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PREFACE.

THIS GUIDE is intended for the convenience of those persons who, wishing to make a journey to California, find their most convenient route to lie through Kansas City.

Such persons would live as far south as Memphis, for instance, and as far north as Chicago. There are many thousands of these annually; for California, and especially Southern California, seems to have become a subject in which a great portion of the American people are interested. Why this is so may in some measure appear in the following pages. There is no country whose history is more curious or whose changes have been more astonishing. Simply as a study; as a chapter out of modern American history; as an example of the results wrought by steam and human industry.—California, upper, middle or southern, is worth some attention, if not very careful consideration.

This narrative will also include a glance, as careful as space will admit of, of what lies between;—Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona. All these that have not already come to the front in public estimation are rapidly coming, and all are interested from at least one standpoint;—that which regards them as the seat of future empire, the homes of countless thousands of people who will be all Americans, all speaking the same language, wearing the same dress, following the same customs, and under whose touch every desert will yet bloom, every mountain nook become a home.

There are many trans-Continental lines. They all offer their attractions and advantages. But the tide of travel has for the past year or two sought the most
direct lines westward, and the shortest is the one whose features are of the most interest to the average traveler, other things being equal, and that is the route described in the following pages, so far, at least, as to Southern California. A guide of travel that attempts a description of all possible routes at once, jumps here and there without sequence or order, confusing the reader, to whom time-tables are always accessible, and adding little or nothing to the interest of any one route.

Nearly all guide-books are so made, and nearly all are, in this regard at least, unsatisfactory. An attempt is here made to depart from this ancient plan, and to give the reader a consecutive story, from day to day, of at least one route. It is not an advertisement, but is printed and sold for the usual publisher’s reasons. The first editions have offered encouragement for the project of not only reprinting it, but re writing it. The changes of two years have been like those of a fairy tale, and an attempt will be made in these pages to overtake them.

But this is a journey over mountain and plain, over granite, lava and sage, through a country which changes in its industrial features almost under the traveler’s eye. It crosses mountain ranges almost incomparable in beauty and vastness, and wide plains, where the rim of the horizon is but a pale mist against the arching sky. It includes the homes of a civilization older than any American history, yet where the original inhabitants still live and toil, and it traverses the still plainly visible remains of a civilization yet older far, at which modern science and investigation make only plausible guesses and derive only possible inferences. Specimens of the races that the lapse of time has not affected, and whose ideas and ancestry are alike prehistoric, gaze listlessly at you and your train as you pass by. The most unappreciative traveler, making this journey for the first time, must at least perceive that he is under strange skies. There are new sensations. There is a foreign feeling. Some effort is necessary to convince oneself that this is still the domain over which floats the familiar flag; that it is still an integral part of the mightiest empire the world has ever seen.

A long journey by rail is usually only a respectable mode of solitary confinement for as long as it lasts. There are only glimpses caught of the country by daylight, and one grows tired because he does not know anything of the history, traditions or industries of the country he is traversing. He does not know what to look for, and all his information must usually be obtained from what is termed a “folder”; a monotonous list of stations and distances that does not even name the country in which one may chance to be.

Otherwise he must obtain information from some other form of railway advertising, and in this he puts so many grains of salt that he may usually be said not to believe it at all.
PREFACE.

Though no guide was ever more than partially successful; though all items of interest can not be included; this little volume is intended, as far as possible, to cover these deficiencies. It covers a long distance, and ends at last upon the shores of that boundless waste of waters that, to one accustomed to seeing the ocean face him the other way, seems the end of all things.

It ends in a country that is as yet an enigma to itself. Southern California is an Eden that has sprung up out of a soil that looks like concrete, and that fifteen years ago was one of the most hopeless of the foreordained and irredeemable deserts. One can not believe, amid the scenes that lie around its gateway, that nestled here is the garden of the United States; that it is Summer all the year; where roses and castor-beans alike take upon themselves the similitude of trees, and where the fruits and flowers of tropical islands, and curious perennials from across the seas, flourish better than at home.
OVERLAND GUIDE.
THE JOURNEY.

THE beginning is at a place worth more than a casual mention. Kansas City is one of the towns that began in time, and established a Union depot. For some years now, and since the tide of immigration began in earnest, this has been almost a depot for the Union. The crowds that have of late years gone out to people that God-forsaken desert which now produces its hundreds of thousands of bushels of wheat and corn, have mostly come streaming through the narrow gateway of the Union depot at Kansas City.

