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SUNDAY, JULY 2, 1911.

PASSING EVENTS

Again we look back upon the days of a busy and important week. Once more we scan the record of another seven days and find it good. The week which closed last night brought much that was pleasant to Missoula and much that was profitable.

THE CONGRESS—There was a unanimity among the delegates to the good-roads meeting that evidenced a crystallization of sentiment in the state upon the subject of road work.

THE FOURTH—Also, July brings the Fourth. Here in Missoula we have been for weeks practicing in whispers and walking upon our toes, in order to be in proper condition to celebrate in the safe-and-sane manner prescribed by law.

visitors braved the rain to inspect the local highways and saw the roads under the test of continued storm; the verdict in favor of the roads was all the more valuable on that account. It was highly gratifying to Missoula.

MISSOULA'S LUCK—The visitors called it "Missoula's luck" when the clouds lifted just in time to allow the sunshine full play while Aviator Ely gave his magnificent exhibition of aerial navigation. The demonstration was made under conditions which were ideal; the weather was perfect and the crowd was immense; there was abundant room for the thousands who gathered to witness the flight, and all of the arrangements were made carefully and were carried out thoroughly.

THE MANAGER—In this connection it is well enough to note that there were many words of praise spoken by the visitors, praise for the city and her people and praise for the county roads—but the greatest measure of praise was given for the managerial work of Secretary Breitenstein of the Missoula Chamber of Commerce, upon whose shoulders devolved the chief burden of the details of all of these events and the complete satisfaction expressed by the visitors was evidence of the excellence of the management and was testimony to the worth of Missoula's secretary in the responsible position which he fills.

JUNE PASSES—The old Montana axiom that there is rain every day in June received corroboration sufficient indeed this year. The month of rare days bade us good bye last week, having bestowed upon us a wealth of moisture ample to insure the crops of the year. Reports indicate that western Montana was singularly blessed in this respect; our precipitation was heavy and well distributed; we enter upon our first harvest month under conditions which could not well be improved upon, and the outlook for an abundant harvest was never better.

THE FOURTH—Also, July brings the Fourth. Here in Missoula we have been for weeks practicing in whispers and walking upon our toes, in order to be in proper condition to celebrate in the safe-and-sane manner prescribed by law. There will be nothing doing in town. We have told the boys that they must refrain from undue noise and abstain from the use of powder. We have told them to tread lightly and not to disturb our slumbers on the great day. We have prescribed everything and have prescribed nothing. All the Missoula boy can do is to stand about with his hands in his pockets and speculate as to the course the boys of 1776 would have taken had they been in his fix.

get to some of the neighboring ball-wicks. And we hope he can do it.

THE PLAYGROUNDS—The week brought a fine start in the playground work in Missoula. There are hundreds of boys and girls engaged in the regular work of the playground system and the testimony of the youngsters and their parents is that the results, thus far, are pleasing and satisfactory. The beginning was auspicious. The registration was larger than was expected, as the weather was not altogether encouraging. The regular attendance has been excellent, showing new faces nearly every day. The interest is becoming keener as the work advances and there is a certainty that the playground has come to fill a want which has existed in Missoula for a long time. There are four of the playground centers now; there should be at least two more, but the funds at the disposal of the playground association are not sufficient to warrant any broadening of the scope of the work this summer. It is the hope of those who have been engaged in the promotion of this work that there will be such results from this summer's demonstration as will make it apparent to the people of the city that the system of supervised play should be given a permanent place in local educational work. The plans for this summer have been formed merely that there might be a practical demonstration of the work. The start which has been made warrants the prediction that the outcome will be all that could be desired.

ELECTION—During the week Missoula passed through her first primary election. The participation of voters was not as great as it should have been; the stay-at-homes were too numerous. But the results indicate that the people eliminated politics entirely in their consideration of candidates. They based their judgment upon purely personal grounds. To this extent the result of the initial primary was satisfactory. In a week, we shall be facing the first formal election under the commission law. The result of next week's ballot will be to determine the personnel of the first administration under the new law. The voters of this city have a grave responsibility placed upon them at this time. Not only is the new form of government on trial in this community, but the whole state is watching to see how the plan works out in Missoula. On this account, we should be more than ordinarily cautious in making our selection. But the real issue, of course, is the betterment of Missoula. Upon the men who are chosen next week will rest, in a great measure, the responsibility of the new system in its application to the solution of local problems. We need men who are honest; we need men whose records have been above reproach; we need men who can be depended upon. The man who is best fitted for the office of commissioner is the man who will efface himself and who will place the city's affairs foremost. And the voter should place each candidate on trial by this test; he should select the man who is honest and capable. In our estimation, the honest man should have first call.

