

Taking the Place of Men— Women who Actually Toil at Sacred Occupations



Gussie Lahm, Ready for the Cattle Range



Miss Winonah Von Ohl, Girl Broncho Buster



Louise Lahm, California Girl Rancher, with a Load of Sheep



The Misses Scott, a Family of Girl Farmers

Time was when certain vocations were regarded as being exclusively for men, but that time has passed. Women now engage in farming—not as supervisors merely, but as actual laborers in the fields. One enterprising New Jersey girl makes a comfortable livelihood breaking and training horses. Two California sisters operate a large ranch with success, not only herding the sheep and cattle in person, but protecting them from the attacks of wild animals.

In France and Belgium women are to be seen tending in the coal mines, as persistently as their husbands, fathers and brothers. Denmark, Norway and Finland boast of feminine miners, who are skilled in the ways of the sea. Kentucky has a blacksmith and horseshoer—one of the best in the state—who, despite numerous offers of marriage, still prefers to have "Miss" written before her name. And all these women, it is affirmed, do the masculine work that falls to their hands as well as could any man.

"I can scarcely explain why I took up horse training, except that I love animals and seem to know how to break without mistaking them," remarked Miss Winonah Von Ohl, of Willow Lake ranch, New Jersey, when asked regarding her singular choice of vocation. This strong, athletic girl, with pleasant smile and sunny gray eyes, seems entirely at home with horses. The wildest, most vicious specimen presents no terror to her. On the western plains she has conquered and broken bronchos that the most hardy cowboys had given up as hopeless. Take her into a dry-goods store or millinery shop and she is "bored to death." Miss Von Ohl frankly acknowledges, but invests in the contents of a harness shop, she is at home and intensely interested.



The jury to which the architectural designs for Mr. Carnegie's Palace of Peace at the Hague were submitted has awarded the first prize to the design shown in this picture. It was submitted by M. Gordanier, a young architect of Little, France, and he will receive the award of \$5,000. The design is in the style of the French Renaissance. M. Gordanier was also the winner of the competition for the Bourse in Amsterdam, in 1885.

South Dakota. At first the cowboys were afraid to allow her to venture among the wild horses and the cattle, but they soon discovered that not only was she capable of taking care of herself, but of helping them as well. She had no horse of her own, and she wanted one. Looking over a lot of condemned animals one day, she saw one that greatly pleased her—a beautiful creature, perfectly formed and with the appearance of a thoroughbred. He had been condemned solely because of his unmanageable temper; had never been broken, although he had been roped, thrown, beaten and dragged repeatedly, until the hair was worn off his sides and his body was covered with cuts and scars.

High Spirited, Not Vicious. Miss Von Ohl, however, saw that he was not vicious, was simply proud, high spirited and independent; that he revealed abuse and shyness, and would fight to the death against high-handed conquest. The animal had lost all confidence in mankind. When a cowboy approached, he would fall into a paroxysm of fury, biting, striking out with his heels and trembling with rage and fear. For some time Miss Von Ohl made no attempt to go near the horse. She stood off and talked to him, calling him repeatedly by the name she had selected. He would stand and listen, watching her as though in thought. Finally, she ventured alone into the inclosure, talking to "Charley" all the time. Getting near enough, she managed to rope him. This sent him into a roaring, plunging, kicking fit of anger, but his captor stood fearlessly near, talking soothingly all the while. Soon he stood still, and at last Miss Von Ohl got near enough to lay her hand on him. There were more demonstrations of anger, but when he found that she meant no harm—wished, rather, to be his friend—he permitted her caresses.

Before the girl left the corral she had stroked the once vicious horse from his nose to his heels; and when she went out the now tamed and admiring "Charley" followed her to the gate. Within a week he was following her all over the place, and in two weeks she was riding him. In a similar way Miss Von Ohl broke another horse that had the reputation of being "no good" and a "man killer. No cowboy ever succeeded in taming this high-strung animal, but in a week the girl could ride him with perfect safety. He became one of the gentlest, most intelligent and loving equine friends she ever had.

