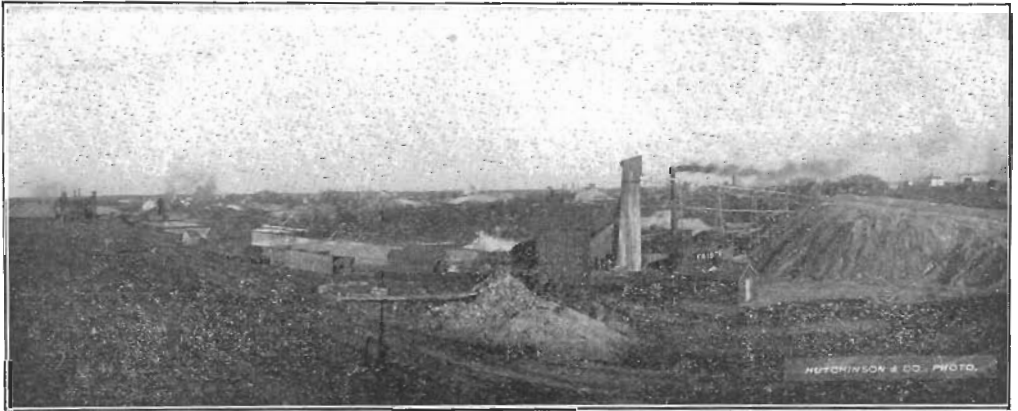


urday night. The city, which is the commercial center of the district, has a population of 30,000, but on a Saturday evening thousands of people who work and reside in the other "camps" pour in to swell the crowds that throng the streets and fill the shops to overflowing. All the principal towns in the district are connected by electric railways, which makes Joplin easy of access from all directions, and from Saturday noon until long after midnight the trolley cars can with difficulty handle the passengers. The banks remain open until 11 o'clock and most of the business houses do not close until midnight. The streets are so densely thronged that one can only make way with the greatest difficulty.

principally drawn from the surrounding country. They came off the farms and out of the villages of Missouri, and their early training makes them good citizens. They are very different from miners in other parts of the world. There are comparatively no foreigners in the district, and labor troubles are almost unknown.

The reason for the absence of friction between the operators and the men who work in the drifts and mills lies in the fact that almost every miner has a personal interest in the future of the district. I have already mentioned the system under which the field is being developed. When half the miners in the district are directly interested in some prospect or mine, anything



A Joplin Mine.

Gambling places, saloons, and all places that afford amusement are liberally patronized. Fortunately, the miners of the Joplin district, while containing a small disorderly, or "tough" element, are considered the best in the world. The toughs are too much in the minority to seriously affect social conditions, and while an occasional street brawl occurs, the crowds are surprisingly well behaved. On the whole, it is a crowd of excellent appearance. When a miner leaves his drift, he doffs his working garb, and appears on the streets in the costume of a prosperous business man. The superior character of the miners in this district is due to the fact that they are

like a general strike is impossible. The men are not likely to strike on themselves. There are no miners' unions, not that the men are hostile to unions in general, but because they have not felt the need of them. Another element that makes for harmony between miners and operators is that both belong, generally speaking, in the same social class. Frequently the same man is both a miner and operator, and a great majority of the operators came out of the mines. Bear in mind that an operator in the Joplin district must not be confounded with the men who, from offices in New York city, virtually control the destiny of thousands of miners in the great coal fields. He is altogether

another type. Usually he has not much wealth, and depends on the working of a small piece of ground for his living. He knows the miners intimately, and his point of view is the same as theirs. In fact, to put the matter in a nutshell, in the Joplin district the general policy is "live and let live," and natural conditions seem destined to perpetuate it. There is strong probability that during its existence the great Missouri-Kansas lead and zinc field will always deserve the title, "the poor man's camp."

Fortified against labor troubles, the bete noir of all other mining centers, by a system that gives every man an equal chance, the future of the Joplin district seems bright. In the opinion of experts, the field has hardly been scratched. The ore that lies near the surface is far from exhausted, and deep borings have revealed large ore bodies at great depths. Of course, the ex-

pense of mining increases as it goes down, but the introduction of improved methods and machinery have so far about equalized matters. Industries naturally associated with mining, and the manufacture of zinc and lead products, have shown a disposition to gather around the center of production. Seven large foundries and shops, which turn out every kind of mining machinery, are already located in the district, while immense plants which convert the raw product of the mines into marketable form are to be seen on every side. Nearly all the land in the district is extraordinarily rich for agricultural purposes, and it is a common thing to see land producing large crops, while vast quantities of ore are being at the same time taken from underneath the surface. The field has had a wonderful past, but its future promises to be still more wonderful.

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## THE DEPTH OF LOVE.

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

Because he brought no tears to her dear  
grave,  
Many and many there were  
Who whispered, when no single sign he  
gave,  
"He never cared for her."

But down within the silence of his soul  
A surging ocean swept:  
Yet none could see the current onward roll,  
The tides that never slept.