Every traveler now sees this celebrated spot at its best, if its best is when it is liveliest. Two or three times every day, for two hours at a time, it is Pandemonium of a rather pleasing type. There is a vast crowd that is mostly American, with a sprinkling of every nationality. Waiting-rooms for both sexes are full, and a small army of both sexes and all ages is marching back and forth outside. It is a human ant-hill. Everybody is on business of a puzzling kind. They are all away from home, hundreds of them for the first time, and unfamiliar with the great how-to-do-it in the way of tickets, trunks, trains, direction, distance, locality and time. Counter restaurants are confronted by hungry rows, some of the people having on overcoats, and some linen dusters, thus showing their various
conceptions of climate, and the wide-apart localities from whence they have come.

There is an expression of resignation on the faces of some, of perfect weariness on the countenances of others, and of uncertainty in the demeanor of most. For a dozen trains are making up. Long lines of cars stand waiting, so arranged as to be all accessible, and into these the crowd is slowly percolating. Policemen in gray, armed with patience and an unusual fund of information instead of clubs, are kept very busy. The trains are all headed to the East or to the West; the one with its headlight toward the setting sun, the other looking back toward where most of this company came from, and where many a homesick one doubtless wishes he was again.

This scene changes daily in a certain sense, for if you come again to-morrow at the same hour you will see the same crowds, the same hurrying, anxious throng, but not a single person you ever saw before. They will have passed hence as entirely and completely as though yesterday were a quarter of a century ago. They are gone toward the four winds, and will never come again. It is a daily gathering of that innumerable and various company whose fixed purpose is a new home. Old places and associations have seen them for the last time. The great country to the westward swallows them up. It ever, in a great measure changes their characters. It moulds their interests, tastes, hopes and inclinations. It makes them forget all they have deemed most worthy of remembrance, and teaches them new themes. The gigantic growth of beech or oak to which they have been accustomed is exchanged for the treeless prairie where the nodding yellow sunflower is the highest growth, and they are not astonished. A quiet country neighborhood or little town, where every man knew the genealogy of every other, and there has been no change within memory, is given away forever for a land of booms and beginnings, and there is no surprise. This power of the far West to educate people is one of the curious things. To the old time westerner it invests this crowd with a peculiar interest.
KANSAS CITY.

Illinois and Indiana, Michigan and Pennsylvania, have lost these men and women as irrevocably as if they were dead. They will soon cease even to talk about the old homes. It is true;—they will not come back.

It may be at ten o'clock in the morning, or the same hour at night. In either case Kansas City—the city itself—is invisible. It is a queer spot in which to build a town, and, like all other cities of importance, it was not built—it grew. The fate that makes them does not wait upon the intentions and the designs of men. It is a place of steep river bluffs. It is all up-and-down. Some of the principal streets have been cut through high banks of clay, leaving houses perched airily seventy or a hundred feet above the roadway. It is a place where cows used to fall out of pasture and break their necks, and where one's door-yard may be as dangerous as the brink of Niagara. Yet it is destined beyond doubt to become, if it be not now, the commercial capital of a great valley.

Its beginnings are as of yesterday. Within the memory of many of its citizens, it was but Westport Landing—a place where steamboats pushed their noses into the muddy banks of the Missouri and were made fast to a tree. In those days there was one long, steep road up the bank to the top of the hill, and on the hill there were some dilapidated warehouses, a store or two, and the usual rough accompaniments of the Western trading and freighting post. All this was no longer ago than 1855-60. A little later, Leavenworth was conceded to be the metropolis, with St. Joseph as something of a rival. Something happened; nobody knows precisely what, perhaps; and the place began to grow. It was the bridge over the Missouri; it was a caprice of the railroads; it was natural situation. Nobody would ever enquire what it was, but for the wonder of a phenomenal growth, and they will soon cease to enquire at all.

There is one curious thing. A great, growing, beef-and-corn producing State like Kansas, could not control the destinies of any city or her preference on her own soil. She has poured her trade into
the lap of a Missouri town, notwithstanding that the two States
have a grudge against each other almost as rancorous as a Kentucky
family vendetta. The town is but just far enough within the line to
induce the belief that it is a curious and an unfair thing that a Kansas-
made city should stand on Missouri soil. But the inexorable State
Line intervenes despite all sentiment. The cause of the feeling
between these two States is a matter of history. It belongs to that
time which now seems so far in the past; "before the War." Descending through at least one generation, it is now but a remi-

Camping Freigh ters.

niscence. But it is a vivid one. The rights which the young men
of Missouri trampled in the brown Kansas dust have long since
triump hed. There are no slaves, and there is no slave territory.
There is no cause of quarrel, yet for many years Missouri has been
the bridge and Kansas City the gateway, by which more than a
million people have passed into Kansas. That is simply another
instance of a drift toward greatness for which no adequate cause can
be assigned. For Missouri herself, with all her political offenses
against her sister on her head, is still one of the most splendidly equipped in natural resources of all the galaxy of States.

