

Women Were a Factor in the Recent Tripp County Land Lottery



MRS. MAY L. MEISLER, WHO DREW NO. 1.

THE second great Rosebud land lottery—that throwing open of settlement about 800,000 acres of land in Tripp county, South Dakota, has come and gone, but is not finished. There are still hearts to be won in the wake of the gigantic land drawing.

For men were not alone in the land winning. The hand of fate reached down into the mountains of envelopes—almost 115,000 of them—and decreed that women—young women—should be among the settlers on that vast expanse of unbroken prairie now for the first time to be plowed up and civilized.

Tripp county, home of the Rosebud Sioux for many years and hiding place of many and many a vicious renegade whose capture would mean the noose, has been relinquished by the redmen who have owned it. When little Dema Ross, 4-year-old daughter of Mayor C. M. Ross of Dallas, reached down into the heap of lottery envelopes and drew forth the application of May L. Meisler of Kennebec, S. D., a new era dawned upon that 1,000,000-acre tract of land—a new step was made into the hitherto virgin frontier by the ever encroaching Caucasian race, marching always and always further toward the setting sun.

Today, Tripp county stretched out to the west of Dallas for 100 miles and more a sea of waving grass in spots and a limitless expanse of black, charred ground in other parts, the remains of the prairie fire which came so nearly wiping out Dallas during the land rush.

Four years from now Tripp county will resemble an old settled region. There will be a railroad; there will be towns at intervals of twelve miles or so, and every quarter section will have upon it a resolute, determined homesteader. Thus, with the wave of a hand, 1,000,000 acres of land that has been trodden only by the wild steer and the cow pony, will become an active, busy, settled-up community with banks and newspapers and churches.

Just west of Tripp county lies Meyer county, a tract fully as fertile as Tripp, and comprising much more land. Into Meyer county the old-time ranchman, the last of his tribe, has now been pushed by this new land opening, and within the next five years that county, too, according to Judge Witten, superintendent of the drawing, will be opened by another huge lottery.

Hollow Horn Bear, chief of the Sioux council, like others of the intelligent reds, desires the white man's invasion because it gives the Rosebud natives opportunity

to take on the ways of civilization. Hollow Horn Bear, by the way, is the only living man whose picture appears on United States currency. Because of a great speech made by him before congress twenty years ago and by virtue of his magnificent physique and striking face, he was engraved on \$5 and \$20 bills. With money bearing his photograph the Rosebud Sioux Indians will be paid for the lands that the government has just thrown open and which will be sold to the settlers at \$5 per acre. It was Hollow Horn Bear, who, during the opening, ran out of cash and borrowed \$5 from Judge Witten, incidentally receiving a bill upon which his own picture was engraved.

It is estimated that \$2,000,000 was spent by the 115,000 people who registered for chances in the Tripp county lottery. Judge Witten placed the average amount spent by the land seekers at \$20, which brings the total sum spent to more than \$2,000,000. The postage stamps alone required to carry the applications to Judge Witten cost somewhere in the neighborhood of \$2,000. Three railroads carried landseekers to registration and affidavit points, the Northwestern, the Milwaukee and the Burlington. The Northwestern carried the largest number, 62,000. Estimating the profit from each passenger at \$1.50, this railroad made about \$93,000 out of the rush. And, considering the tremendous amount of extra help employed, it is believed not more than that amount of profit would have been made.

Never was a land rush so orderly. This is Judge Witten's statement. There was no lawlessness at registration points. There was intoxication, particularly on the trains. Men lay in the aisles like logs and scenes were enacted that could scarcely be believed of human scenes that could not be decently described in print. And yet despite the drunkenness, there were no accidents of serious type. There were no railroad collisions even though it is but a single track between Norfolk and Dallas. General Superintendent S. M. Braden, Superintendent C. H. Reynolds and Trainmaster Paige at Norfolk handled the Northwestern train and getting scarcely any sleep during the two weeks, kept the long lines of extra trains moving like clockwork.

The nearest approach to accident lay in the error made at Norfolk by Captain Yates of Washington, when he was dispatched from Valentine and O'Neill to Dallas on the last day with late applications. It was necessary that he reach Dallas by 4:30 o'clock Saturday afternoon. He reached Norfolk early in the morning



BERT MURPHY OF CHICAGO DEPOSITING LAST BALLOT.

Three Norfolk Girls Who Won Claims



MISS AGNES RAASCH.

MISS DELLA HOWARD.

MISS CHARLOTTE ILLGEN.

and boarded a Sioux City train. His mistake was discovered when he reached Hopkins station out of Norfolk. He was driven back to Norfolk and sent to Dallas, 100 miles north, on a special train, which flew across the prairies at the rate of a mile a minute and landed the messenger at his goal at 3:04 o'clock, in time to get all the applications into the big metal lottery can on time.

