

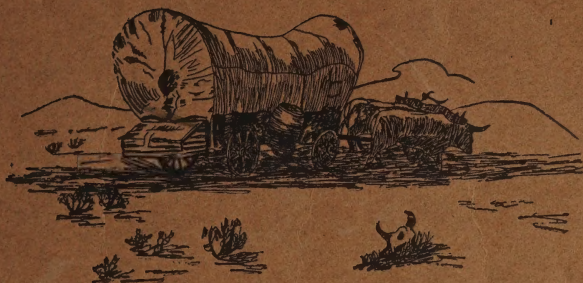
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# EARLY DAYS — IN — KANSAS



By  
BLISS ISELY



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Flora Le Clough  
A gift of the Author





## COUNCIL LODGE

The above house was built in May, 1927, by a few of the Wichita Indians from Oklahoma. It stands on a small island just south of the Thirteenth Street bridge over the Little Arkansas river. This spot was chosen by one of the survivors as being the location of the lodges of the original Wichita Indians who once lived at the junction of the Big and the Little Arkansas rivers.



# Early Days in Kansas

By BLISS ISELY



Published by  
The Wichita Board of Education  
L. W. Mayberry, Superintendent of Schools

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# An Explanation

Unless history is remembered it is not worth reading; and it will not be remembered unless it is interesting. For that reason the writer has not attempted to produce a complete history of Kansas with all the dates and facts, but instead, has selected only the most dramatic events, and has built each story around an outstanding character.

The object of this book is to create a picture of Kansas in its successive stages from the Stone Age to the barbed wire fence.

No other state of the union has a more romantic history than has Kansas. Here Christianity was preached 80 years before the landing of the Pilgrims. Here, in the heart of the continent, died the first missionary to be martyred in what is now the United States. Here was the land of Coronado, of the Boones and of Buffalo Bill.

Since this book is for children the writer has resorted frequently to direct conversation to make the scenes more vivid. The adult will readily understand that it is impossible at this late date to reproduce the exact words, and he may assume that the conversations are fabrications. The writer, however, has not relied on imagination. In the case of more recent events he has interviewed persons who were present, to get as nearly as possible, the words used or the words which most probably would have been used on the occasion. In the case of events of more remote periods he has studied contemporary writings. Among Indians much of the talk was in sign language, but the signs can be translated into English as readily as can Comanche or Cheyenne.

The adult also will recognize that some of the scenes in this book have been reconstructed, particularly the one where the Mallet Brothers come into camp at the junction of the Big and Little Arkansas in 1740. The reconstruction of a scene here and in a few other cases has been done to help the child understand Kansas as it was. The reports of the Mallet brothers which have come down to us are meagre indeed. But we know from contemporary writers and others who followed the Mallet brothers, just what they doubtless encountered that night as they came into camp.

The writer has invariably gone to original sources for his information. Where characters are yet living he has consulted them by letter and personal interview. He has visited the aged associates of Satanta, Chisholm, Stone Calf and others at their own firesides in Oklahoma. He has ridden horseback through the Sni Hills for a week to meet old followers of Quantrill.

The writer has been collecting material for these stories over a period of 16 years as a newspaper reporter on the Hutchinson Gazette, Kansas City Star, St. Louis Star and

Wichita Beacon. It would be impossible to name all the veterans of the days of the old trails who have aided him, but mention must be made of William C. Peacock of Wichita, plainsman and scout of the old Southwest, under whose guidance the writer gained a welcome inside the homes of old men of the Kiowas, Cheyennes and Wichitas, men who lived in Kansas before the white man, a few of whom may still be found in Oklahoma, thinking of the days of their glory.

The writer also must mention his own father, a pioneer of '49, and his mother, who came to live on a Kansas farm in '56. He must also mention the assistance of Prof. D. H. Richert of the Bethel College faculty, and one of his students, Herbert Schmidt for their research work in connection with the story of the bringing of the first Turkey Red Wheat. Miss M. Alice Isely, librarian of Fairmount College, and Miss Katherine Terrill and Miss Ruth E. Hammond of the Wichita City Library, assisted in obtaining books for research work.

Acknowledgement is given for information borrowed from the following books:

Winship's translations of the narratives of Castaneda, Jaramillo, Suceso and Coronado; Margry's "Decouvertes et Etablissements des Francois dans l'Amerique," Parkman's "Half Century of Conflict," Irving's "A Tour of the Prairies," Catlin's "North American Indians," Dodge's "Our Wild Indians," Hodge's "Handbook of American Indians," Miles's "Serving the Republic," Inman's "The Santa Fe Trail," Thoburn's "History of Oklahoma," Kansas Historical Society Collections, Blackmar's "History of Kansas," Connelley's "History of Kansas," Andreas's "History of Kansas," Cordley's "History of Lawrence," Spring's "Kansas," Robinson's "The Kansas Conflict," Wilder's "Annals of Kansas," Sarah Robinson's "Kansas, Its Interior and Exterior Life," and Brewerton's "War in Kansas."

Assistance in selection of vocabulary for children was given by Miss Irene MacMillan, elementary supervisor of the Wichita Public Schools, and from a committee of third-grade teachers who have tried these stories out by having them studied in class room. Committee members are Miss Floy Mal-lonee, Miss Charlotte Chain, Miss Irene Gard, Miss Opal Wedertz and Miss Agnes Shaftsbury.

Most of these stories first appeared in the Wichita Beacon. It was at the suggestion of Mrs. Bion B. Hull of Wichita High School faculty, and L. W. Mayberry, superintendent of Wichita Schools, that the writer rewrote them for children.



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## CHAPTER I

### FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO

Is-o-pe-te was a Wichita Indian who lived 400 years ago in a village near the Arkansas River. He did not go to school, because Indians had no schools. He did not have to work, because Indian parents did not make their children work. Just for fun, he sometimes helped his mother skin buffalo or deer. Most of the day he played games. One game was Indian ball and another game was hunting with bows and arrows.

Isopete's mother had a garden where she grew corn, beans, pumpkins and squashes. When she wanted fruit she gathered wild plums, wild grapes and wild strawberries. Isopete's sisters helped her gather fruit and helped her hoe in the garden, but Isopete did not help. He did not think it was fun to hoe in the garden.

Isopete's father was a hunter. He did not have a gun, but hunted with a bow and arrows. He shot turkeys, prairie chickens, wild ducks, geese, swans, cranes, brandt, quail and other birds. He also shot rabbits, squirrels, antelope, deer, elk and buffalo. Isopete liked buffalo meat best of all; it was so fat and juicy. He liked fat meat better than lean meat and so did his father and mother and sisters. They had buffalo meat at every meal just as we have bread at every meal.

Isopete's mother cooked the meat over a fire built on the ground. She cooked the corn, beans

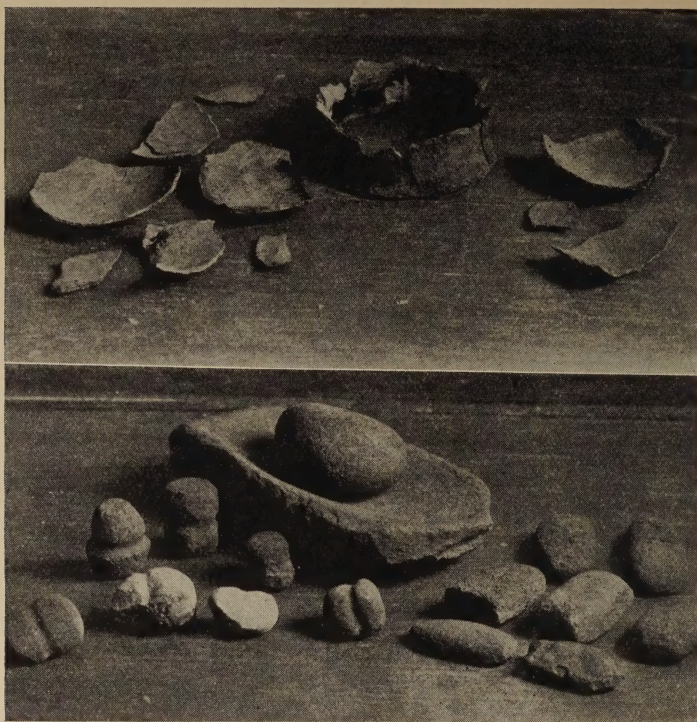


Photo by courtesy of Paul and Horace Jones, Lyons, Kan.

Indian ware from the site of an old Wichita Indian Village on Cow Creek in Rice County. The broken earthenware pot is the kind used by Isopete's mother in which she boiled meat and vegetables by heating the water with hot stones. The big hollow stone with a smaller one on top is a corn mill, such as was used by Wichita Indian women when Coronado visited them. The corn was ground by putting it on the hollow stone and pounding it with the smaller stone. The big stone weighs 75 pounds.

It is possible that the village site on Cow Creek is one which Coronado visited in 1541.



and pumpkins in the ashes or in a pot of clay. When Isopete was hungry he helped himself. He used a stone knife to cut off a piece of meat and ate it with his fingers. When his fingers were greasy he rubbed them dry on his hair. When he ate food out of the pot he ate it with a spoon made of buffalo horn.

The Indians had no breakfast, dinner and supper as we have, and Isopete ate any time he was hungry. Isopete's mother cooked food when she arose in the morning and left it by the fire all day to keep it warm. Some days Isopete would eat nine or ten times. On other days he would eat only once or twice.

In the morning when he awoke Isopete would smell the meat cooking. That made him feel hungry and he would get up to eat. After he had eaten he would run out doors to play. Every time he felt hungry he would run indoors to help himself to more food.

When his meal was done Isopete's mother had no dishes to wash. Each one in the family ate out of the same pot with a spoon and they did not use plates, or saucers. For cups they used gourds or buffalo horns. Isopete's mother did not work as hard as mothers do in these days. But she worked harder than Isopete's father. By sundown her work was always done. In the evening she went to dances or visited the neighbors or sat by her own fire and told stories to her children.

The wigwam where Isopete lived was built of logs covered with mats of grass. Outside it looked like a round hay stack. Inside it had



Photo by Author

Grass covered Wichita Indian wigwam, like those described by Coronado. This photograph is of a wigwam now standing near Anadarko, Okla. The children shown here are wearing the same kind of clothing as white children, but they are living in the same kind of a wigwam as the one where Isopete spent his childhood. It is believed such wigwams were standing on Cow Creek and the Little Arkansas River when Coronado visited Kansas in 1541.

only one round room 25 feet across and the ground was the floor. Isopete's mother swept the room every day with a broom made of a bunch of grass.

In the winter a fire was kept burning on the ground in the center of the lodge and the smoke

went out thru a hole at the top. In the summer the fire was built outdoors where they did the cooking but in winter they cooked at the fire in the wigwam.

The fire made a bright light. The children had no books to read but their father and mother and grandfather and grandmother told stories. Their grandmother was the best story teller of all, and on winter evenings the children sat by the bright fire listening to their grandmother tell stories.

It was warm in the wigwam in winter. A buffalo skin hung over the door to keep out the cold. The door was only a hole at the east side of the wigwam. When Isopete wanted to go into the wigwam he pushed the buffalo skin to one side and walked in. Then he would sit by the fire and listen to his grandmother or mother or father or grandfather.

No one ever told Isopete when it was time to go to bed. He went to bed when he was tired and he slept as long as he liked. His mother did not call him. She did not care when he got up because he did not have to go to school or do any work.

Isopete never had the measles. He never had a bad cold or sore throat. He lived out doors in the fresh air and sunshine all day. The fresh air and sunshine kept him well.

When Isopete was a big boy his father took him on a hunt. He gave Isopete a bow and arrows so he could help kill animals. This was great fun. By day they killed animals and at



night they slept in a wigwam made of buffalo skins. Such a wigwam is called a tepee.

In those days the Indians had no horses. When they went anywhere dogs were used to drag their things from one place to another. The tepees and blankets were rolled up and put on poles and the poles were tied to the dogs, which dragged the poles like we drag a sled.

One day Isopete was lost from his father while they were hunting. Some other Indians found him and took him with them to Pecos in New Mexico. There they sold him to be a slave. Isopete was very sad. He thought he would never see his home again.

## CHAPTER II

### THE WHITE MAN

At Pecos, Isopete met another slave whose name was Turk. He was a Pawnee and had been stolen from his home on the Smoky Hill River. Isopete and Turk wanted to run away but the Indians at Pecos would not let them run away.

One day white people came from Mexico. They were Spaniards. They were the first white men to come to Pecos. They had heard there was gold at Pecos and they wanted the gold. But when they got to Pecos there was no gold. The general of the Spaniards was Coronado.

One day Turk told Coronado:

"I know where there is gold."

"Where?" asked Coronado.

"In the land where Isopete lives," said Turk. "There is gold in my land, too. My father is rich. He eats out of dishes of gold and has silver bells on his wigwam. The bells have clappers of gold and make music when the wind blows."

"Lead me to your home," said Coronado. "If they have gold I will make you free."

Turk led Coronado and the other Spaniards to a dry country. It is called the Staked Plains. He hoped Coronado would die of thirst and then he could go home. But Coronado did not die. Turk did not know what to do.

"If I lead Coronado to the land of the Wichitas and Pawnees he will find out that I told a lie," thought Turk. "Then he will kill me. He

will be angry when he finds that my father eats with his fingers instead of eating out of dishes of gold. He will be angry when he finds that my father has no silver bells with gold clappers."



From a drawing by Frederic Remington.

#### The March of Coronado across Kansas.

Turk tried to run away in the night, but Coronado watched him and would not let him run away.

Next day Coronado sent for Isopete. He asked Isopete to lead him to Kansas and Isopete did so. On July 6, 1541, Isopete brought Coronado and 29 other Spaniards to his home in Kansas. There Coronado found that the Indians were not rich. They lived in grass houses and



had no gold. He saw them eat with their fingers. Then Coronado was angry and he killed Turk. But he gave Isopete his freedom.

Coronado spent 25 days in Kansas. Then he went back to Mexico. He and his men were the first white men to come to Kansas. The Indians had never seen white men before. The white men rode horses when they came. It was the first time the Indians had seen horses. They thought that the horse and man who rode him were all part of the same animal. When the men got off of their horses the Indians were so surprised they opened their mouths wide.

When they came near the horses, the horses bit and kicked. After that the Indians were afraid of the horses.

## CHAPTER III

### A KANSAS MISSIONARY

One of Coronado's men was Padilla, a priest, After Coronado had been gone a year Padilla came back to Kansas to tell the Indians about Jesus and to baptize the children.

Four other men came with Padilla. One was Campo, a hunter and soldier. Another was Sebastian, a negro. Two others were Indians from Mexico. Campo rode on a mule while the rest walked. Sebastian was the first negro to come to Kansas.

Campo hunted buffalo while Padilla preached to the Indians and baptized their children. The Indians liked Padilla and liked to have him baptize their children. One day Padilla told the Wichita Indians that he was going to another village to baptize the Kansas Indians, who lived far away to the northeast. The Wichita Indians did not like that.

"The Kansas Indians are our enemy," they told Padilla. "We do not want their children to be baptised. We do not want them to have anything that is good for them. We hate them."

"You must love your enemies," Padilla told them.

"We hate our enemies," the Wichita Indians answered.

Padilla started to go to the Kansas Indians, who lived on the Kansas River. When he had gone three days he saw Wichita Indians following him. He knew they meant to kill him, and he told Campo and his other friends to run away.



From a drawing by Frederic Remington.

### Father Padilla Preaching to the Indians

They ran to the top of a hill, but Padilla did not run. He knelt on the ground and prayed. As he prayed the Indians shot arrows at him. He bowed his head and kissed a cross he held. As he was kissing the cross one Indian hit him with a stone and he died.

Sebastian and the Indians who had come with Padilla buried him. The Wichita Indians wanted to kill Campo too, but he had a mule and the Indians were on foot. His mule ran from the Indians. After Padilla was buried, Campo, Sebastian and the two Indians went back to Mexico.



## CHAPTER IV

### WILD HORSES

When Coronado came to Kansas two of his horses ran away. Others grew tired on the long marches and could hardly walk. They fell down when the men tried to ride them and Coronado had to leave them in Kansas.

These few horses, left behind by Coronado, ate green grass and soon grew strong again. In a few years little colts were running with the horses. At first the Indians were afraid of the horses and colts. They thought horses ate people. They let the colts grow up on the prairie. In fifty years there were thousands of them running wild with the buffalo, elk and deer.

When Isopete was an old man he used to sit by the fire on winter evenings and tell his grandchildren about the Spaniards and how they rode horses.

"If the Spaniards could ride so can we," said his grandchildren. Isopete shook his head.

"The Spaniards are white people and are smarter than we are," he said.

But the grandchildren wanted to try riding horses.

They went where horses were eating grass. Then the young Indians got on all sides of the horses. The Indians had ropes made of buffalo skins cut into long strings. The horses tried to run away, but the Indians threw ropes over their heads and caught them.

Then the Indians jumped on the backs of the

horses and rode. They found it was fun to ride, and that when they were riding they could travel many miles without getting tired. After that they caught more horses and rode them.

