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SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1911.

PASSING EVENTS

This is the last Sunday of summer Four days more the calendar gives us of the glorious season of life and joy and happiness. But the local weather man possesses such a complete disregard for the calendar that we may hope for at least another month of this delightful weather. There is no season quite so pleasing as the one which is present, provided we turn our eyes to the blessings which each season brings. Winter has pleasures which summer does not know and there are autumn delights which spring cannot boast. It is up to ourselves, after all. There is something to be enjoyed at each season if we only have the good sense to enjoy it. The man who complains about the mud in spring, forgetting the warming air and the growing things, is likely to fret about the frost in the autumn, oblivious to the glory of the harvest. So the man who longs for winter's cold when the July sun is busy, finds cause for complaint when the January breezes blow and sighs for August's high temperature. And, reversing it all, there are those—and they are the fortunates—who see the leaves and flowers in spring, who greet the fruits in summer, who enjoy to the limit the abundance of autumn and who revel in the invigorating atmosphere of winter. There's something, all the time, for us to enjoy if we will only see it and not turn our eyes away in the quest for something disagreeable. The spirit of happiness is with us all the while; if we will accept its companionship, we'll find life a lot better than if we court the association of gloom. The passing of summer should not bring any regret; if we have made the most of the glad season, we have a store of happy memories and a supply of optimism that will endure through the winter and enable us to enjoy the good things which await us along the way to another summer. The advent of autumn should be welcomed for it bring us our harvest home.

INDIAN SUMMER—Of all the seasons of the year, there is none which is more enjoyable than the bit of June which is transplanted to September and October and which is known as the Indian summer. And nowhere is the Indian summer more delightful than it is in western Montana. There is a tang to the morning air that puts you right for the day; there is balm in the sunshine which makes you glad you're alive; there is a glory in the sunset which thrills. And everywhere there is the splendor of the harvest season; the manifestation of the great miracle of the earth's yield is emphasized; the mountains rise more grandly and give more generously of their inspiration; the peace abounds which comes with the plenteous reward for earnest effort; it is the glorious sunset time of the summer season. Just now we are entering upon the enjoyment of this Indian summer of western Montana. It is incomparably beautiful and it is particularly a happy season here this year. The stacks of hay and grain rise high on every hand; there is a wealth of fruit upon the trees; the gardens have yielded abundantly; cattle are sleek upon more than a thousand hills. It has been a remarkable season of productivity in a region which has become accustomed to great records in this direction. In western Montana it requires a production statement of more than ordinary importance to attract attention; but this year the returns are causing even the most accustomed statistician to sit up and take notice. Hard times cannot possibly resist these conditions of agricultural success.

THE UNIVERSITY — Last week brought the opening of the scholastic year at the state university. It was a beginning fraught with encouragement to those who are interested the welfare of the institution and who are concerned with its development. Despite the very apparent truth of the statement which was made by President Duniway at the first convocation of the year, that it is the quality of the university's work, rather than the number of its students, which is of greatest importance in the development of the institution, there is satisfaction in noting the increase in registration this year. The university begins the year with the greatest number of students ever enrolled, with a better student spirit than we have ever noted at the institution and with important additions to the faculty. Every condition is present which counts for strength and earnestness in university work. It is a good sign that more students than ever are coming to the university. It is a good sign that with augmented numbers has come a stronger spirit for zealous work. We are glad to hear that the buildings at the university are crowded, so much crowded in instances as to hamper the work. We hope this congested condition will continue until the state board of examiners is compelled to retreat from its arbitrary and wholly unwarranted position in holding back the appropriations which were made by the legislature for the university. The legislators recognized the necessity for the additional equipment which they sought to provide for the university. The state board of examiners either fails to recognize this necessity or else is arbitrarily making the university suffer without any warrant.

ROOM IS NEEDED—There is nobody who is even slightly acquainted with the conditions at the university who will deny that more room is needed and needed much. There is nobody who is acquainted with conditions in the state who will deny that it was the university's friends who secured the adoption of the constitutional amendment which made possible the present state tax levy. The university was used as the argument for the adoption of the amendment. But, as soon as the amendment was adopted and as soon as their revenue was assured, the state board of examiners struck from the list of appropriations the sums which had been named by the legislators for the improvement of the equipment of the university and for the enlargement of its facilities. It is the result of this arbitrary action on the part of the state board of examiners that the university is crowded so seriously this year. It is surprising to us that the friends of the university have not made more vigorous protest against this situation than they have. It is time the "suspension" was raised and the appropriated funds were made available for the use of the university. If "suspension" were warranted, if it were within the right of the state board of examiners to set aside an act of the legislature—then the question might be fairly asked, why was the university made to bear the brunt of this "suspension?" The whole proceeding is at once the height of ingratitude, the presumption of arrogance and the the climax of injustice. The friends of the university should stand for the rights of the institution. It is not too late to right matters.

