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SUNDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1911.

PASSING EVENTS

More than ordinarily important were the happenings of the week just closed. Deeply significant were the terms of its day-by-day history as set forth in the news columns of the press. Many of them will linger in the record; they are more permanent than most of the news dispatches which, read today, are forgotten tomorrow and are succeeded as topics for discussion by the news stories of the next morning. Congress last Monday began a session which, admittedly, will have a greater bearing upon the country's future than any assembly of the national lawmakers that, until now, has been held since the present generation entered politics. Not since the issues which succeeded the surrender at Appomattox, has congress faced problems so weighty as those which confront it now. That these issues are to be placed clearly before congress and the public is made certain by the program decided upon by the president who announces that he will send separate messages, each dealing with a single issue, instead of preparing a cumbersome, involved communication, which attempts to cover the whole range of action. Two of these messages were transmitted to congress during the week. The developments in the Los Angeles case reached, last week, the stage which landed the McNamara's behind prison bars and transferred the investigation of the dynamiting outrages to the federal courts. In the local field a bombshell was exploded by the announcement that the state board of education had decided to make a change in the presidency of the state university. The active preparations for the local Christmas season reached a livelier phase. The western governors continued their campaign of enlightenment through the east. Acting Governor Allen missed the chance of his lifetime. Preparations are complete now for the participation of western Montana in the land show at St. Paul, the closing incident in the year's program of publicity work. It was, from first to last, a busy and a memorable week.

CONGRESS—The opening of the session of congress bore out the confident prediction that there would be much strife in the national capital this winter and that the alignment of forces would be shifting and uncertain. At the very outset, precedent was swept aside and the first day, instead of being merely formal in its routine deliberations, was marked by the inauguration of the Littleton contest, the first real fight of the session. From the start, there were things being said there will be plenty of activity through the whole session—that seems certain. As to the tangible results of the session—that's different; there are many opinions as to the features of the writer's work at Washington. The weight of opinion, however, seems to be that there will be little accomplished, on account of the proximity of the presidential election and the preponderance of the McNamara case in the public consciousness. The general belief, in other words, is that the session will be devoted by the party leaders to the endeavor to secure political advantage and to provide literature to be circulated at the government's expense for effect during the approaching campaign. If only the developments would demonstrate that this estimate is incorrect, what a glorious thing it would be for the United States of America!

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TWO MESSAGES

Two specific messages were sent by President Taft, during the week, to congress. These have received notice from the press and they will receive more notice in congress. The first dealt, very properly it seems to us, with the anti-trust laws, their execution and their weakness. President Taft believes that the existing anti-trust laws are adequate—with, perhaps, some amendments—to the regulation of the great commercial and industrial problems which they were designed to solve. He does not favor the repeal of the Sherman law. His reasons for his opinion are clearly stated and the showing which he makes for the efficacy of the present statute is good. The vast amount of pending court business in almost every district of the country, business in which the trusts and their regulation are directly concerned, gave timeliness to the first message of the president and placed this topic foremost in the list of questions which congress is to consider. The second message dealt with our foreign relations; it was more in routine than the first; it reviewed the conditions which attend our dealings with our neighbors of the world and it renewed the plea, made regularly by presidents for so many years, that there be a reform in our system of consular and diplomatic representation abroad and that there be something done to restore the American merchant marine. Admittedly important, these matters will probably receive as little attention, however, as previous sessions of congress have given them.

