

THE DAILY MISSOULIAN

Published Every Day in the Year. MISSOULIAN PUBLISHING CO. 129 and 131 West Main Street, Missoula, Montana.

Entered at the postoffice at Missoula, Montana, as second-class mail matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. (In Advance.) Daily, one month, \$2.25; Daily, three months, \$6.00; Daily, six months, \$10.00; Daily, one year, \$18.00.

TELEPHONE NUMBERS. Bell, 110 Independent, 510

Washington Office. Munsey building, Ernest Hazen Pullman, correspondent.

Hamilton Office. Main Street, near Second.

SUBSCRIBERS' PAPERS. The Missoulian is anxious to give the best carrier service, therefore, subscribers are requested to report faultily delivery at once.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1910.

PASSING EVENTS

This is the open season for politicians, county fairs and wild game. The county fairs are in a class by themselves but the politicians and the wild game may be bunched together for general purposes; they possess the common quality that they are the marks for cruel shots, and further, that not all of the hunters shoot fair.

THE LOCAL FIELD—The week brought the first political activity of the year since the republican state convention. The first gun was fired by the democrats. It was a gentlemanly, refined gun which was sent off. The auspicious opening was altogether creditable to State Committeeman Higgins and a rebuke to those who have affected to make light of his leadership.

MR. WALSH—T. J. Walsh, like all other good democrats nowadays, is telling the people about the good things the republican party is doing. He is singing the praises of that band of fighting progressives led by such men as Dilliver, Cummins and McMillan.

to hear it. There is no hope in the democratic party but when the progressive republicans get control of their party, as they most assuredly will, judging from the signs of the times, all will be well, and you and all like you may come into camp.

THE COLONEL—Colonel Roosevelt is at the ball every day and will be until after the election. He accepted the challenge of the old guard, met it and licked it, and now he is after Charlie Murphy, that everlasting Tammany man—who is down two days and up one—fighting for pelf and pie.

MR. ROOT—The speech of Elihu Root before the New York republican state convention was a gem. He went right to the heart of the delegate, and never wasted a word. In smartest, smoothest and most eloquent words he moved the convention.

ALL READY—This is the week which was announced for the beginning of the campaign for the local republican ticket; there is probability that the fight will be on in earnest before another Sunday comes around.

days of rapid development, there is need for men who are experienced in business; such are the men whom the republicans have named for office.

THE TICKET'S HEAD—The republican ticket is headed by Ed Donlan, who is his party's choice for the state senate. Senator Donlan has filled this position creditably since he has been in office; he has grown to the leadership of his own party in the legislature and he has proven to be the man to whom men of all parties come when they want advice upon matters of concern to the state.

Another Boost—The agricultural fair affords another splendid opportunity for helping along Missoula. The state fair, held last week in Helena, was a pronounced success; it is to be followed this week by the Ravalli county fair at Hamilton; next week will come the Western Montana Apple show in Missoula.

MR. ROOT—The speech of Elihu Root before the New York republican state convention was a gem. He went right to the heart of the delegate, and never wasted a word. In smartest, smoothest and most eloquent words he moved the convention.

TOO BAD—It was unfortunate that Missoula county was not more thoroughly represented at the state fair last week. Early in the season there had been plans made for a general exhibit of Missoula county products and considerable work had been done along that line during the summer.

Possible Speaker of House



At left, Congressman Walter I. Smith of Iowa; at right, Congressman James R. Mann of Illinois.

Chicago, Oct. 1.—With the sentiment predominately expressed against Speaker Cannon for re-election, it is thought that the downfall is sure in spite of his own optimistic view of the situation.

money and she used it. It was too bad to forfeit the chance for representation at the state fair, but if we had it to do over again we would do just as we did this time. Those who criticize Missoula for failure to represent at Helena this year should first acquaint themselves with the facts in the case.

NOTED GUESTS—Today will bring to Missoula and the Bitter Root valley some distinguished visitors. President Elliott of the Northern Pacific is the host to a party which will view the state fair yesterday and which will view the Bitter Root valley today.

T. J. Walsh says this campaign is not based upon what the parties have done, but upon what they are going to do. But, just the same, it is by past performance that we can judge of future guaranty and the people cannot trust the democrats on the basis of their record.

"If I read the signs of the times correctly," said Mr. Besancon, "the real rulers are coming into their own this year." Which is another way of admitting republican success, and which stamps Mr. Besancon as a man of keen discernment.

Mr. Walsh praises Cummins, Dixon, La Follette and Poindexter and indorses their work. They are all republicans and Mr. Walsh, by his own admission, is another.