A GOOD START—Likewise, a good start was made last week in the matter of preparing for the paving of Missoula's business district in the spring. The Missoulian, during the week, referred to the excellent understanding which was reached by the city commissioners and the storm-sewer contractors as to the employment of Missoula labor and the use of Missoula material in the work. This agreement means much. It means that there will be employment for a great many Missoula men during the early winter months and that much of the money which the city pays for the work will be put into local circulation. The storm sewers are to be completed this year. This will afford drainage for the streets of the business district and will dispose of one of the most important of the preliminaries of the pavement plans. If the other preliminaries can be settled early, there will be nothing to prevent the actual paving next spring. We have had experience enough with the spring mud on Higgins avenue. Next spring should be the last season that we shall ever have to endure with the mud. The South Third street people have made a good start with their work; they propose to have things in shape for a beginning with the paving as soon as the frost is out of the ground. That's a good example.

MAKING BUSINESS—During the week The Missoulian printed an interview—we think it was with Supervising Engineer Swearingen—which contained a suggestion which is worth careful consideration. Citing the example of other cities, the speaker remarked that a city can readily control its local labor situation to the extent that it can provide always employment for its resident workingmen. The manner in which the payments are met for improvement-district work makes it possible to extend the term of payments over so wide a range of time that the property owner is not seriously burdened by meeting the cost of the work. But the employment is immediate and a dull season for the worker may be tided over by the undertaking of improvement work in whose performance he can share. Thus business is created in the city by the citizens and for the benefit of all. In many cities this policy has been followed systematically for a good many years with splendid results. In other cities it is employed at intervals when conditions demand it. It is a matter which it is well to keep in mind. We may need it someday.

MILWAUKEE—The Wisconsin city which was made famous by Mr. Schlitz and his malt liquor now shines by its own light and the man whose brew contributed so extensively toward placing Milwaukee upon the may will have to exert himself if he is to maintain his reputation as the Atlas who holds upon his shoulders the reputation of the town. For Milwaukee did something last week which entitles her to be known, the world over, as something more than the city where a certain brand of beer is made, no matter how excellent that beer may be or how widely its excellence is recognized. For Milwaukee, through her officers, refused to permit the pulling-off of a championship prizefight, though it masqueraded in the guise of a boxing match. Any boxing match in which the intense Mr. Wolgast is a participant is pretty certain to be a bit over the line of demarcation between boxing and fighting. The Milwaukee people knew this as everybody else knows it and they declined officially to shut their eyes and to let the fight proceed. The fight was not held. Milwaukee has added new luster to her name. She has started to live down her old reputation and is making a fine beginning.

IN MAINE — There was a vast amount of editorial gray matter consumed one morning last week in the analysis of the question of Maine's reversal of form on the liquor question. Upon the assumption that the first-bulletined figures of Maine's election were correct—and they may yet prove to be—it was shown that Maine had gone "wet" because—and so forth. Then the bulletins changed and we were told that Maine had voted to stay "dry." The other crowd cheered for a day and then came the news that nobody knew how the election had gone. By that time everybody had celebrated with one side or the other; some—for Maine is not different from other regions—had celebrated with both crowds. Then there was speculation as to which side should celebrate because its first celebration had been justified. Up to date, the decision has not been rendered; one set of returns gives a majority one way and the other set places the victory in the other column. It's a queer situation, especially as we understand that the revocation of the constitutional prohibition clause does not repeal the statutory law which is 60 years old, prohibiting the sale of liquor in Maine. It is hard to see what the fuss is all about, anyway.

