

HAS CROSSED GREAT DIVIDE

"CALAMITY JANE" PITCHES HER FINAL CAMP.

A HEROINE OF FICTION

Made Famous by Novelists Who Took Advantage of Her Startling Nick Name.

At last she is dead, "Calamity Jane," she of the checkered career and unlimited fondness for whisky, with a man's ability to drink it.

She died at Terry, a mining camp in the Black Hills, last Saturday. Inflammation of the bowels killed her.

To some, perhaps it may come as a surprise that death finally found Jane and concluded to take her with him, for many had begun to think that she was destined to live forever, a belief that the old girl herself apparently shared in and lived accordingly. To her there was no future. She thought only of the present with its round of what she was pleased to designate and regard as pleasure, and gave no heed to the morrow. So long as there was whisky to be had, a place in which she could stretch her frame when nature demanded a little rest and sleep and a few pieces of clothing to cover her nakedness, and Jane was as happy as any queen that was ever surrounded by vassals and slaves ready to do her every beck and nod. In respect to life and the things that go to make it endurable she was blessed with an optimism that was really enviable. In her way of philosophizing she reasoned that life had come to her without her wishes having been consulted and having been thrust upon her, she did not permit herself to worry or ponder as to its application. All she knew or cared for was that she was alive. That was enough for her to know. If others were foolish enough to trouble their minds with what they termed problems and burden their brains with vain speculation as to the future, so much the worse for them. She had no time or inclination for such matters. The present suited her well enough and the power that had given her life and reason would have to care for the unknown and look out for the future.

"Calamity" was eminently materialistic in all things. That was her nature, and environment only intensified and strengthened what nature had bestowed. Perhaps, she sometimes thought she had a soul, but if she did nobody knew it for she was not given to talking of things spiritual and her knowledge of a deity was never expressed, except when she delivered herself of a string of profanity. Then her vocabulary was astonishing and limited only by the number of deities contained in her calendar, which, as those know who have heard her on such occasions, seemed to be as limitless as the number of gods worshipped by the ancients. One of Jane's few accomplishments was her power as an ornate and picturesque user of curses. Not only was she mistress of every accepted term of profanity, but as an originator and improviser she probably had no equal, even among the hardened sinners who were her constant companions.

Teachers' Examination. The regular teachers' examination will be held in the court room, Billings, Mont., Aug. 28, beginning at 9 a. m. and continuing Saturday, Aug. 29, 1903.

Stable For Rent. Apply at residence of Miss Pantan, Montana avenue. 26-2.

Employment Bureau. 2607 1/2 Mont. Av. Bell Phone 89a; Moffett Phone 181. No Charge for Male Help.

Help Wanted. Roundup cook. Dishwasher. Competent girl for general house work, country, \$35.00. All-round restaurant cook, Big Timber, \$50. Girls for general house work, city and ranch. Waitress. Hay hands. Men for railroad construction, west. Ship every night.

For Rent. Four rooms furnished for house keeping; water, heat, electric light, etc.; north side; \$25. Two-room house, furnished, north side, \$10.00.

For Sale. Two-year-old short-horn Durham bull. Five-room house, 3 lots. 16 head heifers and milch cows; will sell all or in part. One work horse; 2 ponies.

Calamity Jane. "Calamity Jane" was one of those persons who have fame, or at least notoriety, thrust upon them. Had it not been for the fact that fighting, old, Mike Egan of the First cavalry dubbed her by the name by which she was best known, it is very likely that outside of a few mining camps, military posts and frontier towns she would never have been heard of. That name was so startling, so original that it was bound to become known and the writer of dime novels was not slow to avail himself of it and one morning "Calamity Jane," the camp follower, the outcast, the member of a class of women shunned and disowned, found herself famous and a heroine. At first she resented the appellation and it meant a fight or at least a tongue lashing for the one with the hardihood to apply it in her hearing. But as she grew older she grew wiser and it was not long before she realized that the name once abhorred and detested was her most valuable asset and she gloried in it and seemed to prefer it to any other.

It was during a raid by Indians on the command of Captain Egan, whose famous "grey horse" troop was known to all the old settlers of northern Wyoming and southwestern Dakota, that she was dubbed "Calamity Jane." Until then she had been plain Martha Canary and as such had attached herself to the command, not, as has

been printed times innumerable, as a scout. She owed no allegiance to the government and only the disobedience of orders on the part of the enlisted men and teamsters connected with the command made it possible for her to be with it. Captain Egan was wounded and the woman, responding to the better instincts of her sex undertook to rescue him. This she succeeded in doing. The fact that she was there in violation of orders was overlooked and henceforth she was "Calamity Jane."

