WOMAN AND THE LAND

Prominent Part She Is Now Taking in the Development of Oklahoma.

HOW A GIRL GOT HER CLAIM.

Miss Nannette Daisy's Leap from Cowcatcher of an Engine When She "Located."

A person of persistent prominence in the development of Oklahoma is the woman homesteader. Since the first day of the opening of old Oklahoma to settlement in 1889, when Nannette Daisy jumped from a cowcatcher of an engine on the first train that brought thousands of homeseekers into the territory and staked off a claim in "the promised land," the woman homesteader has been occupying a front seat in Oklahoma's march of progress. The instances are not few where women have staked off claims, superintended the cultivation for years and finally won the prize—a deed to a quarter section of land from Uncle Sam, says a Guthrie (Okla.) correspondent of the Arkansas Gazette.

Leaping from the engine, Miss Daisy climbed a small embankment, made when the road was constructed, and hastily disengaging herself from a white underskirt, she pinned it to a neighboring blackjack bush and called to the other passengers as the train started ahead with renewed speed:

"This is my homestead!"

That tract of land, near Waterloo and lying along the Santa Fe's main line through this State, is still known as the Daisy farm. She made good on the claim, got a patent from the government and held the farm in her name until the time of her death in Chicago several years ago. She attained considerable prominence in Oklahoma politics in the early days and was a personal friend of many men who have since become wealthy and well known in political and business circles. Afterward she married a soldier, one of the men stationed at Fort Reno, and following his retirement from the service they moved to Chicago, where she died.

It is estimated that more than 100 lone women held claims in Beaver County last winter, as a rule living in dugouts and waiting for the springtime in order to cultivate the land. It's a plucky thing to do, but it's a pluck that in practically every instance brings success as well as health and freedom.

After they have lived on their claims during the period specified by Uncle Sam they make application for final proof, the last thing necessary before obtaining deeds. J. S. Fischer, a United States land commissioner at Texhoma, says, as a rule, the women pick the choice tracts of land. In this connection it is interesting to note that the United States commissioner at Tyrone, in Beaver County, is a woman—Mrs. Susan Healey. Many women homesteaders appear before her to file on claims and make final proofs.

The woman at the head of a farm is in almost every instance a specialist. In numerous cases they have been exceedingly successful in different lines of horticulture, agriculture and raising of live stock.

SHOT AT INQUISITIVE TOURIST.

Woman's Story of Attempted Killing in Mosque of Omar in Jerusalem.

In a letter to a friend in this city, the Orange (N. J.) correspondent of the New York Sun says Mrs. Herbert Turrell tells the story of the attempted assassination on March 9 of Mrs. Moore in the mosque of Omar at Jerusalem, of which she was an eye witness. Mrs. Turrel says she is convinced that women have no business to enter sacred places where the country holds that they should not be admitted. She says that the fanatic who fired the pistol thought he was doing his duty.

"We stopped at the golden gate opposite Solomon's court," writes Mrs. Terrell, "to have sandals placed on our feet. We of the second party were assembled just outside of the outer screen, when we heard a pistol shot, followed by four or five other shots in rapid succession. At first I thought it was a bomb; then I saw a flash and smoke. We rushed ot the right of the mosque in the oposite direction from the firing.

"Following the report women shrieked and there was a rushing sound as of people running. Our guide told us he would see what the matter was. We crouched in the corner by a huge pillar, not knowing how soon an attack would be made upon us. Our first thought was that there was an uprising of the Mohammedans.

"The party which had preceded us was unquestionably involved, as the shrieks of women plainly indicated. We were told that a crazy man had fired a pistol and that the women were frightened. We realized that there had been a tragedy, but were willing to accept any kind of explanation.

"The guide said the man had been firing blank cartridges and had been arrested. He then proceeded to tell the history of the mosque and we pretended to listen to what he said. We passed out of a door into a court and here we were horrified to see blood spots and a sheik was mopping blood from the floor.

