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Landed proprietors they are, indeed, but their real estate holdings are not to be compared, in point of acres, with those of several American farmers, who had in 1,000,000 acres or more a field not too expansive for their supervision. One of these American land barons, E. J. Marshall, is the owner of an estate in the great Southwest which contains no less than 4,000,000 acres. Besides it the historic entailed estates of Great Britain fade into comparative insignificance.

The other 2,000,000-acre tract borders the Grand Canyon on the south and east. Most of this land was formerly a part of the United States forest reserve, and it has been so developed by irrigation that it has become one of the most valuable cattle ranges in America, and a considerable portion of it is also available for tillage. At present Mr. Marshall is not engaged in intensive farming on either of his estates. This vast area whose proper cultivation might sustain the population of a state is the feeding ground of a herd of 100,000 cattle. A variety of farming that appeals strongly to the proprietor despite all Secretary Wilson's efforts to make intensive farming popular.

That Mr. Marshall comes legitimately enough by his taste for accumulating acres is made plain by his family history. His grandfather, the center of his line was influenced by a similar ambition, although he did not always achieve it. It was the pursuit of it that led his grandfather to his death. As a lawyer this Marshall became so interested in the subject of the Spanish land grants that he made his life a study of them. A journey involving enormous risk and personal discomfort -- with the purpose of acquiring title to some of these valuable tracts of land. On certain days when General Sam Houston was in the saddle for Texan independence, and a general needed all the help he could get, he was out his scheme. His argument that the triumph of his cause would further the triumph of the United States land grant matter seemed reasonable. The lawyer consented to accept a position on Houston's staff and wait until the time came when he could leave the business which had taken him so far away from home. He served faithfully until the capture of Santa Ana, and then he was released. He was the escape of that resourceful Mexican leader he was drowned in the Rio Grande.

Now all the time these accounts of Lady Mary's prospects as a landowner were being paraded before the world she was in the wilderness. There was at least one woman in America who was not overcome by the story of the Scottish girl's landed pre-eminence. She was a woman of the future, and uncertain future the bride-to-be would come into possession of an estate comprising 166,000 acres seemed scarcely a disadvantage. The girl, who was a gentle sex who was already in undisputed possession of many times that land area.

She was an American woman, born at Greenville, Texas, and still a resident of that prosperous agricultural county town, is the owner of more than 10 times as many acres as her English bride-to-be. To call her very own. Even were the deeply-entrenched British law of primogeniture to be abolished and she should inherit the vast estates of the Hamilton and Montrose estates who would still be the possessor of only about a quarter as much real estate as her bride-to-be.

She is a picturesque of American million-acre farmers.

Nor are Mrs. King's broad acres spread out in arid stretches that are the desert. They are in the heart of the old-time Llano Estacado that are

Fortunately for the perpetration of the million-acre farmer's dream, the state fell into capable hands. Captain King had married a Texas girl who had made farming on a mammoth scale her life's business. At his death she assumed the reins without a doubt as to her capacity to undertake the task. "I didn't have anything else to do," Mrs. King said, recently. "Of course, I realized that it was going to be a heavy duty, but I liked it and I liked it. I suppose if I had stopped to consider that it was 70 miles from my front gate to the veranda of my house, I might have been a little more minded to be so full of getting 5000 acres of grain harvested and off my hands that I didn't have time to think of the else."

To those who meet her for the first time Mrs. King is a distinct surprise. She is a slender, well-proportioned woman of her unique achievement in the dignified and retiring matron who greets a visitor with a timid smile and proceeds to talk agreeably and most interestingly of her life and her "shop." Her voice is low and distinct with that quality which has come to be known as cultured. Were one required to place her geographically, she would be of vicinity might be herself, but Texas—never. She has traveled much and has been a keen observer.

