

# GRIT CLEARED ROAD TO FAME

POOR BOYS WHO TOILED ON AMID MANY DIFFICULTIES.

Lawyers Early Struggles to Rise From Obscurity—An Author Who Had the Germ of Genius and Didn't Know It—Rolling Mill Employee Who Made a Startling Find by Using His Wits.

John W. Goff's name is familiar to most newspaper readers. Its owner came from Ireland, a poor boy, thirty-odd years ago, and found employment as a porter in H. B. Claffin's dry goods store in New York. He attended to his duties at the store in the day time and spent his evening hours at an evening school. One day an errand took him into one of the local court rooms. He sat down and heard a lawyer sum up a case. Then he said to himself: "Why can't I be a lawyer?" Within an hour he had decided that he could and would be one. That afternoon, when his day's work was ended, he bought some law books and began to study them. His room mate, a young man named Fitzgerald, decided that he, too, would be a lawyer. So they set to work together, toiling days and studying night. Charles O'Connor and others gave them encouragement from time to time, and, in the face of a hundred difficulties and obstacles, they persisted in their task. By and by they were admitted to the bar and began to practice. Today both are well known judges on the New York bench and noted for commanding talent.

Close to the East river at the foot of Seventy-sixth street, New York, stands a charitable institution known as the East Side Settlement house, attached to which is a free library, formerly presided over by William S. Booth. Six years ago a man named Herbert E. Hamblen commenced to visit the library. It soon came out that Hamblen was an engineer, in charge of one of the city engines near, but that in other years he had been a sailor and had been buffeted about all over the globe. Mr. Booth had also in his time, been a sailor, and the two men quickly became fast friends. One day, after they had been getting on together very comfortably for several months, the engineer told of a particularly interesting experience of his in the East Indies. When he had finished, his friend, the librarian, remarked: "Hamblen, you are an idiot to sit here telling me those stories, when you might make better use of them."

"What would you have me do with them then?" asked Hamblen. "Put them in a book," was the reply. As a result of the conversation a volume entitled "On Many Seas" afterwards appeared, and as an accurate, vivid portrayal of the life with which it deals there is nothing superior to it. It passed through a dozen editions in many months and is now ranked among the classics of the sea. Its author has since written and published several other successful books.

Bernard Smith went to work in a Pittsburgh rolling mill when he was 11 years old, and at 30, by industry and frugality, he had become manager and part owner of a small iron plant. One day, in examining some iron which it was thought a careless workman had spoiled in rolling he found, to his surprise, that the supposed worthless iron was superior in many respects to that produced by the best equipped mills. Smith said nothing, but at once began to search for the cause of the singular change. The result of his own experiments and his workman's carelessness was what is known among iron men as the cold rolled process. In consequence of his discovery his small plant, in a few years, had grown into a mammoth establishment, and he and his partners were millionaires.

### Chicken-Hearted Henny.

"Coward!" said Mrs. Blithers contemptuously to her husband, who cowered under the bed clothes because he thought he heard burglars downstairs. "You are the most chicken-hearted man I ever saw!" "Please," chattered Henry as he peeped cautiously out, "please don't call me 'Henny'."—Ohio State Journal.

Little 5-year-old Bessie was told to go to the drug store and get a dime's worth of sweet oil. After getting about half way she came running back to ask: "Mamma, how sweet do you want it?"



Up-to-date Duck Boat.

has 900 acres of land along the lake shore, and has a \$3,500 clubhouse, with boat houses, stables and everything to make life easy and comfortable. The house is opened on Sept. 1st, and kept open until winter. The accompanying views of the clubhouse and lake scenes are by the courtesy of two of the club members, D. M. Newbro and John M. Davis.

The club has a membership of 23, and each member may invite one guest during the season. As may be imagined invitations are at a premium. The lake teams with ducks and geese during the shooting season, and even the novice is certain to have some game to his credit.