Many landseekers complained because they were compelled to journey to designated points—some of them several hundred or more miles—to register. They argued that the land belonged to the government and that every person in the county should be given an equal chance at winning a farm. Judge Witten explained that if this method were followed there would be millions of applications and that the proposition would be beyond physical possibilities. Under the present plan, the man who goes in is all likelihood a sincere homesteader and that is the sort of a settler desired.

One plan that has been suggested for such an opening is to allow persons to send applications from any point in the country, but to require them to send a postal money order for \$10, to be forfeited in case the applicant draw within a certain number and failed to file. But such a plan would cut out the railroad and the land rush town boom.

There were not so many women in this land rush as there were in the Bonesteel rush four years ago, when Gregory county was opened. And yet, within a number of

women drew claims in this Tripp lottery. The wheel of fortune seemed to mix up the envelopes in such a way as to insure a few young women, at least, out on those plains. And young women there will be. The Rosebud girls who drew Tripp county claims are already buying poultry books and works on the care-taking of live stock. Between now and next March these dainty maidens must learn to milk the cow, churn

Quaint Features of Life

Hears Funeral by Phone.
BERIDEN for years with paralytic Mrs. James Mitchell Rindard of Pittsburg, wife of one of Andrew Carnegie's junior partners, and worth millions, heard by telephone the funeral eulogy over the remains of her husband.

Rindard, known to the steel manufacturers as probably the most expert steel blower in the country, had been killed by a flying bar of steel in the yards of the Edgar Thomson works at Braddock. His wife, to whom he had paid unceasing devotion since she became an invalid, fifteen years ago, is now believed to be dying as a result of the crushing news of her husband's death. Three years ago Mrs. Rindard lost the power of speech. For a year she has been almost sightless. Only through her eyes has a method of communication with her been maintained by the members of her family. They would say over the letters of the alphabet and she would signify the letter to be used by closing her eyelids.

Unlike other men who have made millions in steel, Rindard spent every spare moment beside his wife. And so when her grieving children told the mother of the death of their father, they feared they had given her a death blow. But Mrs. Rindard, silent, inert, spelled "It is God's will" with her eyelids, and then lay for hours with closed eyes.

Mrs. Rindard was placed in communication with the church through a device supplied by the telephone company, and heard the eulogy pronounced by Rev. Joseph F. Clokey.

Circumventing Boose Laws.
Bud Ledbetter, of Muskogee, Okl., who was either a city marshal or a deputy marshal all his life and now at the head of the police department in Muskogee, has found a new wrinkle in the bootlegging business. Bud has been catching bootleggers, studying, classifying and cataloguing them for twenty years.

The new one is the refrigerator trunk. Bud had suspected liquor was sold in a building, but could not get the evidence. He finally decided to search the rooms, and in one of them he found two trunks, just plain ordinary trunks. They were not even locked and when the lids were raised there was nothing visible but fresh linen carefully packed.

A bootlegger once said that Bud Ledbetter could smell a bottle of booze locked up in a freight car running by him at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Bud backed off from the trunks and took a long look at them. Then he went to one and after some difficulty removed the tray packed with linen, and behold the bottom part of the trunk was a refrigerator packed with ice and cold bottles. The bottom part of the trunk had been lined with metal and the water tight. This only needed the power to keep a large supply of cold bottles on hand all the time. The other trunk proved to be storage and was packed full of bottles to replenish the refrigerator as fast as the cold ones disappeared.

Long Walk for Husband.
Into the care of the police matron at Seattle, Wash., a few night ago voluntarily came Mrs. Anne Johnson, carrying thirty-five pounds of baggage. She had walked 1100 miles, the distance between St. Paul and Butte, confident, she says, that she will yet find her husband. Ole Johnson, who she believes is sick and friendless, she is in the best of health. The story of Mrs. Johnson's walk of 1100 miles brings to light privations and hardships suffered

by the woman which are almost unbelievable. "My husband, Ole, came west about seven months ago," said Mrs. Johnson. For several months I received postal cards from him, saying he was working on the docks. Ole can't read and I can't read, but our friends wrote the cards and read our answers. Last May I received my last postal from Ole. No word came from him and I was worried. Ole is 52 years old and I am the same age. So, after not hearing from Ole for nearly a month, I decided to go west and hunt for him."

of those who have labored in the byways and the dark places of Omaha, the names of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Clark will be written near the top of the page. For twenty-five years they have worked unceasingly, and on Monday evening their friends, who are numbered by the hundreds among the rich and the poor, the most prominent and the most obscure of the city will be privileged to pay tribute to them and their work in the celebration of their golden wedding anniversary. The women's societies of First Baptist church, of which they have been members for many years, have announced a reception in their honor Monday evening to be held in the church parlors, Park avenue and Jackson street, and the invitation has been extended to "all their friends."

