

son of the railroad systems of Ohio and Kansas. The railroad system of Ohio, including the mileage within the State, and that which, though extending into adjoining States, is operated in connection with and forms a part of the system of the State, embraces 9,205 miles. The number of miles of railroad in the Kansas system, i. e., the mileage in the State and that connected with it, though extending beyond its boundaries, is 202 miles in excess of the mileage of the Ohio system. The tonnage carried over the two systems, respectively, is represented as follows: Over the Ohio system, 6,373,953,214 tons hauled one mile; over the Kansas system, 2,811,141,661 tons hauled one mile. The relative population to mileage in Ohio is 450 to each mile, 190 per mile in excess of that which obtains in Kansas.

The rule that the rate of charge upon railroad freights is very largely determined by the volume of traffic relatively to the number of miles of road to be operated, holds true everywhere. For example, the volume of business done over the English railways is greater than that carried over the railways of Germany, and the rate is correspondingly lower in England, notwithstanding the English railways are capitalized for \$204,000 per mile, and the German for one-half that sum, and notwithstanding the former are owned and operated by private companies, and the latter by a paternal government.

The unnecessary multiplication of agencies in the work of transportation involves increased expenses to be borne and capital to be supported, and this can only be done by maintaining the transportation tax at a higher rate than would otherwise be necessary. The supposition that by this means competition is stimulated, is delusive, and is based upon the notion that it is the interest of railroads when built to engage in the work of mutual destruction. There is no more philanthropy in the motive that underlies the railroad than in that which moves to the building of workshops and the establishment of the various industries, avocations and professions. Each supports his own because it supports him. When it is profitable to compete, there will be competition, and when it is not, combination will rule; and as a rule it is more profitable to combine than to compete when the agencies employed in any particular line are more numerous than the business to be done requires.

The rapid growth and development of Kansas—a growth that is marvelous even among American States—has furnished, and still offers an inviting field for railroad enterprise. That railroad expansion will keep fully abreast with the advancement of the State, we may rest assured; that the railroads and the public may cooperate harmoniously to secure the highest attainable degree of local prosperity, is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

ADDRESS OF GEN. D. W. WILDER.

Governor Robinson then introduced D. Webster Wilder, the veteran editor and eminent historical writer, who delivered the following address:

THE NEWSPAPERS OF KANSAS.

That saying of Governor Berkeley has been worn threadbare by quotation, because it shows the spirit of a people. In 1671, long after books had been printed in Catholic Mexico and Protestant New England, the Governor of Virginia said: "I thank God we have not free schools nor printing, and I hope we shall not have these hundred years." Virginia has 255 newspapers now, and Kansas 617. Her sons brought revolvers to Kansas; the revolving cylinders brought here by Yankees carried the lead on the outside, in an impressive way, and were long-distance, paper-wad shooters—1,000 an hour at the slowest. We made the other kind, too, and Gatling himself matured his invention in Doniphan county, Kansas.

In 1775, the thirteen American Colonies had thirty-seven newspapers. Imperial

New York had four—about the number they now have in Dodge City. The average circulation of these three dozen colonial sheets was 600, or the same as that of the Kansas papers of to-day, including the "patents," or coöperative and auxiliary papers.

In 1784, 102 years ago, the first daily newspaper appeared, the *American Daily Advertiser*, of Philadelphia. There were only four dailies in the country in 1798. Kansas now has thirty-two. In 1800, the whole Union had 150 papers; in 1810, 359. In 1824, when the Republic was half a century old, the whole country had no more newspapers than Kansas has now. And yet they say we are a boastful people. Why, so much modesty and so much progress never met before to boom a State. Modesty's "no name for it," as the saying goes. No young State has ever equaled Kansas in the number of its papers; none in preserving its history. Every issue of every paper in Kansas is bound and preserved by the State Historical Society.

Prof. North says the "American press is the freest, the most self-reliant, the most loyal to home and vicinity interest in the world," and these traits our papers have in the superlative degree—for we have the most of them, taking in all vicinities. Newspapers are not to be sneered at by Presidents, politicians or moralists. The reading matter in one issue of all the papers and periodicals published in the United States is equal to the contents of a library of 1,500 octavo volumes, of 500 pages each. All Kansas families have a library. In 1880, the mail matter passing through all the offices in the United States was counted, and Kansas led twenty-three States.

In 1885 (last year), twenty-eight States had less newspapers than Kansas; we are the tenth in the list headed by such States as New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Ohio, and Illinois, but we have gone higher in the list every year; twenty-eight States passed in twenty-five years, including the State founded nearly three centuries ago. The Central State will "get there."

