

other also. Of course we should count that the supremest of ignominy, and had rather die than do it.

But the King of Christendom affirmed that they who took the sword should perish by the sword.

Another conspicuous distinction of Christendom is its enormous wealth. All the rich peoples are in it, and all the poor ones out of it. But the King declared that it was exceeding hard for rich people to enter his kingdom.

I have read that Heinrich Heine, the Jew, once sat silent at a sumptuous dinner in Paris, until the hostess inquired why he was so still. Then he replied: "I have been looking at your service of gold plate, your jeweled glasses, your splendid servants, and wondering what you Christians are going to do with the camel question!"

Mr. Stanley seems to have been meditating in the same line when he declared that a few millions rightly used might redeem Africa, and added, "But where are they to come from, when all the rich men in Europe think of nothing but getting diamonds for their wives?"

Notice, too, the prodigious industrial activity of Christendom. Men are toiling with an anxiety never seen outside of Christ's kingdom, and never seen before in it, after the things the King said we must not be anxious for; namely, what we shall eat, and what we shall drink, and wherewithal we shall be clothed. Our own Government has long been absorbed in the single question, How to get most money into the country; while of the sixty million people whom in this respect their legislators faithfully represent, each is seeking, with equal devotion to the great aim, how he may get most for himself or his special industry, without a thought of anybody else.

Yet it seems tolerably plain that the King did not require his subjects to seek first such things, but something different, and to leave them to the care of a Father who knoweth we have need of them.

Among the conspicuous and active institutions of Christendom, its navies, armies, factories, political organizations; among its brotherhoods of lovely human fellowship—relief unions, aid societies, Knights of this and of that—the Church of Christ has come to be regarded as a small bathing-house upon the beach, into which decent men step to change their clothes before taking the final plunge into eternity.

Yet the King said, quite distinctly, that his Church should dominate human society; and it is another puzzle that, whenever His Church has appeared to do so, it has ceased to be His Church at all; as in Constantinople under Constantine, in Rome under Leo, and in Moscow under no one knows or cares whom.

Then there is a strong tradition that throughout His kingdom love and mutual helpfulness should prevail, because all men are brothers, and their Father wishes them to love one another.

Perhaps there is pardon, in view of these puzzles, for those who declare that Christendom has not perfectly understood her King; pardon, possibly, for those who go further and suggest that we are not Christians at all.

But here comes another puzzle. Those who tell us we are all wrong, and our ways are the ways of Belial, that we must not have money nor enjoy it, seem scarcely safer teachers than those who, by their example, declare we have nothing to do but to get money.

After spending a lifetime in scolding us as Scribes and Pharisees, and mostly fools, Mr. Carlyle goes out in night, or at least in dreary dusk; Count Tolstoi, after giving the supremest evidence one can give of sincerity and loyalty to Christ, takes to writing "Kreutzer Sonatas;" and Mr. Ruskin himself has at last, for his own safety, to be shut up in a madhouse.

But the King said his prophets should be known by their fruits, and that the result of coming to him and learning of him was rest to one's soul, and not a temper to make one a torment to his wife, nor "Kreutzer Sonatas," nor fitness for insane asylums.

If one considered these puzzles, it would scarcely seem surprising that in case we of Christendom were sending missionaries into heathendom we should not be quite clear what our missionaries ought to say.

Phases of Western Life

I.—The Oklahoma Boomer

By Charles Moreau Harger

Those living beneath roofs hallowed by having sheltered generations of ancestors, or who reach middle life without having known another habitation than their native village, can have little conception of what it means to race pell-mell over miles of rough-sodded plain in a rickety "prairie schooner," and suddenly stop and call the place "home." Yet such has been the experience of the dwellers in the little empire lying between Texas and Kansas. They began with the beginning of things to a greater extent than any part of the Nation's population, and have no predecessors but the Indians and cattle-herds, no grantors but Uncle Sam. By brute strength and endurance they secured their foothold upon the virgin acres, and upon it they depend for success in the development of the territory. Sentiment which preceded the various "openings" has long since vanished.

Imaginative writers have been fond of characterizing the reservations thrown open to settlement by the Government as "the promised land" and "the garden of the West." Because of the conditions under which it was kept from the settler for years, and at last, when the remainder of the West had become well filled with residents, was given over to the immigrant, it has been idealized far beyond its deserts. Thousands, pondering the fancied advantages of the latter-day Canaan, became dissatisfied with moderate success and went forward to take part in the "runs," convinced that before them lay a land flowing with milk and honey. Instead, they found an ordinary Western prairie, separated from all the other stretching leagues of plain by the imaginary line of the surveyor. They found it barren, for the most part, of trees, sandy in sections, and requiring the same toil as the earlier-settled prairie States to make it productive. Existence and the earning of a livelihood continued a stern reality.