Mr. and Mrs. Clark came to Omaha a little over twenty-five years ago from Cleveland, O., having come to that city from Syracuse, N. Y., where they were married fifty years ago, and where they had both lived. Immediately upon their arrival in Omaha they began their public work. The old Buckingham theater on Twelfth street near Dodge had been one of the most attractive of Omaha's demoralizing resorts, and those interested in the moral welfare of the city conceived the idea of converting it into a place of helpfulness. Mr. and Mrs. Clark were put in charge and a reading room and lunch room were opened as soon as the building could be gotten possession of. The enterprise proved a success, and later, realizing the need of rescue work in the city Mr. and Mrs. Clark opened "The Open Door," a refuge for unfortunate girls and women, at Twenty-seventh street and Capitol avenue. Later they moved to North Omaha where they continued their work for several years until Mrs. Clark's failing health necessitated their giving it over to others.

Mrs. Clark was a charter member of the Omaha Woman's club and has been an active worker in the Woman's Christian association and operating the Old People's Home of which she is still vice president, the Woman's Christian Temperance union and other philanthropic and church societies. All these organizations will be represented at the reception Monday evening, which will be the first opportunity the members have had of seeing Mrs. Clark for many months, as she has been confined to her home by illness for more than a year. Mr. and Mrs. Clark have two



JUDGE WITTEN, WITH DUNA ROSE AND VIRGINIA WAGNER.

butter, dress a chicken, feed the horse and keep cholera away from the pig pen. So much the better, too, if they can learn to twine the lines around their necks and dip a plow's steel blade down into the hard sod. These prim young women—some of them school teachers, some of them nurses, some dry goods store sales people, some stenographers—will have to have for themselves builded odd shanties and within they will be compelled to man big six-shooters with which to keep away the coyotes. They won't be bothered much by intruding men, for the fresh comers of the prairies in South Dakota seems to inspire all mankind with the best that is in it and perhaps nowhere in all the world is there more genuine chivalry underneath the rough surface. It was a woman who drew the first claim—and a score drew within the first 300 names. Three young women in Norfolk, Neb., drew farms, and all of them will settle in the Rosebud. Incidentally, more people in Norfolk drew farms, proportionately, than from any other city. Fifty-six Norfolkites were claim winners.

After the opening of the land the new residents will find themselves in strange surroundings. Assembled from all parts of the country indiscriminately, just as uncertain chance has decreed, the settlers will be unknown to each other and of various walks of life. There will be newspaper men, actors, gamblers, lawyers, physicians and then the young women, besides. They will forget their former trades and professions for the most part, and become thoroughgoing Dakota farmers, within a remarkably short time.

And scattered throughout the region there will be neighbors of red complexion, for the Indians have taken up allotments all through Tripp county. Among the Indians who may live on the next quarter to Miss Rosebudder are Lucy A. Sore Eye, Amelia Fast Dog, Alice Red Blanket, White Cow Widow, Franklin Never Miss A Shot and his brother, Roger Never Miss A Shot. Or one may live next to Burns Over Enemy, General Horse, Matthew Niry, Croak Under the Water, Goes to War Often, Stiff Arm, Always Kills Two, Getting Around, Phillip Eating Walkie, Chasing in Timber, Beat Them, Whirlwind Soldier, Red Kills Alive, Red Finger Nail, Paul White Turle, Charles Stands By Him, George Brave Buffalo, Pretty White Hawk, Emma Bear Locks Back, Rattling Tracks, Fool Elk, Susie Two Teeth, Alice Ghost Face, Thomas Blue Thunder, Arthur Lone Bear and The Buzzard.

At Dallas during the rush were newspaper men and magazine men from all over the country. They came from New York, Chicago and all the other large cities. Many of them sought lawlessness that did not materialize. And some of them found "local color" that they weren't looking for. One New York magazine man got into a game of stud poker the night he struck Dallas and was "cleaned" for \$100.

There was gambling and to spare. In fact, the gamblers and the saloon men were about the only fellows who did make any real money out of the rush. "Big limit" Faro bank—with a limit of \$500 on the turn of a card—was dealt and "the roof" was the only limit on the roulette. Many a landseeker plucked the wrong color or the wrong number and had to wire home. Some wired home again and again for cash with which to feed the tiger. Men who bore all earmarks of straight, respectable citizens at home went all to the bad in Dallas.