TARIFF TALK

The democrats in congress have, in the main, commended the trust message of Mr. Taft, but have expressed the opinion that the president should have placed the tariff first in importance of all the questions which the present session has to consider. This opinion is not shared by all democrats, and we find many of the newspapers of that faith, notable among them being the Anaconda Standard, which assert that the president has made his program just right. The reason for the delay in sending the tariff message is to be found, of course, in the fact that the tariff board is to submit its first report soon. The message, naturally, will deal to some extent with this report in connection with its general discussion of a suggested tariff program. It is expected that the report will make definite recommendations relative to changes in schedule K, the wool tariff, and it is upon this schedule that the first tariff discussion is expected to come. The present wool tariff, ostensibly framed for the benefit of the woolgrower, really protects the manufacturer to an unwarranted degree and this, very largely, at the expense of the sheep man, who is made the scapegoat in this matter. This seems to be the conclusion which the tariff board must reach. This will make it comparatively easy for congress to deal with the situation—easier than it has ever been before to take up tariff revision. If congress accepts the findings of the board as a basis for action and if the board comes up to the expectations of the president and others who urged its appointment, surely there is a way to revise the tariff without upsetting the entire business of the country and that way seems to be provided by the plan of the tariff board.

SENTENCED

The McNamara's received their prison sentences during the week. The confessed murderer of twenty-one men does not pay the extreme penalty for his crime; he is sentenced to life imprisonment which means that there is a possibility that he will be free in seven years. The other brother's sentence is fifteen years imprisonment. There was a good deal of discussion in the newspapers of the merits of the agreement by which these light sentences were imposed. It is to be noted in this connection that some of the men who have most emphatically condemned the action of the court are the very men who most loudly condemned the action of the officers in arresting the McNamara's, and who were most eloquent in asserting the innocence of the accused men. They swing from one extreme to the other, these self-constituted judges, and they are as unreasonable at one time as at the other. The proper course, right now, appears to us to be that of moderation in forming judgment. The Los Angeles case is not closed. The investigators say there are others than the McNamara's in the net and that the pursuit will be to the end. The McNamara's have admitted their guilt. The officers were all along confident that this would be done. The officers are closely in touch with the situation; it

is well enough, it seems to us, to let them do the talking.

DARROW

In this connection, there is the position of Attorney Darrow as a prominent feature. A local speaker in Missoula, during the week, held up Clarence Darrow as an example of lofty principle. That is an extreme to which surely nobody would go who is familiar with the course of Darrow. There is some doubt—reasonable doubt, too—as to the purity of the motive which has prompted Mr. Darrow's championship of labor's cause. It strikes us that, from the time he became prominent in the Haymarket riot case in Chicago, Mr. Darrow's course has been that of the demagogue. In the McNamara case, he didn't surrender that justice might be done. He says so, himself. The real friends of labor are not the men who talk most; they are not the trouble-makers. We believe that organized labor is doing some deep thinking these days. We are sure that the great conservative and reasoning majority of labor's ranks is getting ready to take control of labor's affairs. The day of the Darrow's and the McNamara's and their ilk is passing and the sooner it passes the better it will be for the cause.

FEDERAL CONTROL

There was one item in the week's news which in the press of other matters, escaped general notice. The National Irrigation congress, in annual session in Chicago, endorsed the principle of national control of irrigation work and held that the reclamation of swamp lands should be made the purpose of another and distinct organization than the irrigation congress. The discussion was made somewhat notable by the participation of State Senator Whiteside of Flathead county, who attacked the federal reclamation service in a speech which found its way into the Associated Press reports. But the fiery address appears to have had no marked effect. Mr. Whiteside was talking to men who are familiar with the work that the reclamation bureau has done; they went on record as favoring a continuance of the present policy. This question has been fought out in many previous sessions of the irrigation congress; one of the most important of these sessions was the one which was held in Missoula; it was in that meeting that the real reclamationists gained control of the congress and ousted the landgrabber representatives who had been, until that year, able to dictate the policy of the organization and thus to defeat its purpose.

A RECORD

Acting Governor Allen has been at the head of the state's executive department during the absence of Governor Norris on his eastern publicity tour. During his brief term, already, the acting governor has written some important history and he has several days yet to serve. He presided at the session of the state board of education, which removed from the head of the state university the most scholarly man who has ever been connected with educational work in Montana. That was a starter. Then he wrote a letter to the republicans of Flathead county, assuring them that he is in favor of a primary law but that he must decline the responsibility of calling together the legislators to enact such a law. The acting governor has passed up an opportunity to make himself great in the estimation

of the people of Montana who want an effective primary law. Perhaps he is wise in declining the opportunity; the people who do not want a primary law are able to make it uncomfortable for the man who tries to get one and, for comfort's sake, Mr. Allen did the thing that will prevent a disturbance of the even tenor of his way.