The Kansas Indians learned to ride, too. They were enemies of the Wichitas and liked to



From a painting by George Catlin.

#### Wild Horses on the Prairie

fight them. But before they had horses they did not fight them often. The Wichita villages and the Kansas villages were 200 miles apart, and it was too far to walk 200 miles to fight. But after the Kansas Indians had horses it was easy to ride 200 miles. Every summer the Kansas Indians came to the Wichita villages. They burned their grass houses, stole their corn and ate their pumpkins.

In 1602 the Wichitas sent to the Spanish soldiers in New Mexico, begging them to come and help fight the Kansas Indians.

But the soldiers did not come to help the Wichitas. They said they were too busy at home.

The Wichitas did not like war. They liked to hunt buffalo and tell stories and ride horseback. At last they moved away to Oklahoma to be far from the Kansas. There they built new villages, but they came back to Kansas every summer to hunt.



## CHAPTER V

### WILD ANIMAL LAND

On a bright June afternoon in 1740 a beaver swimming across the Little Arkansas River, near where it flows into the Big Arkansas, heard a strange sound that frightened him. He swam under water to the far bank and hid in a hole. There he could still hear the strange sound.

The sound was made by four men singing a French song. Never had the beaver heard white men sing before. He did not know what the singing was.

A wild turkey gobbler, feeding with his flock on the prairie, heard the song too. It made him angry. He gobbled. He puffed up his feathers. He struck his wings against the ground to show his anger. A wildcat, which had been creeping close to catch the gobbler, heard the song. Turning around he stole off in great fear to hide himself.

The four men were singing because evening was near and they were coming to a good place to camp. When they reached the river a deer jumped out of the brush and swam across the river. One of the men shot him just as he reached the other bank.

A man swam across with his horse and brought the dead deer back for supper. Buffalo were across the river, but the men had eaten buffalo meat every night for a month. Now that they had deer meat they did not kill any buffalo.

To the west on an island stood a tall cottonwood tree. At its top was an eagle nest. The eagle rose from its nest, flew high above the men and screamed. The eagle had seen few men before. Even Indians were not often seen in the valley. At one time the Wichita Indians had



From a drawing by Frederic Remington.

#### Indians Hunting Buffalo.

lived along the Arkansas, but they had moved away to the south years before. These four men had been riding on the river bank for five weeks and in that time had seen only five persons, two men and three women in all that part of Kansas.

The five were Comanche Indians out hunting. In the country over which the four men had traveled, there was not a house. The land

belonged to birds and animals, which flew and ran about in great numbers.

The four visitors to the Arkansas Valley were Frenchmen from Canada. Two of them were brothers, Pierre and Paul Mallet. The other two were their friends.

The year before, they had come from Canada to Fort Kansas. That fort was on the Missouri River, south of where the city of Atchison now stands. A Canadian, who had built it, kept a store there. The Kansas Indians came to the store to buy knives, axes, colored cloth, kettles, needles and beads. They lived in villages near the store. They had no money. But they killed beaver, otter, muskrat and other animals and brought their skins to Fort Kansas for money. The store keeper was glad to get the skins. He sent them to France where he sold them for money. In France they made the skins into fur coats and hats. Some years as many as 20,000 skins were sent to France from Fort Kansas.

The store keeper had been living with the Kansas Indians for fifteen years when the Mallet Brothers came to visit him. But he had never gone far from home. The Missouri River flowed past his fort. But he did not know where it came from. The Indians said it came from the mountains.

The Mallet brothers said they wanted to see the mountains. They had heard that Santa Fe was in the mountains. Santa Fe was a Spanish town near silver mines. The brothers thought



if they could find the mountains they would come to Santa Fe.

So the brothers and their companions bought horses from the Indians. They rode north along the Missouri River. On June 2, 1739, they came to a wide river. They named it the Platte.

There they met Pawnee Indians. So they asked the Pawnees how to reach Santa Fe.

"You are going the wrong way," said a Pawnee chief. "Santa Fe is southwest."

And so the companions quit following the Missouri River. They traveled southwest until after seven weeks they came to Santa Fe. They visited at Santa Fe all winter. The next spring they started back home. In Colorado they came to a river. It was the Arkansas, but they did not know the name of it. One brother said:

"Let us follow this river and see where it flows."

And so they did. They rode along the banks of the river for many weeks, making a map of it. When they were hungry they killed animals to eat. When their horses were hungry they turned them loose to eat grass. Early in June they neared the place where Wichita now stands. By the end of June they were in Oklahoma.

"I am tired of riding horses," one of the brothers said. "Let us build canoes and float on the river."

Two canoes were made of cottonwood logs. Then the horses were turned loose. Getting in the canoes, the four men floated all the rest of the way down the river to New Orleans.

At New Orleans they gave the governor a

map of the country where they had been. The map showed the Platte River. It showed the Rocky Mountains. It showed the Arkansas River. It also showed a large river in Oklahoma. The brothers named it the Saint Andre. But we call it the Canadian River, because the Canadians were the first white men to see it.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE SPANISH FLAG

Near where the town of Republic City now stands, there was once a village of Pawnee Indians. It was called the Pawnee Republic.

An old chief with long gray hair lived in that village. His name was Ki-wik-ta-ka. On a July day in 1806 his little granddaughters found him sitting in front of his lodge looking very sad.

"What is the matter, grandfather?" they asked; but the old chief did not answer. He was too sad. The girls then asked their grandmother why he was sad.

"He is sad because the Spaniards are coming," said their grandmother. "He wants the Pawnees to fight the Spaniards, but they will not."

Far to the south the little girls saw puffs of smoke rising to the sky. The smoke had been made by Pawnee hunters. They used the smoke to send messages, just as we use the telephone. The smoke said:

"Three hundred fifty Spaniards are coming. They want to make friends with the Pawnees."

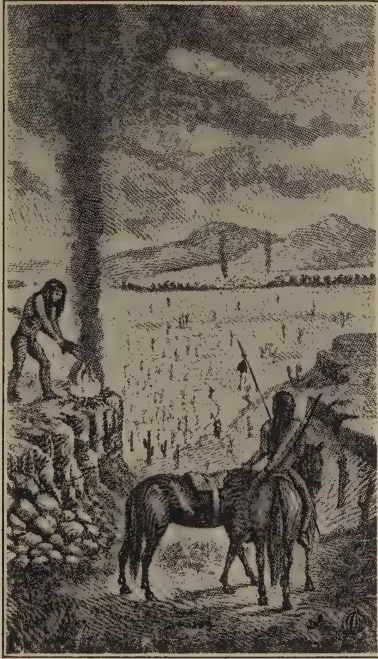
When the chiefs and warriors saw the smoke they met in council. They smoked pipes and made speeches. All, except Kiwiktaka, wanted to make friends with the Spaniards. Kiwiktaka said:

"When I was a little boy we had French traders in our village. The Spaniards came to



drive them out. The Pawnees and French fought the Spaniards and drove them away. I like the French. I do not like the Spaniards.”

“But the French are gone,” shouted a young



From a drawing by H. H. Nichols in the first annual report of the U. S. Bureau of Ethnology.

#### Indian building signal fire.

chief. “They have sold New Orleans and St. Louis and other French towns to the Americans. We do not know the Americans. Let us make friends with the Spaniards.”

So the young chiefs went to a high hill. They heaped up a pile of grass, set fire to it, and cov-

ered it with a buffalo robe to keep the smoke from getting out. Two men took hold of the buffalo robe. When they wanted smoke to get out they moved the robe to one side. They let the smoke come out in puffs. Two puffs meant one word. Three puffs meant another word.

They called it talking smoke. They were talking to the Pawnee hunters who were with the Spaniards. The smoke said:

“Bring the Spaniards to our village.”

And that was why Kiwiktaka sat in front of his lodge and would not speak.

Next day the Spaniards came. Their commander was Lieutenant Malgares. He gave presents to the Pawnees. But Kiwiktaka would not take a present. Malgares told the Pawnees that the king of Spain was their great white father. He told them to shoot the Americans when they came.

Malgares had his men cut down a tall straight tree. They cut off the branches to make a flag pole. They set it in the center of the village, and put a Spanish flag on top.

“This flag shows you are friends of Spain and enemies of the United States,” said Malgares.

Then all the Spaniards shouted, shot off their guns and played on their trumpets. The Pawnees shouted, too. All were glad except old Kiwiktaka and his granddaughters.

Then they had a feast of buffalo. After that the Spaniards marched back to their own town of Santa Fe.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE STARS AND STRIPES

While the Spaniards were raising their flag in the Pawnee village, 22 Americans were riding toward Kansas from St. Louis. They had been sent by Thomas Jefferson, president of the United States, to explore Kansas and make friends with the Indians.

The commander of the Americans was Lieutenant Pike. When he reached the Pawnee village, the first thing he saw was the Spanish flag on the pole. The Pawnees told Pike he must leave the country the way he came, or they would kill him. They had 400 warriors. He had only 22. But he would not go home.

"The President of the United States is your great white father," said Pike. "You cannot have two fathers. You can have only one. Do you want to be friends of the Spaniards or of the Americans?"

"We want to be friends of the Spaniards," yelled the young chiefs.

Then the warriors jumped on their horses, and riding around Pike and his men, aimed arrows at them. A few chiefs of the Kansas and Osage Indians had come with Pike to visit the Pawnees. They told the Pawnees they were friends of the Americans.

"We like Lieutenant Pike," said the Kansas and Osage chiefs. "He has only 22 men but they are brave. They are not afraid of 350 Spaniards. They are not afraid of 400 Pawnees.

See how brave they are? If you fight them you will be sorry."

Then Pike pointed at the Spanish flag on the pole.

"That flag must come down," he commanded.

"It will not come down," shouted the young chiefs.

Then old Kiwiktaka rose from where he sat in front of his lodge. He walked slowly. His face was wrinkled and his hair was gray. But the breeze caught up his old gray hair and waved it.

He walked to the flag pole, took hold of the rope and pulled down the Spanish flag. He carried it to Pike and handed it to him. Several young chiefs wanted to stop Kiwiktaka, but he had friends in the village. There were many old warriors, who in years past had followed him in battle. They picked up their bows and arrows and stood by his side. A few of the young warriors did not want to fight their fathers. They also stood at the side of the old men.

Pike stood facing them all. He gave Kiwiktaka the Stars and Stripes. Kiwiktaka carried it to the pole, fixed it to the rope and pulled it to the top. There the breeze caught the flag and it waved. The young chiefs were angry but they could do nothing.

The granddaughters of the old chief stood nearby and their eyes shone. One of Pike's soldiers saw them. He gave them a handful of raisins.

After the flag was at the top of the pole, Pike thanked Kiwiktaka. He shook hands with



the chiefs and warriors. He told them that now they were friends of the United States and that the President of the United States would be their great white father. He gave them presents and made them all feel happy.

The day that Kiwiktaka raised the Stars and Stripes was September 29, 1806.

In honor of the Pawnee Republic a large river in Kansas is named the Republican River and one county is named Republic County.

After leaving the Pawnee village Pike marched southwest, until he came to a great bend of the Arkansas River. There he sent Lieutenant Wilkinson with five men to go down the Arkansas. They made a map of the Arkansas thru Kansas and Oklahoma just as the Mallet Brothers had done 66 years before.

Pike rode west to the Rocky Mountains. He came to a tall mountain which the Spanish called White Mountain. But we call it Pike's Peak, in honor of a brave man who gave the flag to Kiwiktaka.

## CHAPTER VIII

### A WHITE CHILD

The luckiest baby born in Kansas was Napoleon Boone. His birthday was August 22, 1828, and that is why he was so lucky. He was the first white child born in Kansas. His home was a log house on the north bank of the Kansas River, about seven miles from where the city of Lawrence now stands. Except his uncle, Gabe Phillibert, and a storekeeper, Frederick Chouteau, all of the neighbors were Indians.

One of the nearest neighbors was White Plume, chief of the Kansas Indians. White Plume brought the baby a present of a buffalo robe, a necklace of elk's teeth, and an eagle feather painted red. The buffalo robe had been pounded and scraped until it was soft as chamois skin. White Plume's wife brought colored moccasins made of fawn's skin.

Napoleon's father, Daniel Morgan Boone, was the only farmer in Kansas. He had come to Kansas to teach the Indians farming. He and Mrs. Boone knew how to make almost everything they needed. Mr. Boone made his own house of logs. He plastered it with lime he made himself. He built a fireplace of stone. He had no stove, but Mrs. Boone cooked at the fireplace. Mr. Boone built a rail fence around his farm. He made the rails of logs.

Mrs. Boone made clothing of wool for herself and her family. Every spring Mr. Boone cut the wool off of sheep and Mrs. Boone spun the wool into cloth on a spinning wheel. For a

coat and trousers Mr. Boone wore deer skin. He shot and skinned the deer himself. The family ate the meat and Mrs. Boone cut the deer skin into a coat and trousers. For bed covers they had wool blankets which Mrs. Boone made and they had buffalo robes. Mr. Boone shot and skinned a buffalo when he wanted a new robe. Mrs. Boone made all the soap for the family in a big kettle. She used the fat of hogs to make soap. She made candles from the fat of cattle and buffaloes.

Candles were the only kind of lamps the Boones had. They also had light from the fire place. On cold winter evenings Napoleon liked to sit by the fireplace and listen to his father tell stories. Mr. Boone had many exciting stories. He and Grandfather Daniel Boone first came to Kansas in 1796. They hunted for bear, deer, buffalo and trapped beaver along the Kansas River.

Grandfather Daniel Boone was one of the first white men in Kentucky. When he was an old man he moved to Missouri to live, and for twenty years he and his sons came to Kansas to hunt and trap.

Napoleon Boone had many playmates for he had many brothers and sisters. He was the youngest of 12 children. The rest of the children had been born in Missouri. In the summer they had lots of fun picking wild strawberries, wild grapes, wild plums and other wild fruit.

The Boone children lived before there were any moving picture shows, but they had a great deal of fun just the same.

## CHAPTER IX

### THE KEEL BOAT

Just across the river from where Napoleon Boone lived was a store kept by Frederick Chouteau. Chouteau kept the store for the Indians and they brought animal skins to the store to buy the things they wanted.

Once a year Chouteau went to St. Louis to sell skins and buy goods for his store. He traveled to St. Louis in a keel boat. This boat could hold as much as a freight car. One time Napoleon's father went with Chouteau to St. Louis.

It was easy going to St. Louis. The boat floated down river. At St. Louis Chouteau filled his boat with things for the store and sold the furs he got from the Indians. Boone bought things for his wife and children. Then they started for home. They had fifteen men in the boat, most of them were trappers, who wanted to go with Chouteau to trap beaver. Some were Kansas Indians.

It was hard work going up river. They had to go against the stream. One day the wind blew and Chouteau put up a sail on the boat. That day the wind made the boat go and it was easy for the men. But most of the time the wind did not blow or it blew from the wrong direction. Then Chouteau, Boone and other men had to go on shore and pull. One man was left on the boat to guide it. The others took hold of a rope tied to the boat. They walked



along the bank and pulled the boat. They called that cordelling the boat. It took a month to cordell the boat from St. Louis to Chouteau's store. Now we can make the same trip in a day. But we have trains and automobiles. Chouteau had only the keel boat.

The boat reached Chouteau's store in Au-



From Ninth Volume, Kansas Historical Collections.

#### Cordelling a Keel Boat.

gust. One of Napoleon's brothers was standing on the bank and saw it coming when it was far off. He shouted:

"The keel boat, the keel boat."

Napoleon heard the shout and called to his mother that his father was coming.

White Plume and Uncle Gabe heard the shouting, and so did all the Indian neighbors. Everyone ran to the bank. Mrs. Boone and Mrs. Phillibert waved their shawls. White

Plume waved a buffalo robe. The Boone boys took off their hats and threw them in the air and shouted. So did Uncle Gabe.

Napoleon's brothers and sisters and the Indians ran down river to meet the boat. Napoleon did not go. He was too little. He stood by his mother and shouted. Those who ran to meet the boat took hold of the rope and helped cordell it up the river.

When it reached the bank Boone threw a kiss at Mrs. Boone and another at Napoleon. Napoleon ran to his father, who lifted him on his shoulder and took him on the boat.

The boat was loaded with kettles, knives, axes, powder, lead, guns, sugar, salt, beans, ribbons, colored cloth, looking glasses and other things to put in the store to sell to the Indians.

Boone had a shawl and a new sunbonnet for his wife, and presents for all the children. For Napoleon, he had a pair of new boots with red tops.

Everybody was happy because the keel boat had come. That night after supper Boone sat on the front porch of his home, and told his children about his journey to St. Louis. They liked his stories better than you like going to a picture show.

## CHAPTER X

### THE FIRST WHITE GIRL

When Napoleon Boone was 6 years old one of the Indians told him:

“There is a little playmate for you at Shawnee Baptist Mission.”