A LEGAL POINT—During the week there was considerable discussion of the action of business men of the city in taking steps to test the constitutionality of the new form of government. There have been some of the city's curbstone orators who have assumed that this action has been taken as an attack upon the new system. This is not so. Rather, the action has for its purpose the strengthening of the commission government by establishing beyond a doubt the validity of the law which creates this form of municipal administration. The action is wise and conservative. It is wrong to assume that the men who have taken it are hostile to the commission plan, and it is foolish to denounce them without knowing what they are doing and why they are doing it. Much better would it be if the men who have been screaming against the action taken would give their time to the selection of good men to carry out the plan of the commission form of government. They would be making a better use of their time, and they would be serving the commission plan more effectively.

IT IS SOUND—There is not the slightest doubt that the commission plan of government will be declared constitutional when it gets before the supreme court. All of the precedent is in favor of the law. It has been sustained in other states where attacks have been made upon it. It was attacked in Iowa upon practically the same grounds that have been taken in this state, and the Iowa constitution is almost identical with our own in the particulars which are involved in this affair. In Massachusetts, too, the attack upon the commission plan was severe; in Haverhill's case, every possible point was raised and the supreme court upheld the law. There is no use worrying about the law. The thing to do now in Missoula is to elect good men to office to administer the

law. Then shall we maintain our reputation as a progressive city and an earnest, sincere people.

SIGNING UP—The week brought a few signatures to the primary-law pledge from members of the legislature. The coming week or two will probably determine whether or not there are enough of the legislators in earnest in their desire for a real primary law in Montana. It has been gratifying to note that Missoula county furnished the first "yes" signature. It came from Representative Woody. It was followed shortly by Representative Berry's assent, and Representative O'Hern tells The Missoulian that he is ready to pledge his support to the measure. At last advice, Senator Donlan was still looking for the official copy of the law which was sent to him; he declined to say what his position would be until he had studied the bill. Representative Higgins remains undecided. The news from Bozeman, where the secretary of the primary-law commission resides and where the signatures are sent, is that the indications are favorable to the indorsement of the measure by a sufficient number of legislators to insure its passage. That is good news, if it is true.

The new registration law, effective yesterday, deprives the newspaper writer of the use of that time-honored filler, "If you don't register, you can't vote."

If the weather man desires to retain his popularity in these parts, he will hang out the fair-and-warmer sign until after Wednesday.

It's a direct issue now between President Taft and Edward Hines. It is important, but it does not entitle Lorimer to his seat.

James Jeffries has returned from Europe, and the Associated Press gave him eight lines. Sic transit gloria mundi.

Mr. Harriman's acumen is evidenced by the fact that his merger has been declared by the courts to be "reasonable."

The wild and woolly east continues to furnish rapid-fire sensations, ranging from train robbery to scandal.

Missoula's eagle droops his head this Fourth and wonders what has become of the former glory of his estate.

Relations are likely to be somewhat strained in some of the Chicago clubs when this Lorimer inquiry is ended.

There is a great deal of good advice contained in the advertising pages of The Missoulian this morning.

Clever as he is at verbal sparring, Mr. Hines is unable to conceal his fondness for the Lorimer man.

The soft-pedal Fourth has its advantages, but the doctor and the undertaker do not approve it.

If you can't celebrate at home, join your neighbors; there are plenty of celebrations all about us.

We might ship some of our cool, shady weather to the national capital and thereby make a hit.

The Missoulian class ad is making many new friends these days. You'd better join the ranks.

It is a bit strange that everybody but Mr. Hines misunderstand all of those conversations.

The reservation Indians will celebrate the Fourth, even if Missoula does not.

