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SUNDAY, MARCH 17, 1912.

PASSING EVENTS

The week which ended last night brought us to the close of the first stage of the city election; it advanced the Roosevelt campaign to a degree of strength which is encouraging to the great majority of the voters of the country; it developed the fact that the anti-Roosevelt people are driven to desperate ends in their endeavor to defeat the nomination of the colonel; it added new force to the demand of the people of the country for direct primaries; it demonstrated the benefits which the primary use brings to the people who enjoy the privilege of the direct vote; it made certain that the fight for Roosevelt is the battle of the people for their right to name the man they want for the presidency. So much for the politics of the week; there was no democratic politics, for the democrats pause to see the outcome of the Roosevelt battle; they know that the success of the Roosevelt campaign means the defeat of democratic hopes, and they are losing courage as the Roosevelt prospects brighten. In the local field, the week's most important development was the movement, well started, to bring about the bonding of the county for the construction of good roads. There was also an awakening of interest in the work of the chamber of commerce and a quickening of the activity of the new association of western-Montana commercial clubs. Each of these and all of these incidents of the week marked good progress in the right direction in this part of the state.

THE GREAT BATTLE

The people are for Roosevelt and the politicians will have to be—thus may be summarized the conclusion which the week's progress in the great battle warrants. The line between the Roosevelt and the anti-Roosevelt platforms is sharply drawn; the one places the responsibility for the government in the hands of the people, while the other declares, in the language of Mr. Taft, that the people are not to be trusted. Senator Dixon, at the outset of the Roosevelt campaign, made the offer to submit the question of candidacy to the direct vote of the people; this challenge was clumsily avoided by Chairman McKinley of the Taft committee. Mr. McKinley dodged the issue and questioned the authority of Mr. Dixon to issue the challenge. Came then Mr. Roosevelt's complete endorsement of the Dixon challenge, and Mr. Dixon, in transmitting this endorsement to Mr. McKinley, said: "I shall be glad to know whether Mr. Taft, whose personal representative you say you are, similarly indorses you in refusing that test." To this, Mr. McKinley has not yet made direct answer. The Taft people are not willing to trust their chances to a vote of the people; they fear the result; they prefer to rely upon the strength of the machine to force upon the party a candidate whose nomination they must know will mean certain defeat. The McKinley committee hopes to throttle the voice of the people, regardless of the consequences. The Roosevelt committee is not only willing—it is anxious to have the question of the republican nomination settled by a vote of the republicans of

the country. The Roosevelt committee has confidence in the people. The Taft committee is unwilling to trust the people. And thus the nomination campaign settles right down to this: Are the people to be trusted? Roosevelt says they are. Taft says they are not. Which way do you decide, Mr. Missoula voter?

DECISION RECALL

There was, as we said the other day, a great hue and cry made over the revolutionary—so-called—utterances of Mr. Roosevelt in his Columbus speech, in which he advocated some plan of review of court decisions and suggested that it would be better and more practicable to have a recall vote upon decisions than to recall judges. From the bench and from some members of the bar there came a cry of protest against this suggestion, and the president's protest was the loudest of all. Yet, almost before the echoes of the Taft protest had died away, comes the opinion of the chief justice of the supreme court of the United States in the patent case, in which the presiding officer of the highest tribunal in the land declares that the opinion of the majority of the justices of that tribunal should be modified, and if no modification is possible, congress should protect the people from the supreme court. Is not this full justification of the position of Mr. Roosevelt? And is not this opinion from the highest judicial officer in the land worth considering? And does not this high opinion give the stamp of approval to the Roosevelt suggestion? We have had Chief Justice White held up so long as a model of conservatism that this opinion of his should add weight to the plan advanced, merely as a suggested method, by Mr. Roosevelt. The occurrence of the supreme court decision at this time was most opportune; it was the best campaign material that the Roosevelt folks could possibly have had.

