

# ALFALFA BILLS STANDS FOR FREEDOM

KLAHOMA CITY, Nov. 8.—Mr. Murray has just secured the 23,000 names necessary to a petition, whereby the initiative measure regarding the sale of all public school lands may be presented to the people.

This is only one of "Alfalfa Bills" many evidences of enterprise and hustle. One of the paramount planks of the Democratic platform in the campaign of last year, when the questions of the adoption of the state constitution and the election of state officers were the issue, was the declining the party to be in favor of the sale of the state school lands and against a system of land ownership that would not give any of the state's 2,000,000 acres of school lands, comprising 2,000,000 acres, are situated on the side of the state which was originally Oklahoma territory, and from that side of the legislature were elected. Many of them were given the task of office because of their promise to advocate a bill providing for the sale of the school lands. The lessee vote was about 25,000, and it represented the majority of the 65,000. Some of the lessees had held their lands for years and made extensive improvements upon them as well as increasing their value through cultivation.

The first state legislature had its hands full of things and failed to enact a law providing for the sale of the school lands. This incensed a large percentage of the voting lessees and likewise many of the land owning voting neighbors. The legislature was overwhelmingly Democratic and had waded into deep water, or rather into a net from which it could not be pulled. Lessees called on the governor and made their demands. The governor was their friend. He it said to Governor H. H. Murray, speaker of the lower house of the legislature and president of the constitutional convention, was also the lessees' friend. State Senator Elmer Thomas of Lawton was another, and there were dozens of others in officialdom.

The governor and his fellow officers called a meeting of the lessees and under provision of the initiative and referendum law, that had been recently enacted, a law providing for the sale of school lands was initiated. Mrs. Murray was the author of the initiative and referendum measure and here he found great opportunity to place it in active operation. The law required 23,000 names to be placed on a petition in order that an initiative measure may be put before the people for their consideration. Mr. Murray set himself about the task of securing the signatures of the requisite number of petitioners; he spent a good part of the summer at it, and was successful.

The initiative measure provides for the sale of all the state school lands. All bills considered by the legislature provided for the sale only of indeterminate school lands. For the reason that even many of the lessees themselves do not want \$80,000,000 worth of lands placed upon the market at once and their estates at the same time, the last vestige of landed heritage of the school children, this and future generations, many lessees are opposed to the initiative measure.

The most active campaign against the adoption of the measure has been directed by the Oklahoma School Land Preservation League, which has elected Senator Roy E. Stafford, editor of the Daily Oklahoman, its president, and Professor H. J. Abbott, a member of the faculty of the Central State normal, its secretary.

## Be Your Own Tree Doctor.

From The Outing Magazine for November.

Every man should be his own tree doctor. If properly trained he can keep any all manner of sucking insects from the trees, fighting and discouraging insects. When the leaves are off he goes all over his plantation, diagnosing each tree, shrub and bush. He will find some borers not yet killed, and from his quince and apples before winter sets in. Use a flexible wire and a sharp knife to dig out the locusts from the soil. These are liable to leave out during the winter. He should slip a nut into a hole in the trunk of a tree, and then, if you have them to spare, place a scuttie of coal ashes about each one.

## A Natural Poem.

From The Delineator.

Laura was sitting on the porch with her dolls, but was greatly distressed by the song of a locust in a tree near by. Running to the tree she shouted, impatiently, "Ring off, bird!"

## THE STOLEN BAG

By Gwive Abtram.

MR. JOHN HARROP stood by the door of the first class waiting room at Liverpool street station, seedy and out at elbows. Life had not treated him very well upon the whole. It had dealt with him even as it deals with loafers, being a loafer. He would have told you that, in the strenuous life, an apostle of the doctrine of work. He preached it in season and out of season, and the sequence of his teachings, his wife labored hard at her wash tub, his eldest daughter sold her hair, and his two younger children, both girls and boys, sold matches and newspapers upon the streets. Mr. Harrop himself, as the head of so many a household, did not do little more than supervise. He "speeded up" the various departments under his charge by a continuous flow of abuse and an occasional thrashing. Nevertheless, at times he found it possible to speculate a business, and he did not look for a chance to specialize now.