Now Missoula will date all events from "the day the Scrappers won two games."

Uncle Sam's cash balance does not indicate hard times anywhere.

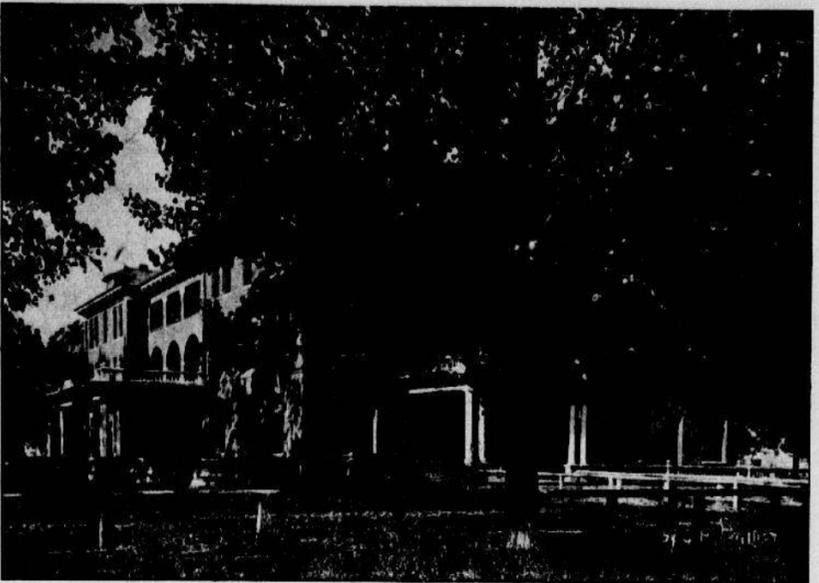
TWILIGHT SONG. Sweetheart, let us win away From the dance of the day To the land where twilight is, With its purple sanctities!

There, beside the singing streams, Let us pluck the flower of dreams; And, while cooling dew increases, Taste the healing fruit of peace!

Thus shall we the nearer come To the gate—Elysium, And the wonder of that star Where the rapt immortals are! —Clifton Scollard, in Harper's Bazar.

Experimented. "Yes, I admit that I used to think my husband was one of the best men in the world. "Why don't you think any more?" "Oh, I do; but I know so much more about men than I used to."

Following Old Trails III--The Road to Hamilton.



THE JOURNEY'S END--RAVALLI HOTEL.

In all western Montana—and that means in all the world—there is no more beautiful trail than that which leads from Missoula to Hamilton. It was always a pleasant trail to travel, even when the old Sun Cure train consumed seven hours in the passage, and time has destroyed none of its native beauty while it has added many new charms. Always beautiful, yet never exactly the same, the trail up the Bitter Root furnishes as delightful a jaunt as any traveler ever made.

Back in 1894 it was my good fortune to pilot Dr. Elliott Cones of the Smithsonian Institution up through the Bitter Root valley and, with a military escort from the old Twenty-fifth Infantry, we traced the trail which was made by the first white travelers who ever toured the Bitter Root—Dr. Cones was then engaged in his investigation of the route of Lewis and Clark. Dr. Cones was a famous globetrotter. He had scaled the Alps and had climbed the Himalayas; he had traversed Africa and had explored Greenland. The famous scenery of the world was an open-book to him. But when he saw the sunrise tint the Bitter Root mountains one morning, he exclaimed: "I have never seen anything in my life more beautiful than that." So, when anyone questions my estimate of the beauties of the Bitter Root trail, I fall back upon the excellent authority of Dr. Cones.

