

Men —

Who Make St. Joseph
"The City Worth While"

COMPILED AND PUBLISHED
BY
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DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to the memory of one who long ago passed away. He came to St. Joseph March 12, 1847, and was the first man who had enough courage to establish a business of any kind east of Main street. He selected the corner of Second and Felix streets, the present site of the Chase Candy Company, for his cabinet making shop and furniture store. Shortly after arriving in St. Joseph he was elected justice of the peace, and filled the office for twelve years. His decisions were invariably sustained, not a single reversal being made by the higher courts during the entire time of his official service. He was for several years one of the town trustees, and was president of the board.

He was a native of Kentucky, born in 1808, and a Democrat. When the Civil war broke out he said: "If I must give up Democracy or the Union I will give up Democracy." His own service and that of five of his sons were enlisted under the first call for troops. The biographer of fifty years ago said of him: "He was a member of the Christian Church and the Masonic fraternity, and was honored and respected by all who knew him. He lived and died without a blemish on his character, having performed his duty to his family, to his neighbors and to his country, faithfully and well." This was Lewis Tracy, my grandfather, to whose memory I affectionately dedicate this further history of St. Joseph.

W. P. T.

Historical

*"We should not pass from the earth
without leaving traces to carry our
memory to posterity."*

THIS is the month of June, in the year 1920. It is the season when the earth and the heavens vie with each other in proclaiming the beauties of Nature; the time when man comes into a fuller understanding with his Maker, and has a greater love for all mankind.

Beauty spots may abound in far off places, but none surpass those to be found in and about dear old St. Joe.

No grander view is offered than one beholds from the hills about the city. As far as the eye can carry, one's nature responds to the sublime touch of a divine hand. To the north, east and south are the wonderful Missouri fields and orchards, in varying shades of green, and to the west the neighboring State of Kansas continues the endless panorama. And at evening, when the sun kisses good night to all things here below, and his smiles are reflected by the ripples of the great winding Missouri, as it journeys through one of the richest and most beautiful valleys in the world, a new hope for the morrow is inspired.

The government census of 1920 gives St. Joseph a population of 77,939. It is most interesting to note how each generation has contributed to its fullest measure in the work of development.

First, the Indian trading post, then the supply base for the great West, and finally a big commercial and industrial center. A city counting as its chief asset its home life, and all which tends to make it more attractive and happy; a city which also counts among its best assets its

schools, its churches, its libraries, its parks and public buildings, and all else which makes for the moral uplift of its people.

Year after year the responsibilities of citizenship have been assumed and bravely borne by men of far vision who were possessed of strength, courage, ambition and determination.

It will be satisfying and inspiring to know something of those sturdy pioneers who traded with the Indians and hunted buffalo and other wild game. To recall the days of the '49ers who bought their supplies here and began their long journey across the plains to the gold fields of California, forgetful of the hardships ahead or the scalping knife of the savage.

The devotion to duty of the Pony Express riders. Then, the agitation for a railroad and the difficulty in financing it. The wonderful business of the steamboats, and finally the building of a steel bridge to span the Missouri River. All the while the city manifesting the highest spirit of progress and making rapid advancement.

The Founder of St. Joseph

Joseph Robidoux, the founder of St. Joseph, was born in St. Louis, Mo., August 10, 1783, of French parentage.

He was the eldest of a family, consisting of six sons and one daughter.

When only 18 years of age he married Eugenie Delille, the daughter of a wealthy man of St. Louis. By this union they had one child, Joseph E. Robidoux, who lived to an advanced age near White Cloud, Kan.

Four years after his marriage his wife died. After her death young Robidoux, then in his 23rd year, became

an extensive traveler, first visiting New Orleans, and different points on the lower Mississippi, in search of a favorable location for a trading post. Finding none that offered the advantages desired by him on the Mississippi River, he finally located on the present site of the city of Chicago. He was plundered and robbed by the Indians of his goods and merchandise within a few days after his arrival there.

He returned again to St. Louis, and soon thereafter made a voyage up the Missouri River, in company with one of the partners of the American Fur Company.

"Blacksnake Hills" had been seen by some of the men connected with the fur companies while en route on one of their expeditions. Seeing the Indians here in large numbers while on this journey, they debarked and noted the points of vantage as a probable future trading post, then proceeded to Council Bluffs, the original place of destination.

Robidoux was favorably impressed with the "Bluffs" as a trading post. He returned to St. Louis and purchased a stock of goods, which he transported up the river by a keel boat, arriving at the Bluffs in the fall of 1809, where he remained for thirteen years.

He made occasional visits to St. Louis, and it was on one of these visits, in 1813, that he was married to Angélique Vaudry of that city. By this union they had six sons and one daughter—Faron, Julius C., Francis B., Felix, Edmond, Charles and Mrs. S. P. Beauvis.

Robidoux became an expert Indian trader, readily adapting himself to the habits, manners and customs of the Indians. He was soon making inroads on the business of the American Fur Company, also located at the Bluffs. Finally he became so popular with the Indians that he controlled a large portion of the trade, to the great detriment of the Fur Company. Wishing no further opposition from Robidoux, the Fur Company purchased his stock of goods at an advance of 50 per cent over the cost, and further

agreed to pay him \$1,000 per year for a period of three years, conditioned upon his leaving the Bluffs.

He then returned to St. Louis, where he carried on the business of a baker and confectioner until the expiration of the three years.

Having already spent many years of his life among the Indians as a fur trader, he concluded to embark once more in the same pursuit, and made known his intentions to the Fur Company.

Rather than have the trade divided with one so shrewd and experienced as Robidoux, a representative of the Fur Company offered to place him in this neighborhood at a salary of \$1,800 per year, provided he would not interfere with the trade at the Bluffs. Accepting the proposition, he came here in the late summer of 1826, in a keel boat, and first landed at the mouth of the creek now called Roy's Branch. By the following spring he had recognized the advantage of a location at the mouth of Blacksnake Creek (about 200 feet north of the present Francis street depot). He then transferred his trading to this point, which was the beginning of St. Joseph, and Robidoux was the first white man to settle here. He continued to work for the Fur Company until 1830, when he became the sole proprietor of the post.

(It might be well to record that Blacksnake Creek is no more—its water having been curbed by one of the largest sewers in the world, and over its course commerce and industry are carried on with little thought of its existence).

First Log House

In 1827 Robidoux erected a small log house, which for many years was the only evidence of civilized man within a radius of fifty miles. It stood near the mouth of Blacksnake Creek.

Later he erected a large house at the northeast corner of Main and Jule streets. It faced the south, was one and one-half stories high, contained nine rooms, six on the

first floor and three on the second, and a covered porch extending along the entire front. Besides there was a shed on the north side, divided into three rooms, in one of which Robidoux slept. The entire structure was of logs, chinked with mud, and was substantially and correctly built, insuring comfort in all seasons, and being sufficiently formidable to withstand an attack of hostile Indians, should one be made.