Napoleon wanted to know what the Indian meant. The Indian answered that there was a little baby girl at the Baptist Mission. Her name was Elizabeth Simmerwell, and she was the first white girl to be born in Kansas. Napoleon did not know where the Baptist Mission was, but his uncle Gabe told him.

It was 40 miles southeast and was so far away, that Napoleon knew he could never go there to play.

Elizabeth's birthday was January 24, 1835. Her parents were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Simmerwell and she was their first child. They had been sent to the mission by the Baptist church to teach the Indians. Altho Napoleon lived so far away that Elizabeth could not play with him, there were other children at the mission who were children of other teachers.

One of these other teachers was Jotham Meeker. Mr. Meeker brought the first printing press to Kansas. On it he printed books for the Indians in their own language.

When Elizabeth was old enough to go to school, she went to the mission school with the children of the other teachers, and with the Indians. But there was no high school at the

mission. When she was old enough to go to high school she had to go to Illinois. Her father took her to Westport in Missouri. We now call Westport, Kansas City. At Westport she went aboard a steamboat, which carried her down the Missouri River to the Mississippi, and in that way she reached the school in Illinois.

After she was thru with school in Illinois, she came back to Kansas where she became a teacher. First she taught Indians. Later when many white people came to Kansas she taught white children. Finally she married John S. Carter and they lived near Topeka where they had a family of their own. Her children never grew tired of hearing their mother tell about Kansas in the early days, when she was a girl and when most of the people who lived here were Indians.



## CHAPTER XI

### THE SANTA FE TRAIL

Napoleon Boone had a cousin, Kit Carson. Kit's mother was a sister of Napoleon's father. When Kit was a boy he loved to visit his grandfather Daniel Boone, to hear him tell stories of the bear and buffalo he had killed and the Indians he had fought. Kit wanted to be a hunter like his grandfather.

When he was 17 years old he left his home in Missouri to be a hunter in the Rocky Mountains. Going to Westport, which is now called Kansas City, he found Saint Vrain, an Indian trader, who needed men to drive mules on the Santa Fe Trail. The Santa Fe Trail was a road 780 miles long and reached from Westport across Kansas to Santa Fe in New Mexico.

Every spring hundreds of Americans went over the trail from Westport to Santa Fe with wagon loads of goods to sell to the people in the Spanish town of Santa Fe. In the fall they came back with silver and wool, which the people of Santa Fe gave them for their goods. It took from six to twelve oxen or mules to draw a wagon.

Because of the Indians, the drivers of the wagons traveled side by side in two long strings. The two strings of wagons were called a wagon train. At night the two strings of wagons would be parked near together in the form of a circle with the mules inside so the Indians could not get them. It took two months to drive

from Westport to Santa Fe by wagon train. Now we can go on a railroad train in a day and a night.

Saint Vrain had a train of 36 wagons drawn by mules. The drivers took nothing along to



From a drawing by Frederic Remington.

Soldiers protecting a wagon train on the Santa Fe Trail.

eat, except beans, corn, coffee and salt. When they wanted meat they killed a deer or buffalo. Carson liked driving mules along the trail, but he liked better to sit by the camp fire at night. There he would listen to the men tell stories of Indians and of hunting in the Rocky Mountains. After the men had eaten their supper they would wrap themselves in blankets and go to sleep on the ground.

Between Westport and Santa Fe were no houses except a few at Council Grove where the train stopped for a day to rest.

One morning at daybreak while Kit was still asleep in his blanket he heard one of the men shout, "Indians, Indians."

Kit picked up his gun, which was at his side. The place where the train had made its camp for the night was at the foot of Pawnee Rock. Kit saw the Indians coming from both sides of the rock, riding as hard as they could and shooting arrows at the men and mules of the wagon train. The Indians had their faces painted to make themselves look bad.

Kit looked to see what the other men were doing. All were standing behind the wagons and shooting at the Indians. He began to shoot, too. The wagon train was parked in a circle with the mules inside. The wagons were so close together the Indians could not ride their horses between the wagons and could not get in the circle where Kit and his friends were. For two days the battle lasted. At last the Indians were beaten.

Four of Kit's friends had been killed and seven were wounded. Eleven of the mules had been killed and twenty wounded. There was no doctor to take care of the wounded. The men helped each other the best they could.

Once on the journey one of the men in the train was shot in one of his legs. He wanted one of his friends to cut his leg off to stop blood poisoning. But his friends would not do it. They did not know how. At last Kit cut off the man's leg. He used a saw and a razor, and then

burned the end of it with a red hot iron to stop the flow of blood. It was very painful, but that was the best he could do. The man got well, and he always said he owed his life to Kit Carson.

At last the wagon train reached Santa Fe and Saint Vrain sold his goods. Kit liked it so well in the mountains he stayed there. He became a hunter and a trapper. He did not return to Missouri for 16 years and when he did go home his father and mother were both dead. He visited at the home of his cousin, Napoleon, and told stories of the Rocky Mountains and all the country he had seen. Napoleon wanted to go west, too, and as soon as his cousin Kit had gone back west, Napoleon kept thinking of going too. At last Napoleon Boone did go west, as we will learn in the next story.



## CHAPTER XII.

### GOLD HUNTERS

Charles Robinson was a doctor who lived in Massachusetts. He saw so many ill people every day that he wished he had not studied to be a doctor.

In the spring of 1849 he read in a newspaper that gold had been found in California and that many people were going to California to pick up gold.

"I will go with them," said Dr. Robinson. "I am tired of being a doctor."

Soon he started for the west. In those days there were few railroads. When Doctor Robinson came to Ohio he traveled by steamboat until he came to the prairies of Kansas at Westport.

There he bought a horse and with two friends started on the long ride to California. For many days they rode west on a trail, which was called the California and Oregon Trail. It began at the Missouri River and reached to the Pacific Ocean.

It was the first time Dr. Robinson had ever been in the west.

"What a good country this is," he said, as he rode across Kansas. "I should like to live here."

One night he and friends camped beside the Kansas River at the foot of a hill. Dr. Robinson climbed to the top of the hill where he could see the country all around.

"This hill would be a good place to build

a college," said he, "and beside the river would be a good place to build a city."

Thirty thousand other people went over the trail to California that year. Some went horseback. Some went in covered wagons. Some walked. They killed buffalo for food and at night slept on the ground by their camp fires.



Scene from Cruze's "The Covered Wagon," a Paramount picture.

Across the Plains on the California and Oregon Trail.

One of those who made the long journey to California was Napoleon Boone. He died the next year in California without finding any gold. Neither did Dr. Robinson find gold. After a time he went back to his home in Massachusetts, where he told his friends of the lands he had seen. He told them that the land he liked best was the prairie land he had seen along the Kansas River.

Others besides Dr. Robinson talked about their journey across Kansas and said they would like to live there. They talked about it everywhere: in Massachusetts, in New York, Ohio, Missouri and other states. They talked about it so much that in 1854, the white people bought some of the land in Kansas from the Indians, so that white people could make their homes there. They named the land Kansas Territory.

## CHAPTER XIII

### HOMES IN KANSAS

No sooner had the land been bought in Kansas from the Indians than Dr. Chas. Robinson told his wife:

“Let us go to Kansas. It is the finest land I have ever seen. The streams are lined with trees and between the streams are wide prairie lands. When I went to California I camped one night by the Kansas River at a good place to build a city. Near where we camped was a high hill, which would be a good place to build a college.”

Mrs. Robinson said she would like to live there. She and Dr. Robinson told their friends about it. They found many people in New England who wished to go to Kansas to live. They asked Dr. Robinson to be their leader.

He guided them to the place where he had camped that night at the foot of the hill. The first thing the people did when they got there was to climb the hill and look over the country. On the top of the hill they ate a picnic dinner. They thought the view from the hill was the best they had ever seen. They could see for miles up and down the Kansas River and across the valley of the Wakarusha River. They named the hill Mount Oread.

After dinner they went to the foot of the hill where they put up their tents. Then they built a saw mill, cut down trees, and took the trees to



the mill. At the mill the trees were cut into boards, with which they built their houses.

Dr. Robinson built his house on Mount Oread because Mrs. Robinson liked the view from the hill.

The first houses the men built at Lawrence were made of logs, but as soon as the saw mill



Pen Sketch from Cordley's History of Lawrence.

Lawrence in the fall of 1854.

began to cut up boards they built their houses of rough boards.

On Sundays the people went to church in a house built of poles covered with hay. This building was used as a boarding house when it was not used as a church. They named the church the Plymouth Congregational Church.

Thousands of other people came to Kansas that year. They came from every part of the country. To reach Kansas they traveled on steamboats up the Missouri River, or in covered

wagons, or on horseback or afoot. Those from the North built Topeka, Manhattan, Osawatomie and other towns. Many of them did not want to live in towns. They wanted to have farms. So they built houses of logs on farms and planted corn.

Those who came liked Kansas so well that they wrote home to their friends about it.

"This is the land of sunshine," they wrote. "It is never cold here as in New England. The sky is bluer here than in the East. The sun shines more brightly than in other places. Kansas is the best place in the United States to make a home. If you want to enjoy life, then live in Kansas."

## CHAPTER XIV

### BORDER RUFFIANS

Some of the people in Missouri and in other states of the South were angry when the people of Massachusetts and other states of the North came to Kansas to live. The people of the South wanted Kansas for their own. They said that Kansas was a part of the South and that people from the North did not have any right to live in Kansas.

In the early days of our country many of the people of the South kept negroes as slaves to do their hard work. They saw nothing wrong in that, but believed it was just as right to own slaves as to own horses. But the people of the North thought it was wrong to own slaves.

Dr. Robinson, and other people who came to Kansas from the northern part of the United States, wanted to make a law against owning negro slaves. That is why the people of the South were angry with them and wanted them to stay away.

While the northern people were building towns and taking farms the southern people were doing the same thing. They built Leavenworth, Atchison, Fort Scott and other towns. They built churches and schools just as the people of the North did.

After the people had built their houses in the towns and on the farms, they decided to elect lawmakers to make laws. The people who thought it was right to own slaves belonged to

the pro-slavery party. Those who thought it was wrong to own slaves belonged to the free state party.

David Atchison, who lived in Missouri, and for whom the city of Atchison was named, was



By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

**Border Ruffians going to Kansas to Vote.**

afraid the free-state party had the most people and that they would elect the lawmakers. He said to his friends in Missouri:

“Unless we help the pro-slavery party in Kansas, the free-state party will elect the lawmakers and then no one in Kansas can own negro slaves.”

So Atchison and his friends rode from Missouri to Kansas to vote for the pro-slavery law



makers. Atchison and his friends called themselves border ruffians.

Dr. Robinson and his friends tried to keep the border ruffians from voting. They said no one should vote but people who lived in Kansas. They said Missourians had no right to vote in Kansas. But the border ruffians carried guns and long knives. They drove the free state people away. Then they voted as often as they liked. Sometimes they voted three or four times. The border ruffians voted more times than did all the people of Kansas.

Of course the pro-slavery lawmakers were elected to make laws for Kansas.

## CHAPTER XV

### BOGUS LAWS

Dr. Robinson told the free state people not to obey laws made by the pro-slavery law makers.

“Those law makers were elected by border ruffians and not by Kansas people,” he said. “We will obey laws made by law makers who are elected by Kansans.”

The free state people decided to follow Dr. Robinson’s advice. They called the law makers, bogus law makers, and the laws they made were called bogus laws.

One of the first laws of the bogus law makers was to keep the free state people from talking against slavery. By that law if a man said slavery was wrong he could be put in jail.

Pardee Butler, a farmer who lived near Atchison, would not obey the law. One day he was in Atchison when 30 pro-slavery men came to him with a paper. They asked him to sign it. He took the paper in his hands and read it. It said:

“I believe it is right to own slaves.”

When Butler read the paper he would not sign it. He said it was wrong to own slaves.

The 30 men took Butler to the bank of the Missouri River. They painted his face black. Then they built a raft of cottonwood logs and put him on it. One of the men gave the raft a shove and set it adrift on the river. Butler had no oars to guide the raft. The swift river swept

him many miles down-stream before he got to shore. It was a long time before he returned home to his wife and children.

The next time he went to Atchison, they took off his coat and shirt, covered his body with tar and covered the tar with cotton. Then they let him go home.

Others who spoke against the bogus laws or who said they thought slavery was wrong, were told to leave Kansas. When they did not go their houses were burned.

## CHAPTER XVI

### BRANSON IN TROUBLE

South of Lawrence near the Wakarusha River, lived Charles Dow, a free-state farmer. He talked against slavery and said it was wrong. He was told to leave Kansas, but he would not go. One of his neighbors, Franklin Coleman, a pro-slavery man quarreled with him about some land. During the quarrel Coleman shot and killed Dow.

The neighbors thought it was wrong for Coleman to kill Dow. They held a meeting to talk about it. One of Dow's neighbors was Jacob Branson. Branson said that Coleman should be punished for killing Dow.

That night at midnight, Sam Jones, who had been made sheriff by the pro-slavery party, came to Branson's house. He had 22 men with him. They broke open the door to Branson's home and Sheriff Jones said:

"You must go to jail."

Branson was put on a mule and was taken away from home. His wife stood in the door, and watched him until he could be seen no longer. She thought that her husband would be killed as they had killed Charles Dow.

Soon the neighbors heard that Sheriff Jones had taken Branson from home. They rode from one farm house to another, calling the farmers from bed and telling them to get their guns. In an hour sixteen persons had gathered at the home of J. B. Abbott, who lived on a farm by the



side of the road. They thought that Sheriff Jones would ride along that road with Branson and they meant to stop him.

It was a cold night and Sheriff Jones with his men went to the house of a pro-slavery man to get warm. It was while Sheriff Jones was getting warm that the neighbors of Branson



From Tuttle's History of Kansas.

#### The Rescue of Jacob Branson.

gathered at the house of Abbott. All sixteen at the Abbott house were neighbors of Branson except Sam Wood, and two others, who lived at Lawrence.

It was cold waiting by the road and all went in the house to get warm. Two were left outside to watch for Sheriff Jones. One of these was a boy, Charles Dickson.

Charles was the first to see Sheriff Jones coming.

"Here they come," he shouted.

All the men ran out in the road. The moon was shining, and Sheriff Jones could see the men in the road.

"What is up?" he asked.

"Is Branson there?" asked Abbott.

"Yes, I am here," answered Branson.

"Come here," said Sam Wood.

"Do not go or we will shoot you," one of Sheriff Jones' men said.

Sheriff Jones and his men pointed their guns at Branson. Then Branson's friends raised their guns to their shoulders and pointed at Jones and his men.

"We can shoot, too," said Wood.

"I'll come even if they do shoot," said Branson. He gave the mule a kick, and the man who was holding the mule let go of the bridle. The mule walked along the road to where Branson's friends were standing.

Every moment Branson expected to be shot in the back, but Sheriff Jones was afraid to give the order to shoot. He knew if he did that, Wood and Abbott would give the order for Branson's friends to shoot. So Branson got away safely. When his mule came to where Wood was standing Branson got off.

"You will be sorry for this," said Sheriff Jones.

But Wood and Abbott only laughed. Branson went home. His wife was overjoyed to see him. She had given him up for dead.

## CHAPTER XVII

### WAR BEGINS

Sheriff Jones did not know the people who took Branson away, except Sam Wood. He knew that Wood lived in Lawrence and he thought all the rest of the men lived there. He called on all the pro-slavery men in Kansas, and the border ruffians from Missouri to help punish the people of Lawrence.

Soon he had an army on all sides of Lawrence. But free-state men came from Topeka and other places to help the people of Lawrence.

One of those who came was old John Brown, who lived near Osawatomie. He and five of his sons came to Lawrence to help keep Sheriff Jones out of town.

Dr. Charles Robinson and James Lane were made generals of the free-state army. Sheriff Jones was general of the pro-slavery army.

The people in Lawrence had guns but very little powder and lead for bullets. The border ruffians were all around town, so the men could not go out to get powder and lead.

Mrs. George W. Brown heard the men talking about not having powder and lead and she said:

“My father has a keg of powder on his farm. I will go after it. They will not stop me because I am a woman.”

Mrs. Sam Wood said she would go with Mrs. Brown. They drove out of town in a buggy. When they came to where two border ruffians

were camping, Mrs. Brown stopped her horse and asked:

“Can you tell me where Mr. Burgess lives?”

Burgess was a pro-slavery man. She wanted the border ruffians to think she was going to visit at the Burgess house. They told her where he lived and let her drive on. Then she drove to her father's farm, and emptied the powder from the keg into her stockings and into sacks. She tied the sacks of powder under her dress.

Then she drove to J. B. Abbott's home where there was more powder and lead. She and Mrs. Wood poured the powder and lead into sacks and tied the sacks under their dresses. They had so much under their dresses they could not walk, and had to be lifted into the buggy.

There was still some powder and gun caps left. Charles Dickson was there. He put it in his clothing. He said he would take it to Lawrence, because he did not believe they would stop a boy.

On the way back to Lawrence the two women were stopped by border ruffians. But after asking them questions the border ruffians let them go on to Lawrence. The border ruffians did not know they had powder and lead under their dresses.