"Our guide insisted that it was a quarrel among the moslems and that nothing serious had happened. He led us across the court to the fountain of purification. Just as we were about to enter the temple we heard a call that made our blood run cold.

"Our guide hastened to see what was wanted and several sheiks beckoned to us to leave at once. We had our sandals removed by men, who hastened toward us for this purpose. Our guide told us that he was wanted and that he must leave us. He tried to have us accept the services of a dragoman to conduct us from the mosque.

"Members of our party protested and he remained with us. The attitude of the sheiks, as though prepared for an attack, was not alluring, and I felt that at any moment we would be shot at. Our guide finally took us to the Christian street, which led us to the Joppa gate. An empty carriage passed and several of our party took it and drove to the hotel.

"We learned the details of the shooting later. It appeared that a woman member of the party that had preceded us in the mosque had been shot in the face. A priest in the mosque held the man, who was on the point of reloading his revolver and who was within twenty-five yards of our party. The carriage used to convey the injured woman, Miss Moore, from the mosque was the one in which Mrs. Anna L. Tichener, of Newark, and Mrs. Lebkkeucher, of East Orange, drove to the mosque.

TABULATING CENSUS RETURNS.

Mechanism of Machines Which Are Labor and Time Savers.

The automatic machine is the most recent development in census tabulating machinery, and had it been perfected earlier much of the hand machines could have been dispensed with, though, in most cases where readings must be taken very frequently, the hand machines are almost, if not quite, as economical.

Whether in the hand machine or in the automatic, the counters are operated by means of electrical contacts made through the punched holes, according to E. Dana Durand in the American Review of Reviews. The machines are so wired that facts can be counted in combination with one another. Thus it is possible to count at the same time facts with regard to age and marital condition, so as to show, for instance, on one counter the number of married persons from 21 to 25 years of age, on another those from 25 to 30, and on others the number of single persons of these two age periods. Each machine, in fact, is provided with a large number of counters; as many as sixty counters will be used in certain "runs." Even thus, however, it would be quite impossible to count all the manifold combinations of items at a single "run" of the card. Each card on the average must be passed through the tabulating machines five or six times. In other words, the work is equivalent to tabulating approximately 500,000 cards.

Even the hand machines used at the present census are much more rapid than those of ten years ago. In 1900 the counters used consisted of dials, from each of which the results for each county or other unit of presentation had to be read by the eye and taken down on sheets of paper. The present machines are so arranged that the results on all the counters can be printed at the some time by merely pressing a button. This change absolutely prevents errors, which frequently arose in the reading of the dials, and also greatly economizes clerical labor.

The Price of Fame.

It was in the office of one of the big theaters. A lot of actors were hanging around, a couple of journalists and a secretary or two. A young woman dropped in for a hasty greeting, and then paused a moment to speak to a very well-known actor whom she evidently met for the first time. The press agent's desk was open, and in a corner was a package of pictures of the celebrated actor. The latter looked them over, and as the young woman exclaimed that he should give her one he said, with an insinuating smile to the press agent:

"Alas, they are not mine. They belong to Mr. Dash!"

"I can't give any away," said the latter. "Each one costs me 20 cents."

"Surely that is cheap!" the young lady suggested.

The press agent ignored her and turned to the actor.

"Cheap? Do you think anybody would pay that much for you?"

And the young lady laughed and went without her picture.

A Question of Terms.

Mrs. Bronson—My husband is plain spoken; he calls a spade a spade.

Mrs. Woodson—So does mine, but I must decline to repeat what he calls the lawn mower.

It's a sign that a small boy has a good disposition if he doesn't resent being told he looks like his father.

Nearly every man wants to lay off every time he sees a flag, or hears a band

THE MIRACLE.

She's but a little colleen gay,
  Scarce thicker than me thumb.
But oh, the word she spoke the day!
  'Tis blind I am, and dumb.
Her small mouth had a pleadin' twist
As though 'twas wishful to be kissed;
I thought it gave the true word whist,
And hope lept in the heart of me.