THE UNIVERSITY

The university is bigger than any man or any set of men, any faculty or any board. These words were spoken by President Dunwoody to his colleagues upon the university faculty, Thursday afternoon, when he announced to them the fact that, by the action of the state board of education, his connection with the university would cease at the end of the present scholastic year. These words expressed a sentiment which should be borne in mind by each of us who is a friend of the university. The removal of President Dunwoody is not now an issue; the state board, summarily and, we think, discourtageously, has disposed of that. The thing to do now is to exert every effort possible to prevent utter chaos in the university for the remainder of the year. President Dunwoody has shown real greatness in his determination to carry on the work of the university with the same regard for the reputation of the school, the same earnestness, which have characterized his work since he has been at the head of the institution. It is up to his colleagues, it is up to the students, it is up to the friends of the university in Missoula and elsewhere, to see that the work progresses with as little variation as possible from routine. There will be not much disturbance if the emergency is met on all sides with the same determination which characterizes the president's attitude.

When the railways get their eyes off the coast terminals, they will be able to see a great deal of inland business which they have been passing up.

The Missoulian is pleased to publish communications, but these communications must be signed or they will not be published.

When Shuster quits, Persla quits—this opinion from the Persian capital indicates that the situation is understood at home.

We believe the acting governor gets his dope as to the sentiment of the legislature from the wrong source.

You might as well try to keep house without a stove as without a Missoulian class ad.

Governor Norris has reached Washington without running up against another lawsuit.

Western Montana, also, presents remarkably fine opportunities for railway building.

The contributors to the McNamara fund might as well tell Darrow to keep the change.

Your business equipment is not complete without a Missoulian advertisement.

However, as somebody else has remarked, it is a long lane that has no turn.

Don't forget to add your contribution to Missoula's box for the orphans' home.

Governor Allen was not at home when opportunity knocked at his door.

With their necks safe, the McNamara's have become tongue-tied.

Following Old Trails XXVI—A Pioneer Courtship.

Some day I hope to hear, from the lips of some of the pioneers who crossed the plains with one of the old wagon trains, the story of the pleasant incidents which filled in the days of the long, slow journey. When I do hear it, I shall at once transfer it to paper, for it is the missing link which is needed to make complete the chain of narrative, covering that wonderful period of western life. We know of the difficulties which attended the routine of teaming—the breaking of mules and oxen, the herding of the animals on the way, the repairing of broken wagons, the arduous drive to reach night forage—all these, and the hurried formation of the wagon train for defense against the attacks of the red men are familiar to us, almost as familiar as if we had been participants—all of us—in the scenes which are described so graphically and so interestingly by those who actually did take part in them. But I am sure that the long trip across the plains was not all irksome; there must have been many delightful experiences on those journeys; we know that strong friendships were formed; we have been told of the excitement of the buffalo hunt and the keen pleasure of stalking antelope. Then there were the evenings before the early bedtime—there must have been some pleasant hours there. It is natural that these little sidelights should have been forgotten in the narrations which we have had; they were the every-day things which didn't seem to count when there were so many big things to tell about. But I believe we should dig after them while it is yet possible to get them.

I came out partly enough to experience some of the pleasure of riding the plains. I have spent a good many days and nights in saddle and buckboard on the Wyoming prairies, and I know there is nothing more beautiful than a moonlight night in summer on these plains. That is what leads me to the belief that it was not all work and no play on the trips of the trailblazers across the great plains that stretched between the outposts of civilization and the pot of gold which awaited the emigrants when they should reach the rainbow's foot in the mountains of the far west. They were mostly young people in those wagon trains and where there are young people, the pleading of oxen cannot permanently depress or can the violence of stern warfare entirely dispel pleasure. Pranks—there must have been, happy excursions there surely were, pretty romances there must have been. There is a great supply of historical narrative in this field if we can get at it. And these stories would be the very best that could be written of the heft to the land of gold.

