agriculture is not profitable. That dead-line has been placed at the



Swink, Colorado, Viewed from the Water Tower



Good Roads on the New Santa Fe Trail



A Sportsman's Paradise, Near Sylvania, Kansas

ninety-ninth meridian. It is a significant fact that most of the wheat raised in Kansas in 1910 is west of the ninety-ninth meridian. F. D. Coburn, the most famous agriculturist in the United States and the world, Secretary of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture, made a trip through the wheat fields of Ford county in 1910. The official photographer caught him in the act, as seen by a picture on another page. He said that he never saw so much wheat in one day in all his life before, and was enthusiastic over the prospects. Ford county is on the 100th meridian, considerably west of the 99th. And so it goes. The Star of Empire everlastingly takes its way westward, in spite of the efforts and screams of pessimists. The section of which we write is the future garden spot of the world.

Story of a Great Irrigation Project in Southern Colorado.

There is no more fertile land in the world than in the Arkansas Valley, commencing at the Royal Gorge at Canon City. There is no land in the world where, considering its prospects, the price is so low. There is no land in the world that will command better prices when the water that is now going to waste in its vicinity is conserved and placed upon the land.

But water conservation in the West is a recent matter, and in the Arkansas Valley, although there is already much irrigation, it has been found an expensive undertaking to conserve all the water,



Along the Amity Canal Near Holly Colorado

and from lack of money with which to do this, the work has hitherto been delayed.

Yet, in this very valley are some of the finest orchards in the world, and one of the greatest orchard districts to be found. In this very valley are some of the finest truck farms in the country, farms that are priced all the way from \$200 to \$1,000 per acre. In this very valley are the finest melons in the world. In this very valley are grown some of the finest small fruits to be found anywhere. In this very valley are some of the greatest sugar producing sections to be found. In short, agricultural produce of every variety flourishes in bewildering abundance wherever water is available for the land.

Illustrative of the productiveness of the valley is the fact that the orchards in the neighborhood of Canon City, cultivated for the past thirty years, have been producing at the rate of between \$500 and \$1,000 per acre net profit annually. Further illustrative of the valley's productiveness is the fact that truck farms produce up to \$300 per acre annually, when they are irrigated. The average yield per acre of irrigated land in the Arkansas valley is well over \$75 annually and the value of irrigated land ranges from \$150 per acre to over \$1,000 per acre, the latter price being obtained for good fruit land.

The climate of the Arkansas valley is the best in the state of Colorado, noted for its magnificent climate. That is proved by the records of the United States weather department. Especially in the strip



Signs of Prosperity Near Sterling, Kansas



5,000 Bushels of Corn Near Sterling, Kansas, Suffering for Lack of Bin Space



Alfalfa Field in Prowers County, Colorado

between Canon City and Pueblo, the valley is largely sheltered, and there are no extremes of heat or cold.

Aside from its accessibility to the general world's market, the valley has an exceptionally good market of its own, this including such thriving cities as Pueblo, Canon City, Florence, Salida, Rocky Ford, Lamar, Fowler, Holly, LaJunta, and the towns of Western Kansas.

In addition to this absolutely home market, the valley has a large market practically at its doors, embracing Denver, less than 100 miles away, Colorado Springs, the great Cripple Creek mining district, where all provisions of every character must be imported, and a number of other towns in this vicinity.

It is in excellent position for foreign shipments through direct connection with the "Galveston Gateway" to the ocean, and can therefore compete for foreign trade better than can any fruit and agricultural district in the West.

It has good roads, good schools, a thrifty population and every other advantage that can be afforded by any other section of the country. Its altitude is more agreeable than that of any other portion of Colorado, being only a little over 4,000 feet, thus giving the advantages of pure air without the disadvantages of excessive height, and this fact has succeeded in making it one of the greatest sections of the country as a resort for healthseekers.



On the Outskirts of Cimarron, Kansas, where Once Grew the Sage Brush and Buffalo Grass

Between Canon City and the Kansas state line, there are now about half a million acres of land under irrigation and the results of the cultivation of other land of the valley a thing removed from experiment, for the general character of the land is the same.

There are several irrigation projects now under way in this valley at the present time that will add another half million acres of land to its irrigated area within three years. These lands for the most part to the West, North, South of Pueblo, the largest city of the valley, a community containing at the present time about 50,000 souls, and growing rapidly.

The greatest of these projects, and officially known as the Colorado Southern Irrigation Company, is already at work and when completed will irrigate approximately 3,000,000 acres of land.

A great deal of money has been spent on this project already and the total cost of its reservoirs, canals, ditches and other work will be very great.

Money for this has been provided through a bond issue already negotiated with the well known bond house of Trowbridge & Niver Company, of Chicago, and the work is being pushed as fast as is humanly possible.

Land in the valley, under this company's ditches, "signed for water," which means that agreements have been entered into for



Sugar Beets Near Garden City, Kansas

supplying water, are selling at from \$10 to \$25 per acre. The water cost is \$75 per acre, spread over twenty years.

Fruit land in the Arkansas valley should be worth more than similar land on the Western Slope, as it is just as good a fruit district and is more favorably situated for marketing its product. It enjoys lower freight rates, because there is no mountain range to surmount in order to carry shipments to the East; it has a better market near its doors, and it can ship either to the Missouri river, Chicago, the Atlantic seaboard or to the Gulf of Mexico in about two days less time, an important matter in fruit shipments.

Much of the land under the new ditches is being purchased by people who live in the vicinity, as these are familiar with its possibilities, but, because of the enormous acreage that is being developed, there remains an opportunity for those at a distance who wish to farm in the irrigated districts of the West, and in one of the very best districts that has yet been developed, to obtain land at unusually favorable prices and upon unusually favorable terms.

The Arkansas valley is a section that certainly warrants investigation by the homeseeker and settlers as in it may be assured that by the exercise of ordinary thrift and good management they may not only assure themselves of life competence, but they may obtain lands

now cheap that will in a few years be worth sums undreamed of for farm land in older portions of the country.

This has been the history of every irrigated section of the West.

It has been the history of the Arkansas Valley itself, where irrigation has been carried on, and will surely be the history of the Arkansas Valley about to be irrigated.



In the "Valley of Content," Pawnee County, Kansas.

A Birdseye View of the Great Arkansas Valley.

By. R. H. Faxon,

The Arkansas Valley has the honor this year of entertaining the greatest gathering ever held in the West—the Eighteenth National Irrigation Congress—and is now actively engaged in this work of preparation that will put the valley further to the front than it has ever been before.

The Arkansas Valley is an imperial domain. Its very heart however, its irrigated section, its portion where agriculture has attained the highest degree of perfection under irrigation, extends from Canon City, Colorado to Garden City, Kansas, a distance of 275 fertile miles.



Alfalfa Field Near Syracuse, Kansas



Sheep Feeding Near Holly, Colorado



Orchards Near Canon City, Colorado



In Support of F. D. Coburn's Startling Statistics of Kansas Wheat

In this sweep of fertile domain of which Pueblo is the capital, there are seven beet sugar mills, which turn out, every season, a good share of the beet sugar produced annually in this country. One of these mills is at Rock Ford, another at Swink, another at Las Animas, another at Holly, all in Colorado; and the last to the east is at Garden City, Kansas, where there is a million dollar mill that is one of the finest in the country.

There are a half million acres of irrigated land in this stretch of valley, put under irrigation at a cost of at least \$25 per acre, and worth, at an average of \$100 an acre, which is exceedingly low, 50 million dollars.



In the Arid West, Near Spearville, Kansas

Planted in this area are sugar beets, alfalfa, truck, melons, fruit, celery, corn and other products that give fame to the valley. One county alone, Fremont, Colorado, produced an even million dollars worth of apples last year, and a quarter of a million dollars in small fruits besides. Another county, the famous Rocky Ford region, produced an even million dollars worth of cantaloupes. The Pueblo district last year raised enough celery to send out, after supplying local consumption, 125 car loads.

There are alfalfa mills, and many other evidences of agricultural prosperity, in every town in the valley.

The Arkansas Valley came into fame and renown many years ago, but is only now realizing the full extent of its greatness. But as much as has been accomplished in the past, there is still an incomparable future, and it is by no means uncertain that, in the next five years no section in the West will make such prodigious, marked advances as this fertile region. Already in this valley, there are stupendous new irrigation projects proposing to place another half million acres under



A Modern Farm Home Near Garden City, Kansas, Electric Lighted

water, at a cost of at least fifteen millions. Most of these are already financed and work is ready to begin on some of them.

The irrigating canals of the valley are of the finest in the state, under expert management, and supplying vast quantities of water from the Arkansas and auxiliary streams to the lands under cultivation. The various ditch associations are combined under the name of the Arkansas Valley Ditch Association, with office and headquarters at Pueblo, with an engineer, Mr. A. A. Weiland, late of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, in charge. This centralization of interests of this kind is doing a great deal to stimulate activity and organization in the valley.

Another project in behalf of the Valley that will unquestionably be carried out some time during the present year is the organization of what has been suggested by the originator of the idea as "The Arkansas Valley Association of Commercial Organizations, with repre-



Public School, Garfield, Kansas



Alfalfa that Made the Santa Fe Trail Famous, Near Garden City, Kansas



Peach Orchard, Dodge City, Kansas



Apple Blossoms, Canon City, Colorado. This Orchard has Frequently Produced \$1,000 worth of Fruit in a Season



Sugar Beets Watered from Bessemer Ditch, Near Pueblo, Colorado



A Street Scene in Holly, Colorado

representatives from every commercial and industrial organization in the valley, calculated to arouse and put to work co-operation between such commercial clubs, the newspapers, the railroads, the financial men, the agriculturists, and all good citizens of the valley who want to see that region finally attain the position to which it is entitled and destined,

It has also been proposed that the newspapers of the Colorado-Kansas valley perfect a similar organization, and that is by no means uncertain of final accomplishment within a short time.

Pueblo is the natural capital of this great empire, with Canon City at the upper end and Garden City at the lower, Pueblo is a great city



Scene on the Race Track, Kinsley, Kansas

of 60,000, which has long been known and recognized as "The Pittsburg of the West," a great industrial and railroad center. More recently it has been paying attention, through its commercial organizations and alert citizens, to agriculture, and is now bending its efforts to fame as the agricultural as well as the industrial center and is the capital of the great Arkansas valley. Pueblo is a thriving city, an important center, the gateway to the Mountain-west, and the go-ahead spirit manifested in the past year, culminating with securing the Eighteenth National Irrigation Congress, is simply wonderful. New wholesale houses, new manufacturing industries, are coming in all the time. One hotel has been completely rehabilitated and two fine new ones financed and ready to be started at once, to be completed by



The Beautiful Sky Line Drive Canon City, Colorado, at the Head of the Valley of Content and the Present Western Terminus of the New Santa Fe Trail. The Most Beautiful Drive in the Western Hemisphere and the Second Most Beautiful Drive in the World.



Raising Cabbage Near Syracuse, Kansas



Corn as it Grows, Near Garden City, Kansas

the time the National Irrigation Congress meets, September 26-30. Works of internal improvement have gone hand in hand with other development, and Pueblo has reason to be very proud of its recent achievements.

The Eighteenth National Irrigation Congress will eclipse all of its line of predecessors. It has been widely advertised already all over the country and all over the world. The Board of Control is well officered, and contains in its membership the leading men of the city, of the Aransas valley, and of the state at large. It began active work more than three months ago, and has put the work of preparation and the initiative far ahead of that of any city that heretofore has entertained the congress.

The National Irrigation Congress is a great national organization. It long since outgrew any mere sectional importance and has enlisted



Harvest Scene Near Larned, Kansas.

the attention and support of the entire country. More than irrigation, for which the congress was organized twenty years ago, there are other related subjects that have come into discussion and solution, including forestry, which directly concerns the conservation of moisture, soil-chemistry, which affects the relation of water to the soil; flood conservation, drainage, and home-making. The last is of national significance for the reason that it directly affects increased production and better agricultural which means decreasing the cost of living, the latter being a national problem. If, for no other reason, the nation might well pay attention to the work of the Irrigation Congress, and is doing so.



Farm Residence on Old Trail Near Dodge City, Kansas



A Grape Vineyard Near Pueblo, Colorado



Pigs on the Lombard Ranch, Hamilton County, Kansas



Alfalfa and Mill Near Hartland



A Farm Creamery in the Arkansas Valley



The Bessemer Ditch, Pueblo, Colorado



A. T. & S. F. Depot, Dodge City, Kansas



Apple Orchard, Garden City, Kansas



Farmer's Elevator, Dodge City, Kansas

There is an international phase as well, every year there being increased representation from all counties and sections of the world. It is estimated there will be at least thirty of these at the Pueblo congress. Among the number will be important diplomatists, heads of foreign departments, agriculturists, and irrigationists.

There will be an exposition, also, of pumping, machinery, model ditches and irrigated tracts, water-raising devices, etc. Interest is being taken in this exposition by engineers all over the country, by manufacturers, by publications, and throughout the world. This will be one of the important features of the congress.

But enough has been said to show the great significance of the Arkansas valley, the wonderful work of development in the imperial domain and the marked effect upon it and stimulus given it by the fact that the greatest gathering in the West this year and one directly related to the progress and work of the valley will be held in the valley's capital, Pueblo, September, 26-29.

*This organization has since been effected under the name of the Arkansas Valley Commercial Association and the work it has performed for the betterment of the "Valley of Content" pays a high tribute to the spirit of commercial cooperation so evident in this region.

Lower Valley of the Arkansas, Along the New Santa Fe Trail.

By C. H. Scott, Secretary and Treasurer New Santa Fe Trail, City Editor
Hutchinson News.

It would add to the store of one's pleasures and the fulfillment of his desires, could he find a country whose present is more richly endowed, or whose future has more alluring promises as a guiding star than that long reach of sunshiny land known as the Arkansas Valley. The past of that vast region is filled with things good to think about and with tales handed down that make them kin to stories of wonder, but the coming days could hardly bring to a community more than is in sight for the resident of this rich soil.

Settlement has moved the rain county westward until the showers of the prairie almost join the thunder storms of the mountains and the wheat zone, formerly checked for its western boundary at Hutchinson, has now pushed on to Boot Hill, at Dodge City, and beyond, the former dry plains are now clustering fields of yellow waving wheat.

Prosperity has its abiding place at each turn in the highway, marked so plainly by the New Santa Fe Trail, a road made possible by the memories of the Old Santa Fe Trail. There is abundance on every hand, and Opportunity instead of merely passing by, has stuck to it until county after county has come under his spell and Thrift, joined with Intelligence in wedlock, have named their offspring Plenty.

For the three hundred miles of varied landscape that attract the eye, in a ride from Hutchinson, west to where the Arkansas Valley is the property of Colorado there is scenery that is the reason for the fine farms, bountiful harvests and the satisfied people whose homes tell of easy living.

This year you ride in the magnificent trains of the wonderful across the continent railroad, whose palatial cars are hotels on wheels or whose stations an accompanying home that is unexcelled in cuisine and unapproachable in night quarters. Hour after hour is reeled off, if your train is not too fast to enjoy all of it from the window or the broad platforms which make traveling a luxury, and you wonder and not a little, that you are not one of them who loves the Valley and lives in it the year round.

This year you are also traveling in a fine motor car the product of the best makers in America or any foreign land. You tour the Valley from end to end and gain still farther ideas of the grandeur of intensive crop-culture and liberal-viewed farming. You cease to wonder not a little at the grandness of life in the lower part of that Valley,

for there are homes, magnificent, both in town and country, that give excuse for people believing in the fertility of the region.

Next year, and the years afterwards, you are to travel, up and down this same valley, in an air vessel and you will have still another view of the wonders of the land and you will see more easily why this, of all valleys, is prolific.

Heavier-than-air your craft may be, or a dirigible, but it will follow the winding course of the Arkansas river to the mountains, for it will be a path of promise, it will point out the way where civilization exists and where peace and plenty are twin maidens in the family of Content. For ever after, when air vessels are a mode of travel, the Arkansas river will be a beacon in the day and in the night for wandering tourists. For they'll not miss their way when the green and gold of this strip of country along the big Arkansas stream are kept in sight.

Can any one paint a future for a country so nearly all the time bathed in the smiles of prosperity? Could there even be a dream that would be fanciful enough for the things that will happen to this great streak of comfort? Is it possible to imagine all the things that are waiting for the coming generations that will make their home in this well-favored land?

Not only in the upper end of this great country, where irrigation has a tale of its own, will content settle and dwell, but in the lower parts of it, along the Trail that is helping to add to its laurels, will there be wonderful things to happen to such a grand land. From Dodge City down, where irrigation is not needed to make larger crops, to the broad fields of Reno county where rain is abundant and where prosperity of the Valley has already built a great city, Hutchinson, will there be greater things for the future than past dreams have ever thought of making possible.

There is nothing that will stop the eternal snows in the high peaks of the Rocky mountains and on the high ridge of the divide; there will always be countless acres of moisture packed away in the winter time, to make the Valley smile in the spring and summer. And as long as these great storehouses of snow are a part of the scenery of the mountains in the winter, so will the greenness of the Valley be a part of nature when the warm days of summer come.

Irrigation or no irrigation the water runs through the valley to make crops grow. The famous river, which parts from the Trail in Reno county, is an artery of commerce and along its banks and in the depths of its rich soil men and women will live who will always have plenty and who will be among the favored of the world.

Advice to the man without the gates would be to get a home in the Arkansas valley, in the zone which is made rich and whose citizens are content, because the valley reaches to the high part of the mountainous world where snow comes in abundance and where its

gentle thaw and its run to the sea makes fertility when other lands not so well favored are parched.

There are five hundred of these Valley miles between Hutchinson and its Cow Creek, and Canon City and its Sky Line Drive and everyone of these miles is a promise for better things in the future than is even possible now, even with the present's wonders, and the past's greatness to draw upon.