There is no poetry in living from necessity in a wagon or a one-roomed house; yet thus did most of the Oklahoma settlers begin their new life. Few, if any, of the luxuries, and perhaps not all of the necessities, of civilization have been procurable to temper the harshness of starting afresh in the world.

Peace there has been none. Few of the claims have lacked two or three contestants, each claiming to have reached the land soonest after the signal gun was fired. Sometimes these contests have been decided quickly. The wife has seen a dark object lying out among the grasses, and has to her horror found it to be her husband's body—the work of assassins settling the dispute. Again, the courts have been called on, and expensive lawsuits have worn out the resources of the weaker party. He has loaded up his pitifully few belongings, and, disheartened and embittered, started on the long journey "back East to the wife's folks."

The surroundings among which the settlers find themselves, except where chance has led them into a large town or a community of congenial people, are anything but pleasant. From the very nature of the case, the "openings" attracted a rough element as well as the more refined. No alchemy exists in a change of latitude or longitude by which natures are changed, and, with the brusqueness of a new country added to the harsh dispositions, they became anything but harmonious. The Indian element, too, still is a part of the population, and the redskins' presence here, as on the frontiers a score of years ago, is more or less of a menace and terror, not perhaps to be feared in organized outbreaks so much as in those individual acts of savagery that carry terror to timid hearts.

The women of the newly opened lands bear the brunt of the struggle for a competence. Out in the midst of level stretches of prairie you find them, tired, sunburned, and discouraged. The children are unkempt, and the mother's own person bears evidence of lack of attention. Even to cook and eat the very limited variety that the table affords is a task that makes heavy demands upon the

weary woman with her family to care for, the garden-patch to cultivate, the cows to milk, and perhaps the plow-handles to hold in the intervals. Yet she accomplishes it all—and more. The pretty, fresh girl of the Atlantic coast is, however, transformed into a woman old before she arrives at middle age, and it is small wonder if the children she trains to maturity seldom reach the perfection of her own young womanhood.

The bravery of woman has been strikingly shown by scores of examples in the development of this section of the plains. At the opening it was a common sight to see widows make the race unassisted, and “hold down” their claims in spite of masculine interference and contest. As the fearfully crowded trains made their first trips into the new lands on the fateful day, the most daring leaps were made by women, who, in their desperation, jumped from car windows and platforms while the trains were moving rapidly. There were accidents, of course, but success crowned many an effort, and the title to more than one valuable quarter-section and city lot will reward their intrepidity. Young women—teachers, typewriters, clerks—were numerous in the throng, and can be found to-day here and there living out the appointed season in their cozy cabins. Many a “twin house,” with a dividing partition exactly on the line between claims, so that each occupant may reside on her own quarter-section, yet divided from her neighbor only by a pine door, makes existence easier.

It is a blessing that the winters are less severe than those of Nebraska and the Dakotas, but they are still cold and cheerless enough for the ill-provided residents. Hundreds and thousands lingered for months on the border waiting for the opening, and have but scanty funds or clothing left. The Oklahoma boomer must, for the most part, wait for his land to produce something. The wild soil, trampled by the buffalo of long ago, and then by the herds of Texas cattle seeking a northern shipping-point, will not blossom into wheat and corn in a day. To secure a harvest there must be the turning of the sod, the breaking up of the grass-roots that have reached down into the soil for centuries, and a taming of the land.

During this time the settler runs in debt. New as the country is, it has already felt the touch of the mortgage. There are tools to buy, food to purchase, and clothing to prepare, and the settler draws on the future to provide for the present. His rapidly maturing series of coupons brings an element of uncertainty into his future, and bars out the luxuries that would make life pleasanter and easier. So it comes that there is close economy all over the Territory, and the hard realities of life have their rough corners everywhere exposed. For the present, life is a struggle on a strictly business footing for financial success, and impresses one with its lack of cheer and brightness.

The cosmopolitan character of the population lends variety, however, and makes a conglomeration of customs, phrases, and methods that is decidedly interesting. Texan and Kansan, Indian and Pennsylvanian, are side by side, and each learns something from the other. The result is that harmony is not always present, and the amenities that come from long acquaintance are yet lacking. Indications are that these varying elements will crystallize into unique forms, and make Oklahoma *sui generis* among the sections of the West. Nowhere in this country do so many lines of habit meet.

Amusements are few, especially for the women. They cannot hunt the prairie-chicken or wild turkey, and there is little else for even the men to do outside of the towns. The winter evenings are long ones in the little prairie cabins, and the fact that the nearest neighbor is a mile or two away does not add to its attractiveness. In the earlier-settled communities the literary society, with its debates and “speaking,” has made its appearance at the district school-house, and the audience is frequently astonished at the depth of learning and the capability for eloquence hidden away beneath the unprepossessing exterior of the settlers. More than one neighborhood can count up a half-score of college graduates, some old and some young, who have sought in a claim a way to wealth.