A shabby little black bearded man, after a glance around, rushed into the waiting room, deposited his bag upon the seat and bolted out again in the direction of the ticket office. The bag was new and expensive looking, and for a moment Mr. Harrop wondered how it came to be in the possession of so shabby an individual. He did not get a chance to wonder long, for after all the seediness of the bearded man was no business of his, but the bag was.

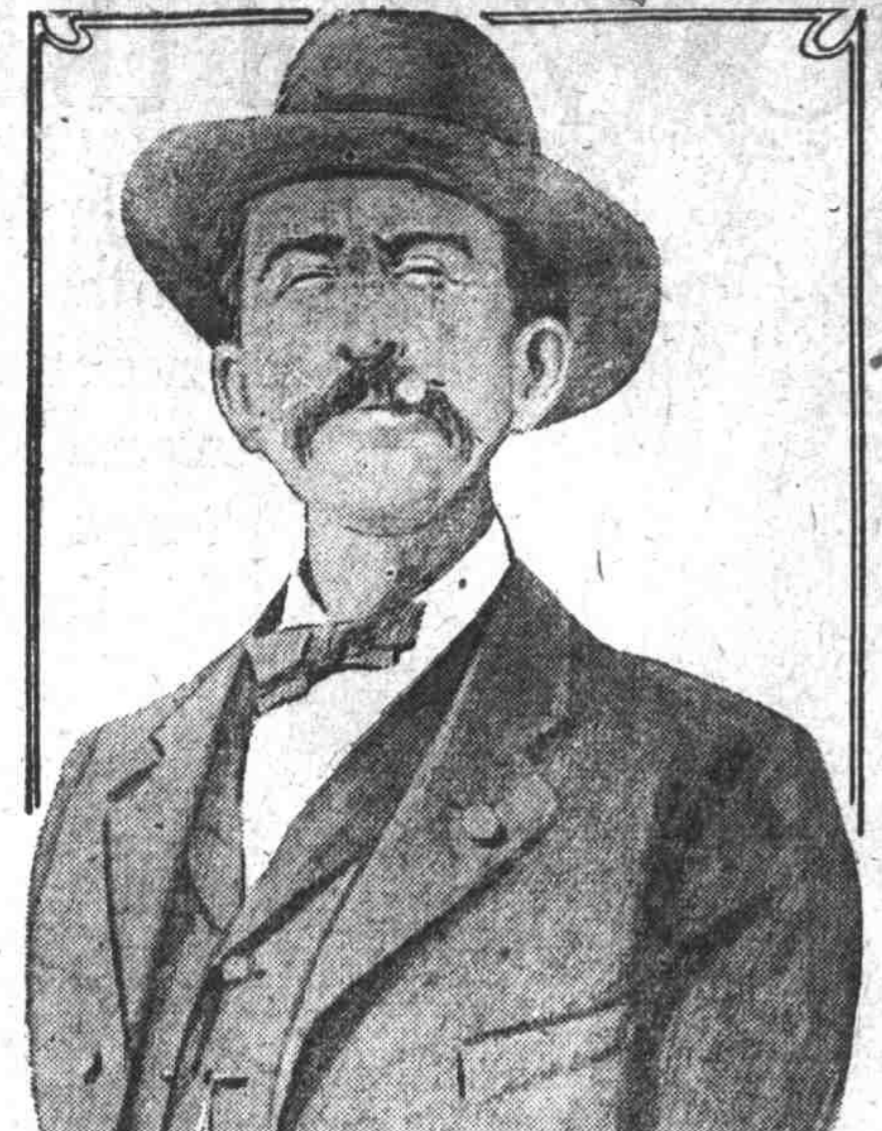
Entering the waiting room he satisfied himself that he was alone, gripped the bag with his fingers, and began to assume an innocent and inconspicuous expression as he was master of it. Anxious to get away, he kept to the by streets, and once he found that he was unobserved lifted the bag and examined it closely. It was too small for shirts, and his mind began to run upon jewelry. Then he became conscious of something that tickled stealthily inside it, and he smiled with pleasure.