In 1860, Kansas had 27 papers; in 1870, 97; in 1880, 347; in 1885, 617. In 1880, we had 20 dailies; in 1885, 32. There are now eighty-six organized counties; and papers probably in a hundred. Before the courier could reach the capital with the returns, one or two more papers would be started. Do you say that these papers are ephemeral and transient? Oh, no! papers ~~lie~~, but others are born, and the number is doubled every decade. When the fever and strife of immigration and early settlement have passed away, and every county has a stable population—say in about 1900—the papers will cease to increase in numbers, and gain in size and quality. They are now telling the world where to come; that part of our mission will soon be ended. The true pioneer looks forward to that day of a finished State with a sigh. It is such fun to start new papers, to see them, and to read them. We have got used to it—like the miner who couldn't go to sleep with any satisfaction unless there was a roaring row in the next room. Every day I look for new papers.

The *Cheyenne County Rustler* is six months old; the county is not yet organized.

The *Sod House* is doing duty in snug quarters on the Cimarron, in Ford county—playing a game of "freeze-out," as it were.

The *Border Rustler*, a term originated by a Pro-Slavery man, who still lives, is the name of a paper, now for the first time, in the unorganized county of Hamilton.

The *Thomas Cat*, at Colby, preceded by about a year the organization of Thomas county. The *New York Sun* has an office cat; our *Cat* has the office. It is "a fighter from way back," and "whoops it up" in a most lively manner.

The *Buffalo Chip* was burned—some years ago.

The newspaper starter and the killer—they are one—is a cheerful person. He is a rustler, and keeps up the fun as long as he can pay for coal and rent; and when he dies his last words are as chipper as the first. He don't use "salutatory" or "valedictory" when he steps on to the platform or when he is "dropped off," but plain

United States words—"Here we are," "Will see you later," and captions of that sort. And he has no notion that the world is going to stop, or he himself cease to "bob up serenely," because his subscribers in Rainbelt or Greeley Center did not come down with the dust.

The pioneer Free-State press of Kansas showed what it was by the enemies it made. The Ruffians destroyed the presses—Judge Delahay's at Leavenworth, two at Lawrence, and all again at Lawrence when Quantrill's assassins came in. The Parkville *Luminary*, a Kansas paper on the other side of the river, the paper of the staunch Presbyterians, George Parke and Frederick Starr, was destroyed. The first Free-State paper in St. Joseph, further up the river, started by our Doniphan county boys, and edited by your present talker, was ruined by Ruffians a few years later, and its owners left penniless, indicted as criminals. Let those apologize who come after us! Those who were there don't buy whitewash brushes.

When your friend is away from home you want to get a letter—don't you? Want one every day. And when the letter comes, how happy you are; in what a friendly state of mind and heart! Well, that is the paper, the weekly paper and the daily, and that is what they do for the mind and heart of Kansas; they make us pleasant persons and helpful neighbors.

Some men take a paper for no other purpose than to growl while they read it, and to them the newspaper is a beneficent visitor; if they did not growl at the paper the wife and children would be pouted at. But this subscriber, who reads the articles aloud, who reads everything in the paper, and finds fault with every line and syllable, is one of our best patrons. He really enjoys the paper; he would no more miss a number than the constitutional candidate would do so. He calls promptly on the first of January and pays his bill like a little man, saying the while, "Your blamed paper gets worse and worse every year, but my wife wants to see it, and long as we take it I'm blamed if I don't pay for it."

The *Congressional Globe*, of Wednesday, January 30, 1861, under the sub-head, "Messages from the President," announced the approval of "An act for the admission of Kansas." The *Globe* was a paper that recorded the talk of others, but made no talk on its own account; and yet, on this occasion, the *Globe* said: "The announcement of the approval of the bill for the admission of Kansas was received with slight applause on the floor and in the galleries." That little ripple of applause, begun on the Potomac, has been gradually deepening and broadening until it is now a tidal wave of joy, good-cheer and enthusiasm, flooding the whole earth.

Kansas is the child of the North, not of the Union; the Union was her enemy until she made it. And she is the child of the newspapers. Before we had an influential press, the editors Horace Greeley, Joseph Medill, Chas. A. Dana, Dr. Ray, Henry Ward Beecher, John Wentworth, Chas. T. Congdon, Wm. C. Bryant, Parke Godwin, the aggressive Republican editors of the North, made our cause their own, fought for us, raised money for us, and sent us men, clothing and rifles. During the darkest days of '56, Greeley published daily in the *Tribune* a Kansas fund; it reached more than \$20,000, and was one of the newspaper gifts to us. The present was repeated during the drouth of 1860. These gifts from so many persons, like Gerrit Smith, George L. Stearns and Horace B. Clafin, saved the life of Kansas, and made us a kindly, charitable people—saved us from ruffians and from locust plagues, and taught us to pay back in kind when other people were afflicted. Now Kansas sends money to yellow fever Memphis, to inundated Cincinnati, to burned Boston and Chicago, and to suffering Ireland and Germany. The Kansas editor's long ears are joked about, but they do not flap above his head without hearing the cry of distress raised anywhere on God's green earth. A kindly people, these to whom so much

was given; good to each other, good to foreigners; and the evangel to spread the glad tidings and to put the red blood of love into the hearts of the people.