Horse Creek, Reservoir, Las Animas, Colorado



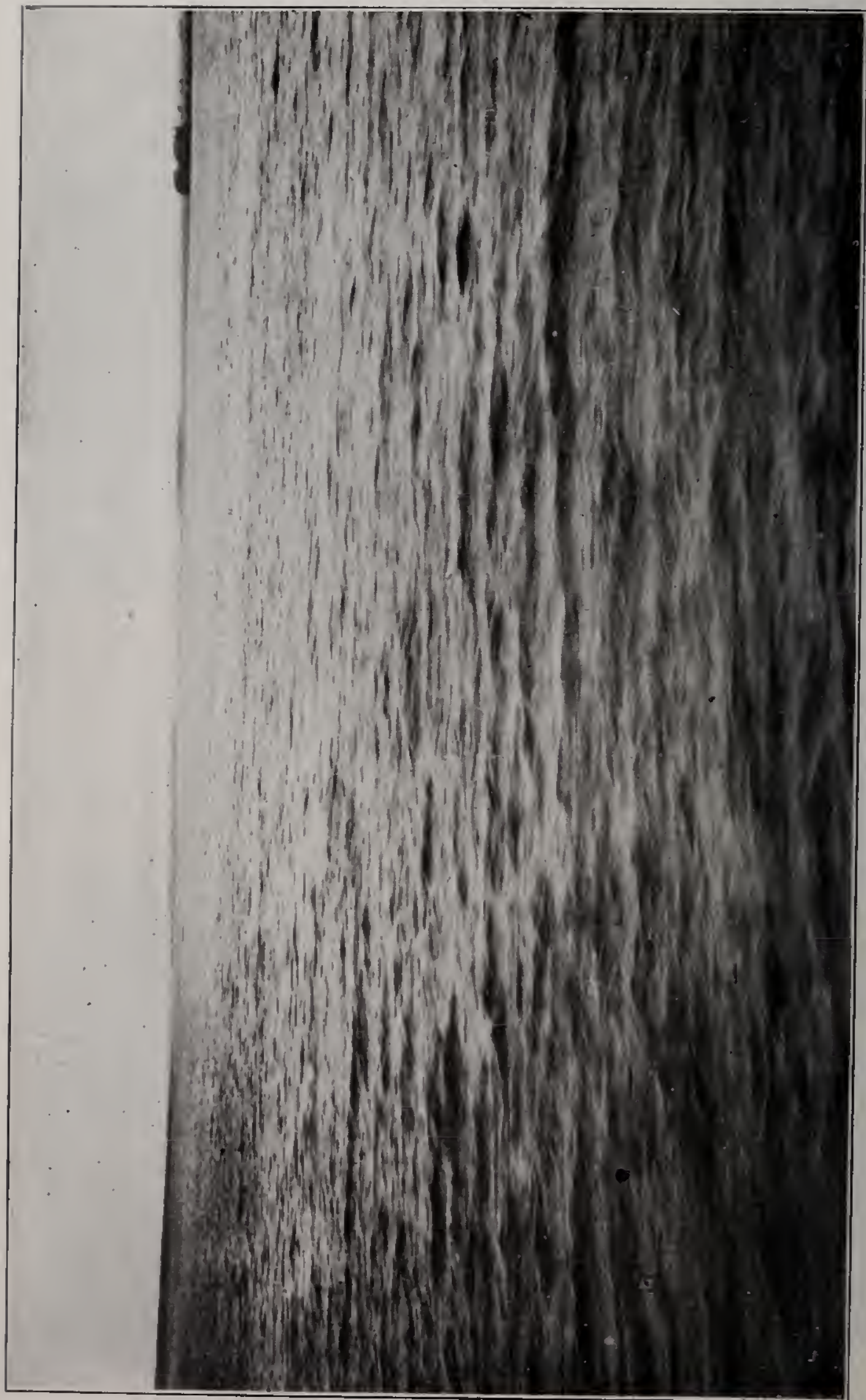
"I never saw so much wheat in one day in my life"—F. D. Coburn, in Ford county,
Kansas Wheat Field, June 4th, 1910. Copyright 1910 by F. M. Steele



An Improvised Bin near Larned, Kansas.



"Yes, this is Dry Kansas"



Dry Kansas. A Scene on Lake McKinney Near Lakin, Kearney County, Kansas



Horse Creek, Reservoir, Headgate, Las Animas, Colorado



Grapes Raised Under Irrigation Near Pueblo, Colorado



Small Drops on a Fort Lyon Canal Lateral, Las Animas, Colorado



Pumping Plant Near Garden City, Kansas



Where Gray County Wheat is Handled



A Busy Day, Lewis, Kansas



The Under-flow, Near Syracuse, Kansas



F. M. Steele Official Photographer "Along the Old Trail" Mired While Attempting to Get a View in the "Great American Desert"



Along the Old Trail. Near Spearville, Kansas



Tropical Scene on the New Santa Fe Trail, Garden City, Kansas



Farm Scene Near Belpre, Kansas



Garfield, Kansas



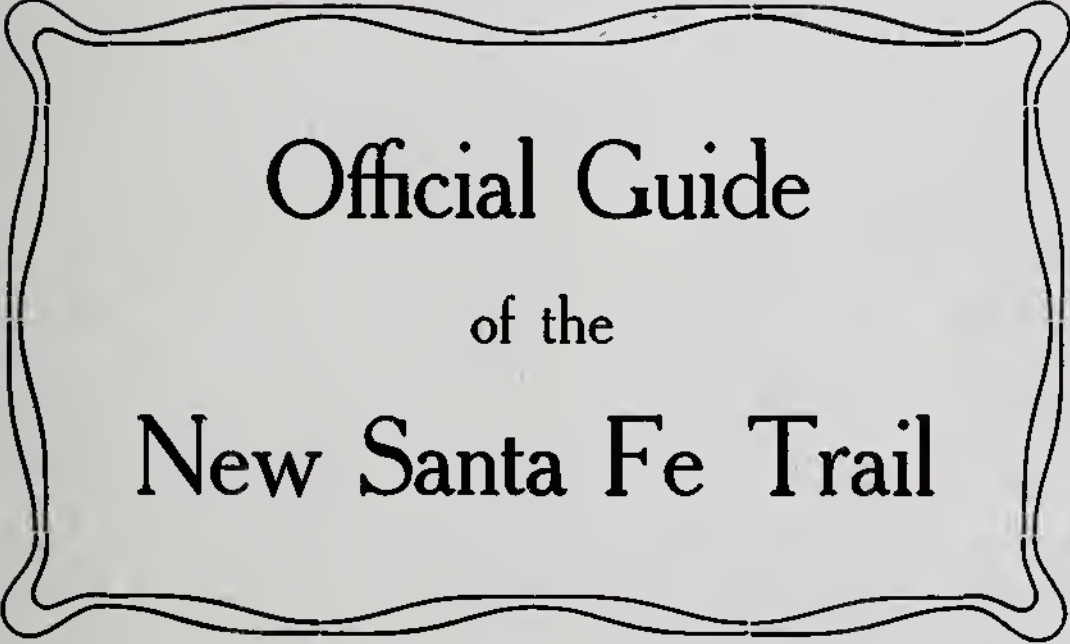
Elevators, Belpre, Kansas



A Shady Drive of the Plains of Western Kansas



Rural Scene on the Fort Lyon Canal, Las Animas, Colorado



Official Guide
of the
New Santa Fe Trail

Official Guide of the New Santa Fe Trail.

LEAVE HUTCHINSON:

Two miles and four blocks north to end of Main street, mile and a half west, one north, one west, two north, four west and angle along railroad, one mile and half to Main street in

NICKERSON 14 MILES:

One block northeast, then to northwest a half mile to section line road, running north, then north three and a half miles, west five and a half miles to salt works and Missouri Pacific railroad, then angle half mile west and northwest, north one block and west half mile to Broadway in

STERLING 24 MILES:

North through town and on three and a half miles, one-fourth mile to the east, then north six miles and turn west one block, north a block to Taylor's garage.

LYONS 34 MILES:

North across Santa Fe railroad to first turn, one block thence half mile west, across Frisco railroad, then north a half mile, then west thirty-three miles to Main street, and north one block to relay point—Briggs hotel, at

GREAT BEND 67 MILES:

South one block, west two miles, south mile and half to Santa Fe railroad tracks, then southwest, along railroad, through Dundee and Pawnee Rock over Missouri Pacific railroad, to Fifth Street, half block right to Boyd & Glascock's garage.

LARNED 90 MILES:

West one-half block to Main street, south one block to right of way of Santa Fe railroad, then southwest along railroad, across concrete arch bridge across Jetmore branch tracks, through town of Garfield to opposite coal chute.

KINSLEY 114 MILES:

Southwest along Santa Fe tracks eight miles to Offerle, half mile through town, along railroad, cross over to south two miles, west ten miles and north through main street, Spearville to across track,

eight miles southwest along railroad to Wright station, then four miles west-southwest across two sections, south one mile and west to

DODGE CITY 154 MILES:

Turn west at First street north of rink two and a half miles, west nearly eight miles to section line west of Howell station, north two miles, west two miles northwest and north angle across section, west six miles, south mile and a half into

CIMARRON

Across railroad, west-northwest through Ingalls and Pierceville to a mile west of latter place, northwest five miles, west six miles, north half mile to row of trees, west a mile to Main street and north six blocks to Vincent's garage at

GARDEN CITY 215 MILES:

West out avenue road, following pilot car, past sugar company's reservoir, over many irrigated ditch bridges to Deerfield, west two and a half miles, south one mile, west two miles, southwest across three sections into

LAKIN:

North one mile, west half mile, north half mile, northwest across three sections to main traveled road, west ten and one-half miles, southwest across three sections, south one mile into Kendall, thence northwest along Santa Fe railroad tracks, 12 miles to Main street,

SYRACUSE 272 MILES:

Northwest along railroad 15 miles to Coolidge, west two miles to Kansas-Colorado state line, 289 miles, west-northwest four miles along Santa Fe railroad to Main street and relay station at

HOLLY, COLORADO 293 MILES:

West one mile, north one mile, west one mile, north two miles, west eight and a half miles and south a half mile to bridge across Arkansas river, south two miles to Granada and across Santa Fe railroad tracks, west and northwest sixteen miles along the railroad, across over track to north and west two miles into town and relay and gasoline station at

LAMAR 327 MILES:

North two miles across Arkansas river bridge, west angling four and a half miles, north half mile jog, 14 miles west, to Hasty, south one mile, west nine miles, five miles west slightly angling south-

west, west one mile and south a mile and a half across Arkansas river to relay station at

LAS ANIMAS 367 MILES:

West south of tracks nine miles, then north across the bridge one-half mile, then west 10 miles to

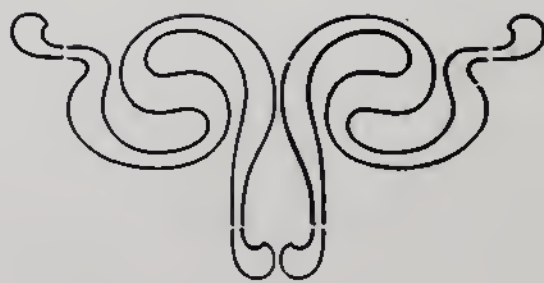
LA JUNTA 368½ MILES

West and northwest following railroad on south side to Swink five miles, cross over railroad to north side and on northwest six miles to Rocky Ford, along railroad 18 miles to

FOWLER 421 MILES:

Northwest, following pilot car, 40 miles to

PUEBLO 461 MILES



LARNED AND
PAWNEE COUNTY,
KANSAS.



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HISTORY OF PAWNEE COUNTY.

(Earliest Dates to 1876.)

*BY CAPTAIN HENRY BOOTH, revised 1899, by ISABEL
WORREL BALL. Written for and read at the Continental
celebration of the Declaration of Independence, Larned, July
4th 1876. Revised for and read at the annual meeting of the
"Old Settlers of '73," Larned October 21st, 1899.*

The first information we have of the territory, a part of which is now Pawnee county, is contained in a description of the march of exploration of Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, a Spaniard, who in the year 1542 started from Mexico at the head of a small band of Spaniards and Indians, took a trip up through this country in search of seven cities, which the Indians informed him were located somewhere in this region, and that they were rich in gold and silver.

Coronado and his followers did not come to settle; at least they did not stay, and it was left for another people to come from an opposite direction three hundred years afterward to discover the gold Coronado failed to find and to found cities that should become as rich as the fabled cities of Coronado's time. The descendants of that heroic band that landed on Plymouth rock on that memorable 28th day of December, 1620, were destined to take up the work Coronado so hastily dropped and worried over. With the flood of immigration from the east came the necessity for the organization of Kansas and with the organization of this territory begins the real history of Pawnee county.

At this time, and for untold ages before, this was the favorite grazing grounds for the buffalo, thousands upon thousands of which roamed restlessly over these broad prairies, cropping the short, succulent grass that seems to have been made for their special use, as it gradually disappears upon their withdrawal. But the buffalo was not to be left in undisputed possession of their territory. Some forty years before this date—1855 so tradition runs—the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians came down from the Rocky Mountains and found here in shape of the buffalo the milk and honey which favorite lands are reputed to flow.

Unlike Coronado these fellows stayed. The only mark of civilization in this locality in 1855 was the "Old Santa Fe Trail," a road running from Independence, Missouri, to Santa Fe, New Mexico, passing through the country from northeast to southwest, following

the Arkansas river along its north bank. Millions of dollars worth of merchandise rolled westward over this, the greatest natural highway in the world, which for at least forty years before had been traversed, first by pack mules and afterwards by "prairie schooners," drawn by eight and ten mules or eight and ten yoke of cattle.

At first the Indians troubled these traders very little, but they soon



The Old Homestead.

learned that it was less trouble to steal a living than to hunt for it, thereupon they began pilfering the trains as they passed through. Troops were required to protect this immense traffic, and in 1859, Major Wessels, of the Second United States Infantry, with Company G and H of that regiment, came out from Fort Riley to establish a fort.

The present location of Fort Larned was selected and named Camp Albert. At the request of Major Wessels it was subsequently named Fort Larned, after B. F. Larned, then paymaster general of the Army.

The agency of the Arapahoe and Cheyenne Indians was in 1859 at or near the mouth of Walnut creek, but upon the completion of the adobe buildings in 1860 it was removed to Fort Larned.

July 9th, 1860, Christian Krauss and Mr. Roach were murdered by the Indians on Ash creek. Mr. Krauss saw something moving along the edge of the creek, and went out of his cabin to learn what it was. It proved to be Indians and before he could reach his cabin they shot him twice through the neck, mortally wounding him. Mr. Roach was a traveller who happened along just at that unfortunate hour and met

the same fate as Krauss. The cabin here mentioned is the first one known to have been built by a citizen in this county. It was probably burned by the Indians, as no sign of a cabin was on Ash creek when the present settlement began.

August 30th, 1861, a band of Indians under a chief called Big Mouth fired a Mexican train and ran off the stock on Coon creek in this county. The killing of Krauss and Roach and the plundering of the train on Coon creek was only the beginning of murders and robberies by the bloodthirsty wretches, to enumerate which would make this paper too long for this occasion.



Broadway, Larned, 1874. The brick building (in process of construction) occupied the present site of the Masonic Temple

In this year 1861 a horse power saw mill was put up by the government on Pawnee Fork, some fifteen or eighteen miles above the Fort and was used to saw out timbers with which to construct the buildings of the Fort. This was the first mill of any kind constructed in the county. In 1861 the stone buildings used as a sutlers store was erected in this county and was the first west of Fort Riley.

In 1866 the Commissary building was erected, and in 1867 the buildings as they now stand were completed. The stone to build the quarters at the Fort were quarried at a point about two miles below the Fort. To protect the quarrymen from the Indians a guard of soldiers was furnished, and for protection of the sentinels a small stone shelter was constructed.

The mails were carried through the county by coaches running weekly between Independence, Missouri, and Santa Fe, New Mexico. These coaches were drawn by five Mexican mules—which looked very much like jack-rabbits—two on the tongue and three abreast in front. There was a station at or near the mouth of Walnut creek, another at Fort Larned, and not another until Fort Lyon was reached, 240 miles away. This mode of traveling, at this time, was tedious and hazardous. Messrs Bartoo and Saunderson were proprietors of this stage.

In 1863 a stage line was established from Leavenworth to Fort Larned, via Salina, Smoky Hill and Walnut creek. Terry Brothers were proprietors of this line.

In the meantime the Star of Empire was rolling westward, and in 1864 Samuel Parker, the advance courier of the hardy pioneers,—who were to develop this country and cause it to blossom as a rose—arrived and built a ranch on Pawnee Fork about one and a half miles above it's mouth. He was the first white settler in this county, a vestige of whose habitation still remains.

Some time in the year 1865 Parker built a ranch one and a half miles further up the creek opposite the high bluff. This he sold to Tortat and Fletchfield; they sold it to Dwight & Wagginer and in 1867 Dwight sold out to his partner. The Indians run off Wagginer's stock and burned his ranch over his head.

Mrs. Wagginer was the first white woman in this county. Wagginer, wearying of this sort of amusement as furnished by the natives, sold his ruins July, 1868, to A. F. Boyd.

By General Order No. 22, Headquarters Department of the Missouri, 1867, a reservation was laid out for Fort Larned containing sixteen square miles, the northwest corner of the commanding officer's quarters to be the center.

The Arkansas river was made the northern boundary of their hunting grounds, and they were not to cross on peril of being considered a public enemy. This was for the better protection of the travelers on the Santa Fe Trail. This treaty was made on Medicine Lodge creek, some fifty miles south of Larned. The agency was removed to Camp Supply about 100 miles south of Larned, and most of the troops followed to that point. From this time comparative quiet reigned along the border.

John Haney and Wm. White built a ranch house this year north of Pawnee Fork, three miles northeast of the Fort.

Henry Booth was appointed post-trader at Fort Larned and arrived there June 30th, 1869.

June 1871, Indians ran off ten mules and six horses from Boyd's ranch. The stock was not recaptured. This was the last stock run off by Indians in Pawnee county.

In this year land in this and adjoining counties was surveyed by the government surveyor, Robert Armstrong. Preliminary survey



At the foot of historic Jenkins Hill. A spur of the Trail crossed the Pawnee at this point, making it one of the most dangerous places along the trail. The rock in the foreground occupies the spot where Col. Jenkins shot his first Indian.

was made for the location of the A. T. & S. F. Railway by Mr. Ellinwood, chief engineer of that company. Larned Town Company was organized this year with ex-governor Samuel J. Crawford as president and E. Wilder, secretary.

January 1872 a meeting of the directors of the Larned Town Company was held at the house of Henry Booth at Fort Larned. The present site for the town was selected by the majority, the minority voting for section twelve. A survey of the town was ordered and made by Captain Thresher. The first claims were filed and made in Pawnee county in February by T. McCarthy and Henry Booth. Newton Warner filed on the claim now owned by D. A. Bright and Wm. Smith filed on the quarter section now occupied by the Larned townsite. April 1st, D. A. Bright and F. C. Hawkins arrived from Wichita and located on land adjacent to town. The first house was put on the townsite this month by Henry Booth. It was brought bodily from Fort Larned on wheels.