Soon Charles came along driving an ox team. His pockets were so full that they puffed out. Charles acted as though he was a foolish boy. When the border ruffians stopped him and asked him where he was going, he gave silly answers. They thought he was too silly to bother with. They let him go on to Lawrence.



When the women and boy came to Lawrence, the men cheered and threw their hats in the air. The women could not get out of the buggy, but had to be lifted out. After they got out they could not walk, and had to be carried home. They quickly changed their clothes and gave the powder and lead to the men. Charles came soon after with his ox team and he gave them what he had.

After that the free-state men were not afraid of the border ruffians. The border ruffians were afraid to try to take Lawrence. At last they rode away after killing one free-state man.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### OLD JOHN BROWN

John Brown was not afraid of anyone. When only 12 years old, his father sent him with a herd of cattle 100 miles away to Detroit. Indians were on the war path. Part of the way the cattle had to go thru a dark forest in Ohio.

But John Brown did not care for the forest or Indians. He drove the cattle to Detroit. There he sold them and took the money home to his father.

When the pro-slavery men made war in Kansas, John Brown came to help the free state men. Some of his sons also came to Kansas. They lived near Osawatomie.

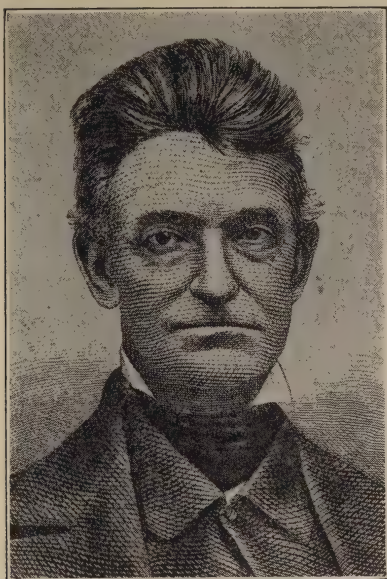
One summer Captain Pate led 75 border ruffians to catch John Brown. Pate wanted to put him in jail or kill him because Brown had been fighting on the side of the free-state party and had killed some pro-slavery men. John Brown, with 30 friends went to where Captain Pate was at camp in a grove of black jack oaks.

A battle began. Because Brown and Pate fought in a black jack grove, it was called the Battle of Black Jack. The men of both sides hid behind trees and in the brush, so it was hard to shoot each other, but several were wounded.

At last Pate's men began to run away. All ran away except 28 of them. John Brown's men then shot the horses of Captain Pate's men so they could not run away. John Brown made them his prisoners. Captain Pate said:

“I came to take Old John Brown but he took me.”

After the Battle of Black Jack 400 border ruffians came to Osawatomie. John Brown and 40 men tried to keep them out of Osawatomie



John Brown.

but could not. Four of Brown's men were killed. One of the four was his own son. Then the border ruffians burned the town.

From that time John Brown began freeing slaves.

When he found a man in Kansas with slaves, he turned the slaves free. Because of that, slave owners were afraid to bring slaves to Kan-

sas. Then John Brown went to Missouri where he took slaves from their owners and freed them.

Brown had many friends who helped him free the slaves. When slaves were taken from their owners, Brown brought them to Kansas.

From Kansas they were taken to Nebraska and then to Iowa. They hid in the day and walked at night, going north until they reached Canada. Many were sent from Canada back to Africa, where they had a country of their own, which they called Liberia.

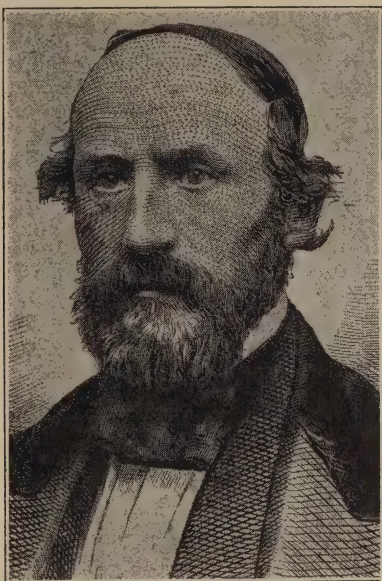


## CHAPTER XIX

### KANSAS BECOMES A STATE

For six years the pro-slavery men and free state men fought each other in Kansas.

Dr. Robinson and his friends were put in jail for months, because they would not obey the bogus laws.



Dr. Charles Robinson.

Once the border ruffians and pro-slavery men of Kansas, led by Sheriff Jones, came to Lawrence. They burned Dr. Robinson's house. They shot the Free State Hotel to pieces with cannon. They broke up the printing press of

the Lawrence newspaper. Other houses were burned, and goods were stolen from the stores.

No man's life was safe. Horses were stolen. Houses were burned. Slaves were freed. People were killed.

All the time more people kept coming to Kansas to make homes. They brought guns with them.

At last a new election was held. This time the border ruffians did not come, and the free-state people had the most votes. They voted against having slaves in Kansas, and they voted to make Kansas a state.

On January 29, 1861, Kansas became a state. Now we call January 29, Kansas Day, because it is the birthday of the state.

When Kansas became a state the people had a right to elect their own governor. They could think of no better man than Dr. Charles Robinson. He had been the leader of the free-state men from the beginning.

So the people elected him as the first governor of the state of Kansas.

## CHAPTER XX

### **KANSAS UNIVERSITY**

When Kansas became a state it had no state university.

“I will give the land on which to build a university,” said Governor Robinson.

He owned a hill top at Lawrence, on which he had climbed when on his way to California in 1849, as was told in Story 12. He gave the hill-top to the state, and there they built Kansas University.

## CHAPTER XXI

### THE LAZY BOY

William Quantrill was the son of honest parents, but he was a thief. When a young man he left his home in Ohio, and came to Kansas with friends with whom he lived. But he was too lazy to work. When he needed money he stole two oxen from his friends, but they caught him and took the oxen away. After that they would not let him live with them.

Then Quantrill went to Lawrence to live. There he stole horses for a living. Sometimes he stole from the Indians. At other times he stole from his friends. Once he was caught stealing, and he had to leave Lawrence to keep from being put in jail.

He found four of his friends near Atchison, who wanted to go to Missouri to free slaves. Quantrill went with them, but when he got to Missouri he joined the slave owners and helped them kill his own friends. The slave owners gave Quantrill a horse for helping them. He thought more of the horse than he did of the lives of his own friends.

Soon after that, war broke out between the North and the South. The brave men of both the North and South joined the army. Nearly all the young men of Kansas went to the army to fight for the North.

But Quantrill did not want to join the army. He cared nothing for the North or the South. In the Sni Hills of Missouri east of Kansas City

he found others like him. They joined his gang.

“The young men of Kansas are in the army,” said Quantrill. “Very few are left at home, except old men and boys and women and girls. Let us go to Kansas and rob the people.”

For two years he and his men rode to Kansas whenever they felt like it. They stole horses and money and clothing. They burned many houses. At night the sky would be red with the fire of houses which Quantrill's men were burning. His gang robbed Olathe, Spring Hill and other towns.

At last Quantrill planned to rob Lawrence, where he once had lived. His gang of 300 men left the Sni Hills one evening and rode all night. At daybreak they were near Lawrence. At the edge of town they met a boy, Hoffman Collamore, 15 years old. Hoffman was going out to his father's farm.

When Quantrill's men saw him they shot at him. They wounded him and killed his pony. As he fell wounded he lay still beside the pony as though dead. So the gang did not shoot at him any more. They rode into Lawrence and Howard got away.

Quantrill's men rode into Lawrence at a gallop. Quantrill's men burned stores and homes. Before burning a house they would go inside to steal everything they wanted. For three hours they were in the town, robbing the people, burning their homes, and killing them. They killed 150 men.

Then they rode back to the Sni Hills, burning houses on the way. When news of what Quan-



trill had done spread thru the country, the soldiers made up their minds to catch Quantrill. They hunted for him in the Sni Hills and chased him out of Missouri. He fled to Kentucky, but the soldiers followed him there. For more than one year they hunted him as men hunt for a wolf. At last they found him and killed him.

Nobody was sorry except his own mother. Even the people of the South were not sorry. Most of the soldiers of the South were brave men as were the soldiers of the North. Most of the soldiers of the South did not like Quantrill because he was a thief.

## CHAPTER XXII

### BUFFALO BILL

William Mathewson was a bold hunter and trapper, whose friends called him Bill for short. His father died when William was 5 years, and when he was only 13 he had to leave school to help his mother earn a living. Every day he went to the forest with his axe to chop down trees, which were sawed into boards.

It was hard work but Bill liked it because he liked to be outdoors. Sometimes there were bears and wolves in the forest and Bill shot them. People began calling him the boy hunter.

One day a man came to the forest and said:

"Bill, if you will go to the Rocky Mountains you can earn more money by hunting than you can earn now by chopping down trees."

"I should like to be a hunter," said Bill.

Telling his mother goodbye, he left his home in New York to go to the Rocky Mountains. There he met Kit Carson and they hunted together.

Once Bill and Kit Carson drove to Kansas City over the Santa Fe Trail from the Rocky Mountains. There were no stores in Kansas, at that time, west of Council Grove.

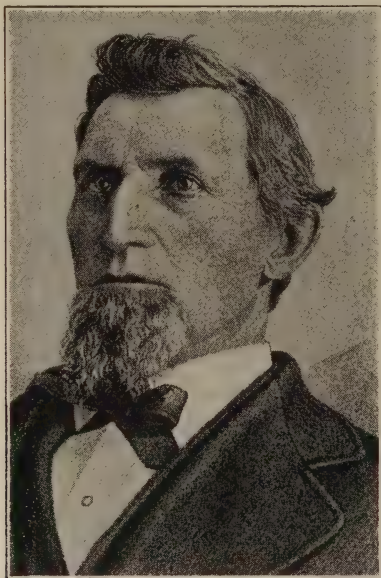
"I will build a store at the Great Bend of the Arkansas, where I can trade with the Indians," said Bill. "They can bring me buffalo robes for money."

Some people said:

"Great Bend is too far away from where

white people live. The Indians might shoot you."

But Bill was not afraid of Indians. He was their friend and could talk their language. He built his store there in 1853. Now the city of Great Bend stands where he built his store. The



William Mathewson—On the monument above Mathewson's grave in Highland Cemetery are these words: "The Original Buffalo Bill. The Last of the Old Scouts."

Indians were glad Bill came to live near them. They brought many buffalo robes to his store.

In those days the white people used buffalo robes to make blankets and coats. Each year Bill took the robes to Kansas City to sell.

In 1860 as Bill drove to Kansas City to sell

buffalo robes he found the people of Kansas did not have enough to eat. White people at that time lived only in eastern Kansas. The Indians owned the land west of Council Grove. The white people did not have enough to eat because there had been almost no rain all summer. The crops failed. The creeks dried up. The grass died.

But in western Kansas where the Indians lived, there were millions of buffalo. They lived on buffalo grass. When the dry weather came the grass turned brown but did not die. The Indians had plenty of buffalo meat to eat.

"Come out west and kill buffalo," said Bill to the hungry people. Then he drove home to his store.

One day in September Bill saw many wagons on the Santa Fe Trail. The drivers were farmers. They had come from eastern Kansas to kill buffalo but did not know how.

"The buffalo ran away when we came near," said the men. "We do not know how to hunt. We are just as hungry as ever."

Bill was sorry for them.

"I will kill buffalo for you," he said.

He went to the pasture and whistled a shrill whistle. A beautiful horse came running to him. It was Bess, the fastest horse in Kansas. Bill got on Bess and rode until he found a herd of buffalo.

Then turning Bess loose on the prairie he crept near the buffalo and killed 53 of them, enough to fill all the wagons. Then he whistled for Bess to come to him, and he rode back to his

store. The farmers loaded the meat on their wagons and drove home happy because they had plenty of food for their children. Their neighbors wondered where the farmers had gotten the meat.

"A man they call Bill killed the buffalo for us," they said. "We do not know what his last name is, but he is the best buffalo killer of them all. We tried to pay him for his work, but he would take no pay. He told us to send our neighbors and he would kill buffalo for them."

The neighbors were glad to hear that. They drove out west where they found Bill, who killed enough buffalo to fill their wagons. From September to March, Bill killed buffalo every day for the people of Kansas. Every day more wagons came and he sent them back home filled with meat. No matter how cold the weather, no matter how stormy the day, Bill killed buffalo. He would take no pay but said he was glad to help the hungry boys and girls. Thousands of buffalo were killed that winter by William Mathewson, for people who did not know his name. They just called him Bill.

Because he was such a good buffalo killer they called him Buffalo Bill. Before the winter was over everybody in Kansas had heard of Buffalo Bill and all the children loved him. When they said their prayers at night they would pray:

"God bless Buffalo Bill."

Note—William Mathewson must not be confused with William F. Cody, the show man. Cody was a hunter, pony express rider, freighter, soldier and scout of great daring.

He was not known as Buffalo Bill until long after Mathew-



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son had earned the title. Cody used the title for advertising purposes in connection with his circus and as Mathewson was a retiring man who shunned publicity, Cody became better known than the real Buffalo Bill.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### LONG-BEARDED DANGEROUS MAN

Buffalo Bill Mathewson was kind to all the Indians, who came to his store, and all of them liked him, except Satanta, who was a chief of the Kiowas.

“He is afraid of us,” said Satanta. “That is why he is kind to us. I can do anything I please when I am near his store. He is afraid to make me do anything I do not want to do.”

Once Satanta’s warriors stole a horse from Mathewson and Mathewson made them bring it back. He warned Satanta not to let his warriors do anything like that again. But Satanta only laughed. A few days later one of Satanta’s warriors tried to steal another horse and one of Mathewson’s men shot at him.

That made Satanta angry.

“I will kill Buffalo Bill,” said he.

With 20 warriors he rode to Mathewson’s store. Going inside, the twenty warriors held their bows ready to shoot arrows at Mathewson, when Satanta would give the word.

“We have come to kill you,” said Satanta. “First I will make a speech. I am the best speech maker in the country. I am Satanta, a chief of the Kiowas. I am the bravest Indian in the world. I am the strongest Indian in the world. All the other Indians are afraid of me. All the white people are afraid of me. When I am done with my talking then you must die.

Listen to me, Oh white man with a long beard. I am about to make a speech."

Mathewson was standing behind the counter when Satanta and his warriors came into the store. He had two revolvers in his belt, but the Indians were watching him and he knew if he reached for the revolvers they would shoot him



From photo in collection of William Mathewson, Jr.

Satanta, War Chief of the Kiowas.

before he could shoot. But on the counter were two other revolvers. He thought if he could reach those revolvers he could save his life and drive the Indians away. So Mathewson began to talk.

"When you kill me all in the store will belong to you," he said.

"Yes," said Satanta, "but let me make the speech. I know that everything belongs to me when you are dead. I will do the talking and when I am through, then you will be dead."

"But you do not know how to use everything," said Mathewson. "Let me show you how to use the things I have in my store. They will do you no good unless you know how to use them."

"I know it all," said Satanta.

"Yes, but you do not know how to use pot cleaner," said Mathewson. "You can use pot cleaner to make your pots shine. Here, let me show how to use it."

Mathewson walked along the counter to where he had a can filled with powder used in cleaning iron. But instead of reaching for the powder he picked up two revolvers on the counter. With one he hit Satanta on the head and knocked him down. With the other he pointed at the warriors.

All twenty of them ran out of the store. Before Satanta could get up, Mathewson ran around the counter and beat him with his fists. He beat him until he was tired and then threw him outdoors. His warriors helped him on his horse and he rode away.

Now, Satanta was indeed angry.

"I will kill Buffalo Bill," said Satanta. "I cannot kill him in the store. He is too smart and too strong and his fists are too hard. I will hide in the grass and when he comes near I will shoot him. No man ever hit Satanta and lived."

An Indian came to the store and told Math-

ewson what Satanta said. Without saying a word Mathewson saddled Bess. Then he went out on the prairie to hunt Satanta. Friends of Satanta told him that Mathewson was coming.

"He will kill you if he finds you," said the Indians to Satanta.

Satanta was frightened at the news. He left Kansas. Riding day and night he went to Oklahoma and at last to Texas where he lived for a whole year. In Texas he was homesick for Kansas, but he was afraid to go back to Kansas.

At last he became so homesick he sent a warrior to see Mathewson. The warrior said:

"I come from Satanta. He is sorry his heart was bad. Now his heart is good. If he gives you 20 horses, can he come back to his home and hunt the buffalo in peace once more?"

"If his heart is good he may," said Mathewson.

Satanta was glad to learn that Mathewson forgave him. He brought 20 horses which he gave to Mathewson and then said:

"My heart is very good. I am your friend. I will now give you a new name. Your name is Sinpah Zilbah."

After that all the Indians called Mathewson Sinpah Zilbah, which means Long-Bearded Dangerous Man.

After a time Mathewson called Satanta to his store.

"I have watched you and your heart is good as you said it would be," said Mathewson, "I will give back your 20 horses."