Because I stand in silence when your eyes  
Look softly into mine;  
Because no words to my poor lips arise,  
Because I give no sign;

There are, perchance, those who would dare  
to say  
There is no heart in me  
Beloved, let them cry! Be glad that they  
Can never sound our sea.

—The Munsey.

## WHY NO. 272 DID NOT FILE.

A story of the Great Land Lottery in Oklahoma.

BY A. R. C.

The incidents of the opening of the great Kiowa, Comanche, Apache and Wichita-Caddo Indian reservations in Oklahoma to white settlement in the summer of 1901, are still comparatively fresh in the public mind. The prospective settlers registered at the El Reno and Lawton land offices, after which each name was written on a card, and enclosed in an envelope. These envelopes were placed in two large wheels, each supported on an axis with bearings and cranks by which they were turned until the en-

no homes to which they might return.

It was a few days after the beginning of this drawing that an immigrant wagon, or "prairie schooner," might have been seen passing eastward along the dusty highway, which leads down the beautiful valley of the North Canadian river from El Reno. The wagon was old and very much the worse for wear. Its running gear creaked and rattled under the load which its rickety box loosely over the bows, to ward off the almost vertical rays of the sun, and looped up at the sides, to permit the circulation of the air, was worn and torn and covered with dust. The team, an ill-fed, ill-groomed, ill-matched pair of jaded beasts, pulled but slowly at best under the constant urging and prodding of the driver. Beneath the rear axle-tree, with lolling tongue and limping gait, paced "one yellow cur of low degree," and another mongrel canine of the same general type trotted complacently along, close by the heels of the near horse. Faces of children were visible, peering from beneath the folds of the wagon sheets, faces none too clean, sun-tanned and surmounted by shocks of unkempt yellow hair. Finally the wagon came to a halt in front of a modest-looking farm house which stood at the edge of a grove a few rods back from the road. Then a woman was seen to climb out of the wagon and approach the farm house, while a man, with loose-jointed, slouchy figure, lazily dismounted, looked at the sun, took a generous "chaw" from a large plug of tobacco, and then slowly proceeded to make some needed repairs on the dilapidated harness of the off horse, using the ever-present and always useful "balin-wire" in the operation.

It was noontime in the farm house. The farmer's family was gathered about the table for the midday meal, when a faint rap was heard at the front door. The farmer himself answered the summons to the door, where he found the woman who had come



Ponca Indians.

velopes were thoroughly mixed and shuffled, and they were then drawn out one at a time, and the person whose name was contained was permitted to make a Homestead Filing at the United States land office in his turn.

Although 163,000 people registered, there were but 13,000 quarter sections of land to dispose of, so that the interest in the drawing was intense. Thousands who came to register in wagons remained in camp until after the drawing, and then, most of them disappointed, took up their toilsome journeys whither they knew not, for many had

from the wagon. Her sunbonnet was thrown back on her shoulders, disclosing a sallow, care-worn face, and her tall, spare form was clad in a faded blue calico gown. When the farmer said, "Come in," she remained standing where she was, and timidly asked that she might see the lady of the house. The farmer called his wife, who again invited the stranger to enter the house.

"No'm, I'll not go in," she said. "We're movers an' we're in a heap o' trouble. Ma's sick, an' she's old, an' we must find a place to stop. Can you help us?"

The look of keen distress upon the otherwise expressionless face appealed to the kindly heart of the farmer's wife, who said: "Our house is full, but we can fix a place for your mother in the old 'claim house.' It will be more quiet there, anyway." And so it was that the old "raw-hide" shanty (i. e., made of rough native lumber), which had sheltered the farmer's family for several years after Old Oklahoma was first opened to settlement, was emptied and swept and dusted and prepared for occupancy. Willing hands soon helped to carry the aged sufferer to the snowy bed, close by the little east window where a wild grape vine almost screened out the light. The lines of her thin, wan, stern-featured face relaxed when she looked up into that of the farmer's wife and said:

"You're powerful kind, ma'am. I'm so tired—so tired o' movin' I jes want to rest." Then she went to sleep.

The physician who was called came, and, after asking a few questions and examining the patient, shook his head.

"Worn out," was all that he would say.

Finding that her daughter was somewhat talkative and noting an allusion to the Kiowa-Comanche country, he asked if they had been in that region.

"Yes, we drove purty much all over it after my man registered at El Reno, an' before the drawin' come off."

"How did you like the country down there from what you saw of it?" asked the doctor.

"Didn't like it at all—wouldn't live in it for all of it," said she. "I haint got no use for any country where pawpaws an' see' fraze can't strike. But then, ma, she did want us to have a home o' our own, and for her sake, I believe I could have lived there, 'cause she didn't want us to move no more."

"Had your mother ever moved before?" asked the doctor.