BUSINESS CONTROL

This country's chief commercial need today is steady, honest business conditions. But there can be no business peace until there is business justice. Uncertainty is the worst foe of honest business; and there can be no certainty under our present business laws. We must have just and modern laws which will let honest business know what it can do on the one hand, and keep out of the pockets of the people the criminal fingers of lawless interests, on the other hand." Such was the analysis, by one of this country's brightest men, of the country's business situation, made one night last week. In his opinion, every sound business man in the country will concur. Business stability can come only from the certainty of a just and honorable policy toward business. There can be no stability as long as we are compelled to endure vascellating policy of the administration which is now closing or the disturbing policy which the democrats have sought to establish during their brief control of the lower branch of congress. And we have, just at this time, the terse, clear statement by Mr. Roosevelt of his idea of a sound business policy. Mr. Roosevelt asserts, truly, that we are spending 75 per cent of our time in quarrelling among ourselves and 25 per cent in the effort to advance our commerce. This, he says, is not a healthy condition. "There should be absolute clearness of the law and there should be a competent administrative body to do for the world of industrial production what the interstate commerce commission has done for the world of industrial transportation." So says Mr. Roosevelt, and then reviews the proposed remedies with this conclusion, which should commend itself to every thinking man of business: "What our people want is that the evils of big interests be eradicated and the advantages, the benefits preserved. Our people realize that the trust problem is a big problem, but they, the people, have the hard common sense necessary to solve it. It will not solve itself. "The people must solve it. And they must solve it by insisting on a just and wise, but thoroughgoing and efficient control. Let our opponents of reactionary habit make no mistake. The people are demanding more voice in affairs industrial, no less than in affairs political. Our opponents believe the people cannot be trusted. We believe that they can be. Why? Because they have been educated and because they are of the stuff that gives good results under examination. "We must achieve a permanent prosperity based on justice—a prosperity which must come by the wise and resolute effort to control business by law and especially by administrative work under the law."

SENTIMENT

Wherever there has been an opportunity for the people to express their sentiment through the ballot, the presidential preference has been so strongly in favor of Roosevelt as to leave no room for doubt as to where the people stand in this matter. Ten to one is a modest statement of the ratio which the preference ballots have shown. So overwhelmingly is this in favor of Roosevelt that it is no wonder that the Taft committee is not willing to let the people decide. The

Taft preference seems to be in favor of letting the steam roller do the work, and the old machine is grinding night and day. Never was it put to such a strain before; it is carrying now more than its maximum load, and it is threatened with a breakdown at almost any minute. If this old machine does break down, its wreck will embrace the hopes of the anti-Roosevelt people, for all are centered upon this machine. The number of McKinley autographs placed before men with federal jobs this month indicates that the chairman of the Taft bureau is a prolific writer. The letters which have come to Missoula lately, compared with those which arrived early in the game, indicate, however, that the writing is not as easy or as fluent as it was earlier. But the expression of the sentiment of the people becomes stronger each day. There appears to be no question that Roosevelt is gaining ground.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

Today the world joins with the sons of Erin in paying homage to Ireland's patron, good St. Patrick. Wherever there is an Irishman, he wears the green today, and there are millions of others who love fair play and a square deal who join with the Irishman and don his emblem, just out of sympathy for him and admiration for his good saint. There is no other land in the world about which clusters so much of tender sentiment as clings to Ireland. There is no other country which has produced braver men or fairer women. Irishmen have fought the wars of other countries more successfully than they have their own. Our own country owes much to the Irishman who have borne arms in its defense; in every one of our wars, Irishmen have been conspicuous. It is in no more spirit of pleasure that we don the green today along with our fellow-citizens of Irish ancestry; there is a deeper significance than this; we wear the green because we respect the people whose emblem it is; because we sympathize with that people in the wrongs endured; because we share with that people the hope which springs eternal that, some day, justice will be done and Ireland will come into her own. The Irish have been good to America, and, on the other hand, America has been good to the Irish. The sinews of war have been generously furnished from this side of the ocean for the struggle which the Irish have made. And when that struggle wins, as eventually it must, we will have a right to share in the celebration, just as we have the right of friends today to wear a knot of green.