More Indians came to Mathewson's store to trade, and he built two new stores. One was where the Santa Fe Trail crossed Cow Creek near where the city of Lyons now stands. The other was where the Trail crossed the Little Arkansas. Traders who drove wagons over the Santa Fe Trail from Kansas City to New Mexico stopped at his stores to trade, so both Indians and white men traded there.

Mathewson was fair to all people, whether they were Indians or white men. Satanta found that out. Wherever he went he told the Indians that the best man in the world was Long-Bearded Dangerous Man.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### SATANTA PROVES HIS FRIENDSHIP

While the North and the South were at war, an army marched over the Santa Fe Trail from Fort Leavenworth to New Mexico to help Kit Carson, who was fighting for the North. As the army was marching, Indians drew near to see them. The soldiers were afraid of the Indians. They thought the Indians might shoot at them, so the soldiers shot at the Indians.

That made the Indians angry. They called a council to decide what to do.

"Let us have a war and kill all the white people in Kansas," said the Indians. "It will be easy to do. The North and the South are at war. Many men are in the army. We will be able to kill the women and children while the men are gone."

Satanta was at the council. He said he wanted to kill all the white people except Long-Bearded Dangerous Man.

"He is my friend," said Satanta.

But all the other Indians would not listen to Satanta. They said Long-Bearded Dangerous Man must die.

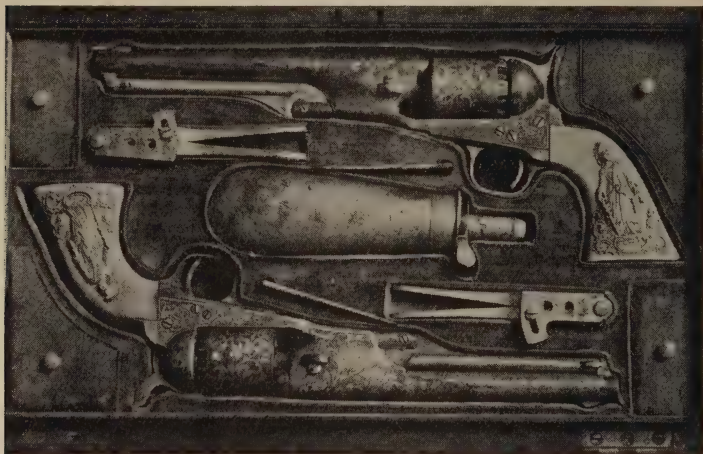
That night as the other Indians slept, Satanta left his tepee and getting on his horse rode to Buffalo Bill Mathewson's store at Cow Creek.

"Get on Bess and ride for your life," said Satanta. "There will be a big war. All the white people in Kansas must die. They will kill you first of all."

“I will stay right here,” said Mathewson.

Satanta was sad to hear that. He thought that if his friend remained at the store he would be killed.

The store at Cow Creek was built like a fort. Mathewson had five men with him and they had



Reed-Werts Photo.

Revolvers given to William Mathewson for saving a wagon train on the Santa Fe Trail from the Indians; also powder flask and bullet moulds.

guns. Mathewson thought that he could keep the Indians out of the store because the Indians did not have many guns. Most of them had only bows and arrows.

Mathewson sent one of his men away to tell the other white people in Kansas that there would be an Indian war and for them to watch out. After a while the man came back. He had

a letter from a friend of Mathewson, whose name was C. H. Durfee. The letter read:

“Your news about the Indian war came too late. Before I heard about it I had sent a wagon train of 135 wagons out on the Santa Fe Trail with tents, blankets, guns and ammunition for the army in New Mexico. The drivers of the wagons are nearly all old men and boys. The young men are nearly all in the army. Save this wagon train if you can.”

Next morning as the sun rose 1,500 Indian warriors came to Mathewson's Store. They tried to burn it. They tried to shoot in the windows. But Mathewson and his five men kept them off. For three days the battle between the Indians and the men in the store was fought.

At the end of the third day the Indians rode away, and Mathewson climbed on top of his store to a tower to see where they were going. Three miles away he saw Durfee's wagon train and the Indians were riding to take it.

The boys saw the Indians and quickly parked their wagons in a circle with all the wagons so close together that the Indians could not ride between them. They put all their mules inside the circle and they stayed in the circle behind the wagons to shoot at the Indians.

But not all the boys had guns and some who did have guns did not know how to shoot. Through a spy glass Mathewson watched the battle.

“I must go to the wagon train to save the boys,” said Mathewson. “I am afraid they will

be killed. They have guns in the boxes on their wagons, but do not know it.

The five men in the store tried to stop Mathewson.

"You will be killed," they said.

Mathewson loaded six revolvers and put four of them in his belt. The other two he carried in his hands. Getting on Bess he rode toward the wagons.

"It is Long-Bearded Dangerous Man," cried the Indians.

They shot at him and tried to kill him. Bullets went thru his hat and his clothes. An arrow struck him, but he pulled it out and kept on riding. Several arrows hit Bess, but she kept on running straight toward the Indians. Mathewson pointed his revolvers at the Indians and shot with both revolvers at the same time. When those revolvers were empty he put them back in his belt and took two more. He fired them and when they were empty he took the last two.

"Long-Bearded Dangerous Man works magic," cried the Indians. "He does not die. He shoots all the time."

Then the Indians got out of his way and he rode to the wagon train. The wagons were parked together so closely that he could not get inside the circle. The Indians saw that.

"We can kill him," they shouted.

A flight of arrows was fired at him. Several of them stuck in the back of Bess, but none hit Mathewson.

There was one place where the wagons did not touch each other, but were connected by a



wagon chain. Bess jumped over the chain into the circle with the mules.

"It is Buffalo Bill," shouted the boys. "He will save our lives."

Picking up an axe, Mathewson jumped on a wagon. There he saw a box, which he thought was full of guns. He broke open the box and threw the guns out. Then he broke open an ammunition box and threw out the ammunition.

The boys had not been told they were hauling guns and ammunition to the army, and they had not looked in the boxes. They were surprised to see Mathewson throwing guns and ammunition down from the wagon. In a minute they had the guns and were shooting at the Indians.

The bullets came as fast as hail in a storm. The Indians were so surprised they put their hands over their mouths and opened their mouths wide.

"Long-Bearded Dangerous Man has done magic," they said.

Frightened they rode away as fast as they could.

In the fight at the store the Indians had lost twenty dead, and they lost as many more after the boys began using the guns which Mathewson threw to them. One hundred of their horses were killed.

Because Mathewson had saved the wagon train, Durfee wanted to give him money, but Mathewson would not take it.

And so Durfee gave him two big pistols with ivory handles, trimmed with silver and inlaid with gold.

## CHAPTER XXV

### THE DIAMOND RING

While Buffalo Bill Mathewson was riding on the prairie one day he saw a Cheyenne Indian talking by signs to a Kiowa. Mathewson could talk sign language just as well as an Indian but the Cheyenne Indian who was making signs did not know it. The Cheyenne was saying:

"I stole a girl from her home in Texas, but last night she stole my fastest horse and ran away. I want you to help me find her so I can take her back to my tepee."

Mathewson wanted to help that white girl get away. He went to his store and told one of his men:

"You take care of the store while I am gone."

Then riding Bess and leading another horse he went to hunt the white girl. For two days he hunted for her and found her. She was hungry and did not know which way to go. She told Mathewson that the Indians had killed her father and mother, but kept her alive.

Mathewson killed a buffalo and cooked a supper for her. Then he took her to Council Grove where she found a home with white people.

At different times Mathewson saved 54 women and children who had been stolen from home by the Indians. He took them to their families.

One of the girls he saved was Charlotte Templeton, whose father had a cattle ranch in Texas.

The Comanches stole Charlotte from her father. They wanted her to be their own little girl. Mr. Templeton offered \$1,000 to any one who would bring her home.

Everyone but Mathewson was afraid to go among the Comanches to look for the girl. At last Mathewson left his store in Kansas and went to look for her. He found her and took her home. Then her father gave him \$1,000 in gold.

Mathewson took the \$1,000 and put it in Charlotte's lap.

"This will be a present from me," said Mathewson.

Templeton wanted Mathewson to take the money but he would not.

"I never take money for helping people," said Mathewson. Templeton was wearing a big diamond on a ring. It weighed 5 1-2 karats.

Templeton took it from his finger and gave it to Mathewson. Mathewson had never owned a diamond before and did not know until years later that the diamond was worth more than \$1,000, and so he took the gift.

## CHAPTER XXVI

### MEDICINE LODGE

For a long time there was war between the Indians and the white people. At last the white people decided to buy all the land in Kansas from the Indians and move them to Oklahoma. Then they thought there would not be any more war and the white people could have all the land in Kansas for their own.

The President of the United States sent men to see the Indians to talk about peace. These men asked Buffalo Bill Mathewson to bring the Indians together to talk about peace and about selling land in Kansas.

The Indians of Western Kansas did not live in wigwams of grass like the one in which Iso-pete lived. They lived in tepees of buffalo skins. The tepee could be taken down in a few minutes like a tent.

It was so easy for the Indians to move that they did not clean house. When their tepees were dirty they moved them. They never lived long in one place and only men who knew the Indians knew where to find them. That is why Mathewson was asked to find them.

Going to his pasture he whistled for Bess. She came running to him and he patted her neck.

"The President of the United States wants you to take me on a long journey to find the Indians," said Mathewson.

Bess looked as tho she knew what he was talking about. He put on her saddle and bridle,

took his gun and went to find the Indians. He was gone many weeks. While he was gone he had to live on what he could find on the prairie. He cooked his own meals on open fires. When night came he slept on the ground with nothing to cover him but a blanket. When he was



From photo in collection of William Mathewson, Jr.

Tepees made of buffalo skins. On poles in front of village is buffalo meat drying in the sun.

hungry he killed buffalo or deer. At last he found all the Indians of the West. Some were in Oklahoma. Some were in southern Kansas. Some were in northwestern Kansas. Some were in Colorado and some in Texas. All were told to come to Medicine Lodge Creek and have a council. The time for the council was October, 1867.

All the chiefs came. They brought all their



men and the men brought all their children and of course the mothers had to go with the children. They brought their tepees with them until all the villages of the west were at Medicine Lodge at the same time.

Fifteen thousand Indians came to the council at the call of Mathewson. All came to talk to the men the President had sent. Hundreds of tepees were set up for the Indians to live in. The white men lived in tents.

For many days the Indians and white men talked. At last the white men said:

“If you will sell us the land in Kansas we will give you money every year. We will give you plows and wagons and cattle. We will send teachers to show you how to live like white people. We will teach your children how to read and write.”

But Satanta did not want to sell the land. He stood up to make a speech. It took him many hours to say all he wanted to say.

“I do not want my children to learn to read and write,” he said. “I want them to live as I do. I cannot read and I cannot write. Writing and reading are for white people and not for Indians.

“I want to live in Kansas and hunt buffalo. I want my children to do the same. I want the white people to go away. I do not want your money. I do not want your cattle. I do not want your wagons. I do not want your books.

“If the white people get the land they will plow it up. They will kill the grass. They will

shoot the buffalo. They will build cities. I do not want them to do those things.

“When the buffalo are all dead the Indians will die. The buffalo is life to the Indian. We make our tepees of buffalo skin. We use the lean meat of the buffalo for bread and spread fat meat on the lean for butter. We use the horn of the buffalo for cups. We cut the horn up and make spoons of it. The buffalo skin can be cut up to make strings and rope. We make our clothing of buffalo skin and we make our blankets of buffalo skin. When we cross a river we use a buffalo skin for a boat. We use the juice in the feet of the buffalo for glue. Anything we need we can get from the buffalo. We want the white people to go away and leave us with the buffalo. We need nothing else.”

Satanta said many other things. There is not time to write all he said.

But the other Indians said:

“No, let us sell the land to the white people. They will give us money and wagons and cattle and plows and books. They will send teachers to teach us.”

At last Satanta said:

“I will promise to do as you want if you will send Long-Bearded Dangerous Man to live with us in Oklahoma.”

Mathewson did not want to live in Oklahoma. He liked it better in Kansas, but he promised he would build a store in Oklahoma and live in it part of the time each year for seven years, and the rest of the time he would live in Kansas.

“Then I will go,” said Satanta.

After the Indians took down their tepees and moved to Oklahoma the white people did just as Satanta said they would do. They have taken all the land and killed the buffalo. They have built cities. One of these cities is called Medicine Lodge in honor of the council which was held on a creek near that city long ago.

Satanta was one of the last Indians to leave Kansas. He stood a long time on a hill before he rode away. He watched all the other Indians move their tepees. He watched his wife take down their tepee and load it on poles, which were tied to the horse. Then he looked back at Kansas a long time.

"Goodby, Kansas," he said.

In honor of Satanta the white people have named a town in Southwestern Kansas for him. It is the county seat of Haskell County.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### GOLDEN HAIR AND THE FARM

Buffalo Bill Mathewson's wife had long golden curls. The Indians called her Golden Hair. She often went with Mathewson on his hunts or when he drove to the Indian villages. Sometimes when he was away from home she kept the store for him and traded with the Indians.

After the Treaty of Medicine Lodge Mathewson said to his wife:

"The Indians are now going away. The white people will come to take the land. I think we should take some land before it is all gone."

In those days any person could have a farm free. When the Indians moved away the first white man who came along could take their land. If he lived on it the land was his.

No one else could take it away from him.

Near where the Little Arkansas flows into the Big Arkansas was good level land. Mathewson took a farm there. He built a log house on it and planted crops.

But Mathewson had promised the Indians he would go to Oklahoma to live with them part of every year. While he was gone his wife lived alone in the log house on the farm.

At one place on the farm Mr. Mathewson built a fence for a pasture. In the pasture he put Bess. When he went to Oklahoma he left Bess in Kansas for his wife, Golden Hair to ride.

There were no trees on the Mathewson farm.

"I wish we had trees," said Mrs. Mathewson, one day when her husband was at home.

"We will have them," he said.

He went to the river where there was a big cottonwood tree. He cut off twigs and took



Mrs. William Mathewson.

them home. He put the ends of the twigs in the ground and the twigs grew. Roots came out at the bottom in the ground and leaves came out at the top.

He watered them and tended them until they grew to be big trees. In a few years they made shade. Some trees were planted near the house. They gave shade to the house. Others were



planted by the road so that when people came along the road they would have shade. Some were planted in the pasture so that Bess could have shade.

Near Mathewson's farm was built a little village, called Wichita. It grew to be a city and after many years covered Mathewson's farm. But the trees still grew and gave shade to the children of the city. Washington School was built on Mathewson's farm near it were some of the cottonwood trees which Mathewson had planted as little twigs. In summer the children played in the shade of the trees. In winter the trees kept off the wind. Birds built their nests in the cottonwood trees and sang.

Now the City of Wichita covers all of Mathewson's farm except the pasture where Bess used to eat grass. This pasture is called Mathewson's Pasture.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

### THE PRAIRIE FIRE

James R. Mead liked geography better than any other school book, and the part he liked best in his geography was the map of Kansas. James went to school in Iowa, but when he was a boy he kept thinking how nice it would be to live in Kansas where there were so many good streams filled with fish and where the buffalo, deer and elk ran wild on the prairie.

As soon as he was old enough to leave home he bought a horse and rode on it to Kansas. There he met Buffalo Bill Mathewson and they hunted together.

Near where Towanda now stands Mead built a house. His nearest neighbor was Dan Cupp, who lived across the Whitewater Creek. Sometimes the Osage Indians came to visit Mead and Cupp and take them hunting.

Soon Mead knew all the best places in Kansas to hunt and fish. Once he and Cupp went hunting along the Arkansas River where Wichita now stands. They saw a big herd of buffalo eating grass in the valley. They killed a few buffalo, loaded them in their wagon and drove toward home.

As they came near Cupp's home they noticed a great cloud of smoke coming up from the south near the creek. Near the fire was the cabin of a settler, who was away from home.

"We must hurry or the cabin will be burned," shouted Cupp.

Mead shouted to the horses and drove them to the cabin. As they neared the cabin they saw Indians on horses riding away as fast as they could. They were running to the creek to get away from the fire. The fire was coming as fast as a horse could run and in front of the fire were rabbits, coyotes and deer, trying to get away.

The fire roared like the wind. The nearer it came the louder it roared and the faster it came. The fire leaped high in the air and was carried on by the wind so that it kept going faster all the time.

“Hurry or we will be burned up,” shouted Cupp,

Mead hitched his horses to a plow and plowed around his house.

“Drive faster,” cried Cupp. “We will be burned up.”

Mead whipped the horses and made them run. While he plowed, Cupp started a little back fire on the south side of the furrow. The back fire burned south toward the big roaring fire. As the back fire burned the grass it left nothing but black ashes. The big fire came so fast that it sometimes jumped 100 feet at a time. Cupp wanted to burn a place south of the furrow wide enough so that the big fire could not jump across it.

The back fire burned so slowly and the big fire came so fast that at first it did not look as tho the burned place would be wide enough.