Although Mrs. King has made no attempt to acquire an art collection, she enjoys the reputation among dealers and producers of being an authority in such matters. The walls of her beautiful winter residence at Fort Worth, Texas, are the scene of her discrimination in this direction. One of the rare portraits hanging in her music-room is

In recent years Mrs. Kling has had an efficient aid in her son-in-law, R. J. Klingberg, who has also learned the knack of combining business with pleasure. It is pertinent to mention that Mr. Klingberg is president of the Industrial Congress of Texas, a non-political organization devoted to the upbuilding of the commonwealth. It was on the great ranch managed by Mr. Klingberg that the pioneer scientific investigation into the Texas cat fever was made, resulting in the discovery of one of the most valued antitoxins used in stockraising.

Until the death of her husband, the late Frederick H. Rindge, of Cambridge, Mass., this million-acre woman farmer knew nothing of the practical details of the H. H. Rindge estate. She was a fellow student of Theodore Roosevelt at Harvard, was interested deeply in aboriginal research and devoted himself to the collecting of material illustrative of the habits and customs of primitive American races. During his lifetime Mr. Rindge was regarded as an authority on such matters and he bequeathed his unique collection to his wife. Although he had come into possession, by inheritance and otherwise, of vast tracts of land in the United States and Mexico, he took little interest in agriculture, for he took a very different view of the value of his wife to convert his valuable but unprofitable landed interests into money-makers. This she has done in less than five years. In that time she has been able to get the best of the weather women in the world.

Another Texas farmer, whose land holdings exceed those of any peer in Burke's Peerage, is Colonel W. B. Wortham, of Fort Worth. He is the owner of one of a single farm of 40,000 acres, and is also the proprietor of vast cattle ranges in the western part of the state. Like Marshall, he has diversified his enormous multi-millionaire from banking, brewing, oil refining and a dozen other industrial ventures and has invested his overplus in lands. Colonel Wortham has been a hardy soldier in his own fortunes, having begun life as a cowboy and worked his way by sheer dint of energy and native shrewdness into the ranks of the nation's great financiers.

Although Edward H. R. Green has recently changed his voting place from the Lone Star State to New York city,

KATHERINE IS AGA

Theosophical Leader Declares Capitalism
of Problem Governed

by narrow limits which we have drawn for ourselves, we see no links binding us to our fellows.

That we find this among our laws is, perhaps, not strange. It is a part of everything else, and partakes of the general flavor. Good people, well-meaning, and those of tender heart, indorse it. And it is not the outcome of the lack of these qualities, but of the lack of a rational philosophy, but of the lack of a national philosophy, but of the lack of a nation. Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die," yet do, if you acquiesce in this law, confess their absolute lack of any sense of coherence in nature. Why should that which is having no relations with that which is to come? And why should not every man who is bound on this earth be here as part of a plan? Is it a crazy universe we are in, without order, system or intelligent intention? Or is there that in nature which goes to suggest that the very hairs of our head are indeed numbered? And why should we imagine that we are lawless men because we have taken the liberty to remove him from his body? Such near-sightedness is puerile.

If we see a bird of evil omens fly in at our window, cross our chamber and fly out, does he infer he existed only while in our sight? And might he not again fly in at the window? What would we say of a family who had a troublesome member, and thrust him out of the door for their own comfort or safety? Yet that is practically what is

TINGLEY INST NOOSE

The mental confusion that exists as to the absolute right or wrong of this law, arises from an improper focusing of the mind on the subject. Many of its opposers have a blurred vision because they have turned their mental lens upon the superficial reason of sentiment, and here the images are always distorted. For purely sentimental reasons they would abolish the law and, naturally, in their dealing with the criminal from the standpoint of sentiment, they only put into moral life that bundle of evil tendencies. Such methods arouse the disgust of another class, who mean to stand for justice and who, out of consideration for the innocent, will not spare the guilty. This seems to be an improvement on the flabby sentimental view of the question. For it is, without doubt, a mistake that the law is intended to defend men and should have no toleration for them. It is an expression of an evil disintegrating force, and should be fought to the death without pity, sympathy or mercy. And there should be no respite until he is extinct.