GOOD ROADS

Definite action grew out of the chamber of commerce meeting of last week, action which may result in the creation of a proper fund for the construction of good roads in this county. The proposition to bond the county for road-building has not been thoroughly canvassed, but it has been placed before a good many of the county's taxpayers and it appears to be generally approved. We believe it would be the best investment the county could make at this time. Good roads will help the farmer to market his crops profitably; they will enable him to get to town more easily; they will place him in touch with the business centers, to his own benefit; he will know what is going on and he can place his crops upon the market at the most advantageous time. Good roads, too, will attract no inconsiderable amount of tourist travel to the county; there are many attractions here which make a road tour of the county pleasant; if that tour is made easily practicable by good roads, there will be many visitors, and visitors of

that sort bring business with them. We believe the issue of the proposed bonds would be a good thing for Missoula county. We have heard no formal expression from the county commissioners, but we do know that, in a general way, they are favorable to good-road work in a thorough and systematic way. The chamber of commerce has made a good start in a good direction in this plan.

THE OPPONENTS OF THE ROOSEVELT CANDIDACY

say that the people have not responded to the call of the colonel. Wherever they have not responded, it has been because they had no primaries. Wherever there has been an opportunity, the response has been prompt and certain.

WHEN THE NEW YORK WORLD, IN 1904, WANTED GROVER CLEVELAND NOMINATED FOR A THIRD TERM, IT HELD THAT THE ARGUMENTS AGAINST A THIRD TERM WERE "NOT CONCLUSIVE."

With the nomination of Roosevelt, an apparent certainty in 1912, why does not the World take its former view?

SECRETARY WILSON SAYS DR. WILEY HAS BEEN A VALUABLE MAN, BUT THE SECRETARY'S GRIEF OVER THE WILEY RESIGNATION DOES NOT APPEAR TO BE INCONSIDERABLE.

The Panama canal will present many new problems in traffic regulation, but the commerce commission is no longer a green hand at the business.

THE THREAT TO ABOLISH THE COMMERCE COURT DOES NOT CAUSE PUBLIC LAMENTATION; THE ONLY ANXIETY SEEMS TO BE LEST THE THREAT BE NOT CARRIED OUT.

What though a man talks eloquently of boosting and yet sends his job printing order out of town? His words are as sounding brass.

HOWEVER, WHEN THE SNOW MELTS FROM KANSAS, THERE WILL BE A GREAT CHANGE FOR THE FARMERS TO MAKE A NEW CROP RECORD.

While Kansas is fretting about the snow, she cannot worry about drought, so the storm is not without some blessing.

THE ONLY CALAMITY WHICH WOULD FOLLOW THE ROOSEVELT NOMINATION WOULD BE THE CALAMITY TO DEMOCRATIC HOPES.

The Missoulian class ad works with you and for you, loyally and effectively, if you only give it a chance.

ENJOYABLE AS IT IS BY ITSELF, WESTERN MONTANA'S WEATHER SHOWS UP EVEN BETTER IN COMPARISON WITH OTHERS.

Missoula should clean house. The season should start with streets, alleys and yards all spick and span.

HAMILTON, ALWAYS GREAT FOR BASEBALL, BECOMES FOR THE TIME THE SPORTING CENTER OF THE STATE.

The democratic advice to republicans is like the Greeks' wooden horse at Troy.

THE GOOD-ROADS PROPOSITION CALLS FOR THE GOOD WORK OF ALL GOOD CITIZENS.

The people like a man who does things—but they must be right things.

WE ARE FOR MADERO, BUT WE WISH HE WOULD SHOW SOME PEP.

St. Patrick's day—Sunday—we can drink water if we must.

THERE ARE A GOOD MANY ADVANTAGES IN NOT BEING A KING.

Watch the scattering when the steam roller breaks down.

THE ONLY THING WORSE THAN A LIAR IS A TALEBEARER.

The western-Montana temperature is a good asset.

ALL BUSINESS SUSPENDS TODAY IN HONOR OF ST. PATRICK.

