

and the town has grown rapidly since.

The third to rise on the prairie was Eagle City. The birth of this town was on December 3, and is so graphically described, along with other pertinent comment on Western town building in the *Globe-Democrat* a few days afterwards that the entire editorial is reproduced. It says:

"Some time between midnight and sunrise on December 4, 1902, a new town was placed on the map of Oklahoma. Its name is Eagle City, and it has several thousand people by this time. What was a stretch of vacant prairie on the evening of December 3 had many residences and business houses in course of construction at sunrise on the 4th. It had a daily newspaper, the Eagle City Star, in operation on the latter day, with several lumber yards, restaurants, hotels, a long-distance telephone system, a big city hall, with other accessories and accompaniments of civilization. A city government will soon be at work there. Uncle Sam's mails are delivered in it with as much regularity as in any other part of the West. Another name will be added to the country's gazetteers. In the politics and social economy of Oklahoma, territory and state, henceforward Eagle City will have to be reckoned with.

"What would Boone, Harrod, Logan, Robertson, Sevier and the rest of the founders of Kentucky and Tennessee have thought if they had heard of the establishment of a town in a few hours, with connections with every other community in the United States, and with most of the conveniences of civilization? What even would the founders of Kansas, who came on the scene two-thirds of a century after Boone and his compatriots had done their work, have thought of this feat of the citizens of Eagle City? In Kansas' case many towns were established after laborious preparation which disappeared in quicker time than they were created, and have long since drop-

ped off the gazetteers and the maps. Some ambitious Kansas towns with imposing names back in the 50s and 60s are now corn fields. History has forgotten them. Even tradition is a little dubious as to the spots on which they stood.

"But no such fate is likely to come to Eagle City. Lawton and several other towns in Oklahoma in recent years had as swift a rise as this latest—except Snyder, which was born a day afterward—accession to that territory's map. All are on the map still. All are flourishing. In fact Oklahoma itself was a lightning creation. The place that we call Oklahoma, which, at a certain noontime in April, 1889, had not a single inhabitant, possessed a permanent population of 50,000 before sunset on that day, with residences, hotels, restaurants, stores, banks, printing offices and the general equipment of a modern community. Its 61,000 people in 1890 were found by Uncle Sam's census-takers in 1900 to have increased to 398,000. Probably they number 450,000 or 500,000 now. The growth of Jonah's gourd was slow compared with the creation of scores of Oklahoma's towns of the past dozen years and the towns, unlike the gourd, stick. Aladdin's marvels seem less marvelous than they did before Missouri's Southwestern neighbor appeared. Nothing else in the history of the building of the West and nothing in the annals of any other part of the world equals the swiftness with which the prairie wilderness of Oklahoma has been transformed into the homes of hundreds of thousands of people who have built up communities possessing all the accompaniments of civilization in its most modern phase."

Snyder covers an entire section—640 acres of land. The sale of lots took place on December 5, and on the next morning 1200 people awoke to claim it as their future home. They were gratified almost beyond expression to hear newsboys

crying "The Snyder Daily Star" on the streets, but there it was with all the incidents of the "opening" and other news. The lots in Snyder were sold at auction and fetched from \$250 to \$1250 a lot. So far lots aggregating \$90,000 have been deeded. Snyder bids fair to outstrip all of its three young sisters from the advantageous fact that it is situated at the junction of the Blackwell, Enid and

Southwestern, and Oklahoma City and Western Divisions of the Frisco System. The founders of Snyder were Mayor C. G. Jones, Oklahoma City, and several other capitalists.

The country contiguous to all of these new towns is of a deep black loamy soil, very productive of corn, wheat, cotton and all the fruits that abound in the temperate climate of the Southwest.

WAR HORSE BALKED.

"Uncle," said little Johnny, "tell me how you charged with your war horse up the San Juan hill at the head of your troops." "Well," said the battle-scarred veteran, "I mounted the fiery animal, drew my sword from its scabbard, rose in my stirrups, cried,

'Forward!' and sunk the spurs deep in the quivering flanks of my gallant steed." "Yes!" exclaimed the boy, breathlessly. "Go on, uncle. Tell me the rest of it." "There isn't any more to tell, Johnny," said his uncle, with a pensive sigh. "The horse balked."—Exchange.

THE WINTER POOL.