But the old times were the romantic and interesting ones for Kansas City. The stranger who visits the place, and takes the pains to ride up the hill, or through it, on a cable car, will see from the elevation a fair country of hill and wood. There is nothing wild or strange about it. It is old, refined, cultivated. Let him imagine these hills as they were but yesterday. Gaunt and long-horned oxen wandering over them, but lately released from the yokes they had worn over a thousand miles of mountain and plain from a country as far and fabled as Cathay. There were men there such as civilization does not produce, bronzed, bearded, wide-hatted, swaggering. They were the typical frontiersmen whose shades now linger in song and story. From every ravine and hill-side arose little thin blue columns of camp-fire smoke. There was whiskey-merriment, shouting, grotesque dancing, and the popping of enormous whips.

For this lonely and most unprepossessing river-landing was to these men high civilization. It was indeed, after all the lonely reaches of Llano Estacado; after days of wind-swept silence and nights of watching; after the weary tramp through a land that held no human habitation; after months of wandering where countless herds of buffalo blocked the trails; after hunger and thirst and Indian-fighting, a full measure of civilization.

For Westport Landing was the beginning of one of the great "Trails," one end of which must of necessity be more or less civilized after the fashion of those days.

A "Trail" is a curious thing. The word is one of the most common in both western and eastern literature now, and frequently requisite in ordinary conversation. Yet it now has a meaning so far in the past that the first significance is hardly thought of.

It may mean, but does not always, a road. At first it never did. A trail was a path, winding away crookedly and endlessly, leading somewhere, but never definitely and certainly. Ages before America
was discovered by Europeans the aborigines of the country had paths through the woods and swamps, across the plains and over the mountain ranges, crossing zones and climates, and reaching to the utmost verge of the land from Great Bear Lake to the Gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The trails of one region and tribe, or confederation of tribes, ran imperceptibly into those of another. Along these paths the light of thousands of camp-fires was always shining by night, and silent files of warriors, one behind the other, were always passing like dusky ghosts. There were trails and Indians and camp-fires everywhere, yet so far apart that it would almost seem that there were none, and that the vast continent was not inhabited.

Rivers and lakes were crossed in canoes, and the trails went round, over or through all natural difficulties. There was even a kind of commerce in those days without records, and tribe exchanged with tribe the rude necessities and commodities of savage life. There were vast regions where there were no metals accessible; yet every tribe had its armlets and nose-rings. There were districts where there was no flint or obsidian for arrow-heads; yet all had these articles of prime necessity. What was not got by exchange was taken by theft or conquest.

But these were not colonists. They never stayed; they did not acquire, or try to acquire, territory. They came and went, and left not a shred of the history of conquest. It can hardly be conceived of in these days that what was considered worth toil, wandering and privation; what was worth fighting and dying for; was not worth even so much record as a heap of stones. The North American Indian was, and still is, a curious specimen of humanity. Guided by an instinct in wandering as unerring as that of the wild goose, the wilderness remained, save for these dim trails, absolutely unchanged by their presence through uncounted centuries.

It is a very curious fact that these trails;—at least the principal and main ones;—have had a most decided effect upon modern commerce
They are the commercial highways of the present. Starting from the Atlantic coast the traveler will closely follow them even to the Pacific coast. Wherever the railway lines cross the mountains the track lies almost precisely in the old paths. They were deepened and worn by white men who imitated the Indians, long before the railroads took them for the last use that has been found for them in these later times when the chiefest consideration of life is trade and transportation.

For the prehistoric savage,—the old Indian who lived and died long before he had been dreamed of as a subject of song or story, or as the owner of valuable lands, or as a "ward of the Government";—discovered and used all the notches nature has placed so far apart in the grim escarpments of the Rocky Mountains. His trails crossed them, leading up to them from far across the plains. Raton Pass is in this sense one of the oldest gateways of the world. The existence of it gave rise to the great trail from the bend of the Missouri, where now is Kansas City, to the Valley of the Rio Grande, down that valley to El Paso;—an ancient rock-bottomed ford;—down to the highlands of Mexico, or, by other passes beyond, to the Pacific coast.

This, in much later days now historic from our view, was utilized by white men. The few Spanish soldiers who followed Coronado on his celebrated expedition to Quivira, came and returned by it, guided by an Indian whose tale of Quivira was but a fabrication to lure unwelcome visitors away from his people. Later, and, indeed, comparatively very recently, the traders took it. It became the "Santa Fé Trail." The bend of the Missouri, as anciently, was still
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its western end. We measure the place by our own standards; but it was of immense importance long before it had become even Westport Landing.