Dr. Wiley's crusade, however, will not end.

THINK IT OVER TODAY AND VOTE EARLY TOMORROW.

The things you buy at home are best.

Following Old Trails

XL.—How the Black Robes Came.

One of the mural paintings which will decorate the new state capitol is to bear the title, "The Quest for Truth." Over in the interesting studio of Artist E. S. Paxson the other day, I watched the progress which his wonderfully clever hand is making with this great picture. The theme and the inspiration of the work which the strong brush of Paxson is evolving are found in the earnest and persistent endeavor of the Bitter Root Indians to reach St. Louis with a message to the Black Robes, asking them to come across the great mountains and to bring to these people the Message of the Cross. Some thinking these Indians had had of the religion of the white man and they wanted to know more of it; they desired the truth.

The Paxson picture shows a trail through the woods, along which are traveling the messengers from the Bitter Root on their way to the east, where they hoped to deliver to the Black Robes the petition of their people, asking for a priest to tell them the Story of the Living God. It is an impressive scene which Mr. Paxson is depicting. It seems to me he has caught the very spirit of that wonderful journey. There is the same expression upon each of the stern faces—an expression which tells the earnestness of their purpose and the sincerity of their longing which prompted the journey. As I watched the artist work, the whole story came back to me. It is a tale which has been told many times, but it is a story ever new and to me it is the most remarkable chapter in the history of Montana's earliest days.

Back in the seventeenth century, French missionaries had labored among the Indians along the St. Lawrence river. Some of their names have been preserved and one of these is the name of Father Ignace Jogues, whose work had been among the Canadian Iroquois. This great priest was successful among this people and his name was revered by them; he gave his life for his cause, but his example lingered and it was from his converts that the message of the Gospel first came to the Flathead Indians in their ancestral home in the Bitter Root.

So careful a student of history as Father Palladino has been able to find no direct purpose for the emigration, but it is an established fact that a band of these St. Lawrence Iroquois journeyed westward to the Rocky mountains earlier than 1820. The leader of this band was Ignace Le Moine, who is known in the history of the Flatheads as Big Ignace—in recognition of his remarkable physical prowess—or as Old Ignace—in tribute to his marked morality. These wandering Iroquois came, in the course of their journeying, to the Bitter Root valley, where they were hospitably received. The beauty of the valley and the gentleness of its people impressed Big Ignace and his companions so favorably that they made that place their journey's end. They married there and were adopted into the tribe.

It was through the recital of Big Ignace that the Flatheads first learned of the Black Robes and of the religion of the Cross. He taught his new people much of the Catholic religion, which the Iroquois had known for two centuries, and explained something of its rites and its doctrines. It is said that Ignace taught his new people the Lord's Prayer; and he was the first to teach them the sign of the cross and others of the practices of the church. He found ready listeners among the gentle Flatheads, who learned from him the observance of Sunday and who, under his instruction, placed rude crosses to mark the burial places of their dead.

Naturally, the Flatheads wanted to know more of this wonderful religion of the white man; they were ready with the suggestion of Ignace that it would be good if they could induce the Black Robes to come and teach them. They learned from him that in a great city, far down the big water, there were men of the Black Robes and if they could reach these men, there would be teachers sent to the valley to instruct them. It was a bold undertaking, for they knew that the trail was unknown, for the greater part of its length. The way led through the valleys of hostile tribes and there were unknown dangers all along the route.

But the Flatheads were fearless and they were earnest in their desire to know the new religion. Volunteers were found for the mission and four Indians set out for St. Louis in 1831. That these brave seekers for the truth made the journey successfully we know, for the records at the cathedral of St. Louis show that two of them, who had been baptized as Narcisse and Paul, died while waiting in the great city and were buried there. The names of their companions are not known, nor is there any knowledge of what became of them. They did not reach their home again, and were probably killed by hostiles on the back trail. They were successful in finding Explorer Clark, who had passed through their valley years before, but there was nobody who could translate their dialect and they were unable to make known their desires and the wish of the people who had sent them. It was years afterward that the Jesuits became acquainted with the mission of these brave men.