"Lor', yes, I reckon ma never did live long enough in one place so's that she could 'low that she was at home. She was born in a wagon while her folks was movin' through from Indianny to Pike county, Missouri, where they 'lowed to settle. That's mighty nigh on to 75 years ago. They didn't stay settled there all the time, though, for they did a sight of shiftin' 'round while she was a child, the longest move bein' to Texas and back agin. Then, when she was about 16 years old she was married an' moved down to the Ozark country, but she an' pap didn't stay there much more'n a year. Two years afterwards pap 'nlisted with Doniphan an' went off to the war with Mexico, leavin' her to care for two little ones. He come back jes' as the Californy gold fever swept across the country, an' they started an' drove clear through to the coast. But pap didn't find no gold, so they was movin' back in less'n two years.

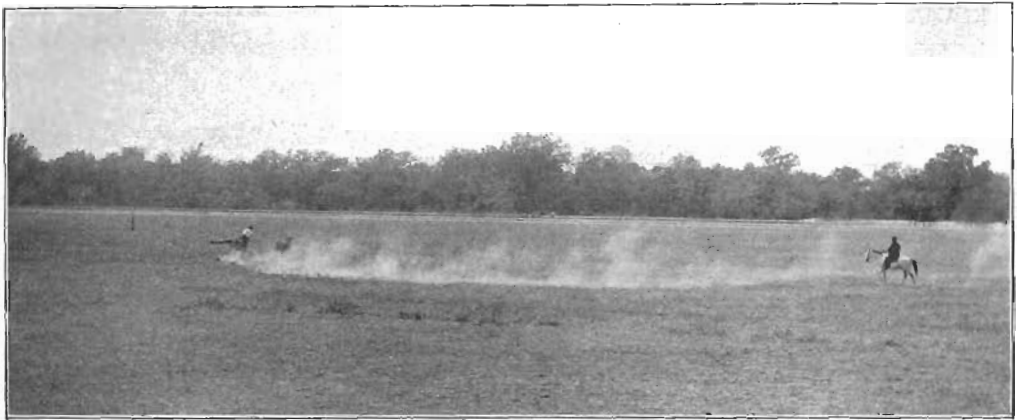
"While they was crossin' the Nevada desert the baby, Jimmie, who was born in Californy, died an' was buried 'way out on an alkali flat—the loneliest place in all the world, ma used to say. But poor ma couldn't spend much time mournin' for the dead, when the livin' had to be cared for.

"When Kansas was opened to settlers in '54 they moved out there, an' pap got a fine claim on the Wakarusa, but he soon got tired an' moved back to the ol' stampin' ground in Pike county agin. Then, in '59, when the Pike's Peak gold craze was on, they moved to Colorado, across them dreary plains agin. But they wasn't nothin' fer pap in the Californy Gulch diggin's, either, so they took up the trail fer ol' Missouri once more. Then the war broke out and the

folks had to move several times, whether they wanted to or not, for it was neighbor agin neighbor, an' brother agin brother. But, law sakes, movin' was the least of ma's troubles in them days, for her oldest boy, Bud, 'nlisted in the Yankee army an' fell shot through the heart in the charge under Lyon at Wilson's Creek. Then, a couple o' years later next boy, Andy, who'd been one of Joe Shelby's most darin' riders, come back to his ma with one sleeve of his grey jacket hangin' empty, an' he only lived a few months after that.

"A couple o' years after the war pap was fer goin' to Montany an' startin' a cattle ranch. We'd been out there nigh on to three years an' it did seem as if maybe we was

all about the wonders and beauties of the Oklahoma country, an' after that nothin' would do but move, an' move he must, an' move he did. Jes after the soldiers had took the boomers back to the Kansas line, pap took down with the 'neumony an' died at Arkansas City. Ma didn't do much movin' after that till '89, when we came back to Oklahoma with her youngest son, Bent. Bent, he had a fine claim on the Cimmaron bottoms, but there was a contest on it, an' one day he went to Guthrie to the land office to see about it, an' that night he didn't come home, an' the next day his dead body was found lyin' by the road, where he'd been shot by some one hid in the brush. Then ma came back to Missouri to us, an' she says to



Roping Cattle on the Plains.

settled at last, when one day the Blackfeet made a raid and cleaned out the ranch. We jes' did escape to Fort Belknap with our lives. Then we moved back to Missouri agin.

"In '73 we moved out to Reno county, Kansas, where pap taken a homestead. But the very next year the grasshoppers lit down an' et up everything, so we took the shortest road leadin' to ol' Pike county once more. In '76 we moved to the Black Hills, but we didn't stay there many months. We stayed in Missouri then until along in the summer of '80, when pap met up with one of ol' Dave Payne's boomers, who told him

me, 'Molly,' says she, 'you're all I've got left, an' I don't want to move no more.'

"But my man, he's always been a renter, an' we've generally moved every two or three years. Last spring he heard tell of the wonderful Kiowa country, an' he 'lowed as how that was our chance, an', as we couldn't move off an' leave ma, she got ready to make one more move. She didn't complain, only to say that she was tired, an' that she did hope we'd get a home, an' not have to move no more.

"Yes, ma's shore done right smart of movin' in her time, but if what you 'low is true, she is mighty nigh through movin' now.