Robidoux spoke the various Indian dialects fluently. His English was broken and strongly flavored with the French accent. He was a heavily built man, about five feet ten inches in height, of swarthy complexion and with piercing eyes. His manners were mild and persuasive, and he was polite and hospitable. So far as known he never had difficulties with the red man. He was a natural trader and highly successful. He died in St. Joseph, May 27, 1868, nearly eighty-five years of age, and was buried at Calvary Cemetery. The funeral was public, and business generally was suspended. The body was removed to Mount Olivet Cemetery, August 22, 1908.

Robidoux had in his employ about twenty Frenchmen, who made regular trips with mules to the Grand River country, and across the Missouri River into what is now Kansas and southern Nebraska. They took with them the trinkets, such as beads, mirrors, cloth of bright colors, etc., which so appealed to the heart of the Indian. In return for these they secured the peltries and buffalo hides which, in time, were shipped to St. Louis in keel boats—the day of the steamboat having not yet arrived.

For the convenience of those in his employ and the Indians Robidoux operated a small ferry, consisting of a flat boat. The landing at this side was about where Francis street originally struck the river, and the road led from there southeast to the Agency Ford of the Platte River, where it forked, one branch leading to Liberty, Clay County, and the other to the Grand River country.

The population of "Blacksnake Hills," as the post was

called, did not increase materially until the completion of the Platte Purchase, in 1837. Then there was a rush of immigration and the trading post was the natural objective point.

Rival trading points sprang up all over the new country between 1837 and 1840. Of Savannah, Amazonia, Bon-town, Elizabethtown, Boston and Jintown, all in Andrew County, the two former alone remain. However, Blacksnake Hills continued to prosper and the population steadily increased.

Robidoux secured two quarter sections, and this land now comprises the "original town" and the various Robidoux additions. Quite a settlement soon developed, for Robidoux gave or leased ground in small parcels to all who desired to locate. He then engaged in general merchandise and built a flour mill near the mouth of Blacksnake Creek. A sawmill was built south of the settlement by a Dr. Daniel Keedy, who was the first physician to locate at the post.

Offered the Site for \$1,600

In the fall of 1839 Robidoux agreed to sell the site of Blacksnake Hills to Warren Samuel and two other parties from Independence, Mo., for \$1,600 in silver. They went home and returned in due time with the money, and also with a plat of the future town. They were Robidoux's guests. During the evening a dispute arose over a trivial matter, which caused Robidoux to decline further negotiations. He had doubtless regretted his part of the bargain and gladly availed himself of this opportunity to cancel the deal at the critical time.

Postoffice is a Hat

In 1840 a postoffice was established at Blacksnake Hills, with Jules C. Robidoux, a son of Joseph, in charge. The office continued under this name until 1843, when it was changed to St. Joseph, the town having meanwhile been platted and christened. Robidoux, George Brubaker

and Captain Frederick W. Smith were the postmasters under the old name, and Captain Smith was the first postmaster under the new name. The mails were not very heavy in those days, coming mostly by boat from the outer world and by pony and stage from neighboring points. Captain Smith wore an old-style, bell-crowned beaver hat, which he used as the repository of postal matter. He was personally acquainted with every inhabitant of the village and it was his custom to deliver mail to parties as he met them. Thus it will be seen that St. Joseph had free postal delivery long before many of the now populous cities of the West were even thought of.

Preparations to form a town were first made by Robidoux in 1842. Though the population was small, Blacksnake Hills was the best trading point in this region, and farmers came long distances to the mills and stores. Sparta was then the county seat of Buchanan County, but the people always preferred this point. When the county court appropriated \$6,000 for a new court house the enterprising people of the "Hills" at once proceeded to get busy, and Robidoux was alive to the importance of the matter.

Naming the Town

The population was about 200, and the business was along the river bank, near the mouth of the Blacksnake. The larger portion of the proposed townsite was a hemp field. As soon as the crop was harvested Robidoux had surveys and plats made by two rival surveyors, Frederick W. Smith and Simeon Kemper. Smith named his plat St. Joseph and Kemper named his Robidoux. Mr. Charles S. Kemper, son of Simeon Kemper, now residing at 1328 Francis street, relates this incident in connection with the plats:

Both plats were taken to St. Louis. The Kemper plat provided wide streets, while that of Smith called for narrow streets. Robidoux's friends urged him to adopt the Smith plat, because of the saving of ground, contending

that it was a waste to make such wide streets. Yielding to this influence, the plat named St. Joseph was selected. A slight change was made in it, which was the adoption of one wide street, as shown by the Kemper plat—that street being the present Main street. The plat was then recorded on July 26, 1843, and the history of St. Joseph therefore begins with that date.

The town as then platted included all of the territory between Robidoux street on the north, Messanie on the south, Sixth street on the east and the river on the west—fifty-two whole and twelve fractional blocks. The dimensions of each whole block being 240x300 feet, bisected by a twelve-foot alley. Robidoux named the streets running back from the river, Water, Levee, First (Main), Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth. Those running at right angles he named after the members of his family, beginning with Robidoux, then Faraon, Jules, Francis, Felix, Edmond, Charles, Sylvanie, Angerique and Messanie.

Town lots were immediately put upon the market. The population now increased rapidly, and at the end of the year 1843 there were 500 people here as compared with 200 in the June previous. At a public sale which had been extensively advertised 150 lots were sold. The corner lots brought \$150 and inside lots \$100 each at this sale.

A monopoly of the trade had been enjoyed by Robidoux until 1843, when a new firm opened a stock of general merchandise.

St. Joseph did not have a municipal government until May, 1845. Joseph Robidoux was elected chairman of the board of trustees of the town.

How the foundations of some fortunes were laid in the early days may be seen from three transactions. In 1844 John Corby purchased the tract of land now known as Corby's Grove, consisting of eighty acres, for the sum of \$200. In the same year Albe M. Saxton purchased a section of land one and one-half miles east of the Patee

House for 1¼ cents per acre. John Patee purchased the tract, 320 acres, which became Patee's Addition, for \$3,200.

After the usual amount of agitation and several elections were held St. Joseph became the county seat of Buchanan County, February 28, 1846, and the future of the city was assured.

By an act of the general assembly in 1838 Peter P. Fulkerson, father of Dr. Perry P. Fulkerson of St. Joseph, was appointed one of a commission of three to locate the county seat of Buchanan County, which, as previously stated, was Sparta. The other members of the commission were Armstrong McClintock of Clinton County and Leonard Brassfield of Clay County. The report of the commission bears date of May 28, 1840. These commissioners named the county seat Benton, but the county court changed it to Sparta the following August.

In December, 1846, a census of St. Joseph was taken, which showed a population of 936.

Times were quite lively in St. Joseph in 1847. New mercantile houses had been established, and old firms had enlarged. From March to September, 1849, 143 buildings were erected.

Days of the '40ers

In the spring of 1849 began the rush to California. As a starting point St. Joseph offered advantages which no other place possessed. Its population was then 1,900, and there were many well-equipped stores in operation, carrying an aggregate stock of close to half a million dollars. Among the merchants of that period was the late Milton Tootle. Also, there were two flouring mills, two steam sawmills, nine blacksmith shops, four wagon shops, two tanners, extensive harness and saddle manufactories, etc. The fact of there being two ferries also had its effect in bringing the gold seekers to this point.