In 1835, Insula, known as Little Chief, led a party of Flatheads through hostile lands, fighting all the way, to Green river in Wyoming, where it had been rumored missionaries might be found. This delegation met the Whitman party but was disappointed, the records say, in not finding the Black Robes and would not treat with the Protestant missionaries. Insula led his warriors back to the Bitter Root.

Late in the summer of 1835, after the return of Insula, Big Ignace himself offered to take to the Black Robes the message of the Flatheads. He started with the intention of going back to his old home in Canada, but learning of the easier way to St. Louis, he went there with his boys. He had a journey fraught with privation and danger, but he and the boys escaped them all and, after much suffering, reached St. Louis late in the fall. His sons were baptized and Ignace presented to the bishop the plea of the Flatheads, receiving assurance that

a priest would be sent as soon as possible. Ignace turned his face westward and happily started for the home valley. He and the boys reached the mountains safely.

There was joy among the Flatheads which was succeeded by an appointment when two years passed and no Black Robes came. Impatient, Ignace offered again to make the journey to St. Louis. He was joined by three Flatheads and one Nez Perce. They fell in, on the east side, with a party of whites and with them traveled safely until they reached the South Platte in the Sioux country, where they were attacked. The Flatheads were prisoners of the whites, but they might not interfere in the fight, and offered Ignace the privilege of a non-combatant, but the brave Iroquois chose to cast his lot with his friends and lined up with them for the fierce combat which ensued. There were 300 of the Sioux, but the river reeds from the Bitter Root fought desperately and before they were all killed, there had fallen fifteen Sioux and one of their great divide. Thus perished Ignace, the instrument of Providence who delivered to the Flatheads their first knowledge of the Cross. And thus failed the fourth expedition.

The news of the death of their brave finally reached the Bitter Root Indians at their home. There was great mourning and the great council was assembled and the council determined and undismayed; in council they resolved to dispatch other messengers. Two younger Iroquois volunteered—they only could make themselves understood among the whites. These were Left-Handed Peter and Young Ignace. They left the Bitter Root in the summer of 1839 and, associating themselves with some French-speaking men, went down the river in canoes and were successful in presenting the case of the Flatheads to the bishop once more.

Peter and Ignace made a strong impression at the Jesuit college; they could speak French and the priests hung upon their words, intensely interested. The Indians told the long story of the quest for the truth which the Flatheads had so bravely and patiently prosecuted; they told of the other expeditions and of the disappointment of the Indians that no priest had come to them. They won their cause. The promise was given that a priest would be sent in the spring. It was arranged that Peter should return at once to his people with the good news, while Ignace should wait to guide the priest who would be sent in the spring.

The priest who volunteered for the work among the Flatheads was Peter De Smet, whose name is now revered in Montana. It was first proposed to send two priests, but it was found that the funds were insufficient and the young Jesuit bravely set forth alone. April 5, 1840, Father De Smet and Ignace started for Montana's mountains. At almost that same date Left-Handed Peter arrived at the camp of the Flatheads on Eight Mile creek in the Bitter Root. With the news that a Black Robe was coming, he had made the journey from St. Louis in safety and his people received him with great joy. Receiving his information, the Flatheads decided to send a party to meet the Black Robe, and ten picked warriors were detailed to go forward, while the tribe would follow and make camp for the reception of the man of God.

Father De Smet and Ignace traveled safely in company with a fur-trading party as far as Green river, where they found the ten Flathead warriors waiting for them. At once, the young priest bade farewell to his traveling companions and, joining his new friends, prepared for the journey to the shining mountains. The day was Sunday, July 5, when Father De Smet entered the Bitter Root valley. There was, of course, no traveling that day, but the priest held a service before a motley congregation of Indians, hunters and freighters. An altar was erected upon a knoll and was covered with bougias and flowers. Before this Father De Smet said mass.