This old trail, lined with graves and wet with tears, the scene throughout its weary length of innumerable battles that are not named in history, the place of toils and perils that can never be lived again, was the origin of the idea from which was born what is now known as the Sante Fé Route. We are interested in this fact, and in all that may be said about the various trails that have been usurped by the most colossal of the commercial achievements of man, because we shall follow one of them on this journey ourselves almost as it lay a thousand or two years ago. Perhaps we shall find that its interest has not all quite departed.

Yet Kansas City, by that name at least, is not a city of reminiscences. The western, or Santa Fé, trade did not begin from it until 1832, when Independence, its now near neighbor, became the "outfitting" point for the western freighters. "Outfit"—"to outfit,"— seems to be another peculiarly western term, now become a part of the language. The first stock of goods was landed at the present site of Kansas City in 1834.

But even this was some time before the quarrel, for the boundary line which placed the then unmade and undreamed-of city in Missouri was not established until 1836.

In 1839 a few houses seem to have been erected, and in 1853 the village had, at most, only 478 souls.

In 1843-44 came a flood which submerged the place. This was followed by the cholera. The growth may be said to have stopped during this period, and for some years after. In the same year the difficulty between Texas and New Mexico—this is again to our eyes quite prehistoric—rendered an armed escort necessary for a Santa Fé train. This doubtless interfered very seriously with business.

But so important was this trade already grown that books were
published on the subject about this time. They read like foreign travels. In August, 1843, all the Mexican frontier ports of entry were closed, and remained so until 1850. This had the effect of blockading all the Missouri river towns.

Mr. D. W. Wilder ("Annals of Kansas," p. 49) says that on August 26, 1854, Leavenworth and Kansas City were first mentioned in the New York Tribune. This, then, seems to have been about the beginning of the history of the present era. They may have been mentioned before, but the Tribune settled the question as to its having previously been worth while.

Another record states that "in 1857 the city had grown to 8,000 inhabitants, with a list of mercantile houses surpassing any Missouri town, and with a larger trade than any city of its size in the world."

It is not known whether or not the writer means that Kansas City was not then a Missouri town, or whether he excludes St. Louis and other places from his mental list of "Missouri towns." It may have had the 8,000 inhabitants mentioned, but as late as 1859 it did not look as though it had them, at least as permanently established citizens.

But, at least, Kansas City is one of the places that has grown, and grows, almost as fast as they say she does. This, of itself, constitutes the place a western phenomenon. In 1870 the population was stated to be 32,286. In 1873, 40,140. In 1885, 128,474. It now claims, per directory, 180,000. Mr. Jay Gould, in 1886, is reported to have distinctly stated in an interview with a prominent citizen that "in twenty-five or thirty years more you will see Kansas City as large as Chicago and St. Louis are at that time."

There is therefore little use in asking "upon what kind of meat doth this our Caesar feed." It is a wonderful place, offering to the tourist from older communities the most wonderful of all the instances of western growth. The same circumstances that gave the far-western trading-post her business a quarter of a century ago, feed her now. The causes of greatness are perpetual. Many a
reader will have no taste for the comparisons of local history and the reminiscences of a quarter of a century. Many a one would have more, could he but remember the wilderness as it was, and compare the present with the dim past of so little a while ago. It is one of the valuable lessons of the trans-Continental journey these pages are supposed to record.
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To get back to the depot again, to see the crowd that was not here yesterday and will not be here to-morrow; yet the same crowd; is an awakening from the dream of the Beginning which may possibly seem to have been indulged in.

You have the names of the trains called in the long-drawn and sorrowful tones customarily heard at depots, and there begin to be long vacant spaces under the shed. This train and that one slip silently away; one to Chicago or St. Louis, or both; one to Omaha, another to Denver and San Francisco. There are more than a dozen of them altogether, and these very long and very well filled trains represent about thirty thousand miles of track. Within the past year Kansas alone has had her surface gridironed by about 1,700 miles of new steel.

A very large number of people are statistical, and every man in these commercial times who can quote figures, is respected accordingly. Still thinking of the ox-teams, and huge wagons, and bull-whackers, of twenty-five years ago, the waiting reader may be greatly interested to know that so long ago as during 1886 there were 981,264 trunks handled;—they call it “handled” from a mere native sense of humor—on those platforms, and looked for and enquired about, and tumbled and slid and rolled, under and across that time-worn and battle-scarred piece of timber at the door of the baggage-room. This represents an immense and unknown sum in ladies’ and gents’ furnishing goods.