Scarcely a day in February and March passed that did not bring a large number of emigrants, and the Gazette of

March 30, 1849, states that at that time there were upwards of five hundred people camped about the city, awaiting the appearance of grass. The next month saw this number doubled. Grass came early that year, and the emigrants got away promptly.

From April 1 to June 15, 1849, 1,508 wagons crossed on the ferries from St. Joseph.

In 1850 the overland emigration exceeded 100,000, and it is estimated that over one-half of the emigrants left from St. Joseph. As the spring was later by a month than was expected, forty to fifty thousand people were encamped in and for miles around the town, in tents and wagons.

The number of emigrants leaving St. Joseph in 1851 and 1862 was comparatively small. The Indians, too, had proved more annoying, and great care and vigilance were required.

St. Joseph and Savannah sent out large ventures. Among those interested were James McCord (father of Col. J. H. McCord), Richard E. Turner and Dudley M. Steel, all of whom figured prominently in the commercial history of St. Joseph.

While the town enjoyed the reputation of being a great outfitting point, it was also the jumping off place of civilization before entering upon the long and perilous journey across the great plains.

Many wagon trains were loaded at St. Joseph with provisions and wares and taken to Salt Lake and other western points. The freighting business soon grew to immense proportions, St. Joseph being the supply depot for the outlying civilization. From the spirit and determination to meet the merchandising needs of the West grew the wholesale and jobbing business of St. Joseph, and the men whose names are now at the head of these great institutions were keenly alert to the possibilities of their city as a market place. Their judgment has been more than vindicated.

The necessities of the day brought forth the overland

stage. The first contract to transfer the mail to Salt Lake from the Missouri River was let to Samuel Woodson of Independence in 1850. It required nerve to invest money in such an undertaking when the intervening country was a wilderness more than a thousand miles in breadth, occupied by Indians and buffalo.

The Pony Express

The desire for still closer communication resulted in the organization of the famous "Pony Express" service between St. Joseph and San Francisco.

For a period of sixty years it has remained a matter of local pride that St. Joseph was the eastern terminus of the Pony express route.

No greater romance and thrill in the development of the mighty West has ever been experienced. The whole world might have been searched for men more heroic or possessing more cold-steel nerve than the "pony riders," but to no avail.

St. Joseph was the outpost of western civilization. The connecting link between the East and West was the Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad, which had its terminus here.

Across virgin prairies, mountains, rivers, plain and desert 2,000 miles away was a new country peopled with Americans who by sea voyages of thousands of miles or across the leagues of wastes stretching away to the east, had trekked from an older civilization to a new.

Americans are intolerant of difficulties and the absence of communication from the east that to many was still called home, for long months at a time, roused a fervor or protest and an effort to modify the difficulty. This took the form of petitions to congress for relief. Successful candidates for congress took their choice of two routes to Washington—by sea, 12,000 miles or by horseback through a country inhabited only by hostile savages.

It was a current witticism of the time that a congress-

man's tenure of office was likely to expire before he could arrive in Washington to take his oath of office.

Routes for freight and mail carrying "freighters" were planned and the merits of several routes each had their advocates. Two rival groups organized to secure from congress approval and incidentally a mail carrying contract to serve the Pacific coast. At the head of one of these groups was Russell, Majors & Waddell of Independence, Mo., who were large freighters of merchandise via Salt Lake to Sacramento. The other group consisted of the Wells Butterfield coterie of stage and express men who undertook to prove the longer route from St. Louis through the territories of the southwest to be the better way.

Finally, in 1855, Senator W. M. Gwin introduced a bill in congress to bring mails to the Pacific coast by horseback. The rival group mustered enough force to have the bill pigeonholed by urging the great, if not impossible task of crossing snow laden mountains.

However, the southern route champions won recognition, and in 1857 James E. Birch was given a contract for carrying mails via the southern route. There were no roads, only rough trails and for hundred of miles unbroken wastes. Along the entire route were but two towns, El Paso and Tucson.

The first mail sacks were carried on horseback across this desolate wilderness of blistering desert and mountains. The initial trip was made by Silas St. John and Charles Mason, who rode side by side from Cariso Creek to Jaeger's Ferry, where Yuma now stands. The route over blistering hot deserts, sand hills, alkali flats and mountains was made in 32 days.

The project was a financial failure, and the people of California were apparently as far away from communication with the eastern part of the country as ever.

But what the government failed to do was accomplished by a private firm, and over the northern route. To the good offices of Senator W. M. Gwin was this made possi-

ble, and through his persuasions the firm of Russell, Majors & Waddell undertook the project.

The Real Pony Express

It is a matter of controversy just who the first rider was on that memorable day of April 3, 1860, who, amid cheering crowds, booming cannon and shrieking whistles, leaped on a fleet brown mare and at swinging gallop headed for the town of Sacramento, California, out of St. Joseph, Mo.

(From the St. Joseph Weekly Free Democrat of April 7, 1860, is this reference in connection with the start: "All being desirous of preserving a memento of the flying messenger, the little pony was almost robbed of its tail.")

Alexander Carlyle is given the honor by some, but the general belief in St. Joseph is that Johnny Fry was the first to essay the long 2,000 mile journey. The same honor is claimed for Henry Wallace, but Charles Cliff of St. Joseph, Mo., who began riding the following year, gives the first honor to Johnny Fry.

There was an enormous amount of preparation for this project. At first relay stations were established every twenty-five miles, and the duty of the man in charge was to have a horse bridled, saddled and waiting for the appearance of the pony express rider, day and night.

Then the question of riders must be met and the exigencies of the case demanded men of light weight, small size, skilled and daring riders and of dauntless courage. The horses were picked with unusual care. Time was the essence of the undertaking and horses of speed, mettle and staying qualities were in every way essential. The horses received the best of care and the rider must go from station to station at top speed. Very shortly after the inauguration of the pony express the relay stations were practically doubled, being from ten to thirteen miles apart instead of twenty-five miles. It was a ride against time and a quarter hundred miles was too far to expect a horse to main-

tain his best speed over the entire course. But ten miles was a different matter, and the entire distance of almost 2,000 miles was covered in the short period of eight days. Both men and horses were something phenomenal in those hardy days.

The Start From St. Joseph

It was just before the hour of 5:30 o'clock in the afternoon of April 3, 1860. Practically all of St. Joseph's population were gathered around the old Pike's Peak stable, located near Ninth and Penn streets, and just south of Patee Park. The old structure has since been remodeled, and at present is occupied by a manufacturing concern. The identical spot (in Patee Park), from which the rider of that memorable ride started, is marked with a suitable monument erected by the local Daughters of the American Revolution as a permanent memorial of this historic occasion, and bears this inscription:

This Monument, Erected by the
Daughters of the American Revolution
and

The City of St. Joseph,
Marks the Place Where the First Pony Express
Started on April 3, 1860.