This house was occupied by Geo. B. Cox as a saloon and eating house. Mr. Cox was the first resident of Larned.

April and May of this year abutments for the railroad bridge was built by Gill & Collins. The stone used was hauled from Pawnee Rock. Colgrove & Russel put up a building, and opened up the first grocery store in Pawnee county outside of the Fort. The first dry

goods store was opened in May by Taylor & Stanners of Kansas City. Geo. B. Cox was appointed the first postmaster of Larned in June, 1872. The mail up to this time had gone to Fort Larned.

Mrs. Cox was the first woman residing in Larned. D. F. Garrison arrives and locates in Larned. Mrs. Garrison and children arrive in August. Mrs. Garrison was the first woman on the townsite that now resides in town and brought the first children into the town and county. Five other buildings were erected on the townsite this season, making nine in all. The buildings were all built on the south line of the present townsite towards the brickyard. Messrs. Haddock and Pattere put up a house opposite the depot and opened up a hotel. Previous to this Messrs. Cox and Boyd had built a hotel in the lower part of town. Haddock & Pattere's building was the first building on the present townsite. The railroad was finished to the Pawnee, July 20th, 1872. A salute from the hill-top was fired in honor of the arrival of the railroad, by troops from Fort Larned, commanded by Lieutenant DeHart G. Quimby, Fifth Infantry. The depot was built by Coddington Bros., of Topeka, Kansas. Asa Baldwin was the first railroad agent, and he was succeeded by Toney Swenn.

The first minister in the county was G. H. Smith, from Wyandotte, Kansas. The first sermon was preached in June, in a building occupied by Cox as a saloon. The attendance was slim; the sermon ditto.

Geo. Nolan arrived August 20th and located in town.

The railroad pushed on and when it reached a point about twelve miles from Larned a supply camp was established and named Camp Criley, after Capt. J. D. Criley, Superintendent of Construction. This location was made on account of a private quarrel between Criley and some of the citizens of Larned. Criley's object evidently was to injure Larned. There was employed at this camp from 250 to 300 men, unloading and reshipping iron, ties, etc., west, as needed in the construction of the road.

Petersburg, named after T. J. Peters, a director of the A. T. & S. F. R. R. was located August 10th, 1862, twenty-four miles southwest from Larned on the line of the railroad, by a committee of the Chicago Workingmen's Co-operative Colony. The committee consisted of F. W. Neye, J. Trumbull, Samuel Grant Rogers, T. N. Pratt and Robert McCause.

This place was selected on account of the fertility of the soil, healthfulness of climate and the abundance of pure water.

In October of this year a petition was gotten up asking the governor to appoint a census taker to determine whether there were inhabitants enough to organize the county. F. C. Hawkins received the appointment and the census was taken. Not a man was supposed to escape enrollment. A sufficient number was found to allow an organization to be made under the law, and on the fourth day of Novem-

ber, Governor Harvey, by proclamation, declared Pawnee county organized, and appointed W. A. Russel, A. H. Boyd and Geo. B. Cox, county commissioners; F. C. Hawkins, sheriff; D. A. Bright, county clerk; and declared Larned the temporary county seat.



Broadway, Larned, Looking North, 1880

On the following day, November 5th—it being the day fixed by law for the general election—an election was held; polls were opened at Larned and Fort Larned. The officers voted for at these precincts were: County commissioners, A. H. Boyd, Geo. B. Cox, and W. S. Patten; county clerk, George Nolan; county treasurer, W. A. Russell; sheriff, F. C. Hawkins, register of deeds, probate judge and county attorney, D. A. Bright; representative and superintendent of public instruction, Henry Booth. There was no clamoring for office—there were more than enough to go around. These parties received thirty-eight votes; party lines were not drawn.

November 17th, 1872, the first settlement was made at Petersburg by Robert McCause. December the first improvement was made on the townsite of Petersburg by Samuel G. Rogers by laying the corner stone of the Buffalo house, with appropriate ceremonies. Upon application for a post office Petersburg was informed that there was already a town in the state of that name with a post office, so the name was changed to Kinsley, after one of the directors of the A. T. & S. F. Railway, who was a resident of Boston.

January 1st, 1873, the first tragedy occurred in Larned. A man by the name of John Morris was shot and instantly killed; murderer not known, the man being shot through a window. A woman by the name of Beck was also mortally wounded. A woman was at the bottom of this fracas.

This month nearly thirty filings were made near Garfield by persons belonging to the Ohio colony. At the session of the legislature this winter the county lines were changed by cutting twelve miles off the south—leaving Pittsburg out—and adding six miles on the north which were taken from Rush county, and six miles on the east which were taken from Stafford county. This brought Larned nearer the center of the county and strengthened it as the county-seat. From the territory cut off on the south and some taken from the adjoining counties Edwards county was formed during the following winter.

On February 14th, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Tompkins and two sons arrived from Michigan. This was, "the first low wash of waves where soon would roll a human sea." Immigration now began to set in.

Col. and Mrs. W. R. Adams, and son Edward, accompanied by Miss Emma Post, arrived from Olathe the last of this month. The Colonel had previously been elected president of the Larned Town Company.

Miss Post being the first young lady to arrive in Larned, immediately became the belle of the town, and on September 25th, 1873, she made the first match of the season by marrying D. A. Bright, probate judge of the county. This was the first wedding in Larned, and was officiated over by Rev. M. Overstreet, of Emporia. No cards.

Trouble began on March 20th of this year when the first lawyer arrived in the person of John Adams, of Iola, Allen county. The first suit was brought about this time by Henry Booth against George O'Dell for rent, before Justice of the Peace J. C. Tousley, Sheriff Hawkins serving the papers. The rent was paid and the case was settled by plaintiff paying the costs, which was fixed at two gallons of beer. This may seem to have been a little irregular, but no exceptions were taken, especially to the beer.

In April Henry Booth and family removed from Fort Larned to Larned and became citizens of the town. Paul T. Curlett was appointed post trader.

The first furrow turned in Pawnee county outside of Boyd's garden, was done near Larned on section thirty-three, township twenty-one, range sixteen west for the A. T. & S. F. R. R., for an experimental garden and for tree culture with S. T. Kelly, forester. This section was afterwards sold to J. W. Adams and abandoned by the railroad company.

The first township election was held in April, 1873. James M. Colgrove was elected township trustee; A. H. Boyd, treasurer; D. A. Bright and John Peyton, justices of the peace, and U. Howell and L. C. Waterman, constables. About this time Messrs. Colgrove and Russell removed their stock of goods to Newton.

Charles F. Leicham arrived April 27th from Wichita with a stock of groceries and opened out in the building now occupied by M. D. Bone. This was the first grocery store opened on the present townsite. The stock belonged to T. J. Clark who came out in August and took possession. During the following fall Mr. Leicham opened up for himself in the building afterwards occupied by the Larned Press, in the rear of the postoffice, and built the first residence erected on the townsite, his wife and children arriving soon after its completion.

April 29th, the first carpenter and builder arrived in the person of A. A. Thorpe, from Chicago, in company with Jerry Toles and R. H. Ballinger. Mr. Thorpe made the first coffin in Larned, and tore down the partition in the house to procure the lumber. On May 1st, Messrs. Miller & Christy established at Larned the first lumber yard in Pawnee county. Mr. Miller had been here some thirty days. In March of this year the advance of the Ohio colony—consisting of about thirty souls—arrived at Camp Criley, and at once began to make improvements. The first house was built by V. Dirlin. J. W. Granger, E. H. Hart, Harrison Nelson, H. R. Arnold, W. T. Carey, Jonathan Pettit, C. H. Hubbs and Nancy Baker followed suit as soon as buildings could be put up. The name was changed to Garfield in honor of James A. Garfield, then congressman from their old district. A store was then opened and the postoffice established immediately thereafter, with E. W. Grover as the first merchant and postmaster of that town.

During the summer of 1873, Messrs. J. P. Leavett, H. W. Warner, A. E. Nicholson, B. R. McGee, and several others, joined the settlement. The Methodists formed a class, which was by the Congregationalists perfecting a church organization and the establishment of a Union Sabbath school. Rev. J. B. Schlechter, of Peace, held services at private houses once every three weeks.

The first day school in Garfield was held in a private room, which was occupied by the family, during the winter of 1873-4, with Mrs. Nancy Baker as the teacher. No matter what the hardships attending or what privation was necessary, the "young idea" must be taught how to shoot.

On April 1st, 1873, Warren Gillelen relieved Toney Sween as railroad agent at Larned, and at this time Wesley Wampler, Jerry Toles and R. H. Ballinger bought an interest in the Larned townsite.

On May 12th the first piece of Pawnee county script was issued to Geo. W. Crane for county books and blanks to the amount of \$863.95.

June 10th, 1873, Wm. C. Tomkins published the first issue of the *Larned Press*. It was a three-column folio, the size of its pages was seven by nine inches, republican in politics, and had for its motto: "Westward the Star of Empire Takes its Way." In his salutary the editor says: "It is the most westerly paper printed in the state, and is probably the most petite. But small as it is it is larger than its income." Its subscribers numbered 00,000—all dead-heads. It was printed on a Washington Hand press, and the typesetting was done by the editor's two sons, Fred M. and Willie F. Tompkins, aged eleven and twelve respectively.



Larned's "Motor Maniacs" in the Eighties.

The first settlers in the northeast portion of the county was Charles Gano, followed soon after by John Lindas. Mr. Lindas made the first filing in that locality and Mr. Gano erected the first house.

Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Harnes and seven children, while enroute from Syracuse, were persuaded to stop and locate in Larned. The strongest argument used was that their addition would furnish us enough children to organize a school district.

Mollie Patterson, the first colored settler arrived on May 10th, and has figured in the several hotels in town since that date as a manipulator of hash.

On May 15th Timothy McCarthy was appointed county commissioner; vice George B. Cox moved to Dodge.

T. E. Williams arrived in May and was the first to locate on Ash creek. Charles Protsman arrived about the same time and, he too, located on Ash creek.

Capt. J. P. Worrell and Archibald Bracken arrived in wagons from Indians on the 14th day of June, thus adding another lawyer to the Pawnee county bar in the person of the former while the latter opened up the first butcher shop in town.

The first Sunday school in the county was organized in Larned, June 16th, 1873, with W. C. Tompkins as superintendent; W. R. Adams, assistant superintendent; J. M. Miller, treasurer; D. A. Bright, secretary, and Henry Booth, chorister. The school was held on the shady side of Tompkins house, there not being room enough inside.

The A. T. & S. F. R. R. Company commenced suit in quo warranto before the supreme court against the commissioners of Pawnee county to dissolve the county organization. It was a failure and cost the county about \$12.00.

The first school district was organized June 24th, 1873. W. R. Adams was elected director; F. C. Leichman, treasurer, D. A. Bright, clerk.

On June 27th W. R. Carr arrived with his family by team from Illinois and camped on the townsite. A terrible storm drove them into Mr. Leicham's house for shelter on the night of the 29th. This was the most severe storm and the heaviest rain that had visited the county since it was settled. Mr. Carr afterwards settled north of Larned.

Fourth of July was celebrated this year on and about two miles above the mouth of the Pawnee Fork. Pending the preparations for this celebration it was discovered that there was not a flag in the community. A Fourth of July celebration without a flag would never do. The patriotic citizens of Larned rebelled at the thought. Mrs. Tompkins, always ready to help a good cause along, contributed a red flannel shirt and Miss Post contributed one of spotless white, and the two ladies labored nearly all night on the production of the flag. The next morning the product of their labors was flung to the breeze amid the applause of the assembled citizens. A fish pole was used as staff, as timber was rather scarce in this vicinity at that time. This is probably the first time the "American Eagle" squawked in Pawnee county.

On February 19th, 1874, L. W. Kreiger, John Larsenger and J. R. Cammack and their families arrived from Iowa. They all located on Ash creek and still have their homes there.

The first church was organized in Pawnee county July 15th, 1873, by the Presbyterians with a membership of eight. Rev. R. M. Overstreet, of Emporia, officiating once a month until the following January, when Rev. J. C. McElroy, of Johnson county, arrived and took charge of the church.

The advance of the western colony arrived August 1st, in the persons of A. C. Hester, Noah Poorman and James Boyd. They brought

their farming implements, household goods and stock with them, by railroad. The families of J. P. Worrell and A. Bracken arrived this month, adding each a young lady to the society of Larned. The first school taught in Larned commenced September 23rd, 1873, with Isabel Worrell as teacher. The wages paid was thirty-three and a third dollars per month. The number of pupils at commencement of term was thirteen and increased to thirty-two. The school was taught in the building now occupied by the Republican office—this building then stood on the old town site. Half of the building was occupied by J. P. Worrell as a residence.

M. C. Hendrickson arrived August 1st, from Olathe. He was the first plasterer. The people began to put on airs and live in plastered houses.

The Methodist church was organized by Rev. A. Hartman, of Great Bend, with a membership of seven, on September 23rd, 1873. This church was supplied by Rev. Hartman and Rev. Longworth until Rev. Tipton arrived.

The Larned House was completed and opened October 1st, Henry Booth, proprietor.

Henry and Levi Salmons arrived October 6th, and located on Ash creek.

At a special election held on October 7th, Larned having received the majority of all votes cast, was declared permanent county seat of Pawnee county.

The first district court was held in the county October 14, Judge W. R. Brown, presiding officer; F. C. Hawkins, sheriff; George Nolan, clerk; Nelson Adams, county attorney; jurors, T. McCarthy, Z. B. Love, W. S. Patton, Mr. Protsman, Mr. Thorpe, Mr. Boyd, Mr. Harnes, Mr. Miller, Henry Booth, John Newton, Mr. Leicham and Paul Curlett. The first criminal case was State of Kansas vs. John Murry, charged with assault with intent to kill and resisting an officer. The case never came to a jury. The defendant had shot at Sheriff Hawkins and missed him, and the presumption is, the court thought that a person who could not hit a man the size of Hawkins was perfectly safe to run at large. The first civil case was a suit for divorce, A. E. Snyder vs. John Snyder. The mystic tie was severed.

The first mass convention in Pawnee county was held on October 18th, 1873, to nominate county officers—party lines not drawn. D. A. Bright was elected chairman and J. M. Miller, secretary. W. R. Adams was nominated for representative; T. McCarthy for county clerk; George Nolan for register of deeds; J. M. Miller for treasurer; F. C. Hawkins, sheriff; J. C. Tousley, coroner; J. P. Worrell, surveyor; W. S. Patton, commissioner, second district; R. C. Waterman, commissioner, third district. Henry Booth ran as an independent candidate for representative and Paul Curlett for commissioner of the third district. November 4th officers were elected as nominated except



Broadway, Larned, During the "Boom Days."

W. R. Adams and R. C. Waterman. Henry Booth was elected representative and Paul Curlett commissioner third district. The total vote polled in the county was eighty. Population estimated at 150 souls. The cutting off of the territory on the south in January of this year had taken from us a number of inhabitants and the completion of the railroad to the state line caused most of the men at Camp Criley to leave.

On November 29th, the Larned Press again enlarged to eight pages of the same size, its income evidently increasing to warrant such extravagance.

The legislature of 1874 again changed the boundaries of Pawnee county by adding three congressional townships on the south, commencing on the southeast corner. W. H. Gill arrived this month from Lee county, Iowa. He was so well pleased that he bought section five, in township 21, range 16, and upon his representation a party of twenty-seven came out in February and located. Mr. Gill planted eighty-five acres of corn that season. In March of this year the county was inflicted by the arrival of another lawyer, J. M. VanWinkle, called Rip for short.

On March 3rd, Major Samuel Houston, from Illinois, located and filed on a claim, being the first regularly entered claim on the Pawnee above the Fort. The Major immediately began breaking prairie and opened up a farm.

Mr. Toles arrived in February, 1874, with an immigrant train consisting of twelve cars of household goods, three passenger cars full of people and a baggage car. The town was crowded and a terrible snow storm was prevailing, so that some suffering and a good deal of discomfort was experienced by this party.

Fry & Lowrey opened the first hardware store in town in March 1874. In April of this year J. F. Whitney and family settled on Dry Walnut, in this county, being the first settlers.

May 22nd, the Larned Press was again enlarged to a four column quarto, 10x13, patent inside. The editor began to feel his oats and laid the flattering unction to his soul: "That the Press in its present form and appearance will compare favorably with its contemporaries." The paper claims 1,000 inhabitants for the county. The editor must be making money or he would not feel so good.

On May 25th, 1874, Dr. Swander arrived. He was the first citizen doctor in Pawnee county, and located on the Pawnee above the Fort. About this time a number of families arrived and located near Garfield.

In the spring of this year a union church was built by the Presbyterian and Methodist organizations in Larned. This building was used for school purposes also.

On June 20, 1874, a new land district was formed by Congress and called the Arkansas Valley district. This land office was located at Larned. C. A. Morris was appointed register and Eli Gilbert receiver.

July 18, joint district No. 8, near Pawnee Rock voted bonds to erect a school house, being the first school house bonds in Pawnee county.

On the 27th day of July, 1874, the grasshoppers made a descent from the northwest in countless numbers and swept like a besom of destruction the whole face of the country. Not a vestige of crops remained except broom corn and castor beans. The farmers seemed dazed with the sudden sweeping away of the product of their spring and summer labors. Many were disposed to be discouraged, but like true pioneers, they soon rallied and went to sowing fall wheat. The railroad company furnished seed to parties desiring to sow and took their notes payable in a year in wheat or money.

There was an Indian scare up on the Pawnee the same day the grasshoppers came, which greatly intimidated the women of the settlement and people generally packed up and started for Larned. They traveled all night amid the greatest shower of grasshoppers ever known.

An extra session of the legislature was called in September to provide for the destitute people of the frontier. Eastern people opened their hearts, purses and granaries and money and edibles flowed in at a rapid rate.

In October, 1874, 500 Pawnee Indians passed through the county en route to the Indian territory and camped near Larned for a day or two.

A relief committee was formed to look after the destitute in October, B. F. Stokes was made chairman, Henry Booth, secretary. Several carloads of provisions and coal were received and distributed.

J. M. Miller was elected representative at the November election, M. G. Christy, clerk of the district court; J. M. VanWinkle, county attorney; Miss Emma Johnson, superintendent of public instruction and W. R. Davis, probate judge. Total vote, 176. Population of the county, 704—at the census taken in May, 1874.