A few weeks ago I wrote the story of an early-day Montana farmer and told of some of the experiences of Martin Barrett in getting started in the ranch business on the trail to Bannock. To me, there was no incident in that bit of interesting personal history than the chapter which told of the way in which Mr. Barrett got his wife. It will be remembered that the young farmer had gone back to his Canadian home in the autumn to get some supplies and a team of good horses for his farms, leaving his horse-partner at the ranch. Not a word did he write to the partner and the latter supposed Barrett was dead until, one day the next summer, Barrett showed up at the ranch and spoke so unexpectedly that the partner fell over backward and lost the only needle of mending his trousers. "He asked me," said Barrett, "if I had brought home a wife. I told him I had not, but that I knew a mighty fine girl. 'Go and get her,' said he, 'as I have lost my needle.' 'All right,' I replied, and I went and got her."

The woman who became Mrs. Barrett under these somewhat precipitate circumstances had been the companion of the returning ranchman on the way from Omaha to Montana. She was the one girl in the wagon train with which he traveled and Mr. Barrett admits ingenuously that he got to know her pretty well. Certain it seemed when we read his story that there had been some mutual understanding between them; the wedding was not by any means as impromptu as it seemed from a casual reading of the pretty story. I believe that then and since then there has fallen into my hands the notes of some reminiscences of Mrs. Barrett. Looking through these, I am more certain than ever that there is material in the history of that important trip across the plains for a delightful romance. Circumstantial evidence all points that way. The outcome justifies the conclusion.

It is possible to frame up the story of a beautiful courtship between these two on that long ride from Omaha to Denver and then to Montana. It does not require much imagination to do it, either. I am pretty sure that the days were happy days, that the moon never shone at brightly before as it did for these two in the evenings in camp, that the promise of the land ahead was only an incident, it was overshadowed by the supreme happiness of the days that were the today's then, and that left little to be desired for tomorrow. I had framed some such romance as this just by considering the story as it was given in meager detail by Martin Barrett. The little imaginative tale becomes a reality, though none the less romantic, as I read between the lines in the notes which Mrs. Barrett tells of that eventful journey.

There were days of weariness, of course, when the dust seemed intolerable as it rose from the scuffing feet of the mules or the dragging hoofs of the oxen. There were days of terror, too, when an attack by the Indians seemed certain to come. But these were mere passing incidents in the glorious and the trip was the journey of all journeys to these two young people—the lusty, ambitious young Irishman and the quiet, little Missouri girl who was on her way west to teach school, but who found another position. And there is prob-

ably in the contemplation of the picture which we can readily conjure up of the happiness of those days—the two months—and it is easy to imagine the delight the other members of the party took in the romance which was developing as the miles were counted off. The way must have been happier for them all, and the miles shorter.

It was in the spring of 1847 that Alice E. Cook and her brother started overland from Missouri for Montana. They drove a mule team and were to meet their father in Montana, he having gone up the Missouri by steamer. The brother and sister drove their team to Fort Kearney and there they had to wait for the assembling of the wagon train for the journey through the Indian country, the reds being particularly bad that year. Among the outfits which joined the Cooks to make up the train was Martin Barrett, returning from his winter's visit to Canada to his new home in Montana. In her notes, Mrs. Barrett does not mention this fact until later, but she tells one incident which proved that something had happened between Kearney and Denver.

"At Denver," she writes, "an uncle of ours stayed and he wanted me to stop there, too. He brought a man to the wagon who wanted to hire me and who offered me seven dollars a week if I would stay—big wages in those days for a girl. I declined, saying I was coming to Montana to teach school; he told me I would have to have credentials; I had them, all right, but—here the innumerable of it—I took another situation after reaching Montana."