High upon the roll of writers for Kansas must ever remain the names of two editors and brave men who had no papers—William A. Phillips, correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, and James Redpath, of the *St. Louis Democrat* and of the Boston press. Phillips, a Scotchman, Redpath, an Englishman, but both Kansas men in the heart; much abused once as foreigners, they have made bright American names.

The Kansas man may be born anywhere, of any race or color; he makes good his abstract of title, and secures his heritage when he comes to Kansas. Though blind in both eyes, his heart will lead him here, if he is a Kansas man.

He might have been a Rooshun, a Spaniard, or a Prooshun, or an Italian, but in spite of all temptations, to belong to other nations, he is a Kansas man! They are all glad to get here, and they can't see each other too often. From the first of July to the first of January there are institutes, fairs, reunions, grand lodges, conventions, associations—six months of sociability—the glad and happy meetings of Kansas men and women.

"That which binds us, friend to friend,
Is that soul with soul can blend.
Soul-like were the days of yore:
Let us walk in soul once more."

It is the meeting together, hand to hand, eye to eye; the warm sympathy of brotherhood. And, when we can't meet, we read the report of the last meeting, in the paper, and the call for the next meeting in the paper. The paper binds; stronger than iron are paper wheels. When the paper does not come around at its accustomed hour, then the Kansas man bursts forth in the words of Pope:

"Lo, thy dread empire, Chaos, reappears!"

Who wants to be alone? Solitude is a prison. Kansas talks, and writes, and reads, and advertises.

"In civilized epochs," says Michelet, "men write histories, in barbarous days they act them." First, John Brown, then John Ingalls. The barbarous age was brave and risked its life. Trot out any kind of an age—beginning, middle, or end—and the Kansas man—king of men—vaults into the saddle.

"We are the Ancients of the earth,
And in the morning of the times."

And when some outsider meddles with our kettle of fish, he is made to exclaim with Byron: "Methinks I have lived in some olden time, and that this is hell—the best that it's not eternal!"

The Kansas editor, going to a new field, with a "patent outside and a shirt-tail full of type," as Prentiss has it, makes a name in that county and State that will live while the world turns round. The millionaire, when he dies, is cut off from his money; he "gets left."

All that editing could do for Kansas was done by Editor Greeley. The overt act was done by John Brown. Through his own blood he obtained the Territorial and National redemption. "And almost all things are by the law cleansed with blood; and without shedding of blood is no remission." Captain Brown was quite other than an editor—was the only personage who has trodden these prairies and lived in our cabins who bore about with him a divine message and mission. When our people build statues, Brown and Greeley will enter the pantheon—the doer of the word and its predictor and recorder. The greatest editor, though he creates or embodies the spirit and purpose of a period, is not equal to the executive mind of a Lincoln, or to the prophetic and divinely-driven Osawatimie Brown. If Brown was insane, then he was also sacred, as the ancients had it. Some university professors, who took

only a partial course in the humanities, think that Lincoln and Brown were failures; but their ads. are marked "tf." for the ages; and were paid for in advance, in sacrificial blood—an expensive offering; it "comes high," and is not appreciated by pedants; no pedant has ever spent a drop of it, and he does not know it when he sees it.

It may be remarked in passing, that it took two decades—from 1863 to 1885—for Quantrill to receive an honorary mantle of whitewash. No Kansas editor held the brush; the oldest Kansas editor, who will speak to you to-day, may not have enjoyed the picture, for two sons of John Speer were murdered by Quantrill, and their bodies burned to ashes. But, as Mr. Toots said, "it's of no consequence." The "reevaluation" of history is of more importance.

The man who has the biggest chance to talk to people, without any possibility of a reply, is the barber, and that is the reason that he is a barber. If you talk back to a barber you cut your own throat. For a similar reason men become editors. They want to write. If any man talks back he cuts his own throat, in full view of the public. And the editor sleeps well that night. "Ought to have known better than to write a card," he smiles in his dreams.