Wild geese stay around the junction of the three headwaters of the Missouri, near Manhattan and the Three Forks until the winter sets in, usually about Christmas time, and furnish great sports for the hunter who takes pleasure in stalking game that is really hard to get. There is said to be no better field in the state for this sport.

Deer will also be without the protection of the law, Sept. 1st, and many parties will take to the mountains to hunt them. They are hard to locate before snow flies, however, and the hunter has to reckon much on chance to bring them to him.

This is the first season for the new non-resident license in Montana, as well as most of the other western states. These laws are aimed at the hunters who come in from abroad with a great retinue of servants, and stays until the game is all killed or driven away. The licenses vary from \$20 to \$25 for deer and larger game, and from \$5 to \$20 for birds, in the various states. It is believed that the law will have a beneficial effect upon the game of the country, and that the license paid by those who still desire to hunt will aid materially in furthering the enforcement of the game laws on both native and imported hunters. The laws may lead to the formation of hunting clubs, with merely nominal holdings of real estate, but still enough for the out-of-state members to set up a claim of being holders of realty, and so eligible to hunt in any given state the same as a bona fide resident. Should the law be evaded in this manner, it is likely that a movement will be set on foot to make still further restrictions.

The Montana Hunting club, composed mostly of Butte sportsmen, maintains a fine clubhouse at the lake. The club clerk of the court here, out riding, but the boy escaped all right. Mr. Roberts' boy was quite young at that time."

### A Special Occasion.

First Tramp—You order see Bill goin' over de fence wit' de bull after him.

Second Tramp—Must have been wuth lookin' at.

First Tramp—Say! It wuz de only time I ever seen him when he didn't look tired.—Puck.

### Cause and Effect.

"He's quite a prominent politician here, is he not?" inquired the visiting Briton.

"Oh, no, he's a statesman," replied the native.

"Well, what's the difference?" "A statesman, my dear sir, is one who is in politics because he has money. A politician is one who has money because he is in politics."—Philadelphia Press.

### Yellowish.

The visitor—Of course you know nothing of yellow journalism up here?

The Villager—Wall, the editor of the Banner he now 'n agin puts in items upside down so's tew make folks read 'em. I reckon the's sawter buff like, ain't it?—Detroit Free Press.



A Montana Hunting Clubs Headquarters

## BIRD HUNTERS MAKING READY

SPORTSMEN OF MONTANA PREPARING FOR THE OPEN SEASON FOR GAME.

Valleys and Foothills of the State Afford Fine Shooting Grounds—Abundance of Game in Prospect for This Year—Private Grounds for Butte Sportsmen—Non-Resident License Law Is in Effect This Season.

Throughout the United States, September 1st is very generally known as the opening of the sporting season for birds especially. With the coming of that date, every old firelock is cleaned and oiled, a new stock of ammunition laid in, and thousands of budding nimrods take to wood and field to match wits with the wild life that has grown up unmolested for the summer. Every sportsman dreams of a bulging game bag, whether in the woods, after quail or partridge, or in the open prairie and grain fields where the grouse and prairie chickens feed, or along sedgy wild rise lakes where the swift flying wild duck has its haunt. It may be truthfully said that Montana is not the greatest shooting ground for any of the feathered game. Only in a few specially favored localities are waterfowl to be found in great numbers, as they are in the lake regions of Minnesota and Northern Iowa, or along the world-famous Platte valley in Nebraska. There are no quail at all, save as a few scattering birds have been imported and set free by individuals or clubs interested in adding them to the game attractions of the state. Even the chickens and grouse

are not here in such numbers as they are on the broad wheat fields of the Dakotas.

But there is all the game here that the reasonable man can wish. The person who wants more game than a good gun can bring down in Montana is not a sportsman—he is a gamehog, and nothing less. The legitimate sportsman does not want his game to fall into his hands by the cartload; most of the pleasures of the chase is in meeting the quarry in a fair contest of wits, and then coming off victor.