It was some time before that journey with Dr. Cones that I made my first trip over the trail to Hamilton. It was while I was making my tenderfoot tours of western Montana that I climbed aboard the old Sun Cure train one afternoon with Charles M. Crutchfield and went up to Hamilton to keep an appointment with Marcus Daly. Both these men have since traveled the Long Trail which crosses the Great Divide, but I shall never forget that trip in which they both figured and which gave my introduction to a country which has since become my home and which is the home of so many of my best friends. Those two friends were good friends of western Montana—there were never any better—and it is one of the proud memories of my life that they were my friends, too. My first night in the Bitter Root was spent beneath the roof of Mr. Daly on the farm which he afterward made famous wherever good horses are known and loved. It was he who first made the Bitter Root famous and this is something of which we should not lose sight in these days of publicity advertising. That night, seated before an open fire of big logs, Mr. Daly told us some of his plans for the "tranche." Those plans included some of the details which it was left to others to work out regarding the Bitter Root, but Mr. Daly lived long enough to see his predictions verified as to the productiveness of the bench lands which were at that time left to range cattle as pasture. Hamilton was new then and the Bitter Root farm had but begun to reveal the splendid advantages which it was to demonstrate, later. But it was all beautiful, even then, and it is never possible for me entirely to disassociate Mr. Daly and the Bitter Root. There have been many men whose service in the development of the valley has been notable, but it will always seem to me that the man of whom all to whom the valley owes the greatest debt was Marcus Daly.

Last Sunday evening I walked several miles over the roads of the Daly farms, roads which I had once traveled with the man who made the ranch. I do not believe I shall ever do it again. It made me homesick—I like to think of the big farm as Mr. Daly left it and it is not that way any more. There was never much commercialism about the farm when Mr. Daly was at its head. There is a good deal of it in evidence now. But I have no doubt that, had Mr. Daly been spared to develop fully his plans, the great place would have proved profitable. It would have been profitable upon the splendid scale in which it was conceived and planned. But there is nobody now who could carry out the plan; the mind which formed it was the one which would have perfected it.

But the Daly farm is magnificent now. It presents another phase of the valley's possibilities than that which it was designed to show but it stands as the great example of the possibilities of irrigation in the Bitter Root. It was the great experiment farm upon

which were worked out many problems which, when solved, revolutionized the farming of the Bitter Root and which made possible the present greatness of the valley and its more splendid future. The tourist of the valley should see the Daly farm, by all means, but the man who knew this farm when its great promoter was living would better not visit it now if he wishes to spare himself a headache.

But, to revert to that years-ago first journey of mine up the Bitter Root, I remember that the brakeman lighted the lamps in the car just before we reached Stevensville. We had left Missoula in the middle of the afternoon. "Crutch" was telling me tales of the valley and its people—he was an old-timer of two years' residence then—when we stopped at Stevensville station.

A man entered and, the car being crowded, asked if he might share our seats. He was welcomed and Crutchfield introduced me to "Dud" Bass. Since then I have learned to know this man well and to esteem highly his splendid service to the horticultural interests of the valley. That night he made me acquainted with the big Alexander apple of the Bitter Root. The ride had been long and I was hungry. I presume I said so. I don't remember just what led up to it, but I do remember Mr. Bass' pulling a great, red apple out of his grip-sack and telling me to eat it. It was the biggest apple I had ever seen. I have seen bigger ones since, but none of them have ever looked as big as that one did.

And then Mr. Bass told me about his orchard and of his plans for a great fruit business in the valley. Those plans matured perfectly. Mr. Bass, by honest dealing and careful orcharding, gave the Bitter Root apple a reputation which not even the crooked methods of some of his contemporaries was able to destroy. He has retired from active business now. He lives in a beautiful home in Stevensville, resting upon the honors which he so splendidly won. I have always been glad that it was he who gave me my first intimate acquaintance with the Bitter Root apple.

These are the three men whom I remember in connection with that first trip up the Bitter Root over the trail to Hamilton—Marcus Daly, Charlie Crutchfield and D. C. Bass. I met a lot of others, but the incidents in which these three figured are the ones which I recall distinctly when I think of that pleasant jaunt. And it was these incidents which passed through my mind, last Sunday afternoon, as I traveled again the trail to Hamilton.

All along the trail there have been many changes. Some of the old landmarks are gone, but the beauty of the river is unchanged and the grandeur of the peaks remains. There are orchards now where there were forest then and there are broad fields of grain where there was only bunch grass, years ago. Rude cabins have been replaced by handsome farmhouses and the cayuse stock has yielded place to as fine harness horses as can be seen in any valley. Viewed from the standpoint of the husbandman, the valley along the trail is delightfully bettered. And the improvement is not finished, not by any means.