"Blowed for there isn't a clock," he said. "One of them travelin' clocks, in a Russian leather case. I'll put it up the spout at Levi's."

He would dearly have liked to open the bag, but there were too many people about, and he continued his journey. But it was evident that he was shadowed by a pair of eyes. He turned in an unrequited square, he heard footsteps behind him, and, turning, he saw the bearded man in a frenzy of anxiety and rage.

"Give me my bag," cried the little man, his face black with passion, his fingers twisting with rage. "The bag belongs to me. It is valuable. You don't know how valuable it is."

"But I've got it," said the man, cocky. "I'll give you a grin with a grin. Be off. You won't get no good message round here."



W.H. MURRAY  
"ALFALFA BILL"  
OKLAHOMA

## WHEN MARRIAGE IS FOLLY

By Mrs. John A. Logan.

GOOD PEOPLE all over the country regret to see excuses for divorce multiplying. There is no disputing the fact that there are cases where the withholding of divorce decrees is a very great hardship upon individuals who are unavoidably driven to the divorce courts as a last resort. Many hesitate to apply for divorce when a corespondent must be named because of the ensuing notoriety and scandal, but I think the unhappy victim of unhappy marital relations, who has been betrayed and deserted by either an unfaithful wife or husband who is likely to live indefinitely, should not hesitate to bring suit and have the matter disposed of as quickly as possible. The facts should be placed before the referee, jury or judge, as the case may be, fully and freely, but they should be given to the public as published in the newspapers. Both parties should be furnished with correct copies of the charges and the evidence, so as to enable each to reply to the charges that either may make. Injustice would rarely be done by such procedure.

No divorce should be applied for or granted on trivial grounds, or that would allow the state would permit the person who has come between married people. Neither the wife nor the husband should be permitted to complete their undoing by marrying the author or authoress of their domestic infelicities.

No man should imagine that cigarette smoking can make such a demon of a man that he would become intolerable, and in his mentally irresponsible state would persecute his wife with the same belief with the Ohio judge who declares that "excessive smoking of cigarettes is a sufficient cause for a wife to seek divorce." Mental and moral depravity divorces.

## DIFFERENCE IN BABY'S WARDROBE

ALL MEN may be created equal but within a few hours after a little one is brought into this world, there is a vast difference in its surroundings. The mother's pocket is seen to contain a dress for the sake of argument the wardrobes of two babies compared. Little Miss Millionaire is found to have a wardrobe which cost \$500; little Miss Nobody a wardrobe which totals \$3.50.

The men at the head of the children's clothing departments in some of the large stores could tell interesting tales if they would, but they are very reticent. A glance at the stock, however, is convincing.

You see that little bib—meant to tie around the neck, just like the ordinary article—has three buttons, and is made of fine hand embroidery and an edge of baby Irish—but \$35 is the price. Little Miss Nobody should very near in a bib which costs 5 cents.

The lucky baby who uses this bib was born in a carriage, built over a chiffon and silk lining, at a cost of \$75. Real furs when worn run into a coat in some cases of \$50 for a coat of ermine and bonnet to match.

And widely different as are the values of the wardrobes of these two babies, the net result, in each case is just a sweet baby dressed in a simple white outfit, in some cases the one with the less expensive wardrobe being the more attractive of the two.

## In the Jargon of Art.

From Democratic Telegram.

The girl had been three weeks in the employ of an artistic family; but her time had been by no means wasted. Her mistress was giving her instructions as to the use of the brush.

"Don't forget the potatoes," enjoined the lady.

"Yes, ma'am," was the reply; "will you 'ave 'em in their jackets or in the hood?"

They All Do.

From the Boston Transcript.

Hub—But if you like the young fellow, Kate, why do you object to our daughter marrying him?