The next morning the northward march was begun. Up the Green river valley into the lava region in Idaho, through narrow defiles and over the secondary divide to the headwaters of the Snake river, Young Ignace led the priest and there in the valley that is called Pierre Hole, Father De Smet was amazed to find the main body of the Flatheads, who had traveled 300 miles to meet him. Detached bands of Nez Perces, Kallispells and Pend Oreilles had joined the Flatheads and there were more than 1,500 Indians in the great camp upon which the travelers came all unexpectedly.

Father De Smet was deeply stirred by his reception. His entrance into the camp was a triumphal ovation. Men, women and children were demonstrative in their welcome. It was the hour for which the tribe had waited for many years; it was the man whom they had yearned for nearly a generation, the Black Robe. All sought to touch his hand and he was led in triumph to the tepee of the chief, whose formal welcome was stately and royal in its dignity. The chief, Big Face, offered to resign his temporal authority to the Black Robe whose coming had been so earnestly desired and whose arrival was so sincere a welcome.

Embarrassed, the young priest explained the purpose of his mission—there had come to teach, not to rule. There was a brief conference, at which hours were appointed for services, when the Indians should assemble for prayers and instruction. One of the chiefs, who had heard from Big Ignace the story of the manner of worship, presented the priest with a little bell, which he was to summon to prayer, and was overjoyed when the gift was accepted.

That evening the bell tinkled its call and before the lodge of the priest there gathered nearly two thousand Indians to recite prayers in common. The prayer concluded, the Indians—to the complete surprise of the priest—burst forth in a hymn of praise of their own composition. Triumphant it rang, the song of praise of these thankful children of nature, and the priest was completely captivated.

So came the Gospel to the Flatheads. Thus did they receive the Black Robe who had bravely come forth to deliver

to them the Marvelous Message. Long had these simple children of the wilderness waited for the day; devoutly had they hoped for the new light which now illumined the darkness in which they had groped so patiently and so hopefully. For this day they had faced death and danger, unflinchingly; for this they had risked the lives of their bravest young men; for this their good and brave friend, Big Ignace, had sacrificed his life. It was the supreme hour and they were filled with happiness.

Camp was soon moved up to what we now call Henry's lake. After a sojourn of a few days at the lake, the Indians moved again and their next stop was on the Beaverhead river, where—near the Mouth of the Big Hole basin—was held the first formal religious service in Montana. There was another camp in the Big Hole and then a change over the mountains to a point near the Three Forks of the Missouri. All this time Father De Smet carried on his work of instruction; they were busy, happy days for him.

Until August 27, when he parted with the main body of the tribe in the Gallatin valley, Father De Smet remained constantly with the Flatheads. Bidding them goodbye, he started back to St. Louis through the Yellowstone country, to prepare for his return to live permanently with the Indians. Through the hostile buffalo country he journeyed, receiving homage from the Blackfeet, and he reached St. Louis late in December. His report was received with enthusiasm and he kindled amongst all his associates a desire to join him in the work that was planned that winter.

In the spring of 1841, Father De Smet started back to the mountains. With him were two zealous young priests, Father Mengarini and Father Point. Three lay brothers accompanied the priest, Joseph Specht, Charles Huet and William Claessens, all earnest for the work ahead. They had as guide a squawman named John Gray; their drivers were two Canadians and an Irishman. Their outfit consisted of saddle horses, pack animals and four carts and one wagon, drawn by oxen. These were the first wheeled vehicles to be brought to Montana.

The journey was without untoward incident and ten lodges of Flatheads were found at the rendezvous which had been agreed upon in the Wind river country. In the party which met the priests were friends of Father De Smet, Gabriel Prudhomme, an adopted halfbreed who had been the priest's interpreter the year before; Charles and Francis, the sons of Big Ignace who had been baptized in St. Louis; Young Ignace, who had been the father's guide on the first trip; Simon, the oldest man in the tribe, whom Father De Smet had baptized the year previous. These were the first to greet the party.