Miss Von Ohl never read a book on horse training; never talked with a trainer, and had never seen any at work, other than the cowboys, who conquer by rope, whip, spur and the halter, that lasts until the horse is exhausted. She adopts a different method, however. She ropes a wild horse by the forehead, so that it falls upon its shoulders without being injured. She never blindfolds a horse; when she gets a halter on it, she lets it up. If it pulls away, she gives plenty of rope—it is resistance that worries a green horse. Then she begins talking, gradually approaching until she can stroke the frightened animal. This usually restores confidence, and the rest is easy.

Since returning to New Jersey, Miss Von Ohl has broken and trained a number of horses. It is a business she has mastered.

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likes, she says, it means a good income and is congenial and satisfactory work. When the father of the six Scott sisters, of Ellborough, England, died a year or two ago, they decided to carry on the farm themselves, rather than to separate and engage in other business. To-day Brockwell farm is famous among the farmers "throughout that region roundabout."

Still well on the sunny side of thirty, is the oldest sister, Quenie, while the youngest, Nora, is in her early teens. Their mother is an invalid, and the girls have had upon their shoulders not only the responsibility of management, but the actual labor of the farm.

"Bonniest in the Kingdom." "Among the bonniest in the kingdom" is the tribute of neighbors to these six independent girl farmers. Their fields are always well tilled, their crops plentiful, intelligently cultivated and carefully harvested, and the farm and dairy products in demand at good prices.

While all the girls work in the fields when necessary—no outside help is employed—the duties and responsibilities are divided. Quenie does the household work and takes the products of the place to market—a considerable revenue resulting from her bargaining. Little Nora is the cook, and a very clever one, her sisters say. Maggie, second of the family, is the "plowman," and turns a furrow as expertly as any veteran farmhand in Buckinghamshire. She has taught her younger sisters, so that they frequently relieve her in the fields. Mabel is the cart and gardener. Daisy, the head of the dairy; Winnifred, the "odd man and assistant plowman."

In the surrounding country the rule is to employ one cowman to ever-ten dairy cows. Rosy-cheeked Daisy tends twenty cows alone, and seems to thrive upon hard work. The general rule is to work from sunrise to sunset, but each week buttermaking day finds the girls astir before seven o'clock and ready for breakfast.

In midsummer and at harvest time work is often prolonged until ten or eleven at night. Even then the girls arise before two and three o'clock in the morning, and walk several miles to see the sun rise on the hills. Despite this hard work, they manage to get a great deal of enjoyment out of life. All are accomplished musicians, and a favorite practice is to climb trees in the yard during the early morning hours and give a serenade to the dawn with flutes, banjo and guitars.

Maggie is probably the cleverest farmer of the six. The kitchen walls at Brockwell bear no fewer than fifteen certificates awarded to her for proficiency. She has often plowed until seven o'clock in the morning, with but one hour interval for dinner and a few minutes for a cup of tea. Last season Maggie built and thatched a row of three racks, which were a delight to see. As straight as a die, three were scarcely six inches difference in their measurements, and they would have put many a professional thatcher to shame.

It is a picturesque spectacle worth while to see these girls managing the shire horses. They go about it so deftly, and cleverly, and every animal seems devoted to its mistresses. The sisters break in their young horses themselves, and it is, therefore, not surprising that, when it comes to inanimate plows and harrows, they are able to take to pieces and reconstruct every implement on the farm.

When at work the girls wear long blue overalls cut to the figure, motor caps, gloves, whenever possible, and thick boots. Whatever be the duty at hand, they have a book in their pockets, generally Shakespeare, Burns, or a translation of Homer, which seem to

be the favorites among a wealth of classics of which they have intimate knowledge. Equally enterprising and more fearless, perhaps because their lot is cast in a wilder country, are Misses Gussie and Louise Lahm, of Mendocino county, Cal. Several years ago they succeeded their father in the management of a 10,000-acre ranch, the value of which has steadily grown under their control. Stock raising and all the varied details of a mountain farm occupy their attention. More than 5,000 sheep, large droves of cattle and many horses are looked after by them. They brand the young cattle, mark the sheep, supervise the shearing, market the wool and other products. Plowing, harrowing, sowing and harvesting are in the list of their agricultural employments. Trailing, trapping, and shooting game are practiced for amusement and the protection of their flocks. These girls are able to lasso a wild steer or unbroken horse with unerring success. They round up and bring home the sheep and cattle. When some of them are missing in the count at night, the girls jump astride their horses and set out in quest of the wanderers, often pursuing the search until midnight. Their home is in the saddle. Day after day they may be seen ranging the hill and valley, each with her rifle strapped behind her. These rifles have been potent factors in protecting the flocks from four-footed marauders, as may be seen from the number of panther, lynx, coyote and bear skins at their homes.