Wife—Oh, she'll marry him, for all that; but I want to give her a chance to say when they quarrel, that "Mother didn't want me to marry you, anyway."

witnessed ceremonies who knew reasons why the ceremony should not have been performed. All too soon the hidden reasons have become known to everyone, but not until after one life of sacrifice has been sacrificed on the altar of matrimony.

## It Is Woman for Woman—By Mrs. Emeline Lawrence

(Leader of the Suffragist Movement in England.)

IT IS woman for woman now, and we are going to stand by each other. That is the new spirit manifest everywhere today. You see it especially at the time of a by-election. It is as the friend of woman first and foremost that the Woman's Social and Political union enters the field there. And without very much explanation the women in the constituency, and especially the working women, seem to recognize this at once.

"Nobody took any trouble to teach us politics till you came," they say; "we women have never been any notice of before." Election candidates are far too occupied with the men, whose votes they want to get, to have any time to spare in remembering that there are women in the world who have their special wrongs to be redressed. Politicians have entirely neglected the political education of the woman. We have to begin at the beginning; we have to teach women the A, B, C of politics. We find them voting and yet knowing little or nothing of the principles to which they are bound to adhere.

The women of Great Britain are deeply dissatisfied with their position; they stand at the very bottom of the social ladder. They are the most wretched and poverty-stricken man, there is always one being in the world more miserably placed than himself, and that is the woman who stands in the nearest relationship to him.

Women are being forced to go into factories and workshops in order to earn their living. They have to work longer hours than men; their conditions of labor are worse, and their wages are lower.

The average wage of the working girl, for instance, is about seven shillings a week. If a special distress brought about by unemployment, employment schemes and other help for men. The women are left out. During the last two years, while the wages of men have been steadily rising, the wages of women have either remained stationary or gone down. The dirtiest and most unpleasant work that has to be done in the world is done by women. The so-called sweated trades are women's trades.

Women who are left as widows have to carry the living of the family and look after the whole of the household. They wash and mend for them, nurse them when they are sick and play the part of father and mother as well. They become the home workers who get paid less than a penny an hour.

From early morning till late into the night they are working for a paltry pitance of five shillings a week. If the woman placed in this position takes outdoor relief for the sake of her children, she is branded as a pauper to her old-age pension when she becomes an old woman.

Women are beginning to realize that they are being treated as slaves. They are touched until the weapon of self-defense that the men have used for so many years in their hands. They are beginning to see that the helplessness of women is not only an evil for themselves, but a curse to the country and a great wrong to the children.

That is why they want the vote, and that is why it is women for women now.

## Beware the Tree Trimmer.

From The Outing Magazine for November.

Be it avoided is the work of the professional tree trimmer; a fellow who comes around occasionally with an assortment of saws, and offers to put your orchard in shape. He is generally a fellow who has failed to keep his own orchard in shape. His real knowledge of trees is ex tempore, and his sawing is sure to continue as long as you will pay his wages. Large limbs are cut off at random, but suckers are left. The chances are that your orchard will be ruined. There is really but one salvation from his wholesale sacrifice; you must study nature-work yourself; get acquainted with the trees so intimately that no roving jack-of-all-trades can deceive you. No one who neglects to familiarize himself with the laws of growth has any right to a country home. The orchardist, first of all, is a man who can make of his trees and plants his companions. When they are the Roman emperor to go back and resume the crown that he had resigned, he simply said, "Come and see my garden." The real countryman feels that nothing in this world is quite so pleasurable and satisfactory as his orchard and garden. He learns his every year more and more to be intimate with all forms of life around him.

## Hidden Reminders.

From Sketch.

Sister Ann—Did you get any marks at school today, Bill?

Bill—Yes; but they're where they don't show.

# STANDS FOR FREEDOM



## NEW YORK, Nov. 8.—The statue of Liberty in New York harbor was unveiled 21 years ago. It will be remembered that the statue is a memorial to the friendship and fraternity existing between France and the United States.

Frederick Auguste Bartholdi was the successful sculptor selected from many to undertake this gigantic monument.

