

THE DAILY MISSOULIAN

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SUNDAY, AUGUST 28, 1910.

PASSING EVENTS

Last week was strenuous in Missoula and her territory. Twice before in her history has the city been as deeply stirred, and the old-timers say only twice. Once was when Chief Joseph marched over Lolo trail, and Missoula thought he was coming this way. The other time was when murder followed a day of battle with fire here in the city.

MISSOULA'S PART - It was 3 o'clock Sunday morning when The Missoulian office notified Secretary Breitenstein of the chamber of commerce that the first rescue train was coming from Wallace and that there were three hundred people to be met and fed and housed.

THE FIRE - The fire was awful in its devastation. It was terrible in its force. It was appalling in its resistlessness. With relentless advance it burst through the lines of the fight-

ers and swept down upon defenseless towns and remote cabins. Those who saw it picture the conflagration as the most impressive sight they ever beheld. It had smoldered, or had made but fitful advances for days and days and the people had become accustomed to its presence; it had shrouded the sky in dense smoke, but the people rested in fancied security until that hurricane of Saturday, Sunday and Monday gave the flames new strength and felled great stretches of timber for the blaze to feed upon.

THE DAMAGE - It is too early yet to attempt any estimate of the damage wrought by the fire. Enough to say that it will not be as great as has been figured in some quarters. Reliable information from the Blackfoot country is that the fires up that way did not seriously injure the saw timber; from about Saltee definite statement is made that the loss in marketable timber is not great; the hot fire did most of its work in the lodgepole pine; there is considerable saw timber that is injured to the extent that it must be logged very soon or it will die, but the lumbermen will be able to meet this contingency and will so regulate their logging operations that their loss from the fire will not be great.

THE RANGERS - You can get almost any opinion you seek regarding the work of the forest rangers. Some there be of the Heyburn type who refuse to see anything good in the rangers or in their work. There are others who go to the other extreme and glorify the ranger—make an ideal being of him. Between these two views is found the correct estimate of the ranger and of the effectiveness and value of his work.

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been in the mountains all their lives. The Missoulian that a blast from the fire would kill at a distance of half a mile from the main body of the blaze when it was sweeping across the mountains at the head of Cedar creek. Bear that in mind and think how many of the rangers there were who stuck to their posts; then you will realize, perhaps, what a good fighter the ranger is.

THE SOLDIERS - The soldiers of the regular army were late in getting into the game, but they swung into the work with characteristic energy and discipline. They fought the flames just as they had fought Filipinos and they were just as successful. Wherever the soldiers fought, the flames halted; there was a dead fire where these fellows rallied. Wallace from all accounts, owes her salvation to the men of the Twenty-fifth Infantry who worked like demons against the flames which threatened to destroy the entire city.

THE FIRE'S LESSON - There is a lot to be learned from the fire. In the first place, it has demonstrated emphatically the value of the national forest service. As we have already said, the forest fires of 1889 were worse than those of this year, although the conditions were not so favorable for the rapid spread as they were in 1910.

PRESENT DANGER - To assume that all danger is passed is to fall into error; the rain of Wednesday made it possible to get the upper hand of the fires for a day or two; during that time the forest service took advantage of the opportunity and so strengthened its position as to make it seem likely that the fires will not again break away from control. Every hour since Wednesday has seen advance made by the fighters. But until the last spark is extinguished, there is danger. In the city there must be no relaxing of the vigilance which has been maintained for a week.

THE NEWS - During the hours of the week, trying hours for all of us, The Missoulian's men sought at all times to get the facts and to present them plainly. The worst was bad

enough without any attempt to make it more serious than it was, and there were scores of lurid stories in circulation which had to be verified before they could be published. There were hundreds of inquiries to be answered, and always there was the necessity for contradicting the palpably false reports which were sent out from points remote from the fire, where there could not possibly be any dependable information regarding men or people. This was the most difficult task of the week from the point of view of The Missoulian; the public is always willing to accept the most doleful view of the situation at any time, and when Spokane reported that there were six hundred men dead near Thompson, there were many who sneered at The Missoulian's insistence that there could not possibly be a tenth of that number dead in that section. But the official figures are proving that the Spokane stories were entirely wrong. The loss of life has been deplorable; it is bad enough with the bare facts set forth; there was never at any time the necessity for enlarging upon them. There are men in The Missoulian office who worked twenty hours a day for five of the days of last week in the endeavor to give the news of the fires and to give it correctly and completely. How well they succeeded is perhaps best shown in the fact that the sales of papers during the week were the highest in the history of The Missoulian.

