

MAN AND THE LAND

Part She Is Now Taking in the Development of Oklahoma.

A GIRL GOT HER CLAIM.

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

person of persistent prominence in the development of Oklahoma is the homesteader. Since the first of the opening of old Oklahoma territory in 1889, when Nannette Daisy jumped from a cowcatcher of 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 place in Oklahoma's march of progress. Instances are not few where men have staked off claims, superintended the cultivation for years and won the prize—a deed to a quarter section of land from Uncle Sam, says a Guthrie (Okla.) correspondent of the Arkansas Gazette. Applying for the engine, Miss Daisy had a small embankment, made by the road was constructed, and she disengaged herself from a European undershirt, she plinned it to a drop in the other passengers as the train moved ahead with renewed speed: "This is my homestead!"

That tract of land, near Waterloo, lying along the Santa Fe's main line through this State, is still known as the Daisy farm. She made good on her claim, got a patent from the government and held the farm in her name until the time of her death in 1900, several years ago. She attained considerable prominence in Oklahoma politics in the early days and a personal friend of many men known in political and business circles. Afterward she married a soldier, and following his retirement from the service they moved to Chickasha, where she died.

It is estimated that more than 100 women held claims in Beaver County last winter, as a rule living in tents and waiting for the spring rains in order to cultivate the land. A plucky thing to do, but it's a fact 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 title, the last thing necessary before receiving deeds. J. S. Fischer, a United States land commissioner at Tulsa, says, as a rule, the women pick the best choice tracts of land. In this connection it is interesting to note that Miss Daisy, in Beaver County, is a woman whose name appears before her to file of claims and make final proofs. A woman at the head of a farm is almost every instance a specialist in numerous cases they have been exceedingly successful in different lines of horticulture, agriculture and raising of live stock.

AT INQUISITIVE TOURIST.

Mr. Story of Attempted Killing of Moslem in Jerusalem. A letter to a friend in this city, Orange (N. J.) correspondent of New York Sun says Mrs. Herbert tells the story of the attempted assassination on March 9 of Mrs. Moore, the mosque of Omar at Jerusalem, which she was an eye witness. Mrs. Herbert says she is convinced that woman has no business to enter sacred where the country holds that should not be admitted. She says the fanatic who fired the pistol might he was doing his duty.

We stopped at the golden gate opposite Solomon's court," writes Mrs. Herbert. "We of the second party were seated just outside of the outer wall, when we heard a pistol shot, fired by four or five other shots in succession. At first I thought it was a bomb; then I saw a flash and a puff of smoke. We rushed to the right of the gate in the opposite direction from the mosque.

Following the report women shrieked and there was a rushing sound as people running. Our guide told us we would see what the matter was. We rushed to the corner by a huge pile of stones 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 of the second party 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 carrying black cartridges and had been shot. He then proceeded to tell us the history of the mosque and we were told to listen to what he said. We rushed out of a door into a court and saw a man and a sheik was mopping blood from the floor.

Our guide insisted that it was a tragedy among the moslems and that a 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. Tichenor, of Newark, and Mrs. Lebkuecher, 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 same 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.

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

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

The temperature of steam at one pound pressure is 216.3. At thirty pounds pressure it is 274.3.

A 2,000-year-old oak tree stands near Dax, France, the branches of which shelter 500 persons.

Only about one of every thousand married couples lives to celebrate the golden wedding anniversary.

The great majority of immigrant arrivals at the present time are coming from Austria, Russia and Italy.

A graps basket more than sixteen feet long was made for exhibition in a recent parade at Westfield, N. Y.

News paper is made by machinery at the rate of 150 to 400 feet a minute, according to width and quality.

Lettuce as a food plant has a record of being eaten by Persian kings more than two thousand years ago.

The Carnegie Steel Company pays about one-seventh of the entire taxes collected by the city of Youngstown, Ohio.

Using electricity, Nome, Alaska, the most northerly town in America, is one of the best lighted cities in the world.

An elephant in the wild state has such a delicate sense of smell that it can detect an enemy nearly a mile away.

The first American flag ever made in the United States of America, made of bunting, recently was sold at auction in London.

Oklahoma has the greatest Indian population of any of the states. The last time they were counted there were 117,370 of them.

Chicago made a new building record for itself in 1909, when the cost of buildings of all kinds erected made a grand total of \$90,000,000.

A recently invented rescue stretcher for mines has oxygen tanks at one end opening into a bag into which a man's head and shoulders may be placed.

There has been invented in Spain a cylindrical barrel for grapes, divided into four sections, to ventilate the contents and prevent them being crushed.

The Marblehead, one of the oldest cruisers in the navy, has been commissioned in the service of the California state naval militia at Mare Island.

For use in manual training schools a Wisconsin man has patented a tool chest which may be converted into a work bench by clamping it to the top of two desks.

A balanced grand piano has been invented in England. One side is a duplicate of the other, and the lid is hinged in the center so as to distribute the sound waves evenly.

An arm to be suspended over a roll of wrapping paper, carrying a roller to imprint merchant's advertisement on every piece of paper torn off, is a New York man's invention.

A Pittsburg widow, who was compelled to sell her beautiful hair in order to keep her children from starving, has received an offer of marriage from a rich man in Oklahoma.

According to the last census there were in Holland about 2,620,000 head of live stock, nearly one-half cattle. The dairy ration is composed largely of oil meal or oil cake and grass or hay.

A metal seat, hinged and suspended by chains from a window casing, has been patented by an Ohio man for window cleaners as well as for use as a shelf on which food may be placed to cool.

Gold pieces are the only coins of the United States which are worth their face value intrinsically. A double eagle contains \$20 worth of gold, without counting the one-tenth part of copper.

The Porto Rican agricultural experiment station reports that Java coffee growing is now being introduced into the island to meet the demand in the United States for "a highly flavored aromatic coffee."

For telephoning from a moving train an Iowa man has patented a device consisting of a metal bar to be suspended from a locomotive or car low enough to come in contact with standards set in the ties.

The first trust in the United States to pass the \$100,000,000 mark in capitalization was the United States Leather Company, organized in 1893. Its capital stock combined with an issue of bonds amounted to \$138,000,000.

Calgary, with its 30,000 population and the commercial center of 50,000-000 acres of rich farm land in the province of Alberta, Canada, owns its own street railway, electric light plant and water works and has 900 employees on its city pay roll. Ten years ago the city had in it less than 5,000 people, and it expects to have 100,000 in 1915.

To get rock for the Morena dam in Southern California, one of the biggest blasting operations on record has just been successfully carried out. A tunnel 125 feet long was first driven into the face of the granite. In this chamber was placed 38,950 pounds of powder and dynamite. This was exploded by electric fuses, and dislodged 120,000 cubic yards of rock—Engineering Record.

While some tobacco is produced in almost every State, less than 1 per cent of this country's crop is grown west of the Mississippi, Texas being the only trans-Mississippi State in which the industry has gained much importance. Kentucky leads all the States in tobacco growing. It produces more than one-third of the United States crop and about one-ninth of the entire crop of the world.

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 pleading twist
As though 'twas wishful to be kissed;
I thought it gave the true word whist,
And hope leapt 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 lashing 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 leapt
Straight out, belike as it 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 thrusting 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 brought the money. Tell me, is it sick the doctor is?"

"Why, no. Father is quite well, but—"

"Is it yer mother worse, 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 'Please 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. 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, stammeringly, 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 one 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 mature 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 venture-seekers 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.