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

Deep in the woods, amid the giant trees,
It lies alone within an open space,
Beloved in summer by the sylvan race
Of God's best poets—birds and golden
bees;

Diana's mirror, full of memories
Of all the nameless wonder of her
face
And of the myriad jewel-stars that
grace
Orion's glory and the Pleiades.

Behold it now, all ghostly white and still
Shut in the shadow of the ice and
snow,
A solitary, sad, forsaken thing;
Bereft of beauty, marred and dark until
Diana comes again and looks to know
Her living smile—the loveliness of
Spring!

—Cosmopolitan.

TYPES OF THE NEW WEST.

Geographically the new West coincides with the old. It is met at the Mississippi, supposing the observant, initiated traveler comes from the East. He will, sure enough, catch glimpses of it through Southern Indiana and across Illinois, where there is likely to be a loosening of talk in the Pullman, and a kind of taken-for-granted-you-are-a-gentleman fellowship that is alien to New York and Buffalo train loads. But the big Union Station at St. Louis scatters the Eastern travelers into isolated groups and breaks down their reserve. From St. Louis west the observant traveler may study his types

without first breaking tediously through the habitual barrier of polite snubbing.

For the man of this new Empire is busy; he is open to new influences; what the casual stranger has to say as he drops into the seat beside him may affect him and his business. He is courteous but there is no sense in spending half an hour talking about the discomforts of travel and the varieties of landscape when there is information to be gained of the process of manufacturing shoes, or the study of Latin in the Eastern colleges, or the fertilization of thin soil.—Leslie's Weekly.

DONT'S FOR PREACHERS.

The Rev. Stephen A. Northrup in the Ram's Horn is writing a good deal of bright and pithy logic, especially in his "dont's" to preachers. In a late issue of that excellent paper he sagely observes:

Don't exaggerate.

Don't fool with doubts.

Don't let success tip you over.

Don't dabble in business ventures.

Don't snub anybody—not even a book-agent.

Don't get the dumps. Jave in the sunshine.

Don't jolt in ruts. Vary your services and methods.

Don't make long pulpit prayers. Tedious petitions drag heavily.

Don't imitate others. Better be a poor original than a fine copy.

Don't mumble your words. Chew your food, but not your language.

Don't preach long sermons. No conversions after the first half hour.

Don't speak in monotone. The voice has numerous keys; play on as many as possible.

Don't be untidy. You cannot teach men to become clean inside if you are unclean outside.

"Don't grow weary in well doing." Kill yourself with work, and pray yourself alive again!

Don't harp too much on one string. Variety is pleasing, and God's Word gives ample choice of themes.

Don't tire people out with long introductions. You can spoil the appetite for dinner by too much thin soup.

Don't hesitate to speak on public questions of the day—and all evils too—but do not introduce party politics in the pulpit.

Don't seek the praise of men. Preach in such a way that they will not be so much pleased with you as they are displeased with themselves.

Don't exalt post mortem virtues. The dead can't smell flowers. "Roses on caskets laid impart no sweetness to departing days."

Don't bawl or scream. Too much water stops mill wheels, and too much voice drowns sense. Thunder is harmless, lightning strikes.

Don't scold your congregation or the burden bearers. Attack measures and hit people only when they stand between you and the devil.

NEWSPAPER WIT.

Hix—"I was surprised to hear that Sleek had been arrested for picking pockets."

Dix—"Yes, poor fellow. He used to have fits of abstraction when a boy, and I suppose he never outgrew them."

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"Have you the inspiration of the muses to-day?" asked the caller of the poet.

"No," replied the long-haired party, "I'm sorry to say the bottle is empty."

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He—"When poverty comes in at the door what is it love does?"

She—"Why, it flies out of the dining room window, of course."

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She—"Did you enjoy the breakers at the sea shore?"

He—"Can't say that I did. Those summer girls break a fellow too quick to suit me."

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Biggs—"They say young Squanderleigh is unable to hoe his own row."

Diggs—"Naturally: He's a rake."

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"Did I understand you to say," queried the young physician who had taken over the old doctor's practice, "that Growells is a chronic invalid?"

"Something like that," replied the venerable M. D. "He has worn out three wives taking care of him."

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Diggs—"What is young Softed doing now?"