There were the usual Indian scares on the journey; the young men and boys on guard had the habit of seeing hostile Indians behind every sage bush. But there was no actual attack and the train reached Denver without accident. Mrs. Barrett tells of the loss of some horses along the Platte river and of the daring of one of the men, Samuel Sly, who swam the river to bring them back and was compelled to remain on the other side all night. In the morning when he swam back, he nearly drowned, but was revived by the efforts of his friends. He became a lifelong friend of the Barretts in Montana. The wife of the captain of the train had had experience in Indian fighting; she was a tender woman and made the journey pleasant by her kindness to the girl who was so alone and so new to the plains life. The older woman declared she would take her own life rather than fall into the hands of the Indians and sought to exact a promise to that effect from the girl. But life held much for the girl, and she would not promise. Happily there never arose an occasion to make such desperate action necessary.

The stay in Denver was brief. Those who were going further took up the march as quickly as possible and journeyed on to Salt Lake. Here the train divided, a considerable number following the California trail. The train captain led the Montana-bound travelers northward. His home was at Red Rock. The only exciting incident of the northward journey occurred where the man in charge of the ferry was somewhat the worse for liquor. His profanities that he would see no harm come to the young woman, as she was the second girl to cross that year, did not tend to relieve her much. But she was ferried over safely. At Red Rock, just three months after she had left her Missouri home, Miss Cook found a temporary home with Mr. and Mrs. S. Estes. This was July 10. The notes do not set forth directly the reason why the journey was ended there instead of being continued to the meeting which had been arranged with the father at Helena or at Benton. But the sequel does show it.

"I stayed with Mrs. Estes," writes the reminiscence pioneer, "until the sixth of August, when I was married to Martin Barrett, who crossed the plains with us from Fort Kearney. He had a ranch on Horse Prairie and there we have lived for 46 years."

There was a reason why the girl didn't stay in Denver for seven dollars a week; there was the same reason why she stopped at Red Rock instead of going on to Helena to meet her father. It was a mighty good reason, and it may be that Mrs. Barrett, it was a fortunate thing for the young man that he joined just the train he did at Fort Kearney. It was a pleasant act of Providence, too, for the girl, set on the primitive ranch at Horse Prairie, she entered upon her new life, which was destined to be so happy. The casual meeting at Kearney, the happy companionship on the plains, the passing-up of Denver, the evidently agreed pause at Red Rock led up to a climax which was hastened by the loss of the ranch near by Barrett's partner—but it was a climax which would have been reached ultimately without the providential loss of that needle; it had evidently been all arranged, though neither of the parties to the transaction says so; the needle incident merely served to insure the indorsement of the ranch partner. Home would not be home without a needle and the young wife brought that.

"When I came to the Prairie," says Mrs. Martin, "there wasn't another woman nearer than Bannock, eleven miles away. Once I did not see a woman for two months. When, one day, a woman camped near the house I took a small pitcher of cream (as an excuse) and visited the lady."

With a wife in the home, a garden became necessary, and it was fenced. The place, we may be sure, assumed an inviting appearance which attracted the attention of passers-by. It was home, indeed, and a happy home. The Barretts became known through the county; their friends multiplied; they were the pioneer farmers of that region and their farm is today one of the landmarks of the country. A year after the wedding, in the summer of 1848, the Barretts made a trip to Helena to see the parents of the young wife and to explain to them why she had not been able to see them sooner. It was a happy meeting.

The Cooks had come up the river. The family reunion was pleasant and the young people returned somewhat regretfully on some accounts, to their farm. They camped beside the trail, going and coming, and the trip to Helena, made in this fashion, became the rule with them each year until the railways came.