The Work of Romancers.

While it is true that Jane was with many of the commands that were sent out from the little military posts of the west during the seventies, there is no well authenticated record that she ever was regularly employed by the government as a scout, or even nurse. There were many other women of her kind who accompanied those expeditions and to better conceal their identity usually wore an old uniform or the castoff clothing of some teamster. Thus arrayed "Calamity" has been seen often and some interesting stories are told of her escapades and those of "Broncho" and others like them. They are interesting stories, but hardly of the kind that are published. Those that have found their way into print, while less truthful, sound better and are not open to objection, as would be the true ones.

Among the fiction that has been published concerning "Calamity" is her alleged capture of and subsequent participation in the lynching of Jack McCall, who assassinated "Wild Bill." McCall was captured at Cheyenne, after he had been released by a miners' court that tried him for the murder of Hicox, the name of "Wild Bill." He was taken to Yankton, then the capital of Dakota territory, and legally hanged.

Jane was not, as is being continually published, a member of the "Deadwood Vigilance committee." There never was a vigilance committee in Deadwood and nobody was ever lynched in the town, something unusual for an oldtime mining camp, perhaps, but it is true, nevertheless. This, too, contrary to the statement of a certain long haired individual that she "always" took part in every lynching and that it was "always a pretty active part, too." The only mortality to which she was incident in Deadwood was that inflicted upon the brands of whisky that were sold in those days over the bars of the dance houses of which she was an ornament.

But death has finally claimed her and with all her faults and virtues, for she had a few of the latter, chief of which was her generosity and liberality, she has gone to the other side of the river that all must cross. Those that knew her hope she was kindly received and that a star plotted from the register all record of her misdeeds and that she has been accorded a seat well in front, where the music of the heavenly hosts may strike upon her ears and erase the memory of the discordant notes of the fiddles and battered old pianos to which she so often attempted to keep time here below.

Cured Paralysis. W. S. Bally, P. O. True, Texas, writes: "My wife had been suffering five years with paralysis in her arm, when I was persuaded to use Ballard's Snow Liniment, which cured her all right. I have also used it for old sores, frost bites, and skin eruptions. It does the work. 25c, 50c and \$1 bottle at Holmes & Rixon's."

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MARGUERITE, M. STRANG, 27-8 County Supt. Schools.

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THWARTED BY FAULTY LAWS

BENEFICENT INTENTION OF GOVERNMENT DEFEATED.

URGENT NEED FOR CHANGE

Serious Obstacles Encountered to the Legitimate Administration of National Irrigation Act.

Because of the advantage that is taken by speculators and dishonest persons who see under the beneficent provisions of the national irrigation law an opportunity to grow wealthy in a manner not intended by the framers and promoters of the act, much alarm is felt by the honest friends of that law lest its very object be defeated and subsequent legislation follow to undo that which it took years of patient labor to accomplish. Availing themselves of the existing laws to secure possession of large tracts that figure in the scheme of ultimate reclamation, speculators are acquiring title to lands to the exclusion of the bona fide settler and homemaker to an extent hardly realized by even the people of the states to which the irrigation act applies. To arouse a sentiment for revision of the laws and compel congress to change them so that fraudulent acquisition of the public domain shall be no longer possible is one of the laudable tasks to which the National Irrigation association has applied itself. Under the heading, "The Homemaker or the Speculator?" the following article has been contributed by William A. Smythe, a prominent member of that strong organization:

Shall the nation's great domain of western arid lands and the nation's money be used to enrich a comparatively few greedy individuals, or shall they be used to furnish security and happiness for millions of men, women and children?

Uncle Sam is still rich enough to give us all a farm. And an irrigated farm, at that. It is not a dream, but a fact that the present population of the United States can be duplicated on the arid public domain in the west. This can be done without making new competitors for those already engaged in agricultural pursuits in the east and in the south. On the other hand, this wonderful act of planting a new nation in what is now all but an unbroken wilderness will confer enormous benefits on those sections which are already covered with farms, factories and towns.