The statue is the most conspicuous example of responsible work that is, thin sheets of hammered brass laid over a framework of iron. First, a life size clay statue after the design was made, then three plaster statues, the first one sixteenth, the second one fourth the size of the complete work, and the third its full size, the last named being made in sections over a wooden framework.

The most accurate measurements were necessary in making these statues in order to preserve accurate proportions. Then came the work of copying the full size statue in wooden models. These were all carefully made by hand, each piece exactly fitting every curve or irregularity of surface in some part of the figure. In these molds the sheets of brass were laid out, heated until they exactly fitted them. These

were 300 sheets of brass used, each from one to three yards square and weighing from 10 to 15 pounds. These form the outside of the statue. When this was complete the iron framework or skeleton was taken up, the copper shell could be fastened. The right hand and torch of this remarkable statue were shown at the Centennial exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876. The head was shown at the Paris exposition in 1879.

On July 4, 1880, the statue was formally delivered to the United States through its representative, the American minister at Paris, Hon. Charles D. Adams in New York harbor, but lying within the boundaries of New Jersey, was sent to New York City on October 23, 1886, the statue was unveiled in the presence of distinguished representatives of France and the United States and was formally dedicated with impressive ceremonies.

The height of the statue from the base of the pedestal to the top of the torch is 305 feet 6 inches. The figure weighs 225 tons, and the entire statue contains 100 tons of bronze. Forty persons can stand comfortably in the head and the torch will hold 11 people.

## A Simpson Poem

Mrs. J. M. Pillion of The Dalles has received from a friend at Grants Pass a poem of the late Sam L. Simpson, which the sender says was written at his (or her) house, and has never been published. It is as follows:

FOREVER.

The temples of youth are decaying  
In Beulah, the beautiful vale,  
And my life has been wearily straying  
Away from this beautiful vale.  
Where the waters of Marah are sobbing  
The sorrow of desolate years—  
The sorrow and remembrance of brooding  
Of hope that has darkened to tears.  
Forever, forever, forever,  
The dolorous song of the river,  
The wall of the river of tears.

In Beulah, a ring-belted river,  
That danced in a garland of pearl,  
First sang the refrain of forever  
With many a wimple and swirl,  
And the flag-flowers bent in the rushes,  
For a touch of the fancied stream,  
And the roses in red and in blue,  
Were aflame with the magical dream.  
Forever, forever, forever,  
Was the singing of the ring-belted river,  
The refrain of a beautiful theme.

And love, with red lips, in the pauses  
Of passion took up the refrain,  
And the birds, in their rapturous clauses  
Of silence, to listen were fain;  
But the leaves in a silver river  
Of mystery whispered the breeze  
That a rainbow of crimson would event  
Rekindle the blossom of ease.  
Forever, forever, forever,  
Was the song of the ring-belted river,  
In odorous haunts of the bees.

Where the mountains, in desolate places  
Are kneeling, bare-kneed, in the sand,  
And my Sphinxes, with mystical faces,  
Are gazing in rapturous grand—  
The gasp of the mountain of snow,  
Are fillets of flame on my brow,  
And the crystalline glisms of forever  
Is the dirge of Elysium now.  
Alas, for the musical river,  
That sang me the treacherous vow.

The stars, on their cold emplacements,  
May weave immortals of light,  
But my soul, in its vapor senses,  
Is crowned with the sorrow of night  
And the oceans may chant, as they follow  
The glittering shield of the moon,  
But my music is weary and hollow  
And gloomy, unyielding run.  
Forever, forever, forever,  
Is a lonesome refrain, if they sever  
A soul from the lover of its June.

There's an odor of death in the flowers  
That drop in the garden of life,  
Believe me, sunnier hours  
They breathe an aroma divine—  
And so I shall wear them forever,  
The perfume of the garden of life,  
As I turn with sick lips and a shiver  
From the kiss of the following wraith.  
Forever, forever, forever,  
Is the sorrow of the following wraith,  
That shall heal the old sorrows of faith.

## The Owl's Wisdom.

From The Philadelphia Bulletin.