Biggs—"Running a soda fountain. He has made a failure of everything else he ever tried."

Diggs—"And at the soda fountain he is bound to make a fizzle."

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"Ethel used to say her husband was a 'bird' before their marriage and she finds that he is a bird now."

"What kind of a bird?"

"A night owl."

"Will you marry me?" he said, suddenly looking up from the paper which he had been studying. "Wh—why," she replied, "how you startled me. What has caused you to ask me such an important question so suddenly?" "I've been looking over the taxlist." "I can't see what the tax list has to do with our love?" "Your father's name isn't on it. He must be very rich."

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"Wasn't it a terrifying experience," asked his friend, "when you lost your foothold and went sliding down the mountain side?" "It was exciting, but extremely interesting," said the college professor. "I could not help noticing, all the way down, with what absolute accuracy I was following along the line of least resistance."

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"What kind of little stories are you going to put in your advertising booklet?" asked the caller.

"Ghost," responded the agent of the hair restorer concern.

"Why ghost?"

"Because they are hair-raising."

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"You eat your breakfast food so slowly, Mr. Beaks," remarked the landlady.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the star boarder, "and it reminds me of a kiss through a telephone."

"In what way?"

"Goes a long way and tasteless."

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"I wonder what makes it so warm in here," asked the young bride, as they journeyed toward Niagara.

"Perhaps it is because we are passing near a mountain range," chuckled the young man by her side.

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Rodrick—"No women would never make good soldiers. They would show their heels on the battlefield."

Van Albert—"Yes, if they happened to wear that fancy French kind."

EXTRACTS FROM REPORT OF THE
GOVERNOR OF OKLAHOMA.

BY HON. WM. M. JENKINS.

Historically considered, Oklahoma as a Territory is of recent origin, but as a small portion of the great tract of Southwestern country, known at various times and under various circumstances as Louisiana, Mandan Territory, the great American desert, uninhabitable lands, and the Indian Territory, it has a place in the history of the nation dating back to the days of the Spanish explorers, who sought in the great Southwest unknown empires and their reputed fabulous wealth.

Following the course of travel described in many early Spanish manuscripts and books, one is readily convinced that the original Oklahoma boomers were the little army of adventurous spirits who traversed the Southwest under the leadership of De Soto, and that they were followed by Jesuits and others, who sought wealth in the mineral veins of the mountains and hills of the Territory, there are unmistakable signs in lately discovered ruins of mines and places of early abode.

Lewis and Clarke visited the Territory in one of their early exploring expeditions, and the prairies and valleys of the Territory were the hunting grounds of the early tribes of Indians, from the earliest time of which there is record of the movements of the aboriginal Americans.

When the Indian Territory was created as a home for all of the Indian tribes and with the intention of some day building there a great Indian State, most of what is now Oklahoma Territory was included within its bounds, and Washington Irving, who, in 1834, made a hunting trip here, describes most graphically the beauty and wealth of Oklahoma's natural endowments in his sketch, *A Tour of the Prairies*.

Some time early in the seventies the name of Oklahoma first appears, in political history, the occasion being the introduction in Congress of a bill to create a Territory out of a portion of the Indian Territory to be known as Oklahoma. The measure failed of passage, and for more than a decade little or nothing was heard of this country.

Then came the agitation started by Payne and Couch and kept up by their intrepid little band of boomers until, in March, 1889, in the dying hours of Congress, an amendment was tacked on the Indian appropriation bill providing for the opening to homestead settlement of the little area of land then known as Oklahoma, embracing less than 3,000,000 acres, now lying in the heart of a great Territory.

This land was opened on April 22, 1889, and then occurred the first great Oklahoma rush. The brief legislation opening the land provided no form of government, and for over a year the people of the Territory were a law unto themselves. The only government during this period was that created and maintained by common consent, yet there was no lawlessness or outlawry and property and life were adequately protected at all times.

In June, 1890, the Territorial government came into existence and by the same act of Congress the strip of country known as "No Man's Land," embracing 3,681,000 acres, was added as Beaver County. In September of the same year the 1,282,434 acres embraced in the Sauk and Fox, Iowa and Pottawatommi reservations in the eastern part of the Territory were opened to settlement, and the following spring came the 4,297,771 acres of Cheyenne and Arapaho land. September 16, 1893, the Cherokee Strip was