Queer souvenirs were taken home by the landseekers from Dallas. Little bottles of Tripp county dirt sold for a dime. A bunch of alfalfa was sold for a 6-cent piece by one enterprising Rosebud woman who drew a claim four years ago. Another sold a bunch of wild grass off Tripp county for a nickel. One woman wrote a song about "My Rosebud Claim" and it sold freely for a dime. To advertise it a quartet of negroes sang the song through the saloons and then sold copies of the song immediately afterward. Postcards showing views of Dallas and Tripp county sold well. Maps of the county, marked \$1 on the outside, sold well at 50 cents, 25 cents and a dime. Indian relics attracted the crowds. A daily newspaper was operated at Dallas during the rush and it sold well as a souvenir. Daily papers from other points sold short time subscriptions in order that landseekers might get complete lists of the drawings.

Rosebud women adopted novel methods of making pin money. One woman conducted a wash-up stand, where you could wash your face for a dime and wipe it on a clean towel. Another sold hot doughnuts, church women sold hot waffles, and one church sold a cot for a night for 50 cents. One large tent was erected over 1,000 cots that were seldom occupied because the railroad took passengers out so rapidly. The officials of the one affidavit point petitioned the railroad to leave the crowds in town over night so that they could spend some of their money.

The drawing was fair. So thoroughly were the envelopes mixed that applications came out indiscriminately and without regard to the day of registration, the place or the matter of whether they had been mailed into the headquarters or merely deposited personally into the big metal tanks. Judge Witten's chief desire was to be absolutely fair, and those who closely observed the lottery agreed that he had been absolutely so. Only two incidents changed original plans for the drawing. Little Dema Ross almost cried when Judge Witten wanted to blindfold her before the first envelope was drawn out, so he allowed her to select the envelope unblindfolded. Wind blew down the big lottery tent the first day and the drawing continued inside the registration building at Dallas. Every person drawing a claim will be notified by mail.

Little Blind Girl Yearns for Affection

TEARs stood in the eyes of the nurses as a little blind girl approached first one and then another and in tremulous, childish voice pleaded: "Do you love me today?"

Lucy Taylor is one of the many interesting charges tenderly cared for at the Child Saving Institute. She yearns incessantly and pathetically for the love and tenderness of the nurses at that institution, and frequently runs impetuously from one to another of them in her blind, almost

hopeless way, to propound with intense earnestness the foregoing query, so if her little life and all its happiness depended on the answer of each.

Seldom does Superintendent Clarke go into the hallway of the institute without encountering this childish inquisition, the sightless child, apparently by intuition, recognizing his kindly presence.

As far as those in charge of the Child Saving Institute can remember no other child so intensely affectionate has ever been received and sheltered there. She loves everybody and is as eager for knowledge on all sorts of subjects as the world-renowned Helen Keller. It is the judgment of the superintendent and others connected with the work of this benevolent that no other little child ever admitted to the home awakened so much sympathy as does little Dorothy.

Born in a Nebraska town near Omaha she was brought by parents into the city when but a few months old. A long continued illness resulted in blindness. The father of the little one yielded to forces of evil and the new forms of temptation which he met in city life. The result was a complete moral wreck. He abandoned his wife and child and nothing has been known of his whereabouts from that day to the present except a vague report that he died in a distant city.

The mother was in poor health. With a true mother's love, she struggled on to support herself and baby. With the co-operation of kind friends she was fairly successful for nearly two years. Gradually her health failed. She never complained, but struggled on until her strength was exhausted and she and the baby were taken to the Douglas county hospital, where she remained for several months, until her death in April, 1904. Her only comfort was the little child during her last days, and the management of the hospital yielded to her wishes to have the little one with her until she died.

Soon after this the child was brought to the Child Saving Institute, and for four years received loving, tender care from nurses and caretakers. She was too young to be admitted to the State institution for the Blind at Nebraska City, and on this account the heavy financial burden fell upon the institute in providing a home and comforts and necessities for the little blind girl.

There she found renewed in a measure the love and tender care she lost when her mother was called away, and deserved all the affection that was bestowed upon her. Her manner was always agreeable; her nature was refined and her ideals of things better for the future surprised every one who talked with her. No one at the institute regrets having come into contact with this little life and all in charge are glad for the privilege of doing what has been done in her behalf for many months in succession.

So quietly are these benevolences bestowed upon the waifs of society that few know of them, and it will interest every person of kindly impulse to know that the demands upon the institute have outgrown its capacity lamentably, and that steps are now contemplated by those who have so long maintained this philanthropy to provide additional rooms and facilities, making the institution more adequate to the public needs and enabling it more nearly to keep pace with the growth of the city and state.



THE LITTLE BLIND GIRL.

Reception Tendered Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Clark

children, Mr. G. P. Clark of Portland, Ore., who returned to his home last week, after visiting his parents, being unable to remain for their wedding anniversary, and Mrs. Herbert Hutchings of Chicago, who is at present the guest of her parents.



MR. AND MRS. G. W. CLARK.