An interesting experience in the life of the young woman pioneer came in 1877, when Chief Joseph and his Nez Perce warriors, after the battle of Big Hole, came down toward the Prairie in their flight from Howard. There was a state of terror prevalent for days which was not allayed until the retreating reds had passed. "All the women on Horse Prairie and at Red Rock," says Mrs. Barrett, "were taken into Bannock and remained there for two weeks. The men had the courthouses barricaded; two barrels of water were taken into the building and the windows had feather beds piled against them so the shot and bullets would not reach us. The men had also a small fort in the street near the well. When our first scare came one man, Con Bray, was in the fort. One brave fellow had a young wife and he told her to go to the courthouse while he would hide in the willows; and that is just what he did. We had several such scares. In one of them a woman fainted in the street because she could not find her little girl. Another woman carried a satchel which flew open in her flight and its contents spilled; they were not pearls, but silver spoons, which were quite as scarce at that time.

"One night, while we were in the courthouse, T. H. Hamilton came 'n from upper Horse Prairie, 20 miles above our place, with the news that the Indians were coming and he had cut the traces of his team and ridden for his life. He had stopped at our house and roused the boys and was very indignant because they had taken his horse to corral their own. Then we learned of the march of the Indians by Bloody Dick creek; here five men were killed at the Montague & Winters place. Some of the men at Bannock went out with a wagon to get the bodies. Mrs. Winters went with them and found her husband all torn up and Montague, her husband's partner, dead in the doorway. The men had remained to finish putting up the hay; they had thought there was no danger. Three bodies were found here. The men didn't go further up as miners reported the Indians to be hiding in the willows above. The other two bodies were not recovered till later. These two were the remains of Cooper and his partner who had been hiding in the willows, and had been told by Major Jim, a smart Indian, to come out and they would not be harmed; Cooper was taken over a hill and shot down by the Indians. Another man, Farnsworth, had slept in a dry ditch safely; in the morning he had crawled out to recomputer and was shot by a band of the Indians.

"There was an impressive funeral in Bannock when the three bodies were brought in. The cemetery was on a hill and while the funeral was in progress some drunken fellows gave the alarm that the Indians were coming; there was a stampede at once. When the war scare started some of the local stockmen were in the Sheep creek country; they knew nothing of the trouble. In the party were two Wadsworth boys, whose mother was with us in Bannock. She tried to get somebody to ride out and warn the boys; when none of the men would go, she rode the forty miles herself, gave the warning and was unharmed. My husband and G. M. Brown rode down the Horse Prairie that night without seeing anybody. They buried the account books of the ranch and hid the household valuables in the willows. When General Howard came along he placed a guard at the ranch. The cache was not molested, except by some whites, who took some food which was needed and which was not begrudged them, except in one instance when a skulker stole a confederate bill and a hair switch. Did his wife need it or did he want it to show for a scalptock?"

That ended the Nez Perce scare. There was another the next year when it was rumored that the Bannocks had risen, but it was a groundless report and nothing came of it except a week's stay by the women in town.

These were incidents of the early life of this brave Montana farm woman. Soon after came greater comfort with the advent of the railway; books and more frequent mails were not the least. But the memories of the days when women were few and perils many linger. They form interesting chapters in the history of the state.

A. L. S.

Missoula, Dec. 8, 1911.

Ian MacLaren, a popular young English leading man, who was imported as leading man with George Arliss in "Disraeli," is so taken with this country that he has brought his wife over and will make his permanent home here. Mrs. MacLaren is also a popular actress.

Lewis Waller is to arrange for an English production of "The Garden of Allah."



TOM THURSON—How did Mr. Thurson come to get that awful calling down from his wife the other night? BILL BLACKBURN—He tried to break the record for high flights and was about half his father's age.

Reviewing the Fleet



"Duke," the most popular mascot of the Atlantic fleet, was showered with little less attention during the recent naval review in New York harbor than President Taft and Secretary of the Navy George von L. Meyer. He was given a place of prominence to review the fleet, which many New Yorkers would have gladly paid thousands of dollars to have. The picture shows "Duke" on the deck of the "Dolphin" reviewing the great armada as it passed out to sea on November 2.