But the difficulty with these would-be dealers of justice is that they, too, have improperly focused their mental lenses. They have centered them entirely upon the diseased personality, instead of adjusting them in turn upon the whole of the human development. Had they penetrated deeper into his nature, they might have found a divine spark, which could be fanned

Other American Land Barons.
There is at least one million-acre farmer in the new State of New Mexico—the last territorial Governor, William J. Mills, whose wife, daughter of the late Wilson Waddingham, of West Haven, Conn., inherited from her father intact the big Spanish land grant known as Pablo Montoya. Originally, this famous tract embraced seven millions of acres, but since it came under the supervision of Mr. Mills it has been divided into several ranches, one of which, the Bell ranch, is under the personal oversight of the

in the very process of killing the devil on the surface. And also, as a part of the lack of this proper mental focusing, the curious belief exists that killing him consists in letting him out of his body. What an easy method that would be! But does it bear on its face any measure of probability?

We feel here on earth influences from one another of various kinds—of thoughts, of feelings of all shades. There is a cor-

Existence. Two things may happen to
 either. It may become latent, ready to
 under the proper conditions to become
 active, or it may be transmuted. If
 by killing the body we render these forces
 latent, we have, as said, only postponed
 the question, and on the other hand, if
 it is conceivable that there is anything
 legalized murder which will transmute
 them into good?
 The problem can never be faced with
 any possibility of solving it until there
 is a rational philosophy of life. The
 quality of man's nature must be under-
 stood; the still further complexity which
 is included in that duality, and the na-
 ture of so-called life and death. If
 humanity cannot evolve such a philosophy
 as a matter of course, but when such
 a one is produced, it is by those who
 earnest enough, unprejudiced enough
 examine into it, and see how much it
 will clarify the ideas; otherwise, it can
 never evolve, and must go on eternally
 doing stupid things, blundering itself
 deeper and deeper confusion.
 There is only one way to kill a crim-
 inal, and that is to transmute the evil
 within him into good, and the only way
 to do that is to recognize something else
 within him which is good, to evoke it
 and gain its co-operation. Even such
 a course is a change with change with
 out such co-operation.
 It is true there are many noble efforts
 in this direction which have crystallized
 into institutions; and if these were base

General Otis' farm is part of the "wonder region" of the Colorado Basin. It is located in the center of the spouting mud geyser district and contains many of those famous natural curiosities which resemble nothing so closely as small volcanoes with their output of boiling mud, steam, ash and lava. No other spot in the United States has a record of higher temperature than is registered during long stretches in this fertile bottom land, but the productiveness of the soil, after it is made available by irrigation, is almost beyond belief.

Altogether, it is a part of the National domain unlike any other spot in America. The native population is small, resembling the accepted Indians, though they are as dusky as Moors, as muscular as trained athletes and as amiable as Eskimos. Wrestling is as popular with them as it was with the Greeks and Romans. One of the members of the tribe employed by General Otis, a giant weighing more than 500 pounds, is credited by the Indians with wrestling ability sufficient to put the best rank of mat artists.

According to records in the office of Professor Spillman, expert of the United States Agricultural Department, there are many farms situated in various parts of the country of which the acreage devoted to the cultivation of crops is less than that of most of the great landed estates of Europe. While most American farms of the million-acre class are devoted especially to the raising of cattle, horses, sheep and goats, there are to be found, in some of the great states, farms in which the owner is engaged in practical agriculture on a scale that makes the most extensive European farming seem trivial in comparison.