IN MISSOULA—Mayor Evans went on record the other day as favoring the Sunday closing of saloons in Missoula and Councilmen Peat and Price promptly followed suit, when representatives of the ministerial association applied to them for an ordinance which would suspend the dispensing of booze between Saturday night and Monday morning. But the commissioners said they did not wish to take the initiative in the matter and that they doubted if they had the authority so to do. They hold that it is a matter upon which the entire electorate of the city must pass judgment, but they went as far as to instruct the city attorney to prepare an ordinance covering the situation and it is understood that this instrument will be submitted to the people for their approval or disapproval. The question as to the calling of a special election will be the next thing to decide. Five hundred dollars is a good deal, the commissioners feel, to pay for the decision of the people upon this question, especially as the city has just paid seven hundred and fifty dollars to have its books audited. It may be that the question will be submitted right away at a special election and it may be that it will be allowed to wait till the regular election in the spring. The ministers are anxious to have the question kept alive. It is not likely that it will be permitted to die. There are too many people watching it—on both sides. If the commissioners have the right to do so, they should decide it right now. They should not shirk the responsibility. There are some people who say the commissioners have the right. But if they have not, the voters will dispose of the matter as soon as they get a chance.

The fact that the governors of state which have suffrage for women are speaking in favor of the extension of the franchise means simply that they know their business. They wouldn't dare talk against it and then go home.

Perhaps now we may get a reversal of Solicitor McCabe's opinion in the matter of the forestry department of the University of Montana.

Solicitor McCabe left Missoula a few hours before the news of the Wiley decision was received here. His opinion would be interesting.

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Until Monday we shall not know which way Maine went and, as a matter of fact, it doesn't make much difference.

The president's Wiley decision is certainly so timed as to warm up the glad hand of the west for the circle-swing.

Send a Sunday Missoulian to your friend in the east. It will show him what sort of a town we have.

Get acquainted with The Missoulian's funnies. You'll enjoy them.

Solicitor McCabe might as well get ready for the boomerang's return trip.

Cholera in Italy

Paris, Sept. 16—The ravages of cholera in the last 10 days in Italy it is thought will exceed 1,000 deaths. Eight hundred towns and villages where the disease is raging, are in the hands of mobs who frantically demand that the officials use drastic measures to prevent the spread of the dreaded disease. Public officials have been beheaded, fire has burned many municipal buildings, and a state of anarchy prevails such as has not been evidenced in many years. The disease is spreading rapidly. The dead are still unburied in many cities and Italy faces one of the most severe crises of her recent history.

Following Old Trails

XIV.—Back to the Bitter Root

The jaunt of the Bitter Root Indians over the old trail which they traversed 20 years ago, a jaunt which took them back to Stevensville, was a decided success. This was the first time the trail had been traveled by the entire tribe since old Chariot led them forth for the last time from the valley which was their ancestral home. A week ago I recalled some of the incidents which attended the exodus of Chariot's people. It was one of the most pathetic stories in western Montana's history. During the week there have been many interesting reminiscences among the men, white and red, who were figures in the incidents which made the autumn of 1891 a memorable season in the central Bitter Root.

During the week I talked with a good many of the people who were participants in the scenes of those weeks, 20 years ago. Naturally, the theme upon which all lingered was the attitude of Chariot in opposing the removal of his people from the Bitter Root. I have always believed that Chariot told the truth when he declared that he had never signed the Garfield treaty, even though it was published bearing his signature. In this belief, all those who knew Chariot well share. The priests who were his counsellors, Major Ronan, who was his good friend, Mrs. Ronan, who had his confidence as much as anybody, Major Catlin, who was his close friend for many years at Stevensville, Amos Buck and all the old residents of the central valley—these have at one time or another expressed unqualifiedly the opinion that Chariot told the truth when he said that he had not signed the Garfield agreement.

"I know positively that Chariot did not sign the treaty," said Mrs. Ronan to me the other day. "Major Ronan had at the agency the duplicate copy of the agreement which was given him to keep for the Indians. I saw it many times and we often looked at it again when the controversy was renewed. I know that the name of Chariot did not have his mark beside it. He was stubborn and sour, but he was always honest and he grieved much that the whites, whom he said he had always helped when he could, should have done him this wrong. General Carrington believed Chariot. It was the fact that he believed the old fellow and understood him, that made it possible for General Carrington to accomplish what others had failed to do.

"General Carrington came out here first in 1889. He made Chariot's acquaintance then and heard his story. We were pleased that General Carrington took the view he did of the situation; from the first we were sure he would eventually succeed. And he did. He discussed the situation very thoroughly with Major Ronan and returned to the east with an excellent understanding of the situation."