With a prolonged whistle the westbound train from the east had rolled into St. Joseph. Mails designed for the initial pony express trip were hurriedly distributed, and promptly at 5:30 Johnny Fry sprung into the saddle of his eager horse, and with the booming of cannon and to the cheers of thousands he rode to the local express office on North Second street, received his dispatches in saddle bags of heavy, tough leather with a hole cut in center to fit over saddle horn. These bags contained four pockets called cantinas, one before and one behind each leg. The mail carried was written on the lightest weight paper procur-

able. Some of the New York papers of that day printed their papers on tissue paper to be carried by the pony express. It was more profitable as an advertisement than in a pecuniary way.

Three of the cantinas or pockets were locked, to be opened only at certain military posts en route, and at Salt Lake City. The fourth pocket carried mail for the way stations, where each keeper had a key. Way bills and a time card to record arrival and departure of the pony express riders were the usual contents of this fourth or local mail pocket.

With dispatches safely stowed in his saddle bags, Fry rode to the Missouri River ferry at the foot of Jule street and was ferried across to Elwood on the Kansas side. There was a second ovation in the Kansas town, and then Fry disappeared into the unknown west on his fast but lonely ride.

On the same day in far away Sacramento, California, Harry Roff started east. The trip from San Francisco to Sacramento was made by water, so that the real trip by horseback began in the latter city at midnight. Riders out of St. Joseph proceeded to Seneca, Kansas, sixty miles from St. Joseph, and there were four stations between the two points. On Fry's initial journey he rode seventy-five miles, changing horses three times in the journey.

John Fry, John Burnett, Jack Keetley, Henry Wallace, Charles Cliff and Gus Clipp were the riders out of St. Joseph. There were eighty of these riders, all told, forty riding west and forty riding east.

Men were paid \$400 a year and maintenance. All riders were young. Charles Cliff, who began riding the year following the inauguration of the pony express, was but 17 years old, and earned his first money as a pony rider. Everything weighty was sacrificed. The saddle was the lightest that would serve. The riders' costume was a buckskin shirt, cloth trousers tucked into high boot tops, a cap or slouch hat and a pair of Colt revolvers. At first a rifle

was a part of the rider's equipment, but was soon discarded. The rider's safety depended on speed and the revolvers were depended upon for protection in close quarters. The horses, while carefully selected, were of the mustang breed, half broken, but able to keep up that long, swinging gallup hour after hour at almost express speed. In this way 250 miles a day was covered.

The carriage charges were \$5 per letter of one-half ounce weight, plus the government postage. Later this price was reduced to \$2.50 per half ounce letter in addition to government postage.

Two Minutes For Transfer

Everything possible to save time was done. Riders were allowed two minutes to transfer saddle pouches to a fresh horse, mount and depart. When approaching a station a rider would loosen his saddle bags, leap from his horse to the fresh mount and go on with hardly a pause. At the stations where a new rider took up the journey the incoming rider would unbuckle his saddle bags before arriving, ride in at full gallop and hand his saddle bags to the fresh rider.

Mark Twain's Description

In his book, "Roughing It," Mark Twain devotes a chapter to the pony riders that gives a vivid picture of the endurance and courage of these brave fellows. On one occasion the passengers of the overland stage, which also has its place in the conquering of the western wilderness, contained Mark Twain, who describes the trip as only he is capable of doing. On the morning in question the stage route crossed that taken by the pony rider and there was a keen desire on the part of the passengers to see the flight of the flesh and blood meteor. The Twain narration reads:

"In a little while all interest was taken up in stretching our necks and watching for the 'pony rider'—the fleet messenger who sped across the continent from St. Joseph to

Sacramento, carrying letters 1,900 miles in eight days. Think of that for perishable horse and human flesh to do! The pony rider was usually a little bit of a man, brimful of spirit and endurance. No matter what time of the day or night his watch came on and no matter whether it was winter or summer, raining, hailing, snowing or sleeting, or whether his 'beat' was a level, straight road or a crazy trail over mountain crags or precipices, or whether it led through peaceful regions or regions that swarmed with hostile Indians, he must be always ready to leap into the saddle and be off like the wind! There was no idling time for a pony rider on duty. He rode fifty miles without stopping by daylight, moonlight or starlight, or through the blackness or darkness—just as it happened.

"He rode a splendid horse that was born for a racer and fed and lodged like a gentleman; kept him at his utmost speed for ten miles, and then, as he went crashing up to the station, where stood two men holding fast a fresh, impatient steed the transfer of rider and mail bag was made in the twinkling of an eye, and away flew the eager pair and were out of sight before the spectator could get hardly the ghost of a look. Both rider and horse were flying light. The rider's dress was thin and fitted close; he wore a roundabout and a skull cap and tucked his pantaloons into his boot tops like a race rider. He carried no arms. He carried nothing that was not absolutely necessary, for even the postage on his literary freight was worth five dollars a letter. He got but little frivolous correspondence to carry—his bag had business letters in it, mostly. His horse was stripped of all unnecessary weight, too. He wore a little wafer of a racing saddle, and no visible blanket. He wore light shoes or none at all.

"The little flat mail pockets strapped on his thighs would each hold about the bulk of a child's primer. They held many and many an important business chapter and newspaper letter, but these were written on paper as light

and airy as gold leaf, nearly, and thus bulk and weight were economized.

Made 250 Miles a Day

"The stage coach traveled about 100 to 125 miles a day (24 hours), the pony rider about two hundred and fifty. There were about eighty pony riders in the saddle all the time, day and night, stretching in a long, scattering procession from Missouri to California, forty flying eastward and forty toward the West, and among them making 400 gallant horses earn a stirring livelihood and see a deal of scenery every single day in the year.

"We had had a consuming desire, from the beginning, to see a pony rider, but somehow or other all that passed us and all that met us managed to streak in the night, and so we heard only a whiz and a hail and the swift phantom of the desert was gone before we could get our heads out of the windows. But now we were expecting one along every moment, and would see him in broad daylight. Presently the driver exclaims:

"Here he comes!"

"Every neck is stretched further, and every eye strained wider. Away across the endless dead level of the prairie a black speck appears against the sky, and it is plain that it moves. Well, I should think so! In a second or so it becomes a horse and rider, rising and falling, rising and falling—sweeping towards us nearer and nearer—growing more and more distinct, more and more sharply defined—nearer and still nearer, and the flatter of the hoofs comes faintly to the ear—another instant a whoop and a hurrah from our upper deck, a wave of the rider's hand, but no reply, and man and horse pass our excited faces, and go swinging away like a belated fragment of a storm.

"So sudden is it all, and so like a flash of unreal fancy that but for the flake of white foam left quivering and perishing on a mail sack after the vision had flashed by and disappeared we might have doubted whether we had seen any actual man and horse at all, maybe.

"We passed Fort Laramie in the night, and on the seventh morning out we found ourselves in the Black Hills, with Laramie Peak at our elbow (apparently), looming vast and solitary—a deep, dark, rich indigo blue in hue, so portentously did the old colossus frown under his beetling brows of storm cloud. He was thirty or forty miles away, in reality, but he only seemed removed a little beyond the low ridge at our right.