During the same year 4,960,320 people got on and off these trains. This is not counting travel by suburban trains, or the uncles, cousins and aunts who accompany bridal parties to the depot.
There are about $8,000,000 actually invested in railroad property within the limits of the city. All the steamboats that ever plied the waters of the Missouri since the little stern-wheeler that made her astonishing appearance here in 1819, March 2d, if they were tied end to end and trailed out by the current, would not represent this sum in value. This last statistic is guessed at all the more freely since it is understood that the railroads have the entire business. The boats have gone with the camp-fires.

"Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé. All aboard for Kansas, Colorado and Southern Cal—" That is ours; let us go.

You are no sooner away from the shadows of the building than you are on modern historic ground. There is often very little justification for this often-made remark. All ground is in a certain geological sense historic. But it is made in this case very appropriately. A very distinct group of sensations are evoked at the name of Kansas, and, after all the strictly historical part is done with, the fact remains that in all the history of civilization, of which Kansas makes one of the most brilliant chapters, no territory of equal extent has ever afforded so great and lasting a benefit to the average struggling and energetic man.

The ground now comprising the State of Kansas was once mostly owned by the Pawnee nation of Indians. These people had their vicissitudes, for when settlements began first to be made the country was held by the Kaws. The remark about vicissitudes is merely an inference drawn from the fact apparent to anybody who ever knew the Kaws, that if they could take a country away from anybody, the party of the first part must have previously had vicissitudes, or something almost as bad.

The Kaw, or Kansas, Indians gave the name it bears to the State. Very frequently it has been questioned why these two names were interchangeable, and why the Indians, and the river upon whose branches they lived, should be known by the one name or the other,
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indifferently, or the Indians by one name and the State by another, or vice versa.

Kanza, Kanzas, Kanzoe, and the same name with an "s" instead of a "z" partakes of the common fate of all our Indian names.

"Illinois," certainly, has had the same troubles. "Kaw" is the understanding the first settlers had of the pronunciation of the word "Kansas" by the French voyageurs, who were the tireless wanderers of the early times, and who were of course encountered here.
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Actual history, in our sense, begins about April 30, 1819, upon which date the treaty was signed by which France ceded to the United States the Province of Louisiana. This included all of the present Kansas except that strip of it which now lies south of the Arkansas River. That strip seems to have been won by conquest, contrary to what they call the "time-honored" policy of our Government. It came in as a result of the outrageous little war in which we aired our valor before we began fighting in earnest, with something to fight for. The territory that came with it was an enormous slice, covering almost the whole of the journey we are now making.

After the traders, the very first who came to Kansas were the Missionaries. From the records, publications and journals of these little missions, the information has been derived which seems to have settled definitely and at last the disputed personality of that bold frontiersman, the "first white male child born in Kansas." The matter is only mentioned here because of the offense having frequently been laid on the wrong person. Very appropriately, and with poetic fitness, that "first," etc., was the grandson of Daniel Boone. His name was Napoleon Boone, and he succeeded to his inheritance of fame sometime during the year 1825. Somewhere about the southern line of what is now Jefferson County, the event occurred. It was well inland, and is thought not to have been such an unlawful importation of a voter from Missouri as became too common at a later date.

Some of the most charming literature in the English language was published in this year 1825, and about this country. But Washington Irving was very indefinite in his geography, in the two books, "Tour of the Prairies," and "The Adventures of Captain Bonneville." It only appeared to him as it must have to those early missionaries and Santa Fé traders. It was a beautiful and silent vastness. The country had been "explored," but there were no boundaries, and very few names. Zebulon Pike and his brethren
had made these delightful marches that hundreds of boys have since envied, through a land that was so full of meat that the meat was in the way. What is now the pretty city of Council Grove had afterward witnessed a meeting of Indian head-men with the United States Commissioners appointed to solicit of them the privilege of crossing the plains, their undisputed country, from Independence to New Mexico, 780 miles, and they had graciously given a promise they only kept at intervals, for the Santa Fé Trail, as has been stated, was a scene of ambushes, surprises, and bloody fights always. It is curious how valor can have been so persistent without accompanying fame,—for there were no newspaper reporters in those days,—and how the blue-stem grass or the waving corn has long since overgrown a thousand bloody graves and the scenes of a hundred displays of the same courage that is commemorated now in our national cemeteries.