January 30, 1875, Adam's addition to the City of Larned was laid out and the plat filed.

The proposition to vote county bonds to build a bridge across the Pawnee near the railroad bridge was carried. The amount voted was \$2,000. A proposition to vote \$10,000 bonds to build a bridge across the Arkansas river was carried. February 20th, 1875, the land office at Larned opened. The first final homestead entry was made by George Nolan on the same day, on the northeast quarter section six, township twenty-one, range sixteen west.

The bridge across the Pawnee was completed and bonds issued April 19th, 1875; the amount being \$1750. May 20th, \$8500 in county bonds were issued to pay for the Arkansas river bridge.

The census of this spring—1875—showed a population of 1006 as shown by the assessor's returns.

Near Pawnee Rock, in this county, the railroad company, in April, built an emigrant house to shelter a large number of Mennonites, which was blown down in August. It was occupied by several families but no one was hurt. It was rebuilt and again blown down, and again rebuilt. Only one Mennonite settled in this county.

June 24, Dr. Sander made the first settlement on the south side of the river in this county. The bridge not being completed, and the high water he was obliged to swim his oxen over to plow.

June 26th, 1875, W. H. Gill threshed the first wheat, rye, and barley in Pawnee county.

July 29th the Larned Press enlarged at the beginning of the third volume, to a six-column folio, patent outside, now. The editor is evidently getting wealthy.

In August, 1875, the Baptist church was organized by Rev. J. C. Past of Hutchinson; trustees, Wm. White, D. C. Downing and Mr. Marymee, the membership was seventeen. Mr. White was chosen deacon.

The first bank was opened in Larned November 20th, 1875. It was called the "Valley Bank," Jerry Toles, president, Thomas Edwards, cashier.

About this time the Congregational church in Garfield is erected and there is quite an emigration from Pennsylvania, a number of the emigrants locating near Garfield.

Dr. Gallatin Brown arrived early in 1876 and located about eighteen miles above the Fort and in April, 1876, layed out a town and named it "Brown's Grove." Before the next centennial a flourishing city may here be found.

May 21st, 1876, a basket meeting was held at Brown's Grove; Rev. C. Martindale—who succeeded Mr. Tipton, at Larned,—officiating. This was the first preaching in Pawnee county above the Fort.

January 17th, Colonel Bowman and party arrived and proceeded up the Pawnee Fork to "view the landscape o'er." They accepted the hospitality of Dr. Brown whose house, like an omnibus, always has room for one more.



Larned, Kansas, Looking Northeast, in the Latter 80's.

At the election in 1875, Wm. White for representative; A. O. Bruner, treasurer; and A. Bracken, sheriff—all independent—were elected. The rest of the county officers elected were straight republicans. They were Commissioners, first district, H. R. Slamans; second district, H. P. Wolcott; third district, R. C. Waterman; County clerk Tim McCarthy; Register of Deeds, J. F. Whitney; Surveyor, J. C. McElroy; Coroner, Dr. Gallatin Brown.

January, 1876, Larned organized as a city of the third class. W. H. Brinkman was elected mayor; C. F. Leicham, W. R. Adams, A.

Mott, A. Cook and Wm. Fry, councilmen, and Eli Gilbert, police judge; W. H. Vernon was appointed city attorney and G. M. Mitchell, marshal.

The winter of 1875-6 was remarkable for its mildness of snow and storms. In March, however, severe snow storms accompanied by high winds were prevalent. The stone block on Adams' addition was unroofed and things about the county twisted around generally.

In April, specimens of cereals and all other products of Pawnee county were gathered to send to the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, at which a grand gathering of the nations of the earth is expected. The centennial year opens big with promise of bountiful crops and rich harvest, and the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the Republic bids fair to be full of rejoicing and good feeling.

In May, 1876, a steam flouring mill was erected in Larned by Van Horn brothers, size forty by forty feet, five stories high. Larned grows a pace and the ring of hammer and whiz of the saw is heard "from early morning to dawning evening."

May 18th, 1876, "The Larned Republican," an eight-page folio newspaper was issued by Pallock and Andrews. The politics, republican. It was well printed and newsy.

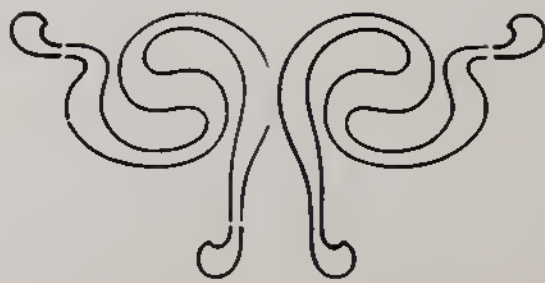
June 3rd, Adams, Krusen and Smith's addition to Larned was laid out and the plat filed. On the same date Brevet Colonel Lyster of the Nineteenth United States Infantry, was made commandant at Fort Larned. At this time one company of about thirty-five men was stationed at the Fort; P. T. Curlett was post trader.

The foundation for a brick school house was laid in district No. 1. This is now the Larned high school. The county now has fifteen organized school districts and seven school houses finished and furnished and this strongest bulwark of the Republic, education, is being here strengthened in every part.

The valuation of real estate and personal property in Pawnee county in 1873 was \$377,954, and the total valuation of real and personal property in 1876 was \$927,359.27, an increase in three years of \$549,405.27, a growth, I believe, unparalleled in even this rapidly growing state. From an estimated population of 150 souls in March, 1873, Pawnee county has increased in July, 1876, to 2500 souls.

In June the citizens of Larned met and resolved to celebrate the Fourth of July, 1876, the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the nation, in an appropriate and fitting manner. Committees were appointed and money subscribed to defray expenses. The committee to select grounds selected the top of the hill in the western part of town and a pavillion was built to accomodate 2,000 people. Invitations were sent out to all the surrounding counties to join us in a grand celebration of the Fourth of July.

And this brings the history of Pawnee county up to date and finds us upon this beautiful spot with one of the finest panoramic views spread out before us, with rustling corn and billowy wheat fields in the distance, sending up a vouchsafe to give us this goodly heritage, and as we come here to kindle new the fires of patriotism upon the alters of liberty, let each send up a thank offering to the God of battles who from thirteen struggling colonies without an acknowledged position among the nations of the earth, has led us onward and upward until as a nation we stand as the peer of any, and the grandest republic upon the face of the earth.



THE VISITOR'S OPINION.

*I've been visitin' out in Kansas
With my daughter's husband, Ned,
An' it 'stonished me the way th' folks
Is pushing things ahead,
For every chap around th' town
Was workin' with a will,
A-tryin' to get more people there,
Or start another mill.*

*I've lived in Indiana town
For well-nigh forty year,
An' every spot looks just the same
As when I moved in here,
For no one ever thought about
A-tryin' to start a boom,
Or bringin' competition
To throw Bingham's store in gloom.*

*I 'spose it is some better
For folks to push an' shove—
But when it spoils the landmarks
That a feller's learned to love,
An' when th' boys has grown to men,
An' childhood's passed away,
There won't be nothin' left of where
Th' children used to play.*

*Why they're buildin' elevators,
An' they're layin' railroad tracks,
An' a-grindin' up alfalfa
An' a-storin' it in sacks,
An' they're loadin' hogs an' cattle
Where the engines puff their steam,
'Till it makes an old-time Hoosier
Feel like he was in a dream.*

*Yes, I 'spose it would be better
If we'd learn to push an' climb,
For they make old Indiana
Seem away behind th' time;
But it does seem like a pity,
For to rush, an' push, an' shove,
An' rub out all th' landmarks
That a feller's learned to love.*

*But you just will like old Kansas;
With it's hustle an' it's winds,
Where the haystacks fill the meadders,
An' th' yeller corn th' bins;
Where th' folks is hale an' hearty,
An' their greetin' warm and kind—
I believe I'll sell my farm
An' leave old landmarks far behind.*

—Hugh A. McCord.

Kansas Magazine, May, 1910. P. 49.

Larned and Pawnee County
at Present.

by

HON. C. E. LOBDELL and HARVEY ECKERT.



A VIEW OF BROADWAY.

Larned and Pawnee Counties at Present.

by

C. E. LOBDELL and HARVEY ECKERT.

In 1876 the population of Larned and Pawnee county was estimated at 150. At the present time, thirty-seven years later, this number has swelled to between eight and nine thousand souls. This astounding increase in population in so short a time has, in a great measure, been due to immigration from the east and this immigration has been inspired by the same sentiments as those which are so aptly expressed in the foregoing poem. Many a restless easterner, tired of the lethargic conditions under which he makes his daily bread, lured by the rush, the vim, the vigor and the activity of the life in the Great West, which is so truly American, and goaded on by the oppression of capital in his own environment, has thought out in his own way the simple theme of this expressive poem and followed the "Star of Empire" westward to his future happiness and content. The Great West, the American land of promise, is an empire of itself, an agricultural domain the extent and richness of which has never been equalled in the history of the world. It has toiled and struggled through many years of doubt and despair but the vim and the vigor and the optimism and the progressiveness of the Western spirit have at last overcome all obstacles, and today this same Great West is known the world over as "The Garden Spot of America," "the granary of the Nation."

In history the West is known as the land of the Indian, the Santa Fe trader, the buffalo and the coyote. In the days of its early development it was known as the home of the hardy pioneer, the cowboy and the Texas steer. Today it is famed the world over as the paradise of the thrifty farmer, the empire of King Wheat. Of this great wheat region, Kansas, the Sunflower State, is the center, the nucleus, and of this great state Pawnee is the most productive, the "banner" county. For years this little county of ours, small but productive, has struggled in vain to gain the height of prominence in the agricultural world as the Banner Wheat County of the Banner Wheat State of the Banner Wheat Country of the world, but has repeatedly fallen short by a narrow margin and been awarded second place in the race. But this year, 1910, she has won and stands preeminent, the greatest, the most productive agricultural community in the world. As evidence of our



MISSOURI PACIFIC DEPOT



LARNED CITY PARK



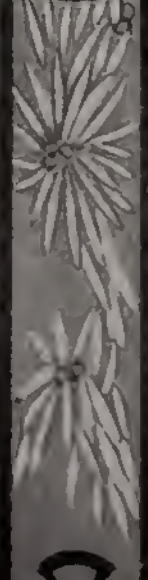
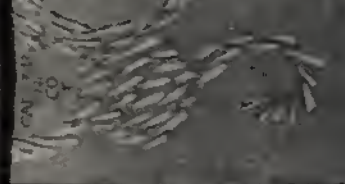
ARKANSAS RIVER BRIDGE



SANTA FE DEPOT

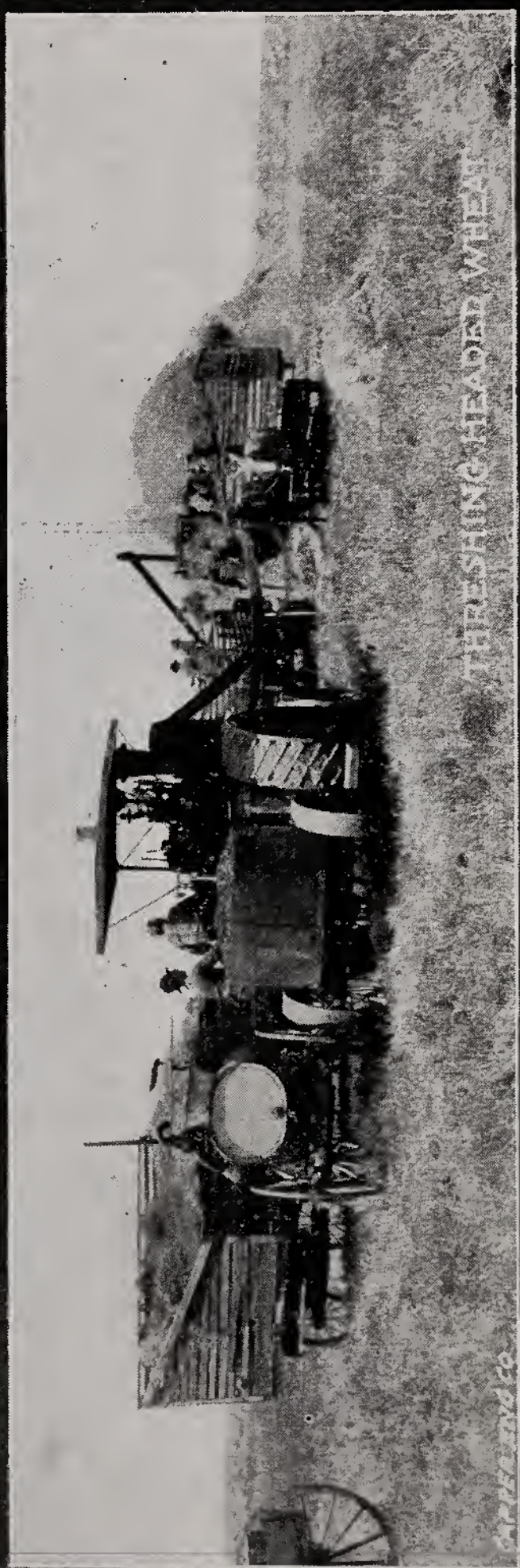
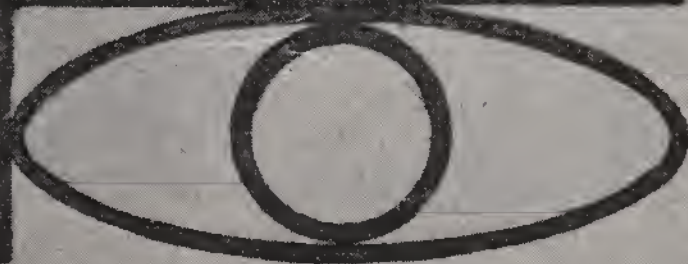


CITY PUMPING STATION





HEADING WHEAT IN PAWNEE COUNTY



THRASHING HEADED WHEAT

CHAPMAN & CO

right to this distinction it may be said that the wheat crop alone for this year was worth over seven hundred dollars for each man, woman and child in Pawnee county.

In the field of agriculture we stand preeminent; but agriculture, though the most prominent, is only one of the many phases of activity in the central west. In the field of industrial activity Pawnee county and Larned stand the peer of any of their western neighbors. With her sixty-three miles of the main line of the Santa Fe railroad, and her county seat as the center of two of the best branch roads in the state, Pawnee county stands the equal of any community in the southwest in the quality and extent of her railroad facilities. With her six thriving towns—Larned, Garfield, Rozel, Burdett, Frizell and Ray, each of which is the trade center of a prosperous farming community, she is well to the forefront in commercial and industrial activities. Pawnee county is completely covered with telephone lines, some of which are owned by the farmers who enjoy their service. A dozen or more mail routes bring the news from the outside world to the farmer's door daily, and the good roads—which are the pride of the county—make motoring one of the pleasures as well as one of the advantages of the Pawnee county farmer's life. Larned, the county seat, boasts of practically every class of industrial activity enjoyed by cities of twice its size.

One of the most conclusive evidences of the enormous prosperity which this county enjoys is the fact that Larned, the county seat, has the largest number of automobiles per capita of any town in the world.

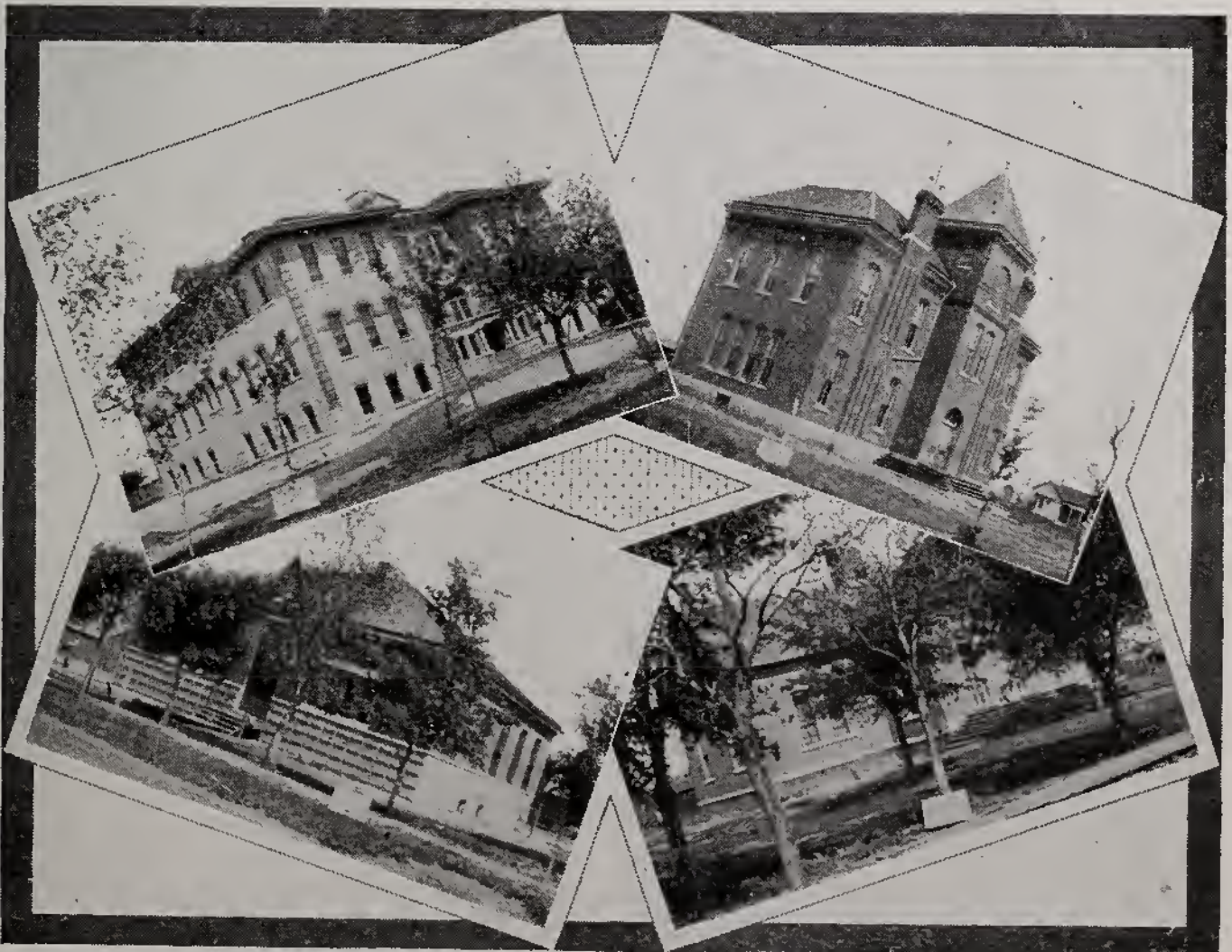
The recent census report shows that Pawnee county has increased from a little over four thousand in population in 1900 to almost 9000 at the present time—an increase of considerable over one hundred per cent.