The Indians saw that the men were building a back fire. They came back to see the white

men work. But as they drew near they saw the back fire was burning very slowly and the big fire was roaring louder than ever and coming faster than ever.

"The white men will be burned," shouted the Indians.

They whipped their horses and rode away across the creek.

At last the big fire and the back fire met. The flames from the big fire jumped high in the air and made a terrible roar. But only a few sparks could jump across the place which the back fire had burned. Cupp and Mead beat out those sparks before a new fire could be started. The big fire could not burn where the back fire had already burned the grass and so the fire was put out.

"The best way to fight a prairie fire is with another fire," said Dan Cupp.

## CHAPTER XXIX

### THE INDIANS BUILD WICHITA

In the fall of 1863 Mead went on a hunt for buffalo in the Arkansas Valley. As he came down in the valley from the hill on the east he was surprised to see Indians building a village along the Little Arkansas River just north of where it flows into the Big Arkansas. The village was a mile long. The Indians built their wigwams of grass just like the one in which Isopete lived as was told in Story No. 1.

Each wigwam was built close to the river and beside each wigwam was a place for a garden where corn, beans, squash and pumpkins could be planted as in the days of Isopete.

Mead had never seen Indians build wigwams of grass before. They were Wichita Indians and their wigwams were not like those other Indians built.

Mead rode to where the Indians were working. The women were building the houses and the men were looking on.

"Who are you and where did you come from?" asked Mead.

With the Indians was Jesse Chisholm. His mother was an Indian but his father was a white man and Chisholm had learned to speak English from his father.

"These are Wichita Indians," said Chisholm. "We came from far away to the south."

Mead learned that the Wichita Indians were good friends of the United States. They wanted



to help President Lincoln who was President of the United States. There was war between the North and the South. The states of the South did not want to be a part of the United States any more. That was why there was war.



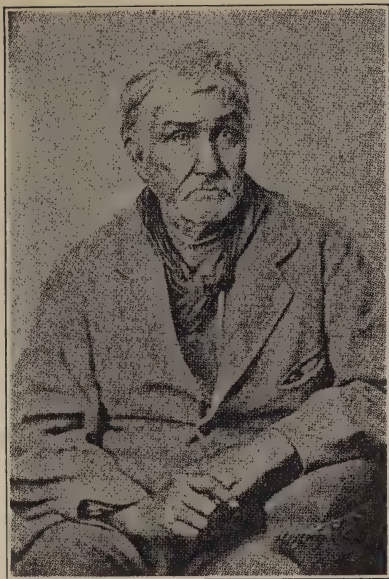
Photo by Author.

The Indian in this picture is talking sign language, and is saying the word "Wichita." The way to say that word in the sign language is to make a motion across the face, which means Painted Face. Wichita is an Indian word meaning Painted Face, and it was given to the tribe of Indians because they tattooed their faces.

Texas fought on the side of the South. The Texas soldiers were about to catch 1,000 soldiers of the United States, but the Wichita Indians and the Delawares helped them get away. Because of that the Texas soldiers burned all the wigwams of the Wichitas and Delawares and drove them away. They came to Kansas. The Delawares built homes along the Walnut River.

The Wichitas built homes along the Little Arkansas.

Jesse Chisholm did not live in the village with the Indians. He built a log house near the village. There he plowed the ground and farmed. He and Mead became friends. East of



Jesse Chisholm.

the Wichita village was a creek without a name. Mead named it Chisholm Creek in honor of his friend.

Mead built a store near the Wichita Village. He built it of cottonwood logs. The Indians came to his place to trade, but they had no buffalo robes. In those days the Indians used buffalo robes in place of money.

"We have no buffalo robes because we have been driven away from our homes," said the Wichita Indians. "Our homes and nearly everything in them were burned. Many of our horses were stolen or killed by the Texans. If you let us have things from your store we will pay you with buffalo robes next year."

So Mead let them have everything they wanted. He told them it would be all right to pay the next year.

"When time came to pay, the Indians all came to Mead's store with buffalo robes. They paid everything they owed. One of the Indians who had bought things had died. But the other Indians paid for him.

"I did not lose a cent," said Mead. "The Indians were all honest. The white people could take lessons in honesty from the Indians."

## CHAPTER XXX

### THE CHISHOLM TRAIL

One day Satanta came to the Wichita village to buy beans and pumpkins. Satanta was a Kiowa and the Kiowas did not have gardens. They lived in tepees made of skins and they moved often. They did not live in one place long enough to have gardens and when they wanted corn or beans or pumpkins or squash they had to buy them.

While Satanta was buying food he learned that Mead had a store at the village. He went to the store to buy a kettle and after that he and Mead became friends. Satanta told all his friends about Mead's store in Wichita. Many Indians came hundreds of miles to trade at the store.

But there were many Indians in Oklahoma who did not come to the store. They thought it was too far away. As soon as the war between the North and the South was over, Jesse Chisholm came to Mead's store and said:

"Let me fill my wagons with goods at your store, and I will take them south to the Indians who live there and trade with them for you."

So Mead let Chisholm have the goods. The wagons were loaded full, and Chisholm drove away over the plains to the south. He traded the goods to the Indians and brought back wagons filled with buffalo robes.

As the wagons traveled over the prairies the wheels left a track in the grass. Mead called

it the Chisholm Trail. It was the best trail to Oklahoma. It reached almost to Texas. Along the trail were many good camping places where people could stop at night and find plenty of wood for fires.



From a painting by C. A. Seward in collection of the Sedgwick County Pioneer Society. Copyrighted, 1920 by C. A. Seward.

Wichita in 1869, as described to Mr. Seward by pioneers. The two-story log house in the left foreground is the Munger Hotel. In the rear to the left is Durfee's ranch.

Hunters and others who wanted to go to Oklahoma followed the trail.

Many people went over the trail and in that way they came to the place where the Wichita Indians lived. They wanted the land for themselves. The Wichita Indians were told to go back to where they had lived in Oklahoma



before the Texans drove them out. The war between the North and South was over and it was safe for the Wichitas to go back.

In 1867 the Wichita Indians moved back over the Chisholm Trail to Oklahoma. They left their grass houses standing on the banks of the Little Arkansas River. Jesse Chisholm went back to Oklahoma with them.

After the Indians were gone the white people came and built a village where the Indians had lived. The white people did not want to live in grass houses. They tore the houses down and fed the grass to their horses or used it for the horses to lie on.

The white people who built the new town wanted to know what to call their town.

"Let us call it Wichita," said Mead. "The Wichita Indians are honest. They are loyal to the United States. They work hard. They have gardens. They are kind to the white people."

And that is why the people named the new town Wichita.

## CHAPTER XXXI

### THE IRON HORSE

It took a long time to go from one place to another in the early days of Kansas. The people rode horse back or in covered wagons.

"We should have railroads," the people said.

So they built a railroad. It was only five miles long. It was the first railroad in Kansas and it was built from Elwood to Wathena. When it was built the people had a picnic. They shot off firecrackers and made speeches. That was in 1860.

When they got on the train they found they could go much faster than in a wagon or on horse back. So more railroads were built. One railroad was built across Kansas to the Pacific Ocean. Another was built to Santa Fe.

In twenty years there were railroads in nearly all parts of Kansas. After the railroads were built the people quit hauling goods in wagons on the Santa Fe Trail. They had them put on the train. They sent cattle, corn, hogs and other things on the train.

Some Indians came back to Kansas from Oklahoma to look at the train. They had never seen one before. They called the engine an iron horse. They thought it was alive like a real horse. They thought that if they could throw a rope around the smoke stack they could lead the engine like they could lead a horse by putting a rope around its neck.

One night two Indians hid in the grass by the

railroad track. They threw a rope over the smoke stack. But the engine was too strong. They could not hold it. It tore the rope out of their hands.

“We cannot catch the iron horse,” they said. Then they went back to Oklahoma to tell other Indians about the iron horse, which the white people had brought.

They said that the iron horse drank water just like any other horse, but that it ate coal and breathed smoke.

## CHAPTER XXXII

### TEXAS CATTLE

In Story No. 26 we learned that the white people promised to send teachers to the Indians if they would sell their land in Kansas. The first teacher sent was the mother of Nannie Hutchins, and Nannie went with her to live in Oklahoma.

The school was at Darlington on the Chisholm Trail. Nannie had blue eyes and yellow curls. She was the only little girl living anywhere along the Chisholm Trail with yellow hair and blue eyes. People came for miles to see her. Among those who came were the Texas cowboys. The people of Texas had no railroads until long after there were railroads in Kansas.

They wanted to take their cattle to Kansas to load them on trains, but did not know the way across Oklahoma. Buffalo Bill Mathewson was in Texas to take home several children, whom he had rescued from the Indians. While there he told the Texas cowboys that the way to reach Kansas was to follow the Chisholm Trail. He offered to guide them along the trail.

They were glad to have his help, and he was guide for the first herd of cattle to be driven from Texas to Kansas. After Mathewson had showed them the way to Kansas, other Texas cowboys brought cattle over the long trail to load them on trains. Every summer for many years they brought thousands of cattle.

Nannie used to sit on the front steps of her

home to watch the cattle go by. That is how the Texas cowboys came to know about her. When the cowboys drove the cattle by her home they would always look for her and when they saw her they would take off their hats and wave them at her.



From a drawing by Frederic Remington.

### The Cowboy and the Texas Steer.

The Texas cattle had long horns and when they came near each other the horns would strike together. That would make a loud noise. Nannie could hear the noise before she could see the cattle, and so she always had time to go out on the front steps to see the cattle coming.

When the cattle were thirsty they would



bawl. That made more noise than the horns striking together.

It took all summer to drive the cattle from Texas to Kansas. The cowboys had to go with the cattle all the time to drive them. At night some of the cowboys had to stay awake to see that the cattle did not run away. Sometimes bad Indians would scare the cattle and make them run. Then the cowboys would have to ride after them to bring them together again.

The cowboys were always glad when they came to the end of the Chisholm Trail in Kansas. There they could load the cattle on trains and not have any more trouble.

At first the only railroads in Kansas were in the north part of the state, and the cattle had to be taken all the way to Abilene before they could be loaded on the trains. But later railroads were built to Newton, Wichita, Dodge City and Caldwell, and the Texas cowboys did not have to drive their cattle so far.

After many years a railroad was built to Texas. Now the Texas cowboys can load their cattle on trains in their own state. They do not have to drive them over the Chisholm Trail.

## CHAPTER XXXIII

### NANNIE STOPS THE SMALLPOX

When Nannie Hutchins was 6 years old many of the Indians were ill with smallpox. Her mother did not want Nannie to be ill so she vaccinated her by putting something in her arm to keep the smallpox away. It made Nannie's arm sore for a few days but that was better than being ill.

A white man who was doctor for the Wichita Indians heard that Mrs. Hutchins had vaccine for smallpox. One day he came to the school on the Chisholm Trail to ask Mrs. Hutchins for vaccine.

"I had only a little," answered Mrs. Hutchins," and I used it on Nannie's arm. Now I have no more."

The doctor looked at Nannie's arm. It was very sore in one spot.

"Let me borrow Nannie," said the doctor. "I will take her to the Wichita Indian Agency. I can take vaccine from the sore place on her arm and put it in the arms of the children of the Indians and they will not be ill."

"Oh, I could not let Nannie go," said Mrs. Hutchins. "You live so far away. Nannie is all I have. She and I have never been away from each other. There are bad Indians along the trail where you have to go. I am afraid they will hurt her."

But the doctor begged harder. He said he would take good care of Nannie. He said there

were white people at the Agency, and they would not let Nannie be hurt.

“There is no other vaccine nearer than the town of Wichita in Kansas,” said the doctor. “It will take two weeks to go there in a covered



From a photo taken at Fort Wayne, Ind., two years before the events of this story.

Nannie Hutchins.

wagon. If you do not let Nannie go, the little Wichita Indians will be ill and die.”

At last Mrs. Hutchins said Nannie could go if she were willing.

“I will be glad to go,” said Nannie. “I do not want the little Indian children to die.”

But next morning when the doctor was ready

to start Nannie was sorry to leave her mother. But she kept the tears from coming.

Her mother put a red dress on her and brushed her golden curls. Then they kissed each other and Nannie got in the buggy with the doctor to start on the long journey to where the Wichitas lived. Between the school and the Wichita Agency there was not a house. Wild deer jumped up and ran away as the doctor's horse came near them. To be so far away from every one, made Nannie lonely. When they were far from home she began to cry. But it was too late to go back.

All day long the doctor drove farther and farther from home. It was night when he came to the agency. There were several white people at the agency. They were kind to Nannie and gave her a nice bed to sleep in.

Next morning the Wichita children came to see Nannie. It was the first time a white girl had come to visit them.

"Isn't she pretty," they said. "What a pretty red dress she has. What pretty golden curls. What pretty blue eyes."

Nannie did not know what they said because they talked in Indian language, but she knew from their faces that they were glad to see her and glad she came to help them.

The doctor took the vaccine from Nannie's arm and put it in the arms of the Indian children. He also put some in the arms of all the white people there. That made their arms sore but it kept them from being ill with smallpox.

When the doctor was done, he wanted to take Nannie home. But some bad Indians had gone

to war and it was not safe to drive back over the trail. For five weeks Nannie had to live at the agency. Every one was kind to her. One woman made chocolate for her every day. There was not enough chocolate for every one, but the woman kept it all for Nannie.

The cook made little cakes for Nannie every day. The women made rag dolls for her until she had many rag dolls.

At last when the bad Indians had quit fighting and it was safe to take Nannie home, the doctor took her back to her mother.

How glad Mrs. Hutchins was to see her little girl once more! How they hugged each other and kissed each other!

Next year Stone Calf, chief of the Cheyennes, and other Indians went on the war path.

"We are sorry we sold our land in Kansas to the white people," said the Indians. "Let us go to Kansas and drive the white people away. Let us tear up their railroads."

So they went to Kansas and fought the white people. But the Wichitas would not fight the white people.

"A little white girl came to us and saved us from being ill with smallpox," they said. "We will help the white people in the war."

And so they did. Many of the Wichita men helped the white people and they fought Stone Calf and his friends for one year. The Delaware Indians, who were friends of the Wichitas, also helped the white people.

Note—Stone Calf did not want to go to war because he did not think the Indians were able to whip the white people. But when war began he sided with his own people.



## CHAPTER XXXIV

### THE COVERED WAGON

When Adelaide German was 5 years old she came to Kansas with her brother, sisters and parents. There were nine in the family: Adelaide, Julia, Sophia, Catherine, Joanna, Stephen, Jane and mother and father.

They came to Kansas, all the way from Georgia, in a covered wagon drawn by a yoke of oxen. Mr. German stopped several times on the way to earn money. First he stopped in Tennessee. Then he stopped in Missouri. At last he came to Kansas and stopped to work on a farm near Elgin in Chautauqua County. In August he said:

“We must go on west where we can find a farm of our own. We should find a farm before winter comes.”

So they went on west to look for the place where they could take a free farm of their own. Stephen walked behind the wagon to drive the extra cows. Some of the big girls walked with him to help, but the little girls rode in the covered wagon all the time unless they were tired of riding so much. Then they would get out to walk with their brother and help him drive the cows.

Every night Mr. German would stop on the road side and build a fire and Mrs. German would put a kettle over the fire and cook supper. It was like having a picnic every night. After supper Mr. German would tell how glad he

would be when they had a farm of their own where they could raise chickens, pigs, cows, sheep, horses, corn, wheat, potatoes and water-melons.

When bed time came the family made up their beds in the wagon or on the ground and



From Bryant's History of the United States, by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

#### In Camp on the Prairie.

slept in the fresh air. When it rained it was not nice. The rain fell in the fire and in the kettle and spoiled the cooking, and the clouds hid the little twinkling stars and the nice old moon. But in Kansas most every night is a nice night. The stars twinkled and the moon shone and all were happy.

On the road to the west were many other people in covered wagons. All wanted to go

west to get free farms. Sometimes the road would be full of covered wagons going west.

The people who were traveling from the east to find homes in Kansas lived in the covered wagons as they traveled. Each wagon was covered with a canvas, which kept out the rain and wind and in hot days gave shade from the sun. Some people had room in their wagons for stoves and for beds. But most of them had such large families they did not have room inside the wagon for a stove or bed. They cooked on the ground and slept under the wagon. A few people carried tents in their wagons and slept at night in the tent. All the clothing and furniture, which the people were moving to their new homes in the west was put in the covered wagon.

The faces of all who were going west were smiling faces. Even the dogs were happy. They walked behind the covered wagons and wagged their tails to show how glad they were to be going west.

At night, sometimes, two or three covered wagons would stop at the same place, and the men and women would tell each other how glad they were to be going out west where they could have free farms.

One day as the people in the covered wagons were driving west they saw a man in a wagon going east. He was driving a team of mules, and he whipped them to make them go faster. Under the wagon was a dog with its tail between its legs, and out of the back of the wagon looked a thin-faced woman. Her face was sun-burned and she had a gun in her hands.