Mrs. Ronan has a letter which General Carrington wrote to Major Ronan after he had ended his first visit here. It shows how thoroughly he had grasped the situation and gives an insight into his policy which was the only one which could have won Charlot. In this letter, General Carrington made the plans for his subsequent visit, which proved successful. This is what he wrote:

"Please advise Chief Charlot Victor that I desire another interview with him. He is the only living Flathead chief. He has the right and the ability to decide many minds which look to him for words of wisdom. If times have changed and he sees now what he could not see years ago, that the very existence of his tribe depends very much upon his action now, he will feel that it is worthy the character and dignity of a great chief to decide differently from his former decision. Any Indian who would find fault and say that Chief Charlot changed his mind, does not understand that it is only a wise and able chief who has the courage to change his mind when times change. The Indian gave up the arrow and bow because the gun made them useless. So the Bitter Root valley patents are becoming surrounded by white settlement and are useless to the Indians. The reservation gives a home for the whole tribe. I must proceed to appraise the patented lands. The Indians refused to accept their patents, but the government wishes to give them the value of those lands, the same as if they did accept them. They went on the lands and made some improvements. The improvements will also be appraised for their benefit. I wish to have Michel explain to Chief Charlot why I desire to see him again here, before going to his home in the Bitter Root valley. I think if Chief Charlot would lead his people and say so, on paper, now, he would have a light heart once more and feel that the spirit of Victor said to him: 'Charlot, save our people.' The tribe would be happy. Only men who are jealous of Charlot and other Indians who are jealous of the Flatheads would talk foolish. Brave men and wise men would say: 'Charlot is a wise chief and has the courage to conquer his own opinion, when change comes, for his people's sake.' Please advise Charlot at once."

How well the seed was planted in the heart of Charlot by this letter was made evident when General Carrington returned for the final negotiations. In the two years which intervened, Charlot conquered his own spirit. He saw in the light which Carrington turned on. General Carrington, better than anybody else since Stevens, had the right system for dealing with the Indians. It is true that Charlot complained, later, that some of the promises of Carrington were not kept, but the old chief must have been the victim of incompetent or indifferent interpreters. There were times during the negotiations when Michel and Francois were both compelled to be at the Jocko agency and then Carrington was obliged to depend upon the interpretation of Mary Lumphrey, a well-meaning woman, but not thoroughly competent. It is likely that it was her fault that Charlot obtained a wrong impression. Every official record shows that the word of Carrington was kept to the letter.

This week the tribe came back. To the younger members, the excursion was in the nature of a pleasure junket. To the older members, it was—no matter what they thought when they started—a solemn occasion. Every ridge in the mountains that overlook the valley recalled to them the old days, when this was their home and when they were unmolested and unchallenged in its possession; every turn in the river had some suggestion of the days when they fished and hunted along its banks; it was their old home and the homecoming reminded them again of the sacrifice they had made. Inevitable was that sacrifice, of course; it had to come; but each one of the old members of the tribe knows how little his people received in exchange for what they gave up. The reminiscences which were prompted by the homecoming were not all pleasant, then. There was a strain of sadness and of regret running through them all. Some of the guests of Stevensville this week had not been in the old town since that October day, 20 years ago, when they followed their old chief down the main street of the town and started on their last march away from the mission.

But the tribe is vastly better off now than it was when Chariot consented to go forth from the Bitter Root. There is no question that it is better off than it would have been had Chariot not receded from his position. Never in the old days were the Indians as well dressed, as gaily caparisoned and as well fed as they were this week.

MOIESE

Their parade was gorgeous; they had evidently laid themselves out to impress their old neighbors with the idea that the tribe had done well in leaving the Bitter Root. But they had good appetites and the Bitter Root beef tasted good to them. Nor did they seek to disguise the fact. They ate with gusto—also with their fingers.

There were, however, some of the older Indians, to whom the return visit brought recollections which were melancholy. Moiese, sturdy octogenarian that he is, is one of those who have never lost their love for the valley which was their old home. It was with some reluctance that he consented to take part in the celebration. He was not sure he wanted to see Stevensville again. But he yielded and, once he was in sight of St. Mary's, he was glad he came. He gazed long at the grand old peak and many times during the stay in the valley he became lost in contemplation of the splendid old mountain in whose shadow his early life had been spent. Moiese is a character. He, of all the tribe, possesses the ideals which governed Chariot, perhaps to the same extent. He loves the valley. Say what you will of the lack of sentiment in the Indian, your belief would all be shattered were you to talk with Moiese when he is communicative.