Along with this enormous increase in population we have also increased enormously in wealth. The census report also shows that Pawnee county is the richest county per capita in the Arkansas Valley which is doubtless one of the richest valleys in the world. She is the third richest county per capita in the Seventh Congressional District of Kansas which is the richest district per capita in the state. Pawnee county's per capita valuation is \$2,880.00. The per capita valuation for the entire state is less than \$1,613.00. The two other counties which rank higher in per capita valuation than Pawnee are both cattle counties, having few people and many cattle, which accounts for their being ranked ahead of us.

Larned, the county seat, is one of the most up-to-date and thriving towns in the western part of the state. It is located at the junction of the Arkansas and Pawnee rivers, which places it right in the center of the county. This gives it no small advantage as a trade center, when it is remembered that this is the Banner Wheat County of the State. The business portion of the city lies in the valley, while most of the



Broadway, Larned, 1910.



residence district is on higher ground to the west and north which overlooks the beautiful Arkansas and Pawnee river valleys, making it one of the most ideal residence towns in this part of the country. Larned boasts of over thirty miles of cement and brick sidewalk, which completely cover the city, even to the outskirts. It owns its municipal waterworks, and has recently installed a complete and up-to-date sewer system. It also has a twenty-four hour electric light service, and a free delivery system has recently been established. The streets are broad and well kept, and the street-lighting system is equal to that of a city twice its size. Larned is rapidly coming to the front as a residence and business center. In the past two years it has increased over 1000 in population, is rapidly building up both in the residence and business districts, and is making of itself a very modern little city. The Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, and Modern Woodmen own their own lodge buildings. The Woodmen have the largest Camp per capita of any city in the world, and one of the finest halls in this part of the country. Larned has seven churches—which fact is in itself an excellent tribute to the religious character of the community. There are four fine school buildings in the city, and the High school is one of the finest in the western part of the state and is rated as a fully accredited preparatory school with the leading Universities and Colleges of the country. The religious, the educational and the social standards of the community are of the highest order, and Larned has claims not only to preeminence as to its material welfare, but also as to the higher attributes of life.

After this brief review of the prosperous conditions now existing in this, the Banner County of the "Valley of Content," let us turn to the future and endeavor to predict, if possible, what the days yet unborn will hold in store for us. In this connection it is imperative that a few facts of great importance be kept in mind. It must, above all, be remembered that Pawnee county lies in the very heart of the richest and most fertile section of the nation, in the very center of the Great Wheat Belt—the Granary of the Nation—and is itself the Banner Wheat County of this fertile region. In other words the fertility of her soil is unexcelled and she has been blessed by nature as a favorite child. Larned, the county seat, is ideally located as a trade center both for wholesale and retail business. Located as it is in the center of a large and prosperous farming district and surrounded by numerous smaller trade centers all of which are connected with it by rail, Larned is bound to come to the front in the near future as one of the greatest trade centers in the state. But this is not all. Natural resources and a favorable location have never in themselves made any community rich and prosperous without proper exploitation on the part of those who would derive benefits from them. A vigorous and progressive citizenship are as essential to stability and prosperity as any of the gifts bestowed by nature. But here again Pawnee county is equal to the occasion and



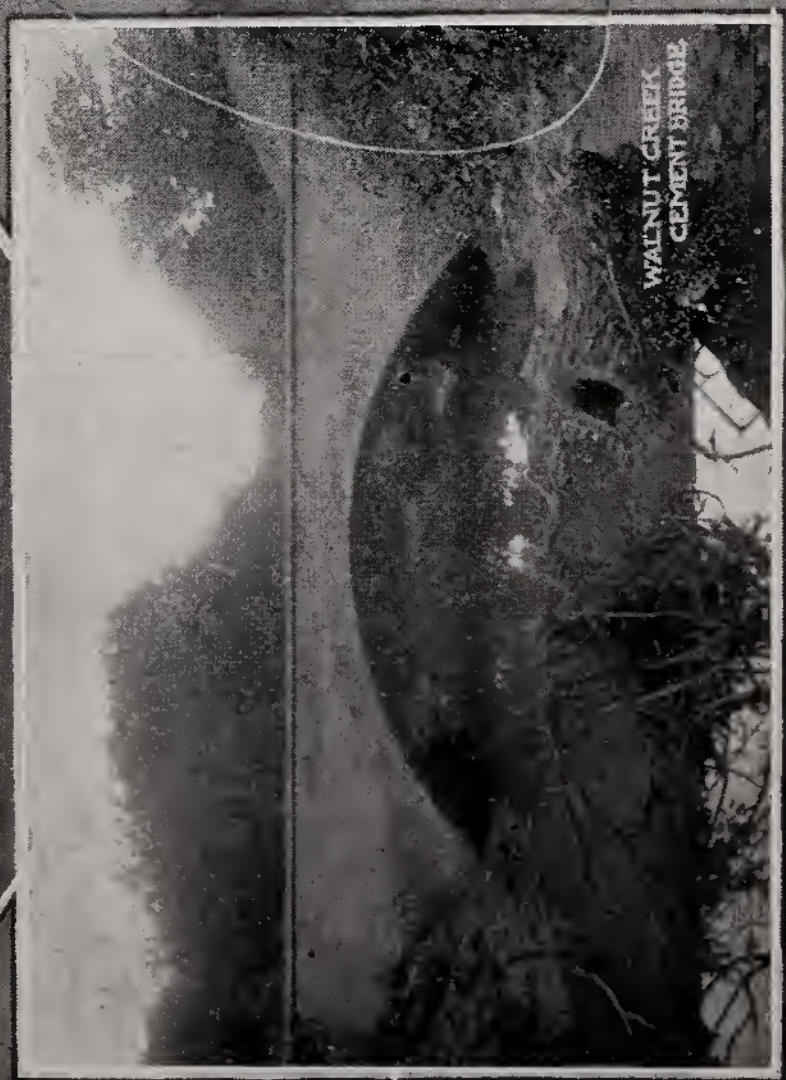
ASH CREEK



A SCENE ON PAWNEE RIVER

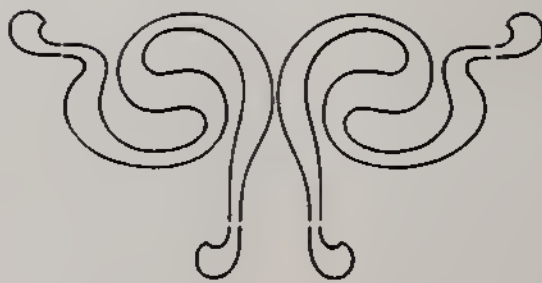


ARKANSAS RIVER



WALNUT CREEK
CEMENT BRIDGE

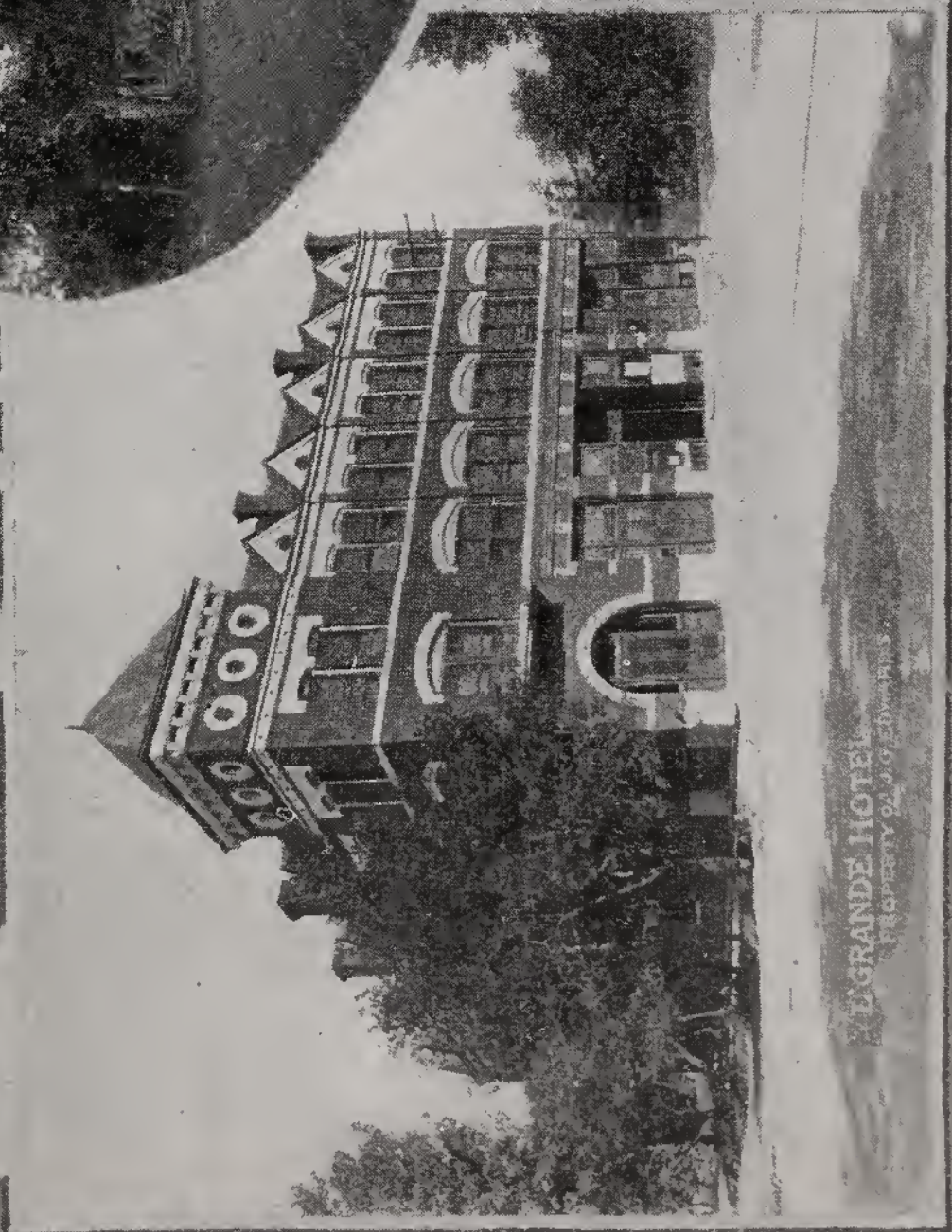
fills the bill in every particular. The inhabitants of this county are thoroughly imbued with that remarkable progressiveness which is so characteristic of the Great West. Always active, always pushing forward and upward, they have in the past and will in the future continue to make it in the future one of the most prosperous and thriving communities in the country, a place known far and wide as an ideal location for a prosperous business and the peer of any for a happy and contented home.





J. S. EDWARDS'S
RESIDENCE

1911 PAPER ENG. CO.



LEGRANDE HOTEL
PROPERTY OF J. S. EDWARDS



J. G. EDWARDS.

J. G. Edwards came to Larned March 5th, 1876, from Wellsboro, Pennsylvania. On arriving here Mr Edwards had just \$14.00 to his name and to make a bad matter worse, had only been here a few days when he was taken down with the measles. As doctors in those days were much the same as they are now Mr. Edwards was about \$100.00 in debt by the time he was able to be up and around again.

With his books thus checking up on the wrong side of the ledger, he started life in the great west broken down in health and finances but strong in his determination to stay with the town and county he had chosen as his future home.

He filed on a claim northwest of town and started in farming and raising cattle. For a number of years it was pretty hard pulling but it was not long till Mr. Edwards became one of the most prominent stockmen and traders in this part of the country. During these early years, as now, he had great confidence in the natural fertility of Pawnee county's soil and lost no chance to invest whenever an opportunity suitable to his means presented itself. In this way he has in the past quarter of a century acquired so much land that he is now doubtless the largest property owner in the county.

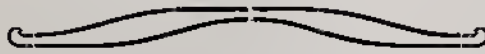
In 1879 Mr. Edwards entered into the Real Estate business and during the thirty-one years which he has been in the business has built up a large list of satisfied customers. He has always made it a policy

to give everyone a square deal and there have been few, if any, instances in which his customers have not profited by their dealings with him.

During the hard times when bread-winning was a serious proposition out here, Mr. Edwards taught school in No. 6 just east of town. He was one of the first teachers in the county. He was also a member of the famous Coyote Glee Club which, together with the Cowboy Band of Dodge City, will go down in history as the two leading musical organizations of the early days in the central west.

As a man, Mr. Edwards is thoroughly imbued with the vim, the vigor and energy of the west which is so truly American. He has a remarkable capacity for doing a large amount of work and doing it well in a short time. Everyone who knows him seems perfectly amazed at his rustling qualities and considers him in fact, a veritable human dynamo.

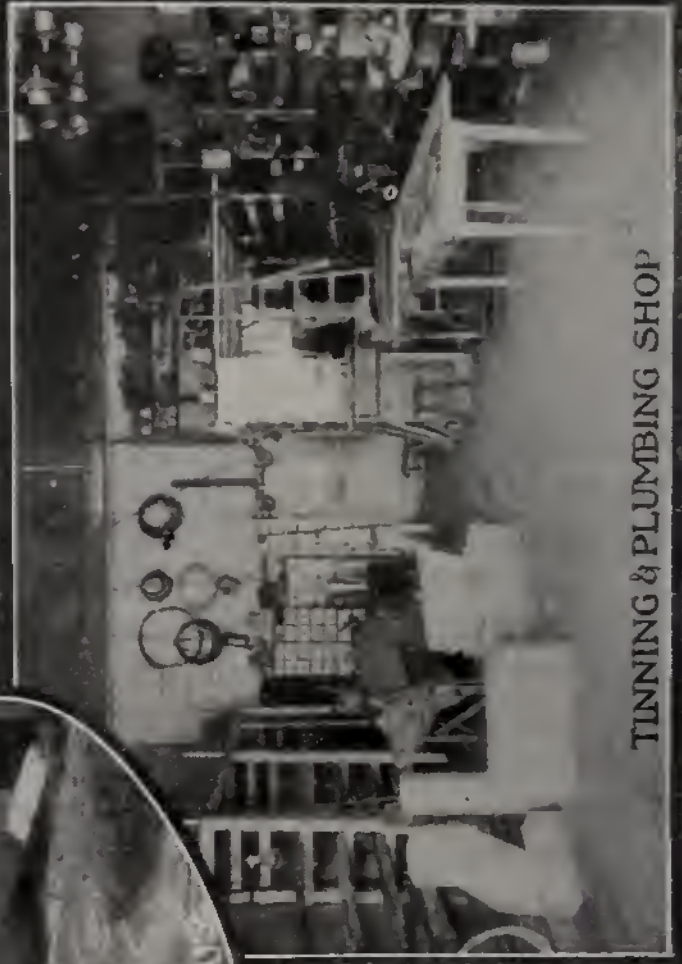
He has always taken an active part in all public works. Is a booster from start to finish, an active lodge man and a hard worker all the time for the best interests of Larned and Pawnee county. As evidence of his public spirited tendencies he recently gave the city one of the most beautiful and most valuable plots of ground in this part of the country for a city park and county fair grounds.



E. G. Wickwire's Residence, 5th and State, Larned, Kansas
Interior Wickwire's Drug Store, Larned, Kansas



PLUMBING SUPPLIES



TINNING & PLUMBING SHOP



IMPLEMENT WAREHOUSE



DOERR BLOCK



HARNESS & SADDLERY DEPT.



BAPTIST CHURCH



EPISCOPAL CHURCH



METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

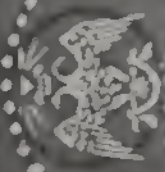


PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

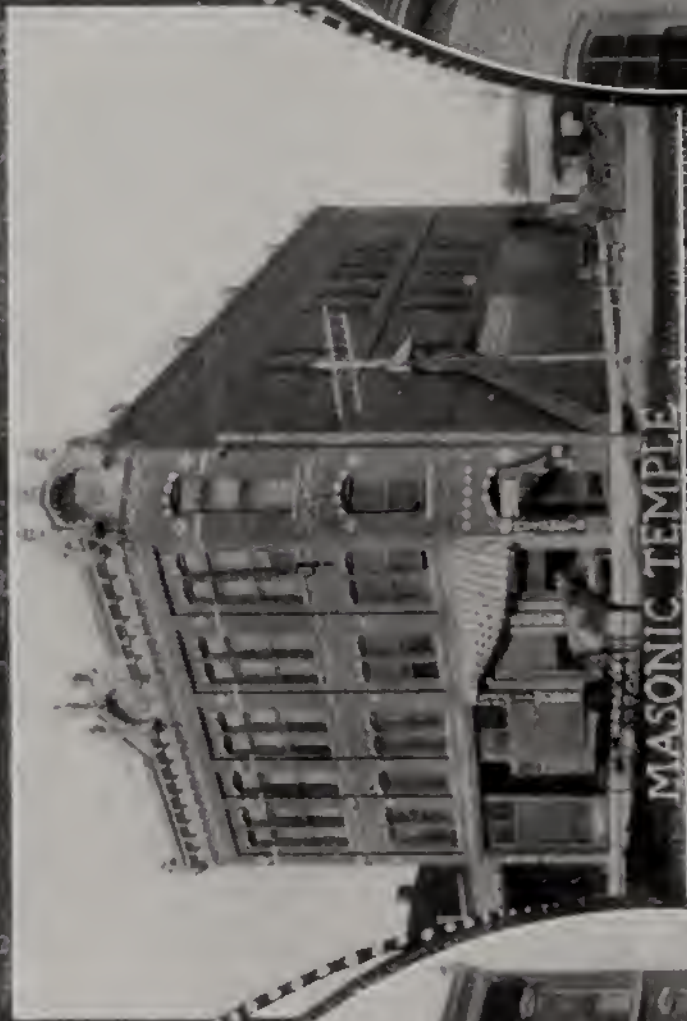
CHURCH, 1870



CENTRAL CHURCH



POSTOFFICE BUILDING



MASONIC TEMPLE



KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS CASTLE HALL

COPPER ENVS. CO



I.O.O.F. AND CITY BUILDING



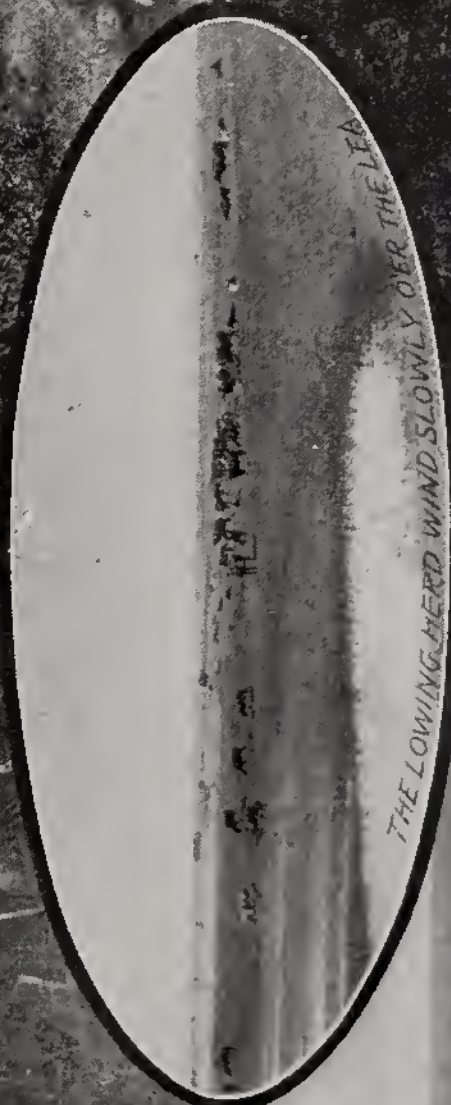


WHERE LIMPID WATERS FLOW
SCENE ON THE PAWNEE



WHERE THE
BIG RED APPLE GROWS

*Some Views from the
Semi-Arid Region*



THE LOWING HERD WIND SLOWLY OVER THE LEA



PAWNEE COUNTY WHEAT FARM



A COUNTRY ROAD, LOOKING TOWARD GARFIELD



ADWATPIS

REPUBLICAN HEADQUARTERS

J. HUBERT

CLEGGIE
DENTIST

J. BELLON
PHYSICIAN
SURGEON

FAIR ASSOCIATION.