Within a mile of the Union depot the train enters Kansas. All the hills you see rolling away to the southward were not long since covered with diamond-shaped wagon corrals, and glowing in the dusk with camp-fires. It was, within two or three miles of the river, a vast overland camping-ground. It was, so to speak, the delta of the great trail;—a curious community lacking only one feature of the picturesqueness of the West of a little later. The revolver had not yet been invented. Whiskey was there—much more of it, and probably much better, than there is in later times in this virtuous commonwealth; and there was an occasional gun. But it was of the long, old-fashioned, slender-gripped kind, that loaded at the muzzle, out of a powder-horn, and that had a beautiful piece of mechanism in the shape of a flint-lock. It seems incredible, but with this museum relic all the sharp and desperate battles of the trail were fought. With it a continent was practically won. All American history is based upon it. To recall it with all the vividness one can, only causes us to come to the conclusion that the Americans of those days would, had there been necessity, have conquered their way to empire with wayside stones.
At the beginning of the journey it may be well to formulate a few of the plainest and prosiest of the facts about Kansas. There is plenty of romance; and a long category of peculiarities, for the State has a most remarkable modern history; but the material things very likely come first in the minds of the majority of readers, though it was sentiment, *élan*, pluck, that made the State more than the material advantages or favorable circumstances that are so much discussed in the tens of thousands of pages of descriptive printing that have been issued since in her behalf.

Kansas is a symmetrical and well-proportioned oblong square, lying, as a whole, quite in the centre of the Union. This square is four hundred and ten miles long, and two hundred and ten miles wide, and has an area of 81,318 square miles. The only deviation from a square in the configuration of the State is caused by the Missouri River, with a northwestward trend, cutting off a slice of the upper right-hand corner.

One must think twice before he can quickly comprehend what has passed in this quadrangle of soil in the way of material development in the past few years, and when one lends himself to a contemplation of the picture, judging by the past, the result must be nothing less than a general feeling of astonishment. Were Kansas as densely populated as New England is, it would contain thirty-three million people. As the soil is so much better that there is
no comparison between the two sections in that respect;—indeed, Kansas soil would be worth almost anywhere in New England probably twenty-five cents a cart-load as a fertilizer;—one can but fairly conclude that in the course of a few years that enormous population must be attained. Were the population as dense as it is even in Ohio, there would be six millions of population.

In 1860, the year before the State was admitted, there was a population of 107,206. There is a very slight doubt whether there were quite so many as that. At the end of ten years, or in 1870, there were 364,369 people.

June 1st, 1880, showed a population of 996,096.

March 1, 1885, by a State census, there were 1,268,530 people.

There is, even from a modern and western standpoint, something extraordinary in this high percentage of increase. But there is another view from which it is much more remarkable. This increase, it must be remembered, has taken place in the heart of a desert. No allusion is made here to the "Great American," etc., of the old geographies. That glossy and polished chestnut has been passed around for twenty years, and no one who knows how the geographies are made ever wonders at their teachings. It was a desert in the opinions of men who had tramped and camped all over it; who knew it well. The explorers believed it uninhabitable. The traders and freighters agreed. The more learned wrote elaborate treatises of warning. The judicious grieved. The writer hereof once had the adventurous spirit (under orders) to travel from end to end of the very best of Kansas,—the Arkansas Valley. He was possessed of an amiable mule, which he rode, and when the mule was unamiable he walked. The whole country had been swept by the besom of desolation. It was not only a homeless solitude; there were reasons palpable and undoubted why it should never become the home of civilized man.

Now, I presume, the Arkansas Valley in Kansas contains six or seven hundred thousand people. Now, there is every reason per-
fectly apparent why it should become one of the most prosperous agricultural regions in the world, yet now, even yet, one is aston-
ished at the fool-hardiness, the temerity, the fatuousness, that induced the building through this waste, at that time, of the great railroad upon which we now journey to the Pacific coast. It was the great cause of settlement, and there was not a habitation even in hope when it first stretched its lonesome lines of iron across the silent landscape.

And yet, they say that "capital is timid." The fact is, that capital is merely strange. If there is anything which makes an unnecessary fuss; that sings when it is saddest and is most hilarious and seemingly jocund when its back is broken, it is capital. It is the human institution that has a thousand forms of deceit. But it is useless to say, after the western railroads, and the money it took to build them, and the circumstances, that capital is "timid."

Kansas is subdivided into ninety-five counties. An average one of these counties contains about a half-million acres of land. Most of them approach very nearly the form of the square. All old-fashioned notches and diagonals are left off. The simplicity of the Government surveys has been adhered to wherever possible.

It is all prairie. Only a very small fraction of the surface ever had any timber growth. But in many instances that which was prairie has become timber. Millions of trees have been planted, and have grown into fair-sized timber within a brief time. Trees have completely changed the original appearance of the country in very many cases. The horizon has departed, and clumps interrupt the once almost boundless view. Kansas, revisited by the very early settler, has a tendency to make him retire behind a hedge or a red barn, for the purpose of castigating himself for not guessing in time at the capacities of a country about which every common-sense indication, every gloomy prophecy, was alike completely at fault. They said, among many other wise things, that trees wouldn't, couldn't grow. God did not intend they should, or He would have
planted them Himself. It was a pious conclusion, built upon the ideas of the Old School. But, like others of the same kind, it appears to have been erroneous. Trees not only grow, but in this soil that, never since the dawn of the present creation until now felt the thrill of a creeping rootlet, they grow better than they do elsewhere.