Learning has been no bar to a rough-and-tumble fight for a competence.

Schools and churches are yet far from meeting the demand in the new country. The cabin home has the same aspirations as the palace, and when the young people come to a realization of the needs of education, in books or religion, they should have it. There is a field for some missionary work here, not through missionaries so much as in cash to assist the people in their attempts to build for themselves. It is hard work to keep up even the most modest church in a community where each member can scarcely see how the home is to be provided for until a crop can be gathered.

Like all the West, Oklahoma and other newly settled portions of the Territory are living on the future. When they came upon their claims, they found them barren and covered with sod.

“Borrow money? Of course I had to borrow,” said one settler to me. “The wife and babies had to be fed, so I mortgaged the claim as soon as I got any kind of a title. Then the crop that year was light, being planted on sod, you know, and I had to mortgage my team. Last year I paid a little on my indebtedness, but only a little.”

When crops fail, it means an additional burden, but when they are good the settler gets ahead a little. So, under such circumstances, the niceties of civilization receive but scant attention. Some of those who came best equipped are commencing to get ahead. Near the towns are seen commodious farm-houses, and their owners are well dressed and well fed. The earnest, businesslike settler is doing this.

But the typical “boomer” was poor when he entered, is poor yet, and will, in many instances, be poor when the curtain falls and he is hurried away to the wind-swept burying-ground in the midst of the prairie. His besetting sin is restlessness. He moved from place to place awaiting the “opening.” He camped in quiet for a while, but after once being settled he was as eager to take part in the next rush. His family is often dressed and fed miserably, but it is usually happy. The boys are eager to take part in the perennial marches which are to lead them to new fields and introduce them to new scenes. His wife apparently becomes hardened to it and does not care.

Lack of stability impresses one. “Everything is for sale” is a favorite motto. It is the motto of the West. Nothing to which the heart is attached; nothing bearing the veneration due to age; nothing permanent—all fleeting. It would be a relief to find a pet horse or cow with which the owner would not part under any circumstances, yet it would be difficult among the boomers.

But they keep on marrying and giving in marriage, enjoying existence and dying. Marriage is severely simple, and more often than not consists of a lonely trip of bride and groom to the Court-House. There is not much room for a wedding-party in a house of two rooms. Death is truly sad among such people. Somehow it never enters into their calculations as it does with the prosperous Easterner, who builds his tombstone and takes care that his biography is in the hands of the editors long before either is needed. The Western man thinks he will die only after a long life, and makes no preparation. When it comes, it is doubly fearful, and casts a gloom over a wide circle. The pitifully small homes and the desolation of the prairie cemetery allow of none of the softening influences that more luxurious centers have been able to throw around the end of life.

The “boomer,” with his recklessness and unrest, will pass away. The real settler is making a brave effort, and will win. Everything is embryonic yet. The settlers say of the soil that it is “wild.” The customs and habits of the new land may be thus characterized. They must be tamed and modified. In government there can never be a complete success until Statehood is attained—an end for which the Territory is already working, and which will come soon.

Nowhere can be seen the early stages of development so clearly as in Oklahoma and the Cherokee Outlet. There can be perused again the lesson that Kansas and Nebraska

learned two decades ago—the struggles, the sacrifices, the conflicts.

There is this advantage: most of the people have been settlers before. Some have tried and failed in the semi-arid regions of western Kansas, some have made their start amid the corn-fields of Iowa, and some among the tobacco and cotton plantations of the South. They know better how to begin this time. With excellent transportation facilities, and surrounded by cultivated lands on three sides, instead of touching civilization's outposts only on the east, they will advance faster. Through all their difficulties they will attain prosperity, and become one of the Nation's most productive commonwealths.

A great empire is growing up on the old hunting-ground of the redskin. It will astonish even its friends. The fact that it is increasing in population and wealth proves that the people have faith in the development that future years are to bring.



The Greater Glory¹

By Maarten Maartens

Author of "God's Fool," "Joost Aveling," "An Old Maid's Love," etc.
(Began in The Outlook for July 1, 1893.)

CHAPTER L.—Continued

In a few days the Baron knew the worst. The last few thousand florins of his wife's small fortune had been swept away. He looked up from the letter at Gustave, who had brought it, and who, in his tutored indiscretion, was lingering with averted eyes over a distant rearrangement of chairs.

"Gustave," said the Baron, "come here. Ten years ago you told me you were a rich man. Are you still?"

"Richer, Mynheer," replied Gustave, promptly. "I can't leave off; for nobody can. It's like sliding down a hillside into the valley of perdition. I'm winning your Nobleness's money still."

"I give you my word I had not speculated all these years," said the Baron, hastily. "But you're right. It's gone. We are penniless. And"—his eyelids trembled; he stammered painfully—"I want you to lend me a little money—*now*."

For only reply the servant ran to the door. "Listen. Let me explain!" cried the Baron after him, desirous to tell about the Lady's Dole.

"Just one moment while I fetch it, sir," said Gustave, on the threshold.

"God forgive me!" cried the Baron. "There are good men yet!" and his voice failed him. Gustave, meanwhile, who knew all about the Lady's Dole, had evidently made up his mind that the whole of his little fortune would just do to replace it. But he would not have presumed a second time to offer any suggestions thereanent.

"I only want a little at first, a very little," said the Baron presently, "just at first. When I get stronger I can do something, I dare say, and the Freule has a very fine voice. I should prefer to go to a large city. Your sister in Amsterdam who takes lodgers—perhaps we might go to her?"

The servant had the delicacy to keep back the rush of imploring protest which rose to his lips. "Amsterdam will be brighter for your Nobleness than Deynum," he said, "and for the Freule also. My sister will be proud. And you can always return later on."

"Never," replied the Baron. "Not even to be buried here!" And he broke down utterly and buried his face in his hands.

After a moment of hesitation Gustave slipped away without leave. "I wonder whether I did right," he debated with himself in the hall. "It looked almost more like a liberty to stay."

On the evening of their departure the Baron handed over to Gustave a correct I.O.U. for a fraction of the latter's savings, promising, with restless reiteration, punctually to repay. The valet carefully buttoned up the

precious paper in his pocketbook, and subsequently, emboldened by a couple of parting glasses at Job Hennik's, he as cautiously tore it up, lest his heirs should at any time discover and enforce it.

So the family arrived in Amsterdam on a windy March night, and drove to Juffrouw Donders's lodging-house. This house stands—or stood—on a narrow canal in one of the humbler, middle-class parts of the city; the frowning houses look very forbidding; on both sides the stagnant water froths with garbage and weeds. But Wendela could see nothing of this, as she found herself blown, amid a whirl of sleet and general rawness, into a low, white-tiled passage, illumined by a far-away paraffin-lamp. The others were still busy with the Baroness; stout Juffrouw Donders came rolling forward, and immediately overflowed. She was all abundancy and redundancy, all double-chin and shaking jaw. You fled away with the impression that there was too much of her, bodily, mentally, and especially orally. But, once out of reach of her shapeless good nature, you looked back with regret.

"And this is the Freule van Rexelaer!" she began, with perceptible promise of very much more. "Oh, Freule, I seem to have known you from a child, so much have I heard of you and your dear honored parents! Every one in this household knows everything about them! It will not be like coming among strangers to find yourselves in our midst!"

"They are bringing in my mother," said Wendela. "We should like to go to our own rooms at once, if you please."

"And so you shall, my dear Freule," replied the landlady, with prominent sympathy, lumbering slowly to the front door, meanwhile. She was not to be cheated of her welcome to the Baroness. She knew what was due to gentlefolks, as well as Gustave did.

Fortunately for the family from Deynum, she stood greatly in awe of her brother, who had often afforded her substantial support. During the first few days of their stay among these uncongenial surroundings, the old servant stood on guard 'twixt his masters and the world, warding off Juffrouw Donders's exuberant kindness. The Baron seemed not ill content. "This time, thank Heaven, there are no debts!" he said. "And here I trust we shall live and die in peace."

Wendela looked away in silence. The house was dark, with the darkness of a great city's evil heart. It was stuffy. If you lifted the sash, the smell from the canal came streaming in. "A healthful smell," said Juffrouw Donders. "Just see what it has made of me!" Gustave having departed to look after the sale of the furniture, the good woman fell on Wendela, like a feather bed, with endless laudation of her brother and disparagement of her departed husband. The birth of the one and the death of the other she considered the two chief blessings of her life. She had had a hard time of it, with many mouths to fill. "Yet my own was never empty," she said, with a pat on her portly frame, "though God knows I filled it last."

"Life is hideous," said Wendela, more resolutely than ever, and she buried herself in the glorious past. She would draw her chair beside her mother's and ask for the tales she had heard as a child. "Wanda, Wanda," the Baroness murmured in gentle reproof, "Heaven alone is steadfast. The pomps and vanities fade away." "I know that," said Wendela, bitterly.

Yet the lodging-house was not all noisy loneliness to the country girl. A day or two after her arrival, as she was coming downstairs earlier than usual, she met a young man who shrunk aside with unwilling mién. The light from a little dusty window fell full upon his face; his eyes were irresistibly drawn towards hers, and as his blush deepened to the old familiar apple-red, she recognized him. "Piet!" cried impetuous Wanda. Then she stammered: "I beg your pardon. I thought you were some one else," and stuck fast.

"I *am* Piet," said the young man. "I am glad you recognize me, Freule."

She leant up against the banisters, and it amused him to see how little changed her manner was. "How ever came

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