The country is prosperous, Montana is prosperous, Missoula is prosperous; that's what's the matter, and that's all the matter with the republican party.

After all, the danger to the deer is not as great as the imminent peril in which the cow finds herself with so many huntersmen afield.

State Committeeman Higgins is efficient, whether he is leading the procession or steering the crowd into the front seats.

It wasn't right, however, to let Mr. Walsh go away without telling him the reason for his rejection by Missoula county.

The new tariff law is increasing our revenue and Mr. Taft is reducing expenses, so we are getting along nicely, thanks.

The republican ticket stands for the progress and welfare of Missoula; it is the duty of good citizens to support it.

An automobile race that kills but one man is so deadly dull that we are forced to turn our attention to airships.

There's a marked similarity between the democratic conventions in New York and in Silver Bow.

Perhaps Mr. Walsh was not indorsed, because he is of such strong republican tendencies.

Mr. Walsh praises Missoula; the progress of this city is the result of republican influence.

Saltine is so active that dead men wake up.

The Last Jaunt of a Tenderfoot

XIII—Advanced.



"Cordial Hospitality."

A tenderfoot became a pioneer, a pioneer has been and so on and so on to the end. I am now entering my pioneer days. The Old Man says this, my 13th, is my last tenderfoot story for the Missoulian. He does not

Home Now.

Missoula seems like home to me now. I have learned to like it for its delightful people, its bracing atmosphere, its bustling spirit and its cordial hospitality. I am gradually picking up some of its ways and words.



"The Old Man Said So."

responds. We are on the best of terms. I have forgotten my southern "I reckon" and adopted her "You bet."

Therefore, I feel that I am "moving on."

I have become accustomed to the seven day saloon, the high-top shoes, the mackinaw coat, and irrigation ditches that run up hill; but I have

not mustered the courage to go fishing on Sunday. One brought up on a cotton plantation, surrounded by negroes, never knows how much his training counts for until he gets far from the influences of his community in North Carolina, or any other southern state where numbers of colored people live, and you will hear about Simon, the wicked negro who went fishing on Sunday, and caught the devil. I have heard the story many a time. Simon slipped away to the creek one fine Sabbath morning to fish. He dropped his hook in, something nabbed it and he jerked his pole. "That's all right Simon, pull me out," said a voice. "Clean me Simon, cook me Simon, eat me Simon, and now Simon, die." Simon obeyed. "That is what he got for fishing on Sunday. I had spent hours and days over my shorter catches, especially the commandment about breaking the Sabbath, but I never had anything like the effect on me that the story about Simon did.

Pleasant Jaunts.

Since arriving in Missoula, I have had some pleasant jaunts. My first journey out took me to Arlee, where I saw Alderman McCormick do the fandango dance with a Flathead squaw. That was an interesting experience for me. I had hunted with the Catawba



"I've Seen Orchard Homes."

Indians of York county, South Carolina; gathered nuts with the Cherokees of Swain, and visited the Croatan of Robeson, North Carolina, but had not seen any red men in paints, skins and feathers. It was my good fortune to ride in a war party with Mr. McCormick, Joe Lamoose and other good Indians on Jocko's banks.

The following week I went to Stevensville and heard some entertaining stories from Amos Buck, one of the early settlers of the Bitter Root, and saw the first McIntosh Red trees planted in Montana. While in that country I visited Bitter Root Inn and got an idea of the project of the Bitter Root Irrigation company, and of the importance of the apple, and I saw my first irrigation ditch.

My next jaunt was with Game Warden Hodges to see the buffalo in the National Bison range. On that trip I saw my first wild horse, coyote and buffalo. I had seen Col. William F. Cody's famous herd of bison but nothing like the beautiful bulls, cows and calves at Dixon.

Colonel Stark took me up the Blackfoot in his auto-buggy and gave me thrills and escapades enough to fill a book. Among other places we visited Bill Ditt's fishery, Ovando, and Helmville, and met many interesting people, and saw thousands of gophers and all sorts of fine timber and crops. The next week I called on E. S. Pax-

son, the artist, and saw his unique studio, and beautiful pictures. John Chittiman, a truck gardener, and the forest fires followed.

On the last day of August it fell to my lot to escort two Ursuline nuns



"I've Heard Stevensville Stories."

from Ravalli to St. Ignatius, giving me the oddest experience of my tenderfoot days. I had not realized that it was safe for men to walk five miles into the country alone, much less for women. But conditions are different here from what they are in some communities in the south. On Labor Day I was run down and trampled by an Idaho youth at Hamilton in a mad race with a balloon. Two more jaunts complete my wandering career: I visited the republican state convention and Charlie Dallman's nursery.