The subjugation and settlement of the great empire of public lands means that every factory wheel in the United States must whirl faster, that every banking house must handle more money, and that every railroad must transport more passengers and freight. This, in turn, means a larger and busier population in every eastern and southern town, and that, of course, will quicken and enlarge the demand for all the products of the soil in the older sections of the country. In the meantime, that which is grown from the soil to be conquered by irrigation in the west will go almost exclusively to the feeding of new home markets to be created within the arid region itself and to the satisfaction of unlimited demands in the orient and in the frozen north.

Congress has decreed that the great policy of national irrigation shall be entered upon without delay. Already the engineers and surveyors are doing their work and five great projects have been reported favorably to the interior department. Only about \$7,000,000 are required to carry all five to completion and the money is in the treasury awaiting the call. But upon the threshold of the greatest constructive policy to which this nation has ever set its hand, a new and appalling obstacle is encountered. Almost every acre of these lands which the nation is about to prepare for the swarming of a home-building population may, under existing laws, be stolen and used as the basis of a profitable speculation. And those who desire to secure these lands for speculative purposes are strong enough to tie the hands of congress until the deed shall have been done. This, too, in spite of the fact that the president of the United States has urged the repeal of these iniquitous land laws as something which is vital to the success of the national irrigation policy. Shall the nation's land, then, and the nation's money be used to enrich a comparatively few greedy individuals, or shall they be used to furnish security and happiness for millions of men, women and children?

This is the question which must be answered when congress meets again.

The answer depends absolutely upon the will of the people as it shall be made known to their representatives at Washington. No power on earth, except the power of an aroused and indignant public opinion can save the arid region from falling prey to the speculators who are alive to their opportunity while the people are asleep.

In his last message the president recommended the repeal of the desert land law, of the commutation clause of the homestead law, and of the timber and stone act. These are the provisions of existing statutes under which absolutely the most valuable property now owned by the American people is being systematically absorbed into private ownership by those who cannot use it, but who propose to sell it at enormous profit to real homeseekers when the nation shall have multiplied its value an hundredfold by means of irrigation.

The nation has land for every man who will make his home upon it in good faith—who will break the sod, plant crops, build a house, and settle down to support his family from the soil. But the nation has no land—at least it ought to have none—for the man who merely seeks to forestall the actual settler and sell out to him at a profit, or become a landlord collecting income from his tenants.

Under the present land laws millions of acres are being taken by those who have no thought of breaking the soil, planting crops, or building homes. They are mere adventurers and speculators. The desert land law gives them a chance to obtain for a song, without residence and without cultivation, 320 acres of the richest soil on earth—enough for 16 families. The commutation clause of the homestead law gives them a chance to take up 160 acres with but the barest pretence of residence, and that for only 14 months. The timber and stone act enables them to acquire forests and quarries for a bagatelle and to hold them for speculative advances.

Frank Stockton left the hero of his famous tale hesitating before two doors. If he opened one, it meant life and happiness; if the other, death. And the question was never answered—"The Lady or the Tiger?"

Uncle Sam stands at the door of the arid region. His foot is on the threshold, his hand is at the latch. Shall it be the homemaker or the speculator? Shall it be life and happiness for millions, or a riot and carnival of speculation at the expense of the people?

There is but one way to answer the question in the interest of the nation's welfare. That is to repeal the vicious provisions of the existing land laws, in accordance with the president's recommendation.

GO TO BUTTE WITH THE ELKS

First Annual Meeting of the Montana Elks State Association, Butte, August 13 and 14

Low Rates on All the Railroads for Everybody—One Fare and a Third for the Round Trip—Tickets Good for Five Days—Children Half Fare.

Take advantage of the opportunity to see the Mining town and its busy streets, its great park, its trees and flowers, its shady nooks, and the warm welcome awaiting you, and you can

Have the Time of Your Life. The Elks have prepared to make it pleasant for you. The program for the two days will eclipse anything ever seen in the state of Montana before. It will include a grand parade that will make a three-ring circus outfit look insignificant, an Elks ball game between Helena and Butte for the state championship; a minstrel show by the Anaconda Elks troupe at the Broadway Theater, evening of August 13; business meeting of the state Elks August 14; social session in the afternoon. Grand State Ball at the famous Columbia Gardens in the evening of August 14.

There Will Be Prizes for Contests. Prizes for the handsomest lodge in the parade; for the homeliest man; the prettiest girl; the tallest man and the shortest man; the fat man and the living skeleton; the broadest smile, and for the man who does not admit that he is having the best time in his life.

Go to Butte and Be in It.

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