Furthermore, the railways have not been so busy with their own troubles that they could not help others in trouble, and their relief services have been notably good. Critics of the firefighters should remember that it is difficult to find men who are experienced in the timber; it is impossible to find 2,000 of them all at once. The man who stole blankets from the pesthouse is, naturally, now an occupant of that institution himself. Nature works quickly when she is outraged. Colonel Roosevelt had a hot time in Cheyenne yesterday and there is a hot time awaiting him in New York when he gets back home; he enjoys both kinds. The weather man has a great responsibility yet resting upon him; his excellent performance last Wednesday was not enough to clear him. If the streets were kept all the time as free of loafers as they were during the critical days of last week, it would be a great thing. It should be noted, also, that there were 15 men with Ranger Halm and not 74, as had been stated from Wallace and Spokane. When a man quits his job on the firing line, he has no right to expect the forestry service to feed him at headquarters. The fellows in Washington, D. C., have much to learn before they know anything about conditions in Washington state. Cheyenne didn't stop yesterday to consider whether she is insurgent or not, but she had a regular whoop-up time. When we realize how much worse it might have been, we understand what the forestry folks have done. The men who enlist in the forest service get their money if they fulfill their contract. That is fair. Mr. Taft's decision to keep hands off in New York is something like the

resolution of a man who concludes not to pick up a hot coal a second time. A few men like Jim Corbett—our Jim—would make the city mightier orderly and would keep it so. The courthouse clock is also a reminder that time flies, and it is well to keep busy all the time. Also, Ranger Halm came back, despite the dubious predictions from Wallace and Spokane. The correspondents who are with the Roosevelt party are not having a vacation tour. Wallace is assured that the gate remains open at all times in case of need. Of them all, Alderman Corbett of the Second ward, comes back strongest. The week showed, moreover, that The Missoulian gives the news. If Colonel Roosevelt is not hoarse this morning, he never will be. The danger is not over and the necessity for caution yet exists. Ranger Halm is a welcome addition to the list of resurrected.

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The Jaunts of a Tenderfoot

VIII—IN Forest Fires.

My tenderfoot days are not over. Every week—almost every day—brings something new. One, when a youngster on a cotton plantation, I went with my father to burn the crab grass from a corn field so that the ground could be plowed for wheat. To confine the fire to one tract of land father had a ditch—a fire line they call it here—cut. I was asked to help him apply the torch, but was not told the purpose of the newly made trench, and before he knew what had happened I fired both sides. For three hours we fought to save a 10-acre forest, but failed. That was my first and last forest fire until I arrived here. I had heard of the fierce turpentine forest fires of the first half of the last century, but had never seen one.

Therefore, I have learned something about fires. In fact, I am a pioneer when it comes to that question. Judge Woolly has very little advantage over me in that line of experience. I had not been in Missoula long before I saw a number of gentlemen packing bundles or bed clothing on their backs, hiking about town. I saw two, three, a half dozen, or more in a squad. Day by day the parties became more numerous and larger. "What are these guys selling?" I asked. "Selling?" inquired a westerner. "Yes, they look like peddlers to me. The only men that carry packs in my country are Syrians, who hawk their goods about the country." "The joke is on you, old man. Those are firefighters, or harvest hands. We have many forest fires this year." "Soon I made a trip to Dixon, to see

the buffalo of the National Bison range, with Alderman McCormick. Clouds of smoke were rolling out of the mountains west of Dixon. "That's a bad forest fire," said Mr. McCormick. "I may have to fight it before I go in."

We saw the animals and returned to Dixon. The fire was raging back in the hills. A telegram from the capital of the state advised Mr. McCormick to hire men and give battle to the flames. I learned something about fire laws: I was told that I could be forced to go and fight fires by an officer. That was encouraging to a man who had not handled a pick and shovel in 20 years. But, being merciful and kind-hearted, Mr. McCormick let me off, and went after more promising material. An hour after supper two wagon loads of husky men were on the way to the woods. About 3 o'clock the next morning they returned, the grimmest and most weary lot I ever saw. None of them were so tired they could hardly get to their rooms. It was then that I discovered that firefighting was no child's play.