But when I tried it—oh, the blow
  The little hand laid on me cheek!
'Twas but a feather's weight, I know,
  But sure, it left me faint and weak.
And oh, the look that changed her eyes!
'Twas like the change of Erin's skies
From shine to storm—the black surprise
And sorrow burst the heart o' me.

She stood there lashin' me bold ways—
  So weak the gentle tongue of her,
Compared with some I've got 'twas praise—
  Then somethin', sudden, seemed to stir
Within me breast. The truth it lept
Straight out, belike as if't had slept;
Then—right into me arms she crept.
Sure, joy's near crazed the heart of me.

—Harper's Weekly.

The Pledge of the Poor

The little old father seemed very dear to Margaret, who was watching him as he wrote his records rapidly in his small, cramped hand. It was all or nearly all, that he wrote. Long ago he had given up hope of the book which was to have been his life work, and buried it deep beneath a country physician's responsibilities. Margaret had always resented this. What right had these people to his life, who scarcely accorded him a living?

"Father," she said, suddenly, "what are you writing?"

He held the page with his forefinger, as he met her cold gray eyes with a pair startlingly like them. Then he smiled, and two wrinkles disappeared from his forehead, and two appeared about his mouth.

"Just visits, dear, to pay—and to be paid for," he answered.

"There are many more of the first than of the last, aren't there?"

"Why, surely."

He smiled as he said it, but Margaret did not smile. So it had always been, so it would always be—four to pay and one to be paid for. And they needed many things. No one knew that better than Margaret. Much responsibility devolved on her. The little half-invalid mother must not know, the children could not, the father did not. But Margaret had a complete understanding of the lease of life accorded boyish boots, of the wants, wishes and needs of growing girls.

She thought with hot impatience of her father's coat—how green it had looked in yesterday's blaze of sunlight! How green it would look in the sunlight of how many to-morrows! It was not right; it was not fair. She had a fierce impulse to hide him away from others and himself; to lighten his path with the success her love and ambition craved. He spent himself freely on those who gave not again. He threw his love, his learning, his very life into a battle which was not to the strong.

Margaret laid down the scarcely touched sewing. The offer of assistance trembled on her lips. But before she had time to speak, a knock sounded.

Margaret knew that knock—hurried, anxious, impatient, that would not be denied. The old door had echoed to many scores of just such knocks.

"O dear!" she said. Her father started as soon as she. Knocks like that, the call to arms of the physician, sounded through his deepest slumbers. He was transformed in the twinkling of an eye. The wearied old man was the alert physician, confident, eager-eyed, the light of battle on his face. Margaret's heart thrilled as she looked at him.

In a moment he was back. He turned to Margaret, half-laughing.

"It's Mrs. Barr's baby—the healthiest little mite. Quite likely it is merely a pin sticking him, but I'll have to go and set her mind at rest."

"But you're so tired. Why don't you let her wait till morning?"

"Why, Margaret! By morning I should have two patients on my hands. You don't know these young mothers."

"I know they haven't much consideration."

"Now, Margaret, that isn't like you. How can we expect her to think of anything but her little sick child?" As he talked the physician had been throwing things in a little black bag. He shut it now with a sharp click.

"It's quite probable there's nothing much the matter with the baby. If not, I'll be back to-night. If I should be detained, though, I may have to take the train instead of coming home."

"I thought the convention was next week."

"It is, but I'm leaving two days ahead of time. There's a case Parker wants to talk over with me."

Margaret flushed with pride at the honor so simply stated. After all, there were some who appreciated him.

"But what about the bills you were going to make out, father? You see, the girls' winter things have to come, and——"

"Jack's shoes, and Robert's, and—I know them all, my little troubled Martha, but I can't delay to-night."

"Could I make them out? Even a day makes a difference."

"Why, to be sure you could. It would be a help to me"

He picked up the book, and rapidly turned the pages, marking here and there with a cross. He passed the book to Margaret.