The Flatheads were on their annual hunting trip; from the main camp fresh horses were obtained for the mission, and their provisions were replenished. It was decided that the Indians should finish their hunt and that they should meet the priests in their home valley at its conclusion. It was August 30 when Father De Smet reached the main camp of the hunters and the reunion was joyous.

While the Indians hunted, the missionaries journeyed slowly, coming up the Beaverhead, over the low divide and into the Deer Lodge valley. The route lay down the Hell Gate canyon to where Missoula now stands and thence up the Bitter Root valley to a point near the present site of Stevensville. The journey's end was reached September 24.

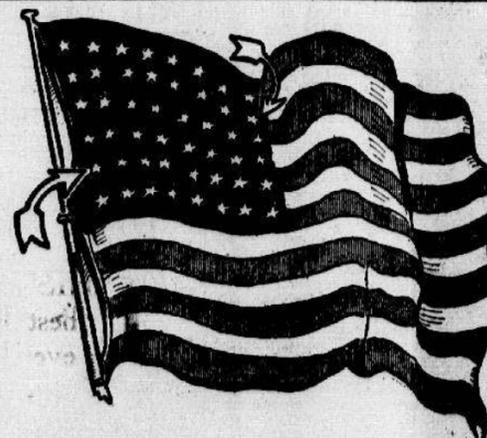
Father De Smet named the place St. Mary's and this was the name bestowed upon the mission which was formally established the following month, when the Flatheads had returned from their hunt. Here was the first white settlement in Montana; here was the first permanent human habitation builded in this great state. And the first settlers were men of God. Few contemporaries have had such an auspicious beginning.

On the first Sunday in October, 1841, St. Mary's mission was formally inaugurated. A large cross of logs had been prepared by the fathers and the lay brothers and this was raised in the center of the beautiful valley which was the ancestral home of the Indians whose persuasion had led the priests there. With the raising of the cross, the foundations were laid for the mission buildings. There was an exultant religious service, in which priests and people joined with equal fervor. Above, the snowcapped peak of St. Mary's pointed heavenward; the blue sky was the dome of the cathedral in which this mass was sung and that mountain Grand was the pinnacle of the spire. Never was there more inspiring setting for scene like this. It was the dawn of civilization in this region and the Cross was in the vanguard of the vast procession which was to follow in the peopling of this land.

It is easy to imagine the ecstasy which thrilled the souls of those fervent young priests. In all Montana there is no other spot which I like more to visit than the place where St. Mary's mission stands. Such a visit is an inspiration. The place is hallowed by wonderful memories. The simple mission has become hemmed in, now, by the busy workaday world, but it is yet there with its message of peace and righteousness, and the blue sky arches as gloriously above as it did upon that fall October day; the fields stretch away as beautiful as they were then; the wonderful river flows as blue and clear as then; the peak of St. Mary's points ever heavenward as faithfully as it did of yore. And, hallowing and sanctifying all, is the memory of the good men who established the mission, who first blazed the trail to Montana—and of the good men who came after, especially that good man Father Anthony Ravalli whose life closed amid these loved scenes and whose last resting place is marked by the simple shaft of white marble which rises back of the little chapel which he builded, in which he labored for the good of us then; the within whose walls he finally lay down and passed into his long sleep. It is hallowed ground. —A. L. S.

Missoula, March 16, 1912.

The Flag Is New Again



Two stars will be added to the American flag on July 4. The field will be composed of even rows for the first time since 1855. Although the flags are already on the market with stars to represent the statehood of Arizona and New Mexico, these are not recognized by the army or navy.

Word has gone out from Washington that the new arrangement will be six rows of eight stars each. No change will be made except in the second and fifth rows. These rows now contain seven stars each and are spaced between those in the rows above. Why

do they not arrange them in the form of a circle? That would be violating a precedent as old as the nation.

You have seen old flags where they were arranged in that form. But those are not official and never have been recognized by the government. Nineteenth of the flags which you see waving on holidays are wrong. There is only one place where you can be sure that the flag is correctly arranged—at the head of a regiment.

This is the first time since 1890 that more than one star has been added at a time. At that time stars were added for five states.