Two weeks later, when junketing with O. L. Stark in his auto-wagon, up the Blackfoot river, I saw a party of Butte firemen. We were at Bill Dilts', spending the night, when the telephone rang and some one announced that he would be there inside of an hour with a force of firefighters, and wanted supper for 15 persons. Mr. Dilts prepared a meal. About 9 o'clock the party arrived. I had never seen a more motley crew. We sat back and looked on while the ham and eggs and other good things were consumed. Two men were not

at the feast. One fellow, who was too full to navigate, was peacefully sleeping in one of the rigs at the barn, and the other, a short, comical looking chap, sat pouting on the front steps in the dark.

"Why don't you come in, Spud?" some one said. "I haven't been invited," said he. "He's that's why." "Everybody is invited," said the man in charge. "Come on in."

"I'm a New Yorker (hic) and you must ask me in the proper way," answered Spud. I learned about firefighters from Spud. He was going forth to get some of Uncle Sam's money. As time passed the pack men increased. One day I saw more than 100 crossing from one railway station to another. They were going out to battle with the blazes. Soon carloads and later trainloads of firefighters went from Butte, Missoula and elsewhere into the burning districts.

Yet I had never taken the forest fire seriously. However, I had come to the conclusion that it was a pretty good thing to turn loose about \$2,000 a day in this community for rural firemen. It made business better. But, about 10 o'clock Saturday night a week ago my eyes were opened. I learned that forest fires were serious propositions when gales of wind got behind them. For days and nights I have written about nothing but forest fires. I have seen some of their fearful results. Like Dutch Davis, no firefighting for me. I will watch the forest fire from a long way off. H. E. C. BRYANT.

A Tribute From the Ranks

When it comes to the final human judgment there are none better fitted to judge us than those with whom we have worked. It is at our work—particularly if that work be hard, nerve-racking toil—that our little and big faults show up with greater clarity, and it is the men who are working with us that can see them most readily. The petty opinions of our close personal friends—or of our enemies—are biased, and when it comes time to write a man's obituary the only real decision of this world is that made by those who have stood shoulder to shoulder with us in the battle; not the play.

When that rare man comes who can be pointed out as one whose fellow-workers have called a man, he can be counted on as being one of the best and no better epitaph can be given the very highest of us than the words: "His fellow-workers placed him high." Those of us who were friends of William Hovey Polleys knew him to be one of these. We realized that he would have made an extraordinary man. But at that it was comforting and pleasing to hear the judgment given last night by one who had worked beside him and who knew him even better than did we.

The man was a big, clear-eyed Irishman. Raised in the woods, he had been, as the depth of his blue eyes and the strength of his brown, bare neck testified. He was surely out of place in the smoky, odorless restaurant that early morning and the narrowness of the city's wild, dissipated civilization rested heavily upon him; wind-blown and pine-scented as he was. But he was in earnest when he spoke and his words rang with a conviction that meant truth.

When he started he did not know that anyone there had even heard of Hovey Polleys—in fact when he started he told only of fighting fire and the attention paid him was of the lightest. But when he began to speak of him who was a friend of more than one of his listeners the atmosphere changed and when he was told that some of us knew his hero he warmed to his subject.

"Boy, did you know young Polleys?" he said. "There was a man for you. I worked under him when he was killed and a better fellow I never knew. I told you how he was killed, merely through the ignorance of a bunch of damned Dagoes. If I had been in his shoes and had had a double-bitting axe over my shoulder like he had I would have committed murder. There would have been widows and orphans in Italy today—but young Polleys? No. He was not that kind. Son, he gave his life for them ignorant men. He had time to escape, but not him. He stood there cool and collected trying to urge them to get down the trail and out of danger. He waited too long, that was all."

"How did it happen? You go up that trail today and you will see sticking in the butt of a young pine tree a wedge of a windfall. It is a piece of the same tree that killed that lad. It has been hanging there ever since."

"He was just going to dinner. Down the hill was the camp and young Polleys was leading us—him being our boss—and those Dagoes were ahead of him. Then somebody yelled 'Umber—down the hill.' The minute they boys heard that they scattered in all directions, one running this way, the other that, acting for all the world like a steamship load of government mules. The rest of them stood there like sheep, crossing themselves and calling on their gods to help. Polleys, cool-headed like he was, kept pushing them and urging them on down the trail and then the tree struck a young pine on its way to the ground, broke into perhaps twenty pieces, the butt of the tree hit young Polleys a glancing blow on the head and it was all over."

"If it hadn't been for them Dagoes—but what's the use. It was cool, calculating brain against the Latin hot-headed ignorance. If it had been me—but Polleys was different."