“Go back, go back,” shouted the man as he whipped his mules. “Indians are coming. Stone Calf, chief of the Cheyennes, and his warriors are killing white people.”

But all the people going west laughed at him. They kept on driving west. Their dogs bit at the dog under the wagon with his tail between his legs.

Adelaide heard what was said, and she asked Julia:

“Are you afraid of Indians?”

“No,” answered Julia. “Not when my papa and brother Stephen are along.”

And the Germans kept on going west.

Note: Government reports spell this name Germaine, but Mrs. Adelaide German Andrews has assured the writer that the spelling used here is correct.

## CHAPTER XXXV

### THE SOD HOUSE

When the people in covered wagons came to western Kansas, to get free farms, they began to stop and build houses. But Mr. German kept on driving west. He was going to Colorado.

At last his wagon was the only one on the road. The rest of the people had stopped to take farms.

One day Mr. German came to a place where there were no trees. As far as he could see: north, south, east or west, he could see no trees. Beside the road a farmer had built a house of prairie sod.

He had turned over the grass with a plow. Then he had taken the pieces of sod, and laying one piece on top of another, just as a mason lays one brick on another, he had built a house of the sod. The roots of prairie grass held the pieces of sod together. The roof of this house was made of grass, but some sod houses had roofs of boards. The floor of the sod house was the ground. The thick walls of the sod house kept out the wind in winter and in summer kept out the heat of the sun. It was cool in summer and warm in winter. There were thousands of sod houses in western Kansas in those days.

The people built sod houses because there was no timber with which to build houses of wood.

"I would not like to live where trees do not grow," said Mr. German. "I want to build a house of wood."



"I will plant trees," said the man. "They will grow and in a few years we will have shade trees and fruit trees."

"I think I will drive on," said Mr. German.

"You will not find very many trees in western Kansas," said the man. "Better stop here and take a farm."



A sod house. This house was the first one built in Dodge City.

"Well, we will drive to Colorado," said Mr. German. "There are trees in the Rocky Mountains."

"Yes," said Mrs. German, "we will drive on to Colorado."

"Indians are on the war path," said the man. "You had better stay here. Stone Calf wants to kill all the white people in Kansas."

"I am not afraid of Stone Calf," said Mr. German.

Mr. German kept on driving west until he came to a place where nobody lived. Even the men who built sod houses were not that far west. But Mr. German hoped to be in Colorado in a few days and after that he thought he would soon be among people.

“We will soon be there,” he said to his children. “Then we will have a farm of our own and will build a house.”

That night after supper the Germans went to bed without a thought of the Indians. But while they slept Stone Calf’s warriors were nearby. These warriors were looking for people in covered wagons.

## CHAPTER XXXVI

### STOLEN BY INDIANS

On the morning of September 11, 1874, the Germans were camping in the far western part of Kansas on the bank of the Smoky Hill River. From far off some of Stone Calf's warriors saw them and drew nearer. As they drew near they hid behind a hill so that Mr. German could not see them. After breakfast Mr. German hitched up the oxen and started for the west once more.

Suddenly Stone Calf's warriors came over a hill. Before Mr. German could shoot, they had shot him and Mrs. German and Stephen. Later they shot Joanna and Jane. Adelaide began to cry and one of the Indians said he did not want any cry babies around. He was going to shoot her. He pointed his gun at her, but there were two Indian women with the Indian men. One was a niece of Stone Calf.

"You shall not shoot the little girl," said Stone Calf's niece.

She stood between the warrior and the little girl.

"I will take her for my own little girl," said the Indian woman. "It would be nice to have a little white girl in my tepee."

The woman picked up Adelaide and put her on her horse and held her, while she rode away. The woman's husband picked up Julia, and held her on his horse. Catherine and Sophia could ride by themselves and were told to get on horses and ride alone. Then all the warriors got on

their own horses and rode away with Catherine, who was 17 years old; Sophia, who was 12; Julia, who was 7; and Adelaide, who was only 5.

The man and woman who first picked up Julia and Adelaide kept them with them on their



From a drawing by H. H. Nichols in First Annual Report of the U. S. Bureau of Ethnology.

The Indian on the horse is riding in a circle as a sign to his friends that he sees soldiers. It was a sign such as this, which caused the Cheyenne warriors to hurry away and leave Julia and Adelaide German alone on the prairie.

horses. When night came they stopped and cooked a supper of buffalo meat. But the girls did not feel hungry. They were so sad because their parents had been killed and that their two sisters and brother were killed, that they could hardly eat for several days.

Day after day they rode south. The Indians wanted to take the girls to Stone Calf's village,

which was in Texas. They thought Stone Calf would be pleased to have four white girls in his village. For two weeks they rode as fast as they could to be as far away from the white people as they could be. They rode out of Kansas to Oklahoma and kept on until they were far south in the Texas Panhandle.

One morning a warrior went out to kill a buffalo for food. Soon he came back and said to the chief warrior:

"I saw soldiers. The white soldiers are coming to catch us for what we have done."

The chief warrior was frightened.

"We must hurry," he said. "We must go faster. The two little girls keep us from going fast. They cannot ride alone. Put them down so we can go faster and get away from the soldiers."

So Julia and Adelaide were put down on the prairie and left alone. Catherine and Sophia begged the warriors not to leave their sisters. They were afraid the little girls would die if left alone on the prairie, but the warriors did not care.

All hurried away and left the two little girls alone. After they had gone a short way, one of the warriors came back. He had a gun and Catherine and Sophia thought he had gone back to shoot the sisters. But he did not shoot them. He looked at them, and motioned with his hand to them. The little girls thought he wanted them to follow. They ran after him, but he rode fast and they could not keep up. Soon he was gone out of sight.



Left alone on the prairie Julia and Adelaide cried for a long time. At last the sun set and they lay on the grass without any supper and went to sleep, holding each other as tightly as they could.

Once Adelaide awoke and saw the stars twinkling in the sky. In her sleep she had forgotten that she had been stolen by the Indians. She thought she was still in Kansas with the covered wagon.

“Mamma,” she called. “I am hungry.”

But her mother could not answer, and then Adelaide remembered that her mother and father and brother and big sisters were dead, and she and Julia were left alone on the prairie far away from everybody.

She cried again and cried herself to sleep once more.

When the sun came up a wolf looking for his breakfast found the girls. He came nearer and nearer. At last he put his cold nose against Adelaide’s face. That woke her up.

“Nice doggie,” said Adelaide. That scared the wolf away.

Julia woke up, too.

“Oh, how hungry I am,” said Julia. “I wish we were with the Indians. They would let us have some meat for our breakfast.”

But the Indians were far away by that time. The soldiers, too, who had frightened the Indians, went another way. They did not come near the little girls and did not find them. The two little girls were left alone on the wide prairie

with the wild horses, the buffalo, the deer, the coyotes and the wild turkeys.

They were far from the Indian village of Stone Calf and farther still from the homes of the white people in Kansas. And they did not have a bite to eat for breakfast.

## CHAPTER XXXVII

### ALONE ON THE PRAIRIE

Left by the Indians alone on the prairie, Julia and Adelaide not only were hungry, but were thirsty, too.

“I see a little creek,” said Julia. “Let us go to it for water.”

They walked to the creek and took a drink of cool water. Then they sat down by the creek to wonder what they could do. As they sat thinking Julia looked up in a little tree and there saw a wild grape vine. September is the time of the year for wild grapes to be ripe, and on this vine were ripe grapes. Wild grapes are small and have very little juice in them. They are mostly seed and skin, but the girls were so hungry they were glad for wild grapes to eat.

After a breakfast of wild grapes they felt better. They went for a walk on the prairie looking for someone to give them a home but could not find anyone. At noon they came back and had wild grapes for dinner. For supper they had the same meal of wild grapes. How they did wish for the good cooking of their mother! They would have been glad, even, for buffalo meat, which the Indians had given them every day.

The next day they had wild grapes again until all on the vine were gone. Then they hunted for a new grape vine. As they hunted they found hackberries, and on the prairie they found wild onions. The onions were bitter, but the girls

were so hungry they would eat any kind of food and were glad to have it. Some days they could not find any grapes or hackberries or onions. Then they ate the tender ends of grass.



From a drawing by Frederic Remington.

Indians of Grey Beard's village running away from the United States soldiers. In the foreground is shown a horse dragging two poles, and a bundle tied to the poles. These poles are called a travois, which was the only wagon the Indians had. On the ground can be seen another travois, which has been lost from a horse. Over the edge of the hill is a faint line. It is a line of horses riding into Grey Beard's village. These are the soldiers who saved Julia and Adelaide German.

All around them on the prairie were wolves, buffalo and deer. Had the wolves been hungry they might have eaten the little girls, but there were plenty of rabbits and the wolves did not hurt the girls.

Had Julia and Adelaide been men with guns they could have killed buffalo and deer and had plenty to eat, but they were just little girls without any guns. They did not even have knives. They did not even have matches with which to build a fire.

September turned into October and then came November. The nights were cold and frosty. Sometimes it rained and they were wet as well as cold and hungry. When it rained they made their bed on the grass without anything to cover them except their mother's shawl and the rain fell on them all thru the night! When the sky was clear the frost came.

Their clothing began to wear out. By the time November came their pretty dresses, which their mother had made for them, were in rags, and they were running barefoot on the rough prairie grass. Thorns cut their feet. They did not have enough to eat, because some days they could not find anything but grass.

One day they came to a place where soldiers had camped, but the soldiers were gone. In the camp were a few scraps of hard tack, which the children ate. It was the best food they had eaten in a long time.

On an afternoon in November a cold wind, much colder than any that had blown before, came from the north. As the girls were trying to find a place where they could cover themselves up with dry leaves, they saw Indians on horseback. The Indians were talking to each other, when one of them saw the two little girls.

The leader of the Indians was Gray Beard.



When he saw the girls he opened his mouth wide and put his hand over his mouth. He always did that when he was surprised. The warriors who had put the girls down on the prairie had told Gray Beard about it, but that had been so long ago that all the Indians thought the girls were dead. Gray Beard had never been so surprised before in his life.

Julia and Adelaide were frightened and tried to run away. But what could two little girls do when Indians on horseback were after them. Gray Beard rode beside Julia and without getting off his horse lifted her off the ground and put her on the horse beside him. Another warrior picked up Adelaide. Then they rode off to Gray Beard's village.

It was supper time when they came to the village and the women were cooking supper. How good the meat smelled! Julia and Adelaide had not eaten any meat for six weeks and they were nearly starved to death. But when the Indians offered them meat they could hardly eat it. They had not eaten for so long that they could hardly chew.

Gray Beard was one of Stone Calf's warriors, and in his village he had Sophia. One of the warriors took Sophia to see her little sisters. They were so thin that she could hardly tell who they were. Their fingers were so thin that they looked almost like bird's claws. But she was glad to see them. She had supposed they were dead. She thought that the Indians who went back to look at them had shot them.

After the little starved girls had eaten all

they could the Indians gave them buffalo robes to sleep on.

How warm the buffalo robes were after sleeping on the grass and the ground for so long!

Before sunrise on the morning of November 8, while all of Gray Beard's Indians were asleep a soldier came near his village. From a hill he looked down and saw the tepees and the camp fires built in front of the doors of the tepees. The soldier had been looking for Gray Beard's village for a long time. He was one of the soldiers of Lieutenant Baldwin. Riding back on his horse as fast as he could ride, the soldier came to Lieutenant Baldwin's camp and told him:

"I have found Gray Beard's village. It is a big village and he has more men than you have."

Baldwin said to the soldier:

"I do not care if he does have more men than I have. I will try to take his village. You ride to General Miles and tell him that I may need help."

General Miles was another soldier who was in Texas with his men looking for Gray Beard and Stone Calf.

Baldwin woke up all his men and they got on their horses. Soon all were riding to the village of Gray Beard, except one man who rode as fast as he could to tell Miles that he had found Gray Beard's village and that Baldwin was marching to take it.

Gray Beard did not know the soldiers were coming. He was asleep in his tepee, when early in the morning as the sky was turning gray in

the east, he heard a bugle. He knew the bugle was the signal for the soldiers to charge.

"White soldiers," shouted Gray Beard.

"White soldiers," shouted all the warriors and women.

They got on their horses as quickly as they could, taking Sophia with them. They did not have time to take down their tepees, so they left them standing and hurried away as fast as they could go. In their hurry they forgot to take Adelaide and Julia. Out on the prairie the Indian warriors stopped while the women rode away, taking Sophia with them. The white men charged at the Indians and they fought a battle. At last the Indians ran, with Baldwin chasing them.

"We cannot get away from the soldiers if we stay close together," said Gray Beard. "We must go different ways." Some of the Indians then went one way and others went another.

To one warrior Gray Beard said:

"You hide in the tall grass and after the soldiers are gone, you ride back to our village and kill the two white girls. If we do not kill them the white people will get them back. If we cannot have them for our own children we do not want the white people to have them."

The warrior hid in the tall grass and made his horse lie down. The soldiers rode by him and did not see him. After the soldiers had gone he rode back to Gray Beard's village. He saw a little girl lying on a buffalo robe in front of a fire. The girl was Julia. She was very ill. But

the Indian could not see Adelaide, who had gone for wood to put on the fire.

The Indian wondered where Adelaide had gone, but he did not have time to wonder long. Over the top of the hill he saw General Miles coming with his men to help Baldwin.

"If I can not find the other girl I will at least shoot this one before the soldiers come," thought the Indian.

He pointed his gun at Julia, and pulled the trigger. Just as he shot, there was a flash of fire from the gun of a soldier on the hill. The soldier had seen the Indian pointing his gun and said to himself:

"That Indian is up to some mischief."

He shot at the Indian just as the Indian shot at Julia. The Indian gave a cry of pain and fell dead across his gun. The soldier came up to see what the Indian had shot at and saw Julia. The bullet which the Indian had shot from his gun had missed Julia's head and she was not hurt.

Just then Adelaide came with an armful of wood for the fire. It had been so long since she had seen white men that she thought they were Indians too. Soon General Miles came with a doctor. The doctor looked at Julia and saw she was very ill. He saw that Adelaide also was almost starved.

Soon they fixed up a good breakfast of broth and crackers. But the children were not given very much. They had not had a big meal for so long that the doctor was afraid to give them very much at first.

That night Julia and Adelaide slept together

on a soldier's bed under soft warm blankets. The doctor had cut their finger nails, for the first time they had been cut in two months. The doctor had given them soap and the cook gave them warm water so they could wash their hands and faces. The doctor had a comb so the girls could comb their hair, for the first time in two months.

And when they went to bed that night in their warm beds, they were clean for the first time since they had lost their father and mother on the Smoky Hill River in Kansas.



## CHAPTER XXXVIII

### THE HUNT FOR STONE CALF

Wichita and Delaware Indians, who were helping General Miles as scouts, came one day to tell him where Stone Calf had hidden his village. Miles and all the soldiers marched toward the village to find Catherine and Sophia German. But when Miles got there Stone Calf was gone.

Stone Calf's village was only a tepee village and tepees are made of buffalo skins. The tepees can be taken down just like a tent and moved away. When Stone Calf moved away he took all his warriors with him and they took all their wives and children. Soon they were hidden in a valley far from General Miles and the soldiers.

But the Indian scouts went hunting again and soon found the village. Miles marched toward it and once more Stone Calf had to take down his village and move away.

In summer the Indians like to move. It is easier than cleaning house. When their tepees were dirty they took them down and moved to another place. But in winter they liked to stay in one place. Miles would not let Stone Calf stay long in one place. When Stone Calf would move his village the Indian scouts would find it and tell Miles, and he would start for the village.

Stone Calf had to move so often that he did not have time to hunt buffalo for meat, and his people began to be hungry. When December came snow fell, but Miles kept following Stone Calf's tracks like a hunter follows a wolf. Stone

Calf moved to New Mexico and hid in the mountains. There he thought Miles could not find him.

But the eyes of the Indian scouts were like the eyes of eagles. They could find Stone Calf any where.

The Wichitas and Delawares were glad to help Miles. They said to Miles:



Here is the photo of Adelaide and Julia German, which General Miles sent to their sisters in Stone Calf's village.

“Once a little white girl named Nannie Hutchins saved our children from having small-pox. Now we want to help save the white children.”

Stone Calf had to move so often that the women and children in his village were tired. Their feet and fingers were bitten by the frost and they did not have enough to eat.

“I am sad to see my children hungry and cold,” said Stone Calf. “General Miles gives us no rest. I wish we had not gone on the war path. I wish for peace. Miles hunts us like a wolf hunts a rabbit.”

One of Stone Calf's warriors said to him:

"I wish we had not stolen the two white children. Let us go to the tepee where they are and kill them. Then General Miles will not hunt us any more. He is hunting us because we have the two white girls."

While the warrior was talking an Indian scout came into Stone Calf's village. In his hand he carried a picture of two little white girls. As he walked thru the village he looked all around until he saw Catherine and he put the picture in Catherine's hands.

"It is a picture of Julia and Adelaide," cried Catherine.