In August, 1909, some of the leading business men and farmers of Pawnee county got together and organized the Pawnee County Fair Association. Within one month after an organization was effected this county had a fair that would do justice to an association that had been organized several years. This fair was held on leased ground at the Ripple place south of town.

As soon as the 1909 fair was over a committee was appointed to buy grounds for a permanent location. They had hardly got started to looking around when J. G. Edwards, one of the early settlers here and also one of the most public-spirited men in the county, gave the city a beautiful forty-acre tract of land just northeast of town for park purposes subject to the free use of the ground by the Fair Association for fair purposes.

These grounds offer one of the most ideal locations imaginable for a fair grounds. Camps Hill situated as it is immediately over the track, forms a natural amphitheatre. It also makes an excellent site for the administration building which has been recently erected on its summit.

During the six weeks preceeding the fair this year the work on the \$3500.00 race track which incidentally is acknowledged by horsemen to be the fastest in this part of the country, was completed, the large and imposing administration building erected and stock sheds with over 600 feet of box stalls completed. Besides all this a complete pressure tank water system was established and an excellent electric light system put up for temporary use.

The fair this year proved to be a success in every respect and future years will doubtless find Pawnee county the most popular fair center in the central west.

The Association is capitalized at \$10,000.00 divided into shares at \$25 each. The stock is owned entirely by prominent business men and farmers in the county, making the fair organization one of entirely local interest. Hardly any of the stockholders own more than four shares and the majority of them own only one.

The officers of the Association are as follows: President, E. E. Frizell; Vice-president, Eb. Rowl; Secretary, H. H. Wolcott; Treasurer, F. D. Lowrey; Manager of Concessions, J. G. Edwards; Superintendent, T. C. Wilson.

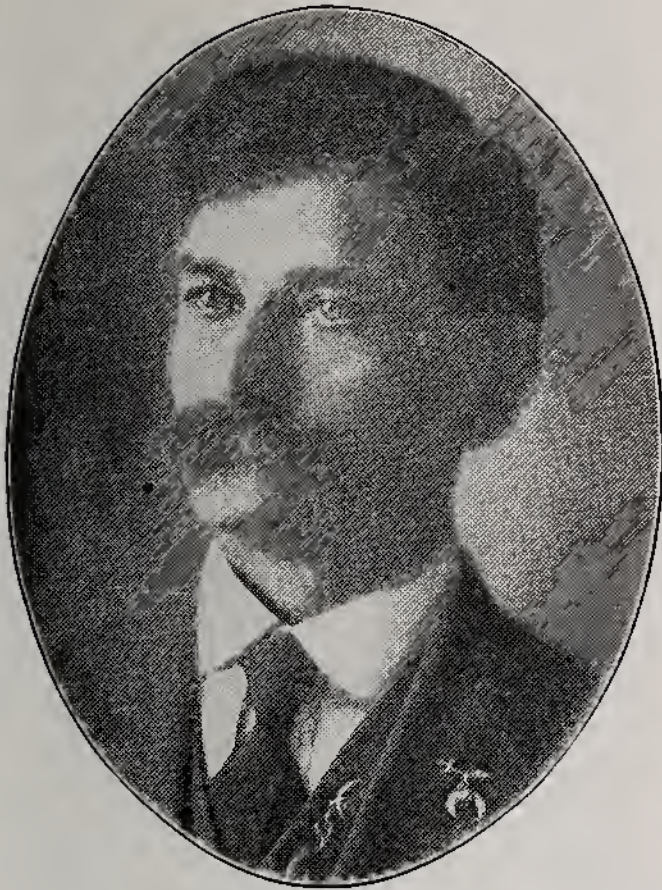




Residence of A. H. Moffett, Larned Kansas

A. H. Moffett came to Pawnee county in the spring of 1888. He had been through this part of the country some five years previous and had made up his mind to make Pawnee county his future home. For some years after his arrival he was engaged in the merchandise business at Garfield and was also one of the most prominent cattlemen in the county. In the spring of 1889 he opened his first bank in Garfield. He moved to Larned in 1896 and opened up the Moffett Bros. State Bank here. In 1904 this institution became a National bank and is now one of the most prominent institutions of its kind in the central west. Mr. Moffett is an exceptionally able business man and financier and it is largely due to his ability and efforts that the banking institutions with which he is connected have been such a signal success. He is a director and stockholder of the Garfield State Bank and the Rozel State Bank.





E. E. FRIZELL



HON. D. A. ELY.

FRIZELL & ELY.

The firm of Frizell & Ely is, without doubt, one of the most prominent and representative business concerns of our little city. Although it has only been established some nine or ten years, its personnel has been well and favorably known in the town and county for many years past and it does a volume and quality of business second to no other in the western part of the state.

E. E. Frizell came to this county some 33 years ago with his parents from Jefferson county, Illinois. They settled in the southwest part of the county and it was there that Mr. Frizell spent the days of his early manhood, herding sheep and cattle and battling with the unproductive soil of the sand-hills to stem the tide of the hard times that made this country seem a desolate waste. While still a young man he accepted a position as clerk in a mercantile store in Garfield and soon after came to Larned and took a similar position in the hardware store of Lowrey Bros. It was not long until it became evident that he had become engaged in a business for which he was amply fitted and by a succession of rapid advances and by practicing rigid business economy Mr. Frizell was soon able to purchase the business. He remained in the Hardware Business for many years and built up a large and substantial trade. In 1886 the business was incorporated and is now known as The Frizell Hardware Company. In 1900 Mr. Frizell engaged in the Real Estate business and in the following year Mr. Ely

became associated in the business under the firm name of Frizell & Ely. Mr. Frizell is now serving his fourth term as mayor of Larned. During the seven years he has held this office he has always followed a progressive policy and the remarkable advance Larned has made in the past few years along civic lines has been due in a great measure to his unstinted endeavors and great executive ability.

Hon. D. A. Ely came to Pawnee county from Missouri in 1901. He settled on a ranch near Garfield where he lived for about four years. In 1905 he moved to Larned and became associated with Mr. Frizell in the Real Estate business with offices in the First State Bank building. Mr. Ely has become intimately associated with the business and political affairs of Larned and Pawnee county since coming here in 1901, and has made a host of friends. He is a man whose ability and sterling worth has never been doubted and above all is a man with a personality that makes friends wherever he goes. He has been president of the council for the past four years and is now finishing his first term as representative from this county.

The firm of Frizell & Ely is the largest holder of Real Estate in this section of the west. In all, the firm and its members, own over 17,800 acres of fine western Kansas land. They have their own automobiles with which to show the country to prospective buyers. In the nine years they have been in business they have done an enormous volume of business and pride themselves on the fact that they have never had a dissatisfied customer or one who has not profited by dealing with them. They do a general Real Estate and Loan business and look after the interests of non-residents.



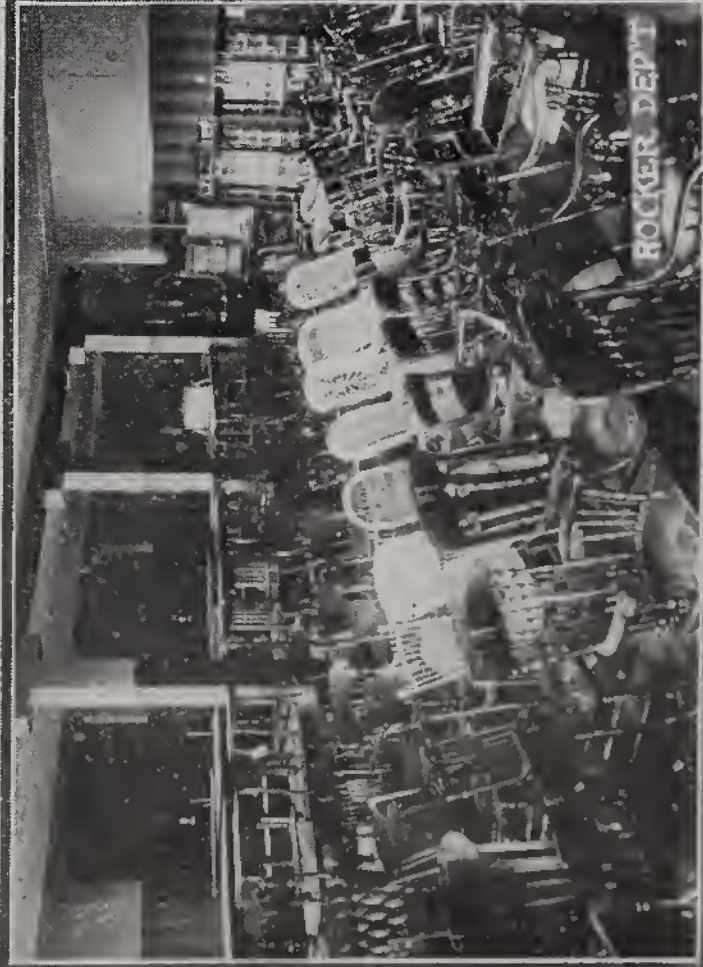
Dr. W. C. McCurdy's Residence, Larned, Kansas



CARPET
AND RUG
DEPT



MAIN FLOOR
FURNITURE DEPARTMENT

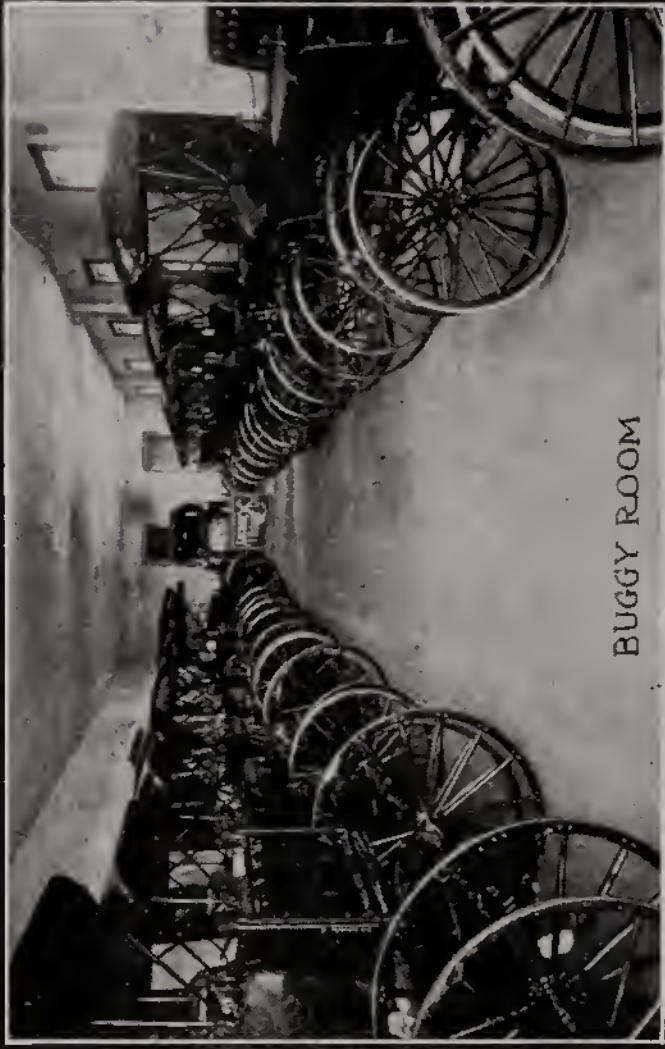


ROCKER DEPT

The A. A. Doerr Mercantile Co.

This and the two preceding pages are devoted to illustrations of the various departments of The A. A. Doerr Mercantile Co. This Company has the largest floor space west of Hutchinson devoted to general outfitting of the farm and home and besides doing the largest retail business of its kind in this section of the country is now rapidly building up a large wholesale business.

A. A. DOERR



BUGGY ROOM



GLASSWARE DEPARTMENT



MAIN HARDWARE FLOOR

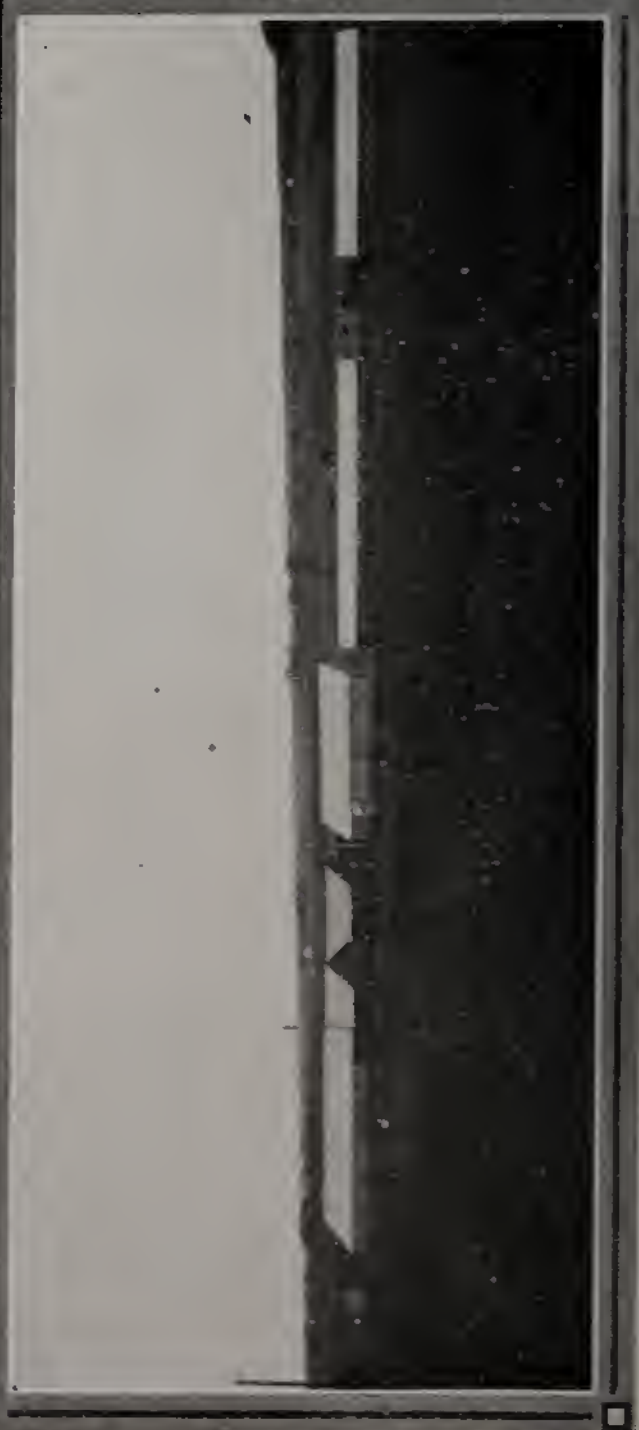
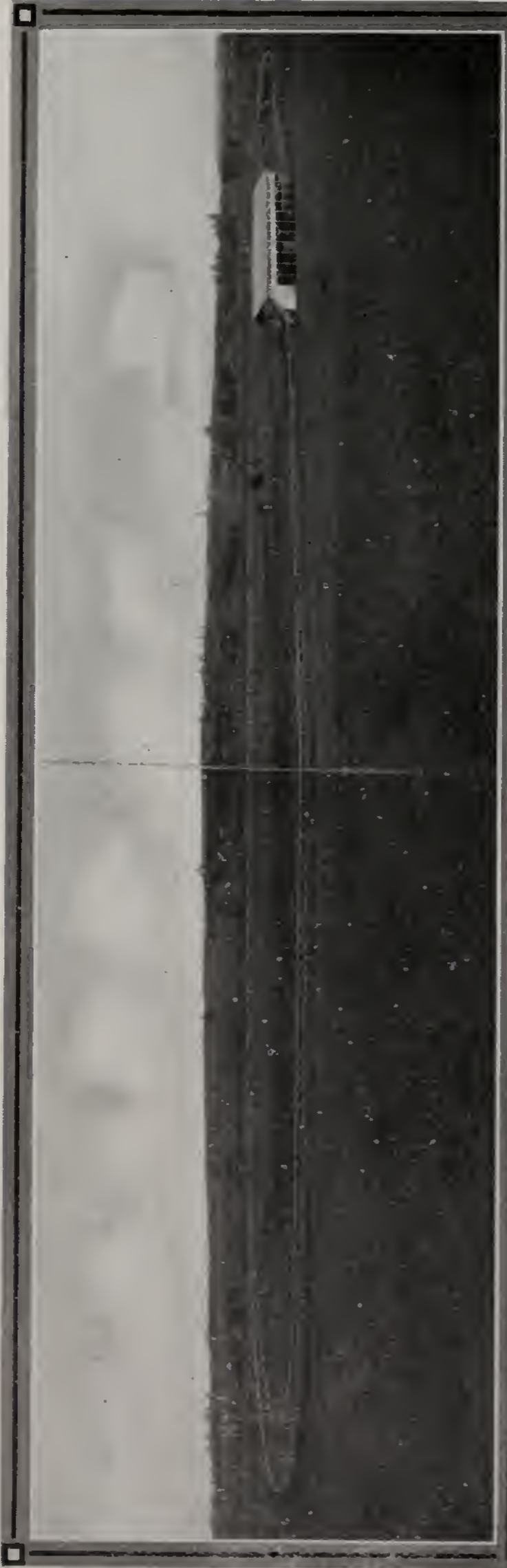