"I don't know why my people were driven from the valley," said Moiese Wednesday as he sat in his camp in the old Fort Owen field. "When we lived here in the old days, we were many people. Now this is all of us—and his arm swept around in a gesture which included the camp—we are few. The Black Robes sent answer to us that they would teach us the new religion if we would come to meet them. We went over the hills there—and he pointed to the Big Hole pass—six days to a great prairie. There we met them. They came to us and they taught us. Since then our people have died. I think it is too much study. They taught us to drink. Before the Black Robes came and we lived in this valley, each year we used to choose a boy and send him to the top of the mountain—St. Mary's—and he fasted there and made medicine for the people. Then he came back and we were well. That was all the studying we had to do then. Up on the mountain where the boy went there was, long ago, a cottonwood tree, but it died. My father told me about it. He had seen it. Under this tree there were many pebbles. Everybody who went there put some of those pebbles in his shirt to bring back to the valley, but nobody ever brought one down. Always they were lost before the foot of the mountain was reached. They could not be brought away. But in those days we were happy. The valley was our home. If we had not learned to think, we would not have been driven out."

There was another good story told to me during the week. When General Carrington was told that Chariot had arrived to talk with him, the general did not at once go to meet him. He donned his full military uniform, as calculated to make a better impression upon the chief than the civilian clothes in which he had been attired during his conference with Major Ronan. Then he went out to receive the chief. It was well—as the general discovered—that the thought had occurred to him to wear the regimentals. For Chariot was decked out in style, himself. His poverty showed in every thread of his costume, but he was bravely clad in regal fashion. The stovepipe hat which many of us remember topped his head. Over his shoulder and across his breast he had thrown a beaded sash and wristlets and anklets to match this sash were drawn over his shabby clothes. Mrs. Ronan has a photograph of Chariot, taken as he waited for the general.

Louison is another of the chiefs who survives. He was helpful in bringing Chariot to a right way of thinking. Michel, the blind interpreter, was another helpful Indian. He was a loyal assistant to Major Ronan and General Carrington in the negotiations. But of all those concerned in the council and of all who dealt with the Flatheads in those days, there was none who did as much as did Major Ronan. A photograph, taken by F. M. Ingalls of Missoula, during the course of the negotiations while the party was passing back and forth between Jocko and Stevensville, shows Major Ronan, General Carrington, Michel and Louison. Upon a copy of this photograph which he presented to Mrs. Ronan, General Carrington wrote this inscription:

"Mrs. Mary Ronan will please accept with my regards, this picture in which I am happy to be associated with her husband who, more than any other man, has worked for the welfare of the Flathead Indians—Henry B. Carrington, U. S. A."

These are a few of the interesting sidelights, which this week developed in connection with the twentieth anniversary of Chariot's last march. The week has been interesting, extremely so. The scenes connected with the celebration in Stevensville were picturesque; the Indians were never more impressive in their demonstrations. Perhaps it was the paucity of their numbers which made it so, as much as anything else. The delegation which came down from Jocko to revisit the old tribal home was practically the whole tribe as it is today. It was a prosperous delegation, but it was small; its reduced numbers told of what is happening with the red man.

I don't believe there will be any desire on the part of the older members of the tribe to visit Stevensville again in celebration. They had a fine reception and the Stevensville people were hospitable in the extreme. It was a memorable occasion. But it was sorrowful for some of the older men and women. The visit revived old memories and freshened old wounds. Each of the old men, warriors once and good ones, will tell you—if he talks to you—of the olden friendship of his people for the whites. He will tell you of the times when the Flatheads protected the whites from massacre or from robbery. He will relate incidents in which he, himself, participated. Then he will say that the white man has repaid this friendliness in poor sort.

And, if you were an Indian, would you not view the matter in the same way?

A. L. S.

Missoula, Sept. 16, 1911.

GETTING EVEN.

Up in the sizzling north they say—
And their words always vex us—
"If it is hot as this up here
What must it be in Texas?"

But in the winter we get back
For those same words which vex us;
We say: "How cold it must be north
If it's this cold in Texas!"

PINCHED.

"Le's go for a stroll?"

"All right; I don't need my hat, do I?"

"No, and there's the minister over there, he looks lonesome, let's ask him to join us."

"Oh, George, this is so sudden!"

THE FIRST JOCKO AGENCY