"We breakfasted at Horseshoe station, 676 miles out from St. Joseph. We had not reached a hostile Indian country and during the afternoon we passed Laparelle station and enjoyed great discomfort all the time we were in the neighborhood, being aware that many of the trees we dashed by at arm's length concealed a lurking Indian or two. During the preceding night an ambushed savage had sent a bullet through a pony rider's jacket, but he had ridden on, just the same, because pony riders were not allowed to stop and inquire into such things except when killed. As long as they had life enough left in them they had to stick to the horse and ride, even if the Indians had been waiting for them a week and were entirely out of patience."

For all of Twain's jesting there is no belittling the dangers incurred by the pony riders. Their devotion to duty led them into a thousand risks and dangers, but these happened so frequently they came to be looked upon as a matter of course. The pony express routes came to be fairly well defined after it had been firmly established and ambushes were all in the day's work.

Charles Cliff, who rode out of St. Joseph, in an encounter was shot three times in the body, and his clothing bore the marks of twenty-seven bullets.

The one chance the Indians had was in surprising the pony rider at some lonely part or turn of the road, for once past them he was safe from their pursuit. No one in all the West was better mounted and no horses were ever selected with more care for the purpose in hand than the

fleet, enduring steeds of the pony express. The pony express was in operation but seventeen months when it was discontinued because of the completion of the telegraph line between Omaha and San Francisco.

But so unique was its conception, so successful its operation that in its entire history it was not late oftener than half a dozen times, despite all the vicissitudes resultant from storm, moonless and starless nights, Indians, road agents, accidents and what not that might happen in that wild ride of two thousand miles.

The great feat of the pony express service was the delivery of President Lincoln's inaugural address in 1861. Great interest was felt in this all over the land, foreshadowing as it did the policy of the administration in the matter of rebellion. In order to establish a record, as well as for an advertisement, the company determined to break all previous records, and to this end horses were led out from the stations so as to reduce the distance each would have to run, and get the highest possible speed out of every animal. Each horse averaged only ten miles, and that at its very best speed. Every precaution was taken to prevent delay, and the result stands without a parallel in history: seven days and seventeen hours—one hundred and eighty-five hours—for 1,950 miles, an average of 10.7 miles per hour. From St. Joseph to Denver, 665 miles, was made in two days and twenty-one hours, the last ten miles being accomplished in thirty-one minutes.

Compare the thrill of the Pony Express with the aerial mail delivery, as told by the Associated Press dispatch sent out from Oakland, California, August 8, 1920, as follows: Two all-metal airplanes that left New York City on July 29 to blaze a trail for a trans-continental aerial mail service, landed at an Oakland flying field late today. J. M. Larsen, owner of the planes, delivered to Postmaster Joseph J. Rosebrough a package of New York mail constituting what was said to be the first trans-continental aerial mail delivery on record.

Days of the Steamboat

Imagine, if you can, going down to the river front today and seeing as many as twenty steamboats, some bringing settlers, but all having on board supplies to be distributed all over the western mountains and plains.

This was an every day scene during the '40s, '50s, and half of the '60s, when the river was dotted with boats. Large warehouses were required for the immense traffic. Hides, furs, hemp, tallow, hemp rope, whiskey and tobacco were the principal products shipped down the river.

Then, as now, St. Joseph was the business center for the whole river district. Most of the California pioneers were here supplied with outfits for the long journey to the Pacific.

Many "mackinaw" boats would arrive about June of each year, loaded down with furs, mostly belonging to Joseph Robidoux. The cargoes would be reshipped here on steamboats if the terms were favorable, but if Uncle Joe thought the steamboat men were trying to "work" him he would continue the trip to St. Louis with his mackinaws.

St. Joseph was practically the head of navigation, but in the early days a few boats would go up to the mountains each year, loaded with supplies and trinkets for the traders, consuming a whole season on the trip.

When the railroads were built there was little business left for steamboats, and they dropped out one by one, seeking other fields, until now they are a curiosity on this river.

Pilots and engineers, in the early times, were paid \$200 to \$350 per month. One season many boats came from the Ohio River to compete for the trade. In order to "head" them off the Missouri River men hired all the licensed pilots, paying them, for a time, \$1,000 a month, work or play.

The First Railroad

To those who enjoy the comfort and luxury of modern travel by rail it will prove quite amusing to know that an

effort was made to prevent the building of the first railroad into St. Joseph on the ground that "railroads are impractical."

Notwithstanding the attitude on the part of prominent men of the day, who went so far as to issue a circular letter warning the people not to be "tricked by such impractical things as railroads," there were in St. Joseph ardent advocates for such enterprises.

One of these enthusiasts was Robert M. Stewart, then a lawyer here, who was afterward governor of Missouri. He went actively to work, organized meetings, talked railroads, interested the people, and as a member of the state senate secured in February, 1847, the passage of an act to incorporate the Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad Company. Among the incorporators were Joseph Robidoux, John Corby and Robert J. Boyd of St. Joseph. The capital stock was \$2,000,000.

A railroad convention was held at Chillicothe in June of 1847, at which resolutions were adopted recommending the following as the best methods to procure means for the construction of the Hannibal & St. Joseph road: "(1) To appoint a committee of three members to draft an address in the name of this convention, to the people of western Missouri, setting forth the advantages to be derived from the contemplated railroad from St. Joseph to Hannibal; (2) To appoint a committee of three, whose duty it shall be to petition the legislature of Missouri for such aid in the undertaking as can be afforded consistently with the rights of other sections of the state; (3) To appoint a committee of three to petition Congress for a donation of alternate sections of lands, within six miles on each side of said road, when located; (4) To appoint a committee, whose duty it shall be to superintend the publication and distribution of the proceedings of the convention and the address to the people of northern Missouri."

There was considerable enthusiasm among the people as the result of this convention, but material aid came

slowly. A few dollars were raised in St. Joseph for a preliminary survey and a surveying corps was organized, with Simeon Kemper and James O'Donoghue as engineers in charge. Six months after their departure from St. Joseph they returned and reported having found a practicable route for a railroad. A meeting of citizens was held, at which the two heroic surveyors made their report, and a banquet was spread in their honor.

The first survey was completed to Hannibal on Christmas Day, 1830, by Simeon Kemper and James O'Donoghue.

In 1852 the building of the road was assured. Willard P. Hall, who had, in 1846, argued against railroads on general principles, now became the good angel of the despondent enterprise. As chairman of the committee on public lands in Congress he secured the passage of a bill granting six hundred thousand acres of land to the Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad Company, and the work of construction began at Hannibal as soon as possible.

The state loaned its credit to aid the work in the sum of \$1,500,000 bonds, to be issued and used, conditioned on proof that the sum of \$50,000 had been actually expended in construction. John Corby of St. Joseph, agent of the road, borrowed the first \$50,000, and this enabled the work to continue until funds were secured from land sales and bonds issued by the counties through which the line passes.

Again, in 1855, the company having exhausted all its resources, the state loaned an additional \$1,500,000, making in all the sum of \$3,000,000, which was liquidated, with interest, in about seventeen years after the completion of the road.

The contract for building the entire line was let to John Duff & Co., August 10, 1852, its construction being sublet to various parties. Work was commenced first on the eastern line and progressed slowly.