The general idea of a prairie country is that it should be flat. This is not; though the State can not boast a mountain, or even anything that can be called a hill except by a considerable stretch of courtesy. There is said not to be a swamp within its boundaries. The country is what is called "rolling," and the undulations are very charming to the eye. From May until November, Kansas is well worth a visit for the mere sake of feasting the eye upon probably the most charming pastoral landscape, and the most extensive, in the world. It will not answer to allow yourself to become attracted by it unless you propose to listen to the promptings which persuade you to remain. "Horizon hungry" is a phrase that has crept inadvertently into the language. It is not entirely hyperbole. Nooks and valleys historically charming will thereafter lose their spell to you,—because they are too small. All Kansas people are celebrated for an unreasoning poo-pooing of all other localities. It is aut Kansas aut nihil. Sometimes one thinks they would like to wall her in, and have everything to themselves, with a few reciprocity and other treaties with those they liked, and with a set of histories, newspapers, periodicals and poets all to themselves, and to suit them. This spirit of loyalty has aided largely in the wonderful growth of the country, and has its available side, and is entirely excusable as an effect of locality and climate. But it has made possible a variety of treason not contemplated by the Constitution, and that is punishable only by epithets, and has called out a retaliatory crop of denials and countercharges.

This is the land of pretty towns, as you will find to be the case as
you rapidly come nearer to the middle of the "desert." They have
grown and changed with unequalled rapidity within the past two
years. In each of them the school-house is the prominent object.
Only in the very newest neighborhoods is the school-building a poor
one, and it may be said with certainty that it never long remains so.
The system of public education is one of the most complete possible,
and public and private interest in the education of the masses has
not flagged from the beginning. A heavy indebtedness for school-
buildings is not complained of, and the first and latest effort of
every man who comes is to get, first a school-house; second, a
railroad. There is one, eastern feature that will be missed;
there are no "saloons." It is true. This hideous feature of
civilization is actually eliminated. The Kansas "cranks" are
made of that kind of material that they actually mean their theories.
So far as human wisdom can see, there is no hope of the
re-establishment of this most horrible of industries. There is
now no question of either the wisdom or the strength of the anti-
saloon movement. It is not a movement; it is a fact acquiesced
in by everybody.

There is, among minor considerations, something very remarkable
about the "luck" of this peculiar commonwealth. Every mishap
that could befall her by conspiracy of all the malignant powers has
befallen her. Nothing could be more terrible than the drouth of
1860, of which the half has not been told, or the grasshopper
scourge of 1874. They both, to all appearances, resulted in a
splendid advertisement and succeeding booms. Everything that it
was said Kansas could not do, and was not fitted to do, she has
done.

In early times her climate was most discouraging from its very
inherent and incurable disagreeableness. The wind was always
blowing. It amounted to malice. Everything that was portable
was taken by the wind to some other locality. This perpetual
sirocco was not occasional, but continuous. It did not rain with
any regularity even during the (comparatively) good years, and, in fine, the weather, and anxiety about the weather, was the burden of common life.

This is all changed, as the world knows. Why?

The last "streak" of industrial luck that has struck the country is the sugar industry. This sugar is made from "sorghum" cane, yields largely, can be made with certainty, and is profitable at four-and-one-half cents per pound; perhaps less. There is no locality outside of its native Africa where this cane grows so big, and thick, and tall, and sweet, as it does in Kansas. As usual with enterprises here, this industry is destined to grow with great rapidity. There will soon be sugar-houses with tall chimneys sticking up out of the landscape everywhere. Nobody will have ever seen these chimneys before except in the midst of the palms, and with at least semitropical surroundings.

And for years they have been raising sorghum in the western portions of the State as a forage-crop. If that despised region can now come forward as a sugar-country, it will succeed in turning the tables very handsomely upon previous reputation.

There is a good deal of Kansas history of a more modern date than any thus far mentioned. All the hills you see beyond the timber, and out to the southward, have been in a later day than that of the historic trail tramped over by those who were making history with great effect, and more of it, probably, than they at the time supposed. All the trails leading westward from the Missouri over this part of the State have been tramped over by armed men. They did not live here; in point of fact they had not the least business here, and did not come to stay.