Colonel James M. Smith, of Smithsonton, Ga., tells the steam railroad to haul his crops to the shipping point. He practices crop rotation after the most approved fashion. "I have raised cotton the past season," he harvested 12,000 bushels of wheat, 15,000 bushels of oats, 23,000 bushels of corn, 10,000 bushels of soybeans, 10,000 bushels of cowpeas and shipped 20,000 pounds of butter. The farm at Smithsonton is a model in its way, an example to be followed by any man interested in or after the most scientific method. The estate has 600 negro dwellings for the farmhands and 100 for the stock and horses. Supplement the work of the steam and electric labor-saving equipment. "Land is becoming too expensive to be worked in the old-fashioned manner," Colonel Smith declares. "My advice to the young is never to be afraid of becoming too big. It is never too big to be big in any business. I have never seen a successful farmer who had any more sense

than 8,000 head of cattle, and 100,000 head of horses and ponies. The ranch is located in Park County, Wyoming, at an altitude of 7,500 feet. It is the Swan ranch, containing 250,000 acres, almost three times the size of the landed estates of the Duke of Devonshire and the Duke of Westminster. Also J. Gronna, of North Dakota, is reputed to be the premier individual wheat farmer of the world. He owns 5,000 acres of wheat, and is one of the few cooperative growers of wheat whose acreage exceeds that of Mr. Gronna's wheatfield, but thus far his 5,000 acres have averaged 100 bushels per acre. Another highly cultivated Georgia farm is at Danville, 12,000 acres owned and operated by Colonel Hughes. The Funk farm, at New York, is 10,000 acres, and the Wadsworths, famous in history and politics, are proprietors of a tenantry system embracing 10,000 acres in Livingston County, N. Y. The Reddick brothers, of Columbus, Ind., cultivate 28,000 acres in the Mississippi bottom and the Arkansas delta, which center around Tarkio, Mo., constitute an estate

on a clear conception of the nature of man, and there were a consciousness that divinity exists innate even in the body of a criminal, so vivid as to awaken that consciousness in him, and revive his hope and courage, and if there were sufficient wisdom to work in harmony with that innate divinity to transform the devil, we might witness a killing process which would be thorough, and in which would begin to show a change in the social body at large by a decrease

But until the day for this dawns, until there is a general willingness at least to examine into a philosophy which has been freely offered to the world, this must remain a problem too big for us, an index of our civilization, a blot upon our history.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND
THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.
KATHERINE TINGLEY,
Leader and Official Head.

(The poem that follows in its entirety extends to 104 lines and purports to have been written, after his death, by Robert Burns, the celebrated Scotch poet, and is alleged to have been given to the world through Miss Lizzie Doten, a spiritualistic medium, of

Boston, Mass., some 30 years ago. The
 poem is too long to quote to its conclusion,
 and these 40 lines are now printed, by re-
 quest.
 Could ye but ken ye sons o' men,
 How truly ye are brethren,
 Ye'd mak guld speed ta stand agreed,
 Tho' born o' various mither,
 Ane common breath, an' a common death;
 Ane hamen in heav'n, an' a common fate,
 Ye are the fruit frae ane great root
 An' the guld God wha lo'es ye.

All high an' low, all empty show,
All envious differences,
Will fade frae sight an' vanish quite,
When men come to their senses.

For which he was intended,
And he does best who will na rest
Until his work is ended.

Your neighbors' blame, or sinfu' shame
Should gie your souls na pleasure,
For while ye judge wi' cruel grudge,

Ye fill yer ain sad measure.
The Deil himsel could scarcely tell
Which o' ye was the better;
He wad be laith to leave ye battin,
While either was his debtor.
Here in life's schule wi' pain and dool

(sorrow)
You get your education,
While many a trip and sinfu' slip
Helps on the soul's salvation.
The unco skeigh, wi' haids fu' high (very)
proud)
What feel themselves maist holy,
Oft learn through sin how to begin

True life among the lowly.
The lift above (heaven above) will welcome
sune
The wayworn and the weary.
And angels fair will greet them there,
Sae winsome and sae cheery.

But while they stay, mak smooth the way,
Thro' all life's wintry weather,
Until ane bield (shelter) and common shield
Shall hauid ye all thegither.
(Note—A Scot to whom the above lines
were shown says cautiously that when on
earth the poet Burns was more particularly
in the mood of the Scotch dialect.)

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