In August, 1857, the steamboat Saranak brought an

engine and cargo of rails to St. Joseph. Some grading was done, a track laid, and the engine hauled out on the bank, with all the people in town and vicinity as lookers-on. It was a great curiosity.

Work proceeded very rapidly for those days, and progress was reported all along the line. John Corby of St. Joseph was a director and a heavy contractor in the construction of the road. When the two ends of the line were a hundred miles apart stages were put on to carry passengers from one point to the other, and a lively business was done.

Large warehouses were constructed at Hannibal and at St. Joseph, and steamboat lines started up and down the river to transact the immense business done in connection with the road.

On February 14, 1859, the first through passenger train arrived at St. Joseph from Hannibal, with Edgar Sleppey as engineer and Benjamin H. Colt as conductor. A great celebration in honor of the completion of the road was held on Washington's birthday, at the old Odd Fellows' Hall. A jug of water from the Mississippi was emptied into the Missouri River at the mouth of Blacksnake, the ceremony mingling the waters being performed with great solemnity by Broadus Thompson, a prominent citizen in those days, and a most unique character withal.

John Patee had donated a strip of ground containing forty acres, from Olive street west of Eighth south to Mitchell avenue, for terminal facilities. A depot was built at Eighth and Olive streets. In 1857, before the completion of the road, shops were established, with C. F. Shively as master mechanic. In the summer of 1872 a branch was built from St. Joseph to Atchison. The Hannibal & St. Joseph road became part of the Burlington system in 1884.

Eugene Field

St. Joseph has given to the world of letters a number of brilliant writers who have achieved national and interna-

tional fame. Among these is one who is probably more warmly cherished in the memory of many than any other, the same being Eugene Field. In Field's prolific deluge of verse and poetry none carries a more tender sentiment than that general favorite, "Lover's Lane, St. Jo," in which love and lonesomeness for one's home town were never more feelingly expressed.

Feeling that this volume would hardly be complete without the poem, permission was secured from the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons, to reproduce it from the "Poems of Eugene Field," which were copyrighted in 1910 by Julia Sutherland Field.

Lover's Lane, Saint Jo.

Saint Jo, Buchanan County,
Is leagues and leagues away,
And I sit in the gloom of this rented room
And pine to be there today.
Yes, with the London fog around me
And the bustle to and fro,
I am feeling to be across the sea
In Lover's Lane, Saint Jo.

I would have a brown-eyed maiden
Go driving once again;
And I'd sing the song, as we strolled along
That I sung to that maiden then;
I purposely say "as we strolled along,"
For a proper horse goes slow
In those leafy aisles where Cupid smiles
In Lover's Lane, Saint Jo.

But the maples they should shield us
From the gossip of the place;
Nor should the sun, except by pun,
Profane the maiden's face;
And the girl should do the driving,
For a fellow can't, you know,
Unless he's neglectful of what's respectful
In Lover's Lane, Saint Jo.

Ah! sweet the hours of springtime,
When the heart inclines to woo,
And it's deemed all right for the fellow wight
To do what he wants to do.
But cruel the age of winter,
When the way of the world says no
To the hoary men who would woo again
In Lover's Lane, Saint Jo.

In the Union Bank of London
Are forty pounds or more,
Which I'm like to spend, ere the month shall end
In an antiquarian store;
But I'd give it all and gladly,
If for an hour or so
I could feel the grace of a distant place—
In Lover's Lane, Saint Jo.

Let us sit awhile, beloved,
And dream of the good old days—
Of the kindly shade which the maples made
Round the stanch but squeaky chair;
With your head upon my shoulder,
And my arm about you so,
Though exiles, we shall seem to be
In Lover's Lane, Saint Jo.

While the Lover's Lane of Field's day is a changed thoroughfare, and the horse and buggy would be almost as much of a novelty now as the automobile would have been then, still the human heart is unchanged and the sentiment of the verses finds an ever ready response.

The resident of St. Joseph versed in the traditions of St. Joseph in a social way and familiar, too, with the characters that in times agone lived their days and lives in the one time frontier town, have always especially prized the verses that bear the title of "The St. Jo Gazette," where Field's early years as a newspaper man were spent. The local references now remain only with the old timer, but in memory of that time when Field "helped 'em run the local on the St. Jo Gazette," and of those who supplied the aforesaid locals of news and puffs, the verses are reproduced here:

"When I helped 'em run the local on the St. Jo Gazette,
I was upon familiar terms with everyone I met.
For 'items' were my stock in trade in that my callow time,
Before the muses troubled me to try my hand at rhyme—
Before I found in verses those soothing, gracious merces
Less practical but much more glorious than a well filled purse is.
A votary of Mammon I hustled 'round and sweat,
And helped 'em run the local on the St. Jo Gazette.

The labors of the day began at half past eight a. m.,
For the farmers came in early and I had to tackle them,
And many a noble bit of news I managed to acquire
By those discreet attentions which all farmer folk admire.

With my daily commentary on affairs of farm and daisy,
The tone of which soon with subtle puerilities I'd vary.
Oh, many a peck of apples or of peaches did I get
When I helped 'em run the local on the St. Jo Gazette.

Dramatic news was scarce, but when a minstrel show was due,
Why, Milton Tootle's opera house was my rendezvous;
Judge Grubb would give me points about the latest legal case,
And Dr. Hummels let me print his sermons when I'd space;
Of fevers, fractures, humors, contagions, flits and tumors
Would Dr. Hall or Dr. Barnes confirm the rumors;
From Colonel Dawes what railroad news there was I used to get
When I helped 'em run the local on the St. Jo Gazette.

For personals the old Pacific house was just the place—
Pap Abell knew the pedigree of all the human race;
And when he'd s'p up all he had, he'd drop a subtle wink,
And lead the way where one might wet his whistle for a drink.
Those drinks at the Pacific, when days were sudorific,
Were what Parisians (pray excuse my French) would call magnifique;
And frequently an invitation to a meal I'd get,
When I helped 'em run the local on the St. Jo Gazette.

And when in rainy weather news was scarce as well as slow,
To Raxton's book or Hopkins' store for items would I go,
The jokes which Colonel Raxton told were all but good enough
For local application in lieu of better stuff;
And when the ducks were flying, or the fishing well worth trying—
Gosh! but those sports at Hopkins' store could beat the world at lying!
And I printed all their yarns, though not without regret,
When I helped 'em run the local on the St. Jo Gazette.

For squibs political I'd go to Colonel Walter Young,
Or Colonel James N. Barnes, the "statesman with the silver tongue;"
Should some old pioneer take sick and die, why then I'd call
On Frank M. Posegate for the "life" and Posegate knew 'em all.
Lon Tallar used to pony up descriptions that were long
Of bullet work at party, ball or conversation.
For the ladies were addicted to the style called "deckslet,"
When I helped 'em run the local on the St. Jo Gazette.

So was I wont my daily round of labor to pursue,
And when came night I found that there was still more work to do—
The telegraph to edit, yards and yards of proof to read,
And reprint to be gathered to supply the printers' greed.
Oh, but it taken acclivity combined with veracity
To run a country daily with appropriate ability.
There never was a smarter lot of editors, I'll bet,
Than we who whooped up local on the St. Jo Gazette.