"Get out these I have marked, like a good girl, Margaret, and you'll soon have in what you need."

Then, with a hasty good-by, he was gone.

In the morning he had not returned, and Margaret sat long with the little leather-covered book in her hand, idly turning the pages. The places marked with a cross were not many. She had counted and recounted the ones which were reasonably sure to pay. The sum total was pitifully inadequate. Even if every one he had marked paid in full and at once, there was an alarming deficit. There was nothing she could do.

But suddenly, as that thought came to her puzzled brain, another followed. There was something she could do—something that would set things straight for the present and leave a little margin for the encroaching future. In a moment the impotent leather-covered book had assumed the proportions of the purse of Fortunatus. There were dozens and dozens of visits with no check after them. Her father had not intended to send them out, but if she did, and the reluctant bills were safely paid, who could be anything but glad about it?

Once decided, she wrote rapidly in her large, firm hand, so different from her father's. The table was soon littered with bills. On those of longest standing she wrote, "Please remit." When the rural postman arrived, she had a load for him. And then she waited.

The waiting was not long. That evening there came a timid, hesitating knock on the door where a peremptory summons so often sounded. Margaret threw it wide. For a moment she did not know the woman who stood before her, a shawl thrown over her head. But she knew the voice.

"It's Mrs. Halloran, Miss Margaret, my dear. I've brung the money. Tell me, is it sick the doctor is?"

"Why, no. Father is quite well, but——"

"Is it yer mother worser, thin?"

"No," answered Margaret. "What made you think so?"

"Won't ye tell me what's wrong, my dear?" persisted the woman. "Sure,

THERE WAS AN ALARMING DEFICIT.

I knowed there was a somethin' whin it came, the bill marked 'Plase remit.' My Dannie read it to me. Says I, 'He's in trouble, the little doctor.' Thin out I goes an' sells the cow. An' here's the money, Miss Margaret, thirty-five dollars. It leaves five owin', but Dannie'll soon raise that, an' I'll run up wid it. If 'twar thirty-five hundred I'd not begrudge it fur what he's done for me."

She undid the knots in an old bandanna handkerchief, and brought to light the pieces of shining gold. Her face, seamed and marked by care, her work-worn hands, appealed to Margaret. She spoke impulsively, putting the gold back in the old handkerchief.

"Mrs. Halloran, I want you to take this money and buy your cow again. The need is not so pressing—a way has come since that bill was sent that makes it unnecessary for us to take it."

The relief was plain on the woman's face. She protested, but feebly, while her old hand hovered over the coin. It is not lightly that one relinquishes the means of livelihood. She patted Margaret's hand.

"Ye're yer father's own daughter, my dear. I couldn't speak a finer word about ye. He's a good man—the best I ever knowed; that merciful to the poor, ye wouldn't believe. He'd be doin' much better in a better neighborhood. But the blessin' of the poor—I think that goes for somethin'."

Margaret razed her air-castles of unclean foundations to the ground. In the morning, after she had made her mother comfortable and sent the children to school, she took the old horse and cart and started out on her round of visits. And just as the angel once spared the houses marked, so Margaret dealt mercifully with the ones which were not. She collected the disturbing little slips of paper, reading a lesson in many a poverty-stricken place. In some the money was ready, in some it was not, but no one had blamed the doctor.

Margaret was glad of that. To each she gave the same excuse—the bills had been sent by mistake. She did not feel the words an untruth. She sighed as she drove homeward. So far things had turned out well, but the hardest part was to come. It would be difficult to explain to her father, to feel his disappointment in her. Yet inconsistently, she longed for his return.

She drove to the station to meet him. All the way home she pondered how to tell him, while they talked of trivial things. Just a question, "Any of my patients been up, Margaret?"

And then it was out. Blunderingly, stumblingly, sparing not herself, making no excuses, Margaret told her tale, hardly daring to meet her father's eyes.