One Rebuff.

During all this time I got but one anonymous letter, asking me to desert, and that I have as a relic of my tenderfoot days. I should like a quiet talk with the author; I do not want to have a row with him but would like to see the color of his eye, and the shape of his chin. I have been on earth 30 odd years, and written newspaper stuff for 15 but never received an unsigned letter before. Back in North Carolina they sign them and ask you to meet them in the big road. I am not surprised, however, for I have looked for just such a rebuke all my journalistic days. I don't see how the readers of The Charlotte Observer and The Missoulian kept quiet so long. That is my reason for desiring to face the one brave fellow. Had he signed his name and given his address I would have called on him weeks ago. But, it



"At the Bitter Root Inn."

is all over now, and I shall turn my face to the future. Tomorrow morning I go to The Herald, Missoula's afternoon paper, and, hereafter, my junks will be about town, hunting news, and thoughts of home people. The Missoulian has been more than kind to me. H. E. C. BRYANT

Long Journey Afoot



MRS. MARY VANCE.

Detroit, Mich., Oct. 1.—While Pedestrian Weston was being banqueted upon his return to New York after his record-breaking tramp back from San Francisco, a wee mite of a woman, 60 years old, all unheralded, was trudging her lonely way from the Golden Gate to Toronto, Canada. It was not a fun or a pleasure trip that led Mrs. Mary Vance to undertake such a journey, but necessity.

Mrs. Vance is an English woman, who married years ago a Canadian whose home was in Toronto. One day the call of the west caught the husband, who, including his only daughter, a school teacher, and his wife to the company, set out on the ill-starred journey which brought him to San Francisco the night before the terrible earthquake four years ago. They stopped at the Valencia hotel, the complete wreck of which is still fresh in the national mind.

Mr. Vance and his daughter were both killed, the wife and mother he believes. At any rate, satisfactory descriptions of them were given her weeks after when she herself was able to look clearly out on life again; she was caught under the debris, her skull fractured, her chest crushed; and for two days, of which she knows nothing, lay awaiting rescue. As she grew better, but not well at the hospital to which she was taken, it was decided to send her to the foothills, where a German nurse, paid by government funds, nursed her back to health. Just as she was about able to leave the hospital, she was stricken with paralysis, she in turn, cared for by her husband, who in turn, cared for her until last spring, when her patient died. For the first time since the loss of husband and child, Mrs. Vance was absolutely without a home, and with only a small sum of money saved from her wages as nurse, she faced the world. She tried several occupations,



but when a friend in Toronto wrote her that she would give her a home if she would find a means to get to her, this 60-year-old woman promptly started out to walk there. Mrs. Vance started from San Francisco on May 18 and arrived here this week. With the exception of a few "lifts" offered by drivers on her way, she has covered the entire distance on foot. Her summing up of this experience is flattering to Americans. "I cannot say," she said, "that I have received one insult or rudeness on my trip, and I believe it is safe for any woman to travel absolutely alone in this country, if she walks straight along and attends to her own business."

NEWS NOTES OF SCIENCE.

Italian scientists have perfected a compass which is actuated by wireless currents, enabling a ship using it to determine the direction of another ship or a land station sending a signal.

Photography is being successfully employed to decipher palm-prints, those parchments of the "before" paper was invented which were written upon two or three times as a matter of economy.

Indirect lighting systems installed in public buildings in several large cities are being adversely criticized on the ground that the uniform and unrelieved illumination produces drowsiness.

Flowers raised in an experimental way in England under arc lights, all other illumination being excluded, grow to enormous size, bloom ahead of time and frequently appear in unusual colors.

Denmark is trying out a new pontoon bridge in which the pontoons are anchored beneath the surface of the water, the bridge remaining motionless irrespective of the rise and fall of the tide.

By pointing the amplifying horn toward the floor the New York inventor of a new phonograph cabinet claims to eliminate the metallic note and to make the reproduced sound more true to the original.

Because nails or other pieces of metal in grain have caused explosions or fires in flour mills and breweries a machine has been devised to clean the grain by passing it over magnets to attract the metal.

Despite the fact that many farms in the United States are wearing out the fertility of the newer agricultural sections is increasing at a rate that gradually is increasing the average productivity of the country. The fertilizing matter which the River Nile distributes in Egypt in time of flood is estimated at 100,000,000 tons, or enough to cover a road from the earth to the moon 16 feet wide by two and one-half inches deep. Working on the principle of a pair of scissors, which it resembles, is a new lead pencil sharpener invented by a Californian. One lever ends in a tube to hold a pencil while the other is a knife blade that cuts the wood.