We can get along without rain and enjoy it; make fun of the rain, and say it don't amount to much; but Kansas cannot get along without newspapers, and lots of them. The press is the iron, the editor the blood; they are the first things on every town site. The editor is harmless; sometimes instructive and amusing. He invents words and phrases for us, and fills the place of the Homeric balladist and the middle-age troubadours. The editor is usually insolvent, but his paper is the universal solvent—thaws the ice and dissolves, not devours, the fluids in all societies which it enters. It is the good-natured man, who makes every person feel at ease soon as he comes into the room. Jack Downing, George Isbell, Eugene Ware, Noble Prentiss, Ham. Dennis, Bill Hutchison, George McLane, Sol. Miller, Jim Steele, Henry King, Ed. Howe, Aleck Butts—Kansas has never passed an instant without the wit, humor, originality, quaintness, of these peculiar men of genius. It was thought that prohibition would be fatal to them, but they are its most taking and attractive friends. They take that dry drink and turn it into a healthful and sparkling champagne. We have prohibition because we want to save the boys—want to save the boys—they are too good to lose. The best society is "over there;" called up because they are the brightest; but we who have Kansas to live in find such earthly attractions around us that there is one procession that we do not join with unseemly alacrity. We believe in the procession, have a pass, and like the lay-out up there—but Kansas is going to be very lively in the spring. It is different in Texas. Whisky is a remedial measure down there, in that climate, and with that citizenship.

Suppose Alabama should sit down to the game with us now! The old lady would not know what cards were out; would not know what to lead. Bless her old soul, she never will know! It is too late for her to take a hand in the game. It is short whist now; two hands as one, with Kansas heads behind them. Many a year is in its grave, Alabama, since your long-haired sons came up here and tried to turn these prairies into a slave-and-lash-plantation—years of decay and death to you, of life and growth for us. The books were closed at Montgomery, five-and-twenty years ago. The Rebel Government was formed in your town just ten days after the day we celebrate—after Kansas marched into the Union and made the stars and stripes the banner of the free.

The editor sometimes closes his remarks, but he never takes his seat. Rising with the sun and following the hours, his lead pencil encircles the earth with a continuous column of notes and news. Kansas, at twenty-five, has as many papers as the

country, starting in 1607, had in 1825, after two centuries. That is the time it took the Colonies and the United States to catch up with Kansas. We don't blow, brag or bluster, but that is the cold fact. Kansas has only made a beginning. A thousand years scarce serve to form a state. Her papers have been brave, true, hopeful, helpful, like the people they represent. As the years go by, they will be abler, richer, but never more representative of the people than they have been in the pioneer period. Let us hope that the big and rich papers of the future will make as brave a fight for equal rights, for sound morals, for manly men and noble women.

The New York *Tribune* of Tuesday, January 29, 1861, copied from the Rome (Georgia) *Courier* a poem beginning in this way:

"Come, Mr. Greeley, come to the South—
The land you have lied and re-lied on.
You can lower your chin, and open your mouth,
When your neck strains the rope you're tied on.

"Bring old Granny Giddings, and blustering Hale,
Fred. Douglass, and Henry Ward Beecher,
And Negro-thief Hyatt, from Washington jail,
And Sumner, the Devil's own preacher."

The *Tribune* of that morning, our *Tribune*, our Greeley, contained the following editorial paragraph:

"The House yesterday passed the Senate bill for the admission of Kansas, which thus becomes the thirty-fourth State of the Union, and the nineteenth Free State. This act not only opportunely adds to the Confederation a sound and loyal member, untainted by the pestiferous blight of Slavery, but does rightful though tardy justice to a State which has suffered for five years greater wrongs and outrages from Federal authority than all the Slave States together have endured since the beginning of the Government, even if their own clamor about imaginary oppression be admitted as well-founded.

"The present generation is too near to these events to see them in their true proportions, but in the future, in impartial history, the attempt to force Slavery upon Kansas, and the violations of law, of order, and of personal and political rights, that were perpetrated in that attempt, will rank among the most outrageous and flagrant acts of tyranny in the annals of mankind."

EVENING MEETING.

Col. Daniel R. Anthony, President of the State Historical Society, presided during the evening exercises. At the opening of the meeting he read the names of persons from whom letters had been received by the Committee of Arrangements in response to invitations to attend the meeting. Colonel Anthony then, in a brief address, congratulated the audience and the people of Kansas on the strides which had been made in the growth and prominence of the State in the twenty-five years of its existence. It had been his privilege, twenty-five years ago to-day, to carry on horseback from Leavenworth to the Territorial Legislature, then in session at Lawrence, intelligence of the admission of Kansas into the Union. At an earlier date, in August, 1854, he had arrived at Lawrence as a member of the first party which came to Kansas under the auspices of the New England Emigrant Aid Society. He came to help to make Kansas a Free State. He came because, under the teachings of Garrison, Sumner, Gerrit Smith, and Thad. Stevens, he had been brought up to detest Slavery, and to detest the methods by which the political Slave Power of the country was seeking to rob this