He did not speak for a moment. When he did, it was very tenderly, "My little girl!"—Youth's Companion.

INFANT MORTALITY.

Greater Number of Births as Well as Deaths Among Poor.

An investigation just made by the New York milk committee with a view to getting definite information as to the effects of infant mortality on social and economic conditions has resulted in some interesting disclosures. Three sections of the city were selected for study, varying much in size, owing to different densities of population, but each containing about 7,500 persons. In the first, inhabited largely by the rich, only thirty-seven children were born in a year; in the second, where the circumstances of the people were what is called comfortable, the births numbered 160, while in the third, where poverty prevailed, 434 babies were born.

But during two summer weeks, one of them the hottest of the year, not one of the thirty-seven babies or of the 160 died, while among the 434 there were sixteen deaths. The figures are not large enough to warrant any final conclusions as to percentages, but doubtless they are fairly characteristic of the three classes. The immunity of the babies in the two more fortunate classes during this hot fortnight only happened to be complete, and that peculiarity would not be likely to be repeated.

That the one group did as well as the other is explained by the investigators as due to equally efficient care in both, in the one case, however, largely the care of highly trained nurses, and in the second to that of mothers with leisure and intelligence. Among the very poor each of the much more numerous babies had a decidedly smaller chance of life, but many more than enough of them survived to outnumber the other groups. Probably at the attainment of adult age the difference will not be nearly as large, for the excess of mortality will remain where it began.—New York Times.

DANGERS OF PATENT LEATHER.

Shiny Shoes Are a Menace to Life and Limb in the City.

It has become a matter of some doubt in the minds of many people whether patent leather shoes should be worn in the streets, the New York Evening Sun says.

Is it safer or is it not? Should we endanger our lives in the distraction of traffic when, by wearing slightly less shiny shoes, we could give our attention to dodging automobiles and ducking street cars? No child should be allowed out alone in patent-leather shoes—that is decided without a moment's doubt; but even people of maturer years are not quite responsible for their own safety when wearing patent-leather shoes.

They cannot be, no matter what their strength of character. If one's shoes will shine, so one must watch them, and if one walks with one's eyes riveted on one's flashing feet, one of necessity bumps into something, and it is nothing less than cold luck if the something is a lamp-post or a postman instead of a flying fire engine. And then one's progress is so slow. Absorbed, captivated, held spellbound by one's own boot tips, one is so very apt to arrive late at the place one was going to or forget completely one's destination and sinking on to a park bench wave one's feet slowly about, bewitched by their sparkling high lights.

Holland has most wisely and kindly opened up a wide thoroughfare for those persons who prefer roller skates to other modes of conveyance, and as nothing more than a humane precaution the city ought to set aside one street for those incorrigible venturesome people who will wear patent leather boots in public.

DOLLARLESS DOLLIVAR.

Policeman's Concern for Senator's Welfare When He Was a Lad.

The son of a Methodist minister, Senator Dolliver entered early upon a political career; he had the old-fashioned way of using anecdotes to illustrate his points, which was then considered effective, though he may have changed his style with the times. He is one of the orators who frankly admit that they "like to talk," a taste he thinks he may have inherited from his father and grandfather—the latter a Massachusetts sea-faring man, whose cargo of cotton during the war of 1812 was confiscated by General Jackson; if he had his grandson's eloquence it is probable that he made some remarks that would have been worthy of preservation. When preaching on a large circuit in Virginia, and often riding 200 miles in a week, Mr. Dolliver's father met the lady who became his wife, and that is the reason that the Senator hails from West Virginia, and was educated at the state university there.

After his graduation at the age of 17 the young man decided to migrate to Illinois, says the National Magazine. He tells thus of this first western visit:

"Standing in the railway station of Columbus, O., a policeman tapped me on the shoulder and with a warning glance said:

"'You have just been talking, my boy, with one of the most dangerous pickpockets in the United States.'