"Lad," and there was more than the glister brought by late hours in his eyes. "If you knew young Polleys you knew a man. He was clean, healthy and strong and I and the rest of the

men who worked under him, fairly loved him. He had none of your fault-finding stuck-up airs about him. He never said to you 'I'm the son of the boss here and you will pay attention to me or there'll be trouble.' "No, there was none of that in him. He was none the better of the worst of us. He would come around where we were talking together and John right in with us—but not until somebody had said, 'sit down, Polleys.' And mind you, he was the boss and his word was law, but he would wait until he was asked to join in. And he would argue and tell stories and he with the best of us. He was a prince, lad; if there ever was one."

"And to think that it was him that was killed. Why he was as strong as a bull and as full of energy and life. He was phenomenal, that's what he was. He would have made a man. And when he was hit, boy, we couldn't realize that it was him. When Harrington, he is the ex-foreman for the Polleys Lumber company, and a prince—though he has a low-lived timekeeper. When Harrington heard of it, I say, he didn't know what to do. He couldn't understand it."

"Lad, I'm glad I met you, if you are a friend of young Polleys. He was a prince—a real prince—and when he died the world lost a man. I don't know the rest of the Polleys, but if they are like that lad I wouldn't ask to meet better."

An eulogy that, of which the best of us might be proud. There is no man who is harder to understand, whose confidence and friendship comes more slowly or who has a keener eye for strength of character and the things that make a man than he who has lived and grown under the blue sky and among the pines of the forest. No man whose personal and business morals are perverted can stand as an equal with him. He may harbor one of his own sort, who has sunk a little low, and tolerate him. He may have feelings of which the city Pharisee might be ashamed and he may not have the grace of some of his fellows but he is a clean, whole-minded man and the outsider who is accepted as an equal by him at his work must be strong in those qualities which make for manhood.

That Hovey Polleys stood with this man of the woods as he did speaks more highly for him than any other word that could be spoken and to be called a "prince" by the men over whom he had charge and with whom he worked is to receive a consummate praise, a eulogy of which you or I or the very best of us—no matter who he may be—might well be proud.

THE LITTLE THINGS. My dear, the little things I did for you today have brought me comfort, one by one. As through the purple dark a shaft of sun at dawn, and changes dusk to blue! The little things it cost me naught to do. Remembering how slow life's sands may run, Today a web of purest gold have spun Across the gulf that lies between us two.

Oh, dead and dear, the many little things! The loving words I did not fail to say. The kiss at parting, the caressing touch— What shrivens peace to me the memory brings— And weeping at your open grave today, No single pang because I did too much. —Myrtle Reed in Harper's Bazar.

HIS LOCATION. Knicker: Where do you live? Bocker: Five miles from a lemon and \$10 from a steak.

THE PRESENT STYLE. Mary had a little skirt Tied tightly in a bow. And everywhere that Mary went She simply couldn't go. —Harper's Weekly.

In California's Race



At right, Theodore A. Bell, nominated for governor by democrats; at left, Hiram W. Johnson, insurgent, nominated by the republicans. San Francisco, Aug. 27.—Now that the California primaries are over and the respective nominees named, a bitter fight is looked for between the insurgent republican nominee Hiram W. Johnson, and democratic nominee, Theodore A. Bell. The views of Bell and Johnson are practically identical on public questions, Bell being just as strongly opposed to railway domination as the republican nominee.

BIG BOOSTING



John Barrett of the International Bureau of American Republics, who may be asked to head new undertaking.

Washington, Aug. 27.—A sweeping industrial and commercial campaign with the entire world as the market place, is the latest policy of the United States government. It will be inaugurated by the state department in conjunction with the department of commerce and labor. Hon. John Barrett of the International Bureau of American Republics, may be prevailed upon to undertake the working out of the plans. His work along commercial lines between the Americas has been remarkably successful. This policy, which is expected to attract wide attention and may cause bitter commercial warfare between the United States and Europe, will be directed by Secretary of State Knox. The idea of a greater American commerce board is that of President Taft. The entire diplomatic and consular organizations of this country will be utilized. In addition a corps of six commercial experts, trained and familiar with the various parts of the globe, will be attached to the department of state to gather data and information of practical business value that might escape the consular officers. It is also planned to establish a bureau of international commerce, under the state department's jurisdiction, whose functions will be to call all the information received about commercial and industrial conditions in foreign countries and bring it to the attention of American business men. It has been estimated by official experts that an increase of American trade abroad reaching \$1,750,000,000 ought to be the result of the first five years of this policy.