CHINA DEPARTMENT

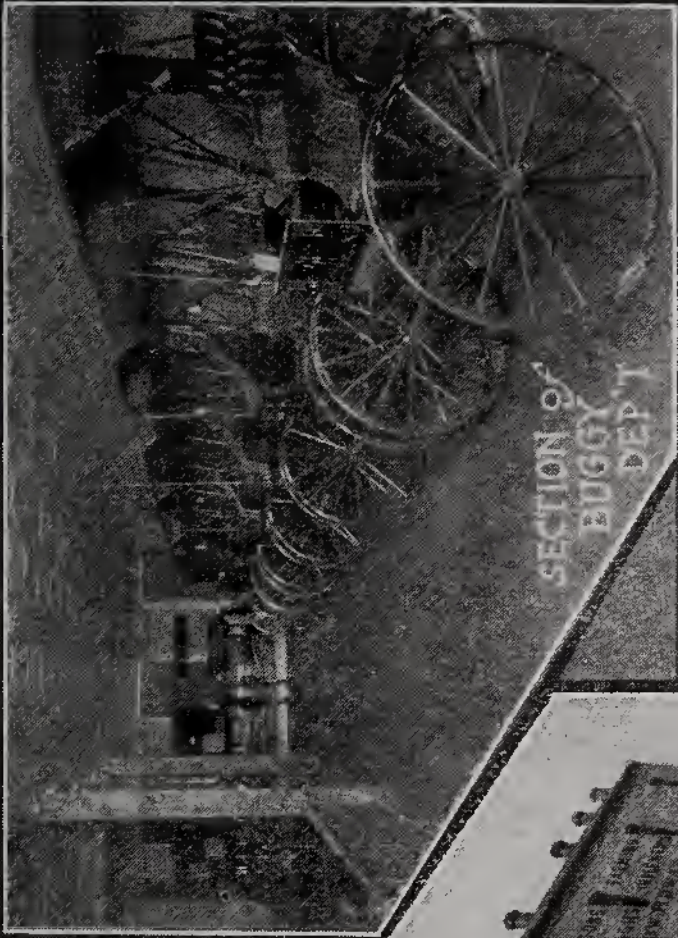
A. A. DOERR



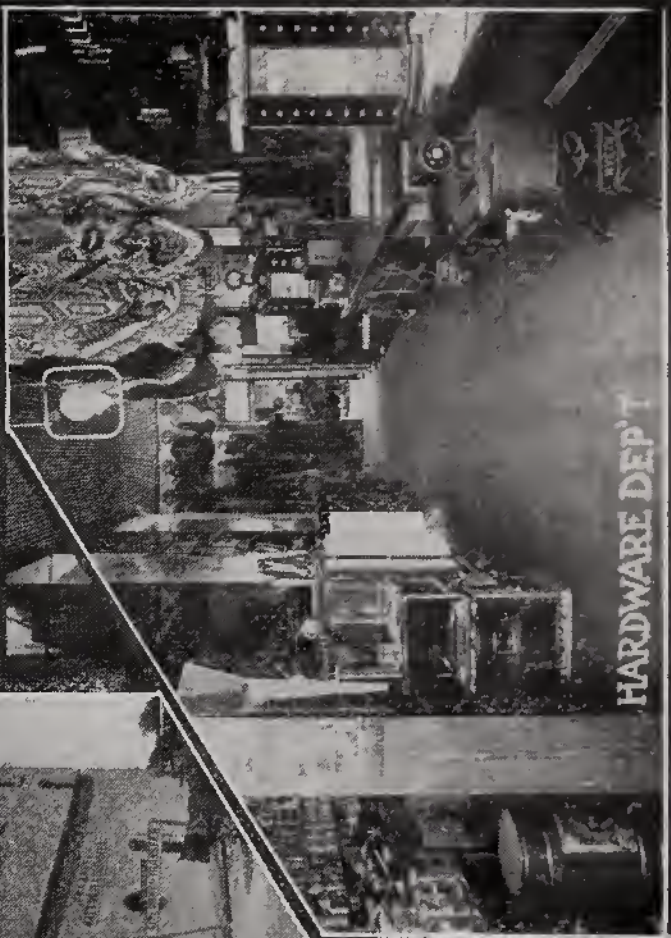
M. W. A. Prize Banner and Hall



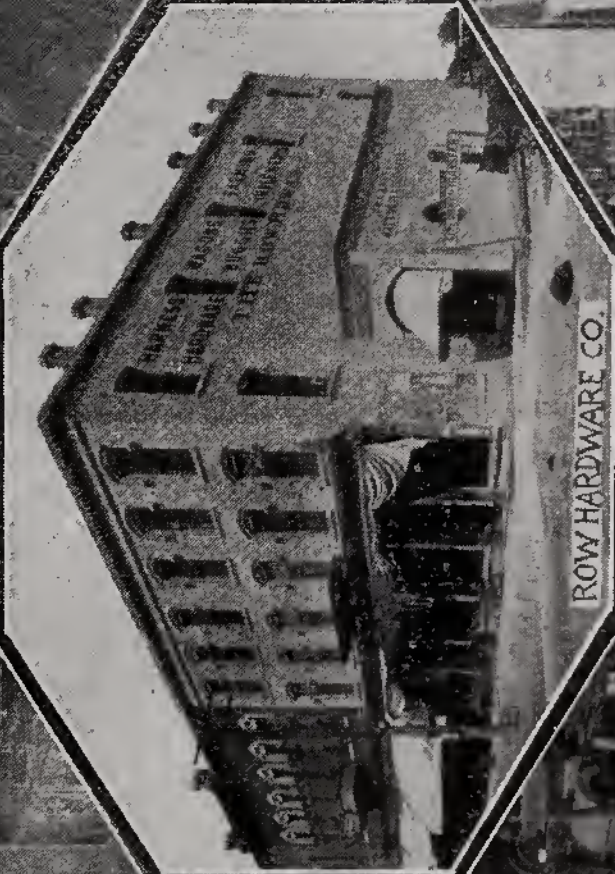
Race Track, Stock Sheds and Administration Building of The Pawnee County Fair Association, Edwards Park, Larned, Kansas



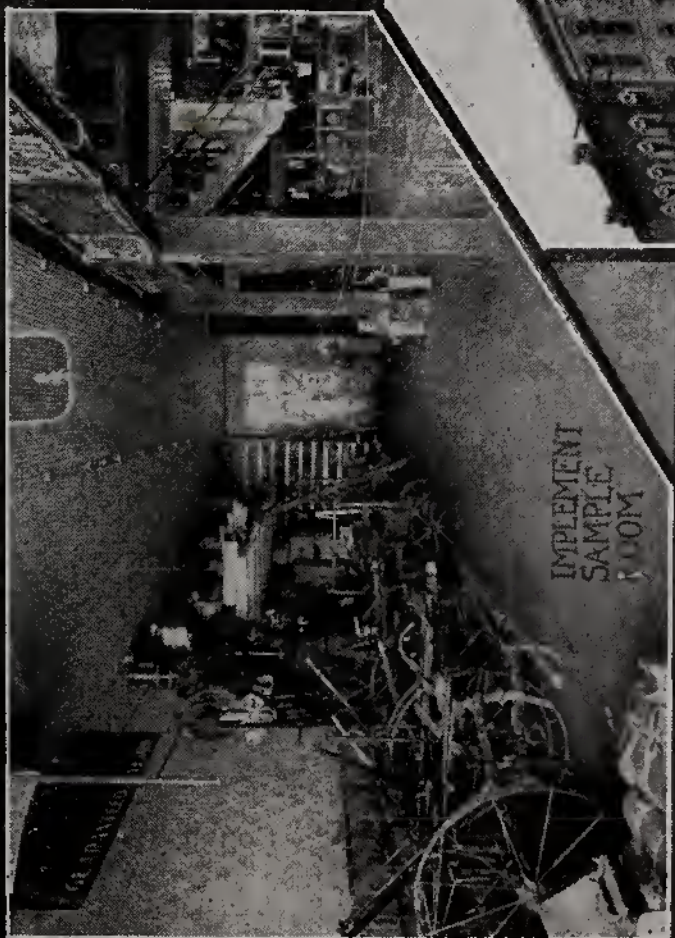
SECTION OF
BUGGY
DEPT



HARDWARE DEPT



ROW HARDWARE CO.



IMPLEMENT
SAMPLE
ROOM



IMPLEMENT
FLOOR



Krouch's. Northwest Corner, Dewey Square

Reuben Blount, The Land Man. Corner Office Upstairs



Landauer Mercantile Co. Outfitters for Man, Woman and Child. Southwest Corner Dewey Square

"THE FOUR CORNERS OF DEWEY



The First State Bank, Northeast Corner Dewey Square



The Frizell Hardware Co., Southeast Corner, Dewey Square

SQUARE, LARNED, KANSAS."



Men's Furnishing Store of The Hub Mercantile Co., Larned, Kansas

The above is an illustration of the window display of Larned's newest business firm,—The Hub Mercantile Co. This company opened up a clothing and men's furnishing store in the Masonic Temple building on September 12th of this year and are rapidly building up a substantial trade. As is Larned's custom, the glad hand has been extended cordially to this new enterprise and they have readily stepped into a place of prominence in the business affairs of the community. This hearty reception has been extended the more readily due to the association of C. T. Burleson and H. L. Reed with the firm, both of whom are well known and highly respected young men. The store is under the management of L. D. Morais who has had twenty-five years' experience in the clothing and men's furnishing business before the opening of the store here. Mr. Morais is a very pleasant man to meet, is rapidly making friends, and with the aid of his previous experience will aid greatly in bringing the success which this new undertaking merits. This company also has a branch store at Osborne, Kansas.

They handle a very high grade line of clothing, shoes, hats and men's furnishings and invite an inspection of their stock.



Frizell Grain and Supply Company. Elevator Capacity 20000. Frizell, Kansas



Hill & Cheers Elevator, Larned, Kansas. Capacity, 1700. Grain, Coal and Feed. Milling Wheat a Specialty



J. D. BLOUNT.

BLOUNT AND MOSS.

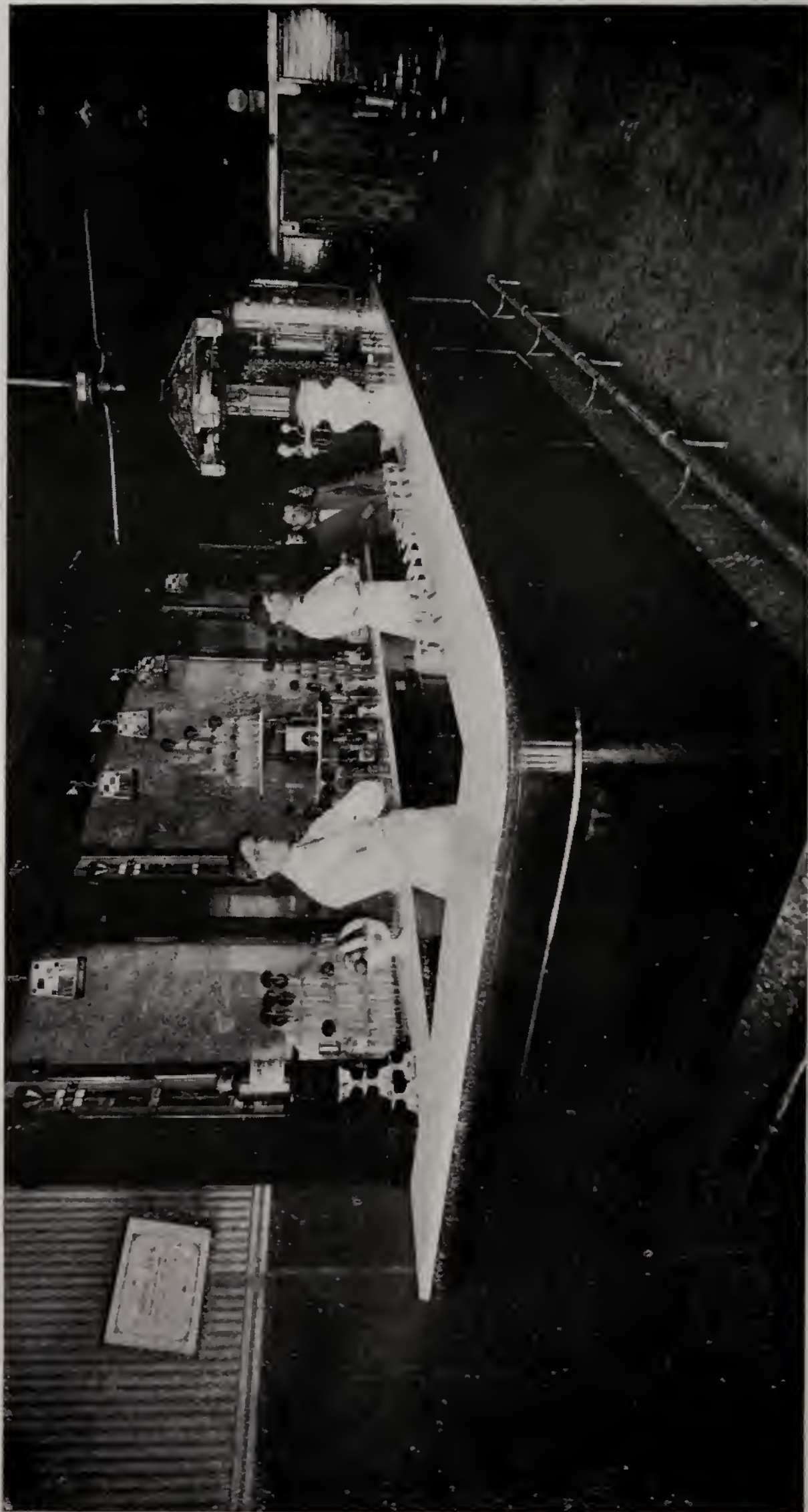
The firm of Blount & Moss represents one of the oldest real estate businesses in Pawnee county. The business was founded in the early days of the county by Wm. Scott and J. D. Blount (now retired) under the firm name of Scott & Blount. Some ten years ago this firm was dissolved and the business continued by J. D. Blount until 1906 when R. Moss was associated with him in the business under the name of Blount & Moss. In 1908 Mr. Blount retired in favor of his son, Clyde D. Blount.

Besides being one of the oldest, this firm has also been one of the most active in this section of the country and the service it has rendered to Pawnee and surrounding counties in locating the settlers who have made this country what it is can hardly be overestimated.

This firm makes a specialty of Pawnee and Ness county lands but also carries large lists in other parts of the county.



The Western Flour Mills Co. are Successors to the Grant Milling Co., of Larned



The Bon-Ton. "The Taste That Tells." Ice Cream and Fancy Confections. Phone 15. S. E. Burgess Larned, Kansas

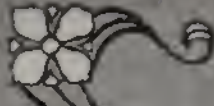
A AND A

The A. & A. Drug Company was organized some thirty years ago at Hutchinson, Kansas. Since that time it has grown and expanded with the development of the Arkansas Valley till at the present time it owns and operates a line of stores, nine in number which are located at the following places: Hutchinson, two stores; Sterling, Great Bend, Larned, Kinsley, Stafford, St. John, and Garden City.

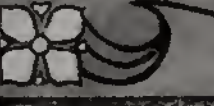


In establishing this line of stores it has been the object of the company to further the interests and development of the Valley through which they are located. Thoroughly competent men are always placed in charge and always take great interest in any movement calculated to further the interests of their town and county. It is the policy of the company to make each store a place "Where QUALITY COUNTS" and in pursuance of this policy it places quality ahead of everything else in the business. L. Ardery is president and general manager of the company with offices at Hutchinson.

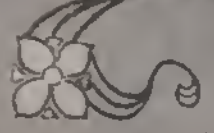
The A. & A. Drug Co. opened its store at Larned in January, 1909, as successor to The Porter Drug Co. Geo. H. Duncan, Phc., manager, is a graduate of Kansas University and a registered pharmacist in this state. This institution has always been found to the forefront in the business affairs of the town and has built up a very good and steady trade. Besides doing a general drug business a complete and up-to-date stock of jewelry is also carried in connection.



S. T. GARTH



S. T. GARTH'S RESIDENCE



S. T. GARTH



S. T. GARTH'S BUILDING



S. T. GARTH

Copyright 1915 S. T. Garth

KIMMELL & GARTH.

The above firm is composed of H. H. Kimmell, a resident of Kansas for the past forty years and S. T. Garth, a resident of Kansas and Pawnee county for the past thirty years. Both of these parties are well known in the business circles of Larned and Pawnee county, Mr. Garth being one of the early settlers in this county and having been one of the most prominent business men in the community during the past quarter of a century and Mr. Kimmell having been, for the past few years, one of the most active real estate men in the county.

The firm has just located in it's new office rooms in the Garth block on the corner of Sixth and Broadway and is rapidly building up a large and substantial list of customers. It is making a specialty of lands in Pawnee and adjoining counties although it has large lists in other sections of the country. It also represents a large list of old and reliable insurance companies and does an extensive loan business.



The Busy Bee Confectionery. F. D. and Mabel Millard, Proprietors

G. W. GRAYBEAL, Jeweler, Engraver, Optician.

The above is an interior view of one of the oldest yet withall one of the most up-to-date jewelry establishments in western Kansas. This business was established some years ago by R. G. Stoner and continued by him until June, 1905, when it was purchased by the firm of Stoner & Graybeal. It was conducted by this firm till January, 1910, when G. W. Graybeal, one of the firm, purchased his partner's interest.