"'One of the most dangerous pickpockets in the United States has just been talking to a country boy who has not a red cent to his name,' was my reply."

Some very capable men are not only dogmatic but bull-dogmatic.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN

1630—Playing with cards and dice was prohibited by law in Boston.

1639—First party of Ursuline nuns sailed from Dieppe for Canada.

1643—La Tour entered Boston harbor in a ship from St. John's.

1689—The Assembly of Connecticut was convened and the charter resumed.

1701—Yale University founded.

1792—Capt. Gray, of the American ship "Columbia," of Boston, entered the Columbia River.

1813—The second Canadian steamboat, named the "Swiftsure," made her first passage from Montreal to Quebec....Havre de Grace, Md., burned by the British blockading squadron.

1814—Restoration of the Bourbon dynasty in France.

1824—Coahuila and Texas united in one State by decree of the Mexican Congress.

1837—Panic in Europe caused the price of cotton to drop to 6 cents.

1846—Fort Brown, on the Rio Grande, attacked by the Mexicans.

1853—The Canada clergy reserves, after much discussion, abolished by the British Parliament.

1856—Gov. Robinson of Kansas indicted for high treason.

1861—Tennessee Legislature passed a secession ordinance, to be submitted to a vote of the people....Gen. McClellan, placed in command of the Department of Ohio, comprising the States of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois.

1863—Confederates victorious at Battle of Fredericksburg.

1872—Liberal Republicans in convention at Cincinnati nominated Horace Greeley for the presidency.

1882—United States Congress passed the first Chinese Restriction bill. ....Edward Blake moved a resolution in the Dominion House of Commons demanding for Canada the independent right to negotiate commercial treaties.

1884—French brig "Senorine" wrecked off Great Bank, Newfoundland, with loss of over sixty lives....Indiana Asbury University became De Pauw University.

1885—Gen. Middleton attacked and captured Batoche, on the Saskatchewan River.

1889—Dr. P. H. Cronin, Irish nationalist agitator, murdered in Chicago.

1890—Over seventy lives lost in the burning of the Longue Pointe lunatic asylum, near Montreal.

1891—Carnegie Music Hall in New York City opened.

1893—Queen Victoria inaugurated the Imperial Institute of the Colonies and India.

1897—Centennial of the discovery of the Columbia River celebrated at Astoria, Ore.

1900—Disastrous forest fires in northern Ontario.

1901—Large section of Jacksonville, Fla., destroyed by fire....Dominion Parliament passed the bill setting aside May 24 as "Victoria Day."....Death of Justice King of the Supreme Court of Canada.

1902—First Congress of the Cuban Republic met in Havana.

1908—Discovery of wholesale murders on the Gunness farm, near La Porte, Ind.

1909—The Shah of Persia again granted a constitution....The Finnish elections favored a continued struggle against Russian control.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

North Dakota teachers will make an effort to secure former President Roosevelt to address their next annual meeting.

The Michigan-Cornell indoor track meet at Ann Arbor, Mich., resulted in the following score on points: Michigan, 54 1-3; Cornell, 17 2-3.

It is rumored in Des Moines that the board of directors of Penn College, Oskaloosa, is planning to take over Highland Park College and locate the Penn College at Des Moines.

Baron Kikuchi, president of the Imperior University of Kyoto, Japan, addressed a general convocation of the students of the University of Wisconsin recently on "The New Japan."

Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard University, who has been one of the foremost agitators against the game of football as it has been played the last few years, is warm in his approval of the suggested changes for the game on the part of the football rules committee.

That 1,796 men are registered in the gymnasium classes, indoor and outdoor sports at the University of Wisconsin this year is shown by the annual report of the athletic director.

In accordance with a decision by Judge Niles, in the Circuit Court at Baltimore, the Nashotah house, of Waukesha County, Wisconsin, an institution where young men are trained for the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, will come into possession of nearly $172,000 under the will of Miss Frances Donaldson of Baltimore, who died a year and a half ago.