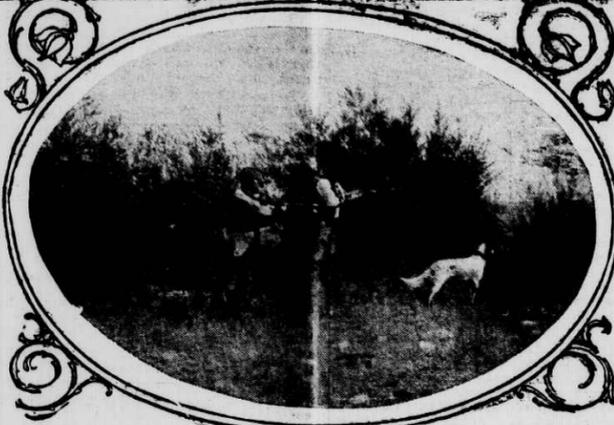
Along the line of the Northern Pacific, between Billings to Logan, is one of the best countries for grouse and chickens to be found in the west. The great birds may almost always be found at almost any reasonable place in the country named. Around Big Timber, they are said to be especially numerous this season. A gentleman who but recently returned from there, said that in making a long cross-country drive near Big Timber, he literally drove through miles of grouse. As they have not been disturbed, they should furnish ideal sport, and enough of it for a large number of hunters, if the lust for blood is not too strong.

All along the Yellowstone, goodly numbers of birds are reported. The dry, warm season has been favorable to the hatching of the birds, which are said to be unusually large.

There are good shooting grounds over near Pony, where the birds are usually so tame in the fall that a switch would seem a deadly enough weapon. Up the Gallatin, Jefferson and Madison rivers, the shooting hardly ever fails of being good.

Not all the good upland shooting is found along the line of the Northern Pacific, however. Down on the Short Line, around Lima and over in the Big Hole basin, there are countless lusty, strong-winged birds. A good enough prize for any sportsman. There is also good shooting at places between Butte and Missoula, though not considered quite equal to that of the Yellowstone valley.

The line of the Great Northern furnishes many excellent shooting grounds. There, however, waterfowl are as a rule more in evidence. Around Nehart, White Sulphur Springs and some other of the interior towns, birds are said to be quite plentiful. Grouse and chicken shooting is better across the line into



Gunning for Grouse.

North Dakota, where the vast wheat fields begin.

Ducks are found in greater or lesser numbers along all the water courses of the state. They may be shot along the larger irrigating canals, where the prudent pot hunter may sneak upon them and get them at short range as they desert in the water. They are found in all the rivers, and a considerable number bred and raise their young in the upper basins of the Yellowstone, Madison and Jefferson, as well as in the bayous of the lower rivers. Almost all the varieties native to the United States are found here, even to the lordly canvas back, the greatest prize of the gastronomer.

Chance is a large factor in duck shooting in most parts of Montana. There are few chains of lakes where the birds may be hunted systematically, as in the lake regions of Minnesota. If the hunter finds the ducks in a river bend, well and good; it is his opportunity. If he does not, why they may be in any one of so many bends that he may tire of the mere thought of the possible tramp ahead of him. They cannot be located so definitely as in a lake region.

Sun River in Northern Montana, is a famous resort for ducks, and many of them are killed there every year. Indeed, all the waters of Northern Montana are especially good. Flathead lake offers good inducements to the shooter. Near Big Sandy, on the Great Northern, at Lonesome Prairie lake, one man whose zeal outran his thoughtfulness, slaughtered 115 ducks in one day. That is a record that would sound big even in Minnesota. Other good shooting grounds may be found wherever there is water.

Though the streams of Southern Montana furnish only indifferent waterfowl shooting, Red Rock lake, in Beaverhead county, is probably one of the finest resorts for geese and ducks in the whole west. The birds gather there by thousands, and, loth to leave the good feed, linger until winter sets in in earnest before continuing their flight southward. One who goes to this beautiful sheet of water may be morally certain that he will be able to come home loaded with waterfowl.