Yes, maybe it was irksome, maybe a discontent,
Rebellious rose amid the toll I daily underwent.
If so I don't remember, this only do I know,
My thoughts turn ever fondly to that old time in St. Jo.

The years that speed so fleetly have blotted out completely
All else than that which still remains to solace men so smartly;
The friendships of that time—ah, me, they are as precious yet
As when I was a local on the St. Jo Gazette.

Jesse James

A city may be likened unto a family, some members
Of which are a credit to it and others a disgrace. Therefore
it is not with much pride that St. Joseph confesses to hav-
ing been the home of the notorious outlaw, Jesse James.
It is a fact, nevertheless, that the daring bandit did live
here and that he brought St. Joseph into considerable prom-
inence when it was revealed that the bullet fired by Bob
Ford had brought to an untimely end the career of the
dreaded outlaw, upon whose head a price of \$10,000 had
been placed.

As an event of great moment in the city's history the
facts are briefly these:

Under the alias of "James Howard" Jesse James lived
in St. Joseph from November 9, 1881, until April 3, 1882—
the day on which he was killed in a small frame house at
1318 Lafayette street. His wife, two children and Charley
Ford, a fellow-bandit, whose alias was Charles Johnson,
composed the household.

But a few persons in St. Joseph knew the identity of
James, but kept it concealed for reasons best known
to themselves. Jesse James mingled very little with the
outside world, seldom going to the business portion of the
city. He made few acquaintances and kept his own coun-
sel.

A reward of \$10,000 and promised immunity prompted
Charley Ford to enter into a plan to trap and slay his
friend and protector. Appreciating the need of an ac-
complice, he persuaded James to give shelter to his brother,
Robert, commonly called "Bob." These two traitors only
waited a favorable opportunity. This came on the morn-
ing of April 3, 1882, at 10 o'clock. Bob Ford assisted Mrs.
James in the housework, while Charley Ford assisted Jesse

James in the stable. The morning chores accomplished, the three men entered the front room, leaving Mrs. James in the kitchen to prepare dinner. James opened the front door. He remarked that if people in the street saw him heavily armed they might become suspicious, and he thereupon removed his belt and pistols, throwing them upon a bed. Then he mounted a chair and began to dust a picture that hung against the wall. This was the first time in their long association that the Ford boys had seen Jesse James off his guard. He was unarmed and his back was turned. Simultaneously they grasped the situation and drew their pistols. The click of the pistol caused James to turn his head slightly, but in that instant Bob Ford fired and Jesse James fell backward to the floor dead. The bullet entered the back of his head near the right ear.

The Fords replaced their revolvers in their belts and hastily left the house, going to the Western Union telegraph office, where they immediately wired Governor Crittenden, as well as Sheriff Timberlake of Clay County, and the marshal of Kansas City that they had killed Jesse James. Thence they went in search of City Marshal Enos Craig, but he had heard of the affair and had gone to the scene of the tragedy. The Fords then secured the protection of a policeman and returned to the house, where they imparted the fact to the officials that they had done the shooting, at the same time disclosing the identity of the victim. They requested to be taken into custody, which was done. Subsequently Mrs. James swore out a warrant charging them with the murder of her husband.

The body of Jesse James was buried at Kearney, in Clay County, the family home.

Judge O. M. Spencer, who was state's attorney for Buchanan County at that time, insisted upon prosecuting the Fords. They were indicted for murder in the first degree, and, upon arraignment before Judge Sherman on April 18, 1882, pleaded guilty to the charge. Judge Sher-

man sentenced them to be hanged on May 19th. On April 19th a pardon, signed by Governor Crittenden, arrived and the Fords were released. They were at once re-arrested by an officer from Ray County and taken to Richmond to answer to the charge of murder. Of this charge they were also cleared.

The reward of \$10,000 which had been offered by express and railroad companies that had been troubled by the depredations of the James gang was paid over to the Fords, and they lived in debauchery until they perished—Charles as a suicide, and Bob by a pistol ball in a Colorado dance hall.

Brief Items of History

The population of St. Joseph in 1861 was 11,000.

From 1861 to 1865—the rebellion period—St. Joseph, like other cities and the country in general, went backward. After the war St. Joseph made marvelous progress. During the first two years 3,000 buildings were erected.

The first street car line in St. Joseph was built in 1866, running from Mitchell avenue and Eleventh street to Third and Francis streets. The first electric trolley line was put in operation in the fall of 1887.

The first Missouri River bridge was completed in May of 1873. The court house, city hall, Tootle's opera house and Asylum No. 2 were built in 1873-74.

In 1874 the first telephones were put in.

In 1880 the Missouri Pacific began to run trains into St. Joseph.

St. Joseph's police department was created in 1858, at which time the marshal was given a deputy and six men.

The foundation of the present pretentious live stock market and meat packing industry was laid in 1887, and during the following five years three packing plants were established.

The first newspaper issued in St. Joseph was in 1845, when *The Weekly Gazette* commenced publication.

The first public library was opened November 8, 1887. A charge of \$2.00 a year was made for the use of the library. Three years later the free library was established.

The public schools of St. Joseph were opened on April 23, 1869. The present Central High School building was occupied in the spring of 1896.

St. Joseph's most prominent parks were donated to the city. Krug Park was the gift of Henry and William Krug. Smith Park was the gift of Frederick W. Smith, Patee Park the gift of John Patee; Mitchell Park the gift of A. M. Mitchell, and Washington Park the gift of those who placed St. Joseph Extension Addition on the market.

Work was begun on the present system of waterworks January 4, 1880, and the system placed in active service January 12, 1881.

Illuminating gas was first manufactured in 1856. Private consumers paid \$5.00 per thousand cubic feet.

Thomas Mills was the first Mayor of St. Joseph. He was elected in April, 1851, and served one year.

The first electric light company was organized in 1883. St. Joseph embarked in municipal ownership of its street lighting in 1889.

An omnibus line was started in St. Joseph in February, 1859.

The first labor organization in St. Joseph was Typographical Union No. 40. It was organized in June, 1859.

In the spring of 1856 the first job printing office was opened in St. Joseph.

The first fraternal organization was that of the Masons, in October, 1845.

Armstrong Beattie was the first regular banker in St. Joseph. He began business in 1852 in the City Hotel at 7th and Main streets.

The first church service in St. Joseph was in 1838,

when a wandering Jesuit priest visited the obscure and lonely Blacksnake Hills, as the settlement was then called. In a rude log house of Joseph Robidoux a primitive altar was extemporized from a common table, and, in the presence of the wondering red man and the scarcely more cultivated pioneer mass was celebrated. This was the small beginning of the march of Christianity in St. Joseph.

The Y. M. C. A. was formed on May 2, 1882, and the Y. W. C. A. in the summer of 1887.

The first telegraph line built to St. Joseph was completed on March 3, 1853. The first message received was the inaugural address of President Franklin Pierce.