At this date, and to younger men, the whole story of the attempted conquest of Kansas by people who came here purposely to do it, and in the interest direct and avowed of an institution as dead now as Pompey the Great, seems absurd. But they did come, and they came so near to success in their efforts that for a while they were
sure they had succeeded. However, later times have shown that this was but the sign of an approaching revolution. This is the sense in which the first battles of the great war were fought in Kansas; a remark that is often made.

"No wonder they wanted it." This was the only remark made on the subject by a gentleman looking out at the car window on this same route, when his eye fell upon the landscape a few miles east of Lawrence, where the Wakarusa joins the Kaw. The country had a charm even in those gloomy days. They "wanted" it.

A few minutes before noon the train reaches Lawrence. It is now a town embowered in trees, and a place of elegant houses, often referred to somewhat tritely as "the Athens of Kansas." For the State University is here; a beautiful building crowning the hill west of the city, and visible for many miles in all directions. It is
an institution that has received especial care from successive Legislatures, and that is rapidly growing in influence and educational facilities. But the State is full of "institutions of learning," denominational and otherwise, and the public interest is largely concentrated in the schools.

Here, on the right of the train, one may see a curious sight,—for Kansas. It is a dam across the Kaw River; the only one in sight in a long journey. It is the only one ever built across this sandy current, the "bed-rock" of which almost always eludes the eye of industry.

As a point of historical interest, Lawrence takes high rank. The place was the centre and capital of the Free State side of the Kansas struggle, and, then and since, its streets have witnessed strange sights. Here, on the then extreme verge of western civilization, it has been burned, purposely and by enemies, two several times. First, when it was a mere village, but a very widely known one, on May 21, 1856, and last, on August 21, 1863.

The following two accounts of the last burning are given in Wilder's "Annals of Kansas." The first was written by the Rev. Richard Cordley, D. D. The last appeared in a book called "Shelby and his Men," printed in Cincinnati in 1867, and it gives a Confederate view of the massacre.

Mr. Cordley's account:

"Early in the Summer of 1863, a large band entered Olathe, one night, about midnight. They took most of the citizens prisoners, and kept them till their work was done. They plundered the town, carried off what they wanted, and destroyed other property, and left before daylight. They killed some seven men.

"Some time after they sacked the town of Shawnee twice. In addition to robbery, they burned most of the town. Several were killed here also. Individual murders and house-burning were common.

"On the 20th of August, a body of between three and four hundred crossed the State line at sundown. Riding all night they reached Lawrence at daybreak. They dashed into the town with a yell, shooting at everybody they saw. The surprise was complete. The hotel, and every point where a rally would be possible, was
seized at once, and the ruffians then began the work of destruction. Some of the citizens escaped into the fields and ravines, and some into the woods, but the larger portion could not escape at all. Numbers of those were shot down as they were found, and often brutally mangled. In many cases the bodies were left in the burning buildings, and were consumed. The Rebels entered the place about five o'clock, and left between nine and ten. Troops for the relief of the town were within six miles when the Rebels went out. One hundred and forty-three were left dead in the streets, and about thirty desperately wounded. The main street was all burned but two stores. Thus, about seventy-five business houses were destroyed; and nearly one hundred residences. They destroyed something near two millions of property, left eighty widows and two hundred and fifty orphans as the result of their four hours' work. Scenes of brutality were enacted which have never been surpassed in savage warfare. The picture is redeemed only by the fact that women and children were in no case hurt."

The Confederate view:

"About daylight on the morning of August 21, 1863, Quantrill, with three hundred men, dashed into the streets of Lawrence, Kansas. Flame and bullet, waste and pillage, terror and despair, were everywhere. Two hundred were killed. Death was a monarch, and men bowed down and worshiped him. Blood ran in rivulets. The guerrillas were unerring shots with revolvers and excellent horsemen. General Lane saved himself by flight; General Collamore took refuge in a well, and died there. Poor Collamore! He should have kept away from the well, upon the principle that actuated the mother who had no objection to her boy's learning how to swim, if he didn't go near the water. Printers and editors suffered. Speer of the Tribune, Palmer of the Journal, Trask of the State Journal, hadn't time even to write their obituaries. Two camps of instruction for white and negro soldiers, on Massachusetts street (of course), were surrounded and all their occupants killed. Every hotel, except the City Hotel, was burned. Other property, valued at two million dollars, was also fired and consumed. . . . Massachusetts street was made a mass of smouldering ruins. Sometimes there is a great deal in a name—in this instance more than is generally the case. After killing every male inhabitant who remained in Lawrence, after burning the houses in the town and those directly around it, Quantrill very quietly withdrew his men into Missouri and rested there, followed, however, at a safe distance, by General Lane, who made terrible threats, but miserable fulfilments. Two hundred white abolitionists, fifty or sixty negroes, and two millions of dollars' worth of property were fearful aggregates of losses."