The Montana Hunting club, composed mostly of Butte sportsmen, maintains a fine clubhouse at the lake. The club

## HE GAVE DEATH A CLOSE CALL

WILLIAM WAUGH HOBNOBBED WITH THE CELEBRATED HOLMES.

Fiendish Doctor Who Killed Over Thirty People for Insurance Money—He Made a Specialty of Killing Children But Overlooked Young Waugh—Holmes Had a Variety of Names and a Long List of Crimes.

William N. Waugh, who performs messenger duty between the county court house and Judge McClernan's court room, congratulates himself daily on the fact that he is alive. He has a daily congratulation coming.

When Mr. Waugh was a boy between the age of 12 and 14 years he formed the acquaintance of Dr. Herman Mudgett, who was hanged in Philadelphia about three years ago for the murder of the Pitsill family. Mudgett's home was in Gilmingtong, New Hampshire. When quite young he was married in that town, but at that time he had not acquired the education he desired to fit him for the profession which afterwards enabled him to commit over thirty known murders without detection until a few months after he killed three of the Pitsill children and their father. In consequence of his unfinished educational accomplishments he entered a college and spent a year while his wife worked and paid his tuition fee, but after he emerged from the school a full pledged doctor and scholar it is claimed that he passed his good wife like a white chip. She and her son are said to be now living with her parents in New Hampshire.

In speaking of Mudgett Mr. Waugh says he was a polished rascal of great ability and possessed a wonderful influence over children and women for whom he pretended to have a great liking. His scheme was to cultivate the acquaintance of a man and woman or a widow having children, get the parents or parent to insure the lives of the children,



William Waugh.

then murder the children in a way to prevent detection, have the parents collect the insurance money and then murder them and take the money himself. In the case of the Pitsill family, however, he murdered the three children and their father, but before getting around to the mother of the little ones she became sus-

picious of his actions, and had him arrested. Mudgett was then known by the name of Dr. H. M. Holmes. By exercising a wonderful influence over Mrs. Pitsill and her husband he induced them to have their lives and those of their children insured. Then he spirited Pitsill away and killed him, following the murder by taking the children off on the pretext of sending them to school and murdering them. He told Mrs. Pitsill her husband had gone away on a business trip and when later on she asked the whereabouts of her children he told her they were attending school in another town. Neither they nor their father ever turned up. It is supposed that Mudgett intended to await the time he could prove to Mrs. Pitsill that her children and husband were dead, get her to collect the insurance money and then kill her and take the money himself.

"I first met Mudgett in Moore's Ford, New York, where I lived with my parents," says Mr. Waugh. "I was then only 13 or 14 years old. He came to our town and applied for a position as a teacher in the schools. My father was a member of the school board and through him Mudgett was employed. He taught about a year and during that time I was one of his pupils. He boarded at our house part of the time. At the end of a year he went away and when we next heard of him he was operating two drug stores, one in St. Paul and the other in Minneapolis. He was also detective for the Minnesota State Pharmaceutical association. In a few years he returned to Moore's Ford and was the best dressed man I have ever seen, the swath he cut being a 3x10 with a basement, iron front fourteen stories high. He opened a doctor's office at Moore's Ford and soon acquired a lucrative practice, but was so crooked he could not sleep in an ordinary bed. I did not know anything about his crookedness at that time. He took quite a fancy to me and got me to accompany him on a visit to his old home in Gilmingtong. We were bosom companions, and, strange as it may seem, he never asked me if I would like to have my life insured.

"When Mudgett was arrested," continued Mr. Waugh, "he gave the name of Dr. H. M. Holmes and it was quite a while before I learned that H. M. Holmes and Dr. Herman Mudgett were the same. When I heard of it I took an inventory of myself to ascertain if I was all right.

"Mudgett was a fine looking man and as smart as a whip. He is supposed to have killed 32 persons in order to collect the insurance money on their lives. While in Moore's Ford he occasionally took the son of Samuel Roberts, now the

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