Julius C. Robidoux was the first person regularly licensed as a ferryman. He was authorized to maintain a ferry across the Missouri river at Blacksnake Hills on May 7, 1839, for a period of one year, for which privilege he paid a tax of \$8.00.

Since the Overland Days

As we mark time it is over seventy years since the '49ers outfitted their pack and wagon trains here to cross the plains. Associated with some of the jobbing and wholesale houses of today are the names which have come down from the days of 1849.

Three generations of merchants have been supplied with the needs of their trade from this Missouri River market, and the long record of achievement and the intensive cultivation of good will have kept St. Joseph in the forefront as a jobbing and manufacturing center.

St. Joseph as a home center has a most appealing quality to anyone who spends any time here. The friendships formed are so pleasant and the simple and unassuming manners of the people make the city an ideal home place in the truest sense of the word.

Millions of dollars have been spent in St. Joseph—just to make it easy and pleasant for our citizens to live in a

happy, wholesome way. Streets have been paved, sewers that are a wonder of the engineering world have been built, parks have been established and developed, public libraries opened in all sections of the city, a great Auditorium erected for the use of the public and beautiful, modern public schools built for the housing of the children.

It will be interesting to briefly note some of the city's achievements, thus affording ample evidence of the enterprise and courage of our citizens:

St. Joseph ranks first in the manufacture of school and writing tablets.

Has the largest winter wheat mill.

Has the largest pancake flour mill.

Has the largest mixed alfalfa feed mill.

Largest manufacturers of saddles, harness and collars.

Fourth in wholesale dry goods—first per capita.

Fifth in candy—first per capita. More than eleven million pounds manufactured in 1919.

Fifth in hardware—first per capita.

Has one Junior College, five High Schools and 33 grade schools—430 teachers.

Public school attendance in 1919, 14,681.

Has one Catholic College and ten Parochial Schools.

Has two Business Universities and one Veterinary College.

Young Men's Christian Association and Young Women's Christian Association.

Adequate hospitals and 91 churches.

St. Joseph is the central gateway to the entire West, and is truly the city worth while.

Has six trunk lines and two interurbans and ranks eighth in railroad mileage.

Ample supply of water of unquestionable purity. Daily capacity of 20,000,000 gallons. Average daily consumption of 17,350,000 gallons.

Street Railway Company has 15,356 light and power consumers, carried 24,957,836 passengers in 1919.

Has 14,841 telephones and 11,957 gas consumers.

Has 113 miles of paved streets.

Fifth largest live stock market in the United States, handling over one hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of stock yearly.

Over two thousand traveling salesmen carry the wares of St. Joseph market into every state in the Union.

St. Joseph as a Highway Center

St. Joseph is the hub for the two most important highways of this entire section, being the intersection of the Jefferson Highway and the Pike's Peak Ocean-to-Ocean Highway.

The north and south highway is the Jefferson, the east and west highway is the Pike's Peak Ocean-to-Ocean Highway. No finer projects for "seeing America first" were ever devised.

The Pike's Peak Ocean-to-Ocean Highway was organized in St. Joseph.

The Jefferson Highway is the best organized and financed highway in the United States, and the initial money and—incidentally pep and enthusiasm—was largely furnished by the St. Joseph Automobile Club, and it has been the prime mover in the affairs of both the highways.

At the present time there is a well defined sentiment for establishing a free bridge at St. Joseph across the Missouri River. Up to this time there is not a free bridge across the Missouri River at Kansas City, St. Joseph or Omaha.

In that steadily increasing tide of motor travel across the continent the perfection of these two highways will see a majority of the tourists of the wheel using St. Joseph as the important mid-continent stop-over point.

A free camping ground has been provided for tourists adjoining Barlett Park on the south.

Facts in Figures

For the information of many of our citizens, as well as for the benefit of future historians, the following figures, representing the business done in St. Joseph in 1919, is made a part of this record:

Manufactured Products

Bakeries	\$ 896,486
Beverages	312,492
Boots and Shoes	2,579,000
Boxes and Barrels	951,313
Brick and Tile	175,691
Butter and Ice Cream	2,609,676
Candy	6,394,522
Cigars	5,046
Feed (mixed)	6,218,716
Flour and Milling	17,662,894
Foundries and Machine Shops	827,242
Furniture and Fixtures	1,881,802
Harness and Saddlery	2,318,000
Hats and Caps	224,871
Ice	280,152
Ice Cream Cones	488,600
Malt Work	315,000
Packing House Products	156,222,579
Printing and Publishing	2,861,198
Serum	250,000
Shirts and Wash Clothes	5,889,104
Vinegar and Pickles	1,364,000
Miscellaneous	4,790,589

\$216,592,895

Capital employed, \$46,495,162.00; employees, male, 3,638; female, 4,595; payroll, \$311,600 average weekly.

Wholesaling

Automobiles and Accessories	\$ 1,584,977
Boots and Shoes	8,260,829
Butter and Poultry	2,229,425
Cigars	4,780,000
Coal	1,663,511
Drugs	2,934,816
Dry Goods	34,965,899
Electrical Supplies	989,493
Farm Machinery	1,634,000
Furniture	1,400,000
Grain	42,200,000
Groceries	15,365,000
Hay and Feed	2,294,412
Hardware	5,290,000
Hats and Caps	1,915,748
Hides and Wool	1,437,849

Lumber	\$40,000
Millinery	1,343,080
Oil and Gasoline	8,576,973
Paper and Stationery	1,600,000
Plumbing and Engine Room Supplies	369,618
Produce	4,941,288
Seeds	672,661
Wall Paper	254,894
Miscellaneous	2,645,910

\$151,728,800

Capital employed, \$24,473,755; employees, male, 3,246; female, 667; average weekly payroll, \$19,942.

Retailing

Automobiles	\$ 2,588,193
Automobile Tires and Accessories	2,221,088
Books and Stationery	168,749
Building Industry (Contracting, etc.)	2,489,252
Candy and Confectionery	200,000
Clothing	3,467,427
Cigars	239,762
Drugs	1,283,887
Department Stores and Dry Goods	8,614,174
Farm Machinery	149,575
Florists	204,000
Furniture	2,362,652
Groceries	6,219,328
Hardware	426,835
Hotels and Restaurants	2,274,943
Jewelry	279,064
Laundries and Dry Cleaners	700,447
Lumber, Building Material and Coal	2,220,898
Millinery	359,449
Photographers	158,511
Piano and Phonographs	596,969
Shoes	1,061,931
Shoe Vendors Co. (Feed and Service)	822,283
Tailoring and Dressmaking	755,374
Transfer, Storage and Livery	264,855
Undertakers	266,546
Wall Paper and Paint	402,167
Miscellaneous	2,368,268

\$ 47,141,976

Grain Receipts

	Wheat	Corn	Oats	Total
1916	\$ 1,536,732	\$ 4,649,154	\$ 2,422,968	\$ 8,609,854
1917	3,683,668	2,437,599	1,511,751	11,121,751
1918	5,913,000	12,927,000	2,238,000	21,178,000
1919	12,992,500	4,762,500	1,854,000	22,611,000

Elevator capacity, 6,000,000; mill output, 9,000 barrels daily.