Mr. Graybeal has recently remodeled the place of business entirely and made it thoroughly up-to-date in every particular. He has also increased the size of the stock until he now has one of the most complete and modernly equipped jewelry establishments on the line of the Santa Fe west of Hutchinson. Besides doing a regular jewelry business he is also an engraver and optician of rare ability. He is a graduate of the Kansas City Horological (watchmaking) School and also the Southwestern Optical College of Kansas City. Since leaving school it has always been his practice to keep in intimate touch with all advancements in his line of business.

Since coming to Larned several years ago, Mr. Graybeal has established the reputation of being a thoroughly competent and courteous business man and it is one of the policies of his business to give everyone a square deal.



V. P. Kennedy

V. P. Kennedy came to Pawnee county April 14th, 1884 from Tus county, Ohio. During the majority of the long years that have come and gone since that time he has been a wheat raiser. Having grown up here he has seen the days of hot winds go by never to return, and the buffalo grass turned under and Pawnee county made one of the richest wheat, corn and alfalfa counties in the state.

In 1906 V. P. Kennedy engaged in the Real Estate business at Burdette together with his brother under the name of Kennedy Bros. In 1909 he withdrew from the firm and established his office here. He does a straight real estate business and does not dabble in insurance and other side issues.





H. M. Holloway's Residence. 9th and Main, Larned, Kansas



H. M. Holloway's Farm, West of Larned



Farm home of M. M. Funkhouser,
South of Larned.



Residence of A. O. Marshall, Southwest
of Larned.



Residence of W. E. Slingerland, South of
Larned.



The Dunkard Church, South of Larned.



Residence of H. A. Krueger, South of Larned



Residence of Dr. A. W. H. Seiple, 7th and Broadway, Larned, Kansas



Farm Residence of O. Cornell, South of Town



D. M. Eller's Fine Farm Residence, South of Larned



D. M. Eller's Fine Herd of Herefords



Residence of Judge C. E. Lobdell, Larned, Kansas



W. G. Seck's Farm Residence, North of Larned



Beautiful Residence of Wallace Libby, Larned, Kansas



Farm home of Roy Jennings, west of Larned, Kansas. Equipped with steam heat, acetylene light, pressure tank water system and modern throughout.



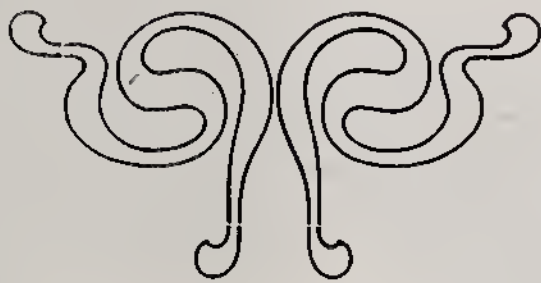
M. K. Barber.

M. K. Barber, whose picture appears on this page, is one of the old time Larned boys. His father, N. Barber, came to this county in 1877 and has resided here since. "M. K." herded sheep and cattle and tilled the soil here in the days that "tried men's hearts;" the days when the hot winds blew, and the rain came not. He attended school in the country and later the "high school on the hill." However, he decided at the end of the second year of high school that Poole's Business College offered better inducements to a young man who had to "paddle his own canoe," so he left high school and entered the Poole Business College.

For two years previous to attending high school he had worked in his brother-in-law's drug store in Nevada, Mo. While attending school in Larned he worked for Geo. B. Miller, who then run the Owl Drug store. After graduating from the Poole Business College he went to Galveston, Texas and worked one year in the big retail drug store of C. W. Preston & Co.

Returning then to Missouri he worked for several years in his brother-in-law's drug store again. Then one year in the Diamond Drug Store in Lamar, then three years in the Opera Drug Store in Rich Hill. After registering in Missouri he worked for two years at Preston's Pharmacy in Sedalia, Mo. Leaving there he formed a partnership with H. Cunningham under the firm name of Cunningham & Barber, at Belton, Mo. After four years and one month of partnership he withdrew from the firm and located in Moran, Kansas, which then bade fair to become a good gas town. After nine months in Moran,

the gas industry not developing, he moved his store to Larned, Kansas. opening up here November 4th, 1904. The store has been known as Barber's Cash Drug Store and has enjoyed a nice trade. It ranks as one of the first-class business houses of our little city and "M. K." being a Larned boy, has the interests and welfare of Larned ahead of everything else.



Residence of W. H. Vernon, Sr., Larned, Kansas



The Merritt-Schwier Creamery Co., G. W. Merritt, Pres., Wm. Schwier, Vice Pres., W. F. Schwier, Secy. and Treas. This company operates creameries at Great Bend and Iarned, Kansas, has a capital stock of \$50,000.00 and turns 40,000 lbs. of fancy separator butter daily. It does a large wholesale business through the Arkansas Valley.

SANITARIUM.

Nature has not blessed Pawnee county alone with a richness and fertility of soil that have placed her at the zenith of glory in the agricultural world. She has also given her a natural resource which though heretofore undeveloped bids fair to bring this county to the front as a health resort of considerable prominence.

In the early days of the county's history and well within the remembrance of the early settlers of the county, the waters of the mineral well just south of town were detoured into a lake which was used for bathing purposes. At that time these waters were known to have valuable medicinal properties but for some reasons were never properly exploited till the coming of the hard times closed the institution down.

With the coming of the present prosperity a company has been organized to utilize the medicinal properties of this well for Sanitarium purposes. The personell of that company is composed of the most prominent and influential business and professional men of the town and county, men whose high business integrity will vouch for the genuineness of the project. Among the stockholders and promoters of the project are also some of the leading and most highly talented physicians in the state.

Plans for the erection of bath buildings, etc., for sanitarium purposes, moderately equipped throughout with the most up-to-date and scientific appliances, have been completed and the work of construction well under way. The well itself is being reboored and recased to a depth of some eight hundred feet which will insure an adequate supply of water.

Larned is ideally situated for a health resort. In the very center of the central west with no resort of any prominence within three hundred miles on any side it will doubtless rise rapidly into prominence as a sanitarium center. Moreover, the analysis of the waters themselves show that they contain all the properties of the best known resorts of this country. Under these conditions it is highly probable that the year 1911 will begin Larned's history as the most popular health resort of the central west if not one of the most popular in the United States.

J. A. CARR.

The oldest and most reliable Insurance Agency in the city is that operated by J. Arthur Carr. Mr. Carr has been a resident of Pawnee county for the past thirty years and is a native born Pawnee. In 1907 he purchased the Insurance business of D. E. Babbitt & Co., with offices in the First State Bank building. He has always followed a policy of fair and square dealing in every business transaction and as a result has a large list of highly satisfied customers. Among the



W. P .Griffith's Farm Residence, North of Larned



Farm Residence of A. P. Dennis, Southeast of Larned.

companies represented are the Continental, Glens Falls; Germania and Williamsburg City, of New York; Connecticut, of Hartford; Franklin, of Philadelphia; and Royal of Liverpool. He writes a general fire, tornado, plate glass, burglary and surety insurance in the most reliable companies.

J. C. LOYD.

J. C. Loyd came to Larned from Chariton county, Missouri, in the spring of 1906, and for two years resided on a large ranch north of Rozel, and after developing same moved to Larned and engaged in the real estate business which he has been identified with for years. Mr. Floyd is an experienced real estate man and since coming here has built up a large business. He makes a specialty of Pawnee, Hodgman and Ness county lands, also carries large lists in other sections of the country as well. He also looks after the interests of non-residents, and dabbles with no other side issues, but does a straight real estate business with office at 413 Broadway.

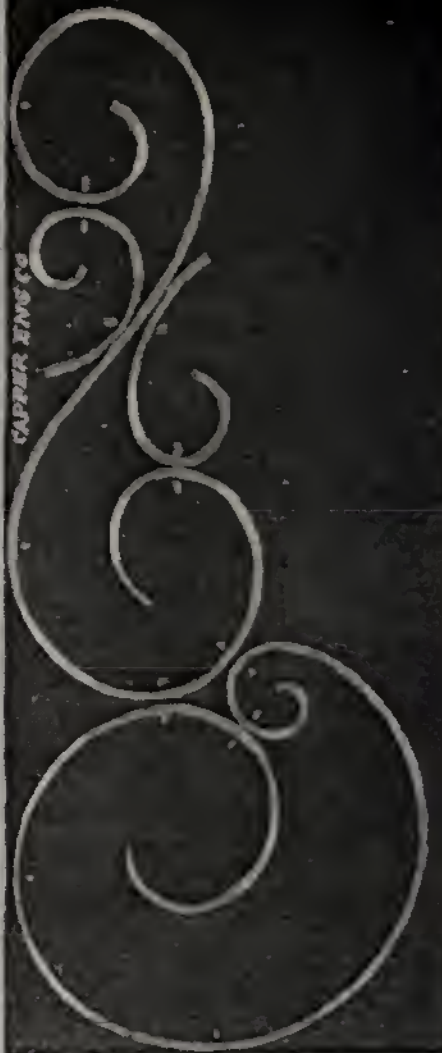
DR. S. B. RIGGS.

Dr. S. B. Riggs came to Larned in 1904, and opened up his dental parlors in the Frizell block. Before coming here he had been a student at the Western Dental College, Kansas City, Mo., from which school he graduated in 1901.

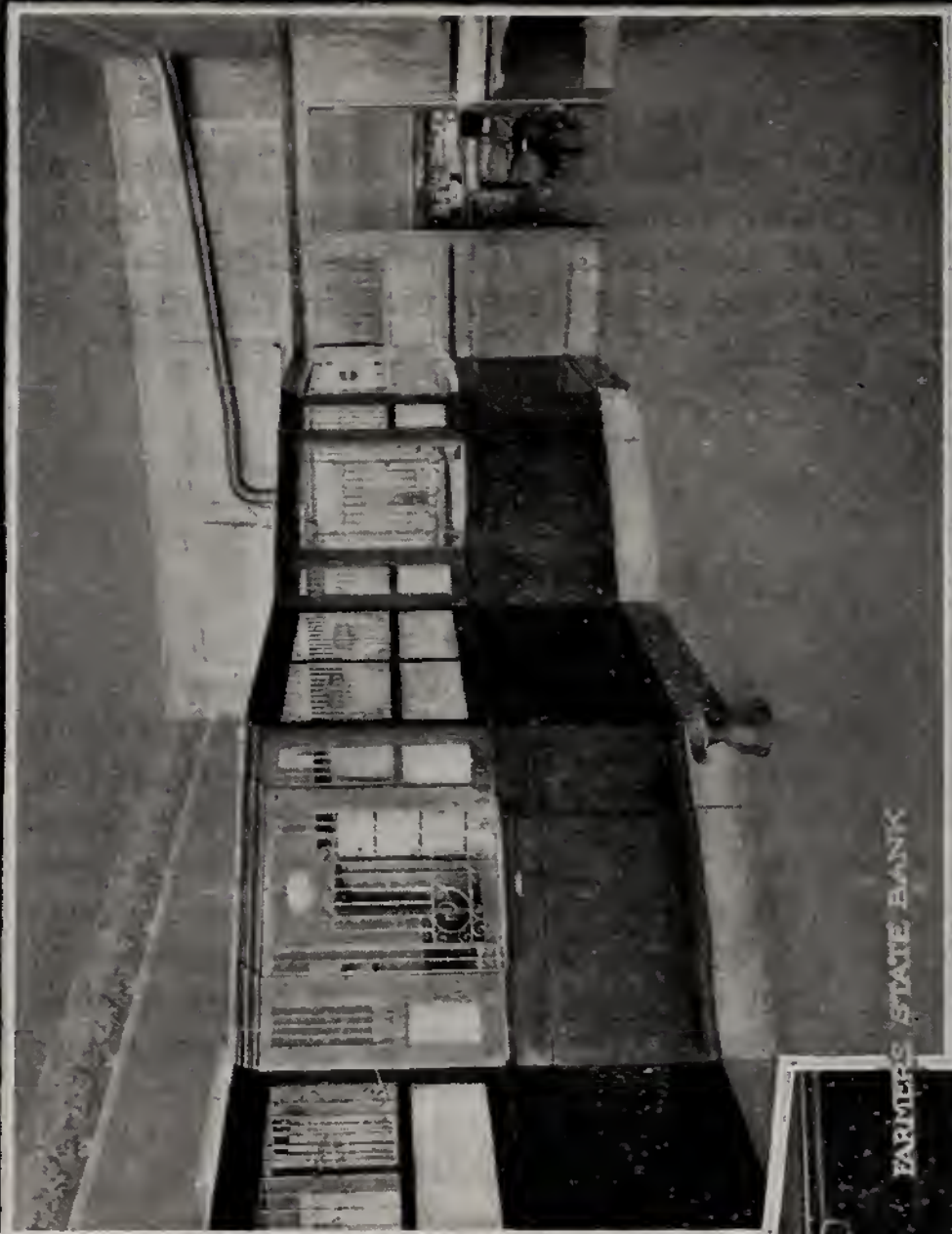
Mr. Riggs is one of the most up-to-date dentists on the line of the Old Santa Fe Trail and has the most modernly equipped and sanitary office in the southwest. He was the first member of his profession in this section of the country to install a thoroughly modern establishment and has made his parlors a place offering "A PULL WITHOUT A PAIN" and "UP-TO-DATE DENTISTRY FOR UP-TO-DATE PEOPLE."

Dr. Riggs is a member of the Elks, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Eagles, the Larned Business Men's Association and is secretary of the Larned League Ball Club.

Since engaging in business here Dr. Riggs has given a high degree of satisfaction as evidenced by the fact that he at present has the largest business in the southwest. He has always occupied a prominent place in the business affairs of the city and has always been an A. N. O. 1 booster for the best interests of Larned and Pawnee county.



CAPPER ENGINE CO



FARMERS STATE BANK



FARMERS STATE BANK

GEO. NOLAN.

The oldest resident settler in Pawnee county today is Geo. Nolan. Mr. Nolan came to Larned in the summer of 1872 and like many another pioneer since found himself destitute of means. He borrowed \$2.00 of a clerk in the only store in town at that time and with this money filed on the first soldier's claim in Pawnee county. At the first election held in the county in 1872 Mr. Nolan was elected to the office of county clerk, clerk of the district court and township clerk, all to be looked after without other remuneration than the honor and glory attached to them.

With the duties of these offices to tend to and poverty, drouth and grasshoppers to overcome, George started in life in Pawnee county determined to make a go of it. He had a mighty hard time of it for the first few years but like the others who have stayed with this country finally came out on top. He has always had confidence in the agricultural possibilities of this section of the west and in these years of abundant prosperity may look back with pride on the prophetic foresight he had in staying with this country through the hard times. Mr. Nolan has recently sold his feed and coal business and retired from active business life. He is the youngest old soldier in the county and an ex-prisoner of war from Andersonville, Ga., and Florence, S. C. He is an active member of the Masons, G. A. R., Modern Woodmen, Knights of Pythias and Odd Fellows.

THE C. W. SMITH ELECTRIC & ICE CO.

In 1901 C. W. Smith bought the electric light plant which had at that time about 500 lights. It has been growing until now there are 8000 or 10000 lights on the circuit, besides the motors and other electrical appliances. The number of customers has been doubled in the last three years. In 1906 an ice plant was added, which together with the large storage house since erected, furnishes the best of pure distilled water ice to Larned and surrounding towns.

In June, 1909 the business was incorporated as The C. W. Smith Electric & Ice Co., with a capital stock of \$100,000.00. The present officers are C. W. Smith, president; C. R. Sutton, vice-president; Albert Williams, secretary and treasurer.

A large line of electrical supplies and appliances is carried in stock and the increase in their use is remarkable. A majority of the consumers have electric flat irons, while the use of cooking and heating devices, fans, and motors for various purposes is increasing at a rapid rate. The company is giving good service and its business is showing a good substantial growth.



Farm Residence of D. Bridge, South of Larned



Residence of Al. Seeman, Larned, Kansas. Mr. Seeman has been a resident of Pawnee county for thirty-six years

KAISER BROS.

J. H. and E. W. Kaiser came to Larned from Iowa in the summer of 1903. Soon after arriving they purchased the Abstract, Insurance and Loan business conducted by John R. Bassinger and opened offices under the name of The Pawnee County Abstract and Title Co. They handle large lists of Real Estate in this and other parts of the country. They have always followed the most courteous policies in their treatment of customers and in their seven years of business life here they have built up a large list of satisfied customers. They have the remarkable combination of being able to sell you the earth with a clear title, loan you the money to buy it with and then insure you against loss by hail, fire, tornado, etc., all at the best of rates.

J. H. Kaiser, the senior member of the firm, is a LIB. graduate of the University of Iowa and has been admitted to the bar in Iowa, Washington, D. C., and South Dakota. In 1906 he was elected to the office of register of deeds of this county, which place he has held since that time. He contemplates locating in Kansas City in the real estate business after the first of the year.

Since the election of his brother to the office of register of deeds, E. W. Kaiser has conducted the Abstract, Insurance and Loan business of the firm.

A. D. SMITH.

A. D. Smith came to Pawnee county with his father in the fall of 1884. At the time his father had just \$15.00 in his pocket and a family of ten to support. He took a homestead twelve miles north of town and all pitched in to help make a home for themselves in the semi-arid west. During the hard times Dan had to work like sin to help keep things going and for a long time worked for \$10.00 a month to help support the family. During the first two years he was out here the antelopes were almost as bad a curse to the wheat raiser as the drouth. The old homestead is still owned by Mr. Smith's father together with five other quarters all of which are worth over \$50.00 per acre.

Mr. Smith has been in the real estate business at Rozel for a number of years together with Mr. Shaffer under the name of Smith & Shaffer. As evidence of the quantity and quality of business they have transacted it may be said that over \$400,000.00 worth of land has changed hands through them in the past two years and that the purchasers in every instance have cleared from \$5.00 to \$25.00 in land values on their investment.

Mr. Smith is also a member of the firm of J. U. Smith & Co., in the Mercantile business at Rozel, which does one of the largest Mercantile businesses in this section of the country. For several years past this company has done a \$50,000.00 business on \$10,000.00 stock.



Yards of Lindas Lumber Co., Larned, Kansas



Farm Home of F. E. Sippel, Near Larned, Kansas





THE BOUND TO PLEASE



Heckman Bindery INC.



MAY 66
N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA