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When attired for the work the sisters wear a costume differing little from that of the cowboys. Trousers, loose shirts, jumpers, high boots, and soft, round men's hats make up their outfit. Thus attired, mounted upon their own horses and with rifles slung from their shoulders, they present an appearance of being strictly upon business bent.

Such are some of the picturesque sides of the feminine invasion of masculine fields. At the coal mines of northern France and Belgium one views the dreary, pathetic side. There, thousands of women, bent and worn from toil and anemic from insufficient nourishment, may be seen laboring wearily, but continually in the coal mines. They are not permitted to go into the lower levels and dig the coal, but they drag the cars through the upper passages and the surface yards, emptying them shovelling the coal into heaps, and performing other tasks that seem beyond their strength.

These women have been termed modern slaves, chained to their tasks, and more to be pitied than the galley slaves of ancient Rome. They have no other prospect, no other opportunity. They rear their children only for the black throats of the mines to swallow, for the boys begin their labor underground when little more than eight years of age.

All day long, year by year, except when interrupted by a strike, the women toil in and about the mines. Most of them resent the temporary respite afforded by a strike, as it cuts off a revenue, scanty at best, which they can ill lose.

Excellent mariners are recruited from the ranks of women in Denmark, Norway, and Finland. In Denmark, women are employed as pilots. They go out to meet incoming ships, climb nimbly over the sides from small boats and conduct the vessels safely into harbor. Women also act as pilots at the Finnish coast, and the farm and dairy products in demand at good prices.

Thirteen-year-old Pearl McEade of Eastaboga, Ala., supports her family from the pittance she receives for carrying the mail bags from that place to McFall, a mile, and a half away. Too poor to own a horse, the girl makes all her trips—two, and sometimes three, a day—on foot, carrying the heavy mail bags on her shoulders. All the other members of the family, but one are blind, and the exception is not at home.

A recent gathering in Chicago, Miss E. M. Nichols, secretary of the Women's Trades Union League, stated that there were in that city 105,000 women, wage-earners, who had displaced men, but were drawing lower wages. Woman suffrage, she asserted would change that.

Perhaps it was in view of this seeming adaptability of women for work usually performed by men, that was responsible for the recent abatement in Bayonne, N.J., for female policemen.

In any event, femininity in that town, has begun to discuss the advisability of organizing a board of trade composed exclusively of women. The idea is that many municipal improvements could be brought about by such a body.

Marriage At Lombardy. Lombardy, June 28.—Bernard Breen is spending a few days at his home here. Walter Andrews is visiting his parents. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Andrews, John J. Breen, a prominent young resident of South Elmley, and Miss Mary A. Kelly, youngest daughter of James Kelly, of Poonahmallee, were united in marriage, Monday morning. The ceremony took place in St. Francis de Sales church at nine o'clock and was performed by Rev. Father Kelly. The wedding march was played by Miss Cecil Lunny.

The bride looked very pretty in a gown of cream silk and lace, over cream tulle. She wore a hat of cream tulle, trimmed with satin ribbon and small rosebuds, and carried an ivory-bound prayer book. The bridesmaid was Miss Minnie Hughes, young lady, who wore a costume of pale blue Henrietta cloth, with yoke and deep cuffs of cream lace, the bodice finished with a deep grille of satin. The groomsmen were James Dermady. Immediately after the ceremony the wedding party drove to the bride's home, where a nice repast was served, the guests being limited to a few of the nearest friends and relatives of the young couple. Mr. and Mrs. Breen left the noon train for a trip to Toronto and Buffalo, N.Y. The bride's travelling dress was an Eton suit of grey homespun, with white silk stockings. The bride is a bright, attractive young lady, highly esteemed wherever she is known, and the groom is one of the most prosperous and well-to-do residents of South Elmley.

Herbert Vaughan, of Ottawa, attended the Breen-Kelly wedding here on Monday.

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