And, as with the trail, so with the town at its southern end. The Hamilton of today is vastly different from the Hamilton of the nineties. It was a baby town then but it possessed all the elements which go to make a good town and it has abundantly justified the faith of its friends of those days. They used to call Hamilton a one-company town; they said all the mean things about it they could think of. But Hamilton didn't mind them. Hamilton just kept on growing.

The friends of Hamilton knew that, all about them, was the greatest farm and orchard region in the world. They knew they would come into their own some day. They knew that the development of the region about them would bring growth to their town; they knew that the scenic beauties of their location would one day make Hamilton famous as a summer resort. And they just kept on growing. Then came the discovery of the Bitter Root by the easterners. It was Sam Dinamore who led the first party into these discoverers into the Bitter Root; Sam's enthusiasm was infectious and when he had led his party of explorers over the trail to Hamilton and then had doubled back with them, each one of the party was boasting

for the Bitter Root. Out of that trip over the old trail came the magnificent development work of the Bitter Root Valley Irrigation company and the other concerns which followed it into the valley.

Within four years, the Bitter Root valley has practically doubled its acreage. It has not yet stopped growing. There will presently be acres farmed which are now absolutely wild. The growth of the valley will continue—don't make any mistake about that. As I journeyed over the old trail this week, I was specially interested in noting the way the timber line is being crowded back. Grain fields and orchards lie away up on the hillsides and are extending their line of advance each month. The boom of the dynamite as it blasts the stumps from the old woodland is heard regularly. The pall of smoke from the fires which are clearing the brushland is the banner of the advancing line of cultivation. The spirit of progress is everywhere at work.

One could write on and on for hours about the scenes along the trail to Hamilton and then the half would not be told. The endless variety of the natural resources along this route and their magnificent extent make the Bitter Root the great valley that it is. Its wonderful climate, its wonderful soil, its wonderful water courses, its wonderful scenery—all these make it the great valley of them all. Name a single attribute of the Oregon valleys and you will find it duplicated in the Bitter Root. Name all the advantages of the Washington valleys—they are all here. And there is none of the dust and wind in the Bitter Root. More than that, you can take all of these valleys of the state to the west of us, lump them together and place them in the Bitter Root and then have more area left than they have.

But the best way to learn is to see for yourself. Take the train some afternoon at Missoula or climb into an automobile and run up over the admirable roads of the valley—make the jaunt yourself. You will see a picture that cold type cannot reproduce, a scene that baffles the skill of the painter. And at the end of the journey you will find a welcome that, of itself, will make you glad you came.

To sojourn at the Ravalli hotel in Hamilton is ample recompense for the effort of the journey. To sit upon its shaded porches and listen to the word pictures of the hotel's owner is to become right away a booster. For there is no more loyal sincere friend of the valley than J. O. Read. He makes your stay happy, he makes your acquaintance with the Bitter Root complete. He and J. E. Totm of the big sawmill are types of the present-day Bitter Root man. They are delightful companions, they are earnest citizens, they are the best friends a fellow ever could have.

And thus it is that the journey's end is the happiest part of the jaunt over the trail to Hamilton, happy as that jaunt is sure to be. There's comfort and immense satisfaction in a stay at the end of this journey. The country itself makes it pleasant and the welcome that awaits the traveler intensifies the enjoyment. It's the Hamilton way. It is the manifestation of the spirit which was awakened by Marcus Daly and which is kept alive by as fine a bunch of men as every labored for the perfection of a good idea. When you have traveled the Hamilton trail you will discover that this idea is to make the most of the greatest advantages which a generous Creator ever bestowed upon any community in this world. And you will find that they are doing it on the square.

A. L. S. Missoula, July 1, 1911.

EVEN THEN. (Puck)

Prehistoric Man (in background)—What's the joke down there? Can you make out? His Pal—O, the boys are kidding stone-age again, I guess. Probably he has cut himself shaving with his safety ax.

WITH EMPHASIS (Harper's Bazar)

Mistress (hastily slinging a finger into either ear, Kittle, for Heaven's sake! what does that frightful noise and profanity in the kitchen mean? Kittle: Oh, that's nothin', ma'am! It's only cook rejectin' a propos' ay narry) from the ashetin!