"In a hollow tree, during my vacation, I found two young owls," said a student, "and they were in the most deplorable condition. The mother owl should have abandoned her setting ere its completion, I said the matter before my former school."

"The farmer told me that country people know well that the owl, after she has laid her eggs, is very fond of eggs to be hatched by the new born birds. These young are warm blooded, their parents are to be seen nearly all in nine cases out of ten they complete the hatch as well as the mother would have done, I consider this a superstition if I hadn't seen a proof of it."

## WHAT IS POVERTY?

By Max Nordau.

THE NO period in the world's history were contrasts between rich and poor so decided, so prominent as at present. Those writers on political economy who commence their scientific works with the axiom that pauperism is as old as humanity itself, betray either a lack of reflection or of truth.

There is an absolute and a relative poverty. In the first, the condition in which a man is partially or totally unable to satisfy his actual wants; that is, those which are the result of the organic functions of the body. Relative poverty, on the other hand, signifies a condition of lack of means for the satisfaction of those wants which are artificially acquired, not the indispensable requisites for the preservation of life and health, but those of which the individual usually becomes conscious by the comparison of his manner of living with that of others.

There is a social and a personal poverty. The professional man regards as the height of luxury the material goods which he shabby to those brought up in the refined comfort of an aristocratic home. It is also subjective, as it exists only in the imagination of the individual. In short it is not physiological poverty and old Diogenes proved that this is the boundary line of the subjective sensation of happiness, viz: That a man can be well comforted so long as his physical wants can be easily and abundantly satisfied.

From the point of a man of this civilization of the twentieth century who wants of civilized life, the great majority of mankind appears to have been always poorer and poorer as they are more and more removed from the present. The clothing was coarser and less frequently renewed, the lodgings were less comfortable, the food more primitive, the utensils less in number, there was less money in circulation and less abundance of unnecessary articles.

But the nature of relative poverty was not affecting. Only an empty-headed fool could find anything tragic in the fact that an Equinaxian woman protects herself from the cold by a sack-shaped garment made out of seal skin instead of a complicated arrangement of velvet as expensive as it is ungraceful. In fact, I doubt whether the sentimental wail expressed by that good king, Louis IV, that every peasant in his kingdom should have a chicken every Sunday, would ever have touched or inspired genuine peasants as long as they could eat their fill of pork.

But absolute physiological poverty as a permanent condition never has appeared except as a consequence of the highly developed and unhealthy state of civilization. It is a condition inconceivable in the natural condition of mankind and even at a lower stage of social development.

The procurement of sufficient nourishment is the chief and most important action in life of all organic beings from the protoplasm to the elephant. It is bacteria to the oak tree. If it fails, it dies. It never voluntarily submits to a lack of nourishment. This is a biological law governing man as well as all other living creatures.

A primitive man does not accommodate himself to the circumstances of want, but struggles to overcome them. If he is a hunter and the game leaves his usual hunting grounds, he starts in search of others. If he is a farmer on unproductive soil, he packs up and emigrates when he learns of more fertile fields. He never voluntarily submits to a lack of nourishment. This is a biological law governing man as well as all other living creatures.

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Absolute poverty is also incompatible with a civilization which has not yet passed beyond the stage of physical scarcity. As long as people are only familiar with agriculture, cattle raising and domestic industries, although they are not rich, they are not poor. They are in a state of relative poverty, but they are not poor. They are in a state of relative poverty, but they are not poor. They are in a state of relative poverty, but they are not poor.

After the first of the great revolutions of nature monopolized by others—only at this period does the possibility arise for a small minority of persons to accumulate great wealth and for a large majority to sink into absolute poverty and physiological distress.

THE \$860 GIRL

BONNET	75.00	BONNET	0.50
COAT	500.00	COAT	2.95
DRESS	135.00	DRESS	1.10
SHOES	10.00	SHOES	2.00
UNDERWEAR	100.00	UNDERWEAR	1.00
HOSIERY & GLOVES	5.00	HOSIERY & GLOVES	1.00
BIB	35.00	BIB	0.05