Catherine turned the picture over and looked on the back. There was a note on the back and it read:

"To the Misses Germaine,—Your little sisters are well and in the hands of friends. Do not be discouraged. Every effort is being made for your welfare."

The note was signed by General Nelson A. Miles.

Catherine and Sophia were surprised to get a note from a general of the United States army. They had never seen a general and did not know that a general would take the trouble to help two girls. Then Catherine thought of the Indian who had brought her the note. She wanted to ask him where he got the picture and where the general was. But the Indian had walked away without saying a word to anyone. He had gone straight to the tepee of Stone Calf. There he saw Stone Calf and a warrior talking.

He heard the warrior tell Stone Calf to kill the two girls.

“Stone Calf, Stone Calf,” asked the scout, would you like to be at peace?”



From a photo in the collection of William C. Peacock.

Catherine German after her rescue from Stone Calf's village.

Stone Calf stood a long time without saying anything. He looked at the warrior and the warrior looked back at him. At last Stone Calf said:

“Yes, I want peace. I am sorry I went on the war path. I do not like the white people. I hate them. I want to drive them out of Kansas and tear up their railroads, but my children

are hungry and cold. We have to move so much we have no time to hunt. Our meat is gone. We are almost starving."

Then the Indian scout stood a long time without saying anything. He looked hard at Stone Calf and looked hard at the warrior. At last he spoke:

"Stone Calf, Stone Calf, if the two white girls you have in your village die, you can never have peace. General Miles will hunt you all winter and spring. He will drive you over the mountains and over the rivers. He will hunt you and drive you until you are dead and your warriors are dead, and all the women are dead and all your children are dead.

"But if you take the girls to him he will talk about peace. It will be a hard peace which General Miles will make. The Indians who shot the father, the mother, the brother and sisters of the white girls must go to jail. All who have been bad to the white girls must go to jail. All who have burned houses and killed white people must go to jail. But your children and their mothers can go back to live on the prairie."

Stone Calf and all the warriors were sad when they heard that. They did not want to go to jail. But they did not want to have General Miles hunt them any more.

"We will make peace," said Stone Calf. "We do not want to go to jail, but we love our children, just as a white man loves his children. If we do not make peace our children will die. Go to General Miles and tell him we will make peace."



On March 1 Stone Calf came to General Miles with Catherine and Sophia. It had been 6 months since they had been stolen by the Indians. They had been so long with the Indians they had learned to talk the Indian language. All winter they had lived with the Indians in their tepees. They had moved when the Indians moved and when the Indians were hungry they were hungry too. When the Indians were cold they were cold, too. Their clothing was almost worn out and they were in rags.

When the soldiers saw them coming they took off their hats and cheered. The soldiers had lived in tents all winter to try to find the two girls and take them away from the Indians. Now they were glad because they had found the girls and they knew the war would be over.

All of Stone Calf's warriors stood in a long line in front of General Miles and the general said to Catherine and Sophia:

"Show me the men who have done all the killing and other bad things."

And Catherine and Sophia walked along with General Miles in front of the Indians and pointed out all the bad ones, and many were sent to jail for two years. The soldiers took the rest of the Indians back to Oklahoma and fed them.

At the end of two years the Indians came back from jail. Since then they have been at peace.

Catherine, Sophia, Julia and Adelaide were all taken to Fort Leavenworth by General Miles, and they were given a home by Mr. and Mrs.

Patrick Corney, who took them to Nemaha County where they lived on a farm.

General Miles made the Indians pay the girls \$10,000. The Indians did not have that much money, but the money was taken out of the pay which the Indians were to get for selling their land in Kansas.

When the German sisters grew old and had families of their own, their children used to ask them to tell stories of the time they were stolen by the Indians. But the story they liked the best was the one about General Miles and Lieutenant Baldwin who went with all their soldiers to help four little girls who had been stolen from their parents.

And the children would say:

“How glad we are that we live in the United States where the generals and soldiers will do all they can to help little children in trouble.”

## CHAPTER XXXIX

### THE WISE GRANDMOTHER

When Charlie Curtis was a boy he lived in Topeka, where he went to school in winter. One day his grandfather, grandmother, some uncles and cousins came to see him. His grandfather was Louis Pappan, a Frenchman. His grandmother was Julie Pappan, who was half French and half Indian. His uncles and cousins were all Kansas Indians.

The uncles and cousins urged him to go to the Indian country in Oklahoma to live with them. Charlie was glad to go. He thought it would be fun to live with the Indians. So he went to the stable where he had a pony and he rode away on it with the Indians.

Charlie's mother had died when he was three years old and for awhile after he had lived with his grandmother. When he was 8 years old his father took him back to Topeka to live and go to school. He remained there several years until his cousins asked him to live with them.

That night the Indians camped by the road. They built a fire and cooked supper over it. The Indians sat around the fire after supper and told stories of hunting and riding. Charlie liked the stories and thought it was better to listen to stories than to go to school and study.

After he had been with the Indians three days Charlie's grandmother called him to her. He went to her wagon and she asked:

“Charlie, why did you come with us?”

"I want to live with you and have fun," answered Charlie. "I want to ride horses and hunt. It is more fun than going to school."

But his grandmother shook her head and said:

"Charlie, if you come to live with us you will have a good time. You can ride and hunt and drive cattle. But when you are old you will not know what is in books. The time to go to school is when you are young. If you go to school you can learn as much as anyone."

"I love you, Charlie, for the sake of your mother, who was my own little girl. I would like to have you with me, but you cannot be with me and learn as much as you can if you go back to Topeka and go to school."

Charlie put his things in a sack and he said to his grandmother:

"I want to be with you, but you are older than I am and you know best. I will go back to Topeka and go to school."

In Topeka Charlie went to school. He learned very fast. But he did not forget his grandmother. Sometimes he went to visit her in Oklahoma, where he rode horses and hunted. He sometimes helped his grandmother stir apple butter in a big copper kettle. From his cousins he learned to ride race horses until he could ride faster than they could ride. He used to ride horses at the track in Topeka and earned money in the summer riding horses.

But every winter he went to school. He studied to be a lawyer and finally the people sent him to Congress in Washington where he

helped make the country's laws. The people called him Senator Curtis. But even then he did not forget his old grandmother and as long as she lived he went to visit her in Oklahoma.



## CHAPTER XL

### TURKEY RED WHEAT

Anna Barkman, 8 years old, sat in a bin of wheat picking up the grains, one at a time, and putting the best ones in a gallon bucket. Her father, Peter Barkman, had told her to pick two gallons of wheat.

“You must choose only the largest grains, which have a reddish golden color, and are of good shape,” said Mr. Barkman. “If the grains are pale in color or small or soft, throw them aside. Next month we will start for Kansas to make our home there. We should take only the finest of wheat for seed.”

It was slow work, picking seed wheat, for it takes more than 250,000 grains of wheat to fill two gallons and the grains had to be chosen, one at a time. For a week Anna worked every day in the bin, picking out the best wheat until the two gallon buckets were filled.

How her father's face lighted up when he saw the wheat! Each grain was well shaped, and of a reddish golden color.

“That is the best wheat in the world,” said Mr. Barkman. “You have been very patient to do the work so well. I have a treat for you.”

And he gave Anna a handful of hazel nuts. She felt well paid for her long hours of work; for hazel nuts were a great treat for her.

It was April, 1874, when Anna picked the two gallons of wheat. Her home then was on a farm near Caslov, a city of Crimea in Russia. The

Barkmans belonged to the Mennonite Church. The people of that church think it is wrong for men to be soldiers. But the ruler of Russia had made a law that Mennonites must be soldiers the same as other Russians. And that is why Mr. Barkman decided to leave Crimea and move to America. Twenty-three of Mr. Barkman's neighbors, who were Mennonites, said they would go to America with him. They sent three men to America to find farms. These three men came to Kansas and near Hillsboro bought land for their American homes. They found that the sunshine in Kansas is much like that in Crimea. That is why they decided to live in Kansas. They wanted to live in a land of sunshine.

Each one of the Mennonite families took a little of the best wheat for seed, and in each family the little children picked out the best seed, while the older people did the hard work of packing their things for the journey to Kansas.

The 24 families left Crimea on May 1. First they took a boat from Caslov across the Black Sea to Odessa. Then they took a train across Europe to Hamburg in Germany. Then they took a ship to Hull, England, and once more took a train across England to Liverpool. There they took a steamship for America. As they were crossing the Atlantic Ocean, Anna thought many times about the two gallons of wheat which she had picked. Her mother had put the seed in a trunk with their best clothes, so that it would be safe from harm. Anna wondered how the 250,000 grains of wheat which she had picked

with her own hands liked the journey to America. She did not think they liked it very well because it was so dark in the trunk.

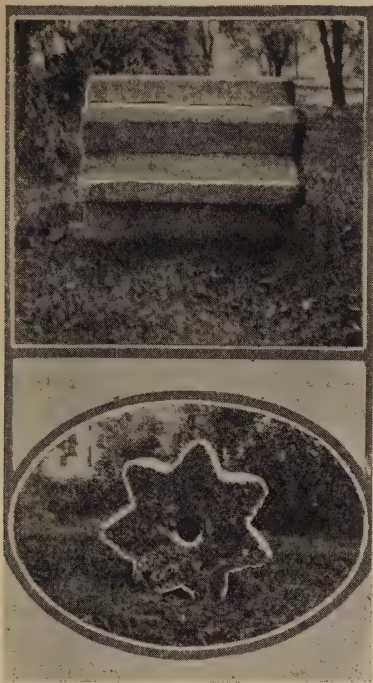


Photo by Herbert Schmidt.

Stone thresher used by the Mennonites to thresh the first Turkey Red wheat in Kansas. The star shaped picture is the end view of the stone. Other picture is front view. The stone was rolled over the wheat and in that way beat out the grain.

But Anna could run about on the ship and see the sun come up every morning and set every evening. As far as she could see there was water. Sometimes the wind blew and the waves

beat against the ship. Every day the sea gulls followed the ship to pick up food the people threw in the water. Anna liked to stand on the ship's deck to watch the birds.

After many days the sailors shouted that they could see land. Anna ran on deck. Far to the west she could see a dark object. It looked like a cloud to her.

"That is America," said Mr. Barkman.

They left the ship in New York and there took a train for Hillboro in Kansas.

How glad they were to reach Kansas after their long journey. It took two months to go from Crimea to Kansas.

You may be sure that the Barkmans took good care of their seed wheat. They put it in a safe place where the rats and mice could not get it and when autumn came they sowed it in a field. The next June Mr. Barkman cut the wheat with a sickle and he threshed it with a big stone, which he rolled across the wheat straw to beat the grain out of the wheat heads.

The neighbors of Mr. Barkman, who had lived a long time in Kansas, laughed at him because he threshed with a stone. They thought he was funny. He spoke in German and they spoke English and they could not understand anything he said.

But when he had finished threshing his wheat it was his turn to laugh; for he had more wheat than his Kansas neighbors. The other Mennonites had good crops of wheat, too. But the other Kansas neighbors did not have good crops of wheat.

“Why do the Mennonites have good wheat when we have such poor wheat?” they asked.

It was that way every year. The Mennonites always had much wheat in their fields, but the other people did not have so much wheat. Also the wheat the Mennonites raised was the best wheat. It made the best bread.

At last the neighbors came to the Mennonites and bought seed from them. After that they had good wheat, too. Soon the news spread all over Kansas that the Mennonites had a new kind of wheat, which grew well in the Kansas sunshine, and which made better flour than any other kind of wheat. Nearly all the farmers in Kansas bought some of the seed.

The kind of wheat the Mennonites brought from Russia is called Turkey Red wheat. They call it Turkey because it first grew in a little valley in Turkey where the Mennonites got it. They call it Red because it has a reddish golden color.

Before the Mennonites brought Turkey Red wheat to America, the Kansas farmers did not grow much wheat. Now Kansas is one of the greatest of all wheat-growing states. Kansas now grows 40 times as much wheat as it did when Anna Barkman came to America. The people of other states come to Kansas to buy flour for bread making. They say: “Kansas grows the best wheat in the world.”

Do you think they would say that if Anna Barkman and her neighbors had not picked out



the very finest seed from the wheat bins in Crimea when they came to America?

Note: The Russian Mennonites moved to Russia about 1783 from Germany. Hence they spoke German and not Russian. About 500 families came to Kansas from Russia in various migrations. The Hillsboro colony was the first to bring Turkey Red wheat.

## CHAPTER XLI

### THE SUNFLOWER

Kansas is called the Sunflower State.

No matter how hot the day the Sunflower keeps smiling. No matter how cold the rain, or how hard the wind blows, the Sunflower nods his head as if to say: "It's all right. It's all right."

People call it the Sunflower because it looks at the sun. When the east becomes gray before the sunrise, the Sunflower turns its head where its dark brown face with its halo of yellow leaves will catch the first ray of morning light. As the sun climbs higher and higher in the sky and moves to the south, the Sunflower keeps looking right back in the face of the sun. And when the sun goes behind the hill in the west to hide from the night, the Sunflower is turned to catch his last bright gleam.

Whether a man be rich or poor makes no difference to the Sunflower. It will grow in the cornfield of the best farmer of the land or in the weed patch of the laziest man in Kansas. Around the course where the city men play golf, the Sunflower comes up without being planted and all summer nods its head in the breeze at the men playing golf. It grows in the hedgerow fencing the field where the farmer harvests his wheat and nods its head at the farmer in the same friendly way in which it nods at the city man.

Beside the paved highway it bows like a king to passing automobiles, and beside the nar-

row lane where the barefoot boy kicks up the dust the Sunflower nods and smiles just like a friend.

It grows in the rich bottom lands. It grows in the rocky hills. It grows at the edge of wooded streams or on the wide-reaching prairie.

Long before the first white man came to Kansas the Sunflower was growing here, and if all the people of Kansas should die the Sunflower would continue to grow and look at the sun.

The Sunflower is brave, patient, cheerful, and sunny, fitting emblem of Kansas.

## CHAPTER XLII

### THE MEADOWLARK

Many birds make Kansas their home, but one bird the western Meadowlark, is known as the Kansas state bird. It was elected state bird by the school children of Kansas on Kansas Day, 1925.

On that day the Meadowlark was given 48,395 votes by the school children, while all the rest of the birds together received 72,796. The Meadowlark received more votes than any other one bird.

Children love the Meadowlark because it never complains. It never is cross and never scolds, no matter what sort of weather and no matter what it has for supper. It likes to sing and its song is always cheery.

Sometimes it sits on a wire fence. Sometimes it stands on a post. If a tree is near it may perch on a twig. But if there is no twig, post or wire, it will do its singing on the open prairie. It sings just as loudly and just as sweetly for the girl with a gingham apron as for a woman in silks or satins.

Many other birds fly away when snow time comes, but Meadowlark lives in Kansas the year round. On bright sunny days after a winter storm, it runs about on the prairie looking for food and singing.

It knows that spring comes after winter. When frost is on the ground the Meadowlark eats the seeds of weeds, but as soon as spring

rains start green things growing and worms and bugs start working, Mr. Meadowlark changes his food.

How dearly it loves to catch a worm by the tail and pull it out of the ground or pick a bug off of a green leaf. It is the farmer's friend. Each summer it eats thousands of worms and bugs and grasshoppers, which would eat the crops the farmer grows, were it not for the Meadowlark.

Never is the Meadowlark happier than after it has filled its crop with grasshoppers. Then it sits on a fence post or in the open field and sings its sweetest melodies.

Some birds quit singing when hot July and August days come, but not the Meadowlark. It picks up grasshoppers or bugs as it runs along, stopping between grasshoppers to sing thanks for the food.

If a crowd of people are near to hear, it sings its very best. If only one person is near it sings its very best. If it is in the midst of a meadow with no one to hear it still sings its very best. It never sings any kind of song except its very best song.

Winter, spring, summer, autumn, the Meadowlark sings. In every county of Kansas it can be heard. From early morning to late at night it works, eating bugs and worms and grasshoppers or in winter the seeds of weeds. And although it has to work all day long every day in the year, it never complains of being a poor hard-working bird, but always sings to let all



the other birds and animals and people know how rich it is to have a home in Kansas.

And that is why the children elected the western meadow lark to be state bird.

## Pronouncing Vocabulary

Cămp' ō  
Chey enne' (Shy- an)  
Chis' hōlm (ch as in chin)  
Chou' teau (Shō' tō)  
Cō măn' chē  
Cōr dēll'  
Cōr ō nă' dō  
Ger măn'  
Īs ō pē' te  
Kī' ō wă  
Kī wīk' tă kă  
Măl găr' ēs  
Măl lēt' (Mal la')  
Měn' nōn ĩtes  
Os ă wăt' ō mĭe  
Pă dīll' ă  
Păp păn' (Also spelled Papin)  
Păr dēe'  
Pē' cōs  
Phīll' ĩ bērt  
Quăn' trīll  
Săint Vrăin'  
Să tăn' tă  
Sē băś' tĭ ăn  
Snī  
Wăk ă rūsh' ă  
Wīch' ĩ tă (ch as in chin)





